

# **Tame Indians**

by

**Sarah Orne Jewett**

An Annotated Edition

by

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Coe College

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Sarah Orne Jewett Press

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## Introduction

Sarah Orne Jewett's "Tame Indians" appeared in *The Independent* (27:26) on 1 April 1875, and was not collected in any of Jewett's books nor in Richard Cary's *Uncollected Stories of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1971).

Like most of Jewett's fiction and poetry from before 1875, this story addresses younger readers, but unlike most, it seems to invite adult readers as well. In "Subverting Readers' Assumptions and Expectations: Jewett's 'Tame Indians'," Charles Johanningsmeier notes that the story was placed in the "Young & Old" department of *The Independent*, meaning that it was addressed both to children and adults (*American Literary Realism* 34, no. 3 [2002 Spring]: p. 233-50). While Jewett's narrative tone seems suited to younger readers, the framed narrative gestures toward encouraging an adult to read the story to a youngster, sharing and discussing its implications.

Though this may be more apparent in retrospect than it was to Jewett's 1875 readers, "Tame Indians" stands out from her other work in being one of the few short stories set outside her New England home ground. "Tame Indians" was a result of Jewett's stay with relatives in Green Bay, Wisconsin, during November of 1872. The Midwestern setting, not far from my Iowa home, drew me to the story. As I researched it for my on-line archive, The Sarah Orne Jewett Text Project, I found that Jewett had left substantial evidence of her impressions of the Wisconsin trip, in addition to the story. I eventually travelled to Green Bay and, insofar as seemed practical, retraced her visit to the Oneida reservation that was central to the story.

One result of this research and study was that I came to the conclusion that Jewett's trip and the story that grew from it marked a pivotal point in her career, the moment when she committed herself to becoming a professional writer. I made a case for this idea in "Sarah Orne Jewett's Transforming Visit: 'Tame Indians,' and One Writer's Professionalization," *New England Quarterly* 86:4 (December 2013) 655-684.

Another result of this work was a heavily annotated text and a rich collection of background materials, now gathered in this annotated edition.

## Acknowledgments

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## TAME INDIANS (1875)\*

I was visiting a friend of mine in Boston not long ago, and one Sunday afternoon her younger brother and sister asked me to tell them a story; but I could not think of any, and proposed reading them one, instead.

"Oh! no," said Bessie; "tell us about something that you did once. Didn't the cars ever run off the track when you were traveling? Or tell us about something you have seen. I like that kind of story best."

"So do I," said Jack. "I like to hear Indian stories, too."

"Why," said I, "I can tell you about some tame Indians I saw once. I went to an Indian church out West." So we all went to the bay window to sit together on a cozy little sofa, and I began.

"It was in Wisconsin, about three hundred miles north of Chicago.\* I had been there a day or two and had said once or twice how funny it seemed to me to see the Indians walking about the streets. The only ones I had ever seen before were the forlorn creatures who live at watering-places in the summer and make fancy baskets to sell to the summer visitors."

"Yes," said Jack, "we used to go to see some at North Conway\* last summer. Don't you remember, Bessie?"

"When you are older, Jack," said I, "if you are still fond of war stories, you must read Mr. Parkman's books.\* There is one called 'The History of the Jesuits in North America,' where you find a great deal about the old Indian tribes. I'm afraid you will not admire them quite so much as you do now -- they were so horribly cruel. Though I suppose in these days we only know the worst side of the story."\*

"Does that book tell about fights and splendid Indians who knew all about hunting? I think I should like to read it now," said Jack: while Bessie said: "Please go on."

"There were two young ladies besides myself, and we started as early as eight o'clock; for it was a hard, long drive, at any rate, and some one told us the road was unusually bad just then. It was a sudden start -- just at dusk the night before[,] I had rushed to the window to

see a passer-by, and came back to where my friend was standing, saying 'He wasn't an Indian, after all,' when she said:

"What a pity you couldn't go out to 'the Mission' to church. You would see them there to your heart's content. But, for the life of me, I can't get up any enthusiasm. I think they are stupid, lazy creatures."\*

"She said this because I was so excited about them and had been asking her to look at every one I saw. Next morning was Sunday, and I was waked very early and hurried all the time I was eating my breakfast, because we were really going to Oneida,\* and I was so glad. I can't tell you much about the drive, only that it was dreary and tiresome. There were no hills, but there were rough places enough in the road. It was November and the sky was gray. The day before had been rainy, and we had a dozen miles to drive, most of it through the forest, or what had been a forest before those awful prairie fires of 1871\* had swept through it. We were not many miles from Peshtigo. You remember hearing of the terrible fires there, don't you, at the time Chicago was burnt\* -- when whole villages were destroyed and ever so many lives lost? I think those woods were more dismal than any place I ever had been in before. The green ferns and underbrush, which must have made it pleasanter in summer, had all been killed by the frost. There were half-frozen pools of water in the low places, and the charred and blackened trunks of the pine trees were standing everywhere as far as you could see, and black cinders and broken branches that had fallen were scattered over the ground. It seemed as if we never should come to the end of that forlorn road and find houses and fields again. But by and by we heard a church-bell ringing,\* and then the sun came out, and presently we saw the farms and the church itself, and there was the Mission at last, and we left the woods behind us. The driver whipped up his horses, and on we went in a hurry; but we still had some distance to go, and were late, after all."

"What did the wigwams\* look like?" said Jack.

"There were no wigwams at all," said I; "only log cabins and small frame-houses. It looked almost like any other little Western settlement. I

was so disappointed, for it did not look at all as if Indians lived there. The church was like any little country church."

"Oh! what a pity," said both the children.

"But when we left the horses and went in -- oh! I wish you could have seen the congregation! If the houses had looked like ordinary houses, their owners certainly did not look like ordinary people. Their faces were just like the pictures of Indians in my old story-books, and I think I shouldn't have been much surprised if I had been scalped or tomahawked on the spot. They looked stupid and peaceable and seemed very devout; and the church was filled, all except the strangers' pew."

"What kind of a church was it?" asked Bessie.

"Episcopal," said I, "and it was so strange that the Sunday before I should have been at Grace church,\* in New York, where everything is so beautiful and the people such a contrast to these; and then one week afterward here I was, a thousand miles away, at the Oneida Mission -- myself, my friends, and the clergyman the only white people to be seen in the congregation. I was so sorry that I was just too late to hear them say the Creed; but I heard the responses afterward, and they sang two hymns in their own language. One was 'Am I a Soldier of the Cross?'"\* They do not have all the usual Church service; but a much shorter and simpler one, leaving out parts they could not understand. We had Prayer Books with the Indian on one side and the English on the other, and a few hymns translated\* at the end. They seemed to know the hymns by heart, and their singing was very good\* and interested me more than anything. The tunes sounded so familiar and the words so strange."

"Do you remember any of the words?" asked Jack.

"Not one. I'm so sorry!["] The service was all in Indian, but the sermon was in English and there was an Indian interpreter.\* At the side of the pulpit, just inside the chancel-rail, was a place like a small, old-fashioned square pew; and here stood a solemn old Indian, who listened to the English sentence and then repeated it in his own language. He had a fine, deep voice and a grave manner, and used many gestures, so he reminded me of what I had read

of the speeches the braves made around the council-fires.

"Was it like the sermons we have Sundays here?" asked Bessie.

"Yes, only shorter and much more simple -- just such a sermon as would be preached to children. I remember I liked it exceedingly."

"How were they dressed? I suppose they wouldn't have feathers in their hair for church, anyway," said Jack.

"Oh! no," said I. "The men wore rough, plainclothes, like other men; but the squaws were very droll. They had no bonnets, though I used to see them in the town, sometimes, with big felt hats. There at church they all wore bright-colored handkerchiefs, folded once cornerwise and tied over their heads and under their chins. They wore gay-colored calico and woolen dresses, and some of their shawls, which they used now instead of the old-time blankets, were fairly dazzling.\* They all looked lazy and good-humored -- except a few of the older ones, whose eyes were like hawks -- and as if they never heard of going on the war-path, or of burning people's houses and murdering them in their beds, or of carrying them off captive through the woods in winter. They were not your favorite kind of Indians, Jack. I'm afraid they would disappoint you. I think the Oneidas were always a peaceable tribe.\* This company that I saw at Duck Creek, as they call the settlement, are all that are left of the great tribe, and it was pitiful to think how they have been pushed further and further back from the sea and are being crowded out of the world."\*

"But I'm ever so glad," said Bessie, energetically. "It makes me afraid even to read about Indians, and I think these are the nicest ones I ever heard of. I am glad there isn't room enough in the world for them. Wicked things!"\*

And I thought if we only would crowd the wicked thoughts from our hearts by putting better ones in it would be a capital plan, and then it flashed into my head that the Indians had been like weeds in the garden,\* which have to make room for the flowers always; but that the white people, some of them, have no right to the Indians' places, for they are no better than they were. And I was just going to say something about this to the children, when I happened to think how funny the Indian babies were.

"After service was over," said I, "we watched the people go away, and laughed to see all the papposes\* ride off in state on their mothers' backs, rolled up so cozily in the shawls."

"Oh! do tell us some more about the papposes!" said Bessie, eagerly. "Had they been in church all the time?"

"Why, certainly, and they behaved well; only sometimes one would talk a little, and that would put it into the minds of the rest, who would follow, like chickens. Once in a while one cried a little; but they were evidently used to being in church. There was such a serious baby in the next pew to me, who stared hard at me nearly all the time with his little, round, black eyes.

"After they had all gone away, we had a pleasant little talk with the missionary,\* who told us he had lived there twenty years, and that the people were going to build a new stone church soon.\* And he showed us bead-work and pretty moccasins that the squaws had worked, and told us how much they are like children, and that they rarely save money; so when they are ill and old they are very forlorn. They are superstitious and remember many of the strange old legends;\* and I should like so much to have talked a great while longer, and to have asked him to tell me the legends and more about his parish. He had a sweet, kind face and seemed so fond of them and so proud of their progress since he came to live with them. The mission-house was very pleasant and he did not seem lonely.\*

"Then we came away, and, as we had brought our lunch in a basket, we had a merry time eating it, and the sun was bright, and we were quite jolly going home. We passed several Oneida families, and they never walked side by side, but in true 'Indian file,' children and all, and the papposes peeping out from the shawls. It was such a wonder to me that they didn't slip down to the ground."\*

"Suppose we try with Tatters? There's Mamma's carriage-shawl in the hall," said Jack, who is fond of experiments. But the little dog was nowhere to be found, and his master came back to ask if there was any more of the story.

"No, there is not," said my friend, his elder sister, who had come down-stairs. "But we are going for a walk and to see the sunset, and you and Bessie may come too, if you like."

## Notes

*Tame Indians*: Probable errors are corrected and indicated with brackets.

*Chicago*: Jewett made this visit to Green Bay, Wisconsin, (actually about 200 miles north of Chicago) in November of 1872, where she stayed with the family of Henry Jewett Furber, Sr.

Jewett says in a diary entry for 23 May 1873:

I went on to New York the 24th of October. Stayed there until early in November. Then went to Cleveland with the Furbers & then to Chicago. Then up to Green Bay, Wisconsin. Where I had three very happy weeks and where I think I was better and kinder & more useful than during any three weeks I can remember. It makes me conscious of my capabilities for usefulness and goodness more than any other visit ever did!

In another entry for 14 August 1874, she writes: "This has been a very pleasant summer: I went to New York and then out to Wisconsin & then back to New York with the Furbers...."

Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett to Anna Dawes show Jewett staying for about two weeks with Mrs. Henry J. Furber at the Windsor Hotel in New York City in mid-June of 1876. See "Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett to Anna Laurens Dawes," by C. Carroll Hollis. *Colby Library Quarterly* 8:3 (September 1968), 107-109.

Distantly related to Jewett, Henry Jewett Furber's family, during his childhood, lived at Somersworth, NH, just a few miles from South Berwick. Henry J. Furber, Sr., resided in New York City rather than in Green Bay during the 1870s, but his three young sons lived with their maternal grandmother, Mrs. Alexander Irwin, in Green Bay, and attended school there. Jewett and members of the Furber family, including Elvira Irwin Furber, Henry Senior's wife, apparently traveled together to Green Bay to visit these children. In the opening pages of her 1871 diary (Houghton Library), Jewett lists among her friends and correspondents, Emily Irwin, Elvira's sister, and Mrs. Furber.

*watering-places...North Conway.* Presumably Jewett refers to resorts, mineral springs or seaside towns, where one goes to drink mineral waters or bathe in mineral or salt water. However the context suggests a more general use of the term to refer to any popular vacation resort, such as North Conway, in east central New Hampshire. Jewett's narrator apparently has so far seen Native Americans only in such resorts, where they were viewed mainly as marginal basket-sellers. It would be a novelty to see them going about ordinary business in Green Bay.

In a letter dated 5 July [1889?] and probably written to Annie Fields, Jewett writes about the local resort at York, Maine: "I hope the York visit will be worth while. I look forward to seeing Mrs. Lawrence more than anything, and to the funny Indians, and the lights across the harbor at night. I am so glad you have seen the little place and know where I shall be."

*Parkman's books.* There is one called '*The History of the Jesuits in North America*': Francis Parkman (1823-1893) published *The Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century* in 1867. He wrote several other books that dealt extensively with Native Americans, such as *The Oregon Trail* (1849) and *The History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac* (1851).

In his accounts of Huron and Iroquois culture and warfare, Parkman presents horrific and reasonably detailed narratives of torture, killing, and cannibalism. See for example, Chapters 16 and 17 of *The Jesuits in North America*, for accounts of the Iroquois war, in which priests, warriors and Huron women are mangled, infant children killed and eaten before their mothers' eyes, and young Huron women are forced to dance naked and made into slaves and concubines.

Jack's idea of "splendid" Indians and their stories evokes works of James Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851), such as *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826). For an example of Indian stories readily available to Jack, see *The Boy's Book of Indian Battles and Adventures* (1861).

*worst side of the story.* The discovery of gold in the Black Hills of North Dakota in 1874 drew numerous white prospectors into Sioux territory, producing violent clashes and leading to the

Battle of Little Big Horn in June 1876. News accounts of the time emphasized the "savagery" of Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, and their fighters.

Jewett, however, had available to her a good deal of writing sympathetic to Native Americans and their position in American culture. *The Boys' Book of Indian Battles and Adventures* (1861), for example, contains a mixture of materials that reflects the complex and contradictory attitudes that American citizens held toward Native Americans (who were not citizens at this time). The preface says the collected items,

... present the savage in all his various aspects and relations, in all circumstances of sorrow and joy, danger, difficulty and triumph. The incidents here narrated, while they exhibit the most prominent traits of the Indian character, also bring into view the most striking passages of our national history in its connection with the aborigines, and thus serve a double purpose as an exercise in historical as well as philosophical study. Its chief object is utility. Its particular design is to subserve the great cause of national education.

Despite the characterization here of the Native American as of a single culture and as a "savage," the sketches often present romanticized images of nobility, intelligence, bravery, devotion to family, and other virtues the book seems inclined to inculcate in its young readers.

Although Jewett was more likely to encounter these materials in projects later in her career, e.g., in preparing her historical writings, such as "The Old Town of Berwick" (1894), she could have read sympathetic accounts of Native Americans in local histories. One example is Chandler Eastman Potter's *The History of Manchester* [New Hampshire] (1856). And there were sympathetic, if typically romanticized stories of Native Americans in the poetry of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, notably *Hiawatha*, -- which was based in part on Henry Rowe Schoolcraft's collections of Iroquois stories, published in the 1830-1860 decades, -- and John Greenleaf Whittier. Whittier's "The Bridal of Pennacook" (1854), for example, is loosely based on a story about Passaconaway, a Pennacook chief. Passaconaway was well-known in Jewett's home region for wisdom and political skill and as the leader of a confederation of western Abenaki tribes who dominated in

Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, and southwestern Maine at the time when Europeans first began to settle this area, in the early 17th Century (see Calloway, *The Western Abenaki of Vermont: 1600-1800*). Jewett mentions him in "The Old Town of Berwick" (1894) and in *The Tory Lover* (1901).

*just at dusk the night before*: In the *Independent* text, it appears there is a period after "before", but the grammar seems to make more sense if a comma is placed there.

*stupid, lazy creatures*: The narrator's friend seems fairly hostile to the Oneida. There is some historical basis for this. During the 1860s and into the early 1870s, the local "Indian Agent" for the United States, apparently encouraged by local businessmen, and conniving with discontented factions among the Oneida, made a number of efforts to force the Oneida off their reservation. In her 1868 diary, Ellen Goodnough reflected upon one of these attempts, when the agent tried to persuade the Oneida that the government had forbidden them to cut timber on their reservation:

"Thursday -- The agent has been on the Reservation, forbidding the cutting or selling of any sort of timber. This will cause terrible suffering among our people. They depend upon the sale of the timber just now to clothe themselves, and in a great measure for food, as the corn and potato crops failed entirely last season. The potatoes were destroyed by the bugs, and the corn by the rain. For 40 years the Indians have carefully cut all the timber they wanted, and now they are forbidden to cut their own timber, on their own land, and paid for by money of their own. For they sold their land in New York and with the money bought this tract of land.

It is evidently intended to force the Indians to sell their land and to drive them by force farther into the wilderness. They have actually been told that if they cut their timber and refuse to sell this tract of land, Government will send soldiers to drive them away. I feel so indignant I can hardly quiet myself. It is intolerable. I should like to know if this tyranny is legal. We think not, and Mr. Goodnough has written to the Secretary of State at Washington.

The land is valuable, and if it could be brought into the market it would bring much to selfish speculators. The injustice to the Oneidas nobody seems to think of. They are just as much attached to the home they have made for themselves on this ground as white people would be -- more attached than many whites are. We must pray earnestly that our Heavenly Father would be pleased to protect these poor helpless, harmless, Christian Oneidas against the covetousness of the whites" (J. K. Bloomfield, Chapter 21).

*Oneida*: The "Wisconsin" Oneida tribe lived in western New York when European colonists arrived, and they were one of the earlier tribes to be converted to Christianity. Despite joining Americans in the American Revolution, they were persuaded to move to reservations in Wisconsin in the 1820s. Duck Creek, near Green Bay, was the first permanent Oneida settlement in the area; it is now within the town of Oneida.

The Hobart Church that Jewett visited was the first Episcopal church in Wisconsin. Its name came from the Episcopal bishop responsible for the Oneida, John Henry Hobart, Sr. (1775-1830).

The church was built of logs when the Oneida first arrived. This was replaced in 1839 with a wooden frame building, which is the church Jewett visited. This building was replaced and renamed Holy Apostles in 1886. The missionary at Hobart Church in 1872 was Rev. Edward A. Goodnough (18 December 1825 - 25 January 1890).

Jewett's visit to Hobart Church probably took place on 8 November, 1872. She wrote to Professor Theophilus Parsons, in a letter dated 14 November:

I must tell you of a new and delightful experience I had last Sunday. I went out to the Oneida settlement which is about twelve miles from here. There is an Episcopal church and the congregation are all Indians. I never had seen many before and these looked so like the Indians in my picture books when I was a little girl, that I half expected to hear the war-whoops and to be scalped and tomahawked before I knew it. They were very devout and are said to be a most pious community but they certainly do not look so.



The rector told me he had lived there twenty years. I had a very nice talk with him. The Sunday before I was at Grace Church in New York, and I was very much struck with the contrast in the two congregations!

In Jewett's diary entry of 23 May, 1873, noted above, she reports her sorrow at not taking her diary with her during her travels in the autumn of 1872. She gives an itinerary that places her in New York City on Sunday 24 October, and then in Cleveland, Ohio in early November, before going on to Chicago. If she attended Grace Church in New York on Sunday 1 November, she would have been able to attend service at the Hobart Church on November 8, the first Sunday after arriving in Green Bay, so she could report about it to Parsons on the following Saturday, November 14.

In her diary, she says she spent three "happy weeks" in Green Bay. After the stay in Wisconsin, she visited in Chicago again, Cincinnati, Ohio, and in Chicago for another two weeks, before spending the Christmas holidays in Brooklyn, New York. This would seem to place her stay in Green Bay as beginning at least a few days before 8 November and extending 3 weeks, until nearly the end of the month. Jewett was able to visit all of these comparatively distant places in such a short time because of the railroad. For example, the Northwestern Railroad route from Chicago to Green Bay opened in 1862.

*those awful prairie fires of 1871:* Violent fires swept through extensive areas of Michigan and Wisconsin all around Lake Michigan on October 8-14, 1871, killing more than 2000 people, according to the *Dictionary of American History*. More than 1100 people died near Peshtigo (pésh-tee-go), a town north of Green Bay, the hardest hit area in terms of casualties. A mural triptych at the Peshtigo Fire Museum shows the residents of the village seeking shelter by submerging in the cold waters of the Peshtigo River, where many who were not burned died of hypothermia. The tragedy was widely reported in national newspapers.

For further information, see Reverend Peter Pernin, *The Great Peshtigo Fire: An Eyewitness Account*. Madison: Wisconsin State Historical Society, 1999.

Susan Fenimore Cooper describes how the fires affected the Oneida mission:

In the month of October, 1871, occurred the terrible forest fires which destroyed many small hamlets in Wisconsin, and in which not a few lives were lost. These fires were raging with great fury at no great distance from the Oneida Reservation. Small settlements and farms were destroyed, and broad reaches of forest entirely burned. The air was thick and oppressive with smoke. A constant watch was kept up on the Reservation day and night. The flames reached the Oneida forests and destroyed much timber. But no buildings of any importance were injured. The fences at the mission were burned, and the Church parsonage and school-house in much danger. They were only saved by vigilant watchfulness, day and night.

*the time Chicago was burnt:* The Chicago fire also occurred October 8-10, 1871. Some speculate that these many fires -- over a large area starting on the same day -- could have been caused by a meteor shower, such as the Leonids, which occurs annually at about this time.

*bell ringing:* The church bell of Holy Apostles Church at Oneida is one of the remaining artifacts of the 1839 Hobart Church. Holy Apostles burned in 1920, and the damaged bell had to be recast.

*no wigwams at all:* The Webster 1913 dictionary defines a wigwam as "An Indian cabin or hut, usually of a conical form, and made of a framework of poles covered with hides, bark, or mats; -- called also tepee." The Oneida, historically, were an agricultural tribe, living in settled communities. Their traditional houses were not exactly wigwams, but "long houses," constructed of wood and bark. When Jewett visited the Duck Creek settlement, most of the homes were, as she reports, of logs or framed lumber.

*Grace church, in New York:* Grace Episcopal Church in New York City stands at 802 Broadway (at 10th Street). Established in 1809, Grace Church eventually became a fashionable

church, attended by New York elite. The present Gothic building, designed by James Renwick, Jr., was erected in 1846, with additions of stained glass and memorials in the years since.

*the Creed; but I heard the responses afterward, and they sang two hymns in their own language. One was 'Am I a Soldier of the Cross?':* The Apostle's Creed -- with some variations -- is the statement of faith in most denominations of Christianity.

"Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" (Sources give two composition dates: 1709 and 1724) is by Isaac Watts (1674-1748).

The hymn begins:

Am I a soldier of the Cross,  
A foll'wer of the Lamb,  
And shall I fear to own  
His cause or blush to speak His name?

(Research assistance: Rich Adkins)

*Prayer Books with the Indian on one side and the English on the other, and a few hymns translated:* The Oneida prayer book was originally in Mohawk, which varies only slightly from Oneida, and so was readily understandable to the congregation. The first translation was made by Rev. Eleazer Williams, the first missionary to the Wisconsin settlement, early in the nineteenth century. Susan Cooper points out, however, that the prayer book was improved during Rev. Goodnough's tenure:

The library of Oneida books, if not large, was of very great value to the people. There was a translation of the New Testament, complete with the exception of Second Corinthians; portions of the Old Testament; the prophesy of Isaiah; a hymn book compiled chiefly from our own; and three different editions of the Prayer Book. The Rev. John Henry Hobart, son of the revered Bishop Hobart, and one of the founders of Nashotah, who had been ordained priest in the little church at Oneida, had inherited the Bishop's interest in the people, and gave them an improved translation of the Prayer Book, published at his own expense. The translation was prepared by the skilful interpreter, Baptist Doctater. The people valued this last translation greatly, and often read it in their homes with pleasure.

The narrator's interpretation that the prayer-book had been simplified for the unsophisticated Oneida probably is in error, there being no confirmation that services were simplified, though the book may not have contained all of the various services, such as for baptism. Furthermore, it seems clear that the long-term intention of the mission was that the Oneida would learn English and shift from the short Oneida book to the complete *Book of Common Prayer* in English. For example, the missionary, Rev. Goodnough, was especially proud of his success in encouraging the Oneida to become "more civilized," and one of the signs of his success was their increasing use of English. Susan Cooper also reports with approval the difficult but steady progress of the nineteenth-century Oneida in shifting to English as their main language.

