

REPORT ON THE MOQUI PUEBLOS OF ARIZONA.

BY JULIAN SCOTT, SPECIAL AGENT.

Acting under instructions of September 28, 1890, I have the honor to report my journey to the Spanish or ancient "Province of Tusayan", in the northeastern part of Arizona, and the observations made there among the Moqui Pueblo Indians from Tewa to Oraibi, 7 towns in number. At Fort Wingate, in New Mexico, I met Brigadier General A. D. McCook, Commissioner of Indian Affairs T. J. Morgan, and Mrs. Morgan, and receiving an invitation to accompany them to the Moqui country I gladly accepted, leaving the Zuni end of my New Mexico pueblo work until later. The party consisted of General McCook, Commissioner Morgan, Mrs. Morgan, Chaplain Tully, Lieutenants Baker and Persing, myself, and a small escort of cavalry, with such stores and camp equipage as were necessary for the expedition. We left Fort Wingate Monday, October 27, 1890, and were 5 days making the journey. Our route lay through the Navajo reservation, a country fascinating in beauty and with rocks and mountains almost appalling in Titanic grandeur. Following down the Rio Puerco, and leaving to our right the high sandstone bluffs, capped by the "Navajo church", so well known to tourists traveling over the Atlantic and Pacific railroad, we reached the growing town of Gallup after 12 miles ride. Passing through that village and crossing the Puerco, we began to climb the foothills of the Navajo mountains, and camped that night at Rock Spring, a small trading post, where we first met Navajo Indians living in tribal relation.

The second day brought us to old Fort Defiance, which was originally a military post, but is now the Navajo and Moqui agency, a desolate looking place, situated at the mouth of the Cañon Boneto, and surrounded by barren, rocky hills. It has 2 large school buildings of stone, a few dwellings of wood, and some old sheds of adobe, which were the former barracks. General McCook and I walked through the cañon, passing between walls which rose to great height. He showed me where the Navajos had rolled huge rocks down from their tops in order to stampede the baggage train of General Casey when he passed through there years ago, and where also "Kit" Carson met with a similar reception during one of his campaigns in the country. "In those days", the general said, "6 wagons could pass abreast through the length of the cañon". To-day one could not do so, as there is but a horse trail. A heavy cloudburst a few years ago broke through the hard soil and drift, making the deep chasm, or arroyo, still deeper by some 30 or 40 feet and so wide as to almost reach the walls of rock. Mr. Adams, the Indian trader at old Fort Defiance, showed us some specimens of broken pottery which he found while developing a coal vein at Oleo, on the San Juan river, 140 miles northeast of the fort. They were discovered 15 feet below the surface in solid sandstone and about 6 inches above a coal vein, and had become welded together through the process of infiltration.

Leaving Fort Defiance, our route led over the great Navajo plateau to Ganado, or Cottons, a trading post situated on the Pueblo Colorado wash, and near by an old ruin, known as Ganado, which name is given to the post office there. Mr. Cotton, the trader and postmaster, is a young man of pluck. He has built a store, a fine one, of stone on land taken up under the homestead act before that part of the country was added to the Navajo reservation. The constructors of the building were 2 old soldiers (pensioners), John Bohn and Jack Tobin, the helpers being Navajos.

After the following day's march we pitched camp near Eagle Crag over a "divide" and close to a small, muddy lake and the hogan of a Navajo. Eagle Crag is a remarkable looking butte of a pale yellow sandstone. Near to it, and equally high, is a smaller one, which resembles a cube. They stand isolated, far from the mesa walls of the surrounding country. The Navajo plateau is covered with a great forest of pines which are exceedingly tall and large, some of them 5 and 6 feet in diameter. It contains beautiful glades and long, level stretches covered with an abundance of wild grasses, which would make excellent grazing for cattle. We were several hours going through the forest, though its surface was very level and the road good.

The next morning we came in sight of the San Francisco mountains, and their white peaks remained in view until we reached Keams Cañon. From Eagle Crag, over, there is a great deal of small timber, piñon, cedar, and juniper trees huddled together here and there in large and small groups or spread out into diminutive forests, filling the air with balsamic odors. Entering the cañon from the mesa, or table-land, the descent is gradual, the walls growing higher and higher as we made our way down to the lower and still lower levels. 2 miles below we came to the Moqui school, which consists of 3 groups of buildings, the first of which, where we stayed for a few minutes, proved to be the schoolhouse, the residence of the superintendent, Mr. R. P. Collins, and some smaller buildings. Mrs. Collins was found earnestly at work teaching 25 or more Moqui children, boys and girls.

Passing on down to the lower groups we came to the administration building (which is also the storehouse), barns, stables, wagon sheds, dormitories, kitchen and dining hall, laundry, carpenter and blacksmith shops, etc.

Leaving Commissioner Morgan and Mrs. Morgan here, we proceeded down the cañon to the residence of Mr. Thomas V. Keam, known as the Tusayan trading post in Keams Cañon. About here daily collect groups of Indians from various tribes, trading posts, near and far, Navajo, Moqui, and the Oraibi generally, Cojonina, Zuni, and Laguna occasionally, from the plateaus of the north, mesas of the west, and butte country in the south. They come afoot, horseback, on burros, and on mules, bringing with them hides, blankets, baskets, pottery, dried peaches, melons of all kinds, gourds, pumpkins, beans, and corn for barter and trade; others come for social purposes, gossip and news, to meet old friends, to engage in popular sports, horse and foot racing, and in games of chance, like monte and koon kam. Men, women, and even children engage in these pastimes, and, what is quite remarkable, I never saw any quarreling among them, and their tempers were often put to severe tests. The dissimilarity in costume of these various tribes is not easily noticeable till after long observation; while generally similar, they are quite unlike in detail; for instance, while all the men and boys wear red scarfs, 2 or 3 inches wide, around their heads, tied in a simple knot at the side, the Navajos gather all their hair at the back and tie it in a vertical bow of 2 loops, low at the neck; all the others gather only their back hair into a similar knot, with the front parted, or in bangs above the eyes, the side locks hanging loosely over the ears and cheeks down to the shoulders. The Navajos seldom wear head covering, except when necessary, and then the blanket is drawn over like a hood. The Indians of all these tribes, viz, Navajos, Moquis, and Pueblos, wear variously colored, tightly fitting calico shirts, loose trousers of the same material or cotton, falling just below the knee, and slit on the outer sides from the bottom, about 6 inches upward, forming flaps, through the openings of which the knees are seen, and leggings of buckskin, reaching up to just below the knee, overlapped and held in place by broad, gay colored, and fringed garters, woven by the Moquis and Navajos, tied above the calf in a bow or square knot, according to fancy, the lower part of the leggings falling loosely over the moccasins. The moccasins are of plain buck or cow skin, either of a natural color or dyed black or brick red; the vamp reaches to the ankle, the quarters or sides extend a little higher and pass across the front; the button fly folds over the outer quarter and fastens just above the heel. Added to this description of their attire, I must mention the blankets, which are of various designs and colors, of Navajo, Moqui, American, and Mexican manufacture; they form not only an indispensable part of the Indians' wardrobe, but also serve as their bed covering at night or day, whatever time they take for sleep. The blanket is generally wrapped about them its full length, covering the head and falling below the knees, and is girdled about the waist by a cartridge belt, or by the more ornamental and expensive belt made by the Navajo silversmith. When not used for shoulder or head covering, the upper part is allowed to fall and form a double skirt, which falls gracefully about the legs. These Indians wear beads of every kind, homemade, and principally of shell, turquoise, and silver. Some of them are held in high esteem, arising from the belief that those of shell are made by an "old woman who lives in the west by the great waters". The commercial value of the shell beads is gauged according to their thinness and to a special pink color or tint they possess. The value of the turquoise beads is gauged by the delicacy and purity of their blue shade, while that of the silver beads, including all other silver ornaments, is determined by weight. (a) The ornaments made of these beads consist of necklaces, earrings, and bracelets. Other ornaments, beautifully engraved, such as buckles, belts, buttons, and also bracelets, are made of solid silver. They do not care for gold ornaments.

This daily gathering about the Tusayan trading post presents to the stranger a succession of pictures vying with the kaleidoscope in changing form and color, which is made still more impressive by contrast with the imposing background of the walls of the cañon. At the store or post are the fossil remains of some huge creature, now extinct, which must be classified by a specialist in such matters. The bones were found in the desert, a short distance from the mouth of the cañon; many of them are fragmentary, and Mr. Keam, with an Indian, spent several days in exhuming them. Some have thought the creature was a bird, now unknown, others believe that it was part bird and part beast; it might have been a bat whose monstrous wings fanned the desert in the days of the mastodon.

On Saturday, November 1, 1891, the whole party, including Mr. Keam and Mr. and Mrs. Collins, visited the "first mesa", 9 miles distant. Leaving the cañon, 4 miles below, our road lay across what seemed almost a desert waste. Far in the distance the yellow mesa stood bold and clear against a deep blue sky. On its level top we could easily discern from their irregular outlines the terraced villages of Tewa, Sichumnavi, and Walpi. Bunches of amoli (soapweed), wild sage, yucca (Spanish bayonet), sweet grass, and cacti relieved the monotony the sandy stretches would otherwise have presented. Coming to spots which had appeared at a distance more barren than the rest, we found them to be cornfields covered with parched stalks left from the harvest. It was nearly noon when we reached the adobe house of Tom Polaki, situated upon one of the small hills skirting the foot of the mesa, where our horses were allowed to rest and feed until the ascent to the village above and return had been made. The trail leading up to the heights passes near the principal spring which supplies the people of the mesa above with water. This spring is situated but a few rods from Polaki's house, in a deep ravine, on the sides of which were numerous peach trees, and gathered about it were a number of women, old and young, filling their ollas, or water

a The usual rule with the Indians of this section is to charge \$2 for jewelry containing \$1 of silver.

jars; others were coming and going along the narrow path worn in the sandstone by human feet tramping for centuries from the top of the mesa to the bottom, or the reverse.

From this point the wearisome climb began, and it was fully half an hour before we reached the horse trail near the top, from which point our way was a gentle rise along the excavated side of the upper walls of the mesa. The journey was difficult, as the distance from the spring was more than a mile and a half to the top of the town of Tewa and the road up the side of the mesa 700 feet from the valley line; also, on account of the rarified atmosphere, to which we were unaccustomed.

We now began the examination of the pueblo of Tewa, going into many of the houses.^(a) While age and neglect characterized their exteriors, there was a neatness and cleanliness inside agreeably disappointing. The rooms, plastered with mud generally, were small and dimly lighted, making it difficult to notice details, though some had windows of gypsum for glass. From the ceilings were suspended poles, upon which hung dried meat and strings of peaches and dried pumpkins. Pieces of deer horns were driven in the walls and used as hat and coat racks. The fireplaces were small, generally built in a corner, and answered for both heating and cooking. Here and there in the walls were niches of different sizes, which served as storing places for crockery, trinkets, and clay gods. There are hundreds of these gods, or Cachinas, about. Some of the rooms had low stone seats running along one or two sides, which were covered with goat and sheep skins and blankets to make them more comfortable. These, rolled out on the floor, are usually the beds of the Moquis. Occasionally there would be an ordinary chair or two and a pine table. The floors were of clay or cement. The ceilings were low, not more than 7 to 8 feet, and the inside doors, or connecting ones, say 4 by 3 feet.

Every family possesses facilities for grinding corn, and in most of the houses we entered were found one or more of their young women kneeling behind low bins containing inclined stone slabs (*metátes*), on which they were grinding corn into meal of different grades of fineness. They bake a bread from this corn meal, called *wyavi*, or *piki*.

