

as well as tradition, points to the conclusion that it has not been very long extinct.

The collection of minerals is arranged in the floor cases, and presents a rich exhibit of the principal forms.

One may tarry a long time in this hall with pleasure and profit. The large models of the State of New Hampshire, its geological features, etc., and of the great Western plains, should claim attention.

The figure of a trilobite on page 524 is one of numerous species found in New York State, and illustrates very well a singular extinct form, closely allied to the king-crab of the present day.

The crinoid which is represented on page 523 is one of myriads that cover the rocks

of certain geological formations in New York State as elsewhere; it is easily recognized as star-fish or echinoderm, though having a stalk which held it on the sea bottom. One of the very few of these forms existing at the present day is seen preserved in alcohol within the case devoted to the numerous species of crinoids.

Although we have sketched this collection very briefly, we have perhaps said enough to show that it is too valuable to be exposed to the risk of destruction. The labor of a quarter of a century on the part of its managers would not suffice to restore it, even if it were possible to duplicate all the specimens, many of which are not to be had for love nor money.

J. B. Holder.

AN ABORIGINAL PILGRIMAGE.

THE Zuñi Indians, of New Mexico and Arizona, are now a mere handful of people, but in their keeping is a wonderful history, which perpetuates an ancient cultus related to that of the Toltecs, the Aztecs, and the Incas. Mr. Frank H. Cushing, of the Smithsonian Institution, who by living among them has made a great gain for ethnological learning, will contribute to this magazine an account of his unique experiences. Our present purpose is to give an account of the remarkable pilgrimage of a number of the chief men of Zuñi to "the Ocean of Sunrise." For many years, it had been the dream of some of these men to visit the East, which was to them a land of fable. Tales of its marvels, incredible because inconceivable, from time to time had drifted to them. "The Apaches are bad, but they have been to Washington; the Navajos have been to Washington; all Indians have been to Washington but the still-sitting ones," said the Zuñis. The motives that prompted the expedition were various. On Mr. Cushing's part there was, first of all, the advancement of his work by strengthening the ties between the people and himself; and second, the good of the people by arousing them to a desire for education and advancement through what was to be seen in the East. With the Indian pilgrims the reasons were more complex. At their first council upon the subject, Nai-iu-tchi, the senior priest of the Order of the Bow, into which Mr. Cushing had been initiated the previous autumn, declared that whoever else was to be chosen he cer-

tainly must go; and he advanced what was agreed to be the most important of the reasons for undertaking the trip—namely, to bring back to Zuñi sacred water from "the Ocean of Sunrise" or "the Waters of the World of Day."

The primary reason for taking the "water that brings rain, and the water of the sacred medicine altar," as the Zuñis term it, from the Atlantic Ocean was the position of the latter with reference to the sun. Nai-iu-tchi promised Mr. Cushing entrance into the Order of the Kâ-kâ as a reward for the great service of conducting them to the ocean. Otherwise entrance could not have been obtained without marriage into the tribe. The Zuñis say that their gods brought them to a dry and sterile country for a home, but that their forefathers taught them the prayers and songs whereby that land might be blessed with rain. They therefore addressed their prayers to the spirits dwelling in the ocean, the home of all water, as the source from which their blessing came. They believe their prayers brought the clouds from the ocean, guided by the spirits of their ancestors, and the clouds gave the rain. These prayers could not be efficacious, however, without the help of a drop of ocean water to start them aright.

The Zuñis have had a knowledge of the oceans from time immemorial, and, besides the Atlantic and the "Ocean of Hot Water" (the Gulf of Mexico), they speak of the "Ocean of Sunset" and the "Ocean of the Place of Everlasting Snow," and they include

all four under the name of "The waters embracing the world." When asked how it was that they knew all about the ocean, one of them said to the writer: "Farther back than a long time ago, our fathers told their children about the ocean of sunrise. We ourselves did not know it. We had not seen it. We knew it in the prayers they had taught us, and by the things they had handed down to us, and which came from its waters."