*their singing was very good:* The Oneida have a reputation for the cultivation and appreciation of music. In *The Oneida* (1906), Julia K. Bloomfield says, "There was an organ of good tone well played by the regular organist, one of the chiefs. The singing was always very sweet. Never indeed were the services carried on without the sweet plaintive voices of the women being heard in the chants and hymns in their own language. Not a few men also had good voices. The people seem to have a natural taste for music" (Chapter 19).

A popular singing group, sometimes called the Jubilee Singers, not to be confused with the African-American group of the same name, toured around the turn of the Twentieth Century. The Oneida also became enthusiastic about playing instruments and forming bands. Rev. Goodnough, himself, encouraged this. Perhaps the most famous Oneida band played at the Columbian Exposition in 1893 and later toured the United States.

In the Houghton Library manuscript draft, Jewett also says, "There was a melodeon or cabinet organ played by a young man who had been away to school or college and who looked very intelligent." Susan Cooper confirms this detail, adding that he was a chief. This young man almost certainly was Cornelius Hill (1834-1907), often referred to as "last chief and first priest of the Oneida." A biographical sketch of Rev. Hill in *TA LUH VA WA GU* -- a booklet published for the 150th anniversary of Holy

Apostles Church in 1972 -- explains that he was educated from age 10 to 15 at Nashotah, an Episcopalian school and seminary near Milwaukee, Wisconsin. During this time he also was made Chief of the Bear Clan: "Chief Hill served as interpreter and organist in the Oneida Church for many years. On June 27th, 1885, he was ordained a deacon, and on June 24th, 1903, at the age of 69, he was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Grafton" (7-8).

The organ is among the surviving furnishings of the 1839 building that Jewett visited; according to *TA LUH VA WA GU* the organ was given to the Neville Public Museum in Green Bay (27). One other surviving piece is a "plain, simple hand-carved wooden cross, originally the altar cross of St. Georges-In-The-East, London..."(27).

*an Indian interpreter:* The Goodnough obituary and Susan Cooper both note that Rev. Goodnough gave his sermons in English and had them translated into Oneida as he spoke. Both also emphasize the simplicity of his messages, though Cooper suggests that this simplicity was required at least in part because of the difficulties of translation, suggesting that the supposed "simplicity" of the listeners was not the only reason. The records of Holy Apostles show that B. Doxtator was paid to be interpreter in 1872, the year of Jewett's visit. Probably this was Baptist Doxtator, a member of the parish, who was first paid to interpret in 1860. Cooper points out that Baptist Doxtator was a skilful interpreter and translator, and that he provided an improved translation of the Prayer Book. If this identification is correct, he might well have appeared relatively elderly to the 23-year-old Jewett in 1872; he married in the church in 1848, but appears to have started his family in 1846, when the baptism of his first child with his wife, Mary Bear, is recorded. These dates would suggest that he was probably over 40 years old in 1872.

In her diary of 1868, Ellen Goodnough reports that the interpreter might lead the service in the absence of the missionary:

March 13th -- I attended service this afternoon, though the walking is very bad. It would do your heart good to see such a congregation on a week day even in a city church. The school-house is crowded. One side of the house was full of men who had

left their work to come to prayers. The service was conducted this afternoon by the interpreter, Mr. Goodnough having been called to visit a sick woman just as the last bell was tolling (J. K. Bloomfield, Ch. 21).

The narrator's comparison of the interpreter's speeches to those of braves around council fires may evoke both Parkman (*The Jesuits in North America*, Chapter 19, for example, or Chapter 6 of *Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV*) and James F. Cooper (for one of many examples, see Chapter 3 of *The Last of the Mohicans*). This description, based on a passage from *Count Frontenac* appears in Miller's *The Boy's Book of Indian Battles and Adventures*:

The functions of orator, among the Five Nations, had even become a separate profession, held in equal or higher honour than that of the warrior; and each clan appointed the most eloquent of their number to speak for them in the public council.... The orator does not express his proposals in words only, but gives to every sentence its appropriate action. If he threatens war, he wildly brandishes the tomahawk; if he solicits alliance, he twines his arms closely with those of the chief whom he addresses; and if he invites friendly intercourse, he assumes all the attitudes of one who is forming a road in the Indian manner, by cutting down the trees, clearing them away, and carefully removing the leaves and branches. To a French writer, who witnessed the delivery of a solemn embassy, it suggested the idea of a company of actors performing on a stage. ("The Intellectual Character of the Indians")

*fairly dazzling:* Susan Cooper confirms that the men wore conventional American dress, while the women wore traditional Oneida clothing and decorations. Cooper also points out that men and women sat on different sides of the church. From Ellen Goodnough's diary of 1866:

The congregation looks very different from what it did when we first came here. Then, in the warmest weather, the women were wrapped in white blankets, or else squares of black or blue broadcloth, some of the latter richly embroidered. Now we never see a blanket in Church. They wear shawls of the brightest and gayest colors pinned at the throat. A veil or handkerchief, or occasionally

now a hat, is worn on the head. The young people sometimes wear gorgeously trimmed hats. A lady visiting me, told me that walking behind a young girl she counted seven different kinds of ribbons on her hat (Bloomfield, Chapter 20).

*peaceable tribe*: The narrator's speculation is correct, at least with regard to recent history. The Oneida attempted to remain neutral in the American Revolution, and then joined the American side, with the understanding that they would retain their ancestral lands. However, Parkman points out that as one of the Iroquois Five Nations, the Oneida participated in the Iroquois War against the Hurons and the early seventeenth-century Jesuit mission, and in *The Old Régime in Canada* (Chapter 13, 1893 edition), Parkman says that the Oneidas were among the more hostile and aggressive of the Five Nations in opposing the renewed inroads of French colonization in the 1660s.

Though this is not obvious in this text, Jewett's narrator is contrasting the peaceable Oneida with the Indians who served with French raiders in an event that was vivid in the local memory of South Berwick, Hertel's raid on Salmon Falls, just across the river from South Berwick, during King William's War in 1690, a story Jewett retells in *The Old Town of Berwick*.

In Chapter 11 of *Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV* (1877), Parkman gives this account of the raid.

Through snow and ice and storm, Hertel and his band were moving on their prey. On the night of the twenty-seventh of March, they lay hidden in the forest that bordered the farms and clearings of Salmon Falls. Their scouts reconnoitred the place, and found a fortified house with two stockade forts, built as a refuge for the settlers in case of alarm. Towards daybreak, Hertel, dividing his followers into three parties, made a sudden and simultaneous attack. The settlers, unconscious of danger, were in their beds. No watch was kept even in the so-called forts; and, when the French and Indians burst in, there was no time for their few tenants to gather for defence. The surprise was complete; and, after a short struggle, the assailants were successful at every point. They next turned upon the scattered farms of the neighborhood, burned houses, barns,

and cattle, and laid the entire settlement in ashes. About thirty persons of both sexes and all ages were tomahawked or shot; and fifty-four, chiefly women and children, were made prisoners. Two Indian scouts now brought word that a party of English was advancing to the scene of havoc from Piscataqua, or Portsmouth, not many miles distant. Hertel called his men together, and began his retreat. The pursuers, a hundred and forty in number, overtook him about sunset at Wooster River, where the swollen stream was crossed by a narrow bridge. Hertel and his followers made a stand on the farther bank, killed and wounded a number of the English as they attempted to cross, kept up a brisk fire on the rest, held them in check till night, and then continued their retreat. The prisoners, or some of them, were given to the Indians, who tortured one or more of the men, and killed and tormented children and infants with a cruelty not always equalled by their heathen countrymen.

*crowded out of the world*: It is not quite true that the Wisconsin Oneida were all the Oneida left in the world. After the American Revolution the larger number of Oneida returned to the Thames River area in Ontario, Canada.

Like other Native American tribes, the New York Oneida were repeatedly victims of land loss as white settlers moved into their reserved land and pressured governments to back their interests. The Oneida Nation Museum in rural De Pere, Wisconsin provides a "Chronology of the Oneida Land Claims" beginning with the 1784 Treaty of Fort Stanwix, in which the United States acknowledged Oneida service in the American Revolution by recognizing Oneida Territories in the state of New York. Over the next 50 years, New York State used a variety of tactics to reduce Oneida land ownership from more than 6 million acres to 4509 acres. Under these pressures, the Oneida negotiated a treaty in 1839 that established a 63,000 acre reservation along Duck Creek in Wisconsin. By 1934, various federal and state policies and actions had helped reduce Oneida holdings in this Wisconsin reservation to 200 acres.

According to Susan Fenimore Cooper, the decade before Jewett's visit to the Hobart Church had been characterized in part by intense local hostility toward the Oneida

Reservation, motivated apparently by businessmen hoping to gain control over Oneida timber interests and other assets (See note on "the missionary" below).

*Wicked things:* Bessie's fear of Indians would not have been unusual when this story appeared. Wars between Native Americans and various representatives of the United States were frequent in the 1860s and 1870s. See notes and Jewett's letter to Parsons quoted above. Also relevant would be Jewett's knowledge of South Berwick local history; see her accounts of the raids by Hertel on her home neighborhood and the captivity of Hetty Goodwin in "The Old Town of Berwick" and in *The Tory Lover* Chapter 32.

*like weeds in the garden:* Here Jewett echoes in image and idea what Brian Dippie identifies as a major strain in American thought about Native Americans. In *The Vanishing American* (UP of Kansas, 1982), Dippie quotes Edward Everett, writing in the 1820s, "It is not necessary to exterminate a savage tribe -- place the germ of civilization in their soil -- and such is the living principle ... of the arts of civilized life, that it will strike root, shoot up, and spread" (30). Jewett's reading in Parkman's *The Jesuits in North America* elaborated and substantiated this kind of thinking. At the end of his book, Parkman argues that the Iroquois destruction of the Hurons and the Jesuit mission to Canada contained the seeds of their own self-destruction, and that this was part of a Providential design to eliminate Indian barbarism and Jesuit absolutism from American soil, to smooth the way for Protestantism and democracy (Chapter 34). Indeed, Parkman believed that Native Americans were incapable of becoming civilized except by individual assimilation and absorption into European culture. In the first chapter of *The Jesuits in North America*, he describes the Indian tribes as all of one race, and that race "hopelessly unchanging in respect to individual and social development...." Native Americans, therefore, are doomed to vanish, to make way for Protestant, American civilization.

*papposes:* The text uses this spelling throughout the story; I have not changed it to the modern spelling.

*the missionary:* The missionary at Hobart Church in 1872 was Rev. Edward A. Goodnough. The story of his life and work at the Oneida reservation is told by Susan Fenimore Cooper in her account of "Missions to the Oneidas," originally published in *The Living Church*, 1885-1886.

Cooper says that Rev. Goodnough (good-no) took charge of the mission church in 1853, and was soon joined by his young wife, Ellen Saxton Goodnough in 1854. They labored together at the mission and school until her death in May 1870. Goodnough remarried in about 1872, and he continued working at the mission until his death, serving about 36 years.

*new stone church soon:* Susan Cooper and the Goodnough obituary provide details about the new church building, which was completed in 1886. Notable in these accounts is the quantity of labor over several decades that the Oneida community put into quarrying and transporting the stones from which the church was built and raising funds for the building. The women made and sold craft items as part of this effort. Not only did they make beadwork, moccasins and quilts, but they learned the art of lace-making from missionaries and made fine lace items to sell, bringing in several hundred dollars per year according to *TA LUH VA WA GU* (10). This picture of industriousness on behalf of the church -- along with other attainments hinted at in Jewett's text -- would seem to qualify the descriptions here of a people who appear lazy and stupid.

*old legends:* Ellen Goodnough, in her diary, records various instances of Oneida "superstition," which probably should be understood as the persistence of traditional beliefs that she and at least some Oneida saw as in conflict with their newer Christian beliefs. One of these is the death feast:

There is a death feast to-day. This is one of the old heathen customs they will keep up and cling to. They believe when a person dies the spirit stays in the house 10 days. On the tenth the relatives of the deceased make a feast in the house of mourning, and all

partake of it in profound silence. Not a word is spoken excepting by the one appointed to speak of the departed and call to remembrance any little incident of the individual's life, dwelling on the good qualities. They say if this ceremony is omitted the departed one is sad and hungry, (Bloomfield, Chapter 20)

Ellen Goodnough also records at least one "legend" in her diary:

One old woman makes medicine to guard against witches. Old John House was famous for this. One summer about ten years ago, a witch appeared in the form of a large black hog. It appeared only at night, running after people and making awful noises. One night it chased a party of young men, who turned upon it with stones and clubs, pounding it soundly, when to their great astonishment old John House cried for mercy. He was ill for some time after this pounding, and had hardly recovered when a new witch appeared in the form of a wildcat. It was always in some tree and made the most hideous noises imaginable.

The same party of more civilized young men were walking along the road one evening and heard the wildcat. Instead of running away with superstitious fear, they again armed themselves with clubs and stones, and looked about for the creature, which they soon found perched on the limb of a tree. They stoned it furiously until it tumbled down, and again old John House cried out for mercy. Their stoning, this time had been too severe, for the foolish old man died after a few days' illness, (Bloomfield, Chapter 21)

*he did not seem lonely:* The narrator's remark on Goodnough's solitary life seems a little strange for several reasons. It appears the narrator visited him on a day when none of his family happened to be at home. He had at least five children under 18 years old in 1872. Though his first wife had died in 1870, the Goodnough obituary indicates that he married Mrs. Frances A. Perry in "about 1872," and that Mrs. Perry had been keeping the mission house before the marriage.

Jane Henning of Grace Church, Madison, Wisconsin supplied a photocopy of the entry on

their wedding from the parish records, showing that the wedding of Frances A. Perry and Rev. Goodnough took place on July 27, 1871. In the following transcription of that record, I am guessing about Frances's middle name:

*Day and Date: Thursday, July 27, 1871*

*Place [location of the ceremony]: Residence of Bride's mother*

*No. [in order of the marriages recorded in this volume]: 29*

*Names: Rev. Edward Augustus Goodnough; 45 Oneida, Wis.*

*Frances Alexand[ria?] Perry (widow); 42 Madison, Wis.*

*Parents: John K. Goodnough, Eliza Goodnough (decd); Joseph Loyd (decd);*

*Phoebe Loyd*

*Clergy: H.W. Spalding*

*Witnesses: The Rector's wife and the mother and sister of Bride*

The narrator's report of Goodnough's pride about the Oneida is reflected in his obituary, where he is quoted: "The grand work of Christianizing the Indians is still going on. They are eager and willing to be taught the ways of the white men, and exhibit a great advancement in methods of civilization. During my stay here, I have encouraged them especially to speak English, and to adopt our manners and customs. The progress they have made is owing to the church, more than to any other one thing."

Goodnough's knowledge of their finances was fairly intimate. Not only did he work with the Oneida closely on their financial situations, but he acted as banker for them. His wife reports in her 1866 diary: "When we rose this morning we found a number of our people outside the house waiting to see their "father" in order to get some money. They often bring him their money for safe keeping and draw it out as they need it. Sometimes they lend little sums to each other, Mr. Goodnough keeping the account and casting up the interest, which is never usurious" (Bloomfield, Chapter 20).

*didn't slip down to the ground:* Oneida mothers used traditional cradle boards to carry their infants on their backs. The cradle board would ordinarily include a foot board or straps that would prevent the child from slipping down. Jewett might easily have missed such details, since they would be covered by the warm

wrappings. This detailed description appears in the 1866 diary of Ellen Goodnough:

We do not often nowadays see babies on their Indian cradle-board. When we first came here we never saw them on anything else. They were then baptized so. We used to see them hanging up in the log houses, or perhaps suspended from the branch of a tree, while the mother would be hoeing corn or digging potatoes near by.

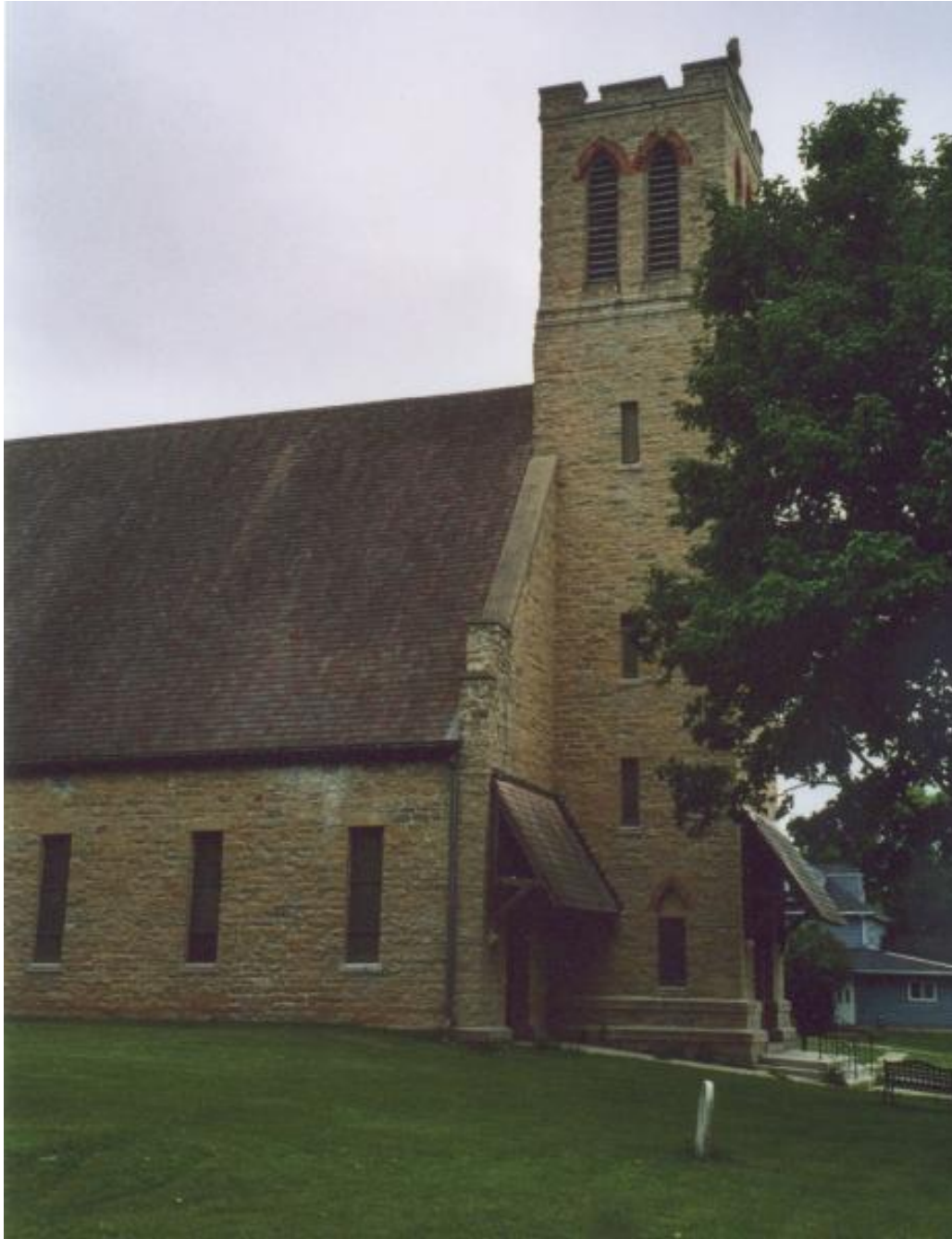
This cradle is a thin board about two feet long, split from a maple log, and made smooth and gaily painted with various colors and all sorts of designs. A wooden bow is

bent over the place where the child's head lies, the ends being firmly fastened to the sides of the board. On this wooden arch, or bow, little bells and trinkets are fastened to amuse the child; it also serves as a handle to the cradle. Down each side of the board are fastened strong straps of deerskin or bark, between which and the cradle is passed a broad bandage which binds the child closely to the frame so that it cannot move hand or foot. It can only move its eyes and mouth, otherwise it is bound as close as a mummy. Yet the little creature makes no complaint, and thus learns one virtue, patience common to all Indians (Bloomfield, Chapter 21).

**Holy Apostles Church  
Oneida**

**Photographs of Building and Grounds  
July 2005**





**Holy Apostles Church**



**Grave of Rev. Edward Goodnough  
Holy Apostles Churchyard  
Oneida**



**Grave of Rev. Cornelius Hill  
next to Holy Apostles Church  
Oneida**





**Holy Apostles Church viewed from the Churchyard**

# Background Materials

## *The Oneidas*

(selections)

Julia Keen Bloomfield  
New York: Alden Brothers, 1907.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### *The Rev. Edward A. Goodnough.*

On the second Sunday in October, 1853, the REV. Edward A. Goodnough, recently ordained by Bishop Kemper, having resigned the parish at Portage for the purpose, entered on his arduous duties at Oneida. The Mission had been vacant more than a year. The people had lost ground sadly. Says Miss Cooper: "A half-wild tribe are in the mental condition of children; they may have made promising beginning, even decided progress in the right direction, but if abandoned by their guides they must inevitably fall back."

When the brave young Minister came among the Oneidas everything was looking very dreary. He was a stranger among a wild race whose language he could neither speak nor understand. The majority of the people were very shy and suspicious. A few of the better men and women, however, received him kindly. He was living alone in the Mission House; they brought him bread, game, and fish; washed his clothes and provided him with firewood. But there were others who hoped to drive him away, as they had already driven two Missionaries off the field. At night they would come about the house, making hideous cries and savage yells. The Saturday nights were fearfully disorderly. They would go to Green Bay to trade, and come back dreadfully intoxicated, shouting, fighting, and yelling like so many fiends.

There were at that time white men at Green Bay whose object it was to debase the Indians by all the means in their power, in order to render them odious to the whites, and thus bring about their expulsion from the Reservation. They coveted the fertile lands and fine timber of the Oneidas, and to obtain possession of these were eager to drive the red man farther into the wilderness.

It was surprising how little English was spoken by the people after two centuries or more of intercourse with an English-speaking race. There were few men who spoke the language with any ease, and among the women, with one or two exceptions, there were none who could say more than a word or two. It was at first difficult to find an interpreter, but at last Mr. Goodnough secured an earnest, good young man to fill the part of interpreter at the Church services.

The Church building was in a very bad condition, needing many repairs, while the white paint had worn off or been almost entirely washed off by the rain. The congregation was at first very small. At the first celebration of Holy Communion there were only 30 present. A few years earlier there had been 150 communicants. At the first confirmation there were only 5 to receive the rite. The school-house was an old tumbled-down building with a door at each end, and for chimney an old stove-pipe running up through the roof. There were often heavy drifts of snow on the floor during the winter months. The average attendance was found to be only 15 or 20. The Mission House about 300 yards from the Church was small, a story and a half high. There were out-houses about it, and a glebe of 80 acres. Everything was out of order.

To this desolate Mission House, in April 1854, came a brave young girl not yet 17 years old, the newly married wife of the Missionary, to whom she had been betrothed for some time previous." Blessed was the day," says one, "when Ellen Saxton Goodnough came among the Oneidas with her brave spirit, her warm, generous heart, her cheerful, vigorous, healthy nature, and her good judgment." From the day she first crossed the threshold of the Mission House it is said she scarcely left the Reservation, even for a few hours during her busy Christian life of more than 16 years. A true

helpmeet to her husband she gave heart and strength to the work among the red men.

The cheerful, untiring zeal, the affectionate sympathy, the wise, untiring guidance with which Ellen Goodnough moved about, day by day, during all those years among the Oneidas, could scarcely be surpassed. "She gave her life," said one who knew her intimately, "through self-denial, and many hardships, and some reproach, to the task of elevating the Oneidas, and they loved her warmly in return. Her influence became almost unbounded, and her words were law to a great many of the women and girls."

When the young missionaries entered hand in hand upon their duties in 1853-4 the aspect of things was somewhat wild, and not a little discouraging. But at the end of a few months, matters improved very perceptibly, and many people learned once more to look upon their Minister as their best friend. They resumed former habits. Large numbers came to church and gathered at the Mission House. The parsonage was made more comfortable. The Church was improved by repainting and the repairs most needed were attended to. But there was neither chancel nor vestry-room; the roof was leaky, and the floor was paved.

There was a good bell, the gift of a chief, and the people at a distance attended to the call and came more regularly. The sun poured upon the dusky flock through unshaded and unstained windows, the men sitting together on one side, the women on the other side. The men were roughly clothed, generally in coarse blue cloth very carelessly put together. The women came in with their invariably noiseless, gliding step, in very peculiar garb; they were shrouded in blankets, their heads closely covered with various wrappings. Occasionally handsome bead-work, or porcupine-work appeared as trimming on their cloth leggings and moccasins. Mothers brought their babies in bark cradles hanging at their backs, suspended by the regular burden strap passing around the forehead.

The congregation was attentive and some of the older members were very devout, making all the responses with much feeling and reverence. There was an organ of good tone well played by the regular organist, one of the chiefs. The singing was always very sweet. Never indeed were the services carried on without the sweet

plaintive voices of the women being heard in the chants and hymns in their own language. Not a few men also had good voices. The people seem to have a natural taste for music. The sermon, though, was translated by the regular interpreter.