The houses being one above the other in terraces, the roof of the lower is frequently the front yard of the upper. They all extend back to the same rear wall. The caps and sills of some of them are made of sandstone. Ladders are used to reach the higher dwellings, and I am told that until recent years the lower houses were entered from the top; those having roofs to the sky have a square hole for light and air and exit. We found nearly all the terraces and upper roofs covered with ripened corn of every color; they also dry their peaches on these roofs. We were here shown more *piki* (bread) made of the colored corn, which they bake on flat, hot stones, the color of which the process of baking did not change.

On the outer walls of the houses, and over the windows and doors, hung in graceful festoons and small bunches ripening chili, in color from emerald green to brilliant scarlet. Old water jars, whose bottoms had been worn out, were worked into their chimneys with the other masonry, giving them quite a tasteful appearance.

The number and variety of idols or images belonging to the Moquis is startling. In every household can be seen from one to a dozen wooden or clay idols or gods of the oddest and quaintest shapes, roughly made, and while resembling each other, they are different from any other Indian images. They are of all sizes, from 2 inches to over 4 feet high, painted in various colors; sometimes they are invested with beautiful ceremonial robes, woven expressly for them. These gods are not, properly speaking, gods at all, but represent different Cachinas (or Katcheenas), who are but semigods and intermediaries between the Moquis and their principal deity. The Cachinas are said to have once existed; "it was in the long morning twilight of the earth's age"; however this may be, they certainly have an existence now in the grotesque figures found suspended to the beams that support the roofs of Moqui dwellings or tucked away in little niches or standing up in rows on stone shelves. They are male and female, some vigorously pronounced; the females have extraordinary headdresses only, but the males are more modestly decorated. The male is called *O-mow* and the female *A-to-se-ka*; but they are still Cachinas. These gods are used during the ceremonies in the *estufas*; all possess great antiquity, and when not in use are hidden away by their custodians where they can not be found except by those who have them in charge. There were 2 found by a gentleman in a cave under the mesa on which stand the ruins of *Awatubi*. The male was 4 feet 1 inch and the female 3 feet 9 inches in height. He carried them to his house, some 12 miles distant, but they were

^a The Moqui houses generally can be termed "rough rubble" masonry, being of rough, uncut sandstone, laid in blue or dark mud, all from and about the mesas. The stones are usually about 10 inches square. The house roof is made of peeled pine poles from 6 to 8 inches in diameter, laid from wall to wall and about 15 inches apart. The rooms are from 8 to 10 feet square and the ceilings low, say 7 feet. The connecting doorways between the rooms are sometimes but holes, 4 feet high at most. Over the ceiling rafters or joists, which have a slight pitch or fall, are laid small cedar branches, side by side, like a thatch. Over these is the fiber of the yucca, which makes a matlike covering, and on this is laid the mud which makes the roof, say a foot deep. The walls of the houses project above the roof a foot or more, and sometimes outlet holes are in this parapet, through which the little water which comes from rain runs out. Some of the houses have long split logs inserted in these holes for drain pipes. When a Moqui wants to repair the roof of his house he simply shovels upon it a quantity of mud. The floors of the houses are rock for the first story and mud for the others, laid as in the roof. The joists in all the houses are similar. The fireplaces are in the corners of the rooms usually, with flues (this is modern, however), but some are still in the center, the smoke escaping through the square hole in the roof. In many of the houses old jars of pottery are used for chimneys, the bottoms being knocked out and the jars piled one on the other. Sometimes piles of stone or boulders make the chimneys.

The houses of the 7 Moqui pueblos are similar to those of the pueblos of New Mexico in general features, except that the former are of stone, while most of the latter are of adobe. The interiors, sleeping arrangements, etc., are about the same, and the methods of making bread and cooking food of both the Moquis and Pueblos are the same. Some articles are found among the Moquis made by the Mexicans or Navajos or bought from the Mormons, who are their neighbors on the northwest. Some few Moquis have lamps and cooking stoves.

soon missed by the Indians who venerated them, and a delegation was sent to the gentleman to tell him of the loss of the gods and implore his help in their recovery. They spoke so earnestly, and believed so firmly that ill fortune would follow them if these Cachinas were not found, that he finally said that he had brought them from Awatubi, not realizing that they were so much esteemed; he then led them to a room where they had been placed. The gentleman said the Moquis were beside themselves with joy at the restoration of their gods. This happened some years ago, and since that time no white man has seen them. (a)

The gods made from trunks or limbs of small trees which by chance have grown to resemble in part a man are regarded with great favor, especially for gods for the estufa, it being believed that the spirit of a Cachina is in such wood. The material employed in making the Cachinas is usually cottonwood. Such as have ceremonial vestments on are of wood, the clothes being of white cotton cloth, richly embroidered in colors; the cloth used is from the Moqui looms and is of a peculiar fabric; the clothes, including headdress, are also made of feathers. The colors employed in painting these gods are not used with any regard to rule, but as each individual fancies.

What surprised me was that the Moquis, who have so much to do to provide the necessities of life, should burden themselves with the extra care of the great number of dogs which every family seemed to possess. These dogs, like the children, climb the ladders and narrow stone steps from roof to roof with the greatest ease, likewise the cats, another kind of pet existing here in large numbers.

At first, on entering their abodes, considerable shyness was manifested by the women and children and some of the men, but Mr. Keam, vouching for our characters and good intentions, reassured them, and every kindly attention was paid us. In a number of houses we were invited to partake of watermelons, which we found delicious.

Interesting groups presented themselves at most every turn. Here upon a terrace could be seen an old woman combing the hair of a girl; another examining the head of a boy (not phrenologically, however); there on the topmost roof of a house stood a young woman winnowing wheat. She tossed the wheat a dozen times or so from a basket vertically into the air. During this process the wind blew away the chaff, some of which fell upon the head of a young buck who sat near sunning himself and watching our movements. He looked up at her and made some remarks, at which she laughed, then covering his head with his blanket resumed his occupation, she continuing to be careful that all the chaff should blow his way. The grain dropped on a blanket spread to catch it. Half a dozen men and boys were lounging about an estufa, and naked children came out from their hiding places to gaze with their parents upon their unexpected visitors. Some candy, a large supply of which Mr. Keam had thoughtfully taken along, soon allayed the fears of the little ones, obtained their favor, and of course gratified the elders. Our progress through the pueblo was often impeded by the many hungry burros taking their stand in front of the doors, where they are usually fed.

Dog fights were of frequent occurrence, generally for the possession of some bone or stray piece of dried meat. We came to a bevy of girls, collected upon one of the housetops, appearing in full dress toilet, the most noticeable feature of which was their tunics, each of some bright color, red, green, and yellow being the favorites, worn gracefully about the shoulders. The hair was arranged in the peculiar cart-wheel side puffs. Their simplest dress consisted of a small blanket brought close under the left arm with the two upper corners fastened over the right shoulder, the side edges being tied beneath, forming an arm hole, leaving the right and left arm, left shoulder, and part of the left breast bare. It is girdled at the waist by a belt of their own weaving, and closed down the side either with colored yarn or silver pins. Some of them wore leggings peculiar to the Moqui and Navajo women, each consisting of an entire deerskin, wrapped in spiral folds from over the moccasins upward to the knee and there fastened in some mysterious manner.

Leaving Tewa, a few minutes walk along the crest of the mesa brought us to the second pueblo, called Sihnunnavi. The houses of this village are more scattered than those of Tewa, and most of them are but one story high. We all got around an estufa there, an unusually large one, and I, being warm and perspiring, took off my hat; an old Moqui who knew some English words, noticing the bald spot on my head, called the attention of the others by pointing at it and exclaiming, "no louse", an observation which seemed to please the natives as much as those of our party, for they enjoyed a hearty laugh at my expense. Here we met Shimo (Shee-mo), the principal chief of all the Moquis, a man advanced in years and feeble both in mind and body. We were treated by the people

a Of this circumstance Mr. J. Walter Fewkes writes in 1891: "The worship of the horned A-lo-sa-ka is more strictly characteristic of the pueblo of Mi-con-in-o-vi (Mishongnavi), where this fraternity is probably more numerous than at Walpi. The images of A-lo-sa-ka were once in the possession of Mr. Keam (F. V.) for a few days, but at the earnest solicitation of almost the whole population of Mi-con-in-o-vi (Mishongnavi) they were returned to the priests. At that time they were carried from Keams Cañon back to the pueblo with great ceremony, when a pathway of sacred meal was made for many miles along the trail over which they were borne." Some Moqui idols or gods are not, perhaps, so sacred as those above referred to. Dr. Oscar Loew, chemist of the Wheeler expedition in 1874, refers to some gods which were for sale, and his experience is that of visitors to the Moquis to-day. The Moquis like money, silver especially. If the wooden gods or figures which Dr. Loew saw in the house of a chief were designed as objects of worship, no profound veneration was manifested for them, since they were readily parted with for a trifling quantity of tobacco.

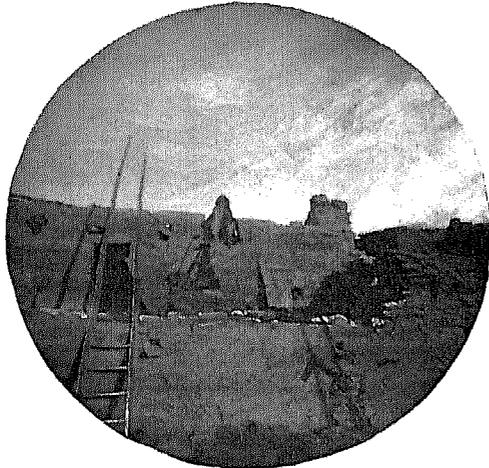
b About the heads of some are coronets of 5 or 6 small squares of wood. These coronets sometimes resemble a Maltese cross, with a near approach to a Grecian border on them, the lines being in green. The bodies of the wooden gods are usually painted white, and frequently a bit of the down of a feather is glued to the points of the coronet, which may be a symbol, copied from the halos around the heads of the images of saints in Catholic churches. The Spanish Catholic influence is quite apparent in many of the Moqui images, and also in some of their customs, on their pottery, and in figures on their blankets.



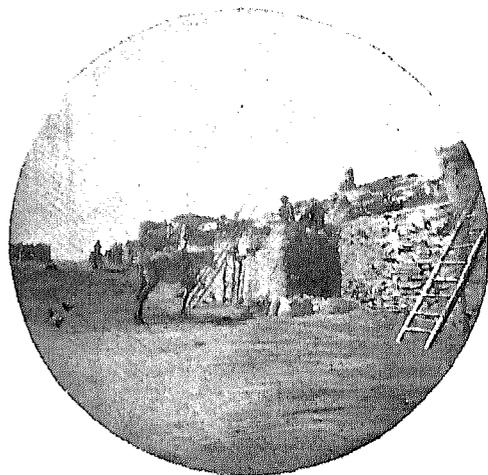
Ancient Province of Tusayan. First Moqui Mesa.
A girl of Tewa. Arizona.



