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The Pool - Apache

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The North American Indian

Being A Series Of Volumes Picturing And Describing
The Indians Of The United States And Alaska

Written, Illustrated, And Published By Edward S. Curtis

Edited By Frederick Webb Hodge

Foreword By Theodore Roosevelt

Field Research Conducted Under The Patronage Of J. Pierpont Morgan

In Twenty Volumes This, The First Volume, Published In The Year Nineteen Hundred And Seven

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Contents

ALPHABET USED IN RECORDING INDIAN TERMS

[The consonants are as in English, except when otherwise noted]

a	as in father
ă	as in cat
â	as *aw* in awl
ai	as in aisle
e	as *ey* in they
ĕ	as in net
i	as in machine
ĭ	as in sit
o	as in old
ŏ	as in not
ô	as *ow*in how
oi	as in oil
u	as in ruin
ŭ	as in nut
ü	as in German hütte
ụ	as in push
h	always aspirated
q	as *qu* in quick
th	as in thaw
w	as in wild

y	as in year
ch	as in church
sh	as in shall, sash
^{n}	nasal, as in French dans
zh	as *z* in azure
'	a pause

Illustrations

Photogravures by John Andrew & Son, Boston.

Nayénězganĭ - Navaho

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FOREWORD

In Mr. Curtis we have both an artist and a trained observer, whose pictures are pictures, not merely photographs; whose work has far more than mere accuracy, because it is truthful. All serious students are to be congratulated because he is putting his work in permanent form; for our generation offers the last chance for doing what Mr. Curtis has done. The Indian as he has hitherto been is on the point of passing away. His life has been lived under conditions thru which our own race past so many ages ago that not a vestige of their memory remains. It would be a veritable calamity if a vivid and truthful record of these conditions were not kept. No one man alone could preserve such a record in complete form. Others have worked in the past, and are working in the present, to preserve parts of the record; but Mr. Curtis, because of the singular combination of qualities with which he has been blest, and because of his extraordinary success in making and using his opportunities, has been able to do what no other man ever has done; what, as far as we can see, no other man could do. He is an artist who works out of doors and not in the closet. He is a close observer, whose qualities of mind and body fit him to make his observations out in the field, surrounded by the wild life he commemorates. He has lived on intimate terms with many different tribes of the mountains and the plains. He knows them as they hunt, as they travel, as they go about their various avocations on the march and in the camp. He knows their medicine men and sorcerers, their chiefs and warriors, their young men and maidens. He has not only

seen their vigorous outward existence, but has caught glimpses, such as few white men ever catch, into that strange spiritual and mental life of theirs; from whose innermost recesses all white men are forever barred. Mr. Curtis in publishing this book is rendering a real and great service; a service not only to our own people, but to the world of scholarship everywhere.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

October 1st, 1906.

White River - Apache

From Copyright Photograph 1903 by E.S. Curtis

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

The task of recording the descriptive material embodied in these volumes, and of preparing the photographs which accompany them, had its inception in 1898. Since that time, during each year, months of arduous labor have been spent in accumulating the data necessary to form a comprehensive and permanent record of all the important tribes of the United States and Alaska that still retain to a considerable degree their primitive customs and traditions. The value of such a work, in great measure, will lie in the breadth of its treatment, in its wealth of illustration, and in the fact that it represents the result of personal study of a people who are rapidly losing the traces of their aboriginal character and who are destined ultimately to become assimilated with the "superior race."

It has been the aim to picture all features of the Indian life and environment—types of the young and the old, with their habitations, industries, ceremonies, games, and everyday customs. Rather than being designed for mere embellishment, the photographs are each an illustration of an Indian character or of some vital phase in his existence. Yet the fact that the Indian and his surroundings lend themselves to artistic treatment has not been lost sight of, for in his country one may treat limitless subjects of an æsthetic character without in any way doing injustice to scientific accuracy or neglecting the homelier phases of aboriginal life. Indeed, in a work of this sort, to overlook those marvellous touches that Nature has given to the Indian country, and for the origin of which the native ever has

a wonder-tale to relate, would be to neglect a most important chapter in the story of an environment that made the Indian much of what he is. Therefore, being directly from Nature, the accompanying pictures show what actually exists or has recently
[xiv] existed (for many of the subjects have already passed forever), not what the artist in his studio may presume the Indian and his surroundings to be.

The task has not been an easy one, for although lightened at times by the readiness of the Indians to impart their knowledge, it more often required days and weeks of patient endeavor before my assistants and I succeeded in overcoming the deep-rooted superstition, conservatism, and secretiveness so characteristic of primitive people, who are ever loath to afford a glimpse of their inner life to those who are not of their own. Once the confidence of the Indians gained, the way led gradually through the difficulties, but long and serious study was necessary before knowledge of the esoteric rites and ceremonies could be gleaned.

At times the undertaking was made congenial by our surroundings in beautiful mountain wild, in the depths of primeval forest, in the refreshing shade of cañon wall, or in the homes and sacred places of the Indians themselves; while at others the broiling desert sun, the sand-storm, the flood, the biting blast of winter, lent anything but pleasure to the task.

The word-story of this primitive life, like the pictures, must be drawn direct from Nature. Nature tells the story, and in Nature's simple words I can but place it before the reader. In great measure it must be written as these lines are—while I am in close touch with the Indian life.

At the moment I am seated by a beautiful brook that bounds through the forests of Apacheland. Numberless birds are singing their songs of life and love. Within my reach lies a tree, felled only last night by a beaver, which even now darts out into the light, scans his surroundings, and scampers back. A covey of mourning doves fly to the water's edge, slake their thirst in their

dainty way, and flutter off. By the brookside path now and then wander prattling children; a youth and a maiden hand in hand wend their way along the cool stream's brink. The words of the children and the lovers are unknown to me, but the story of childhood and love needs no interpreter.

It is thus near to Nature that much of the life of the Indian still is; hence its story, rather than being replete with statistics of commercial conquests, is a record of the Indian's relations [xv] with and his dependence on the phenomena of the universe—the trees and shrubs, the sun and stars, the lightning and rain,—for these to him are animate creatures. Even more than that, they are deified, therefore are revered and propitiated, since upon them man must depend for his well-being. To the workaday man of our own race the life of the Indian is just as incomprehensible as are the complexities of civilization to the mind of the untutored savage.

While primarily a photographer, I do not see or think photographically; hence the story of Indian life will not be told in microscopic detail, but rather will be presented as a broad and luminous picture. And I hope that while our extended observations among these brown people have given no shallow insight into their life and thought, neither the pictures nor the descriptive matter will be found lacking in popular interest.

Though the treatment accorded the Indians by those who lay claim to civilization and Christianity has in many cases been worse than criminal, a rehearsal of these wrongs does not properly find a place here. Whenever it may be necessary to refer to some of the unfortunate relations that have existed between the Indians and the white race, it will be done in that unbiased manner becoming the student of history. As a body politic recognizing no individual ownership of lands, each Indian tribe naturally resented encroachment by another race, and found it impossible to relinquish without a struggle that which belonged to their people from time immemorial. On the other hand, the

By The Sycamore - Apache

From Copyright Photograph 1906 by E.S. Curtis

white man whose very own may have been killed or captured by a party of hostiles forced to the warpath by the machinations of some unscrupulous Government employé, can see nothing that is good in the Indian. There are thus two sides to the story, and in these volumes such questions must be treated with impartiality.

Nor is it our purpose to theorize on the origin of the Indians—a problem that has already resulted in the writing of a small library, and still with no satisfactory solution. The object of the work is to record by word and picture what the Indian is, not whence [xvi] he came. Even with this in view the years of a single life are insufficient for the task of treating in minute detail all the intricacies of the social structure and the arts and beliefs of many tribes. Nevertheless, by reaching beneath the surface through a study of his creation myths, his legends and folklore, more than a fair impression of the mode of thought of the Indian can be gained. In each instance all such material has been gathered by the writer and his assistants from the Indians direct, and confirmed, so far as is possible, through repetition by other members of their tribe.

Ever since the days of Columbus the assertion has been made repeatedly that the Indian has no religion and no code of ethics, chiefly for the reason that in his primitive state he recognizes no supreme God. Yet the fact remains that no people have a more elaborate religious system than our aborigines, and none are more devout in the performance of the duties connected therewith. There is scarcely an act in the Indian's life that does not involve some ceremonial performance or is not in itself a religious act, sometimes so complicated that much time and study are required to grasp even a part of its real meaning, for his myriad deities must all be propitiated lest some dire disaster befall him.

Likewise with their arts, which casual observers have sometimes denied the Indians; yet, to note a single example, the so-called "Digger" Indians, who have been characterized as

in most respects the lowest type of all our tribes, are makers of delicately woven baskets, embellished with symbolic designs and so beautiful in form as to be works of art in themselves.