The library of Oneida books at that time, if not large, was of very great value to them. There was a translation of the New Testament, complete with the exception of the Second Corinthians; there were also portions of the Old Testament in Oneida; a Hymn Book, compiled chiefly from our own; and 3 editions of the Prayer Book, one by Eleazer Williams. The Rev. John Henry Hobart, son of the revered Bishop Hobart, who had been ordained in the little church at Oneida, and who inherited his father's interest in the people, gave them an improved translation of the Prayer Book, published at his own expense. The translation was prepared for him by the skilful interpreter. The people valued this translation greatly, and often read it in their homes with much pleasure.

The school was taught by the Missionary, who considered this task one of his most important duties. After his marriage his young wife assisted with much zeal in the good work, and during those first months laid the foundation of her deep affectionate interest in the children. Says Miss Cooper: "The little dark-eyed, red-skinned creatures were wild and shy as the chipmunks and fawns of the forests. The girls were gentle, low-voiced and timid. They generally came with their heads closely covered with a wrap of some kind. Boys and girls kept carefully apart, it was impossible to coax them to recite in the same classes. But they soon became attached to the bright-faced, kindly, pleasant-mannered teacher, and ere long she acquired a very great influence over them, and over their mothers also." Later we hear of the shabby old school-house being replaced by a good building, one that also served the Indians as Council Hall for their especial pow-wows.

Mrs. Goodnough, though so young, not yet 17 when she married, so completely identified herself with her young husband in the work going on for the Mission, that it seems natural to write of them as colaborers. And surely there was never a more brave, sweet, winning assistant in any parish. The first year of the Rev. Mr. Goodnough's services brought with them an event to which the people attached no little importance. It was giving their friend the Minister

an Indian name. And it is by no means considered an empty compliment. Every Oneida has a name in his own language. Some of them are beautiful, others most peculiar. They never fail to give Indian names to their white friends, names chosen from some personal trait, or some quality characteristic of the individual. They are very close, shrewd observers. Says one:

"When the time came for giving the name to the Missionary, a feast was first prepared. This is a compliment conferred only on an individual whom they wish especially to honor. A regular feast having been duly prepared, and the people assembled, the Chief, Sa-no-sio, arose and made a speech. In the course of the speech the Oneida name of the Missionary, which had already been settled upon among the men, was publicly announced. It was "Ka-yen-retta," "Bright blue sky."

This was received with applause followed by a very warm handshaking. Speech-making, feasting, and hand-shaking never fail to give satisfaction to the Oneidas.

The Minister having been named, the same compliment was paid later to his wife. At the Fourth of July feast her Oneida name was announced as "Ky-yon-to-sa," "She is planting." The Missionary, however, was generally spoken of as "my father," "our father." Their own word for Minister is "Ka-tsi-hen-sta-lis."

Years passed on bringing with them steady growth among the Oneidas. "There is nothing brilliant, nothing startling to record," says the writer of the "Missions to the Oneidas," "but quiet, healthful progress is shown as the blessed result of loving charity and patient perseverance in sound Christian training. There was often hardness to be endured in that field and peculiar trials to be met. But every effort was made with a cheerful, Christian spirit. The hearts of both husband and wife were deeply interested in their duties among the tribe to whose service they had given themselves. 'I love the people,' exclaimed the Rev. Mr. Goodnough with great earnestness, at a time of peculiar trial and great danger to the Oneidas. 'I dearly love to teach these children,' said Ellen Goodnough within a few hours of her death." And the affection so generously given was warmly returned by the Oneidas.

"Among other of the Missionary's trials was the coming from Canada to the Reservation of

some Methodist exhorters. They were ignorant, scarce able to read or write, and it was doubtful if they belonged to any Methodist organization. They came as intruders, stirring up strife among the flock, and were much given to abuse of the Church and to praise of their own superior piety. The course of one individual of this class was long unpleasantly remembered. He called himself the Rev. Mr. Sundown, and came especially to convert the people of Hobart Church. He stirred up no little trouble; had a small fanatic following; proposed building a meeting-house for his adherents, and actually began the work; but ere long was compelled to leave the Reservation in disgrace from his own misconduct. He could neither read nor write, but was very abusive of the Church. He probably was not a regular Methodist Minister." The present Methodist settlement owes its origin to what is called the Orchard party. It occupies the western end of the Reservation. In 1846 their regular Mission built a place of worship and had a small portion of the Indian population in attendance. There is now, it is said, a kindly feeling existing between the two Missions, each doing its own work quietly, without interfering with the other. They have used the Oneida Hymn Book and other translations of the Church services.



Rev. Goodnough

Very decided changes and improvements were to be seen at the end of 10 years of faithful labor at Oneida. The school, which had almost dwindled away after Mr. Williams left, was once more prosperous, many of the children coming from a distance. The church was filled to its utmost capacity; baptisms were of frequent occurrence. The Bishop confirmed large classes; the communicants increased to 146. During Lent the little church would be well filled for prayers, the men leaving their work for the services, and returning again to their labor afterwards.



A Typical Oneida of the Past

The general appearance of the country is said to have borne witness to the improvement. The people became more industrious and orderly. Heathen practices and superstitions were dying out. The general aspect of the Lord's Day was very striking. The farms increased in size and in the manner of cultivation. Sawmills, a gristmill, and blacksmith's shop were all worked by the Indians. They also did a good share of carpenter's work. The women helped now only in the lighter outdoor work. There was one task, however, that wives and mothers would not give up: they always worked in the corn-fields with the men, planting, hoeing, and harvesting the maize. This they considered their privilege of birthright, a holiday task bequeathed to them by their Konoshioni mothers of bygone days. The

maize, that beautiful plant and sweet grain, had always held a very important place with the red man, and the Iroquois are said to have 12 different ways of preparing it for food.

The first invitation to Ellen Goodnough as bride, was often recalled by her in later years. And what an effort it must have cost her not to give offense we can readily imagine. A worthy old woman of the congregation invited her to supper, and with true hospitality gave the Minister's wife the best she had to offer -- a kindly greeting, and succotash made of fresh young corn and beans. It was eaten out of an iron kettle placed on the earthen floor, with a wooden spoon. No bread was served.

The untidy way of living in the Oneida cabins greatly distressed Mrs. Goodnough. They had no regular hours for meals. Their bedsteads were rude bunks; the beds in many houses were left unmade all day. The washing was irregularly done; the ironing often entirely neglected. Tins and woodenware -- scant in number -- were never properly scoured. Their bread was cakes of maize, usually baked in the ashes.

Ere long, almost unconsciously, instinctively, as it were, Ellen Goodnough took the first steps in a course she afterwards pursued steadily until the last day of her life. Naturally bright and cheerful, she attracted the Oneida women as visitors to the Mission House, giving them kindly welcome and often entertaining them with a practical lesson in housekeeping, the making of bread, the scouring of a tin, the ironing of a garment -- so many object-lessons to the shy, but closely observant visitors. Kindly example and friendly teaching in these first steps of civilization gradually produced good results. There was no lack of intelligence in her observers; the women were generally quick-witted and their slender fingers became skilled in any task that interested them. They could speak little English, but kindly feeling has a language of its own; a pleasant smile, a friendly gesture, a bit of fun helped on the instructions. The Oneidas enjoy little jokes very decidedly, in spite of their quiet, shy ways.

After these first practical lessons in useful work, gentle guidance and teaching in more important matters followed. To raise the moral and religious tone of the women and girls became the great object of Mrs. Goodnough. And her loving efforts on their behalf were greatly blessed for good. She neglected no



opportunity of instructing them by precept and example, and her influence became almost unbounded. She impressed upon them her own strong, noble principles, which influenced the character of many for life.

Mr. Goodnough was in the meantime using his utmost endeavor to instruct the men and boys in the right way of living. Says one who visited the Reservation about that time:

"The farms seem to be well cultivated. The houses, though small, are well built. I was pleased to see so many little gardens and flower-borders, too. We went into some of the houses, where they received us very kindly, with smiling faces and pleasant ways. At one house a young woman was ironing. The clothes were beautifully washed and starched, and the sewing seemed very good. I never saw a neater house than that I was in; you might have eaten your dinner from the floor. There were books lying about. They offered me cake here. I liked the way the women were dressed, with a short calico gown over a long skirt. It is peculiar and pleasing, and what nice shoes and stockings they wore, fitting so neatly on their small feet! But we met several old women with shawls over their heads this warm day.["] We saw many men at work in the barnyards and fields in their white shirt-sleeves. Several times the farmers we passed invited us to take seats in their wagon, while all whom we passed greeted us kindly. We saw several sowing and reaping-machines in the fields, with tall, dark-haired farmers working them. The people seem generally more slow in their movements than the Yankees. We walked behind two young men who had rakes on their shoulders. They walked along at a slow pace, talking in Oneida. It seems strange that the people should be so very slow to learn English and cling so to their own language.["]

"The Indians are very hospitable, and as a rule, not mercenary. Since the people have lived in houses away from the smoke of the wigwams and have learned to use soap, they have become much lighter in complexion, not darker than the Mexicans. They are very kind in sickness, very gentle in all their relations of life. The men are tall, plain farmers, simple in their ways. The women are smaller than the men. Nothing but the rather coarse, straight hair and strange speech recalls the Indian."

Dark and threatening clouds were now gathering about the Oneidas, and deeply felt by

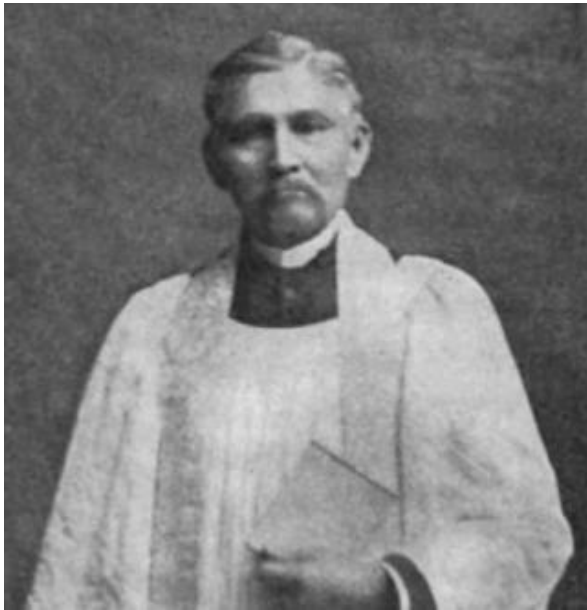
the young missionaries. Instead of rejoicing over their prosperity, their well cultivated farms, rich valley, and well-to-do homes scattered about the Reservation, there were those who coveted their possessions and determined, if possible, to wrest them away, and have the inoffensive people all driven off further to some unknown western wilderness. False representations were sent on to Washington, making it appear that the Oneidas were a scourge to the white people, and a nuisance to their neighbors at Green Bay, and that they must be removed. As troubles were increasing, the chiefs and prominent men of the tribe are said to have met almost daily in Council. The Agent of the Government came to them full of threats to intimidate them; occasionally he resorted to bribery.



Oneida Farmers

The Missionary, though much distressed for them, kept aloof from their councils, but his opinions were well known, and his advice always faithfully given to the people when asked. The great majority of them were strongly opposed to removal. A direct appeal to the Government at Washington was resolved upon. The Green Bay and Chicago newspapers, active in the conflict, roused great indignation among the Oneidas.

Finally, Onangwatgo -- Cornelius Hill -- who had been educated at Nashotah, and it is said, "would do credit to any community," wrote an answer to the fulminations of the Agent. It was eloquent, at times quietly sarcastic, as he defended his race and compared them with the whites and some of their riotous ways of living at the Bay. He clearly proved that the Agent was acting on purely selfish motives to gain their lands for speculation; that his people were doing their best to cultivate them and improve themselves in every way possible, and that



Photos of Cornelius Hill

There had been at one time a Pagan chief with a small fanatical following, whose one idea was for them to remain Indians, as he expressed it, for all time, and who, to keep up his influence, had encouraged his followers in their various lawless deeds, among others to drive away all missionaries from among them. But even he had come under the Rev. Mr. Goodnough's influence, and had ceased to annoy. Says Miss

Cooper, in writing of those times: "When the Agent again decided to drive the people into selling their lands, he turned to the Chief referred to and made an ally of him. This Chief was finally induced to approve of the sale and to persuade some others to adopt his views."

The following summer the crops failed, especially the Indian corn on which the Oneidas depended in a great measure for food. The people, therefore, had no other means of subsistence than cutting wood from the forest for sale. They made shingles, cut firewood, square timber, and railroad ties. The women made baskets and brooms. By these means they lived comfortably, although the crops had failed. Suddenly the Agent called a general Council. Here he read what he declared to be an order from the Government forbidding the people to cut a single stick of timber, except for their own firewood, or building-purposes, and threatening them with prison if they disobeyed. In dismay the Indians again applied to their Missionary, telling him that they must starve or beg if they could not cut their timber and sell it. The forest at that time was very dense. He advised prudence in cutting the wood, and told them he thought the order was written by the Agent himself to frighten them into selling their lands. every right-thinking person felt they had been ill-used. The Government assured them that they were not to be removed; so the Agent was silenced for a time.

Says one describing this sad and anxious time: "Again the Agent called a general Council, reading the same order and threatening to march soldiers on the Reservation if the people disobeyed. He also forbade their consulting the Missionary, or asking him to write letters for them. 'The Agent,' he said, 'must alone write all their letters to the Government.' He warned them that if the Missionary gave them advice, or wrote letters for them, he would drive him from the Reservation. Here the young Chief, Cornelius Hill, said: 'We have always consulted our Minister about our affairs, why not continue to do so now?' 'If he writes a word for you or gives advice about temporal business I will drive him off the Reservation at once,' was the answer. Here the old heathen ally of the Agent exclaimed; 'We must cut the Minister's head off,' meaning the threat in a figurative sense. Onangwatgo then exclaimed with great indignation: 'I put my arms around the Minister.

You must cut my head off first, before you can cut the Minister's head off.' Loud applause followed this speech, the building resounded with 'Toh! Toh! Toh!' 'hear! hear!' and 'Yoh! Yoh! Yoh!' 'right! right!'"

Some days passed, when with a singular perseverance the Agent wrote to the Missionary himself, saying he had received an order from the Department forbidding the Indians to cut their timber, and if the Missionary advised the people to disregard this order he would be removed from the Reservation. The Rev. Mr. Goodnough wrote in reply, asking for a copy of the order. The Agent answered he was not bound to show the orders of the Department. The Missionary then wrote to the Indian Commissioner at Washington, enclosing copies of the Agent's threatening letters and his own replies and asked for a copy of the one forbidding the cutting of timber. The Commissioner immediately forwarded copies of the whole correspondence with the Agent relating to the subject, showing clearly that the Agent had urged the Department to forbid the Indians to cut their timber, but the Department had refused to do so.

The plot was discovered, yet it seemed only to increase the Agent's hatred against the faithful Missionary. Suddenly he left for Washington. His object at first was a secret, but soon it was learned that he had gone to make arrangements for selling the Reservation. Without delay their young Chief Onongwatgo [spelling varies] called a Council at the Mission school house. The Chief then dictated a letter to the Rev. Mr. Goodnough for the authorities at Washington, protesting in the strongest manner against the sale of their lands. Seven chiefs and all the men present signed the letter.

The Agent reached Washington, and while telling the Commissioner that "A large *majority* of the Indians desired to *sell*" was met by this letter containing their strong protest. The Agent again returned a defeated man, and was more abusive and violent in his threats than ever. But the joy of the Indians was unbounded.

Various and new devices were formed to get possession of the rich and well cultivated lands. Among others, false reports, all easily disproved, were made against the Missionary, to get him removed. The Agent's schemes were too numerous for us to describe. But he did not succeed in any of them, and to the great joy of

the Indians, was himself removed from the Agency. These trials, now happily over, had caused constant and deep anxiety to the Indians and their faithful Missionary.

Others in charge of the Oneidas have doubtless withstood similar efforts to dislodge them, though not so persistently or treacherously kept up. Government, too, has since been roused to a more just policy towards the Indians, and unworthy agents are no longer allowed to scheme and use threats to obtain their Reservation. Still these trials have never wholly ceased, for there are always some white men near to covet the Indians' lands.

Not only these public disturbances, but all private troubles, were brought with confidence to the Mission House, for either Mr. or Mrs. Goodnough to settle. And their influence could be seen through the good work steadily going on among them. Frequently there were as many as 200 communicants in good standing in attendance at church.

The church was becoming much too small for them. Mr. Goodnough wrote that "frequently it was so overcrowded many had to stand outside. And this, too, on cold days and after coming from a great distance, and yet with the reverence and deep attention they would have shown if inside the church." There was talk now going on among them of building a larger and more suitable stone church. They were very poor, however, and knew it would be a work of time to accomplish, but they could at least begin by drawing stones for it at spare times. Frequent repairs were also needed to their wooden church, built, not very substantially, in 1839. There had never been a proper Altar at Hobart Church. What they used as such until 1868 was a common wooden table covered at ordinary times with a square cloth, once red but long since faded to a dingy gray. We are told:

"The Indians decided it was a duty to provide a much better Altar for the Holy Communion, and with earnest zeal both men and women entered upon the task of providing means for it. The women picked and sold berries, made baskets and mats, and through much self denial gave all their earnings for the Altar, while the men gave freely and cheerfully from their small earnings. They all felt anxious that the Altar should be in place for the next visitation, now near at hand, of their venerable and beloved Bishop. And they were not disappointed. The

\$80 required was raised in time, with but little outside help. Mr. Goodnough had prepared a design, and the Altar was made at Green Bay and placed in Hobart Church a day or two before Bishop Kemper came to them. He was now aged, nearly fourscore years, and becoming feeble, but he still filled his appointments with regularity. Our Bishop never disappoints us, was a common saying among the people."

As years passed on, steady progress in civilization continued to be made among the Oneidas, and it was remarked upon by all who visited the Mission. The moral and religious tone was also very encouraging. The Rev. Mr. Goodnough wrote me in 1869, "The people are doing well. When we look back 15 years to our first coming here and compare the condition of things then with the present we can hardly restrain our expression of wonder and deep thankfulness. God has wrought wonders. We have enemies now, as we have always had and must expect to have, but they have not seriously injured us."

The venerable Bishop Kemper has always been received by the Oneidas with the utmost respect and affection. They thronged as usual out on the road to meet him, men, women and children, in every way striving to manifest their pleasure at seeing him; for he was indeed to them as a beloved and venerated father. He was also very kind to the Mission family, and, in connection with the Rev. Dr. Adams, was then assisting to educate their eldest son at Nashotah.



Hobart Church c. 1871

A few years earlier, when he had made an appointment to visit the Mission in the autumn, a worthy old woman, on hearing of it, gathered a very large basket of blackberries in August. This

she slung to her back by the burden strap passing around her forehead, and walked 20 miles to Appleton, where she sold the berries for 8 cents a quart. With this money she bought a very handsome cup and saucer that cost \$1.75. This she brought to Mrs. Goodnough, and said: "These are for our father, the Bishop, to drink tea out of." They were set before the Bishop when he came, and he was greatly pleased. After that, whenever he came they were placed on the table for his use.

In 1869 they were not on the supper-table. "Where is my cup? Is it broken?" asked the good Bishop. It had only been forgotten and was soon placed before him.

"Now I can drink my tea in comfort," he said with a pleased look at the cup and saucer given him by a poor Indian woman, whose gift and self-denial he so well appreciated.

This was the last visitation of the dear old Bishop to the Oneidas, towards whom he had ever shown love and interest in their temporal and spiritual welfare. His diocesan work was drawing to a close. The following spring, May 24, 1870, aged 81 years, he fell asleep, beloved and deeply mourned by all who had come under the influence of his sweet, amiable disposition and rare self-denial in giving up all the comforts of home to become a pioneer Missionary Bishop, literally "enduring hardships as a brave soldier and servant of Christ."

A few months later, or in the autumn of 1871, occurred the terrible forest fires which destroyed many small hamlets in Wisconsin and in which not a few lives were lost. These fires were raging with great fury at no great distance from the Oneida Reservation. Small settlements and farms were destroyed, and broad reaches of forests entirely burned. The air was thick and oppressive with smoke. A constant watch was kept up on the Reservation night and day. Finally the flames reached the Oneida forests and destroyed much of their valuable timber, but no buildings of importance were injured. The fences of the Mission House were burned. The fire came so close to them that the building as well as the school-house was for a time in much danger; but they were saved through vigilant watchfulness, day and night.

In some parts of Wisconsin the waters were so greatly impregnated with lye from the burnt district, that for several months they could not be used. In the timber country streams 100 feet in

width became useless. And during some months of the following winter, the men at work in the forests were compelled to use snow for cooking and drinking.

#### **CHAPTER XX. *Records of a Busy Life.***

During these latter busy years of the colaborers Mrs. Goodnough began a diary to record some of the events in the mission life among the Oneidas. It was written for the information and pleasure of two friends living at a distance, who were much interested in the Indian Mission. It proved very interesting, from its truthful records giving an accurate idea of the missionary work among a peculiar people, as seen from within. The diary, as it came to us shortly after the death of Ellen Goodnough, appeared of such general interest that our friend, Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper, daughter of the distinguished author and niece of Bishop DeLancy, a writer of some note herself, was induced to prepare a portion of it for the press with gleanings from letters previously received from the Missionary and placed at her disposal. They, with other valuable information connected with the Oneidas' earlier history, appeared several years ago in continued chapters in the "Living Church" of Chicago. We are now prevailed upon to reproduce some extracts from this interesting diary, as originally written for us by one who literally laid down her life in serving the dusky Indian. One of the first entries, simply given, shows the courage, Christian faith, and trust that supported Ellen Goodnough under many a trying difficulty.

"June 2nd, 1866 -- We closed the school to-day on account of the small-pox which has raged fearfully about us through the winter and spring. Our nearest neighbor has it now and we are quite surrounded by it. When it first broke out the people were very careless indeed, many thinking it was the measles. Nearly 20 families had it before it was known what it really was. My husband sent to Green Bay for a physician and had all the school children vaccinated before he dismissed them. People say that the Indians always have this disease worse than the whites. Among the Prairie tribes in 1837, 10,000 are known to have died in one year. The families of one thousand lodges among the Blackfeet, Chikarees, and Mandans were swept away. It broke out among the Mandans, July 15th, and in a few weeks it is said out of 1,600 people only 30 were left."

"June 5th -- Prepared a basket of food this morning for a large family who are all ill. Arthur, my oldest boy, carried the basket near the house, shouted, and the man taking care of the family came out. Arthur set the basket down and ran home. This is the way we have adopted to help the sufferers. Provisions and medicines are furnished by the chiefs and friends and carried near the houses, when the nurses come out and take what is left for them, but they do not leave the sick ones until all danger of spreading the disease is over. A woman and her babe died last night and were buried in the woods. Thirteen near us have died lately. I look around upon my own five children with dread, yet trust they may be spared."



Oneida Baby

"June 22nd -- To day has been set apart by the Missionary as a day of prayer and fasting on account of the small-pox, which has not yet left the Reservation, though it is hoped the worst is over. Vaccination, and the care now taken to prevent the disease from spreading, is having a very good effect.

"June 23d -- The interpreter was here to-day. He lives on his farm about five miles away. He is a most excellent man, a truly devout Christian. He had just come from Green Bay, where a white man, a lawyer, tried hard to make him swear a false oath as witness. At last the lawyer

offered him a bribe of \$3 to induce him to take the oath. He little knew the true uprightness of our Christian brother, who was quite amazed at this conduct of a man he had looked up to as learned in the law and a gentleman. 'He ought to know what is right a great deal better than an Indian' was the comment of the Indian.

Although the Missionary understands Oneida, can speak it, and reads it well, and conducts the Services with ease, he never preaches in it, fearing to make some mistake. The interpreter always translates the sermon. The language, though soft and musical in many of its sounds, is harsh in others and is very hard to learn to speak perfectly. Children acquire it easily. Our little ones speak it better than English, but the Oneidas say no grown person, scarcely speaks it without mistakes.

"June 24th. Sunday -- The Church was full to-day. Three children were baptized. Indian babies seem to take pleasure in being christened. They really behave remarkably well, often looking up intently in the Minister's face and smiling sweetly. They seldom cry. After the Baptism a hymn was sung. Then a young couple came forward to be married. The bride is about 14. Probably these young people have spoken but little to one another previous to the ceremony which united them for life. The relatives generally settle the marriages in their families, but the consent of both parties is of course always obtained before the ceremony. The young bride was very pleasing and modest in appearance. The Oneida girls are generally very pleasing and modest in look and manner.

"Monday -- When we rose this morning we found a number of our people outside the house waiting to see their "father" in order to get some money. They often bring him their money for safe keeping and draw it out as they need it. Sometimes they lend little sums to each other, Mr. Goodnough keeping the account and casting up the interest, which is never usurious."

"There is a death feast to-day. This is one of the old heathen customs they will keep up and cling to. They believe when a person dies the spirit stays in the house 10 days. On the tenth the relatives of the deceased make a feast in the house of mourning, and all partake of it in profound silence. Not a word is spoken excepting by the one appointed to speak of the departed and call to remembrance any little incident of the individual's life, dwelling on the

good qualities. They say if this ceremony is omitted the departed one is sad and hungry.