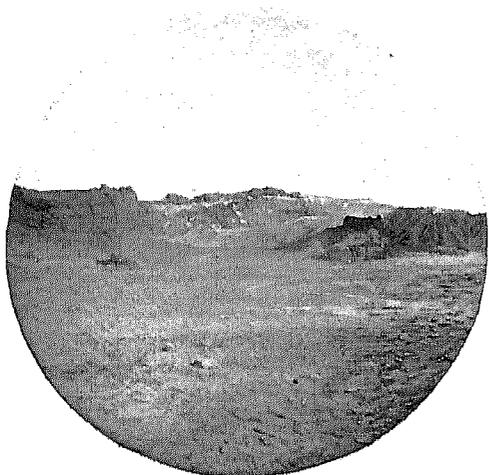
Among the Moquis. On the First Mesa near Tewa. Coming up
the trail is Gen. McCook, behind him Liout's Baker and Persing.
Arizona.



Ancient Province of Tusayan. First Moqui Mesa.
A scene at Tewa. Arizona.



Ancient Province of Tusayan. First Moqui Mesa, At Tewa.
Arizona.



Ancient Province of Tusayan. On the trail between the
First and Second Mesa. Arizona.



Ancient Province of Tusayan. First Moqui Mesa and the entrance
to the pueblo of Tewa. Arizona.



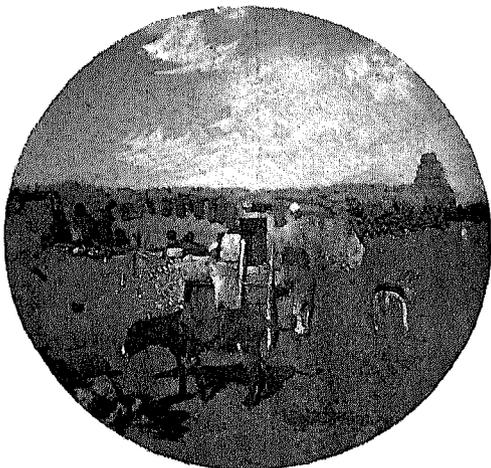
Spanish and Ancient Province of Tusayan. Moquis on a trading Expedition. Arizona.



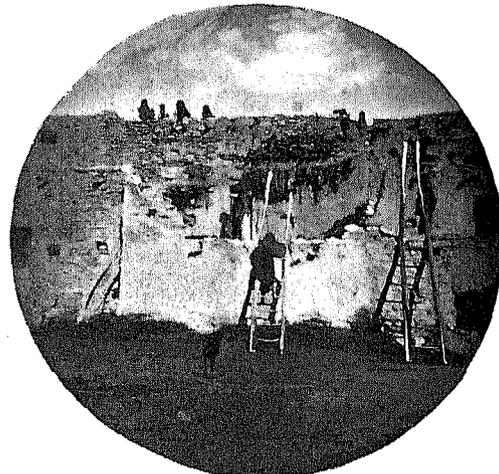
Ancient Province of Tusayan. On the First Moqui Mesa. A scene at Si-chum-na-vi, Arizona.



Ancient Province of Tusayan. First Mesa of the Moquis. Gen. A. McD. McCook near an Estufa at the pueblo of Si-chum na-vi, Arizona.



Ancient Province of Tusayan. First Moqui Mesa. Street scene in the pueblo of Si-chum-na-vi, Arizona.



Ancient Province of Tusayan. On the First Moqui Mesa. A scene at Walpi, Arizona.

of this town with the same friendliness shown us at Tewa. Soon after leaving Sichumnavi the mesa becomes very narrow, so narrow that the edges in one part are but a few feet from the trail, producing an impulse to creep along that particular section. Nothing can better express the great age of this ancient home, perched on the dizzy height, than the mute testimony of the trail that leads from town to town, worn deep into the solid sandstone or rock from 3 to 8 and 10 inches, all by the soft soles of the moccasins and calloused feet of the natives. The trails from the tops of the several mesas to the valleys below, sometimes 800 feet, are worn in the same way.

We entered Walpi and went at once to the front of the pueblo which faces the east. Here some of the houses are 3 and 4 stories high and terraced. From nearly all of them a view can be had of the plaza and sacred rock where the famous biennial snake dance is held. We were shown the estufa in which the reptiles are kept for the dance. Through Mr. Kcam our party was permitted to enter the principal estufa, into which we descended by a ladder, put down for the occasion. An estufa is a large room under ground, called by the Indians "kiva" [kova or keevah], meaning "man house", a place where men hold their private councils, "make medicine", and prepare for all their public demonstrations. It was not hospitable, was floored with stone, and contained nothing of moment save an exceedingly bad odor. This one was barren and brown, lined with clay, and without color.

The estufa bears more relation to the life and customs of the Moquis than churches or clubhouses do to the Anglo-Saxon. In many of the accompanying views the ladders from the roofs of the estufas, on a level with the streets, can be seen. The ordinary estufas are simply underground rooms. Some are sacred, some are for lounging, some for work. They are used by the males, and are usually from 12 to 16 feet square. Some, however, are parallelograms, and from 8 to 10 feet high. They are sometimes walled inside with stone, and have beams of cedar or cottonwood laid across them, with an opening 2 by 2 or 2 by 3 feet left in the ceiling or roof for a ladder. This is the only means of ventilation. The roof or ceiling beams are lagged in with other beams or thick brush, and dirt is thrown over all. The floor is sometimes laid with stone, sometimes with mud, and around the 4 sides of the room are stone benches. One of these benches is usually constructed so as to form a table for the ladder to rest on. In the center of the room is a place for a fire of wood, with several stones 10 by 12 inches or larger lying about it, which are used for seats. The walls contain niches for idols, and on one side is a pole about 6 feet long, suspended 2 feet from the ceiling, hung with rawhide, to which the weavers attach their blankets when weaving. The estufas are sometimes decorated by the different orders, septs, gentes, or clans, but usually they are clay or stone lined, sometimes whitewashed. The ladders are made of wood, with loose rounds.

The estufas where the men hold religious ceremonies do not differ much from the ordinary estufas. (c) They are also underground rooms, usually oblong in shape, 12 to 14 feet wide, 18 to 20 feet long, and 10 to 12 feet deep. They are reached by descending a ladder through a narrow opening or hatch. These places of worship are destitute of any kind of furniture. On 3 sides are usually built stone benches, where the men sit; the floor is covered with large flagstones, and a small pile of ashes, almost under the hatch, is generally to be seen, where the fire has been kindled when needed. There are niches in the walls, in which masks and wooden gods are stored when not in use. The only source of light to these sacred places is through the opening at the top, which is also the only means of ventilation.

Coming to the surface again and out of the estufa and crossing the plaza, and following a narrow street, we reached a courtyard, out of which we passed through a covered way some 20 feet long and only wide enough for 2 to walk abreast. Emerging from this we came to the extreme southern end of the town and mesa, where a magnificent view was obtained of the desert, and beyond the San Francisco mountains to the west, whose snow-capped peaks made them appear like clouds, and although 90 miles away, under the bright light of the noon-day sun they seemed no more than 20. Many picture writings were observed on the rocks about the mesa, and afterward many were observed at the second or western mesa and about Oraibi. (b)

The news of our presence on the first or eastern mesa had gone rapidly before us, and we were greeted pleasantly on every side, and the longer we stayed among them the more cordial seemed their greetings. Every

a With the exception of their own dances, women (among the Moquis) do not take part in secret kiva (kiva) ceremonies; but it can not be said that they are debarred entrance as assistants in making paraphernalia of the dances, or when they are called upon to represent dramatizations of traditions in which women figure.—J. WALTER FIEWKES, 1891.

b Major J.W. Powell in 1875, referring to the picture writing of the Moquis, wrote: "In a former article I have briefly described the system of picture writings found in use among these people. These are rude etchings on the rocks or paintings on tablets of wood. They are simply mnemonic, and are, of course, without dates. A great buffalo hunt is recorded with a picture of a man standing in front of and pointing an arrow at one of these animals. The record of a great journey is made with a rude map. On the cliff near Oraibi I found a record like this etched on a stone: below and to the left were 3 Spaniards, the leader with a sword, the 2 followers carrying spears. Above and to the right were 3 natives in an attitude of rolling rocks. Near by was a Spaniard prone on the ground, with a native pouring water on his head. Tal-ti, whose name means 'peep of day', because he was born at dawn, explained that the record was made by their ancestors a very long time ago, and that the explanation has been handed down as follows: their town was attacked by the Spaniards; the commander was a gallant fellow, who attempted to lead his men up the stone stairway to the town, but the besieged drove them back with rolling stones, and the Spanish captain was wounded and left by his followers. The people, in admiration of his valor, took him to a spring near by, poured water on him, dressed his wounds, and when they were healed permitted him to return. Tal-ti's description of the scene was quite vivid and even dramatic, especially when he described the charge of the Spaniards rushing forward and shouting their war cries, 'Santiago! Santiago! Santiago!'"

one of the party was shaking hands with the natives, and all had learned to understand the expression "Lo-la-mi, lo-la-mi", meaning "good, good". (a)

Learning this word and its meaning, our return through the other villages was marked by the salutation to every one we met of "Lo-la-mi, lo-la-mi" (the first syllable of this word is the accented one and the last syllable is pronounced like the pronoun "my", lo'lah-my). Leaving the mesa with many regrets that time would not permit of a longer stay, we descended to Polaki's house and lunched. Looking back, on our way down, from time to time we noticed gathering groups of blanketed Indians on the edge of the mesa watching our descent. Polaki was the first Indian to leave his home on the mesa and build a new one at its foot. Within the court, and beneath the projecting roof of the main part of his house, tables were improvised of boxes and boards, upon which the variously prepared food brought with us was placed. Around these, on a few chairs, boxes, baskets, and pails, belonging to Polaki, we were all seated, and the repast was enjoyed with a keen relish. Our menu consisted of cold broiled chicken, potted ham and beef, bread and butter, brandy peaches, grape jam from California, and most excellent coffee boiled on Polaki's stove, a veritable Yankee cook stove, made in St. Louis, Missouri.

The details of our departure need not be entered into; suffice it to say, that after the pleasantest of good-bys to Polaki and his family and to Shaquana, a relative of Polaki (whose example he had followed in building a house on a neighboring hill), we 2 hours later entered the cañon, just before sunset.

While at the mesa runners were dispatched to all the villages or pueblos, including the distant Oraibi, calling the principal chiefs to a council, to be held the following day, Sunday, October 2, at 10 o'clock in the morning, at the Keam residence, in Keams Cañon, with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and General McCook. Creditable to most of the chiefs, particularly La-lo-la-my [La-lo-la-mai], of the Oraibis, who had the greatest distance to cover, all who attended were promptly on hand. Chairs were brought out on the piazza for the principal councilors, who sat down in a semicircle directly in front of the main entrance to the residence.

The various subjects agitating the Moqui mind were fully ventilated and discussed, and every reasonable encouragement was given them. The first subject considered was the school question. The greatest difficulties to overcome, in the minds of the Moqui, were the reasons for the establishment of the government school at Keams Cañon and the determined enforcement of a full school attendance in equal proportion drawn upon the different pueblos according to their population. They wanted to know why schools were not established in the pueblos. It was explained to them that the government had no ulterior motive in this work; on the contrary, a desire to aid the Indians through an education which would enable their descendants to meet the great, unavoidable problems of the future, one of which, of great interest to themselves, was the preservation of their race, giving them a better chance to improve their condition and rise in the scale of intelligence and importance among the other people of this great country. It was shown them that the teachers who came there, men and women, leaving homes of luxury and refinement and depriving themselves of their dearest associations, did so not for gain, but in the hope of aiding the Indians to attain to a position in life whereby they would be more competent to take care of themselves and become as prosperous and thrifty as any other people in the world. La-lo-la-my said that the Navajos trespassed so much upon their watering places that it was difficult for them to find sufficient water for their own herds; that the Navajos were stronger, and took advantage of them by not only appropriating the water of their springs but often stealing their corn, melons, and other fruit, their sheep, goats, and even horses; that the Navajo agent, Vandever, had repeatedly promised to drive the Navajos back upon their own reservation, but his promises were always forgotten, at least never fulfilled. He was assured that the Navajos would be compelled to move off across the Moqui line and to remain upon their own territory, and then, through Chee, notice was given to those Navajos who were present that they must not interfere with the rights of the Moquis in any of the things complained of.