At the council, when Nai-iu-tchi was told that he had been chosen to go, he repeated the ancient Zuñi tradition of the people that had gone to the eastward in the days when all mankind was one, and said that now "Our Lost Others," as they were called, might be coming back to meet them in the shape of the Americans. The councils now were filled with talk about the Americans, and all the traditions, reports, and rumors ever heard about them were repeated over and over again. Among these was one of the first accounts that had ever been brought to Zuñi concerning us, and it ran thus: "A strange and unknown people are the Americans, and in a far-off and unknown land live they. Thus said Our Old Ones. It is said that they are white, with short hair, and that they touch not their food with their fingers, but eat with fingers and knives of iron, and talk much while eating." At last it was decided who were to form the party. Ki-ä-si or Ki-ä-si-wa, the junior priest of the Order of the Bow, was to accompany his colleague; but only after protracted discussion, for it was firmly believed that, should these two priests by any accident not be back in time for the important ceremonies of the summer solstice, some great catastrophe would befall the entire nation. The other Zuñis chosen for the party were Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa, the governor, or political head-chief of Zuñi, and Mr. Cushing's brother by adoption; Lai-iu-ai-tsai-lu, or Pedro Pino, as he is commonly known, the father of Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa, and formerly governor of Zuñi for thirty years, now a wrinkled old man of between eighty and ninety years; Lai-iu-ah-tsai-lun-k'ia, the priest of the temple and Mr. Cushing's father by adoption; and, finally, Na-na-he, a Moqui who had been adopted into the nation by marriage, a youthful-looking man of thirty-five years, and a member of the Order of the Lesser Fire.

At last the day for departure came, February 22, 1882. Before the Governor's house out-door services were held for the entire population, and the pilgrims were prayed over by the assembled priesthood within. With each there were the parting formalities of an embrace, heart to heart, hand in hand, and

breath to breath. Just before the start, Nai-iu-tchi ascended to the house-top and blessed the multitude in a loud voice. The first night they encamped at the piñon-covered foothills beyond the summer *pueblo* of Las Nutrias. They arrived at Fort Wingate the next afternoon. In the evening Mr. Cushing exchanged the picturesque Zuñi costume, which had been his garb for nearly three years, for the dress of civilization. The question of his wearing "American clothes" on the trip had been a serious one with the Zuñis, and it was a subject of many deliberations. Assent was given only on the representation that it would displease his brothers the Americans should he not do it, their feeling for conventionality in dress being as strong as that of the Zuñis. This motive was one that appealed to them forcibly and was readily understood.

When they arrived at the railway station the next morning, they stood close beside the track as the locomotive came up, and though three of them, Pedro Piño, Ki-ä-si, and Na-na-he, had never seen a locomotive, they never flinched. As they settled into their seats in the passenger-coach they breathed a long sigh of gratitude, followed by their exclamation of thanksgiving, "*E-lah kwa!*" When the train started they raised the window-sash and prayed aloud, each scattering a pinch of their prayer-meal, composed of corn-meal with an admixture of finely ground precious sea-shells, which they always carried with them in little bags.

During the afternoon they passed the *pueblo* of Laguna, at the sight of which they marveled greatly, saying: "Can it be that the sun has stood still in the heavens? For here in these few hours we have come to a place to reach which it used to take us three days upon our fleetest ponies!" And when at sundown they passed the *pueblo* of Isleta on the Rio Grande, their wonder was greater still. For the next three days they kept pretty closely on board the train, taking their meals in the baggage-car. They had brought with them great quantities of Zuñi food, for fear that they might not like the American diet. It proved afterward that they liked many articles of our *cuisine*, but the variety was too much for them. They thought that the Americans ate too many things and "dared their insides." One of them said one day:

"My inside is not only filled with food, but also with much fighting."

On the second day of the journey, the chief engineer of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, who was on the train, wanted Mr. Cushing to take one of the Indians on the locomotive. Nai-iu-tchi, who was always



FRANK H. CUSHING.

ready for anything, was selected. He stood unmoved while the whistle was blown at its shrillest, and regarding reverently the action of the locomotive, he exclaimed :

"The Americans are gods, only they have to eat material food !"

They were deeply interested in the farms that lined the railroad and wondered at their great number, and were struck by the increasing number and size of the rivers as they proceeded eastward, greeting every new body of water with prayers. One day on the train they talked incessantly about their leader, both to him and among themselves. the burden of their talk was what a great man Té-na-tsa-li was ; everything had turned out as he had said it would be, and they begged his pardon that they had not fully believed

him in Zuñi, not deeming it possible that such wonders as he had described could exist. It showed that the Americans were truthful people, they said, and not liars like the Navajos.