"Tuesday -- Six women came to spend the afternoon with me, bringing their sewing. We had a very pleasant visit indeed. They were nicely dressed, and very neat. My visitors could not speak much English, and I cannot converse freely in Oneida, though I understand it pretty well. We talked about a new Altar for our Church. It is greatly needed. I am very hopeful this improvement may be brought about.

"Saturday -- This morning I called some of the girls into my kitchen to teach them the art of making yeast and bread. Many of the Indian families now use wheat flour. Ten years ago they only used it on great occasions and at their feasts. Their own common bread is very hard to make and indigestible for those who are not accustomed to it. It is made of white maize. The corn is shelled, boiled for a few moments in strong lye, then washed thoroughly in cold water until the hulls all come off. They have a wooden mortar in each house made by burning a hollow in a hardwood log, which is about 3 feet long and stands on the floor. The maize, freed from its hulls, is then pounded into flour by a wooden or stone pestle. It is afterwards sifted through a sieve made of very fine strands of bark. It is then mixed with boiling water and kneaded into round flat cakes, which are baked in the ashes of the fireplace, or boiled like dumplings for an hour or more. Whole beans, or dried berries, in it are considered an improvement. The Indians declare this bread of theirs will sustain life longer than any other article of food.

"Saturday evening -- This is mail day. Mr. Goodnough being Postmaster and postman, too, brings the mail himself from Green Bay. Twelve years ago the Saturday evenings and nights were times of terror to me, owing to the riotous conduct of the people returning from trading at the Bay. But the people are now quiet and orderly, they make their little purchases and come home sober. There is only an occasional case of drunkenness and no general sprees.

"September 1st -- Old Mother Margaret Skenandoah came to spend the afternoon with me. She told me that a few days since a wild Indian had died at the Chippawa camp and some of our Oneidas went to see the burial, then added: 'We could hardly help crying when we saw how foolish and ignorant those Chippawas are. It don't seem as if our people were ever so



ignorant but I suppose they must have been so, for I remember when I was a little girl they used to do a great many things that would seem awful foolish and wicked now.'

"These Chippawas are indeed a very wild, destitute and miserable appearing set of Indians who came here and asked permission to camp in the woods of the Reservation for the summer. The Oneidas, always generous, readily granted their request. The Missionary has been to see them and tried to persuade them to come to Church, but they are violently opposed to Christianity. One or two who can speak a little English, exclaimed with excitement, 'We no want white man's God. We no want to be Christian. We stay Indians and keep Indian ways.' Poor creatures! Some of the Chippawas, however, are partly civilized, and good Christians, but this band is very wild.

"September 13th -- At an early hour this morning the Indians began to gather at the Mission. They came to clear some new land for a mission pasture. The first to appear was Johnny Wys-to-te, 'Snowbird.' The children are all glad to see him. He is a good fellow, has been baptized, but not confirmed, because occasionally he will go on a spree. He is over 40, but has neither wife nor child. Johnny is very lazy or slow; it even seems an effort to him to speak. Strange to say he is one of the swiftest runners of the tribe. There are three runners, public officials. They are employed by the Chiefs in case of a council or for accidents, or any matter requiring immediate public attention. If a person is killed, drowned, or frozen to death, these runners go through the settlement shouting the 'Death Whoop,' a peculiar, unearthly sound familiar to every Indian, and once heard by a white person, never forgotten. These runners start from one end of the settlement in a line, one behind another, about 6 or 8 paces apart. The first gives the 'Death Whoop,' then after a moment the next one, then the third. Thus they run at the swiftest pace through the whole settlement. It is a sound that makes one shudder. However distant, this fearful cry is immediately recognized by the people. They run to the roadside with anxious hearts fearing that the dead one may be a relative or friend. I have heard this 'Death Whoop' a few times, but hope never to hear it again. I

"September 14th -- There were 80 Indians here at dinner yesterday after their work on the

pasture land. Several of the women came to assist me in preparing their late dinner. Many of the women are fine cooks, but not very economical; they like to use all they have at once, invite their friends to a feast, and then live on as little as possible for a long time. It is the delight of the Oneida heart to make a feast, big or little, as the case may be. They are very hospitable. They will often work hard, pinch and scrimp in every way in order to treat their friends to a good dinner. The Indians cleared about seven acres of heavily timbered land.

"After dinner they sat under the trees in the yard, to smoke their pipes and make speeches in Oneida. Jacob Hill, a leading warrior, and a Church officer spoke first. He said, 'It must be pleasant to our father and mother to see so many of us here to-day. We have surprised them. They did not expect us to do this work for them.' The people answered, 'Yo! Yo! Yo!' which means approbation. Several other speeches were also made. Cornelius Hill, the young chief, is a fine speaker. He thanked all his brothers then present in the name of their father and mother, the Missionaries for what they had done. He also spoke of the repairs and improvements needed for the Church. He urged every one old and young to do all they could for their Church. 'Yo! Yo! Yo!' 'Well, well, well!' was the answer from the men. "There were several strangers at dinner, 2 or 3 Oneidas and 2 Onondagas from the Castle in New York. Paul Powles, a chief, brought them in and seated them at the first table. They sat with their hats on, spitting right and left. Our people were evidently mortified at their want of manners. Old Margaret said to me, 'they don't know any better. All our folks that come from down below are a great deal more *Ingeny* than we are. It is strange too, for here we are away off alone, and they are mixed with white people and have white folks all around them.'

"'Yes,' replied Hannah Powless [spelling varies], 'but it is the low kind of white folks, Irish and Dutch, and such like. They don't know any more than Indians do.' The Oneidas have a great contempt for the degraded class of foreigners. They do not consider them white folks at all.'

"We would here state that the surroundings of the Indians at Oneida Castle and Onondaga have greatly changed since that remark of Old Margaret. The Oneidas at the Castle have become a more civilized, industrious, and

agricultural people. And the Onondagas, on their Reservation, are well looked after and prosperous under charge for some time of the Rev. Mr. Hayward, one of the Church's missionaries.

"I was amused this evening by one of the chiefs' saying to me, 'What kind of a woman is Mrs. Smith?' (a visitor at the Reservation). I replied: 'I should think she is a very nice lady.' 'We did not think so,' replied the chief, 'cause she laughs and talks so loud. I guess she did not have good bringing up.' The Indians consider it a decided mark of ill breeding for women to talk or laugh in a loud tone. All the Oneida women seem to have sweet low voices.

"Sunday, Sept. 16th -- There was Baptism today; two babies and a little boy of 8. He came from Canada lately, behaved very nicely and seemed to understand the solemn Service. The babies smiled up at the Minister as usual. One baby about three months old wore a long white dress and a red flannel skirt two inches longer; the other wore a pink calico with a long white underskirt trimmed with broad lace edging around the bottom. When we first came here all the babies were christened on the cradle-board, which was ornamented with feathers and beads and other gewgaws. These babies, no doubt, have Indian names besides the American or Christian names given in Baptism.

"Our own children all received Indian names from their Oneida friends soon after they were born. Arthur was named 'Ta-ko-wa-gon,' 'holds the people.' One of the young men not liking this gave him another name, 'Ga-ron-sa' 'bright morning.' Willie was 'Ra-na-ta-non,' 'watchman.' After we lost him the Oneidas wished this name put upon his tombstone, which was done. Edwy's name is 'Ah-re-we-ost-oni,' 'a good word.' When about 6 years old, from his active movements it was changed into 'This-ta-rak,' 'grasshopper.' Lilly's name is 'Ka-sin-na-wan,' 'our lady.' Johnny's name is 'To-ta-wa-sah,' 'all glass.' Alice is 'Ogu-gu-ha,' 'flower,' while her godmother, was called 'Gu-gu-ha,' 'full flower,' or 'open flower.'

"Wednesday, Oct. 7th -- I saw a 'witch-light' last night. I have not seen one before in some years. In old times, the Oneidas say witchcraft held a great place among their people, but since they have become Christians the superstition has almost died out. Not entirely, however. There are some people here who believe they

are witches, and must practice witchcraft. I do not know as they do much harm, but they annoy the people. The 'witch-light' rises high up in the air, then suddenly goes out. In a few minutes it rises again, perhaps at some distance from the first light. At times it rises like a ball of fire, and when high in the air explodes.

"A few years ago Adam Peters had a sick child; every night the watchers were frightened by the 'witch-light.' It appeared regularly every night at certain hours. The child died, and the 'witch-light' still appeared, a sign, it was thought, that another one of the family was to be taken away. Adam became very brave and made a silver bullet. It must be made of silver coin to have any effect on a real witch. He loaded his gun and lay in wait for the light. It appeared as usual at some distance from the house; he bravely fired towards where the light arose, and then rushed for safety into the house. He said he heard a scream. The next morning a harmless old woman was said to be sick. Her disease proved to be a silver bullet. It was taken from her side. She had a long illness, but recovered, and has been a devoted Christian since then.

"An intelligent Oneida once made the remark: "Why do the papers always tell the bad things the Indians do, but never the good?" Recalling this, we would here say that the Indian was not alone in his superstitious belief in the efficacy of a silver bullet, for very recently we find this item in print:

"In witchcraft-lore silver seems to have been credited with great power to disperse evil spirits." In an old book upon the subject one reads of a "valiant soldier who has skill in Necromancy and who always used silver bullets to shoot away the witches."

A gentleman interested in curios recently purchased an old musket of a Pennsylvania farmer. From its appearance the weapon antedates the Revolution. It was in a deplorable state of rust and in cleaning it the new owner discovered that it was loaded. He carefully withdrew the charge, and to his surprise found, instead of bullets, two bent silver shillings dated 1781, tightly wadded with leaves of a Bible of ancient print. Beneath the coins were a small lock of hair and a piece of paper containing an illegible quotation. The gunpowder was coarse, and undoubtedly of colonial manufacture. The whole is said to look very much like a charmed



charge calculated to demolish some weird lady of the broomstick.

To return to Mrs. Goodnough's diary:

"Before the Oneidas moved to Wisconsin, some 45 years ago, 4 women were tried at Oneida Castle, N. Y., by the Chiefs for being witches. They were declared guilty and condemned to death unless they should solemnly promise they would give up witchcraft. But the wretched creatures said they were witches and could not help it. They were killed in the Council House with tomahawks. Old Henry, one of the executioners, was a singular man, and never after spoke of these women if he could help it. His neighbors said he was haunted by the dead witches. No doubt the memory of the dead troubled him at times.

"Thursday -- Mary Ann Bread, Mary and Rachel Hill were here to drink tea with me. They asked for some sewing. I gave them a calico dress to make for Lilly. 'I will tell you something,' said Mary Ann, 'but you must not tell the Minister.' 'If it is anything he ought to know I must tell him.' 'Oh! it isn't much. But you know how he scolded us the other Sunday about tattling. I thought he meant me all the time; Rachel says for sure he meant her, and my Kate says he meant her. I guess he meant us all,' she added with a laugh.

"Monday -- I have quite a large knitting-class now; three married women among them. Lilly went to school this morning with a pair of red mittens I had just finished for her; so they all wanted to knit mittens. I told them to finish their stockings first. Some of them wanted to knit gloves, too, as gloves they said, were more fashionable. They love finery, yet many of them still come to me with their heads so wrapped up I have to ask them to take off their wraps. They often wear 3 or 4 handkerchiefs, or small shawls or green veils one over another, on their heads. It seems to be a sort of modesty or shyness which leads them to do this. You seldom see an Oneida woman out of her own house bareheaded. Some of them have good shawls but they wear them wrapped around them blanket fashion.

"'Garrentha,' 'falling bark,' happened in while we were knitting. She is an excellent girl and a great favorite with me. She sings in the choir, and very nicely too. She is a good sewer, and dresses neatly, wearing the usual long skirt and over this the shorter gown, generally bordered

with ribbon or velvet and sometimes embroidered. Her dress is always pleasing. She wears her shawl 'white folks' way, instead of blanket fashion. You seldom see a real blanket now; they were very common when we first came here. She also wears a gipsy hat instead of three wraps. People say: 'Oh! Garrentha will never marry now, she is too old!' She is in fact 19. But the Oneida girls are married so early -- at 14 or 15 -- that 19 is considered an advanced age.

"Oct. 10th -- Several women called on us to-day to talk about the much needed repairs of our Church. First we must have a new Altar. We have never had a Communion Table worthy of the Holy Service. A miserable old table covered with a crimson cloth now faded to gray, is the present Altar. Then we must have a new pulpit-cover. The roof leaks badly, and we must have a new one. The women are much interested in the repairs, as they always are. Last fall the women alone raised \$92 to buy lamps and shades for the windows, but that was a good year for berries. They gathered the berries, carried them on their backs to the nearest town, sold them, and brought the money to me for the lamps and shades. Quite a number of women called to-day bringing their money offerings for the Altar; \$18 was the amount. One little boy brought 3 cents, another 2 cents. My friends asked what would be the cost of an Altar. I told them we might have a respectable one for \$25. A handsome one would cost from \$50 to \$100. 'You must decide yourselves whether it shall be cheap or expensive.' They talked together awhile in Oneida, and then said, 'We must have the best we can get. We cannot get anything too good for the Church, which is the Lord's House.'

"'I never cared much about making this Church nice' said Rachel Hill, 'for I've always thought we should have to leave it some day. In our old home in York State we had a nice Church and nice homes, too, orchards and all we wanted. But we had to leave all and come off here in the thick woods and suffer everything. Now we are beginning to be comfortable, but see how our Great Father wants to get our lands, see how the white folks want to get our homes.' 'We were rich once,' said Mary Ann Bread, 'we had large annuities, and ever so much land, and now this little piece is all we have left. I should think white folks would be ashamed to take this little land away too.' 'Why are there so many bad white folks when they

have Bibles and Ministers and Prayer Books and Churches and schools? Yet they are so wicked!' exclaimed Margaret Skenandoah. 'It is because the wicked ones do not take to heart what the Bible and Prayer Book teaches them,' was my answer.

"October 15th -- John Baird came this morning bringing me \$5 for the Altar. This is very generous. It is as much from John as \$300 would be from many white men. John is a fine specimen of an Indian, manly, honest, straightforward, and upright in all his dealings. He is proud of his good name, and of his many friends. He is really a good farmer, mechanic, and blacksmith. His farm is small, but well worked, and stocked with cows, horses, and sheep. He works in his blacksmith-shop in winter. Though a young man of only 28, he has quite a family to support. A wife, three children of his own, an orphan niece and two poor orphan boys. John has done well by those poor children, providing them with a comfortable home, plenty of food and clothing, and sending them regularly to school. His orphan niece, Rachel, is one of our most advanced scholars.

"John Baird is one of the temporal officers of the Mission. There are three of these officers. It is their duty to look after the poor and sick, and attend to all the temporal matters of the Church. John often comes to the Missionary for medicines for the sick. My husband studied medicine in his early youth with his own father, who was a physician, and he had a good deal of practice among our Oneidas in all ordinary cases. He keeps a supply of medicines for them, giving it to whoever needs it.

"Saturday, 18th -- Freddie Cornelius, a little 9 year old boy, brought a quarter of a dollar for the new Altar, all in pennies; he must have been saving them a long time. Five women came a little later, each with her dollar. Two old women brought 50 cents each. Rachel Hill brought \$1.25 by the sale of her beautiful butter. She is a fine housekeeper, very neat and industrious. She has many cows and often sends us a nice roll of butter. She is a good mother, and sends her children to the mission school very regularly through all weathers. Her daughter Margaret is called the best singer in the choir.

"In keeping the account of the money received for the Altar, I write the names of the contributors with the amount given by each. The women are much interested in this account. "Will

our father, the Bishop see this book when he comes?' they ask eagerly. They are very fond of their aged Bishop, and well they may be; he has been indeed a father to the Oneidas. Their name for him is 'Ha-re-ro-wah-gon,' 'He has power over all words.'

"It is a busy time with the women now; they gather and husk the corn, having planted and hoed it in the spring and summer. They also dig the potatoes. They do not, however, work in the fields nearly so much as a few years ago. Many of them are depending on the corn-husks for their contribution towards the new Altar. They are carefully stored away in the house, and winter evenings are braided into mats which sell for 8 or 10 cents apiece. Some of the husks are very nicely prepared for mattresses. They are carefully dried and split in fine strands with a wire, then carried in bundles on the backs of the women to the Bay, a distance of 10 miles, where they sell from 4 to 6 cents a pound, according to their quality.

"Some of the merchants have tried to beat them down to a smaller sum. Old Margaret came in to-day with a piteous story, wishing her 'father' to help her. She had hired a horse and wagon and gone to the Bay with 70 pounds of well prepared husks to sell. The merchant, a rich man, took them, and she was hoping for a buyer. He offered her \$2 in store pay. He had not the articles she needed in his store and wanted some money for the Church and Altar. She told him she wanted money or her husks back. She had to come home leaving her husks, and without a mouthful to eat all day. Some traders seem to have no conscience where the Indian is concerned."

## CHAPTER XXI.

### *Diary of Ellen Goodnough, Continued.*

In the midst of her many duties and pressing cares Ellen Goodnough continued, at intervals, the diary that gives us some interesting facts concerning early events and customs among the Oneidas, which otherwise might have been lost to us. She writes:

"November 1st -- Ball playing is the delight of the Oneidas. On the 4th of July and other great occasions they make up grand games. Each player has a bat made by bending one end of a hickory stick in the form of an ox-bow and weaving across the bow strings of deerskin. The

ball must not be touched once by hand or foot, but only with the bat while trying to get it within the wicket. There are two sides to the game, one composed of all the married men disposed to enter into the sport, the other of an equal number of young men. The game is very exciting even to the lookers on, for it calls out all the strength, skill, activity, and endurance of the players.

"The Indians have a mystery or medicine for many things, among others for ball playing. Old Peter used to make this particular mess, and it was said that the party who bought and used the medicine could not be beaten. One summer when the excitement among the ball players ran very high, the young men hired old Peter to make the medicine for them, paying him a very high price for it. But when the game was played they were defeated, and that evening they caught Peter, he was on the playground, and poured all the medicine that was left down his throat. He lived only a short time after the dose, an hour or so, dying by the roadside. It is said this horrible mess must be mixed in a human skull. Such was their superstition, but happily it is dying out.

"One old woman makes medicine to guard against witches. Old John House was famous for this. One summer about ten years ago, a witch appeared in the form of a large black hog. It appeared only at night, running after people and making awful noises. One night it chased a party of young men, who turned upon it with stones and clubs, pounding it soundly, when to their great astonishment old John House cried for mercy. He was ill for some time after this pounding, and had hardly recovered when a new witch appeared in the form of a wildcat. It was always in some tree and made the most hideous noises imaginable.

"The same party of more civilized young men were walking along the road one evening and heard the wildcat. Instead of running away with superstitious fear, they again armed themselves with clubs and stones, and looked about for the creature, which they soon found perched on the limb of a tree. They stoned it furiously until it tumbled down, and again old John House cried out for mercy. Their stoning, this time had been too severe, for the foolish old man died after a few days' illness.

"Sunday, 22nd -- There was a very large congregation at church to-day. During the

service two little red babies were baptized. They both looked as sweet and clean as any white babies. We do not often nowadays see babies on their Indian cradle-board. When we first came here we never saw them on anything else. They were then baptized so. We used to see them hanging up in the log houses, or perhaps suspended from the branch of a tree, while the mother would be hoeing corn or digging potatoes near by.

"This cradle is a thin board about two feet long, split from a maple log, and made smooth and gaily painted with various colors and all sorts of designs. A wooden bow is bent over the place where the child's head lies, the ends being firmly fastened to the sides of the board. On this wooden arch, or bow, little bells and trinkets are fastened to amuse the child; it also serves as a handle to the cradle. Down each side of the board are fastened strong straps of deerskin or bark, between which and the cradle is passed a broad bandage which binds the child closely to the frame so that it cannot move hand or foot. It can only move its eyes and mouth, otherwise it is bound as close as a mummy. Yet the little creature makes no complaint, and thus learns one virtue, patience common to all Indians.

"The little ones baptized to-day smiled as usual as they were held in the Missionary's arms and looked up into his face. I cannot at this moment remember seeing any Oneida baby baptized who did not smile as the Clergyman baptized it, as if it would thank him for admitting it into Christ's Church." (And too, perhaps, we may be allowed to add, Mr. Goodnough had a very gentle, winning way with children.)

"After the Baptism this morning there was a marriage. The bride [was] but 15 and looked modest and childlike. As a rule the young people have not had a word to say in regard to their own marriages. The mother of the young man picks out a wife for him and makes a bargain with the girl's mother. Then the young man sends the girl a present of cloth, etc., through his mother, in value according to his circumstances. In case the girl breaks off the match she must send back the presents, but if the young man breaks off the match the presents are kept by the girl. When we first came here the young people were sometimes forced by their parents to marry. As soon as my husband understood the matter he refused to perform the service unless the parties gave their full consent.

"Sunday evening -- The Church was full this morning, as it generally is. The congregation looks very different from what it did when we first came here. Then, in the warmest weather, the women were wrapped in white blankets, or else squares of black or blue broadcloth, some of the latter richly embroidered. Now we never see a blanket in Church. They wear shawls of the brightest and gayest colors pinned at the throat. A veil or handkerchief, or occasionally now a hat, is worn on the head. The young people sometimes wear gorgeously trimmed hats. A lady visiting me, told me that walking behind a young girl she counted seven different kinds of ribbons on her hat!

"Monday -- A great many people have been to the study to-day. Mr. Goodnough has hardly had time to eat his meals. He keeps their accounts, writes their letters, is their Doctor, and general adviser, besides his duties as School-Master, Justice of the Peace, and Minister. Sometimes in winter when they have little to do they really crowd the room and take up much of our time. But as they grow more industrious they find work in their own houses. We always make them welcome, and are really pleased to see them when we can be helpful to them. They are very kind and friendly with us, and the Missionary puts in a good word here and there about work, or about Christian duties.

"Friday -- I went out to call this afternoon at the Widow Nimhams, but the door was closed and the mortar pestle turned up against it. A sign that no one is at home. I found Elizabeth Doxtater and her daughter Belinda in. They were busy sewing. Elizabeth is a remarkably young looking woman for a great-grandmother. Her hair is as black as jet. The hair of the full-blooded Indians seldom turns gray. Old Mary Cooper, who is very old, near a hundred she thinks herself, has hair as black as jet. Indian women, at least among the Oneidas, do not show their age as white women do, but keep their youthful looks remarkably well to an advanced age.

"Saturday -- The Chiefs of the First Christian Party are in the study counselling with the Missionary. The agent has been making trouble. He is a very harsh arbitrary man, and determined to get these lands from the Indians and drive them further West. There has indeed been much trouble during the past five years caused by this agent. At first he seemed to be a nice plausible man. He came among the people

and made friends with them. But he now proves anything but a friend. These agents have it in their power to do much evil or much good to a tribe. But few of them seem to take a right view of their duties. They oftener aim at making money out of the timber and lands of the Indians.

"Sunday, Nov. 11th -- After service Mr. Goodnough went to see a sick woman and baptize her child. The family live about four miles away in the woods. It is dark now, and he has not come home. At 4 o'clock a large wedding-party came and are here waiting for him. I entertained them as well as I could with books of pictures. At last Cornelius Hill grew uneasy; he was afraid the minister would lose his way among the crossroads in those woods. I said, 'He is on horseback and the pony will know his way if my husband does not.'

"The instinct of these Indian ponies is really remarkable. I gave my friends some supper. Still the minister came not. At 10 o'clock the bride and her friends prepared to go home, and the men said they would go and look after 'their father.' But just then the pony's hoofs were heard close at hand. My husband came in safe, but cold and tired, having wandered about in the woods for five hours. He met no one, but trusted to the pony to find his way, as they so often do. After wandering about for three hours under a dark, cloudy sky, suddenly pony stopped and would not move. They were on the bank of a stream. He had completely lost his way, and evidently made up his mind to pass the night in the woods.

"Mr. Goodnough, however, moved on and at length saw a faint light far away. After some difficulty he reached a shanty where he found a family of kind Indians, only too glad to show their Minister the way home. He said to the people waiting for him: 'I did not know that an Indian could lose his way.' At this they all laughed heartily. As soon as he was warmed, the company sobered down and prepared for the marriage service. The bride wore a crimson cloth petticoat, long and very full, trimmed around the bottom with black velvet. She wore above this two short gowns -- one bright yellow, scalloped around the bottom and bound with green braid; over this she wore one of white muslin. Her shawl was a bright plaid wrapped about her blanket fashion. On her head she wore a very pretty white cloud, and over it a green veil.

"Monday, 27th -- Our dear Bishop came to us last Saturday. On Sunday he confirmed 26. He is now very feeble, and has grown old very fast during the past year. The Altar was finished just before the Bishop came. The Indians almost idolize him, they are so much attached to him. Whenever he comes they do everything they can to show their love and respect for him. They *all* go to meet him, men, women, and children, some on foot, some in wagons, or on horseback. Meeting him, they all gather about him with affectionate greetings, and then follow him to the Mission House.