The great changes in practically every phase of the Indian's life that have taken place, especially within recent years, have been such that had the time for collecting much of the material, both descriptive and illustrative, herein recorded, been delayed, it would have been lost forever. The passing of every old man or woman means the passing of some tradition, some knowledge of sacred rites possessed by no other; consequently the information that is to be gathered, for the benefit of future generations, respecting the mode of life of one of the great races of mankind, must be collected at once or the opportunity will be lost for all time. It is this need that has inspired the present task.

[xvii]

The Fire Drill - Apache

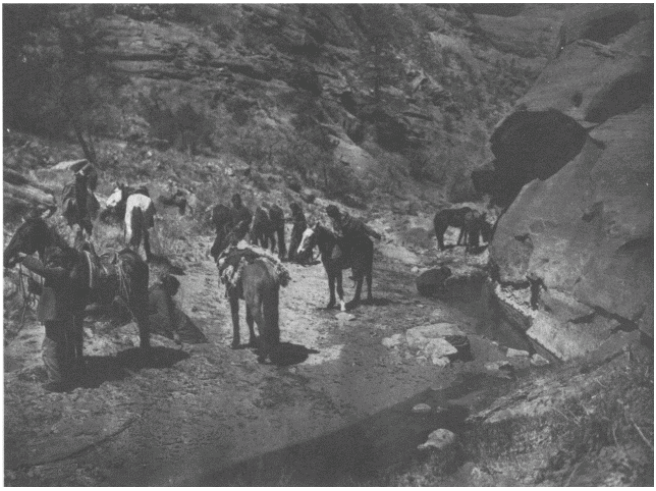
From Copyright Photograph 1906 by E.S. Curtis

In treating the various tribes it has been deemed advisable that a geographic rather than an ethnologic grouping be presented, but without losing sight of tribal relationships, however remote the cognate tribes may be one from another. To simplify the study and to afford ready reference to the salient points respecting the several tribes, a summary of the information pertaining to each is given in the appendices.

In the spelling of the native terms throughout the text, as well as in the brief vocabularies appended to each volume, the simplest form possible, consistent with approximate accuracy, has been adopted. No attempt has been made to differentiate sounds so much alike that the average student fails to discern the distinction, for the words, where recorded, are designed for the general reader rather than the philologist, and it has been the endeavor to encourage their pronunciation rather than to make them repellent by inverted and other arbitrary characters.

I take this opportunity to express my deep appreciation to those who have so generously lent encouragement during these years of my labor, from the humblest dwellers in frontier cabins to the captains of industry in our great commercial centres, and from the representatives of the most modest institutions of learning to those whose fame is worldwide. Without this encouragement the work could not have been accomplished. When the last opportunity for study of the living tribes shall have passed with the Indians themselves, and the day cannot be far off, my generous friends may then feel that they have aided in a work the results of which, let it be hoped, will grow more valuable as time goes on.

EDWARD S. CURTIS.



A Noonday Halt - Navaho

From Copyright Photograph 1904 by E.S. Curtis

INTRODUCTION TO VOLUME ONE

While it is the plan of this work to treat the tribes in the order of their geographic distribution, rather than to group them in accordance with their relationship one to another, we are fortunate, in the present volume, to have for treatment two important southwestern Indian groups—the Navaho and the Apache—which are not only connected linguistically but have been more or less in proximity ever since they have been known to history.

Because of his cunning, his fearlessness, and his long resistance to subjection both by the missionary and by the governments under whose dominion he has lived, but until recent times never recognized, the Apache, in name at least, has become one of the best known of our tribal groups. But, ever the scourge of the peaceable Indians that dwelt in adjacent territory, and for about three hundred years a menace to the brave colonists that dared settle within striking distance of him, the Apache of Arizona and New Mexico occupied a region that long remained a *terra incognita*, while the inner life of its occupants was a closed book.

There is little wonder, then, that we have known practically nothing of the Apache and their customs beyond the meagre record of what has been given us by a few army officers; consequently their study was entered into with especial interest. Although much time was expended and much patience consumed before the confidence of their elders was gained, the work was

finally successful, as will be seen particularly by the creation legend and the accompanying mythologic picture-writing on deerskin, which give an insight into the mode of thought of this people and a comprehensive idea of the belief respecting their genesis. Not satisfied with the story as first related by the medicine-men lest error perchance should have crept in, it
[xx] was repeated and verified by others until no doubt of its entire accuracy remained. It is especially fortunate that the chief investigations were made in the summer of 1906, when the new "messiah craze" was at its height, thus affording exceptional opportunity for observing an interesting wave of religious ecstasy sweep over this primitive folk.

The Navaho tribe, second only to the Sioux in numbers, have been the least affected by civilizing influences. The Navaho is the American Bedouin, the chief human touch in the great plateau-desert region of our Southwest, acknowledging no superior, paying allegiance to no king in name of chief, a keeper of flocks and herds who asks nothing of the Government but to be unmolested in his pastoral life and in the religion of his forebears. Although the mythology and ceremonials of this virile people would alone furnish material for many volumes, it is believed that even with the present comparatively brief treatment a comprehensive view of their character and activities will be gained.

It is with pleasure that I acknowledge the able assistance rendered by Mr. W. W. Phillips and Mr. W. E. Myers during the last two years of field work in collecting and arranging the material for this volume, and the aid of Mr. A. F. Muhr in connection with the photographic work in the laboratory.

EDWARD S. CURTIS

Apache Camp

From Copyright Photograph 1906 by E.S. Curtis

Typical Apache

From Copyright Photograph 1906 by E.S. Curtis

THE APACHE

HISTORICAL SKETCH

The Indian and his history present innumerable problems to the student. Facts seemingly contradict facts, well-founded theories contradict other theories as well founded. Linguistically the Apache belong to the great Athapascan family, which, according to the consensus of opinion, had its origin in the far North, where many tribes of the family still live. Based on the creation legends of the Navaho and on known historical events, the advent of the southern branch of this linguistic group—the Navaho and the Apache tribes—has been fixed in the general region in which they now have their home, at about the time of the discovery of America. Contrary to this conclusion, however, the legend of their genesis gives no hint of an origin in other than their historical habitat. The history and the legendary lore of the Indian are passed down from generation to generation, so that it would seem hardly credible that all trace of this migration from a distant region should have become lost within a period of somewhat more than four hundred years.

Again, judging by the similarity in language, the Apache and the Navaho in prehistoric times were as nearly a single group as the present bands of Apache are; and, likewise, there is sufficient similarity in the underlying principles of their mythology to

argue a common tribal origin. The names as well as the functions of several of the mythic characters are identical in both tribes, as, for example, the war gods Nayĕnĕzganĭ and Tobadzĭschĭnĭ. These miracle-performing twins in each case are the sons of a woman (who occupies an almost identical position in both Navaho and Apache mythology) and the sun and water respectively. Pollen also is deified by each—as Hádĭntĭn Boy among the Apache and Tádĭtĭn Boy among the Navaho. If, therefore, we may concede that the Navaho and the Apache were
[004] originally one tribe, as their language certainly indicates, we have many arguments in favor of the theory of long residence in the South-west of this branch of the Athapascan family, for the striking differences in the details of their myths would seem to indicate that the tribal separation was not a recent one, and that the mythology of the two tribes became changed in the course of its natural development along different lines or through accretion of other peoples since the original segregation. The Apache story of their creation portrays human beings in their present form, while in the Navaho genesis myth occurs the remarkable story, unquestionably aboriginal, of the evolution of the lower animals through successive underworlds until the present world is reached, then as spirit people miraculously creating human life.