At Quincy there was a long wait for the connecting train of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, and the conductor who had come with them from Kansas City invited the party to come up into the square with him. This was the first American city into which they had been, and they looked excitedly from one thing to another, each seeing something different and all talking at once, like pleased children.

At the hotel in Chicago they essayed their first meal in American fashion, making laughable attempts with their knives and forks, which the most of them used for the first time. But they were determined to do as the Americans did while in their land, and to honor their customs. At the water-tower in Chicago they were awe-struck in the presence of the mighty engine, and became vexed with Mr. Cushing because he prevented them from touching it, as they wished to, in every part, even where the action was most swift and powerful, with the thought thus to absorb its influence. "What if it should hurt us? It would nevertheless be all right, and just about as it should be!" said they, with their strange fatalism. They prayed before the engine, but not to it, as might have been supposed by some ; their prayers were addressed to the god through whom the construction of such a mighty work was made possible.

Chicago-Quin, as they termed it, they called a city of *pueblos*. They said their hotel was a *pueblo* in itself, and they wondered if each of the large blocks of buildings was the dwelling-place of a separate clan of Chicagoans.

Driving through one of the parks they saw two sea-lions, or walruses, which were kept there. Recognizing that they were ocean animals they almost broke their drivers' arms in their impetuous haste to stop the carriages. They ran up to the animals, exclaiming: "At last, after long waiting, we greet ye, O our fathers!" considering them as "animal gods of the ocean," and began praying most fervently, first forcing a portion of prayer-meal into Té-na-tsa-li's hand. When they came in sight of the lake they could hardly be made to believe that it was not the ocean, and, until convinced that it was fresh water, they wanted to make their sacrifices and perform their ceremonies.

It was night when they arrived in Wash-



ZUÑI AUTOGRAPH OF F. H. CUSHING. TÉ-NA-TSA-LI OR MEDICINE FLOWER, WAR CHIEF, ORDER OF THE BOW.

ington, and when told that they were there at last they repeatedly stretched their hands out into the evening air, drawing them to their lips and inhaling, thus absorbing the sacred influence of the place. Arrived at the hotel Mr. Cushing broached to his companions the subject of cutting his hair, which was eighteen inches long, and which was making him unpleasantly conspicuous. His *caciques* desired it, he said, and it would gratify his brothers the Americans, and show them that the Zuñis were considerate of their wishes. The Zuñis could not see how it was that the Americans objected to long hair, which was the crowning glory of a man. They were slow in consenting, and could only be made to at last by the promise from Mr. Cushing that he would have it made up, so that he could wear it beneath his head-band when back at Zuñi, "for," said they, "no one could become a member of the Ká-ká without long hair."

The Zuñis were highly gratified at their reception by President Arthur. Old Pedro Pino was moved to tears at thus "grasp-