La-lo-la-my also said that he had been opposed to the schools until his visit to Washington, when he saw in going and coming so many great cities, so many people, so many great cornfields, so many wonderful things which he had never before seen or even dreamed of, and learning that these things grew out of the system of education existing among the white people, he had changed his mind and would use all his influence in the future in persuading his people to send their children to school. There were some men among his people who were bitter against the Keams Cañon school and all other schools, but most of them wanted schools at their villages, and it might be necessary to resort to force to effect their acceptance of these educational benefits. General McCook made a few earnest and practical remarks, after which the council broke up. Here I made the acquaintance of La-lo-la-my, who said he would be glad to see me whenever I might visit Oraibi; then he approached and embraced me.

Much time had been consumed in the council on account of the necessity of employing 2 interpreters. The Moquis first talked to Nah-ji in their own tongue, and he translated what they said into the Navajo to Chee and Chee rendered it into English.

a What does "lolami" mean? What does it mean? Well, I'll give you a free and easy translation. It means "How do you do? I am glad to see you. I hope you are well. I hope all your friends are well." Also, if to a man, "You are the wisest of the wise in council, the bravest of the brave in battle, and a mighty hunter". If to a woman, "You are very handsome; you can make fine baskets; can hoe more corn and grind more meal than any other lady in the tribe".—A. M. STEVEN, 1889.



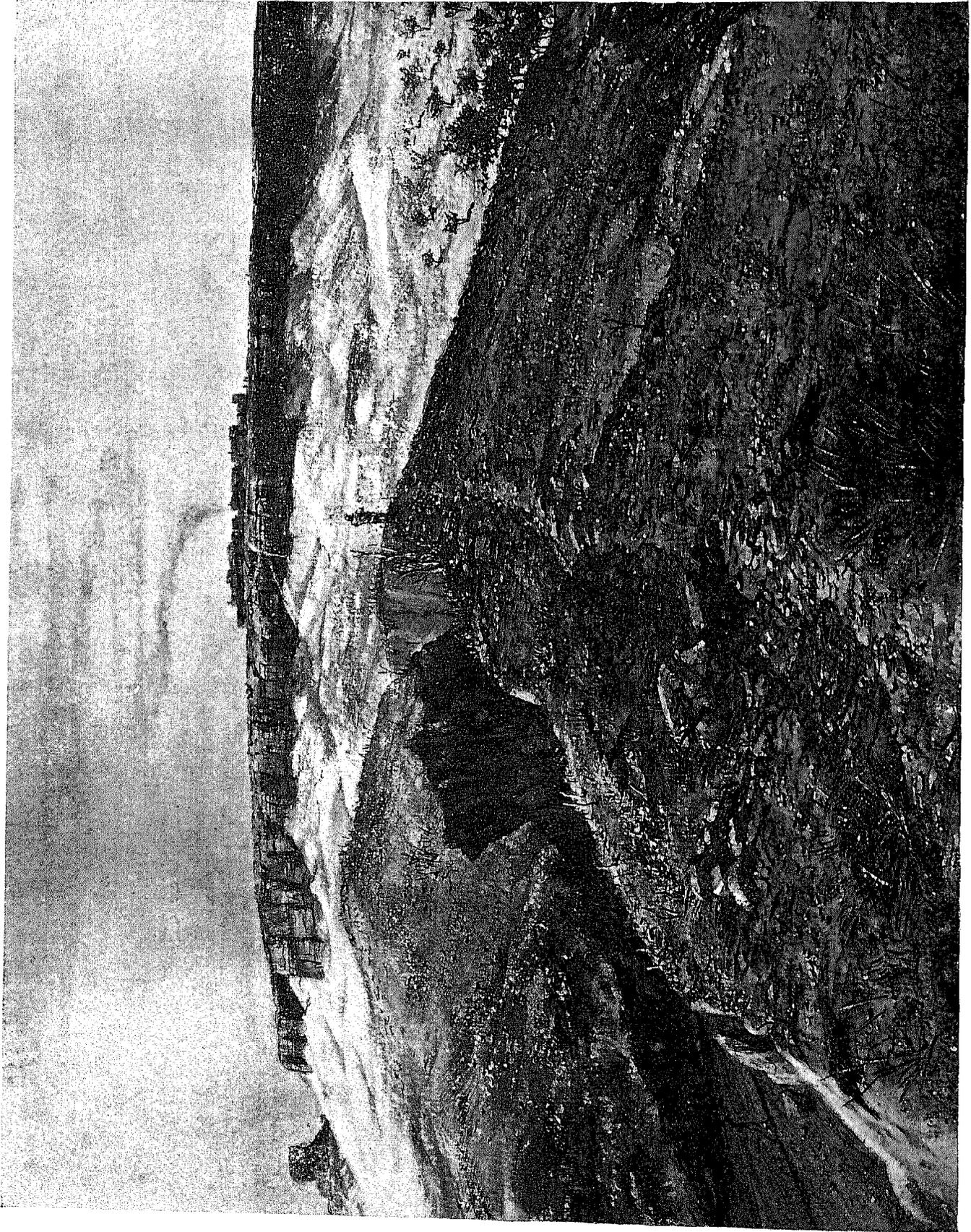
Na-Ji. (Nah-hee-) Citizen of Mi-shong-na-vi, Second Mesa, Arizona, 1890.



La-lo-la-my, Chief of the Oraibi, Moqui Pueblo, Arizona, 1890.

Eleventh Census : 1890.

Moquis and Pueblos.



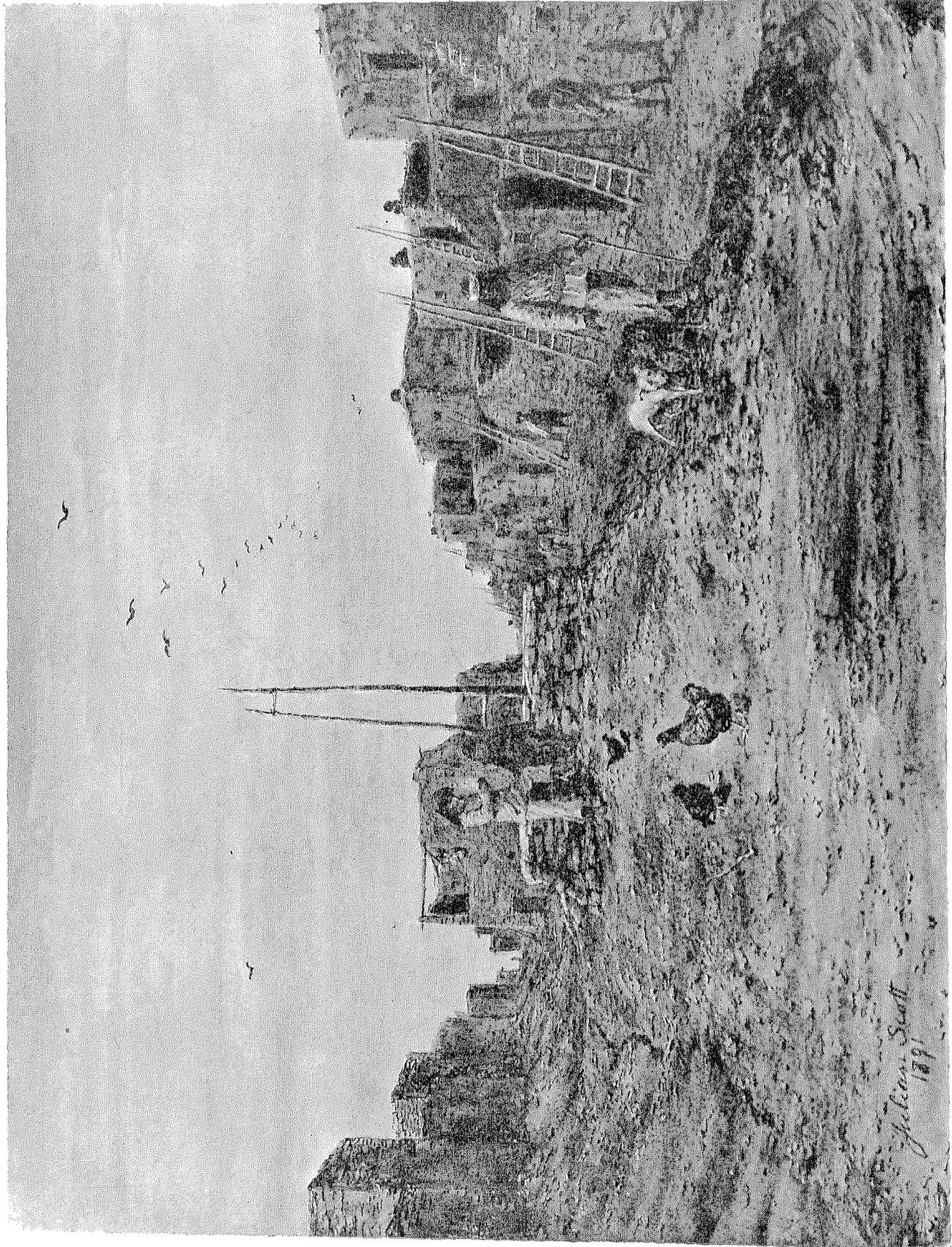
New York Engraving & Printing Co.

THE APPROACH TO VILLAGE OF ORAIBI, Third Mesa, Arizona.

JULIAN SCOTT, F. I.

Eleventh Census: 1890.

Moquis and Pueblos.



*Julien Scott
1891*

A STREET SCENE IN PUEBLO OF ORAIBI, 1891

The Year, Reprinted & Printed by



New York Engraving & Printing Co.

1. Examining a child's head. 2. Oraibi from the north. 3. Oraibi children. 4. Lo-lo-la-mai, two of his braves and Mr. R. P. Collins. 5. Children at play. 6. Oraibi women and men. 7. Street scene in Oraibi. 8. Grandson of La-lo-la-mai. 9. Oraibi street scene. 10. At Oraibi. 11. Oraibi. 12. Keva at Oraibi where council was held. 13. In the Oraibi desert. 14. On the trail to Shi-mo-pa-vi from Oraibi. 15. Shi-mo-pa-vi Mesa from Oraibi desert.

[Mr. Scott remained at Keams Cañon 6 weeks as a guest of Mr. Keam. During this time, in company with Messrs. Collins and Keam, he made several trips to the mesas to obtain children for the school at Keams Cañon. The following shows the means taken to get Indian children for the school. Mr. Keam, a citizen not in the employ of the government, was called upon to aid in securing the children, as will be seen in the narrative.]