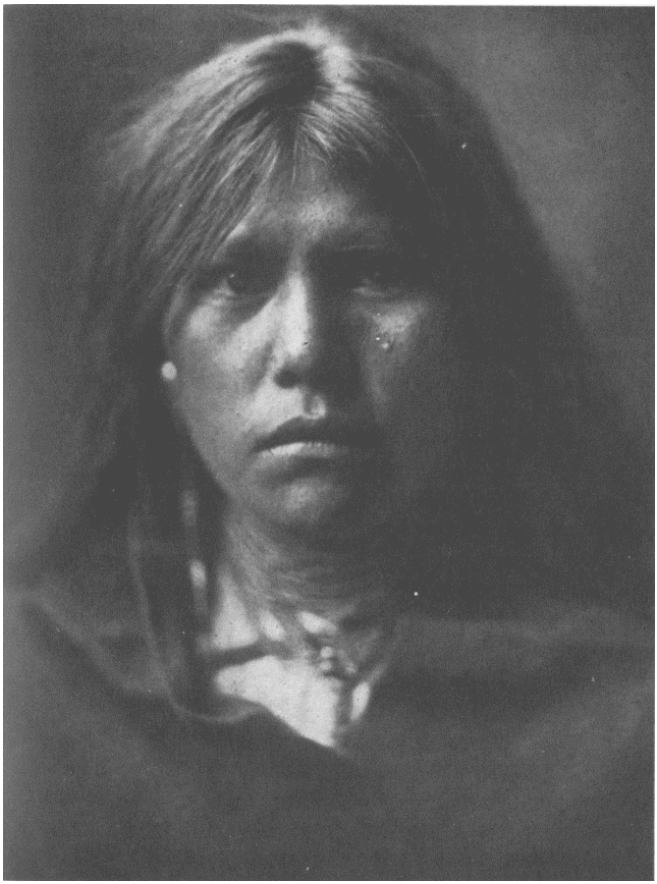
The beautiful genesis myth of the Apache is complete; it does not reflect an incipient primitive culture, but one developed by age. The mythology and ceremonial of the Navaho exhibit unquestioned signs of being composite in origin. Their ceremonials are perhaps the most elaborate of any Indians except the Pueblos; indeed the very life of this people so teems with ceremony as almost to pass comprehension. The Navaho ritual probably reached its highest phase about the beginning of the nineteenth century. It would seem impossible for a religion so highly developed as this to have attained such a stage within a comparatively short time.

Before the early years of the seventeenth century the Spanish chroniclers give us nothing definite regarding the Apache of what is now Arizona and New Mexico, but there are numerous accounts of their aggressiveness from this time onward.

Father Francisco Garcés, who in 1775-76 journeyed from his mission of San Xavier del Bac, in southern Arizona, to San Gabriel, California, thence to the Hopi country, and back to his mission by way of the Colorado and the Gila rivers, had sufficient knowledge of the Apache to keep well out of their country, for they had ever been enemies of Garcés' peaceful neophytes, the Papago and the Pima. To the warlike, marauding Apache Garcés gave much thought, drawing up a plan for holding them in subjection by the establishment of a cordon of presidios. To [005] read his simple plan and compare the ineffectual efforts of the Americans, who had the Apache country virtually surrounded by military posts for many years, will convince one that while Garcés held the Apache in justifiable fear, he little knew the true character of those with whom he was reckoning.

So far as diligent field research reveals, there was but one tribe or band of Indians living within proximity of the Apache Indians of Arizona in early times who ever affiliated with them, or associated with them in any way save on terms of enmity. This tribe was the Apache-Mohave, of Yuman stock, whose domain extended along the Rio Verde in central Arizona, immediately adjacent to the territory over which the Apache proper held undisputed sway. With these, affiliation practically became fusion, for in outward semblance, characteristics, mode of living, and handicraft they are typically Apache; but their mother tongue, though impaired, and remnants of their native mythology are still adhered to. Through the Apache-Mohave, allied with the Apache since early times, and resembling them so closely as to have almost escaped segregation until recent years, did the tribe now so widely known as Apache undoubtedly receive its name.

The Apache-Mohave call themselves *Apátĭĕh*, which means,



Ténokai - Apache

From Copyright Photograph 1906 by E.S. Curtis

simply, "people." The Walapai, another Yuman tribe farther north, whose dialect resembles that of the Apache-Mohave more closely than do the dialects of the Mohave and the Yuma, also call themselves *Apátĭĕh*. Although the pronunciation of this word is indicated more nearly correctly by this spelling than by "Apache," only a trained ear can distinguish the difference in sound when the average Yuman Indian utters it. Etymologically it comes from *apá*, "man," and the plural suffix *-tĭĕh*.

The mountain fastness of the Apache in Arizona permitted easiest approach from the south and the west for all who wished to seek peace or revenge. The Apache-Mohave, living as Apache in close affiliation, were on the western border of this stronghold, whence they made raids upon several other Yuman groups, north, west, and south, in company with the Apache. They were also the first to be attacked by enemies waging offensive [006] warfare, hence any name by which they designated themselves might readily have been transmitted to the whole Apache group. Early Spanish missionaries alluded to the Apache-Mohave as true Apache. Contradistinguished from the Apache proper, the Apache-Mohave are called Yavapai and Yavapĕh by their congeners of the Colorado river, a term that has been employed by early writers, misled through the close association of the Apache-Mohave with the Apache, to designate also the latter people. It is further evident that the term Apache came to be applied to this great division of the Athapascan family indirectly, as its component tribes are not known by that name in any of the Indian languages of the Southwest, and there is no evidence of its being of other than Indian origin.

Since known to history, the many bands of Apache have occupied the mountains and plains of southern Arizona and New Mexico, northern Sonora and Chihuahua, and western Texas—an area greater than that of the states of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont, Maine, Ohio, North Carolina, South Carolina, and West Virginia. They were

At The Ford - Apache

From Copyright Photograph 1903 by E.S. Curtis

always known as "wild" Indians, and indeed their early warfare with all neighboring tribes, as well as their recent persistent hostility toward our Government, which precipitated a "war of extermination," bear out the appropriateness of the designation. An admission of fear of anything is hard to elicit from the weakest of Indian tribes, but all who lived within raiding distance of the Apache, save the Navaho, their Athapascan cousins, freely admit that for generations before their subjugation the Apache were constantly held in mortal terror.

Through the constant depredations carried on against the Mexican settlements in northern Sonora and Chihuahua, under the leadership of Juan José, an Apache chief educated among the Mexicans, those two states were led, in 1837, to offer a bounty for Apache scalps. The horror of this policy lay in the fact that the scalp of a friendly Indian brought the same reward as that of the fiercest warrior, and worse still, no exception was [007] made of women or children. Nothing could have been more

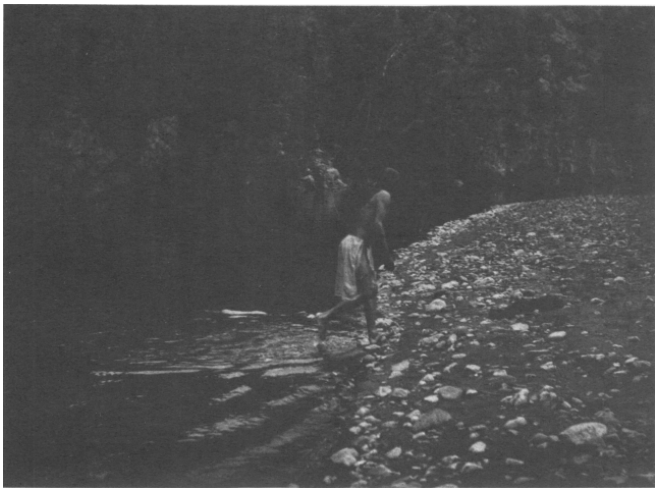
effective than this scalp bounty in arousing all the savagery in these untamed denizens of the mountains, and both Mexico and the United States paid dearly in lives for every Apache scalp taken under this barbarous system. Predatory warfare continued unabated during the next forty years in spite of all the Mexican government could do. With the consummation of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in 1848, the Apache problem became one to be solved by the United States as well.

In 1864, under General James H. Carleton, the "war of extermination" was begun in a most systematic manner. On April 20 this officer communicated a proposal of co-operation to Don Ignacio Pesqueira, Governor of Sonora, saying: "If your excellency will put a few hundred men into the field on the first day of next June, and keep them in hot pursuit of the Apaches of Sonora, say for sixty or ninety days, we will either exterminate the Indians or so diminish their numbers that they will cease their murdering and robbing propensities and live at peace."

This request was met. The settlers in Arizona, under agreement, placed a force in the field provisioned with army supplies. Several hundred Pima, Papago, and Maricopa Indians also were supplied with guns, ammunition, and clothing, and pressed into service; but a year's effort netted the combined forces little gain. Although two hundred Apache were killed and many head of stolen stock recovered, practically no advance toward the termination of hostilities was accomplished.

In April, 1865, Inspector-General Davis arranged a conference at the Copper Mines in New Mexico with Victorio, Nané, Acosta, and other chiefs, among whom were Pasquin, Cassari, and Salvador, sons of Mangas Coloradas, through which he learned of the existence of dire destitution among the Apache and a desire for peace on condition that they be permitted to occupy their native haunts. But the Government had adopted a policy of removal by which the Arizona Apache desiring peace should join the Mescaleros at the Bosque Redondo in New Mexico. To

[008] this they flatly refused to agree, and the warfare continued.



The Bathing Pool - Apache

From Copyright Photograph 1906 by E.S. Curtis

Practically all the Apache were assembled in Arizona in 1865, and waged hostilities with renewed energy for the next five years, being joined by the Walapai in 1868. The close of this period found the situation quite as unsettled as ever.