"Thursday -- I have just been out to drink tea with a kind neighbor. About twelve years ago my young sister and myself were invited to the same house. We went and had corn soup without salt for supper, that was all; it was the best they had. Each one ate alone with a plate and a wooden ladle or spoon. To-night the table at the same house was in every way as nice as our own. I could not have set it more neatly myself, and it was loaded with good things all nicely cooked. When we first came here I do not think there was one family who sat down at table to eat as a regular habit. Now they all eat like white people, and very many families ask a blessing too.

"Not long ago, after my last baby was born, a party of women came to take tea. Mr. Goodnough was away, so at the first table a young lady staying with me presided, at the next an Oneida woman. My young friend told me afterwards she was much mortified when the Indian woman asked a blessing very reverently and she had neglected to do so.

"Saturday -- Many of the Indians are at work now in the pine woods earning good wages. They held a council two weeks ago, and determined to make another effort towards repairing the Church, and last Tuesday they went to the woods, cut logs, drew them to mill, sold them, and last evening brought the money to the Missionary. It was \$75 to be spent in shingles for the new roof, which is greatly needed. The Church sadly needs repair. The new Altar is all we could wish, but the Church itself needs many repairs. The people are talking and hoping for a new stone church, but that seems very far off. A few days ago the men sent out into the woods and got \$50 worth of lumber to fence the cemetery. Another day they are going for posts for the fence.

"Next Monday they are to work for us to provide our firewood. This they do every year. They go into the woods early in the morning, cut the firewood, draw it to the house, and eat dinner here, which they seem to enjoy very much. There will be from 50 to 150 here tomorrow. Some of the women will be here to help me cook and serve the dinner. It takes a great deal of work, and I do not enjoy it very much. But then our people enjoy these gatherings so much. Last fall they made a 'bee' to build a barn of hewn logs for us. Eighty men came to dinner and supper, and stayed at work two days. When the barn was done I was almost used up. As I have not table or dishes to set for more than 12, or 14 at one time, it takes a long while for all to eat. But they are very kind to us, and we love the people dearly.

"Wednesday -- I hope to have more time now for my correspondence. During the past year I have had to leave many things undone. Now I am teaching only the Indian boys, six hours a day. After school I sweep the school-room, then come home and get dinner and supper together, wash the dishes and attend to various other household duties. Then there is always the mending or something to be done to the children's clothes, often something to be washed for the next day. Saturday I iron, clean up generally, bake, and so on. But as long as I am blessed with good health I am thankful to be able to do the work. Last fall when I had to teach boys and girls together, and all the evenings were spent in writing copies and arranging knitting work, I was sometimes afraid my own children would be neglected.

"Friday -- It will be as much as the Indians can do to take care of themselves this spring. Their crops failed last summer and the food supply is giving out. Many are now calling on us for assistance, from real necessity or in cases of sickness. A poor woman has just been in to ask for a coffin, as her husband died last night. I took the skirt, you, Miss B\_\_\_\_ sent, to a poor woman who is a cripple, perfectly helpless, with three little ones to care for. I am footing some stockings for her now. She is a very grateful creature.

"Saturday -- Lilly has met with a misfortune. She was very proud of a pretty shawl, a present from the Bishop, but she left it carelessly by the roadside and when I sent Arthur out for it the old cow was munching it up as some new kind of food and trying to make a meal of it.

"February, 1868 -- I must tell you of some improvements. Last year the kind Indians made new fences about the Mission House, the Church and the Cemetery. Now a new addition has been built to our house; it is a wing but larger than the main building. It contains four rooms, a porch, and hall, all on the ground floor. The ceilings are of a good height; the parlor is 20 feet square, and there is a nice bedroom off the parlor, which we call the Bishop's room. The whole building has been painted white, with nice green blinds, the latter an almost unheard of extravagance in this region. We feel almost too grand. A woodshed has been built adjoining my kitchen. The old dining-room has been repaired, the ceiling and woodwork painted white, the floor a dark brown. The funds for all these improvements were mostly furnished by the Board of Missions.

"We have the old parlor for a bedroom. It is just large enough for that. You cannot imagine how nice it is to have a comfortable place to sleep in." (What an insight this gives us into what their exceedingly small, poor, and overcrowded quarters must have been before these improvements were made. And yet never a murmur, but constant entertaining of the poor, inconsiderate Indians and doing for them as royally as though living in some old feudal castle.)

"Bishop Kemper came Saturday, and dedicated, as it were, the new part by occupying the Bishop's room for the first time. We only moved in last week. The Bishop was detained here two days by a fearful storm, and we all enjoyed it very much.

"March -- Once more the season of especial prayer and self-examination has arrived, and our little Indian parish appreciate it as well as others. In a few moments the bell will ring to call together those who desire to pray for pardon, peace, and grace. Surely these especial times for prayer free from preaching -- prayer in common with all the children of our Mother the Church -- are most precious and sacred. These services have been well attended through Lent. From 40 to 80 have taken part in them. Lent, Holy Week, and Easter are with us all a blessed season. Last Easter a larger number of devout believers knelt around the Lord's Table than ever before in the Mission Church. It was a bright and glorious day.

"March 13th -- I attended service this afternoon, though the walking is very bad. It would do your heart good to see such a congregation on a week day even in a city church. The school-house is crowded. One side of the house was full of men who had left their work to come to prayers. The service was conducted this afternoon by the interpreter, Mr. Goodnough having been called to visit a sick woman just as the last bell was tolling.

"Thursday -- The agent has been on the Reservation, forbidding the cutting or selling of any sort of timber. This will cause terrible suffering among our people. They depend upon the sale of the timber just now to clothe themselves, and in a great measure for food, as the corn and potato crops failed entirely last season. The potatoes were destroyed by the bugs, and the corn by the rain. For 40 years the Indians have carefully cut all the timber they wanted, and now they are forbidden to cut their own timber, on their own land, and paid for by money of their own. For they sold their land in New York and with the money bought this tract of land.

"It is evidently intended to force the Indians to sell their land and to drive them by force farther into the wilderness. They have actually been told that if they cut their timber and refuse to sell this tract of land, Government will send soldiers to drive them away. I feel so indignant I can hardly quiet myself. It is intolerable. I should like to know if this tyranny is legal. We think not, and Mr. Goodnough has written to the Secretary of State at Washington.

"The land is valuable, and if it could be brought into the market it would bring much to selfish speculators. The injustice to the Oneidas nobody seems to think of. They are just as much attached to the home they have made for themselves on this ground as white people would be -- more attached than many whites are. We must pray earnestly that our Heavenly Father would be pleased to protect these poor helpless, harmless, Christian Oneidas against the covetousness of the whites. How few white men seem to think that 'covetousness is idolatry, and that 'God hateth the covetous man.' Oh! what a sermon might be preached on that text.

"Tuesday -- Your friend the Missionary is a busy man. [,] He locked himself in the study this morning to prepare his sermon, but was soon called out to see some of our people. The Post

Office takes up a great deal of time. The duties of the office here are certainly peculiar, for we are asked to write at the dictation of some of our people, and to read their answers also. To-day several ailing ones came for advice and medicine. As Justice of the Peace there was a case to settle in the school-room. Mr. Goodnough had hoped to get his sermon well underway before 10 o'clock, but only got as far as his text. He scarcely had time to eat, for when all the business matters were settled he was sent for to visit a sick person and did not get home 'till 10 o'clock at night. We have seldom been in bed lately before midnight, and your friend, the Missionary, is sometimes up until one or two, and at other times rises at four. He would not like me to speak of his work, but I may surely write to a friend like you. This is one of our busiest times.

"Dec. 22nd, 1869 -- Monday Mr. Goodnough went to the Bay and found the Oswego box. I cannot tell you how glad we all were when we opened it. Wednesday we divided the clothing and tied it up in packages. Thursday he again went to the Bay and bought 40 loaves of bread, 400 buns, 20 pounds of candy, a barrel of apples, and several boxes of nuts. We also received from the Green Bay parish 95 cornucopias well filled with candy, raisins and popcorn. There were many nice toys, too, dolls and other things.

"I boiled four large hams. The girls scrubbed the school-room. That night we made sandwiches until 12 o'clock. Early Friday morning I made the boiler full of coffee. Then everything -- provisions, clothing, and toys -- was carried to the school-house. There were 96 children present, with many of their parents and friends. Mr. Goodnough opened with morning prayer, the children then read and recited some suitable things, after which was passed around the sandwiches, buns, and coffee. The latter was in pails, with two or three cups to each. Then came apples, candy, and nuts. There were about two hundred present. The Missionary also made an address, and Miss \_\_\_\_\_ and myself distributed the cornucopias. Great was the happiness of the school children and their friends, some of them coming from quite a distance.

"In the evening -- Christmas Eve -- I too had a present. A handsome writing desk filled with paper and envelopes of all sorts and sizes, with a gold pen and silver holder. I could not imagine

where it came from. I was greatly astonished. But when the Missionary said it was a present from an old lover of mine, I knew it came from himself.

"December 30th, 1869 -- We have had a glorious Christmas. The Church is beautifully dressed with evergreens; cedar, pine, and ground-pine are used for the wreaths. Flowers were made of fancy papers and fastened among the wreaths very tastefully. The chancel is simply decorated with ground-pine. Christmas Eve the Church was brilliantly illuminated for the S. S. children's festival. There were more than one hundred candles, besides our large chandeliers and four side lamps. A day or two before Christmas a gentleman at the Bay gave us two small chandeliers. The Church seemed one blaze of light. The wreaths are so arranged that as you enter the building it seemed greatly enlarged.

"The music was perfectly grand. In the Christmas hymns all joined, old and young in the Oneida tongue. It was so affecting I had to wipe my eyes several times during the singing. The building was far too small. It was packed for both services. The little boys looked so funny sitting on the chancel steps. Their eyes were most as bright as the lights, and danced with pleasure and enjoyment. When it came to the children's part of the festival, their delight and excitement was more than words can tell. They had never before known anything so grand as this Christmas Eve.

"After the prayers and singing were over, Cornelius Hill, the young Chief, made a speech in Oneida; then we gave out the toys sent by Miss B\_\_\_\_\_ from Oswego. The dolls we gave the little girls, pictures and other toys to the older ones. I went among the boys with a little box of toy watches, holding one up for them to see. Instantly all order was overthrown. Such a scrambling I never saw, the excitement was tremendous. John Baird, the head warrior, called to them angrily to be quiet, but there was little order until the last watch was gone. The clothes were next shown, and the drawing began. The girls who had been to school most steadily had the first choice, then the next, and so on.

"It was quite dark when all was over. But it was a happy day, one never to be forgotten by the Oneidas. I only wish you, Miss B\_\_\_\_\_, and other kind friends who added so much to the pleasure of the day, could have been with us

and seen the perfect delight of the Indian children. We were all dreadfully tired and hungry; we had not sat down scarcely a moment all day or eaten a mouthful. I had another surprise that Christmas Eve. The women of the parish gave me a fruit-dish, silver-plated. It is very pretty indeed. Was it not kind of them?

"Christmas Day itself, was a blessed, holy, and joyous Festival, as it must always be. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity. And the Holy Communion service was very solemn with a very large number of our Oneidas kneeling at the chancel. Oh, it has indeed been a glorious Christmas!"

## **CHAPTER XXII. *Deep Sorrow at the Mission.***

With all the improvements and work going on at the Mission, entertaining and feasting so many men as well as teaching and attending to numerous other pressing duties, Mrs. Goodnough was, no doubt, overtaking her strength. But in her gentle, uncomplaining way, ever anxious to do all that was in her power for the good, best interest, and pleasure of the Oneidas, she never spared herself. And no one about her seemed to have realized that her many arduous duties were undermining her health and strength.

The Rev. Mr. Goodnough and his sweet, brave young wife gave indeed freely of their time and means, and often through much self-denial, since there were but few outsiders, in those days, interested enough in the Indians to help them in their good work. But the "glorious Christmas" of which Ellen Goodnough speaks in her diary was the last she spent among them. She continued busy, happy, and apparently well and strong through the winter, though she found she tired more easily. But the one care that weighed most heavily upon her was intense anxiety as to the fate of her Indian friends.

The speculators at Green Bay, with one or two chiefs of the minority party, were making great efforts to pass a bill through Congress which would compel the President to act in opposition to his own views of the welfare of the Indians. "If this bill passes," wrote the Missionary, "the Oneidas will soon be destroyed." In the spring this movement seems to have gained strength, and cast a gloom over the Mission House.

But a deeper shadow than any that had been looked for was about to darken that happy Christian home. One afternoon in the pleasant days of May, Ellen Goodnough remarked to her husband that she had never felt in better health, or happier than at that moment. She was cheerful, contented, and happy in her missionary life. But the close of that simple, loving, devoted life was at hand. A severe cold taken a few days later, and from which she does not seem to have had strength to rally, assumed an alarming character, and she became dangerously ill. Still she had loving words for those about her, and with the beloved husband, children, and friends at her bedside, her dearly loved Oneidas shared her last thoughts. In the midst of severe suffering she was very anxious to finish a letter to a friend in New York urging an appeal to some gentleman of influence in behalf of the Oneidas.

Must her dear people be driven into the wilderness by their enemies, the speculators? She spoke also with especial affection of the children whom she had been teaching only a few days earlier. She said with much feeling: "I dearly love to teach those children." A few more anxious hours and her eyes closed on this world. On the 30th of May, 1870, she breathed her last. For her all care and toil and anxiety were over forever. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

After her death an envelope was found addressed to a friend at a distance, prepared for the letter she had finished writing while suffering. It was in defense of the Oneidas, who at that date were included with other tribes in the threat of extermination. "This threat," she wrote, "was in consequence of the terrible Indian massacres perpetrated in revenge, for many abuses, by the heathen tribes farther westward. Had there been no abuses on the part of our Government and people, there would have been no massacre by the Indians. The threat of extermination was raised in passion by a portion of our people." Those whose memories carry them back to that period can recall with shame the cry of extermination of a whole race, repeated by many newspapers, and heard, alas, in some instances under philanthropic roofs.

The bloody revenge of the barbarous Indians was horrible. But still more horrible would have been the revenge on all Indians by a portion of our vindictive people. Of course, the



Government never contemplated any measure so disgraceful to Christian civilization. But the Oneidas, quiet, peaceable, industrious, and in a great measure civilized, were included in the outcry against the race. To defend them against accusations, in their case utterly false and unjust, Ellen Goodnough, with warm-hearted, generous indignation, wrote her last letter.

There was a wail of the deepest grief throughout the Reservation when one who had been as a mother to the people breathed her last. The Oneidas were heart-broken. Many gathered about the Mission House during her last hours, praying and weeping day and night. From the moment of her death they kept vigil about the house, singing mournful chants and hymns from the Church service, until the hour of the funeral. When the simple and most touching procession moved from the house, husband, children and weeping people, the Oneidas began a beautiful but most mournful chant, singing in their own rich, melodious, and effective voices, such as unheard cannot be imagined, until they reached the church door. "And truly," says one, "in their deep sorrow they sang most touchingly from the heart." The service was performed by the Rev. Mr. Steele of Green Bay. His sermon was translated for the Oneidas, and is said to have given them much comfort. Ellen Goodnough was then laid to rest in the quiet Mission cemetery beside their little Willie, whose stone bore the Indian name, Ka-na-ta-non, his Oneida friends had given him, and surrounded by many Christian graves of the people she had so faithfully served.

Strangers who had come from a distance to offer their sympathy and respect to the bereaved Missionary, were much impressed with the respectable appearance, the depth of feeling, the devotional manner, and the very touching singing of the Oneidas. Their own loss and their sympathy for their beloved "father" was indeed great and manifested in many ways.

Poor Mr. Goodnough for a time was completely crushed by this blow, this deep affliction that had come so suddenly and unexpectedly upon him. He felt as if a right arm had been lopped off, when he lost the sharer of all his joys and sorrows, his cares and anxieties for the Indians. Hand in hand from the very first they had together entered into the Mission work at Oneida. And, as we have seen, no small share was assumed by the brave, cheerful, and ever willing colaborer.

At the celebration of the Holy Communion, on the first Sunday after this bereavement, the service was deeply impressive. The Missionary could scarcely command himself to perform the sacred service. He found it impossible to repeat the sentence of administration. "A silence," writes one who was present, "more awful than any I have ever known, fell upon the great congregation,, and continued for many minutes, while the Holy Bread and Wine was given into the hands of the devout Indians. The silence was dreadful, yet blessed; we all seemed to feel the Lord was present with us. A deep sigh from the men, or a heart-broken sob from the women were the only sounds we heard. Oh, it was a tearful but a blessed hour! The sympathy, love, and reverence for their Minister and his grief, as well as the most devout adoration to God were expressed in the faces of the mourning people."

News had come to the Reservation, and only a week earlier, May 24th, that their aged and beloved "father in God," Bishop Kemper, had passed away. Many hearts felt deep sorrow over this double affliction. Shortly afterwards Bishop Armitage, a graduate of Nashotah, succeeded the venerable Bishop in the Diocese of Wisconsin, and acquired a share in the confidence and affection of the Oneidas.

On one of his visitations to them, feeling deep sympathy for the desolate heart and home of their missionary and his young children, who needed better care than he could give them, as well as an assistant for the school. Bishop Armitage strongly recommended a friend, Mrs. Frances Perry, formerly of Utica, New York, then of Madison, Wisconsin. Educated, capable, and from a refined old Utica family, she was induced to take charge of the Mission Home and School at Oneida.

In time, or about two years later, the acquaintance with Mr. Goodnough and family resulted, as thought best, in marriage, which took place in Madison, Wisconsin, in 1872. She is still living in California, and keeps up a correspondence with the scattered children of Mr. Goodnough, one of whom has recently told us that their father always showed her great courtesy. In referring to that time she has said those eighteen or nineteen years spent at the Mission were the happiest years of her life because they seemed the most useful, and adds: "Not that I did any great work, but I could help some, besides my household duties and teaching in school, in little things for the Indians.

They seemed to appreciate all I tried to do for them, and were so kind to me." But we have reason to know that no one could *quite* fill the same place in the hearts of them all, as Ellen Saxton Goodnough had done. For years they could not speak of her without tears. She was so deeply enshrined in their hearts, that to this day some of the old people recall with grateful love her many deeds of kindness when they were a rough and less civilized people.

Once more people of the diocese, the Oneidas among them, were called to mourn their Bishop. Bishop Armitage did not live long; only indeed until 1873, when he was called up higher. In 1875, the State having increased greatly in size, a new diocese was formed, that of Fond du Lac, from a portion of Wisconsin, including Brown County and the Oneida Reservation. In December of the same year the Rev. John Henry Hobart Brown was consecrated Bishop of Fond du Lac. In him the Oneidas happily found another wise counselor and kind friend.

While spared to them, Bishop Armitage, and afterwards Bishop Brown, encouraged the Oneidas to go on with their work of drawing stone for the proposed new church. And they soon became again very much interested in, and occupied with the work planned some years earlier. Their serious troubles with agents and would-be traders had not led them wholly to abandon it. As a people they had always been much interested in the building, which was for them the House of God. They had repeatedly given freely of their labors and money, as we have seen, for repairs on the wooden church built in 1839. And now they were very anxious to build a substantial stone church of good architectural design, and large enough to accommodate 800 people.

For years the men had given one day in every week to the labor of quarrying and drawing the stone needed for the new building, while the women, and even the children, brought their small earnings to the Missionary to be added to the church fund. The men also raised about \$200 in money every year to be given to the fund. This money was invested at interest in the Savings Bank at Green Bay. The church was to be in the early English style, with low massive walls, heavy buttresses, and a steep roof. It was to be 48x68 feet, exclusive of deep chancel and tower entrance. The Rev. Charles Babcock had prepared the plan as a gift to the Mission.

Bishop Brown felt a deep interest in the plan for the new church. Sympathy, too, for the brave, self-denying Oneidas increased throughout the diocese. In June, 1883, the Bishop made an appeal to his people. After some allusions to the faithful Missionary to the Oneidas and his devotion to their welfare for thirty years, the Bishop adds:

"The Oneidas have slowly increased in number. There are now about 1,400 in all, of whom about 900 are baptized children of the Church. These steadily improve in Christian character and in the arts of civilization, forming a community much respected for honesty, industry, and general morality.

"They are lovers of divine worship, and are reverent, patient, and docile. Old and young, men and women, throng the church in such a number they require a building both commodious and strong. A suitable plan has been made for the Church by the Rev. Charles Babcock, Professor of Architecture, Cornell University. The case of these Oneidas appeals strongly to the hearts of Churchmen. I do not doubt their simple faith in their Heavenly Father's power and their confidence in the love and liberality of their white brethren will be vindicated and rewarded.

"J. H. HOBART BROWN,  
"Bishop of Fond du Lac."

In 1884 the Indians had quarried 300 cords of stone and drawn it to the site for the church and also, with some labor, hewn out and prepared much of the heavy foundation and other needed timber. At this date their building fund had from one source or another increased to \$6,000. A contract was then drawn up with a responsible firm, who engaged to complete the church for \$7,878, providing all for it but the stone and sand.

The contract was signed by Bishop Brown, and Rev. Edward Goodnough, their missionary. But alas! only one short week later, when all hearts had been rejoicing, the savings bank in which the earnings of the Oneidas had been deposited failed! Their money had vanished! This was indeed a severe blow. But the people are said to have borne it with true Christian courage. They never faltered, but encouraged each other to continue their efforts to build the new church for the Lord's service and the good

of the tribe. The Bishop was greatly grieved at this failure after near twelve years of patient, self-denying toil. He told the Oneidas that "their faith was now being tried, their patience must be perfected, their zeal must be proved, their courage tested. And that they must continue their good work undertaken in the fear and love of their Heavenly Father."

In this dark hour the Bishop issued another earnest appeal to the diocese. Much sympathy was shown to the Oneidas in this sore trial. Though the outlook was indeed discouraging, Mr. Goodnough succeeded, with the Bishop's help, in interesting many in his cherished plan. Assistance came in from various sources until the sum of \$5,000 was raised, and so the work went on, and ere long the foundation was laid.

"On July 13th, 1886," says Rev. Mr. Merrill, "the corner-stone was laid by the Right Rev. John Henry Hobart Brown, first Bishop of the Diocese of Fond du Lac. So many and bitter had been the disappointments of the Indians that it was hard to realize that the long-looked-for event was actually to take place, until it was known that the Bishop had arrived at Oneida. At half-past ten the people assembled at the Mission House, and were marshalled by their chief, Cornelius Hill, in four divisions, under beautiful banners which had been sent for the occasion from the Cathedral. An immense congregation was present, and a large number received the Holy Communion. Immediately after the service in the Church the people and clergy walked around the foundation, singing appropriate psalms. The Bishop having laid the corner-stone, made a brief address, commending the tribe for the faith and patience with which they had labored and waited for this day. He dwelt on the goodness of God in condescending to have an abode on earth, and pointed out the gracious uses of his holy places. Chiefly he enjoined the people to remember that their sacred temple was a monument of the incarnation of their Saviour.

"All through the summer and autumn the work on the Church was pushed on rapidly, the Indians giving their labor day after day. As Christmas drew near, their desire to use the Church for which they had toiled and waited for the last sixteen years, became so intense that Mr. Goodnough begged Bishop Brown to come and dedicate the part finished. At six o'clock on Christmas eve the Church was filled. The Benediction service was said partly at the door

and partly at the chancel. The Bishop preached the sermon, congratulating the people on the success of their sacrifices and toils. On Christmas morning a large congregation thronged the new Church. The Holy Communion was celebrated, nearly 200 persons receiving. Taken all in all, it was a wonderful service and scene. The offertory amounted to nearly \$50. A simple but beautiful token of their love for their spiritual father was given by the tribe. One of the Missionary's daughters was lately stricken with paralysis and brought back to her father's home. After the Christmas Eve service a little basket was placed in the Missionary's hand. The Bishop opened it and found that it contained two bags of money and the inscription, 'Merry Christmas for Miss Alice.' It moved the heart of the Missionary most deeply and added much to the great joy which the blessed feast had brought to him and his beloved people.

"So long as Hobart Church stands it will be the monument of the prayers, labors, and self-sacrifice of this devoted man. Mr. Goodnough was not without the severe trials which God allows to perfect the character of his servants. There was for a time a strong party under the domination of those who sought to remove the Oneidas from their reservation. This faction was determined that the Church should not be built. The first step was to get the Missionary out of the way. For as they said, 'We can do nothing with the Indians as long as Goodnough is here.' And so they resorted to all kinds of petty annoyances, and so far succeeded in making a party against him, that the little he received from the Church and Government was withdrawn. His sole support for a number of years came from the faithful Indians alone. When as a final calamity the Mission House was burned. 'Now,' they said, 'they were sure the Missionary would have to go!' No, the poor old school-house was left, and became a shelter for the Missionary and his family from March to August. Crowded indeed were the quarters, and scanty and poor the fare. Money in those days was not plentiful in the Missionary's home, yet by rigid economy he was enabled to add 'his mite' that he had long hoarded and laid by for the dear Church. The carpet, credence, two chancel windows, and four in the nave were his own personal gifts.