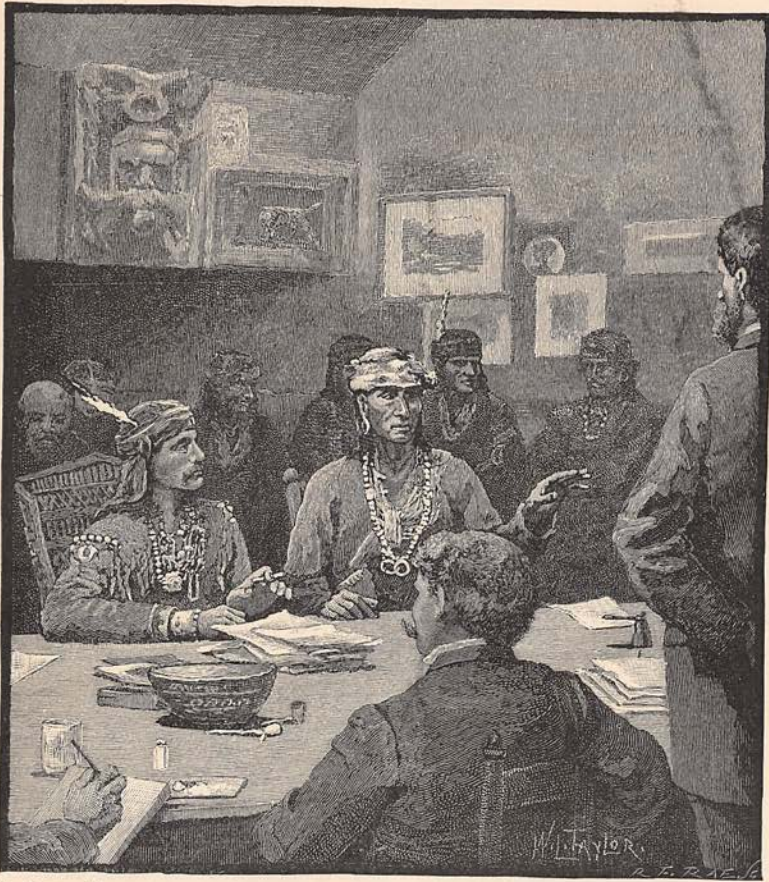


PEDRO PINO. LA-I-U-AH-TSAL-LA. FORMERLY GOVERNOR OF ZUÑI FOR THIRTY YEARS.



PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF NAI-IU-TCHI, SENIOR PRIEST, ORDER OF THE BOW, CLAN OF THE EAGLES. SUN AND RATTLESNAKE, EMBLEMS OF HIS ORDERS.

ing the hand of Washington," which was the crowning event of his life, but his emotion was not so great as at the tomb of Washington, where he wept uncontrollably. The name of Washington was to him connected with the old army officers for whom he had such an affection years before. The old man took a severe chill on the steam-boat going down the Potomac. In his gallantry he refused to leave some ladies who were on deck, and the raw March air was too much for him. But he insisted that at the tomb of Washington, "while he was engaged in prayer, his heart wept until his thoughts decayed," and that was why he was made sick. He was too feeble to undertake the trip to Boston, and he was therefore left at the home of one of the stanchest friends of the Zuñis, Mr. James Stevenson, Mr. Cushing's colleague at the Bureau of Ethnology, and one of the bravest Rocky Mountain explorers of the Geological Survey. It was with Mr. Stevenson's expedition in 1879 that Mr. Cushing went to Zuñi. With Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson old Pedro quickly adapted himself to civilized ways, and even insisted on using a finger-bowl at the table. The old man's iron will was wonderful. One day, after the return of the others from Boston, his son, the Governor, took a notion while strolling out to climb the Washington Monument. He said that he went "up and up and up until his thighs said no," and his semi-humorous account of what he saw from the summit—"no longer the powerful Americans, but little men like ants creeping around on the



THE ZUÑI'S "STORY." TOLD BY NAI-IU-TCHI AND TRANSLATED BY MR. CUSHING AT THE PAINT-AND-CLAY CLUB.

ground below, and horses no larger than mice, and instead of the great Potomac, a little stream hardly larger than the Zuñi River,"—all this so excited the curiosity of the old fellow that the next day he went quietly out and made the climb himself. It exhausted him so that he could scarcely move, but he was all right again in twenty-four hours.

The ocean ceremony was to be performed at Boston on account of the desire of the Zuñis to get the water as far to the eastward as possible, and because of the interest felt in Mr. Cushing's work by his scientific friends there and in Cambridge. The journey through New England was by daylight, and there were so many streams to pass that before the Indians could put away their bags of prayer-meal they would be required again. Praying was therefore almost incessant.

Their first social experience was at the Paint-and-Clay Club, which thus reciprocated the hospitality shown two of its members at Zuñi the previous summer. It was a most picturesque evening, and the scene was one

to delight both civilized and barbarous eyes. The ruddy walls glowed a cheery welcome, and two great high-reliefs upon them—the heads of an Indian and a Norseman, typical of the original possessors and discoverers of our soil—looked approvingly down. The Indians peered curiously about, exploring all nooks and corners, and when they saw the terra-cotta model of one of Barye's tigers, they formed a reverent group and prayed. The striking faces and brilliant native costumes of the Indians, almost wholly of articles made by themselves—beautifully woven serape shirts, deer-skin knee-breeches, and leggings adorned with rows of close-set silver buttons, moccasins and massive silver belts, necklaces of shell, coral, and turquoise—captivated the artists' eyes, and sketch-books and pencils were in use all the evening. The Governor, with his strong profile, was particularly in favor as a subject.