On June 4, 1871, General George Crook was placed in command. Crook was not an exterminator. In the fall of the same year he said:

"I think that the Apache is painted in darker colors than he deserves, and that his villainies arise more from a misconception of facts than from his being worse than other Indians. Living in a country the natural products of which will not support him, he has either to cultivate the soil or steal, and as our vacillating policy satisfies him we are afraid of him, he chooses the latter, also as requiring less labor and being more congenial to his natural instincts. I am satisfied that a sharp, active campaign against him

would not only make him one of the best Indians in the country, but it would also save millions of dollars to the Treasury, and the lives of many innocent whites and Indians."

Crook's policy was one of peace, but he made it plain to the Indians that if they did not agree to peace when liberal terms were offered, they could expect a campaign against them hitherto unequalled in vigor. It was thus that by 1873 the Tontos, Coyoteros, and Apache-Mohave were subdued and the backbone of Apache resistance broken.

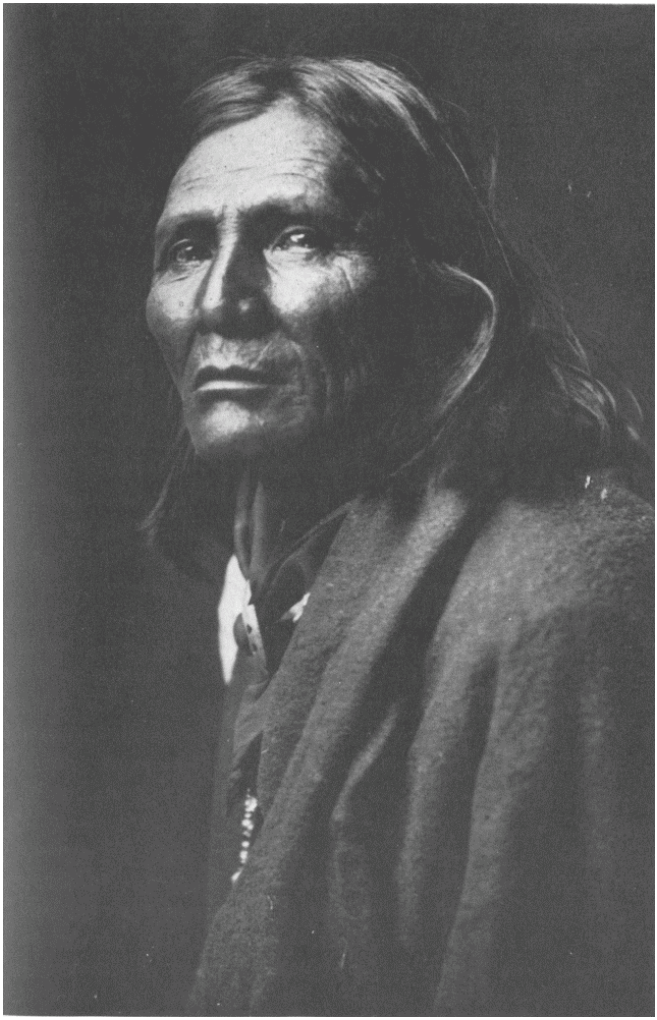
The Apache-Mohave and the Tontos were placed on a reservation on the Rio Verde; the Coyoteros were taken to the White Mountain district near Fort Apache; the Pinaleños and parts of other bands surrendered and were established at San Carlos; in all, approximately three thousand Apache had been brought under control. About one thousand hostiles yet remained in the mountains, but by 1874 they had become so nearly subjugated as to make it seem advisable to transfer the Arizona reservations from the War Department to the Office of Indian Affairs, which was done. The policy of the Indian Office from the beginning had been to concentrate the various bands upon one reservation at San Carlos. Disaffection arose between different bands until this became a despicable place to nearly [009] all, while continued adherence to the removal policy drove the Chiricahua from their southern Arizona reservation to seek refuge with the Ojo Caliente Apache in southwestern New Mexico, in 1876, although they had been living in comparative peace for four years. In 1877 these Chiricahua and the Ojo Caliente band were forcibly removed to San Carlos, but while en route Victorio and a party of forty warriors made their escape. In September of the same year three hundred more fled from San Carlos and settler after settler was murdered. In February, 1878, Victorio and his notorious band surrendered at Ojo Caliente, but gave notice that they would die fighting before submitting to removal to San Carlos. The major portion of the three hundred Chiricahua who

had left San Carlos surrendered at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, shortly before. All these were taken to the Mescalero reservation in New Mexico.

Haunted by the dread of removal to San Carlos, the appearance of a party of Grant County officials at the Mescalero agency on a hunting tour a few months later caused Victorio and his band to flee with a number of Chiricahua and Mescaleros to the mountains of southern New Mexico.

For two years, until he met his death at the hands of Mexican troops in the fall of 1880, Victorio spread carnage throughout the southern portions of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, and the northern states of Mexico, enlisting the aid of every willing renegade or refugee of whatever band or tribe in that section. After him Nané, Chato, Juh, Geronimo, and other doughty hostiles carried the fighting and raiding along until June, 1883, when Crook, reassigned to the Arizona district, followed the Chiricahua band under Geronimo into the Sierra Madre in Chihuahua, whence he brought them back whipped and ready to accept offers of peace. The captives were placed upon the San Carlos and White Mountain reservations, where, with the various other Apache bands under military surveillance, and with Crook in control, they took up agriculture with alacrity. But in 1885
[010] Crook's authority was curtailed, and through some cause, never quite clear, Geronimo with many Chiricahua followers again took the warpath. Crook being relieved at his own request, Gen. Nelson A. Miles was assigned the task of finally subduing the Apache, which was consummated by the recapture of Geronimo and his band in the Sierra Madre in September, 1886. These hostiles were taken as prisoners to Florida, later to Alabama, and thence to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where, numbering 298, they still are, living as farmers in peace and quiet, but still under the control of the military authorities.

One of the last hostile movements of note was the so-called Cibicu fight in 1882. In the spring of that year an old medicine-



Alchĭsé - Apache

From Copyright Photograph 1906 by E.S. Curtis

man, Nabakéltĭ, Attacking The Enemy, better known as Doklínĭ, started a "medicine" craze in the valley of the Cibicu on the White Mountain reservation. He had already a considerable following, and now claimed divine revelation and dictated forms of procedure in bringing the dead to life. As medicine paraphernalia he made sixty large wheels of wood, painted symbolically, and twelve sacred sticks, one of which, in the form of a cross, he designated "chief of sticks." Then with sixty men he commenced his dance.

One morning at dawn Nabakéltĭ went to the grave of a man who had been prominent in the tribe and who had recently died. He and his adherents danced about the grave and then dug up the bones, around which they danced four times in a circle. The dancing occupied the entire morning, and early in the afternoon they went to another grave, where the performance was repeated. In each instance the bones were left exposed; but later four men, specially delegated, went to the graves and erected a brush hut over the remains.

Nabakéltĭ told the people that they must pray each morning for four days, at the end of which time the bleached bones would be found clothed with flesh and alive again. By the end of the second day the Apache band on the Cibicu became excited almost to the degree of frenzy. They watched the little grave-houses constantly and gathered in groups about other graves.

[011] Some of the Apache employed as scouts with the detachment stationed at Fort Apache heard of the craze and obtained leave of absence to investigate. They returned and informed the commanding officer, then acting as agent, that their people were going mad, whereupon a number of scouts and troopers were sent to learn the cause of the trouble and to ask Nabakéltĭ to come to the fort for an interview. Though angered by the message, the old man agreed to come in two days. Meanwhile he had the little brush houses over the bones tightly sealed to keep out preying animals and curious Indians. He then explained to his people

that, owing to the interruption by the whites, it was probable that the bones would not come to life at the end of four days, as predicted, but that he would make a new dance later and prove the efficacy of his creed.

Then he started for the fort with his entire band of dancers, sixty-two in number, each with his "sacred medicine"—wheels, sticks, and drums. They journeyed afoot, stopping occasionally to dance, and reached the grounds of the fort late in the afternoon of the second day. On they passed, dancing in a spectacular manner, and camped that night on the flat a little above the fort, where they waited for someone to come over to interview them. The agent did not send for Nabakéltĭ that night, so at daybreak he started up White river with his band, passing by the present agency site, and crossing into Bear Springs valley. Thence they took the trail toward the Cibicu again, reaching the Carrizo in the evening, where they camped for the night and performed another dance. The following morning they took the trail for their home, which they reached rather early in the day.

As soon as the band had reached its destination, another summons was delivered to Nabakéltĭ to appear before the agent at the fort. This time the old man sent back word that he would not come: he had gone once, and if any had wished to see him, they had had their chance.