At the council before alluded to Commissioner Morgan gave the representatives of the different pueblos 10 days in which to make up their full quota of 75 children, boys and girls, for the school. There were at this time but 35 pupils in attendance, making 40 to be supplied. The response to this order was discouraging, not more than a dozen toward the 40 having been brought in up to the expiration of the time given, and learning that there was a growing opposition to this school measure, an expedition was set on foot to visit the different pueblos and inquire the cause and enforce the orders of the commissioner. A few days' grace was granted, owing to the fact that it was at a time of the year when many of their religious ceremonies took place. The expedition to Oraibi started out on Sunday, November 16, 1890. We camped the first night at Polaki's, under the first mesa, from which point, next morning at daylight, we proceeded on our way, accompanied by 6 Indians, 3 from Tewa and 3 from Sichumnavi, namely, Polaki, Shaquana, Nah-ji (pronounced Nah-hee), Adam, Eona, and Petsci. Our wagon, containing food and blankets, with Eona for guide, was sent around the mesa through the desert to Shimopavi by a circuitous route of 20 miles, to which place by trail it was only 8 miles. We had decided to return to Shimopavi that night after visiting Oraibi and rest at the house of the daughter of Eona, where the school had some friends. Well mounted on sure-footed horses, we took the trail leading over the first mesa, across the desert over the second mesa, continuing through the desert up to the walls of the largest and most remote of the Moqui pueblos, Oraibi. The town, as we entered, seemed almost deserted. The leading characteristic features of the place are age and filth, and the odors that filled the air made it worthy to be named the Cologne of America. (a)

We inquired for the house of La-lo-la-my, and our Indian auxiliary had no trouble in conducting us to it. Dogs, hens, chickens, and burros filled up the streets, giving the otherwise almost dead town an appearance of life. La-lo-la-my was not at home. We were told that he had gone into the desert to look after his flocks. A runner was dispatched to notify him of our presence, and in the meantime we went to one of Polaki's relatives and lunched on such provisions as we were able to carry along in our saddlebags. Soon after our lunch La-lo-la-my came; then we all retired to an estufa, sitting down upon its roof, which rose some 2 feet above the level of the street. Lighting a cigarette, which he had just made of tobacco and rolled in a piece of corn husk, La-lo-la-my looked up inquiringly to Mr. Keam. At this moment I took out my watch and noted that the time was 10 minutes past 2. Mr. Keam said: "We have come here on business and to do something". La-lo-la-my replied that he understood what the nature of the business was, but that the bad element in the town was working against him, and he had not been able to forward any more children to school than those belonging to himself and relatives. Mr. Keam said: "If there is any bad element we want to know where it is and who the leaders are". Without further ceremony La-lo-la-my directed one of his young men to guide us into another part of the town, and we were led to an estufa undergoing repairs, pointing down into which he showed us one of the principal leaders of the opposition to La-lo-la-my, who sat there sewing upon a moccasin. Mr. Keam asked him to come out. He paid no attention to this request, which was made a second and a third time; then Mr. Keam descended the ladder into the estufa and took the man by the arm and forced him in a kindly but firm way to come out. He proved to be one of the principal "medicine men", whose brother is the "great medicine man of all the Moquis". When they reached the top of the ladder the "medicine man" trembled like an aspen leaf. He was told that he must go into the estufa which we had just left and answer the charges made against him by La-lo-la-my. We were soon back and found La-lo-la-my waiting, who now told us in his presence that he was one of the men who resisted his efforts to enforce the orders of the

^aMajor John W. Powell, in 1875, in writing of the appearance of the Moqui towns and houses, said: "Oraibi and the 3 Moqui towns, viz, Tewa, Walpi, and Si-choam-a-vi, are greatly dilapidated; the other 3 towns are much better preserved. The exterior of the houses is very irregular and unsightly, and the streets and courts filthy, * * * but within great cleanliness is preserved."

Any notes or memoranda made upon the pueblo of Zuñi will apply in almost every respect to these 3 villages of the Moquis, viz, Tewa, Sichumnavi, and Walpi, with the limitation that the Moqui pueblos are much more primitive and much more filthy than Zuñi.—Captain JOHN G. BOURKE, 1883.

The Moqui towns of Arizona, as well as the pueblos of New Mexico, are not in any sense beautiful. The first sight of a pueblo is a great disappointment. The pueblos of New Mexico, with the exception of Taos and Zuñi, are only 1 and 2 stories in height, and possess the general appearance of a collection of brickkilns, only, as a rule, the houses are not so well built as the kilns. The towns are generally built of adobe and are in color the same as the earth of the surrounding country, producing an effect of dull monotony until one gets into the towns and sees the people with their bright and picturesque costumes, then the feeling of disappointment at first received disappears. The houses of Taos and Zuñi are 4 or 5 stories in height, but as seen from a distance, and being surrounded by lofty mountains or mesas, present a very flat and unimpressive appearance. The Moqui towns of Arizona are, in consequence of the situation, more impressive and interesting than the pueblos of New Mexico. Walpi, as seen from the valley, presents a bold and striking appearance, and on closer inspection it is most interesting. It is compactly built, several stories in height, of stone and adobe. It occupies the entire point of the mesa on which it stands. The houses are not substantial or well built in any sense; the walls seem to bend and curve in every direction, and are in momentary danger of falling. This criticism will apply to all the Moqui towns of Arizona. All the Moqui towns have one peculiarity in common: they are unclean. I did not observe in any of the towns visited by me any depositories for dirt of any kind, nor do I think there were any. The interiors of the houses present a cleanly appearance, but the odors arising clearly indicate dirt, and plenty of it. In many of the houses the odor of decomposing meat and vegetables, together with their unclean bodies, was almost unbearable. The streets are generally clean after a rain and wind storm such as Arizona can produce, and if it were not for the rain and wind the people of these towns would be compelled to move or die of disease in consequence of their indifference to sanitary matters. The pueblo people of New Mexico are more cleanly in their habits, except where they are in close contact with or are surrounded by civilization. Their houses present less of the tumbledown, ramshackle look than the Moquis, but are not so interesting pictorially, nor are the habits of the people so primitive or interesting.—PETER MORAN.

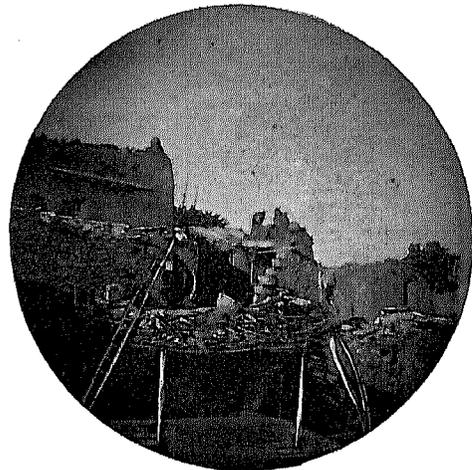
commissioner. He sat down on the end of the estufa and doubled himself up like the letter N, resting his arms across the knees, and bowing his head forward upon them, sullen, at first refused to speak. Finally, he said all which La-lo-la-my had told us was true. Then Mr. Collins said: "We are here for children and want them right now". Mr. Keam took up the subject, stating: "We have come on behalf of the commissioner in Washington, who desires that this opposition to the school should cease and that you and your relatives act as La-lo-la-my has done, throw away your old ideas about injury of education and send your children to the school in the cañon. We have come prepared to take them, and want you to get them ready." An hour was given them in which to bring us at least some of the children. Under one pretext and another action was delayed, the medicine man sitting there all the while in the same attitude, talking in a low, whining, peevish voice, till the hour had worn away, at which time he was informed that the children must be procured or we should take him back with us to the cañon. Everything had been said to him to explain the great advantage education would be to his children and their descendants. The Indians who accompanied us also talked to him, using every argument of their kind to persuade him, but without avail. In the meantime the village was all excitement; great numbers of men, women, and children, who, no doubt, were taking their midday siestas at the time of our arrival, appeared on their housetops and in the streets. We mounted our horses and took the medicine man back to the estufa where we had found him, in order that he might talk with his people and tell them what had been said. They, showing sympathy with him, and the hour getting late, he was requested to send for his blankets, that we might depart at once. Visible contempt and resentment were manifested on the part of his friends, and remarks were made which our Indian aids said were not all complimentary. He got his blankets, and with him we departed, leaving the mesa by the trail, the one leading direct to Shimopavi. Crossing the desert and reaching the sand hills, or dunes, west of the second mesa, we overtook a young Moqui and his bride, both gaily dressed according to their customs, and both sitting astride the same burro, she in front on the saddle and he riding behind. They presented a pretty picture and made a pleasant addition to our party. The sand dunes increased in size as we approached the mesa, the last one bringing us within 400 feet of the top, from which point a trail the greater part of the way is excavated from the almost perpendicular sides of the solid rock, and up which our party, now consisting of 12, moved slowly in true "Indian file". The horses in many places stopped to snuff the trail and look for secure footing. It was safer, although apparently more hazardous, to keep on the horses and let them take their own way, and, as we went up, I scarcely trusted myself to look down into the continually increasing depths below. After scaling the dangerous sides of the mesa and moving some distance along its ragged and irregular top, we met an Oraibi afoot, who manifested the greatest interest in the prisoner, and some conversation was held between them, part of which was overheard by Polaki. We had all stopped, of course, and Mr. Collins said: "We must go along, as it is getting late". Mr. Keam remarked: "No, let the men talk; some good may come of it". The conversation continued until the prisoner began moving toward the edge of the mesa, and he was told that he had better go the other way. The Oraibi then directed his conversation to Polaki, whose face grew stern as he listened, and he finally leaned forward suddenly and seized the Oraibi by the blanket at the shoulder, and calling to us, said: "This is the great medicine man of all the Moquis, and he threatens my life and the lives of all the others here; he is the brother of the prisoner, and the man most of all that we want". At this movement of Polaki, Mr. Collins just as suddenly turned his horse and took hold of the man on the other side and forced him to go along. On his resisting this compulsory movement Mr. Collins dismounted, and with his lariat "took a hitch" around the man's wrist, remounted, and tied the other end to the pommel of his saddle, and then started off in a canter, the "great medicine man" taking long and quick strides in order to keep from falling. This treatment soon had its effect, for he was quite willing to go along without further opposition. (a)

Our party, now numbering 13, continued on to Shimopavi, which we reached just before dusk, and went directly to the house of Eona's daughter, where we found Mr. Lynde and Eona, who had safely brought around the wagon with our stores and equipage. That evening a council of the principal men of Shimopavi was called, and it was long after midnight before it broke up. The Oraibis here began in their way to tell the causes which had brought them into their present predicament, giving, of course, but one side of the story. This prejudiced and unfair statement of the situation was met on the other side by Petsci, of Sichumnavi, one of our aids. Around his head he wore the brightest of red scarfs, and his general appearance seemed more that of a Moqui dude than an orator. For more than an hour this man stood in the midst of the council, like a statue of classic art, with the shifting folds of his blanket following every movement and gesture of his body and limb, talking with such eloquence that every one listened with rapt attention to the close of his speech, and the death-like stillness was broken only by his musical voice and the occasional guttural grunts of approval from his audience. We, who did not understand his language, were told by Mr. Keam and Polaki that the friends of the government and the school were gaining ground. At the conclusion of the address the governor of the village sent out his crier and called in all fathers in council who had children of school age, and Shimopavi pledged her full quota of pupils, a number of whom we

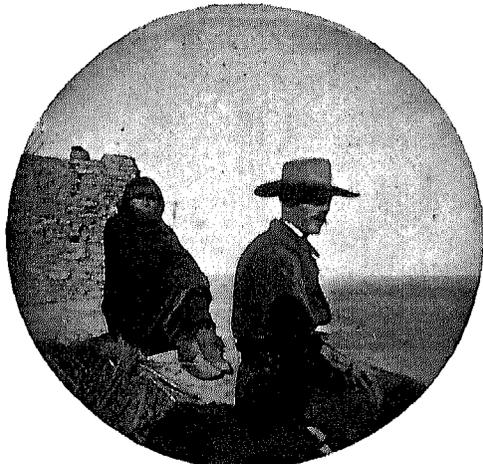
a It will be remembered that this Indian, who was an American citizen had committed no breach of law.