During their stay a thronged reception was held in the historic "Old South" Meeting-house, and Mr. Cushing told about Zuñi



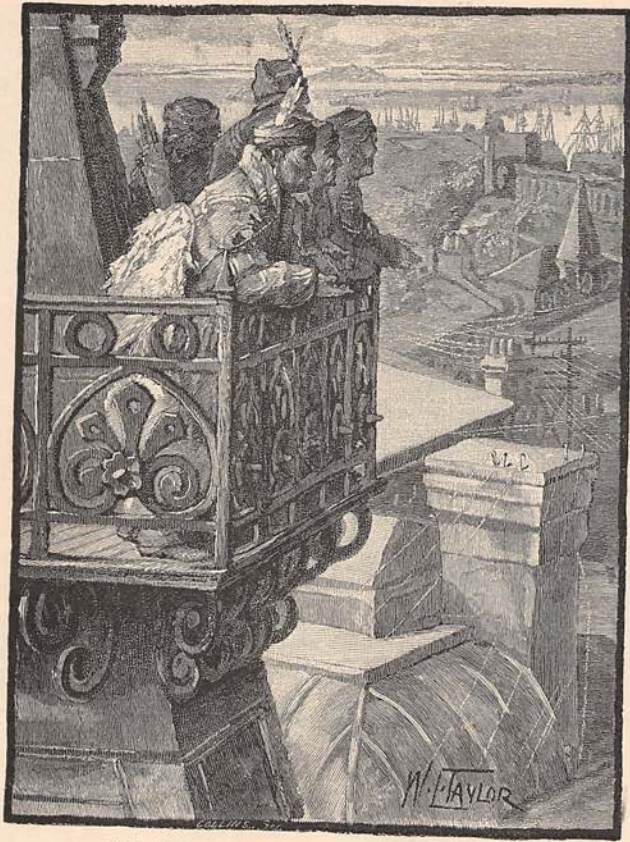
THE "SONG." ZUÑIS AT PAINT-AND-CLAY CLUB.

customs, history, and mythology, while the Indians sang and danced. In one of the folk-lore stories he related there was a passage showing what seems to be an inherent knowledge of one of the great facts of the geological history of their country. It was a story of a young man who followed the spirit of his dead bride. He pursued her over the plains and mountains until he came to a cañon between two mesas, or table-lands. Now, *since the spirit of the earth was there*, the spirit crossed over, but the young man, being mortal, could not pass. Science tells us that the top of the mesas was the ancient level of the country, which has been reduced by the action of the elements, and this the Zuñis also appear to know. All stories seemed to show the intrinsic gentleness of the Zuñi faith, marked though it was by certain cruel and barbarous practices. A cardinal principle appeared to be that even evil things will ultimately become good, their very badness being an instrument to the attainment of that end.

One evening was spent at Wellesley College, with which the Indians were greatly pleased. "E-lu!" (enchantly beautiful) was their constant exclamation. "What love must the Americans bear their children to send them so far away from home that they may become finished people!" they remarked, and they



PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF KI-A-SI, JUNIOR PRIEST, ORDER OF THE BOW, CLAN OF THE BADGERS.



THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE ATLANTIC, AT BOSTON.

dwelt on the beauty of the place and its surroundings, of the hundreds of pretty things there, of their "little land of summer" (the conservatory), and when the time for the train came they could hardly be dragged away.

They were taken to see the negro minstrels one night by invitation of Mayor Green, who took a deep interest in Mr. Cushing's work. At first they were enthusiastic over the clog-dancing and various other feats, and expressed themselves in peculiar shrill cries of approbation. But suddenly they became silent, for they conceived the idea that they were witnessing the mysterious rites of one of the secret orders of America, and they therefore repeatedly stretched out their arms to draw in the spirit of the "holy men" upon the stage.

A memorable day was spent at Harvard University. A visit to the Peabody Museum of Archæology resulted in the discovery by Mr. Cushing of a close relation between the religion of the Incas of Peru and that of the Zuñis. That afternoon there was an athletic tournament by the Harvard students in the gymnasium, at which the Indians were fairly beside themselves with delight at the per-

formances. They maintained that the students must be members of a grand "order of the Elks," an athletic order of the Zuñis, since to achieve such skill they must surely be inspired by the gods.