On receipt of this reply, sixty mounted soldiers, armed and provisioned, were sent over to the Cibicu to put a stop to the dancing. Apache scouts had been stationed to watch the manœuvres of the Indians and to keep the officials informed. They met the troopers, who made a night ride to the stream, and informed them where the old medicine-man was encamped. [012] Early in the morning the soldiers reached the Cibicu at a point about two miles above Nabakéltĭ's camp, whence a detachment was despatched to arrest the medicine-man and bring him to the place where headquarters were being established. It was the intention merely to arrest and hold him while the troops rested

for the day, preparatory to taking him back to the fort; but it was deemed necessary to send a force sufficiently large to cope with the Indians should they attempt resistance.

Mescal Hills - Apache

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Nabakéltĭ yielded without hesitation to the demands of the soldiers, and forthwith rode up to headquarters. Everything seemed very quiet. There was no demonstration against the soldiers, who stacked their arms and unloaded the pack-trains. The mules were hobbled and turned loose, and the cavalry horses tethered and fed.

While this apparently peaceful condition prevailed, a brother of the medicine-man, angered because of the arrest, dashed into camp on a pony and shot and killed the captain in command. Instantly, hardly realizing whence the shot had come, one of the troopers struck Nabakéltĭ on the head with a cudgel, killing him. Assured that a fight was imminent, the soldiers receded to

higher ground, a short distance back, where they hurriedly made preparations for defence.

On learning that Nabakéltĭ had been killed, and deeming the soldiers wholly to blame, a small party of Apache attacked the troopers while retreating to the higher ground. Six of the soldiers were killed, the mules stampeded, and the provisions burned, all within a short space of time. The hostiles made their escape, practically all of them leaving the valley.

The Government probably never lost money faster in an Indian campaign than it did as a result of its interference with Nabakéltĭ's harmless medicine craze. Had he been left alone his inevitable failure, already at hand, to bring the dead to life would have lost him his following, and in all probability his ill-success would have cost his life at the hands of one of his tribesmen. As it was, the hostilities that followed extended over several months, costing many lives and a vast sum of money.

[013]

HOMELAND AND LIFE

The present Apache population is approximately six thousand, including the Jicarillas and Mescaleros of New Mexico. It is doubtful if the number ever exceeded ten thousand. In population, therefore, the Apache seem almost too insignificant to have kept the other tribes of the vast Southwest, as well as two civilized nations, in constant dread for so long a period.

At the present time the greater part of the Apache reside on the White Mountain reservation, Arizona, comprising more than 3,500,000 acres, with agency headquarters at Whiteriver and San Carlos. This reservation is a part of the great tableland of southeastern Arizona, being a succession of mountains and high, park-like mesas, broken here and there with valleys and watered by limpid streams. The highlands are wooded with pine,

cedar, fir, juniper, oak, and other trees, while in the valleys are mistletoe-laden cottonwood as well as willow, alder, and walnut, which, with smaller growths, are interwoven with vines of grape, hop, and columbine, in places forming a veritable jungle. On every hand, whether on mountain or in valley, many varieties of cactus grow in profusion; and in springtime cañon and vale, mountain-side and mesa, are all aglow with wild flowers.

In midsummer the temperature of the lower reaches seems as great as that of a furnace. At the same season in the mountain and high mesa country, especially in the shade of the beautiful forests, the atmosphere is ideal; but in winter these higher levels are covered deep with snow, swept by fierce winds that chill one to the very marrow.

The typical Apache habitation, called *kówa*, consists of a framework of poles loosely thatched with native grass, through which the smoke from the central fire finds its outlet and the rain and snow sift in, rendering it anything but a comfortable shelter in time of storm. The *kówa* is erected by the women, who are
[014] little more than drudges, and as an Apache may have as many wives as he feels able to support, he may have as many homes as circumstances require. The various wives are prone to be quarrelsome among themselves, for which reason a man usually maintains one wife on one part of the reservation and another wife perhaps many miles away.

In the good old days the radius of Apache wandering centred in the mountains of what is now southeastern Arizona; this was their stronghold, their lair, whence they raided to the south, well down into Sonora and Chihuahua, westward to the Colorado river, northward into the Hopi and Navaho country, and eastward as far at least as western Texas. From this mountain rendezvous they swept down upon the Mexicans and Indians of Sonora and Chihuahua, and on the Pueblo villages of the north, while in later years they terrorized the white settlers of the entire Southwest. To follow them was a fruitless task which often led to the destruction

Primitive Apache Home

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of the pursuers.

The primitive Apache was a true nomad, a wandering child of Nature, whose birthright was a craving for the warpath, with courage and endurance probably exceeded by no other people, and with cunning beyond reckoning. Although his character is a strong mixture of courage and ferocity, the Apache is gentle and affectionate toward those of his own flesh and blood, particularly his children. Fear, to him, is unknown. Death he faces with stolid indifference; yet Apache men have been known to grieve so deeply over the loss of a friend as to end their troubles by self-destruction.

No people could be better fitted than the Apache to conduct continuous predatory warfare. Every form of plant and animal life pays him tribute. An entirely naked Indian, without implements of any sort, would stop on a mountain slope and in a few minutes be sitting by a cheerful fire preparing a welcome meal. With a fragment of stone he would shape fire-sticks from the dead stalk

of a yucca. Sitting with the flattened piece held firmly by his feet, a pinch of sand at the point of contact between the two sticks, with a few deft whirls of the round stick over his improvised
[015] hearth the lone traveller would soon have a fire kindled. Into the blaze he would cast a few sections of green, juicy mescal[1] stalk which, when cooked, would afford him both food and drink. This part of his meal finished, the Apache might gather other dead yucca stalks, split them, and often find within small stores of honey.

Many plants furnish small seeds rich in nutriment. These are gathered in a basket, ground on a metate, and the oily mass formed into a ball with the hands. The Apache assert that a lump as large as one's two fists would subsist a man for two days; but in addition he would eat wild greens of various kinds, either cooked or raw. One of the principal vegetal foods of the Apache is the mescal—in their language, *náta*. Nothing can give a better idea of the economic life of these people than a description of one of their annual mescal harvests.

The mescal harvest occurs in the season of new life and growth, when the call from the wild is strong in the blood, and like a class of children—for they are but grown-up children—they pour out into the wilds. From the camp where they have passed the winter they take to the trails which lead to the mescal hills.

For some hours after leaving the huts on White river the path leads across the hot, dusty desert; then it reaches the rim of White river cañon and follows its edge so closely that a pebble tossed from the saddle would drop into the torrent more than a thousand feet below. How musical the roar of the stream, and how cool its waters look! As the trail passes some especially dizzy spot the Indian women lean away from the sheer edge in fear. For miles the trail traverses the bluff. At times the river is out of sight and hearing, then it emerges again and both eye and ear receive

[1] The agave or maguey plant, locally called mescal, for which reason the latter term is here employed.

its greeting. At the hour when the piñon trees stretch their long shadows across the land the Indians urge their horses down a steep, winding trail and arrive at the river's bank. Here they ford, follow the course of the stream for a while, and then at a bend reach an open flat dotted here and there with shapely live-oaks. [016] In this park-like opening the long straggling line comes to a halt.

Cutting Mescal - Apache

From Copyright Photograph 1906 by E.S. Curtis

All the worldly possessions of the Apache woman are packed on the horse which she and her children have ridden. The mother, with the youngest in her arms, first clambers down, followed by the little girl four years of age; she then removes the blankets that cover the pack, then the burden basket containing her cooking utensils, next the water bottle, and from across the saddle seat the large rawhide carryall that contains the family supplies and extra clothing. A smaller rawhide bag holds those little essentials necessary to the comfort of the family. The unloading finished, the woman fills the water bottle at the stream and gathers fuel

for preparing the simple meal, which is soon over. If anything is more simple than the cooking it is the preparation of the bed. A small circular spot is cleared and an armful of grass, if any exists, is spread over it; the blankets are laid on the grass, and the bed is made. The blankets may not be clean, and certainly the pallet is not downy, but this matters little to a people inured to hardship; they are happy.

With a laugh the children tumble upon the blankets. Being dressed in a single garment a little girl innocently exposes more of her body than meets with her modest mother's approval. The scolding is full and positive. Little Miss Apache, sitting in the middle of the blanket with her knees drawn to her chin and with scant skirt now tucked carefully about her feet, looks up with roguish smile, then down at her wiggling toes in coquettish defiance.

From far down the stream resound the splash of water and the merry laughter of matrons and maidens bathing in the clear pools, and from above the more boisterous shouts of men and boys. Surely he who says the American Indian is morose, stolid, and devoid of humor never knew him in the intimacy of his own home.