"The sweetness of his Christian character is shown in the report made to his Bishop when the new Church was built. 'The stone Church has been completed. This work has occupied

our thoughts and our energies, for the half of a generation. We feel deeply thankful to God for His gracious goodness to us in permitting us to behold this solid structure standing here, a witness of His loving kindness towards us, His unworthy servants. We are truly thankful to our Father in God, who has gently led us on, step by step, and has so faithfully taught us to work on in patience and peace, leaving results to Him who knows how and when to reward His poorest and most obscure servants. We heartily thank all those beloved children of our Heavenly Father who have aided us with their money and their prayers, without whose aid it would likely have been impossible for us to have built this house. We have it in our hearts also to thank those who have felt it to be their duty to oppose and hinder our work of building this Church, because the harder labor their hindrances imposed upon us, has made it all the more dear to us, has awakened a zeal and a trust in and for God in our hearts which can never be quenched by any services of the evil one.'

"A little anecdote shows also his wonderful patience with those who do not readily change old ideas and customs. During the early part of Mr. Goodnough's ministry the services of the Church were read from the Mohawk Prayer Book. Several years before his death Mr. Goodnough suggested to the chiefs and head men in the Church that the service be read in English, saying, when they were ready, the change would be made. Eighteen years after, they came to him to say that 'after careful consideration they had decided to make this change.'

"In the meantime he was steadily leading and encouraging them, though so tenacious of their own language, to learn the English, or allow the services to be read in it. These services were so faithfully held by him, that in all the 36 years of his ministry among the Oneidas he was absent from his place only three Sundays, and then on account of sickness, a rare and most remarkable record. He was naturally of a retiring disposition, and was content to sequester himself from the world in the pursuit of his holy calling.

One who knew him well says: "In the exercise of his duties the Rev. Mr. Goodnough quietly but laboriously spent his life. He was a well read man of broad education, cultured and fond of study. After having graduated at Nashotah, he filled the chair of Hebrew instructor at the College. But not for long, for he

was tendered and accepted a call to Portage, Wisconsin. His stay there was but brief, for on Oct. 16, 1863, at the Bishop's instigation, he entered upon his duties as Missionary to the Oneida Indians, for which he seems to have been well fitted. His sterling worth, integrity, and sympathetic nature greatly endeared him to the people for whose spiritual and temporal welfare he so earnestly and unceasingly labored."

But once more a dark cloud was hovering over the Mission House. The beloved pastor was suffering. For a year or more he had been far from well, and now for five weeks he had been confined to his bed. Says one: "After many years of faithful, devoted service for the welfare of his fellow-men, feeling that his life-work was done, and that his days were numbered, he bravely, yea, gladly, through the closing weeks of his life, waited patiently, yet with a longing for Death's release. He had fought the good fight, and welcomed the sweet rest prepared for those who love God. 'The peace of God which passeth understanding' was imparted to the ministering loved ones about the bedside of the stalwart Christian, his faith becoming their priceless legacy."

At sunset on Saturday evening of St. Paul's day, January 25, 1890, the Rev. Edward Augustus Goodnough entered into rest. Years of toil and varied joys and sorrows had been spent by him among the Oneidas, and now once more they were completely overwhelmed with grief. As they hovered about the Mission House hope for his recovery lessened day by day. The beloved Missionary, who like a father had gone in and out among them for 36 years, leading a life of humble self-denial, yet earnest faith and truth in the Master whom he served, was to lay down his armor.

Like a brave but weary Christian soldier he might have said in the words of St. Paul, but with the humility that characterized all connected with himself: "The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give at that day. And not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." And from among the many of all nations he doubtless will watch to give a welcome to those who will prove as "jewels in his crown of rejoicing."

The funeral took place from Hobart Church on Tuesday, January 28, 1890. The church was crowded with the Indians, many of whom came from a great distance, and all bore signs of deep grief difficult to suppress, as they were about to part with all that remained of their true friend and beloved pastor. The Rev. Mr. Haff, who had formerly been with them, and who was still a warm friend of the Oneidas, assisted them amid their tears and sorrowful chants, to lay him beside the loved ones "gone before."

And here a little later, out of their own slender means, the Indians, as a tribute of love, erected a monument to his memory. It is of Rutland marble, stands 10 or nearly 11 feet high, inclusive of the 3-foot-square granite base, and is capped by a cross upon which are the letters "I. H. S." Upon one side of the monument are the following words:

*"Beneath the stone awaiting  
The Resurrection,  
Lies the body of Edward Augustus  
Goodnough,  
For thirty-six years  
Pastor and friend of the Oneidas."*

On the opposite side of the monument are the words:

*"This  
Stone of Remembrance  
is erected by  
His grateful children in the Lord  
The Indians of*

### *Hobart Church, Oneida."*

The dates of birth and death are also given, and at the base of the monument, on one side, the words: *"I have fought the good fight,"* and on the other side: *"I thank my God for every remembrance of thee."* *And here we must leave the brave soldier and servant of God. Requiescat in pace.*



HOBART CHURCH, ONEIDA, WISCONSIN  
Corner-stone laid in 1864; Church consecrated in 1867

## **The Oneida Indians**

**Green Bay, Wis., Diocese of Fond Du Lac.  
by the Rt. Rev. J. H. Hobart Brown; D. D.\***

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The Oneidas were formerly one of the most powerful of the famous Six nations. Unlike many other Indian Tribes they do not seem destroyed by contact with civilization and are still quite numerous. A portion of them adhere to the British crown and find a safe refuge in Canada. A part dwell on their old Reservation in Central New York. And another part are gathered in a Reservation near Green Bay in the State of Wisconsin. These last are slowly increasing in number, forming now a Community of about fourteen hundred souls. More than eight hundred of them are baptized members of the Church and about one hundred and fifty are

communicants. Bishop Hobart was deeply interested in the welfare of these who first ventured from the soil of their fathers. He was careful that they should not lack the ministrations of the Church, and from his day until two or three years ago, the interest of Church people in the affairs of the Oneidas was unflagging. Lately, however, perhaps from the opportunities rapidly unfolding of doing good to other tribes, the Oneidas have been nearly forgotten. Government aid has been withdrawn from their schools, and Church aid from their missions. Some good men have thought that it is high time that these Oneidas should assume the

dignities and responsibilities of American citizenship. Other men, not so good, are eager to swing their axes in the stately forests that shadow the Oneida Reservation, and to run their plow-shares through the rich soil that yields the Indian laborer bread for himself and his children. Both these classes of persons have beset the poor Oneidas with their sophistries and snares, just when (only for a brief period it is to be hoped) they have been deserted by Church and State.

During this first year of my episcopate I have visited the Mission three times, and have tried to understand the real condition and needs of the people. A brief account of my last visitation will give some notion of the character of the people, and of their present state. Saturday, February 3rd, in the morning, I arrived at Oneida. I had made no appointment for service that day, but found that the people had taken it for granted that the Bishop would be willing and glad to prepare them for the Holy Communion, which they wished to receive in the morning. Before noon Hobart Church was nearly full. The missionary, the Rev. E. A. Goodnough, said the Morning Prayer and Litany in the Oneida tongue, and then I gave the people a minute and full explanation of the qualifications expected by the Church, of those who come to the Lord's Supper. The attention of the congregation seemed fixed and intelligent. Their leading Chief acted as interpreter and entered into the subject with his whole heart. After service the Chiefs and head-men waited to talk with me about the prospects of the mission. The Indians take "no note of time," but I was surprised when I looked at my watch, having sent them away, to find that it was after five o'clock. The next day, Sunday, the Church was full at about eleven o'clock. The service was as usual in the Oneida language. Fifteen persons were confirmed, and the Holy Communion was administered to about one hundred and ten. The same close attention was given to the service and sermon as on Saturday. At the conclusion of the service after three o'clock, every person present came forward to greet the Bishop. Escorted by one of the chiefs, I spent the rest of the day in going about from house to house, and in observing the manner and habits of the people. The next day I devoted to the school. This was opened by using a portion of the Morning Prayer in English, the children responding quite clearly in the Psalter. A little Indian lad acted as organist. I heard the children read in Oneida and in English, and

listened to their recitation in Geography. I also examined them in arithmetic, and made them an address which they seemed to understand without interpretation. The general result of my observations and inquiries is the opinion that the Church has not wasted love and money on the Oneidas, but that there has been steady, sure growth among them, of all the elements of Christian character and civilization. These Indians no longer take their food from benches and stools, but from ordinary tables. They have their three meals at regular hours. Table cloths, dishes, knives, forks, spoons, are in common use. Cleanliness in food, apparel and person, is recognized as needful and pleasant. Some of the houses I saw were models of neatness. The houses generally are too small, and the absence of books, papers and pictures makes them seem cheerless, but they are well-warmed and furnished with tables, chairs and beds. Divorces are becoming uncommon. The men no longer think themselves degraded by labor, but willingly take the hard tasks upon themselves. They cut the fire wood, milk the cows and bring the milk into the house, and do a thousand other things of which twenty years ago they would have been ashamed. The farms are generally in good order, fences up, barns in repair, and the fields ploughed for sowing. The people as a whole are more open, truthful and sincere than in former days. They are shy in manner, of course, but the women appear to be cheerful, and the papooses are well cared for, and are as chubby and bright as possible.

The great obstacle to the spiritual and social improvement of the tribe is the tenacity with which they cling to their own language. It is delightful to hear them speak and sing the praises of God, but if they could be induced to speak, read and write in English, it would not be long before the last shadows of heathenism would be driven from their hearts. Their unwillingness to converse in English makes it almost impossible to ascertain how accurately they grasp the great doctrines of our holy religion, but their daily life shows that their faith must be nearly right. It would help them much if a few devoted men and women could live among them, and instruct them in music and the social arts. The wonder is that so much has been accomplished with the comparatively small personal influence used. The Church shows wonderful faith in the grace and truth of the Gospel, when she sends a missionary, with

sometimes only his wife at his side, to change the habits, religion and character of whole tribes.

The Oneidas need a larger church. Their old one is becoming dilapidated. They have made an excavation, quarried stone and hewn timber, and are now waiting for money to pay for the skilled labor requisite to erect the structure. But more than money for a church, they need money to support the missionary they have, and to add to him, if possible, several competent helpers. The Oneidas and their faithful missionary wait and pray. In His own good time and way the Great Father of all will hear and help them.

\* Bishop of the Diocese of Fond du Lac, Wis.

[The Indians of this Diocese are entirely under the spiritual jurisdiction of Bishop Brown and are *not* under the supervision of Bishop Hare of Niobrara. Hence the peculiar significance of this article. It is also interesting to note that the Oneidas, who were Bishop Hobart's especial care, should now be placed in the keeping of his zealous namesake, the writer of this paper. -- ED]

## Selections from "Missions to the Oneidas"

by Susan Fenimore Cooper

Serialized in *The Living Church* (beginning 11 April 1885)

### Rev. Edward Goodnough and the Oneida of Duck Creek, Wisconsin

When Rev. Goodnough came to Duck Creek, "The parish had been vacant about two years. The people had lost ground sadly. A half-wild tribe are in the mental condition of children; they may have made a promising beginning, even decided progress in the right direction, but if abandoned by their guides they must inevitably fall back. When the brave young deacon came among the Oneidas everything was looking very dreary. He was a stranger among a wild race whose language he could neither speak nor understand. The majority of the people were very shy and suspicious. A few of the better men and women, however, received him very kindly. He was living alone in the mission house; they brought him bread, game and fish, washed his clothes and provided him with firewood; but there were others who hoped to drive him away as they had already driven two missionaries off the field. At night they would come about the house, making hideous cries, and savage yells. The Saturday nights were fearfully disorderly. They would go to Green Bay to trade and come back dreadfully intoxicated, shouting, fighting and yelling like so many fiends."

Of the conditions and people Goodnough found on his arrival, Cooper says: "... they were found by their young missionary, in 1853, living on small farms, in separate cabins, on each side of the Duck Creek, which was crossed by six

bridges, cabins and bridges being alike built by themselves. The farms were very roughly worked, and carelessly fenced. The cabins, chiefly of logs, were comfortless and untidy. It was surprising how little English was spoken by the people, after two centuries of intercourse with an English-speaking race; there were few men who spoke the language with any facility, and among the women, with one or two exceptions, there were none who could say more than a word or two. It was at first difficult to find a good interpreter; while the Oneida Prayer Book was used, of course, in church, the sermon was interpreted; on one occasion, early in Mr. Goodnough's ministry, he quoted the text relating to the widow's two mites; this was interpreted: 'She threw into the treasury two little worms!' The church building was in a very dilapidated condition, needing many repairs, while the white paint had been almost entirely washed away by the rain. The congregation was at first very small. At the first celebration of the Holy Communion there were only thirty present. Two years earlier there had been 150 communicants. At the first Confirmation there were only five to receive the rite. The school house was an old tumble-down shanty, with a door at each end, and for chimney an old stove pipe running up boldly through the roof. There were often heavy drifts of snow on the floor during the winter months. The average attendance was only fifteen. The mission house about 800 yards from the church was small, a

story and a half high; there were out-houses about it, and a glebe of eight acres. Everything was out of order.

To this desolate mission house, in April '54, came a brave young girl not yet seventeen, the newly married wife of the missionary, to whom she had been betrothed for some time previous. Blessed was the day when Ellen Saxton Goodnough came among the Oneidas, with her brave spirit, her warm generous heart, her cheerful, vigorous, healthy nature, and her good judgment. From the day when she first crossed the threshold of the mission house, she scarcely left the reservation even for a few hours, during her busy Christian life, of more than sixteen years."

Cooper describes the church services and participants: "When the young missionaries entered on their duties in 1853-4, the aspect of things was wild, and not a little discouraging. But at the end of a few months matters improved very perceptibly, and many of the people learned once more, as in earlier times, to look upon their minister as their best friend. They resumed former habits. Larger numbers came to church and gathered at the mission house. The parsonage was made more comfortable. The church was improved by painting, and the repairs most needed were attended to. But there was neither chancel, nor vestry-room, the roof was leaky, and the floor was paved. There was a good bell, the gift of a chief, and the people at a distance attended to the call, and came more regularly. The sun poured in upon the dusky flock through unshaded windows, the men sitting together on one side, the women on the other. The men were roughly clothed, generally in coarse blue cloth, very carelessly put together. The women came in with their invariably noiseless, gliding step, in very wild garb; they were shrouded in blankets, their heads closely covered with various wrappings, occasionally bead-work, or porcupine work, appearing as trimmings on their cloth leggings and moccasins. Mothers brought their babies in bark cradles, hanging at their backs suspended by the regular burden strap passing around the forehead. When an infant Baptism took place the child was brought up for the service strapped to the cradle board, godfather and godmother in due attendance. The congregation was always respectful, and some of the elder ones were very devout, making all the responses with much feeling and reverence. There was an organ of

good tone, well played by the regular organist, one of the chiefs. The singing was always very sweet. Never indeed were the services carried out without the sweet, plaintive voices of the women being heard in the chants and hymns, in their own wild speech. Not a few of the men had also good voices. The people seemed to have a natural taste for music. The prayers were read in Oneida. The sermon though prepared expressly for the mission was translated by the regular interpreter."

About dealing with language difference, Cooper says: "He never attempted to speak to the people in their own dialect which he did not understand. His sermons and addresses were translated by the interpreter; they are said to have been always very simple, very earnest and impressive. He delivered them with fatherly dignity, and much feeling. The people always listened with fixed and reverent attention, and were evidently much edified by them. He generally alluded especially to the sentence of Confirmation and explained it very clearly and impressively to the people.

When a Baptism took place all the addresses to the congregation, to the candidates or the sponsors, were given in Oneida; the prayers were in English, the people being familiar with them from their own Prayer Book. At marriages portions of the service were given in Oneida, the prayers in English, and they were instructed that solemnly joining the hands as in the presence of God and before witnesses was a binding pledge. At funerals the services were held partly in English, partly in Oneida; the opening sentences and the lessons were given in Oneida, the psalm was generally read responsively in English, the younger people soon learning enough to follow the American Prayer Book in this way. They have however the whole service in their own language.

The library of Oneida books, if not large, was of very great value to the people. There was a translation of the New Testament, complete with the exception of Second Corinthians; portions of the Old Testament; the prophesy of Isaiah; a hymn book compiled chiefly from our own; and three different editions of the Prayer Book. The Rev. John Henry Hobart, son of the revered Bishop Hobart, and one of the founders of Nashotah, who had been ordained priest in the little church at Oneida, had inherited the Bishop's interest in the people, and gave them an improved translation of the Prayer Book,



published at his own expense. The translation was prepared by the skilful interpreter, Baptist Doctater. The people valued this last translation greatly, and often read it in their homes with pleasure."

Of the mission school, Cooper observed: "The school was taught by the missionary, who considered this task one of his most important duties. After his marriage the young wife assisted with much zeal in the good work, and during those first months laid the foundation of her deep and affectionate interest in the children. The little dark-eyed, red-skinned, creatures were as wild and shy as the chipmunks and fawns of the forest. The girls were gentle, low-voiced, and timid; they generally came with their heads closely covered in a wrap of some kind. Boys and girls kept carefully apart, it was impossible to coax them to recite in the same classes. But they soon became attached to their bright-faced, kindly, pleasant-mannered teacher, and ere long she acquired very great influence over them, and over their mothers also. The school opened with a short religious service; the general confession, the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed. They were taught to read, and write, and cipher, from the American school-books in general use. Many of the children were bright, and learned rapidly, others were very dull. After some years of experience the missionary became convinced that the children of parents who could read learned more rapidly than those whose parents had never received any instruction."

During Rev. Goodnough's tenure, Cooper says the Oneida settlement changed and prospered: "The farms increased in size and in the manner of cultivation; saw-mills, a grist-mill, and blacksmiths' shops were all worked by the people, who also did a good share of carpenter's work. The number of log cabins increased, and better frame houses were built. The number of cattle and horses increased. The men were no longer ashamed of farm-work. The women only helped in the lighter out-door labors."

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In discussing the conflict of the 1860s as local whites attempted to gain control of Oneida lands, Cooper quotes in full an open letter from Cornelius Hill, future priest of Holy Apostles:

*Editors of the Green Bay Advocate:*

I am surprised and grieved to read, as I do in the *Gazette* of June 5, such language as the following concerning the Oneidas. I quote from an article in the *Gazette*, written by a correspondent of the *Chicago Republican*, with whose opinions I have nothing to do, and about which I care nothing, but this correspondent brings in the name of the Hon. M. L. Martin, and refers to him as an old resident of Green Bay and as the U.S. Indian Agent, as being the source from which he received his information. Mr. M.L. Martin informs this correspondent that--

"All efforts to civilize the Oneidas have failed; that the Oneidas are thriftless, reckless and beastly people; that they are, every five of them, the useless consumers of the subsistence that would sustain a thousand white men; that the Oneidas are a nuisance and an obstacle to the progress of Green Bay, and that the government of the United States ought to accede to the wishes of the people of Green Bay and remove the Oneidas to some place where they may be no longer such a hindrance to the welfare of Green Bay."

Now, I am a member of the Oneida tribe, and do not feel disposed to permit such slanders of my people to pass uncontradicted. Mr. Martin is an honorable gentleman, an old resident of Green Bay, and the U.S. Agent, having charge of my tribe; he ought therefore on each of these accounts, to be the last person to depreciate the Oneidas in the estimation of the citizens of the United States but should give them the full benefit of all the praise for all the real progress they have made in civilization, which a regard to truth with justify.

Mr. Martin is brought forward endowed with all the above qualifications for a truthful and impartial witness, and really his testimony ought to be received as true, and no more ought to be said on the subject, but truth and honor demand that this testimony be proved to be basely false and slanderous.

I am but a young man, yet since I can remember, the Oneidas have advanced a great deal in civilization. Instead of "all efforts made by good men to lead my people on in civilization having failed," these efforts are now actively carried on in the tribe and no thoughts of failure disturb those who support and carry them on; in fact greater success is attending those efforts to-day than ever before. It was but a short time ago that my people were sunk in the depths of

barbarism; this fact is not their fault. All nations were once in barbarism and many far lower in the scale of human existence. Not many years ago my people all lived in bark or mat wigwams; now they all have houses of some sort, many of them have good and comfortable dwellings, and a ride through our settlements and through any other town of white farmers will convince anyone not blinded by prejudice and avarice that our houses are ten times better and more comfortable than the wigwams of a few years ago.

My people used to eat out of a common wooden dish placed on the earth floor of the wigwam, each one of the family or company squatting around it, armed with a wooden ladle, and dressed in nature's own garb; now we all have tables to eat from, chairs to sit on, plates, cups, knives, forks, spoons, clean food cooked for the most part on good cooking stoves, instead of in the smoke and ashes of a wigwam; we are clothed in civilized garments, and most of us implore the blessing of our Heavenly Father upon our food and ourselves before partaking of what we all realize to be the good gifts of our God.

We used to sleep on the ground or on skin or a mat spread on the floors of our huts; now we all have civilized beds to sleep on and take our rest between civilized sheets as other men do.

Once we lived on the game and fish we caught and killed; now we have large farms, raise wheat, corn, rye, oats, peas, potatoes, beans and other crops suitable for cultivation in this climate. We live, for the most part, on what we raise on our farms, and can furnish forth as good a meal of victuals and one as well cooked as can be furnished in any white farmer's house.

Our women can make good bread from wheat flour, and they can cook all kinds of food in a civilized way; can set a clean table, make butter, and their own and their children's clothes, after a civilized manner. We have good barns, cows, horses, oxen, wagons, plows, harrows, axes, hoes, pitchforks, a reaping {108} machine, and two eight horse power threshing machines.

We have churches; the Lord's day is regularly observed as a day of rest and Divine worship, and our people contribute liberally towards the support of their churches, in labor, in money, and in kind. We have schools where our children learn to read and write and cipher.

There are now over 200 of your children being instructed in our schools.

The family tie or relation is sacredly regarded. We no longer have two or more wives, as in our wild state, but every man has his own wife and every woman her own husband, and we bring up our children at home in the family in a civilized way. Many white people and all uncivilized Indians have more than one wife, and this custom is well known to be a sign and test of barbarism, which cannot be found amongst the Oneidas.

There is not a jail, a grog-shop, or a house of ill-fame amongst my people; all of them exist where Mr. Martin lives at Green Bay, whose civilized progress must not be arrested by the presence of the Oneidas in its vicinity.

Mr. Martin ought to view his own people, they have for more than a thousand years been under the influence of civilization, yet how many reckless, thriftless white people there are. Look at this Green Bay whose progress must not be impeded by the presence of Indians; how many drunkards, gamblers, adulterers, shameless women, liars, thieves, cheats, idlers, consumers, slanderers there are there.

They have all kinds of religion in Green Bay, yet the greater part of the people appear to be a godless set. The whites have had great opportunities to advance in civilization, yet thousand of them have failed to become civilized; the Indians have had but a short time to become so, yet because they do not all at once become refined and civilized in a day, Mr. Martin says they are a nuisance and ought to be removed!

The efforts to civilize the Oneidas have failed no more than the efforts to civilize the whites. The whites are not willing to give us time to become civilized, but must remove us to some barbarous country as soon as civilization approaches us. The whites claim to be civilized; from them we must learn the arts and customs of civilized life, but our people learn to become drunkards of white people; if a civilized white man gets drunk, why should not a red Indian? The whites teach our people all their vices and learn them to despise virtue. The whites should try to elevate instead of trying to degrade and destroy us. Mr. Martin ought to assist us, he is the authorized agent of the United States to us, and ought, therefore, to see that our people do not obtain the means of intoxication of the

whites, which is the greatest hindrance to our advancement in civilization, but he does not lift a finger towards warding off this curse from us. Instead of devising plans for our advancement in civilization, he bends all his energies to the work of depriving us of our homes.

Instead of helping us to improve our condition, he is not willing that we should peaceably enjoy our own possessions, yet he is our white friend, and represents to us the kindly interest and benevolence which the white race as personified in the U.S. Government feels in our welfare.

Such sentiments and actions, Mr. Martin no doubt considers the very natural outgrowth of that civilization he speaks of, and to which he has been subjected all his life. If such be really the case the less my people have of it the better.

But I am well aware that such feelings cannot find place in the mind of a truly civilized man, be he white, black, or red, but are the offspring of that rapacious and utterly selfish spirit which has stripped us of our former homes, and which unconsciously to themselves influences the minds and good judgments of many, otherwise, decent men.

The civilization which I and the greater part of my people aim at is one of honor and truth; one that will raise us to a higher state of existence here on earth and fit us for a blessed one in the next world.

We intend to strive after this civilization, and strive after right here where we are now, being sure that we shall find it no sooner in the wilds beyond the Mississippi.