After a short acquaintance the marked individuality of each Indian was noticeable. The Governor's grave face would occasionally light up with an expressive smile, betraying a decided feeling for humor. Nai-iu-tchi had a genial, contemplative look, a kindly placidity of countenance, and he was full of poetry, telling folk-lore stories charmingly. Ki-ä-si was of a stern, ascetic nature. Old Lai-iu-ah-tsai-lun-k'ia was characterized by extreme amiability and reflectiveness, and the striking resemblance of his profile to that of Dante was frequently spoken of. Na-na-he was a great favorite with the ladies.

They had a way of giving names to people with whom they were often in contact. A reporter who was constantly with them they called O-ma-tsa-pa, the Little Sunflower, which with them is an emblem of smiling cheerfulness. Three of Mr. Cushing's friends, of whom they saw a good deal, were adopted

formally, two by Nai-iu-tchi, and one by Lai-iu-ah-tsai-lun-k'ia. The names given them were K'ia-u-lo-ki (the Great Swallow), O-nok-thli-k'ia (the Great Dance Plume), and Thli-a-kwa (the Blue Medicine Stone, or Turquoise), all names of great honor, being those of sacred objects. The following was the prayer said by Nai-iu-tchi on the adoption of the last :

"My child! this day I take you in my arms and clasp you strongly, and if it be well, then our father

their wonder when a Japanese representation of one was straightway produced.

They had been told of the persecution of the witches at Salem, and as witchcraft is a capital crime in Zuñi, they heartily commended the work, and said that it was on account of the energetic steps taken in those times that the Americans were prosperous to-day, and rid of the curse of witchery. At the public reception held for them in Salem, when told they were in the famous city of the witches,



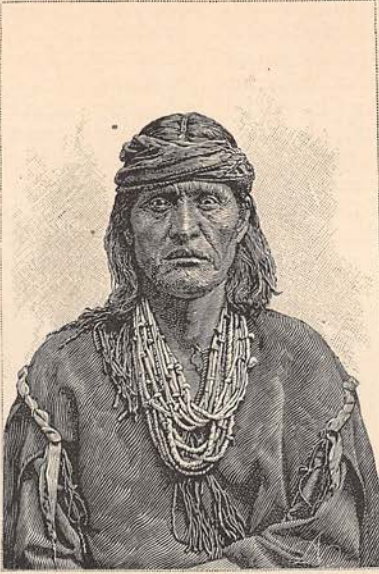
THE RECEPTION AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

the sun will, in his road over the world, rise, reach his zenith, hold himself firmly, and smile upon you and me that our roads of life may be finished. Hence I grasp you by the hand with the hands and hearts of the gods. I add to thy wind of life, that our roads of life may be finished together. My child, may the light of the gods meet you! My child, *Thli-a-kwa.*"

They visited Salem on the invitation of Professor E. S. Morse, and inspected his collection of Japanese articles. For Japanese art they had conceived a great veneration, saying that in one respect another people excelled the Americans—the art of making things beautiful to the eye. They here found many astonishing similarities to objects of their own mythology; among them the Great Swallow of the Sky, and their sacred turtles. The latter led them to mention a particularly revered mythological animal with them—the turtle with hair on his back; and great was

they fell into an animated discussion of the matter among themselves there on the platform. Ki-ä-si, when invited to address the audience, preached a little sermon on witchcraft, which would have pleased old Cotton Mather himself. He thanked the good people of Salem for the service they had done the world, and gave them some advice how to deal with witchcraft should it ever trouble them again. "Be the witches or wizards your dearest relatives or friends, consider not your own hearts," said he, "but remember your duty and spare them not; put them to death!"

They had been in Boston several days, and had not yet seen the ocean. One morning they were taken up into the tower of a lofty building. They stretched out their arms in adoration, and scattered their sacred meal. When the silence was broken, old Nai-iu-tchi



PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF PA-LO-WAH-TI-WA, GOVERNOR OF ZUÑI, OR HEAD POLITICAL CHIEF. CLAN OF THE MACAWS.

exclaimed: "It is all as Our Old Ones said, and as I knew I should find it. The blue-black line out there is the ocean, and the marks of white are the foam it throws up when it is angry." They looked over the sea of buildings spreading out uninterruptedly, far beyond the city limits, and said: "See, on one side the ocean; on the other a world of houses—the great *pueblo* of Boston!"