With the coming of light the women are at work building the campfires, and the rising sun finds them at their morning meal.
[017] The breaking of camp is a brief task. To-day they are to cross the divide, ford Black river, and continue on to the mountains where the mescal grows abundantly. Travel in the cool morning hours is a delight, and seven o'clock finds the party well on its way. The long cavalcade winds slowly over the mountain trail. Just ahead is a mother with two children, a little girl astride behind her and a two-year-old boy standing in her lap. The mourning dove sounds its melancholy note from the forest, and the children take up the call. The little boy is not very proficient in the imitation, and sister corrects him time after time. Truly, in Indian-land, nature study begins early in life.

There is noticeable change in the vegetation. The giant yuccas appear almost as a forest to-day; yesterday there was none. Soon the party gains the summit of the range, before which winds the valley of the Black with miles of placid stream in view. Quite different is this from White river, which is ever hurrying, rushing along. The Black flows within its grassy banks for long distances with scarcely a ripple; then a whirling rapid is passed, beyond which glides another long stretch of almost silent water.

However, mescal does not grow by cool streams, and the trail again leads up into high mountains. On a broad slope well toward the summit the final halt is made. Close by is the mescal pit, perhaps twenty feet in diameter and three feet deep; it may have been used a hundred years or a thousand, abandoned for a long period, and then brought into use again. Each time it is employed it must first be cleaned of the refuse from the last burning; this done, a large supply of fuel is gathered and thrown in, and over all are piled great quantities of stones.

Then begins the harvest of the mescal. With baskets on their backs the women go out to gather the plants. Their implements consist of a stick about two inches in diameter and three feet long, wedge-shaped and sharpened at one end, and a broad hatchet-like knife. On reaching a plant, the woman places the sharp end of the stick at its base and by a blow with a stone severs the root and pries it up. Nothing could be more primitive. The women of the Stone Age who gathered mescal on the same ground, and perhaps used the same pit, thus far must have used identical tools. [018]

When the plant is cut from its root it is turned over and trimmed. For the latter the women employ the hatchet-like knife, cutting off the outer ends of the leaves. The plant now resembles a large head of cabbage and weighs from five to twenty pounds. As fast as the plants are cut the women place them in the burden baskets and carry them to the pit, load after load. To make it possible for each woman to identify her mescal after the cooking, each piece is branded with a distinguishing device—a property

Mescal - Apache

From Copyright Photograph 1906 by E.S. Curtis

mark. The gathering of the mescal continues for several days, an area covering a radius of perhaps two miles being stripped of its budding plants, for such only are harvested.

The pit being ready and the mescal gathered, the work of cooking commences. Just at daylight the old woman in charge takes her place at the rim of the pit and prays that the cooking may be successful and that the people may be in condition to partake of the food. In igniting the fuel the old-fashioned fire-sticks must be employed; to use matches would bring ill fortune. When the fuel in the pit becomes a blazing mass the women go to prepare breakfast, but are soon at work again gathering brush and grass to cover the mescal. Within four hours the fuel is entirely consumed and the red-hot stones have settled to the bottom of the pit. When it is certain that no fuel remains unburned, as even a small amount of smoke would spoil the quality of the mescal, the head-woman says, "It is good," and with great eagerness her followers begin to fill the pit. There is need for haste in throwing in and covering

the mescal, as the steam must be confined to prevent the hot stones from scorching it. The covering consists of alternate layers of green brush, grass, dry leaves, and finally a layer of earth, about six inches in thickness. After forty-eight hours of steaming the seething mass is uncovered and each woman removes her portion.

The greater part of the product of this cooking is now to be prepared for winter use by pulling the leaves apart and pounding them into pulp. This can be kneaded and handled much the same as dough, and while in this plastic state is formed into large cakes [019] two inches thick and perhaps three feet long. These are dried in the sun, when they have all the appearance of large slabs of India rubber, and are easily packed on horses for the homeward journey.

This dried mescal may be eaten without further preparation, but it is generally made into a gruel by mixing with water. Alone it is very sweet, and berries of the aromatic sumac, and frequently walnuts, are crushed with it to give it flavor.

The fruit of the opuntia, or prickly-pear cactus, which the Apache call *hush*, is much used for food both in its fresh state and dried. It is picked from the plant with pincers of split sticks. When the *tŭtza*, or burden basket, is filled its contents are poured on the ground and the fruit is brushed about with a small grass besom until the spines are worn off. In preparing *hush* the women grind seeds and pulp into a mass, thus retaining the full food value of the fruit.

Manzanita, piñon nuts, juniper berries, acorns of the scrub oak, fruit of the yucca, wild potatoes, wild onions, mesquite pods, and many varieties of fungi also furnish food. As a drink the Apache make a tea from the green or dried inner bark of the piñon.

The intoxicant and curse of their lives is *túlapai*, or *tizwin* as it is sometimes called. *Túlapai* means "muddy or gray water." It is, in fact, a yeast beer. In preparing it corn is first soaked in water.

If it be winter time the wet corn is placed under a sleeping blanket until the warmth of the body causes it to sprout; if summer, it is deposited in a shallow hole, covered with a wet blanket, and left until the sprouts appear, when it is ground to pulp on a metate. Water and roots are added, and the mixture is boiled and strained to remove the coarser roots and sprouts. At this stage the liquid has the consistency of thin cream soup. It is now set aside for twenty-four hours to cool and ferment, when it is fit for drinking. As the *túlapai* will spoil in twelve hours it must be drunk quickly. Used in moderation it is not a bad beverage, but by no means a pleasant one to the civilized palate. The Apache, however,
[020] knows no moderation in his *túlapai* drinking. He sometimes fasts for a day and then drinks great quantities of it,—often a gallon or two—when for a time he becomes a savage indeed.

Filling the Pit - Apache

From Copyright Photograph 1906 by E.S. Curtis

Another intoxicant, more effective than *túlapai*, is made from the mescal—not from the sap, according to the Mexican method, but from the cooked plant, which is placed in a heated pit and left until fermentation begins. It is then ground, mixed with water, roots added, and the whole boiled and set aside to complete fermentation. The Indians say its taste is sharp, like whiskey. A small quantity readily produces intoxication.

Of game foods the Apache has deer, antelope, and wild turkey, with quail, some water fowl, smaller birds, rabbits, and wood-rats. Fish and bear meat are strictly tabooed.

The graphic art of the Apache finds expression chiefly in ceremonial paintings on deerskin, and in basketry. Only rarely have they made pottery, their roving life requiring utensils of greater stability. Such earthenware as they did make was practically the same as that of the Navaho, mostly in the form of small cooking vessels. Usually the pictures are painted on the entire deerskin, but sometimes the skin is cut square, and at others ceremonial deerskin shirts are symbolically painted. Occasionally the Apache attempts to picture the myth characters literally; at other times only a symbolic representation of the character is made. In addition to the mythic personages, certain symbols are employed to represent the incident of the myth. These paintings are made under the instruction of a medicine-man and are a part of the medicine paraphernalia. On some skins the most sacred characters in Apache mythology are represented symbolically—Nayĕnĕzganĭ, the War God; Tubadzĭschĭnĭ, his younger brother; Kútĕrastan, the Creator of All; Stĕnátlĭhă^{n}, the chief goddess. In fact the symbolism on an elaborately painted deerskin may cover every phase of Apache cosmology.

In their basketry the Apache women display great taste in form, and in their more superior work employ much symbolic decoration. Since the beginning of the present "messiah craze" all baskets display the sacred symbols believed to have been revealed to Das Lan by Chuganaái Skhĭn—a combination of the [021]

cross and the crescent. There are many baskets, made before this new religious wave swept over the tribe, into which the symbolism has since been woven.

The basket most used is the *tŭtza*, or burden basket, roughly and loosely woven, ornamented with circular lines as often painted on as woven in. Previous to a messiah craze, which had its origin with the Apache about 1901, the designs in these baskets were purely decorative, without attempt at symbolism; but now, by order of a crafty old medicine-man, every *tŭtza* must display the combined cross and crescent.

The *tus* is a water bottle, made invariably of withes of the aromatic sumac, loosely woven, and coated inside and out with piñon gum. To use material other than sumac would be considered very bad. In the Apache deluge myth the people, instructed by Stĕnátlĭhă^{n}, built a monster *tus* of piñon branches in which they floated away.

The *tsa-naskŭdĭ* is a bowl or tray-shaped basket of splendid form, with symbolic decoration of intricate pattern.

The most pretentious basket is the *tus-naskŭdĭ*, in general form like the *tus*, but much larger; it is used for the storage of grain. Its lines are most beautiful, as are also its inwoven symbolic designs.

Owing to the extremely secretive nature of the Apache, it is difficult for the casual student to learn anything of the relations between their mythology and the designs used in their basketry. Questioned, they will perhaps say, "We don't know," or "To make it look pretty." But an intelligent and trustworthy interpreter will tell you, "That woman knows, but she will not tell." A law of the cult brought about by the recent messiah religion is that every woman must have in readiness for use during the migration to the future world a *tus*, a *tŭtza*, a *tsa-naskŭdĭ*, and a gourd drinking-cup, all decorated with the cross and crescent. These are not used and are carefully preserved.