Our progress may be slow, and with the adverse circumstances surrounding us, it cannot well be otherwise, but progress is our motto, and those who labor to deprive us of this small spot of God's footstool will labor in vain. Mr. Martin and his white friends had better try to *improve* rather than to *remove* us, and thus benefit us and themselves at the same time.

CORNELIUS HILL,

A Chief of the first Christian party of Oneidas.

*Oneida Reserve, June 13, 1868.*

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Of the death of Ellen Goodnough, Cooper writes:

"Ellen Goodnough, with warm-hearted, generous indignation, wrote her last letter. There was a wail of the deepest grief throughout the Reservation when one who had been as a mother to the people breathed her last. The Oneidas were heart-broken. Many gathered about the Mission House during her last hours, praying and weeping day and night. From the moment of her death they kept vigil about the house, singing mournful chants and hymns from the Church services, until the hour of the funeral. When the simple and most touching procession moved from the house, husband, children and weeping people, the Oneidas began a beautiful, but most mournful chant, singing in their own melodious and musical tones, until the church door was reached. The service was performed by the Rev. Mr. Steele of Green Bay. His sermon was translated for the Oneidas, and is said to have given them much comfort. Ellen Goodnough was laid to rest, in the quiet mission cemetery, beside the little boy she had lost, whose stone bore the Indian name his Oneida friends had given him, and surrounded by many Christian graves of the people she had so faithfully served. Strangers who had come from a distance to offer their sympathy and respect to the bereaved missionary, were much impressed with the respectable appearance, the depth of feeling, the devotional manner, and the very touching singing of the Oneidas."

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Cooper reveals a good deal about the Oneida's plans for a new church building. Not many years after Goodnough's arrival, the tribe determined that the church would need to be replaced and began to plan a stone building to replace it. The work and planning were made difficult by persecution in the 1860s and the great fires of 1871. Led by the Indian Agent in Green Bay, local whites made a strong effort to appropriate the reservation and move the Oneida further west. Much of the tribe's energy and resources went into defending against these efforts. Cooper describes the plans as they existed shortly after Ellen Goodnough's death: "And now they were very anxious to build a substantial stone church of good architectural design, and large enough to accommodate eight hundred people. For years the men had given one day in every week to the labor of preparing the lumber and quarrying the stone needed for the new building, while the women, and even the children were bringing their small earnings to the

missionary to be added to the church fund. The men also raised about \$200 in money every year, to be given to the fund. This money was invested at interest, in the Savings Bank, at Green Bay. An excellent plan was prepared by the Rev. Charles Babcock, the architect, as a

gift to the mission. The church was to be in the early English style, with low massive walls, heavy buttresses, and a steep roof. It was to be 48 by 68 exclusive of porch and chancel."

The failure of a savings bank and other problems delayed the construction until 1886.

## Obituary of Edward A. Goodnough

Wisconsin *Daily State Gazette*, Saturday Evening, 1 February 1890, p. 3

A Long Life Well Spent

Biographical sketch of the Late Rev. E. A. Goodnough [Goodenough]. \*

Something of the work Accomplished by Him During His Thirty-Six Years' Residence at the Oneida Indian Reservation.

On Saturday evening, January 25, 1890, Rev. Edward Augustus Goodnough entered into rest: for the past thirty-six years rector of Hobart Episcopal church on the Oneida Reservation, after many years of devoted, faithful service for the welfare of his fellow-men, feeling that his life-work was done, he bravely, yea more, gladly, through the closing weeks of his life, knowing that his days were numbered, waited patiently, yet with a longing for death's release. He had fought the good fight and welcomed the sweet rest that is prepared for those who love their God. The peace of God which passeth all understanding was imparted to the ministering loved ones about the bedside of this stalwart Christian, his triumphant faith becoming their priceless legacy.

Biographical

E. A. Goodnough was born at Campton, N. H., in sight of the White Mountains, December 18, 1825, and was at the time of his death sixty-four years one month and seven days old. For a year or more he had not been well, having a chronic disease of the liver, he was, however, during his last illness confined to the bed but five weeks. He was the son of a Baptist clergyman, but afterward his father studied medicine, and adopted the profession of a practicing physician. The family moved westward when the subject of this sketch was yet young, and located in the vicinity of Nashotah [Wisconsin], where they continued to reside for a number of years. Here was located the Episcopal Theological college and there is a tradition to the effect that E. A.

Goodnough assisted in digging the first well ever sunk on the college grounds.

Owing doubtless to the proximity of the college, and the atmosphere of study which must have resulted therefrom, he became inspired with a desire to attend that institution, and was regularly enrolled among its students, in the year 1841. He remained there until 1852, when he graduated. He was a very close student and a hard worker, and made good progress in his college work.

After his graduation, he for a short time filled the chair as Hebrew instructor in Nashotah college, but afterward accepted the charge of a parish at Portage, Wis. His residence in that city was brief, for on October 16, 1853, he entered upon his duties as missionary to the Oneida Indians, a post which had been offered him and which he promptly accepted, despite the onerous duties the position involved. He succeeded Rev. F. R. Haff, who was rector there from 1847 to 1852.

The Episcopal church had long maintained a missionary at that post, the first being Eleazar Williams, who acted in that capacity from 1818 to 1830. Rev. Richard F. Cadle succeeded him, for a period of three years, when Rev. Solomon Davis accepted the responsibilities of the place. He in turn was succeeded by Rev. Mr. Haff, as previously noted. The little old church building, which did duty for so many years, was built in 1839, and here Mr. Goodnough addressed the members of his congregation each Sunday,

though the medium of an interpreter, during thirty-three years, and until the erection of a handsome stone structure in 1886. He devoted his entire life to the work in which he was engaged, remained constantly at home, and, as he informed the writer of this article in a conversation about three years since, never failed to perform his duties each Sunday during all the years of his residence there, save three times, when he was prevented by sickness from doing so.

The position of rector on the reservation is no sinecure. The incumbent of that position must not only prepare his Sunday discourse, officiate at funerals, baptisms, and other occasions, but he has besides to fulfill the arduous duties of a teacher in the mission-school for five days each week; conduct the monthly meeting, and act as adviser to his flock. In fact, as one who knew him well expressed it: He was to the Indians *the* Government. In the exercise of these duties Mr. Goodnough spent his life. He was naturally of a retiring disposition, and was content to sequester himself from the world in the pursuit of his holy calling. His sterling integrity and worth are testified by those who knew him well, and he was greatly beloved by the people for whose spiritual and temporal welfare he so earnestly labored. He was kindly, hospitable, and ever ready to render assistance unto the least of his brothers.

Mr. Goodnough lent very efficient aid in bringing about and erecting the handsome new church edifice of stone, which is a pride to the reservation and lived to see his cherished project realized. As the history of this church is intimately associated with that of Mr. Goodnough, a brief sketch of it will be given here. Work toward the building of the new stone church was begun nineteen years ago by the Indians of the congregation, who manifested the greatest interest in the project. The men donated time and labor toward quarrying stone and hauling it to the site of the contemplated building. The women's society of the church manufactured useful articles, and held festivals at stated intervals, the proceeds of which went into a fund toward the new church. The annual amount raised aggregated about \$200, and this was deposited in the bank until needed. In the year 1884, when Strong's bank failed, \$3000 of the church building fund was deposited therein, and the greater share of the savings of years was lost. Mr. Goodnough confessed that the

outlook was discouraging. He, however, succeeded in interesting many in his cherished plans and soon assistance began to flow in from the far East. One man in New York City sent \$400. W. Beaumont Whitney, of Philadelphia, interested in the children of the Sunday School of which he was superintendent, and they gave \$500 to the work. A lady who would give no name sent \$500, and other smaller sums were received from different sources. At first what looked like a calamity, proved a blessing in disguise, for the fund soon swelled to \$5000, which allowed them to proceed with the work. The cost of the church was \$8,500 besides the stone furnished by the Indians, a very important item. It is a handsome edifice, built in modern style, heated with furnace, and pleasantly seated. J. Voight was the builder.

Who can estimate the beneficent results that will crown the life-labors of this zealous man? His influence in molding the character of the members of his flock, can scarcely be appreciated. Mr. Goodnough himself was encouraged by the progress made by the Indians during his residence among them. In the conversation previously referred to, he said: "The grand work of Christianizing the Indians is still going on. They are eager and willing to be taught the ways of the white men, and exhibit a great advancement in methods of civilization. During my stay here, I have encouraged them especially to speak English, and to adopt our manners and customs. The progress they have made is owing to the church, more than to any other one thing. In the early days of the mission here, the Indians were slovenly and wore blankets. Now there is hardly one who wears a blanket, and they are usually very neat and take pride in dressing nicely. They have organized brass bands and singing societies, have purchased stream threshers and other improved farm machinery, and dwell in well-built, comfortable houses.

Goodnough was appointed postmaster in 1861, and held the place until his death, his commission bearing the signature of Postmaster General Holt.

On April 17th, 1854, Mr. Goodnough was united in marriage to Miss Ellen Lenora Sexton, in Christ church, Green Bay, Rev. William Hommann, performing the service. Bravely the young wife took up the burdens that fell to her lot. Hers was the task of making the new home, teaching the Indian women, not alone the

lessons of the school room, but the art of sewing, bread-making, etc., and through it all endearing herself in rare degree to her grateful pupils. Six children came to gladden this blessed home as follows: Arthur D., Baraboo, Wis.; William Adams, (dead); Edwy, Bennington, Kansas; Elizabeth, now Mrs. Henry A. Simonds, Allegan, Mich.; John D., Baraboo, Wis.; Miss Alice Goodnough, Allegan, Mich. On May 20th, 1870, Mrs. Goodnough closed her life's labor, and was laid at rest in the cemetery at Oneida.

Through the instrumentality of the late Bishop Kemper, Mrs. Frances A. Perry, formerly of Utica, N. Y., but at the time noted making her home at Madison, Wis., was induced to assume the duties of housekeeper at the parsonage at Oneida, and also those of teacher in the school. About the year 1872, Mr. Goodnough and Mrs. Perry were married at Madison, Wis.\*\* Through the past eighteen years Mrs. Goodnough has faithfully and unflinchingly performed the arduous duties laid upon her. She will remain for the present at Oneida, Mr. and Mrs. John Goodnough and Miss Alice Goodnough remaining with her.

The surviving members of Rev. Mr. Goodnough's family are his three sisters and three brothers, as follows: Elizabeth, Mrs. F. C. Permenter, Athol, Mass.; Susan, Mrs. Charles Forbes, [Sparta?], Wis.; Mrs. Angie Forbes, Tomah, Wis.; Jerome, Tomah; William; John.

#### The Funeral.

The funeral took place at Oneida, on Tuesday morning at eleven o'clock. The church was filled with Indians, and their devotion to their loved friend and pastor was made evident by the tears that they could not restrain.

Rev. L. D. Hopkins, of Oconto, read the opening sentences and parts of the burial service, Rev. William Dafter, of Oconto, read the lesson. Holy Communion was celebrated, Rev. F. Haff, of this city, being celebrant, Mr. Dafter reading the epistle. "Nearer my God to Thee," a hymn that was especially a favorite of the deceased and which during the peaceful, closing days of his life he had asked often to have sung, was given in the burial service, also another favorite of his, "Rock of Ages," was sung. During the communion service the hymn "Bread of the World, In Mercy Broken," was rendered.

In accordance with Mr. Goodnough's oft expressed wish his place of burial was in the cemetery at Oneida. At the grave Mr. Dafter read the opening sentences, Mr. Haff the "committal," and concluding service. The following hymns were sung: "Abide with Me," "Nearer My God to Thee," "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," and "The Strife is O'er." The sweet-toned bell of the church tolled at the opening and close of the service.

The following Indians were the pall-bearers: Abram Elm, John Archiquette, Thomas Cornelius, Simon Powliss, Thomas Skenandoah, Adam King, Isaac Archiquette, Cornelius Hill, Simon Hill, Thomas Johns, Solomon Johns, Joshua Skenandoah.

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#### Notes

\*This text is available courtesy of the Wisconsin State Historical Society. Though I have corrected the spellings, the obituary frequently varies the spelling of Rev. Goodnough's name, suggesting that some people may have pronounced it "good enough." However, Judith Jourdan, Oneida Tribal Genealogist, affirms that the local pronunciation is "good-no."

Transcribed from the parish records of Grace Episcopal Church in Madison, WI.

*Day and Date: Thursday, July 27, 1871*

*Place [location of the ceremony]: Residence of Bride's mother*

*No. [in order of the marriages recorded in this volume]: 29*

*Names: Rev. Edward Augustus Goodnough; 45 Oneida, Wis.*

*Frances Alexand[ria?] Perry (widow); 42; Madison, Wis.*

*Parents: John K. Goodnough, Eliza Goodnough (decd); Joseph Loyd (decd); Phoebe Loyd*

*Clergy: H. W. Spalding*

*Witnesses: The Rector's wife and the mother and sister of Bride*

# A Sketch of the Lives of Henry Jewett Furber, Sr. and Jr.

by Terry Heller (2008/2013)  
with assistance from Gretchen Furber

The purpose of this document is to present facts about these two men and their relationship with the American author, Sarah Orne Jewett (1849-1909). This information helps to explain Jewett's visit to Green Bay, Wisconsin in 1872, where the family of Henry Jewett Furber, Sr. was living at that time.

Gretchen Furber's research into her family has established that Henry, Senior, and Sarah were third cousins, but this does not by itself account for their knowing each other well enough that Sarah would make an extended stay with his Green Bay family in the late autumn of 1872.

Sarah developed a fairly close relationship with Henry, Sr.'s wife, Elvira, listing Mrs. Furber in her diary as one of her important correspondents, and noting in her 23 May 1873 entry that she not only stayed with the Furbers, but traveled with them from New York City through Cleveland and Chicago to Green Bay in 1872.

There are other potential connections between the Jewett and Furber families that might account for Henry receiving the middle name of Jewett and passing this along to one of his sons.

The two families lived near each other when Henry, Sr. was young, the Jewetts in South Berwick, ME and the Furbers in nearby Somersworth, NH. Henry, Sr., was educated at Bowdoin College, as was Theodore Jewett, Sarah's father. Theodore served on the medical faculty at Bowdoin in the 1850s, when Henry, Sr., was an undergraduate. The Furber family originally settled in Dover, NH, in the 1630s, also near South Berwick and Somersworth, where, in about 1840, the year of Henry's birth, Sarah's father, Theodore, completed his medical training under his future father-in-law, Dr. William Perry. Not only were the families related, but they lived and worked in close proximity.

The following genealogical information establishes these connections and suggests others.



Henry Jewett Furber , Sr. from *The Class of 1861: Bowdoin College*  
Compiled by Edward Stanwood, 1897.  
Courtesy of Bowdoin College Library,  
Brunswick, ME.

## Ancestry

The following information is pieced together from *History and Genealogy of the Jewetts of America* by Frederic Clarke Jewett (1908), and from a summary and sources provided by Gretchen Furber.

**The American Furber Family moves through these generations on the way to Henry, Sr. and Sarah Orne Jewett.**

### **William Furber (c1614-c1695)**

He was born in London, England, and died in Great Bay, Dover, N. H. William Furber Jr's name appears on the list of passengers of the Sailing Ship "Angel Gabriel," which wrecked off Pemaquid Point, Maine in August of 1635, during a great storm.

**William Furber (1646-1707)**

**William Furber (1672-1757)**

**Richard Furber (1700-1725)**

**Richard Furber (called "Ensign," 1725-1807), who married Elizabeth Downing**

Two of the children of Ensign Richard Furber and Elizabeth Downing were:

**Benjamin Furber (1752-1822)**, the great-grandfather of Henry Sr.

**Mary (Furber) Jewett (1759-1837)**, who married Dearborn Jewett, Sarah Orne Jewett's great grandfather, in about 1786. They named their first son Theodore Furber Jewett (1787-1860). T. F. Jewett's son, Theodore Herman Jewett (1815-1878) became Sarah's father.

## Chronology

### of Henry Jewett Furber, Sr.

This information comes mainly from the articles in the source lists at the end of the page.

1840 July 17 - Born in Great Falls, NH, July 1840.

Obituaries say he was born at Rochester, in Stafford Country on July 17.

And that he attended school at Great Falls (now Somersworth).

1857 - Began study at Bowdoin College.

Accomplished in mathematics, taught at North Turner school to support himself.

1860 - (early in spring of Junior year) Traveled to Green Bay, Wisconsin to take charge of the public schools.

1862 January 7 - Married Elvira Irwin, daughter of Alexander J. Irwin, lawyer, postmaster and pioneer settler in Green Bay.

Admitted to the bar in Wisconsin.

1863 March 17 - Son, William Elbert born at Green Bay.

1865 January - General Agent for Metropolitan Fire Insurance.

April - General Manager MFI, headquarters in Chicago.

May 12 - Son, Henry Jewett, Jr. born at Green Bay

October - Vice-President MFI, move to New York.

1868 September 18 - Son, Frank Irwin born at Englewood, NJ. He married Clara Proby on June 28, 1889.

1874 October - Elected President of North America Life Insurance Company, uniting the company with Universal Life Insurance, with the aim of solving NAL's financial difficulty.

1875 - Was put in charge of Charter Oak Insurance Company, to help lead it out of financial difficulty.

1876 - Endowed Smyth Math Prize at Bowdoin.

Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett to Anna Dawes show Jewett staying for about two weeks with Mrs. Henry J. Furber at the Windsor Hotel in New York City in mid-June ["Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett to Anna Laurens Dawes," by C. Carroll Hollis. Colby Library Quarterly 8:3 (September 1968), 107-109].

Henry, Jr. reminiscence places the family in Green Bay for July 4 centennial celebrations.

November - Purchased a lot on Broadway in New York City, 139.7 feet north of 77th St.

1877 - February - March. Suits were filed against Furber and the other officers of North America Life, accusing them of wrecking and looting the company.

June. Charter Oak Insurance was found by investigators to be in danger of bankruptcy. Furber was accused of complicated financial manipulations of this company that profited him greatly.

July. Suit filed against Furber and other officers of Universal Life Insurance, accusing Furber in particular of seeking to wreck and loot yet another company, Guardian Life Insurance.

August. Furber defended himself against accusations of wrecking the Charter Oak Company in a public statement, published in the *New York Times* on 8/15.

1878 - January. Furber and other ex-officers of Charter Oak Life were indicted for conspiracy to defraud policy-holders, misappropriation of



assets, and other crimes. Furber published a defense of his activities at Charter Oak in a letter reported in the *New York Times* of January 1/14.

June. Charter Oak trial begins.

1879 - January. Furber and the other former officers of Charter Oak were found not guilty on all counts of their indictment.

May. Moved to Chicago & joined Higgins law firm, until 1893.

Obituary says he associated also with Matthew Laflin, to purchase National Life, Fidelity Safety Deposit, and the Hale Building.

1881 - A report in the *New York Times* indicated that Furber had a break-down due to over-work and had rested and recovered.

1892 - Built & supervised the Columbus Memorial Building in Chicago, at State & Washington.

Contained Columbus Safe Deposit Company, of which he was president. The building also was a center of jewelry trade in the city.

1899 October 23 - *Lewiston Journal* (Maine) reported his summering at Monhegan.

The feature story suggests that he planned to continue doing so, and that his visits to Maine had been fairly frequent in the past. Reported that he had been a Free & Accepted Mason for more than 20 years.

Also, "The Furber Silver" reports that at about this time was the last occasion on which Furber's silver collection was used by the family. This was a dinner honoring Lillian Russell at the Furber home in Kenwood, IL. "Family history says that Henry J. Furber, by then one of the wealthiest men in the Middle west, took a fancy to the beautiful young actress, and soon after, Elvira Irwin Furber, Henry's wife, left suddenly for Italy, where, in Florence, she eventually died." That he was estranged from his wife around this time is supported by her absence in the report of Furber summering in Maine.

1912 October 7 - Elvira died. She was born March 30, 1836.

1916 August 25 - died at Chicago, St. Luke's hospital, his frequent residence. He shot himself in despondency after long illness and while suffering from a heat wave. Accounts indicate that he suffered from diabetes for the last 15

years of his life (see "The Furber Silver"). A letter of March 1909 reports a recent surgery, and another of May 1913 reports the recent amputation of a toe. He left an estate valued at over \$6 million.

Significant undated event.

Apparently sometime after 1900, he endowed a free bed at the Highland Sanatorium, Somersworth, N.H.

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## Henry Jewett Furber, Jr.

1865 May 12 - Born in Green Bay, Wisconsin.

Lived at first with his parents in a large Colonial white house on Main Street, the finest residential district in Green Bay at the time. When he was a year old, he moved to New York City with his parents, residing there until he was 5; then he returned to Green Bay for his education at the Pine Street School and the Brick High School. He reports living with his grandmother during this period.

1880 - Completes public education and leaves Green Bay.

1880-83 - Preparatory School, presumably in Chicago.

1886 - Old University of Chicago BS.

1889 - Honorary AM, Bowdoin.

1891 - Ph.D. in Economics, Halle University (after study at several German & Austrian universities).

1891 - Publication of his book, *Geshichte der Oekonomischen Theorien*.

1892-94 - Studied Law at Northwestern University.

1893-4 - Professor of Economics at Northwestern University.

1894-6 - Traveled in Europe, led in the process of opening French universities to foreign students.

1897-1900 - First vice-president of National Insurance Co., Chicago.

1899 - Admitted to bar in Illinois.

1901 - President of the International Olympic Games Association of 1904.

1904-1912 - General Counsel to the Chicago Board of Underwriters.

1914-1918 - Invented a device that uses sound waves to locate submarines, aircraft, masked batteries, etc. For this accomplishment, he says, he came to be addressed as Colonel Furber. At some point, perhaps around this time, he was awarded the French Legion of Honor.

Also invented the first calculating mechanism that managed decimal points.

1956 - Died at home of cousin, Mrs. Henry Leach, on E. 68th St. NYC.

His residence at this time was the Chicago Athletic Association, where his belongings were left.

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## General Sources

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Items followed by "Neville," are from the Neville Public Museum of Brown County, Green Bay, Wisconsin.

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"The Sudden Death of Hon. Henry J. Furber." Unidentified newspaper obituary. 1916 (Bowdoin)

**New York Times Articles Dealing with Henry Furber, Sr.'s  
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Chronological Order

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"North America Life's Troubles." 2/28/1877, p. 8, c. 1.

"The Insurance Troubles." 3/3/1877, p. 10, c. 1.

"Looking for a Plaintiff." 3/23/1877, p. 2, c. 5.

"Another Rotten Company." 6/30/1877, p. 8, c. 1.

"The Charter Oak Life." 7/1/1877, p. 12, c. 1-2.

"The Universal Life." 7/14/1877, p. 8, c. 1.

"Sued for Four Millions." 7/18/1877, p. 8, c. 1-2.

"Charter Oak Troubles." 8/15/1877, p. 2, c. 1-2.

"Charter Oak Life and Furber." 9/14/1877, p. 2, c. 1.

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"The Charter Oak Life." 1/6/1878, p. 1.

"The Charter Oak Bargain." 1/14/1878, p. 3, c. 1-3.

"The Charter Oak Life Trials." 3/9/1878, p. 5, c. 2.

"The Charter Oak Investigation." 12/10/1878, p. 5, c. 1.

"Asking for a Verdict of Guilty." 1/1/1879, p. 1, c. 2.

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"The North American Life." 3/12/1882, p. 7, c. 1-2.

"The Wrecked Companies." 3/19/1882, p. 14, c. 3-4.

"Further Light on the Rotten Insurance Companies." 4/15/1882, p. 2.

# Manuscripts

## Indians: A School Essay

### Introduction

So far as is known, Jewett composed this essay in about 1858, when she was 8 or 9 years old. The manuscript is held in the Sarah Orne Jewett Collection, 1801-1997 of the University of New England's Maine Women Writers Collection: 1, Manuscripts and Notes, 008. "Indians" early handwritten essay by SOJ.

This new transcription follows another by an unknown person, also held by the Maine Women Writers Collection. Here, with assistance from Linda Heller, I have included information on revisions in the manuscript. Most of these are in pencil and appear to have been made by another hand, presumably a correcting teacher. The only revisions that seem to have been made by Jewett are changing "haff" to "half" and correcting what seems to have been an omission when she made her final copy.

Jewett probably left out a line when copying the sentences about the hay "floding" down the river. The first state would appear to be as follows.

... doors were left open for air. / The women noticed it and wondered ...

She then corrected this by inserting a line between her previous lines.

... doors were left open for air. / the hay came floding down the river. / The women noticed it ...

In the process of making these changes, she seems not to have changed the period placed after "air."

Sources for Jewett's anecdotes about Indian attacks are generally unknown. Presumably she recounted material she had read in school or had heard from local lore. In *Penhallow's Indian Wars* (1726), by Samuel Penhallow (1665-1726) appears an account of a woman fending off an Indian attack with hot soap (p. 11). She presents a story of Indians approaching a York garrison twice in her professional career, in her story, "The Orchard's Grandmother," (1871) and

in her narrative poem, "York Garrison: 1640" (1886).