After a week of sight-seeing, the day set for the rites at the sea-side arrived. It had been a week of chilly March weather, with rain and gray skies, fog, sleet, and few hours of sunshine, so that the Zuñis gave Boston the name of "the City of Perpetual Mists." It was, however, a fortunate city in their eyes to be blessed with so much moisture. In the afternoon, a special steamer took on board a company invited by the mayor and started for Deer Island. The Indians were given seats in the large pilot-house. As the boat sped out into the harbor the Indians fell at once to praying, and did not look up until the boat had nearly reached Deer Island.

Here a tent had been provided, and in this the Indians and Mr. Cushing costumed themselves for the ceremonial in accordance with their sacred ranks in the various orders of the

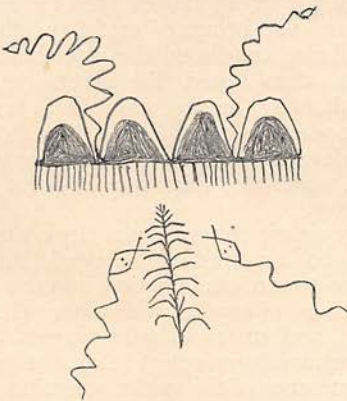
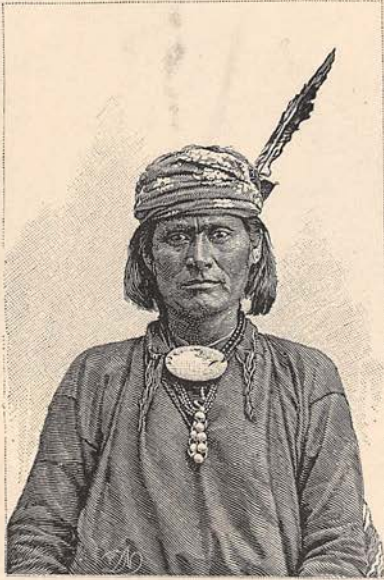
tribe. Nai-iu-tchi, the senior priest of the Bow and traditional priest of the Temple, was distinguished by a small bunch of feathers tied to his hair, over the crown of the head, composed like those of the plume-sticks sacrificed at the summer solstice, with added plumes to the gods of the ocean, or priest-god makers of the "roads of life." He—with the other three members of the Order of the Bow, Ki-ä-si, Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa, and Mr. Cushing—was distinguished by bands and spots of a kind of plumbago filled with shining particles upon the face—the war-paint of the Zuñis, and probably representing the twinkling stars, which are the gods of war. Lai-iu-ah-tsai-lun-k'ia wore a plume like Nai-iu-tchi's, with an added white plume as medicine priest of the Order of the Little Fire. His only paint was a faint streak of yellow, the color of the Kâ-kâ. Ki-ä-si wore upon his war-bonnet his plume of membership in the Order of the Bow, and an eagle-feather as a member of the Order of Coyotes or Hunters. All the members of the Bow wore across their shoulders their buckskin badges of rank, and the two priests



PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF LAI-IU-AH-TSAI-LUN-K'IA, PRIEST OF THE TEMPLE, OR MEDICINE CACIQUE. CLAN OF THE PARROTS.

of the order carried war-clubs, bows, quivers, and emblematic shields. Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa wore a red eagle plume, the mark of his rank as chief warrior of the Little Fire Order. Na-nah-e wore also a red plume and white eagle

plume, indicating his rank in the Little Fire and Rattlesnake Orders, and for the same reason was painted with red about the eyes, with yellow of the Kâ-kâ beneath. After the arrangement of their paraphernalia they were faced to the east, and Nai-iu-tchi blew over them the sacred medicine-powder of the flowers (yellow pollen), designed not only to insure good feeling from the gods, but also to make the hearts of all strangers present happy toward themselves.



PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF NA-NA-HE, OR CORNFLOWER.
MOQUI, MEMBER OF LITTLE FIRE ORDER IN ZUÑI,
RATTLESNAKE ORDER IN MOQUI.