The clan and gentile systems of the American Indians have

been the bulwark of their social structure, for by preventing intermarriage within the clan or the gens the blood was kept at its best. Added to this were the hardships of the Indian life, [022] which resulted in the survival only of the fittest and provided the foundation for a sturdy people. But with advancing civilization one foresees the inevitable disintegration of their tribal laws, and a consequent weakening of the entire social structure, for the Indians seem to have absorbed all the evil, and to have embodied little of the good, that civilized life teaches.

The Covered Pit - Apache

From Copyright Photograph 1906 by E.S. Curtis

The Coyoteros are divided into five bands, each consisting of a number of clans, although in one band there are now survivors of a single clan only, while in others as many as seven or eight clans are still to be found. Descent among the Apache generally is reckoned through the mother; that is, the children belong to their mother's clan. An exception to this rule is said by "Peaches," an old Apache scout under Crook, to exist among the Chiricahua,

where the children take the gens of the father. Among the Apache some of the younger generation are inclined to disregard tribal laws respecting marriage, but in former times they were rigidly enforced, marriage within the clan or the gens being regarded as incestuous. When asked what would happen if a man and a woman belonging to the same clan should marry, one old man answered that both would be quickly put to death.

In the Appendix are given the clan names of the Coyoteros, also of the Arivaipa and the Chiricahua. Geronimo, Chato, and Cochise were members of the Aiahá^{n}, People of the East, clan. Most of the clan names are derived from localities in which the ancestors of the clan are supposed to have first lived.

With the Apache, as with other tribes, the clan organization has an important bearing on property right. Regardless of what property either spouse may hold or own at the time of marriage, the other immediately becomes possessed of his or her moiety. Should the wife die, her husband retains possession of the property held in common so long as he does not remarry, but what might be termed the legal ownership of the wife's half interest becomes vested in her clan. Should he attempt to dissipate the property the members of the deceased wife's clan
[023] would at once interfere. If the widower wishes to marry again and the woman of his choice belongs to the clan of his former wife, then he and the new wife become owners in common of all personal property held by him; but if the second wife belongs to a different clan from that of the former wife, then the husband must make actual transfer of half of the common property to the clanspeople of the deceased woman, who inherited the legal interest in it at their relative's death. The same tribal law applies in the case of a widow.

Much internal strife naturally results whenever an actual distribution of property is made. In the first place the surviving spouse unwillingly relinquishes the moiety of the property to the relatives of the deceased, and the immediate relatives often

disagree with the remainder of the clan. In former times death of one or more members of contending clans often resulted when the division of much property was made. Having no tribunal for making an equitable division, the matter was left to mutual agreement, resulting in disputes and frequently murder.

With the breaking up of the clans, together with the rapid disintegration of ancient customs and laws, this property law is fast becoming forgotten; but so recently as 1906 such disputes as those mentioned occurred under both the Fort Apache and San Carlos agencies, creating no little ill-feeling. In one instance a man refused to deliver possession of half of his little herd of horses to his deceased wife's clanspeople when contemplating marriage with another woman, and appealed to the missionaries for aid. He was compelled to make the division, however, before he could remarry.

MYTHOLOGY - CREATION MYTH

There was a time when nothing existed to form the universe—no earth, no sky, and no sun or moon to break the monotony of the illimitable darkness. But as time rolled on, a spot, a thin circular disc no larger than the hand, yellow on one side and white on the other, appeared in midair. Inside the disc sat a bearded man but little larger than a frog, upon whom was to fall the task of [024] creating all things. Kútĕrastan, The One Who Lives Above, is the name by which he is now known, though some call him Yŭádĭstan, Sky Man.

Kútĕrastan, as if waking from a long sleep, sat up and rubbed his face and eyes with both hands. Then bending forward, he looked up into the endless darkness, and lo! light appeared everywhere above him. He then looked down, and all below became a sea of light. A glance to the east created yellow streaks

Apache Still Life

From Copyright Photograph 1903 by E.S. Curtis

of dawn, another to the west the saffron tints of the dying day, both soon becoming obscured by numerous clouds of many hues, formed by his looking around and about in all directions.

Again with both hands Kútĕrastan wiped his eyes and sweating face and, rubbing his hands together as if he were rolling a small pebble between the palms, suddenly parted them with a quick downward fling, and there before him on a shining, vaporless, mirage-like cloud sat a little girl no larger than a doll. Kútĕrastan directed her to stand up, asking where she intended to go, but she replied not. He cleared his vision once more with his hands, then proffered his right hand to the girl, Stĕnátlĭhă^{n}, Woman Without Parents, who grasped it, with the greeting "Whence came you?"

For reply Kútĕrastan merely repeated her question, adding, "Look to the east, it is light! There will be light in the south, in the west, and in the north." And as she looked she saw light. He then came out upon the cloud.

"Where is the earth?" asked Stĕnátlĭhă^{n}, to which Kútĕrastan

replied by asking:

"Where is the sky?" Then requesting that he be not disturbed, he began to sing: "I am thinking, thinking, thinking, thinking what shall I do next." Four times he thus sang, at the end of the fourth time brushing his face with his hands, which he rubbed briskly together and parted quickly; and there before him stood Chuganaái, the Sun. Raising his left hand to his brow, from the sweat thereon, which he rolled in his hands as before, Kútĕrastan let drop from his right palm a small boy, Hádĭntĭn Skhĭn. [025]

The four sat upon that still cloud for a time as if in reverie, the first to break the silence being he who commenced the creation: "What shall we do next? I do not like this cloud to live upon, but we are to rule and must stay together. How dreary it is here! I wish we had some place to go." And then he set to work again, creating Nacholécho, the Tarantula, who was later to help in completing the earth, and Nôkusé, the Big Dipper, whose duty it would be to befriend and to guide. The creation of Nĭlchídĭlhkĭzn, the Wind, Ndídĭlhkĭzn, the Lightning Maker, and the clouds in the west to house Ndísâgocha^{n}, Lightning Rumbler, whom he placed in them at the same time, next occupied his attention. Then turning to Stĕnátlĭhă^{n}, Kútĕrastan said, "Truly this is not a fit place in which to live; let us make the earth." And so saying he at once began to sing, "I am thinking of the earth, the earth, the earth; I am thinking of the earth," which he repeated four times. As he ceased, Stĕnátlĭhă^{n}, Chuganaái, and Hádĭntĭn Skhĭn each shook hands with him. Sweat from their hands adhered to his. He at once began rubbing his palms, when suddenly there slipped from between them a small brown body, no larger than a bean. Kútĕrastan kicked it and it expanded; Stĕnátlĭhă^{n} then kicked it and its size further increased; Chuganaái next gave it a severe blow with his foot and it became larger still; a kick from Hádĭntĭn Skhĭn made it greater yet. Nĭlchídĭlhkĭzn, the Wind, was told to go inside and blow outward in all directions. This he did, greatly expanding the dimensions of that body, now so

wide that they could hardly see its edge. The Lightning was next directed to exert his strength, so with a terrific flash and roar he penetrated the body to its centre, spreading it still wider. Then Tarantula was called on to assist, and accordingly he started off to the east, spinning a strong black cord, on which he pulled with all his might; another cord of blue was spun out to the south, a third of yellow to the west, and a fourth of glistening white to the north. A mighty pull on each of these stretched the surface of that dark brown body to almost immeasurable size. Finally Kútĕrastan directed all to cover their eyes with their hands, and
[026] when they opened them a moment later they beheld Nigostŭn, the Earth, complete in extent. No hills or mountains were there in sight, nothing but a smooth, treeless, reddish-brown plain.

Nĭlchídĭlhkĭzn, the Wind, scratched his chest and rubbed his fingers together, when out from between them flew Dátĭlyĕ, the Humming-bird. Dátĭlyĕ was told to make a circuit of the earth and report what he saw. He started off toward the east, circled south, west, north, and back from the east. All was well; the earth was most beautiful, very smooth, and covered with water on the western side.

But the Earth was not still; it kept shifting and rolling and dancing up and down, so Kútĕrastan made four great posts—colored black, blue, yellow, and white—to support it. Then he directed Stĕnátlĭhă^{n} to sing a song. She sang, "The world is made and will soon sit still." These two then stood and faced Chuganaái and Hádĭntĭn Skhĭn, when into their midst came Nĭlchídĭlhkĭzn, who dashed away to the cardinal points with the four posts, which he placed under the sides of the earth; and upon them it sat and was still. This pleased Kútĕrastan, so he sang a song, repeating, "The world is now made and sits still."