### Indians.

The Indians were the first inhabitants of America. When America was discovered they were in a totally [ uncivilize *so it appears* ] and barbarous state. They lived in tents which they moved from place to place. Their food was roots and berries which they got <sup>^found^</sup> in the woods, and fish and other game which they killed with their bows and arrows. They call their children [ papposes *so it appears* ], and carry them strapped to their backs. When they are at work they hang them on the trees.

[Page 2]

I should think to see a [ half *perhaps changed by Jewett from haff* ] [ a *deleted* ] dozen papposes slung round on the trees must be a funny sight. The Indians had very few useful utensils and those were rude; their hatchets &c were made of stone. There are a great many stories <sup>^told^</sup> about the Indians [*no clear punctuation*] I will tell some. A great while ago, at a garrison at York, when some Indians were in the neighborhood, they attacked the garrison one morning ~~when~~ <sup>^while^</sup> the women were making soap. The men were all out in the fields, and the women did not know what to do, but they did not have much time to think for the Indians were already breaking the door in, so they took their ladles and poured the hot soap out on [*deletion*] the Indians' [ *apostrophe appears to be added* ]

[Page 3]

heads. They went off [ *of appears changed to off* ] howling and I guess they did not attack the garrison again when they smelt soap. The women lost their soap but saved their lives. The Indians had various arts to surprise the whites. Once in Dover some hay-makers had made some hay up on the river. They piled it up and left it. One warm day when the men were absent from the garrison and the doors were left open for air. the hay came [ *floding so it appears* ] down the river.\* The women noticed it and wondered who had done it but none <sup>^of them^</sup>

except one ~~of them~~ paid any more attention to it  
^except one^ and she, as she sat carelessly at  
the door was surprised to see them coming  
towards the shore. They looked more closely.  
And [ and *repeated* ] found there was an Indian

[Page 4]

under each one. They shut the [ the *repeated* ]  
doors hastily which secured their lives from the  
savages.\* Many people have lost their lives by

the hands of the Indians [*no clear punctuation*]  
The Indians have been driven from their lands  
by the whites and have now become a feeble  
race.

[ *signed* ] Sarah O Jewett

[*Signed again on the bottom right hand side of  
page 4 - vertically*]

Sarah O Jewett

No. 2



York Garrison house: Illustration from Jewett's "The Orchard's Grandmother."

## Transcription of the "Tame Indians" Manuscript and a comparison with the published text

A manuscript of "Tame Indians" is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Compositions and other papers: bMS Am 1743.2-1743.27 (7) Tame Indians. A.MS.(unsigned); [n.p., n.d.]. 3s. (12p.)

This section of the of this edition presents two documents.

First is a transcription of the manuscript by Linda and Terry Heller. Transcription of manuscript often requires a good deal of guesswork. Following is our best guess at the text Jewett considered final when she completed this manuscript. This "simple" document is designed to provide an easy reading of this version of the text.

Second is a comparison of the manuscript with the text published in *The Independent*, intended for study rather than reading.

### "Tame Indians Manuscript"

In this manuscript, Jewett hints at her paragraphing intentions with larger than normal periods. We have attempted to follow these in order to indicate her probable paragraph divisions.

Brackets in the text indicate places where we are more than usually aware of guessing at Jewett's intentions.

## Tame Indians

I was visiting a friend of mine in Boston not long ago, and one Sunday afternoon her younger brother and sister asked me to tell them a story. Now it was very easy to say 'tell me a story' but I couldn't think of any but the ones they knew as well as I.

Can't you tell us about something that happened to you? asked Bessie, while Jack said no, don't read a story -- and then I puzzled myself awhile and finally said, Did I ever tell you about my going to an Indian church once out West? 'No?' Then we will all go and sit in the bay window and I will begin.

"It was out in Wisconsin about three hundred miles north of Chicago, on the shore of Green Bay and I had said once or twice how much I liked to see Indians walking about the streets, when someone said wouldn't you like to go out to the Oneida settlement to service some Sunday? I was delighted you may be sure for the only Indians I had ever seen were the forlorn creatures who live at watering-places in the summer and who sell baskets.

And I had been reading [an] interesting book of Mr. Francis Parkmans which tells a great deal about the old Indian tribes. You must read it when you grow older.

Does it tell about fights and splendid Indians that went hunting asked Jack. Perhaps I should like to read it now. But Bessie said 'go on.'

There were some young ladies besides myself and we had a man to drive [with] two strong horses[.] It was a dreary drive enough. It was November weather and the day before had been rainy so the roads were frightfully bad and we had nearly a dozen miles to drive out through the forest, or what had been a forest before those awful prairie fires of 1871 had swept through it. It was the most dismal place I ever saw. The green ferns and bushes which had made it look less desolate in the summer, had all been killed by the frost. There were half-frozen pools of water everywhere and the charred and blackened trunks of the pine trees stood straight all around and it seemed to me as if the long miles never would come to an end and as if we never should come out of those forlorn woods and see the fields again. But by and by we heard a church bell ringing and soon after we saw the church itself still a mile or two off and the driver whipped up his horses and on we went in a hurry but were late, after all.

I was disappointed the settlement did not look at all as if Indians lived there. There were some comfortable looking farm houses and plenty of log cabins. And the church looked like any little country church.

Oh what a pity said Jack. I should have been so sorry!

There were horses fastened to the fence about the church and a great many dogs -- some standing in the church door with [them] and we left ours and went in.

I wish you had seen the congregation! If the houses had looked like ordinary houses their owners certainly did not look like ordinary people for they were such unmistakeable Indians that I thought at once of the braves in my picture books and half expected to be scalped and tomahawked on the spot. They seemed very peaceable and said their prayers devoutly. The church was filled all except the strangers pew.

What kind of a church was it said Bessie.

Episcopal said I, and it was so strange that the Sunday before I should have been at Grace church, in New York where everything is so beautiful and the people so elegantly dressed, and then one week afterward here I was at the Oneida Mission, myself and my friends and the clergyman the only white people in the congregation.

I was so sorry that I was just too late to hear them say the creed but I heard the responses of course and they sang two hymns in their own language. One was "My soul be on thy guard." They do not have all the usual Church service but a much shorter and simpler one. They seemed to know it all by heart, and their singing interested me more than anything. Their voices are so different from ours, and the tune sounded so familiar and the words so strange.

Do you remember any of the words said Jack.

Not one. I'm so sorry! They had some music. There was a melodeon or cabinet organ played by a young man who had been away to school or college and who looked very intelligent. When the sermon began the clergyman didn't preach in Indian but in English, and at the side of the desk close by the chancel rail was a place like a small old fashioned square pew where stood an old Indian who listened to the English sentence and then repeated it in his own language. He had a fine voice and a grave earnest manner and used many gestures, so it reminded me of

the speeches one reads of that used to be made round the old council fires.

Was it like the ones we have Sundays?  
asked Bessie.

Yes only shorter and very simple -- just such a sermon as would be preached to little children and they listened and behaved much better than we do.

But were they dressed just like other people said Jack. I suppose they wouldn't have feathers in their hair for church, anyway.

The men wore rough plain clothes like other men but the squaws were very droll. They had no bonnets on though some had felt hats and the rest wore gay colored cotton handkerchiefs folded once cornerwise and tied over their heads and under their chins. They had on very bright calico dresses and dazzling woolen shawls. They had dark complexions and very black eyes.

They looked heavy stupid and lazy but good-humored as if they never heard of going on the warpath or of burning peoples houses and murdering them in the night, or of carrying them off captive through the woods. They were not your favorite kind of red men Jack. I'm afraid you would have been disappointed.

After service was over we watched the people go away and laughed to see all the papooses ride off in triumph on their mothers' backs, rolled up comfortably in the bright shawls.

Oh you didn't tell me about the papooses, said Bessie eagerly. Were there papooses and did they come to church?

Why certainly said I, and they behaved well only sometimes they would be a little noisy but if they cried too loud the squaws would take them

out and walk about with them a while. One solemn baby sat in the next pew to me and stared hard at me with his little black eyes.

After the people had gone away, I found one of my friends was talking with the missionary who had just come out of the church. He had a sweet, kind face and I had a nice talk with him. He told me the Indians were perfect children but were well-behaved and [seemed] to do the best they could. They were very constant at church and were going to begin a new stone church for which they had been getting ready for a long time. They were lazy he said and would not work steadily and rarely saved any money for themselves. So when they grew ill and old they were pitiful enough.

The clergyman had lived there in that lonely place for twenty years. We went into his house which was very pleasant and he showed us bead work and deer skin moccasins some of them beautifully embroidered. Then we said good bye to him and came away.

It was so long a drive that we had brought a lunch in a basket and we ate this on the way home, and had a very merry time. We passed several [Oneida] families on their way home and they never walked side by side but in true Indian file children and all, and the papooses peeping out from the [shawls]. It was such a wonder to me that they didn't slip down to the ground.

Suppose we try with Tatters? There's Mamma's shawl in the hall said Jack, who is fond of experiments. But the little dog was nowhere to be found and his master came back to ask if there was any more of the story.

No there is not, said my friend his elder sister, who had come down stairs. But we are going for a walk and to see the sunset and you and Bessie may come with us if you like.

### **Jewett's notes**

On the last page of the manuscript, Jewett has written notes that may suggest revisions she was considering. The title appears twice on the page in what may be her handwriting, whereas the title that appears at the beginning of the manuscript may not be in her hand.

Tame Indians

Jack asks if I saw any --

If there were any some old wigwams

Tell him about the Indians being moved away from their old homes

Tame Indians

## Comparison of the "Tame Indians" Manuscript with the Text Published in *The Independent*

Glancing through this document makes immediately apparent that Jewett did a good deal of revising between this manuscript and publication. There must have been at least one other manuscript at one time.

### How to read this document.

There are no clear paragraph divisions in the manuscript, though it appears Jewett may have divided it with dash-like periods. To help with readability of this document, I have used the paragraphing of the *Independent* text.

Black text is the same in both the manuscript and *The Independent*.

~~Strike-outs in red~~ indicate manuscript text Jewett wrote and crossed out.

[ Bracketed black ] is the same in both, but was inserted in the manuscript.

[ Bracketed green ] appears in *The Independent* but not in the manuscript.

Red text appears in the manuscript but not in *The Independent*.

[ Bracketed red text ] was inserted in the manuscript, but does not appear in *The Independent*.

A blue question mark ( ? ) after any text indicates transcriber uncertainty about Jewett's hand-writing.

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~~Two little friends of mine were~~

I was visiting a friend of mine in Boston not long ago, and one ~~day~~ Sunday afternoon her younger brother and sister asked me to tell them a story[;]. ~~Now it is was very easy to say 'tell me a story'~~ but I [could not] couldn't think of any ~~but the stories ones they knew as well as I.~~ [, and proposed reading them one, instead.] ~~Can't you tell us about something that happened to you? said~~ asked Bessie, while Jack said no, don't ~~read~~ a story -- and then I puzzled myself awhile and finally said, Did I ever tell you about my going to an Indian church once out West? 'No?' Then ~~let us~~ we will [all] go and sit in the bay window and I will begin.

["Oh! no," said Bessie; "tell us about something that you did once. Didn't the cars ever run off the track when you were traveling?"

Or tell us about something you have seen. I like that kind of story best."

"So do I," said Jack. "I like to hear Indian stories, too."

"Why," said I, "I can tell you about some tame Indians I saw once. I went to an Indian church out West." So we all went to the bay window to sit together on a cozy little sofa, and I began. ]

["It was ~~out~~ in Wisconsin[,] about three hundred miles north of Chicago[.], ~~on the shore of Green Bay and I~~ [had been there a day or two and] had said once or twice ~~how much I liked~~ [how funny it seemed to me] to see [the] Indians\* walking about the streets[.], ~~when someone said wouldn't you like to go out to the Oneida settlement [to service some] Sunday? I was delighted you may be sure for the only~~



Indians [The only ones] I had ever seen [before] were the forlorn creatures [who live at watering-places in the summer and] **who sell baskets.** [make fancy baskets to sell to the summer visitors."]

["Yes," said Jack, "we used to go to see some at North Conway last summer. Don't you remember, Bessie?"]

And I had been reading a [interesting] book of Mr. ~~Park~~ Francis Parkmans which tells a great deal about the old Indian tribes. You must read it when you grow older.

["When you are older, Jack," said I, "if you are still fond of war stories, you must read Mr. Parkman's books. There is one called 'The History of the Jesuits in North America,' where you find a great deal about the old Indian tribes. I'm afraid you will not admire them quite so much as you do now -- they were so horribly cruel. Though I suppose in these days we only know the worst side of the story."]

["Does [that book] it tell about ~~the~~ fights and (~~real~~ ?) splendid Indians **that went** [who knew all about] hunting[?] **asked Jack.** [I think] **Perhaps** I should like to read it now. [," said Jack: while] **But** Bessie said: "Please] 'go on.'["]

["There were ~~the four girls~~ some [two] young ladies besides myself[,] **and we had a man to drive us[.] with [the] two strong horses**

[and we started as early as eight o'clock; for it was a hard, long drive, at any rate, and some one told us the road was unusually bad just then. It was a sudden start -- just at dusk the night before. I had rushed to the window to see a passer-by, and came back to where my friend was standing, saying 'He wasn't an Indian, after all,' when she said:

"What a pity you couldn't go out to 'the Mission' to church. You would see them there to your heart's content. But, for the life of me, I can't get up any enthusiasm. I think they are stupid, lazy creatures."

"She said this because I was so excited about them and had been asking her to look at every one I saw. Next morning was Sunday, and I was waked very early and hurried all the time I

was eating my breakfast, because we were really going to Oneida, and I was so glad. I can't tell you much about the drive, only that it was dreary and tiresome. There were no hills, but there were rough places enough in the road.]

~~for it was It was a dozen miles out (and ?) to Oneida and~~ It was a dreary drive enough. [It was] ~~It was early in~~ [November and the sky was gray.] **November [weather] and the [The] day** before had been rainy **so the roads were frightfully bad[,] and we had nearly a dozen miles to drive[,]out[most of it] through the forest, (unreadable strikeout) or what had been a forest before those awful prairie fires of 1871 had swept through it. [We were not many miles from Peshtigo. You remember hearing of the terrible fires there, don't you, at the time Chicago was burnt -- when whole villages were destroyed and ever so many lives lost?] It was the [most dismal] ~~loneliest~~ place I ever saw. [I think those woods were more dismal than any place I ever had been in before.] The green (unreadable change to green, greener?) [ferns] [and] + bushes [underbrush,] which **had made it look less desolate** [must have made it pleasanter] in the summer, [had] ~~were~~all [been] killed by the frost. [There were [[half-frozen]] pools of water] everywhere [in the low places,] and the charred [and](+ ?) blackened trunks of the pine trees **stood straight all around** [were standing everywhere as far as you could see, and black cinders and broken branches that had fallen were scattered over the ground. It] **and it** seemed [to me as if the long miles never would come to an end +] as if we never should come out of those forlorn woods **and see the fields again.** [to the end of that forlorn road and find houses and fields again.] But by and by we heard a [church] bell [church-bell] ringing **and soon after we (unreadable strikeout) saw the church itself still a mile or two off** [; and then the sun came out, and presently we saw the farms and the church itself, and there was the Mission at last, and we left the woods behind us. The] **and the** driver whipped up his horses[,] and on we went in a hurry[;] but [we still had some distance to go, and] were late, after all. ["]**

["What did the wigwams look like?" said Jack.

"There were no wigwams at all," said I; "only log cabins and small frame-houses. It looked almost like any other little Western settlement.] I

was [so] disappointed[, for it] the settlement did not look at all as if Indians lived there. There were some comfortable looking farm houses and plenty of log cabins. ~~But~~ and the [The] church looked [was] like any little country church.["]

["Oh[!] what a pity[,"] said Jack. [both the children.] I should have been so sorry! There were horses fastened to the fence about the church [+ a great many dogs -- some standing in the church door with (their? them?)] and we left ours and went in.

["But when we left the horses and went in -- oh! I wish you could have] I wish you had seen the congregation! If the houses had looked like ordinary houses[,] their owners certainly did not look like ordinary people for they were such unmistakeable Indians that I thought at once of the braves in my [. Their faces were just like the pictures of Indians in my old story-books, and I think I shouldn't have been much surprised if I had been] picture books and half expected to be scalped and [or] tomahawked on the spot. They seemed very [looked stupid and] peaceable and devout and said their prayers devoutly. [seemed very devout; and the] The church was well filled[,] all except the strangers["] pew.["]

["What kind of a church was it[?]"] said[asked] Bessie.

["Episcopal[,"] said I, ["and was it was so strange that the Sunday before I should have been ~~at church~~ at Grace church,\* in New York[,] where everything is so beautiful and the people so elegantly dressed, [such a contrast to these;] and then one week afterward here I was[, a thousand miles away,] at the Oneida Missions.[-] myself + [my] [, my] friends, +[and] the clergyman the only white people [to be seen] in the congregation. I was so sorry that I was just too late to hear them say the ~~creed and the~~ [Creed;] [but I heard] the responses of course [afterward,] and they sang two hymns in their own language. One was ["My soul be on thy guard."]\* ["Am I a Soldier of the Cross?"] They do not have all the usual Church service[:] but a much shorter and simpler one[, leaving out parts they could not understand. We had Prayer Books with the Indian on one side and the English on the other, and a few hymns translated at the end.] They seemed (unreadable two words stricken out -- very familiar?) [to] know it all [the hymns] by heart,

and their singing [was very good and] interested me more than anything. Their voices are so different from ours, and the\* tune [The tunes] sounded so familiar and the words so strange.["]

["Do you remember any of the words[?]"] asked said Jack.

["Not one. I'm so sorry! ["]\* ~~There~~ They had some music. There was a melodeon or cabinet organ played by a young man who had been away to school or college and who ~~was a~~ [looked] very intelligent. When the sermon began the clergyman didn't preach in Indian but in English, and at the side of the desk close by the chancel rail [The service was all in Indian, but the sermon was in English and there was an Indian interpreter. At the side of the pulpit, just inside the chancel-rail,] was a place like a small[, old-fashioned] old fashioned square pew[; and here] where stood an [a solemn] old Indian[,] who listened to the English sentence and then repeated it in ~~Indian~~ his own language. He had a fine[, deep] voice and a grave earnest manner[,] and used many gestures, so it [he] reminded me of [what I had read of] the speeches one reads of [that used to be made] round the old council fires. [the braves made around the council-fires."]

["Was it like the ones [sermons] we have Sundays [here]?"] asked Bessie.

["Yes[,] only shorter and very [much more] simple -- just such a sermon as would be preached to little children and they listened and behaved much better than we do. [I remember I liked it exceedingly."]

["How were they dressed?] But were they dressed just like other people said Jack. I suppose they wouldn't have feathers in their hair for church, anyway. [," said Jack.]

["Oh! no," said I. "] The men wore rough[, plainclothes,] plain clothes like other men[:] but the squaws were very droll[.] They had no bonnets[, on though ~~one or two~~ some had felt hats and the rest [I used to see them in the town, sometimes, with big felt hats. There at church they all] wore gay colored cotton[bright-colored] handkerchiefs[,] folded once cornerwise and tied over their heads and under their chins. (theire?) they had on very bright calico dresses

and dazzling woolen shawls.[They wore gay-colored calico and woolen dresses, and some of their shawls, which they used now instead of the old-time blankets, were fairly dazzling.] ~~Their faces were brown as berries and their eyes very black.~~ They had dark complexions + very black eyes.

[They all looked lazy and good-humored-- except a few of the older ones, whose eyes were like hawks -- and] They looked heavy stupid and + lazy and but good-humored as if they never heard of going on the warpath[war-path,] or of burning peoples [people's] houses and murdering them in the night [in their beds], or of carrying them off captive through the woods [in winter]. They were not your [favorite] kind of red men [Indians,] Jack. I'm afraid you would have been disappointed. [they would disappoint you. I think the Oneidas were always a peaceable tribe. This company that I saw at Duck Creek, as they call the settlement, are all that are left of the great tribe, and it was pitiful to think how they have been pushed further and further back from the sea and are being crowded out of the world.]

"But I'm ever so glad," said Bessie, energetically. "It makes me afraid even to read about Indians, and I think these are the nicest ones I ever heard of. I am glad there isn't room enough in the world for them. Wicked things!"

And I thought if we only would crowd the wicked thoughts from our hearts by putting better ones in it would be a capital plan, and then it flashed into my head that the Indians had been like weeds in the garden, which have to make room for the flowers always; but that the white people, some of them, have no right to the Indians' places, for they are no better than they were. And I was just going to say something about this to the children, when I happened to think how funny the Indian babies were.]

(unreadable strikeout) ["After service was over," said I, "] we watched the people go away[,] and laughed to see all the papooses\* [papooses] hoisted-on ride off in triumph [state] on their mothers' backs, [rolled up] [comfortably] [so cozily] in the bright shawls.["]

["Oh! do tell us some more about the papooses!" said Bessie, eagerly. "Had they been in church all the time?"]

Oh you didn't tell me about the papooses, said Bessie eagerly. Were there papooses and did they come to church?

["Why[,] certainly said I, and they behaved very well[;] only sometimes [one] they would be [a little] noisy and but if they cried very too loud the squaws would take them out and either whip or quiet them and walk about with them a while. [talk a little, and that would put it into the minds of the rest, who would follow, like chickens. Once in a while one cried a little; but they were evidently used to being in church. There was such a serious baby in the next pew to me, who stared hard at me nearly all the time with his little, round, black eyes.] One solemn baby sat in the next pew to me and stared hard at me with his little black eyes.

["After the people had [they had all] gone away, I found one of my friends was talking with the ~~rector~~ missionary who had just come out of the church. He had a sweet, kind face and I had a nice talk with him. He told me the Indians were perfect children and but were well-behaved + (seeming or seemed?) to do the best they could. They were ~~fond of church-going~~ very constant at church and were going to begin a new stone church for which they had been saving money getting ready for a long time. They were lazy he said and would not work steadily and never rarely had anything saved any money for themselves. So when they grew [ill +] old and sick they were pitiful [enough] and had to be taken care of. He The clergyman had lived there in that lonely place for twenty years. and the parish We went into his house which was very pleasant and he showed us bead work and deer\* skin moccasins some of them beautifully embroidered.

[we had a pleasant little talk with the missionary, who told us he had lived there twenty years, and that the people were going to build a new stone church soon. And he showed us bead-work and pretty moccasins that the squaws had worked, and told us how much they are like children, and that they rarely save money; so when they are ill and old they are very forlorn. They are superstitious and remember many of the strange old legends; and

I should like so much to have talked a great while longer, and to have asked him to tell me the legends and more about his parish. He had a sweet, kind face and seemed so fond of them and so proud of their progress since he came to live with them. The mission-house was very pleasant and he did not seem lonely.]

["]Then we said good bye to him and came away. [, and, as] ~~We had~~ It was so long a drive that we had brought a [our] lunch in a basket[,] and we ate this on the way home, and had [and we] had a very merry time. [eating it, and the sun was bright, and we were quite jolly going home.] We passed the [several] Oneidas [families] [several Oneida families,] on their way home ~~for the farms are widely scattered~~ and they never walked side by side[,] but in true Indian file ['Indian file,'] children and all, and the papooses[papooses] peeping out from the shawl [shawls]. It was such a wonder to me that they didn't slip down to the ground.["]

["]Suppose we try with Tatters? There's Mamma's shawl [carriage-shawl] in the hall[,] said Jack, who is very fond of experiments. [But] but the little dog was nowhere to be found[,] and his master came back to ask if there was any more of the story.

But ["]No[,] there is was not,["]for said my friend[,] his elder sister, [who had come down stairs][down-stairs]. ["]But we are going for a walk + [and] to see the sunset[,] + [and] you and Bessie may come with us [too,] if you like. ["]

## Notes

*Indians*: It appears Jewett wrote "indians" and changed it to "Indians."

*church*: In Jewett's handwriting, it is difficult to determine when she intends a capital C. This instance is not capitalized in the *Independent* text, but virtually all instances of the word "church" in the manuscript appear to be capitalized. I have elected to follow the *Independent* only because it represents conventional usage of the period.

*My soul be on thy guard*: Jewett appears to have left a blank for the name of the hymn and then filled it in later.

## My soul, be on thy guard George Heath, 1781

My soul, be on thy guard;  
ten thousand foes arise;  
the hosts of sin are pressing hard  
to draw thee from the skies.

O watch, and fight, and pray;  
the battle ne'er give o'er;  
renew it boldly every day,  
and help divine implore.

Never think the victory won,  
nor lay thine armor down;  
the work of faith will not be done,  
till thou obtain the crown.

Fight on, my soul, till death  
shall bring thee to thy God;  
he'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
to his divine abode.

*and the tune*: It appears Jewett changed "they" to "the."

*I'm so sorry!* ["]: This quotation mark appears neither in the manuscript nor in the *Independent*.

*papooses*: The *Independent* spells this word "pappoose" consistently, while the manuscript spells it "papoose."

*deer*: Jewett seems to have changed "dear" to "deer."