Each member took in his left hand the plume-sticks of his order, while the plumes of special sacrifice to the deities of the ocean, as well as the sacred-cane cigarettes prepared and consecrated in Zuñi by the Priest of the Sun, were placed in a sacred basket brought for the purpose. Nai-iu-tchi, who headed the

party, carried the ancient net-covered and fringed gourd which had held the water for centuries and was the vessel to be first filled; Lai-iu-ah-tsai-lun-k'ia followed with the basket and two vases of spar; Ki-ä-si and Mr. Cushing came next, each with one of the sacred "whizzers" without which no solemn ceremonial would be complete in the presence of the gods. Last came Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa and Na-na-he. Proceeding at once to the beach, Nai-iu-tchi silently directed the rest to a stony point off to the left, which he deemed preferable to the sandy shore for two reasons: because it entered farther east into the ocean, and because stony points and wild places are considered more frequented by the animal gods, and more acceptable places for the sacrifice of plumes. Sacred meal was there scattered about to form the consecrated bed of the ceremonials, and all squatted in regular order, facing the east and the open sea. Each member grasped in both hands his plumes and began moving them up and down as though to keep time with the song which followed, which was low, plaintive, and filled with expressions of praise and entreaty to the gods of the ocean. At four intervals during the singing of each stanza sacred meal was scattered out over the waves. This song-prayer, or chant, was, like most music of the Zuñis, in perfect unison. With every incoming wave the tide rose higher and higher, soon covering their feet, and at last the rocks upon which they were sitting. Being ignorant of the tidal laws, they recognized in the tide the coming of the beloved gods of the ocean to greet them in token of pleasure at their work. As Mr. Cushing shrank back, they said: "Little brother, be prepared and firm; why should you fear our beloved mother?—for that it should be thus we came over the road unto the land of sunrise. What though the waves swallow us up? They would embrace us, not in anger, but in gratitude for our trust, and who would hesitate to have his light of life cut off by the beloved?" At the close of their song, and urged by Mr. Cushing, the Indians reluctantly moved back to the sandy beach. Here a double row was formed not far from the water, the sacred cigarettes were lit by the two high priests, and after puffs to the six points of the universe—North, West, South, East, and the upper and lower regions—they were handed around. After the saying of a prayer by each, according to rank in the religious orders, the plumed prayer-sticks were invested with the influence of prayer by breathing smoke from the cigarette deeply into the lungs, and then blowing it out among the feathers. These were then taken up, and cast upon the waters.



BURYING THE SACRED PLUME-STICKS IN THE OCEAN.

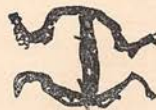
The vessels were then grasped by Nai-iu-tchi and Lai-iu-ah-tsai-lun-k'ia, who, with bared legs and feet, waded into the sea and poured upon its surface the "meal of all foods," brought for the purpose from Zuñi. Then, first sprinkling water to the six regions and upon the assembled multitude, they dipped the sacred vessels full, and, while they were standing knee-deep engaged in prayer, Ki-a-si and Mr. Cushing advanced, dipping the points of their whizzers into the water, and followed them in prayer. The two priests started up out of the water, and the latter began, the one to the left and the other to the right, to whirl their whizzers, and followed the four others toward the tent. Inside, they formed in a row and sang a song celebrating the acquisition of the waters—a strange chant, which, from its regularity and form, Mr. Cushing considered traditional, yet which he had never before heard of. At the close of each stanza was the refrain:

"Over the road to the middle of the world [Zuñi] thou wiltst go!"

On each repetition of this their hands were stretched far out toward the west, and sacred meal was scattered still farther in that direction. A prayer in which consideration was asked for the children of the Zuñis, of the Americans, and of all men, of the beasts and birds of the world, and of even the creeping and most vile beings of earth, and the most insignificant, concluded the ceremonial. The Indians then seized the seven demijohns given them by the city, which, with their patent wooden covering, looked like models of grain-elevators, and took them down to the beach, where they filled them without farther ceremony.

Before their return to the city a rite unexpected to Mr. Cushing followed, being the first step toward his initiation into the Kâ-kâ. It consisted of baptism with water taken from the sea, and embraces, with prayers. It was the ceremonial of adoption before the gods and in the presence of the spirits, preliminary to introduction into any of the orders of the Zuñis.

Sylvester Baxter.



NATIONAL SEAL OF THE ZUÑIS.