ANCIENT PROVINCE OF TUSAYAN, Second Moqui Mesa, Getting pupils for the Moqui School from Mi-Shong-na-vi. A boy receiving his father's blessing. Arizona.



ANCIENT "PROVINCE OF TUSAYAN," Second Moqui Mesa, A court at Mi-shong-na-vi. Arizona



ANCIENT PROVINCE OF TUSAYAN AT KEAM'S CANON. Mr. R. P. Collins, Superintendent of the Moqui School, at Shi-paul-lu-vi, on the Second Moqui Mesa. Arizona,



ANCIENT PROVINCE OF TUSAYAN, Under the walls on the Second Moqui Mesa. Shi-mo-pa-vi. Arizona,



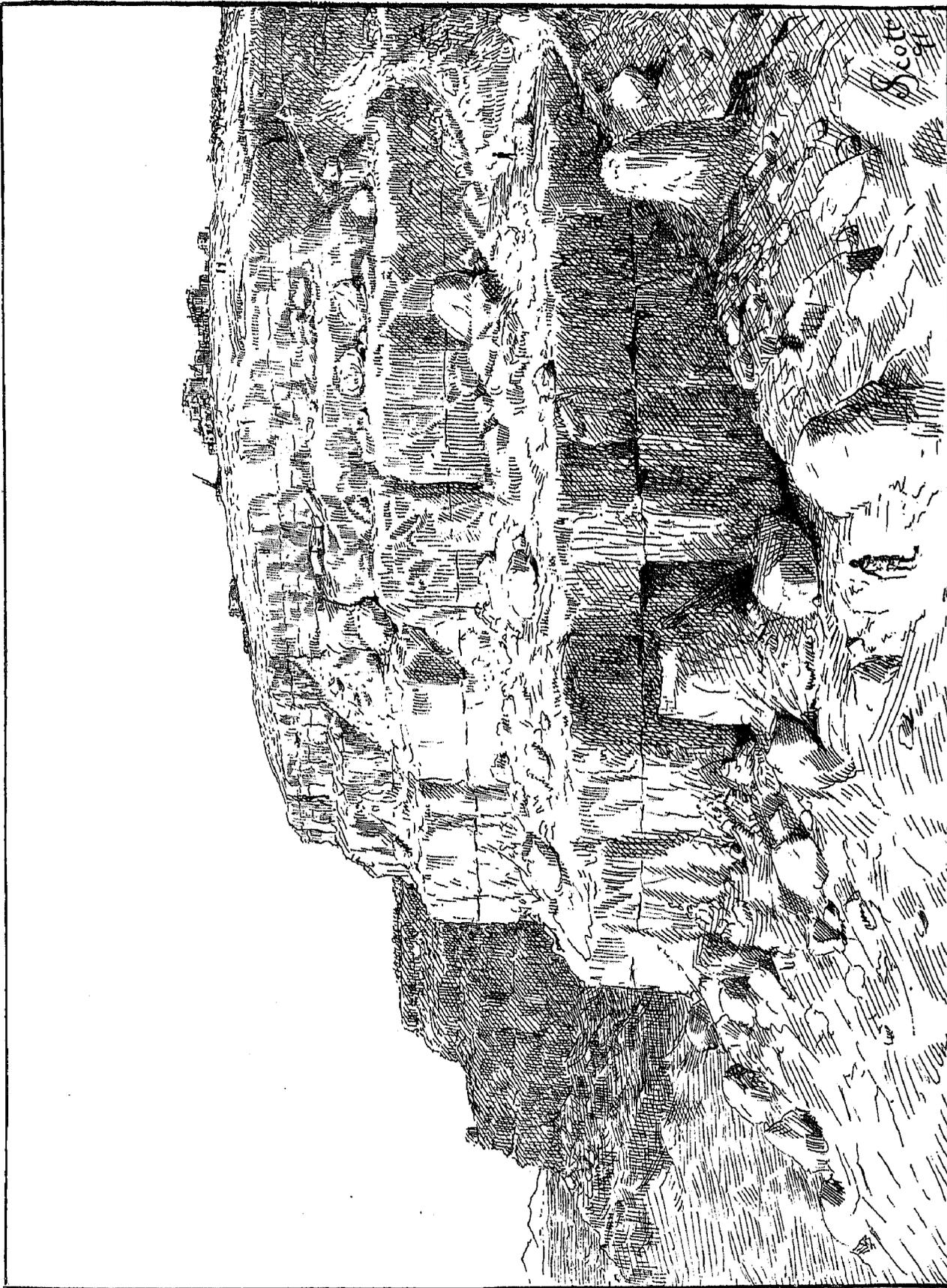
ANCIENT PROVINCE OF TUSAYAN, On the Second Moqui Mesa, Shi-mo-pa-vi. Arizona,



ANCIENT PROVINCE OF TUSAYAN, Second Moqui Mesa, Ni-he on guard at an Estufa out side of the village of Shi-paul-a-vi. Arizona.

Eleventh Census : 1890.

Moquis and Pueblos.



took away the following morning. 14 of us slept that night in the room where the council had been held, every precaution being taken for the security of the Oraibis. I slept (no, I lay) without removing any of my clothes, not even my hat, and placed in a convenient pocket a "magic pocket lamp", which had been given me at Santa Fe. Our matches had all been exhausted during the time we were making our beds, as there were no candles. The room during the council had been lighted by a bright fire of pifion wood; but as fuel was scarce it was allowed to die out. About 3 o'clock in the morning a small window just opposite me was darkened by a passing figure in the room. Instantly my lamp was in my hand, button touched, and, simultaneously with the snap and the light, I exclaimed, "Stop there"! The great medicine man of all the Moquis was attempting to pass out. In another instant all were aroused. Mr. Collins seized the man about the legs, when he explained that he desired to go into the court for a few minutes. I followed him out and remained, it seemed 15 minutes, but it was probably not more than 5, before we returned. Mr. Keam has since frequently referred to the expression of surprise depicted on the Oraibi chief's face at the sudden ignition of the "magic lamp", and said that "no doubt he thought he was dealing with other medicine men who could more than cope with any power he possessed".

Early the following morning we departed by trail for the pueblos of Shipaulavi and Mishongnavi, sending the wagon with the children and prisoners under guard by the same circuitous route spoken of before, with instructions to stop at the junction of the road and trail in the desert which lead from Mishongnavi to the first mesa. Nearly the entire day was spent in endeavoring to arouse these people from their apathy and awaken some ambition concerning the educational interests of their children and in reminding them of their promises. Their excuses were their religious ceremonies and the use they had for their children in herding and other domestic employments. At Shipaulavi (a Moqui said the word meant "peach") it was necessary to enter one of the estufas, where a religious ceremony was going on, and where a number of young boys of school age were in attendance. This entrance was not made until we had talked through the opening at the top. A long and exceedingly tedious council followed. At last, patience ceasing to be a virtue, we took the boys away by force. We left the estufa, which was outside the pueblo walls, and passed through a covered gateway into the great court of the village, in order to get the boys' blankets and such other necessary clothing as they had. Here a scene occurred which I shall long remember. The women, who were the worst among the oppositionists, set up howls and lamentations which would put the coyote of the desert to shame. There was very little use for the salutation "lo-la-mi" on this occasion, for we were beset on every side by expressions of scorn and condemnation; but it took only a few moments to hustle away the scions of the ancient Moqui civilization from their now thoroughly aroused and protesting mothers. Sending the children under the care of one of the Indians accompanying us into the desert where the wagon was to halt, we rode across and up into the town of Mishongnavi, a mile and a half distant. The cries of the women followed us on the air and attracted the people to the walls of this neighboring village. We found the governor, and he told us that they had held a council of the principal men in his pueblo the night before, and that they thought it "good" to send the children to school; that none were ready yet, but they would be forwarded in a few days. On receiving these assurances from him, we departed, overtaking the boys at that point in the desert where the wagon had been ordered to await us. The sun had not yet gone over the mesa when we reached Polaki's house, where the children became quite reconciled, especially when they saw preparing for them a nice, warm supper, which they and the Oraibis devoured with great satisfaction.

When the "great medicine man of all the Moquis" sat down against the wall at Polaki's, in the sunlight, he took off his shirt in search of vermin and ran all its seams between his teeth, biting in the same manner that a dog bites when hunting fleas.

It was after dark before we reached the cañon, when the Oraibis were taken to the school, to be held until they were willing to withdraw their opposition to the education of the Moqui children. I saw the children, who had been taken by force a few days afterward, and they were merry and contented in their new life. Their parents soon visited them, bringing watermelons, and expressed their great change of feeling on seeing things for themselves and learning the nature and object of the school.

While some good had resulted from this first visit to the mesa, the opposition now became more active than ever, and the people of Mishongnavi failed to keep their promises; so another expedition was made to the second mesa (the first mesa had long before sent its full quota of children). We took with us the same outfit as on the first expedition, and our force was strengthened by the addition of Mr. Fred. See, of Colorado. In the place of Mr. Lynde Mr. Cooper, a farmer, and the agricultural instructor of the school, took charge of the team. We camped that night at Polaki's, and on the following day, early, we were knocking at the gates of Shipaulavi and Mishongnavi. All sorts of excuses, as before, were made for their neglect, to which no attention was paid. A few more children were obtained at Shipaulavi, but at Mishongnavi they seemed to have all disappeared. After making several demands for them without avail, a systematic search began all through their houses, aided by the Indians who had come with us. Mr. See took up a position on the top of an upper house, which commanded 2 of the courts, and detected a number of girls being "spirited" from housetop to housetop to places of concealment, which were pointed out

and the prizes taken later on. One girl had been hid in the lower story of a house where corn was corded and where it was so dark that it was necessary to light a match for thorough search. Mr. Keam, who had charge of this particular granary, reached over a pile of corn, and running his hand under a blanket accidentally clasped the warm ankle of a child, who screamed with fear. It was a sad yet amusing sight to see the little frightened creature lifted up through the hole into the hands of Mr. Collins. The people discovering that they were baffled took the situation good naturedly, knowing that no harm was meant them, and seeing that we were determined to get children gracefully yielded and assisted in the work. At last we started off with our wagon packed with bright and merry youngsters, so heavy a load that the horses could only move slowly, and it was so late when we reached Polaki's that it was thought best to leave the children there for the night, to resume their journey in the morning while we went on to the cañon.

Intelligence was sent us from Oraibi of the seizure and imprisonment of La-lo-la-my, which was the crowning act of his opponents; but coming to a realizing sense of their mistake they released him. All this time La-lo-la-my's party continued to send in the children, and up to the date I left the cañon (Monday, December 15) hardly a day passed but what a pupil was added to the school from some one of the Moqui pueblos.

Immediately after receiving the news of La-lo-la-my's arrest the facts were sent to Washington with a request that troops be sent to the cañon to aid in settling this much vexed school question. [Lieutenant Brett with a small force was afterward sent, and then Colonel Corbin with a large force in July, 1891.]

In some of the excursions I made into the desert and to the mesas I frequently came across large herds of Navajo sheep and goats, always attended by women and children acting as herders, together with a large number of dogs, far from their own reservation, monopolizing the feeding and watering places belonging to the Moquis. These Navajos, with their herds, roam up and down the cañons and over the plateaus to the Tusayan trading post, and spend days along the mesas skirting the cañons, occupying all the little side cañons that have water, and their hogans are found near all these points, which they unlawfully appropriate. They overrun the Moqui lands at will. It will be seen that the Moqui has just cause for complaint, and it is to be hoped that nothing will prevent the department from promptly fulfilling the promises which have been made to these much deserving "people of the houses".

I visited the 7 Moqui pueblos several times while on this mission, and in talking with the Moquis learned the reason for many of the complaints against the schools. One of the principal objections is the religious education, which they say is a large part of their instruction. They feel that their own religion, to which they, like all other races, cling with fanatical tenacity, is thus undermined and taken from them by this process of education; also that their families are separated by drawing their children away from the beliefs which have been taught by their fathers for thousands of years. One of the Indians told me that he had heard that the white man's religion was "only 1800 years old". They are willing that their children should be taught how to read and how to make figures and learn all the practical business ways of the white race, so that they will be able to deal with the white people and not be cheated, but want schools in their villages, and also think they should be left the right of religious liberty (which they are, perhaps, not yet aware is mentioned in the Constitution of the United States), and should they be given only a secular education, I am of opinion that whatever in our religion is superior to theirs will inevitably be accepted, absorbed by them in time, both consciously and unconsciously, through their increasing intelligence and association with the white race.

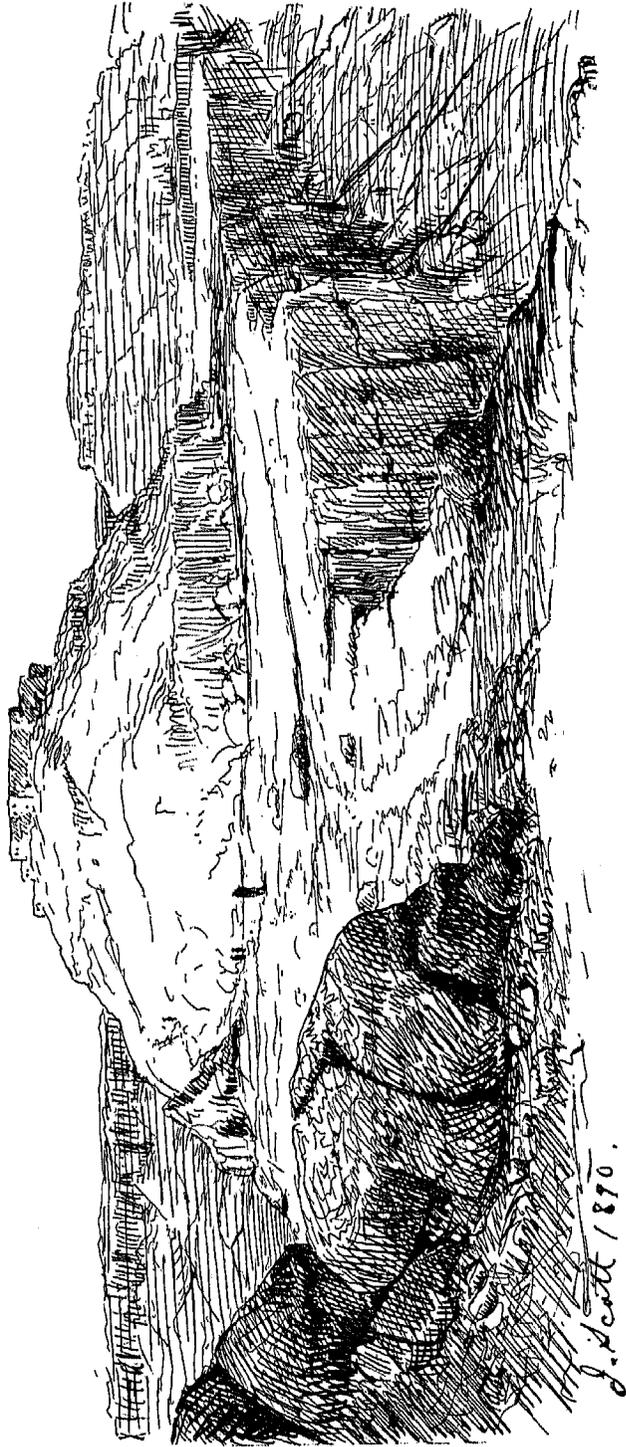
I visited the Moqui school at Keams Cañon several times, examined all its buildings, and found them in excellent condition and kept in the most perfect order, everything appearing to be under good management and wholesome discipline.

The Moqui people are rich in legends and folklore. They have their stories of giants, giantesses, hobgoblins, fairies, and all kinds of spirits, which they believe once lived and inhabited the earth in time long since gone by. Every cliff and mesa, every mountain and cañon, has some story attached to it which the natives treasure with care. All these legends, traditions, and stories are transmitted, orally, from generation to generation, with minutest exactness of circumstances and detail. A child in telling these stories is attentively listened to by its elders and quickly prompted if it makes a mistake in any particular; so we can feel assured in reading any of these legends received directly from these people that they accord with the true, literal Indian version. These people also have their superstitions and their belief in ghosts.

In the butte country, south of Awatubi, there is a hole in the ground which can be descended to a great depth, with curious hieroglyphics all along down the almost perpendicular sides of the hole, which is only large enough to admit the body of a man. The Moquis never approach this hole without first scattering sacred meal and uttering prayers. Near it is a cave where it would be quite safe to cache any treasure, for so great is the fear both the Navajos and Moquis have of it that they will go a long distance to avoid passing its mouth. This cave was explored by Mr. Keam and Mr. Steven, guided by Polaki, and when its remotest corners were reached they found it inhabited only by large numbers of hedgehogs.

Eleventh Census : 1890.

Moquis.



Shi-paul-a vi, Second Mesa, Arizona, 1890.



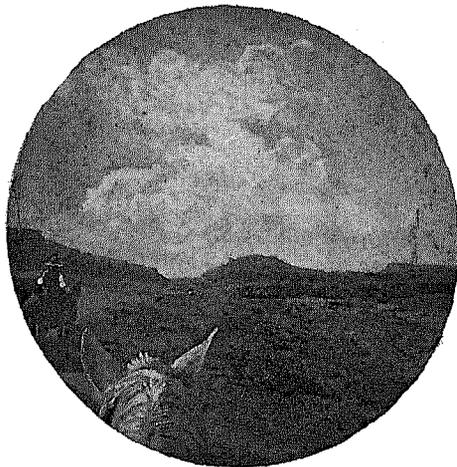
ANCIENT PROVINCE OF TUSAYAN.
The Estufa outside the walls of Shi-paul-a-vi. Second Moqui Mesa,
Arizona.



ANCIENT PROVINCE OF TUSAYAN,
View of Shi-paul-a-vi from under Mi-shong-na-vi,
Arizona.



ANCIENT PROVINCE OF TUSAYAN,
Inside of the walls of Shi-paul-a-vi, Second Moqui Mesa,
Chaquana in the centre and Nahji (Cha-qu-a-na and Nah-he,)
Arizona.



ANCIENT PROVINCE OF TUSAYAN, Second Moqui Mesa,
View of Shi-paul-a-vi from the top of the Mesa, near Mi-shong-na-vi,
Arizona.



ANCIENT PROVINCE OF TUSAYAN, Second Moqui Mesa,
North-west corner of the great court of Shi-paul-a-vi. Most of the
figures on the top of the building are Navajos, who were
there trading. Arizona.

All the Moquis have peach orchards, which are situated at the foot of the mesas in protected spots (a); the young trees are surrounded by stone walls to keep them from the ravages of the sheep and goats. Some of the orchards are inclosed within high walls. One can hardly imagine the amount of labor which has been expended upon a peach tree which has attained its full growth. Apricots are also cultivated, and gourds, pumpkins, corn, beans, and a great variety of watermelons. Peaches are dried for winter use, and watermelons are kept, through the dryness of the atmosphere, as late as March. The crops are gathered and owned in common. Each family gets its portion and the rest is stored for the common use.

During the season of planting and growing many of the men and boys, in order to protect their crops from the wandering herds of the Navajos, crows, ravens, and outworms, temporarily live in brush houses by their fields, some of which are far out in the desert, along the washes where the ground is sure of natural irrigation. After the planting these men spin yarn and weave blankets, sashes, and other articles of wearing apparel, a most unusual occupation for a male Indian and unknown in other tribes, except in few instances. The people of the first mesa are skilled in making pottery, though they have lost the art of their ancestors in the days when Awatubi was said to be among the "7 cities". (b) Those of the second mesa, of the Oraibi, are noted for their fine willow and large coiled basket work.

After their harvest their religious ceremonies begin, in which they thank the Great Spirit for blessings vouchsafed to them, and ask that the coming days be prosperous; that drought, famine, and pestilence be kept away, and that the supposed ancient prosperity and mighty condition of their race be ultimately restored. It is evident that they are hardworking people, for almost every moment of their time is spent in obtaining the necessaries of life, as they are poor and in a barren country. A day now and then is appointed for sports, which only the men attend, dancing (c) and horse racing, the latter being the principal outdoor sport. For the horse racing they go into the desert and select grounds at a point where they can be seen from the mesas, and when the day arrives the men all come mounted on their best ponies, dressed in a variety of costumes, some in the cast-off clothing of the white man, some in only a "gee" string (breechcloth), eagle feathers, a pair of moccasins, and an old plug hat, suggesting the story of the Georgia cavalryman's uniform, some tastefully and others most gorgeously arrayed in finery of their own invention and manufacture. When the races open the people form 2 lines, facing each other, the distance between them being about 80 feet. Usually but 2 race at a time. Those entering the contest ride away 300, 400, or 500 yards, to some point agreed upon; then, turning, they dash forward, riding to and between these lines to a lariat, which has been drawn across from one side to the other. All the spectators act as judges. There is never any dispute as to the result of a race, no matter how much has been staked upon it, one way or the other. The wildest demonstrations of delight are indulged in by the winners, and the losers join heartily in the general hilarity.

The Moquis bury their dead with much ceremony. They do not put them in boxes or coffins, but wrap them in blankets and lay them away in the rocks with bowls of sacred meal, meat, water, corn, and fruits. This is not done from any superstitious notion that these things are going to be of any use to the dead, but because they are symbols of certain ideas. The women are the chief mourners and are grief stricken at their loss. The great altitude of the town with the consequently rare and pure air prevents odors.

Their form of courtship and marriage is very simple. In this part of their life neither priests nor civil officials have anything to do. When a young man seeks a wife he pays court to a maiden of his own choosing, and if he is favored she sends him a basket of variously colored peki, or peky, which signifies that she is willing to marry him. Then he, with all his people, visits her family and they have a little fête. This is returned, when the young man goes away with the girl, now his bride, and lives in her house. These people are very moral and hold in most

a Along the foot of these bordering sand hills, in the shallow, where there seems to be some moisture, and in the bordering mountains grow many peach trees, which bear abundantly every year. The kernels of the stones are pounded and formed into little cakes, used apparently as a sort of relish.—J. H. BRADLEY in "The Undeveloped West".

b The Moquis of the present day * * * do no part of their work as well as it was done by their ancestors, and their modern pottery will in no respect favorably compare with that found in the ruins of their old cities. The clay used is possibly the same. Most of the pieces are shaped in the same way. The decorating is in the same style now as it was then, the picture-written account of some Katolna message, but all is roughly done. The modern ware is thick and clumsy, lacks the fine coloring of the old work, and the glazing is particularly bad.—CHARLES R. MORRIS, 1889.

c In 1889 Mr. C. R. Moffet attended a tinlina, or social dance, given by the young men of Walpi. He thus describes it: "We made our way through the intricate windings of the narrow streets to nearly the opposite side of the village, where we found about 40 men assembled in a long, low, and narrow hall. As only 1 very poor dip was burning, and as the only opening through wall or roof was a very low and narrow door near one end, it is safe to say that the lighting and ventilating of their ball room was not first class. The dancers had removed all superfluous clothing, and it was extremely ludicrous to see an Indian come in, and, after quickly greasing those present, with great dignity take off his shirt and hang it up, just as a white man under similar circumstances would remove his overcoat and hat. The musical instruments were a tom-tom, made of a section of a hollow cottonwood log, one end of which was covered with dried mule skin, a number of gourds, filled with pebbles, and, wonderful innovation! a half string of sleigh bells. The pebble-filled gourds and the bells were rattled and the tom-tom, beaten with a heavy stick, came in from time to time like a bass drum, and the dancers, in a long single file, kept time. First but the right foot of each moved to the music, then both feet, then both feet and one arm, then all the limbs, then the head, then the whole frame fairly writhed. The line slowly retreated to the back of the hall, but at once advanced with ever accelerating speed, ending in a terrific bound. All this in perfect unison, keeping time to the music, all the dancers chanting the story of their tribe. First, low and plaintive the song, telling the death of some renowned chief, or great misfortune of their people; then higher, telling of the capture of whole herds of deer, and antelope, and big horns, by their mighty hunters; then higher, ever higher, telling the adventures of their brave warriors on the fields of strife, and ending in a terrible yell, that marked the close of a wonderful exploit of some death-dealing chief. The wavering light, the shadowy corners, scarcely lighted at all; the rattling bells and gourds, and the mournful tom-tom; the long line of nearly nude Indians, their long hair streaming out behind, marching, bounding, writhing, and wildly tossing their arms; and the strange song, now soft and low, now loud and fierce, formed a scene oppressively weird, and never to be forgotten. The tinlina ended at about 10 o'clock."

sacred regard the family life. They do not marry sisters or cousins, and they invariably go out of their family or gens to select wives or husbands.

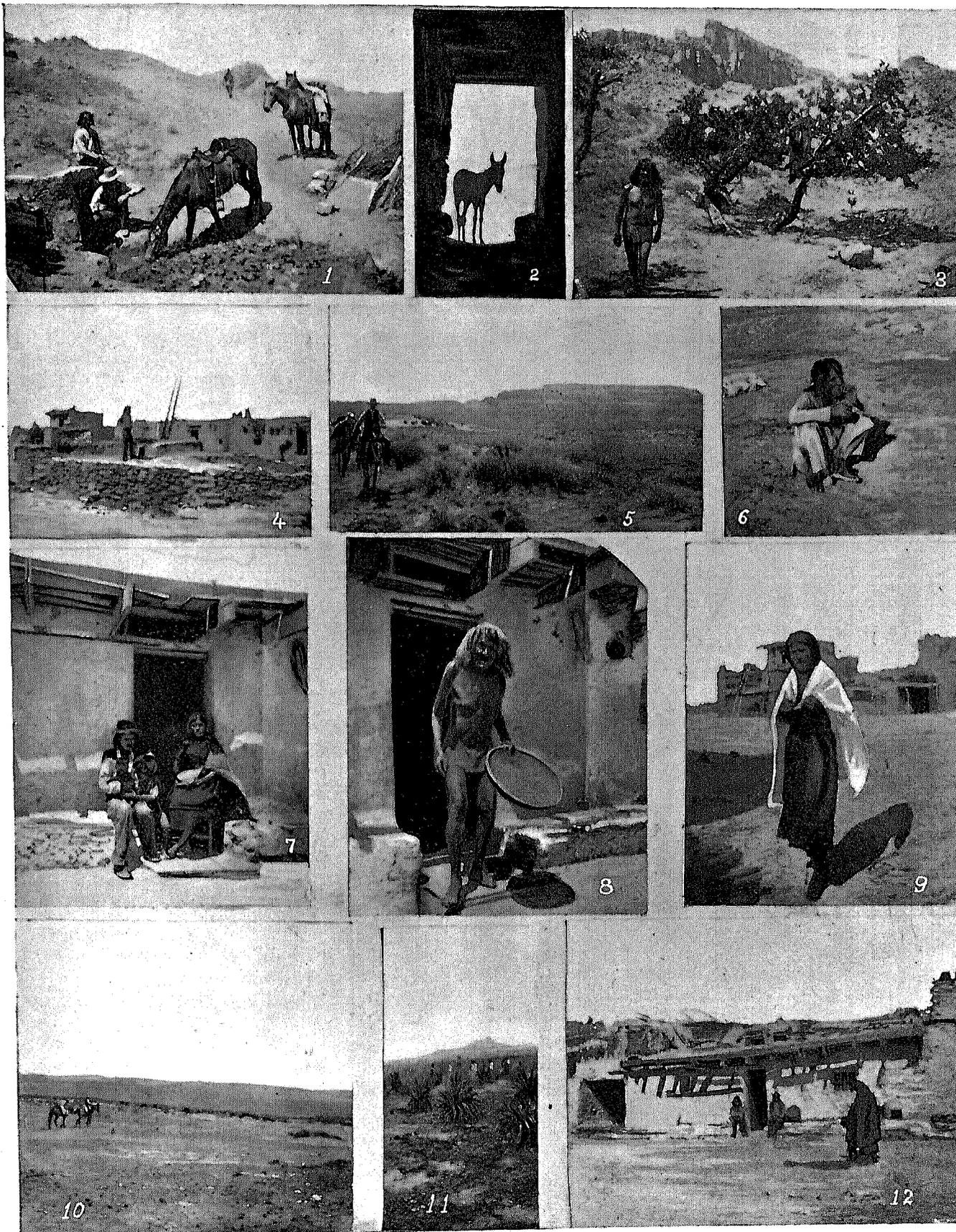
In visits paid to the different Moqui pueblos, or villages, I frequently met with Indians of other tribes who had come for trade, and who were objects of interest on account of their great dissimilarity in costume, manner of dressing the hair, and painting their faces. The Moquis as a rule do not paint their faces except for ceremonials. There were Apaches, Utes, Pintes, Navajos, and Cojoninas. The latter Indians deserve special mention. There are but few of them now, and their home is at the bottom of Cataract Creek cañon, one of the side cañons of the Great Colorado. They live in houses of stone and earth, which I am told are built like those of the Moquis. They make the beautiful willow baskets, which are deep and so tightly woven that they hold water. They are like the Apache baskets, only the designs worked in them are of 1 color, black, while the Apache baskets are of 2 colors, black and red.

From Moqui, or Walpi, I went to Holbrook over a road passing many old ruins, which came into view every little while high up on the mesas. These mounds, sometimes walls covering acres, were ruins when the Spaniards first came there. 10 miles or so to the south, and at our right, overlooking that part of the desert where the "Giant's Chair" is situated, is Awatubi (meaning high rock), probably the most picturesque of all these ruins. The Navajos call it Tal-li-hogan (singing house). It is supposed to be one of the 7 Moqui towns of the ancient province of Tusayan, existing when the Spaniards first came, and which have been supposed by some to be the "7 cities of the kingdom of Cibola", and a part of the walls of a church built by the Franciscan monks and Indian slaves are still standing in a good state of preservation. Some of the walls of the houses, too, have outlived the storms, and could to-day, with a little repairing, be utilized for places of abode. I was told by the Indian Nah-ji that the people of Awatubi became very bad and put to death their chief and the members of his family; that 4 years from the time of this revolt the men of the other 6 pueblos entered the city while those of Awatubi were engaged in religious ceremonies in their estufas, and that at a given signal fired brush, which they had brought with them, was thrown into the estufas, together with chili (red pepper), which greatly aided in the suffocation of their victims. Those who attempted to escape were brained with stone axes. They then killed all the old women, sparing the young children, who were divided among the other pueblos. The town was completely destroyed and has never since been used as a human habitation, unless temporarily by some nomadic Navajos.

All evidences of the Spanish invasion and possession have passed away excepting a few remains of old buildings, probably churches, judging from their dimensions. One of these, under Shimopavi, just south, is a mission, or church, with walls from 4 to 6 feet thick; they now form a part of a large sheep corral. Other Spanish ruins lie among the ruins of Awatubi. All other evidences of this occupation have disappeared, not even a piece of parchment, a carving, or anything tangible can be found, except now and then small ancient silver crosses of strange shapes, which the Indians wear among their beads. There was a piece of the old Spanish Catholic bell used at Shimopavi found a few years ago and since placed in the national museum at Washington. The Ho-pis (Moquis) endeavored to obliterate all traces of their Spanish oppressors, when once the work of massacre and destruction began and almost succeeded.

Tewa, the present seventh town, was built after the expulsion of the Spaniards as a home for some hired fighting men, Hessians in fact, who went there and settled with their families. The Navajos, Utes, and Apaches had constantly menaced the Moquis, who were and still are a very peaceable people, as the name they call themselves implies, Ho-pi-tuh. It was for a better protection of life that they built their houses on the mesas. Their fields were always in danger of being despoiled by roaming bands of one or the other of these tribes, and their condition became distressing. Finally in their extremity they secured the aid of some Indians from Tehua, on the Rio Grande, who took possession of the new village and gave it the name Tewa, as it is now spelt, the "w" substituting the Spanish "hu". The village had been provided for them and was one of the inducements offered to get them. Besides their dwellings all the other necessities of life were furnished, and the Tehuas were not obliged to perform any other duty than that of protecting the Moqui flocks, herds, fields, and orchards against the incursions of their enemies. The Tehuas were inured to war and proved a valuable auxiliary to their old kinsmen, with whom they were destined to become more closely united. It is nearly 200 years since they became a part of the Moqui establishment, marrying and intermarrying and speaking the Moqui tongue, yet in all this time they have preserved their own language in toto. The descendants of these Indian military families are farmers. They show a pronounced difference in their bearing from the pure Moqui, and as a general rule are taller and broader. They are foremost in all things that pertain to their future good, and were the first to leave the mesa and build new homes more convenient to wood and water and their fields. They have from the beginning encouraged and fought for the school that has been established for the Moquis at Keams Cañon. Polaki is their principal man, or chief, and in him is typified the force and energy of his race.

On my second visit in August and September, 1891, it was stated that the building of an industrial school among the Moquis had been ordered by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. I also found that Mr. R. P. Collins, the superintendent of the school at Keams Cañon, was in charge of the building of the school, and that the Moquis were in some excitement consequent upon the arrival and departure of a large body of United States troops under



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No. 1 Spring under Shi-mo-pa-vi Mesa. No. 2. Entrance to Shi-mo-pa-vi from the South. No. 3. Under the Cliffs of Shi-mo-pa-vi. No. 4. Principle Keva at Shi-mo-pa-vi. No. 5. Shi-mo-pa-vi Mesa from under Mi-shon-na-vi. No. 6. A Moqui smoking a Cigarette. No. 7. Arne and his Daughter. No. 8. The Father of Arne. No. 9. Arne's Wife. No. 10. Leaving Shi-mo-pa-vi. No. 11. A Moqui Corn Field. No. 12. Arne's Daughter's Home at Shi-mo-pa-vi.



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Illustrations of Moqui Water Supply, Springs and Gardens.

1. Wee-po. 2. Mi-shong-na-vi. 3. Po-la-ki. 4. Shi-be-bi-ta-ka. 5. Shi-paul-a-vi. 6. Some of the gardens at Wee-po.