Then Kútĕrastan began another song, referring to the sky. None existed as yet, and he felt there ought to be one. Four times he chanted the song, at the end of the fourth time spreading his hands wide before him, when lo! there stood twenty-eight men

and women ready to help make a sky to cover the earth. He next chanted a song for the purpose of making chiefs for the sky and the earth, and at its close sent Ndídĭlhkĭzn, the Lightning Maker, to encircle the world. Ndídĭlhkĭzn departed at once, but returned in a short time with three very uncouth persons, two girls and a boy, whom he had found in the sky in a large turquoise bowl. Not one of them had eyes, ears, hair, mouth, nose, or teeth, and though they had arms and legs, they had neither fingers nor toes.

Chuganaái at once sent for Doh, the Fly, to come and erect a *kachĕ*, or sweat-house. It took but a short time to put up the framework, which Stĕnátlĭhă^{n} covered closely with four heavy clouds: a black cloud on the east, a blue one on the south, a yellow one on the west, and a white one on the north. Out in front of the doorway, at the east, she spread a soft red cloud for a foot-blanket after the sweat. Twelve stones were heated in a fire, and four of them placed in the *kachĕ*. Kútĕrastan, Stĕnátlĭhă^{n}, Chuganaái, and Hádĭntĭn Skhĭn each inspected the sweat-house and pronounced it well made. The three newcomers were bidden to enter and were followed by Chuganaái, Nĭlchídĭlhkĭzn, Ndídĭlhkĭzn, Nôkusé, and Doh. The eight sang songs as their sweat began. Chuganaái led, singing four songs, and each of the others followed in turn with the same number. They had had a good sweat by the time the songs were finished, so Stĕnátlĭhă^{n} removed the black cloud and all came out. She then placed the three strangers on the red-cloud blanket, and under the direction of Kútĕrastan made for them fingers, toes, mouth, eyes, ears, hair, and nose. Then Kútĕrastan bade them welcome, making the boy, whom he called Yádĭlhkĭh Skhĭn, Sky Boy, chief of the sky and its people. The second he named Nigostŭn Naĭ́n, Earth Daughter, and placed her in charge of the earth and its crops; while to the third, Hádĭnĭn Naĭ́n, Pollen Girl, was assigned the care of the health of the earth's people. This duty also devolved upon Hádĭntĭn Skhĭn, but each looks more to the welfare of his own sex than to that of the other. [027]

Among the Oaks - Apache

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The earth was smooth, flat, and barren, so Kútĕrastan made a few animals, birds, trees, and a hill. Then he sent Ágocho, the Pigeon, to see how the world looked. Four days later Ágocho returned and said all was beautiful, but that in four days more the water on the opposite side would rise and flood the land. Kútĕrastan at once created a piñon tree. This Stĕnátlĭhă^{n} skilfully tended until it grew to be of gigantic size at the end of four days. Then with four great limbs as a framework she made a very large water bottle, *tus*, covering it with gum from the piñon. When the water appeared as predicted, Kútĕrastan went up on a cloud, taking his twenty-eight helpers with him, while [028] Stĕnátlĭhă^{n} summoned all the others and put them into the *tus*, into which she climbed last, closing the mouth at the top.

The flood completely submerged the earth for twelve days. Then the waters subsided, leaving the *tus* on the summit of the hill Kútĕrastan had made. The rush of the waters had changed the once smooth, level plain into series of mountains, hills, rivers,

Mescal Camp - Apache

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and valleys, so that Stĕnátlĭhă^{n} hardly knew where they were when she opened the *tus* and came out. Tázhĭ, the Turkey, and Gâgĕ, the Crow, were the first to make a tour of the land. At the base of the hill they descended into a small muddy alkaline creek, in which the Turkey got the tips of his tail-feathers whitened, and they have been white ever since. On return they reported that all looked beautiful as far as they had travelled. Stĕnátlĭhă^{n} then sent Ágocho to make a complete circuit and let her know how things appeared on all sides. He came back much elated, for he had seen trees, grass, mountains, and beautiful lakes and rivers in every direction.

Directing the others to remain where she left them, Stĕnátlĭhă^{n} summoned Hádĭntĭn Skhĭn, Hádĭntĭn Naln, Ndídĭlhkĭzn, and Ágocho, and took them up in a cloud, in which they drifted until they met Kútĕrastan and his band of workers, who had completed the sky during the time of the flood. The two clouds floated to the top of the hill on which stood the *tus*. All descended to the

valley below, where Stĕnátlĭhă^{n} marshalled them into line, that Kútĕrastan might talk to them. He briefly told them that he was going to leave them and wished each one to do his part toward making the world perfect and happy. "You, Ndísâgocha^{n}, shall have charge of the clouds and the water. You, Yádĭlhkĭh Skhĭn, I leave in charge of the sky. Nigostŭn Nalĭn, you are to look after the crops of our people; and you, Hádĭntĭn Skhĭn, must care for their health and guide them." He then called Stĕnátlĭhă^{n} to him and placed her in charge of all.

The people stood in line facing their god, with hands extended as if in supplication. Kútĕrastan and Stĕnátlĭhă^{n} stood facing each other. Each rubbed their thighs with their hands, then cast
[029] their hands downward, and there arose between them a great pile of wood. Stĕnátlĭhă^{n} knelt and slipped a hand under it, and as she did so Kútĕrastan passed his hand over the top. Great white billowy clouds of smoke at once issued forth, rising straight skyward. Into these Kútĕrastan disappeared. All the other gods and goddesses soon followed, leaving the twenty-eight whom Kútĕrastan had made to build the sky to remain upon the earth and people it. Chuganaái went east to travel with the sun; Stĕnátlĭhă^{n} departed westward to make her home in clouds on the horizon, while Hádĭntĭn Skhĭn and Hádĭntĭn Nalín sought homes among the clouds in the south, and Nôkusé may still be seen in the northern sky at night.

The Apache is inherently devoutly religious; his life is completely moulded by his religious beliefs. From his morning prayer to the rising sun, through the hours, the days, and months—throughout life itself—every act has some religious significance. Animals, elements, every observable thing of the solar system, all natural phenomena, are deified and revered. Like all primitive people, not understanding the laws of nature, the Apache ascribe to the supernatural all things passing their understanding. The medicine-men consider disease evil, hence why try to treat evil with drugs? Disease is of divine origin, so

to the beneficent and healing gods the Apache naturally make supplication for cure.

The Apache, even if willing, could not directly impart their religious beliefs or their philosophy. It is only by study of their myths, myth songs, and medicine practices, and by close observance of their life, that a comprehensive idea of such beliefs can be gained.

A concise outline of the mythology of the Apache is given in the following description of the painted medicine skin[2] shown in the accompanying plate. [030]

A—The nucleus of the universe, called Chalhkĕlh Nalíín, Night Girl. In the beginning it was merely a spot of color in which, during the course of time, a form appeared, and later emerged. This was Kútĕrastan, the Creator.

B—Kútĕrastan, the Creator of All, is standing on the clouds, his first home, holding lightning in each hand. To his left is the *tus*, or water bottle, in which the people of the earth took refuge from the flood shortly after their creation. Above him are four clouds, those into which he departed when leaving the earth for his celestial abode. He first created several assistants, who in turn created others by rubbing sweat and small particles of cuticle from the face and body.

C—Stĕnátlĭhă^{n}, the chief goddess, first helper of Kútĕrastan, is seen standing on the clouds. In her right hand is a piñon tree, from the branches and gum of which the large *tus* was made at the time of the deluge. Above her flies Dátĭlyĕ, the Humming-bird, who was sent as a messenger about the world to note how its creation progressed.

[2] This medicine skin was owned by Háshkĕ Nílntĕ and was considered one of the most potent belonging to any of the medicine-men. During the lifetime of Háshkĕ Nílntĕ it was impossible for any white man even to look upon this wonderful "medicine." After reaching extreme age he was killed, presumably by his wife, from whom this valuable and sacred object was procured.

D—Chuganaái Skhĭn was the second person created by Kútĕrastan. He followed Stĕnátlĭhă^{n}, and is therefore third in importance of the many deities. Not only does he give light to the day, but he has the power to relieve and cure disease with the aid of the first beams of his morning light. The Apache ask his blessing before sunrise, generally imploring his beneficence "as soon as you look upon me." The serrated circles typify the abodes of these gods, which are protected by insurmountable barriers.

E—Here the sun as first made by the great creator is pictured. As time wore on, it grew to become the full round disc it now is.

F—The moon as first made by Stĕnátlĭhă^{n}, at the behest of Kútĕrastan, who asked that she make something to illumine the night. The streaks represent catamenia, and the gradual growth of the moon is assumed to be parallel with prenatal growth.

G—This single symbol, a maltese cross, represents the four [032] personages who made the stars. They have to do with the stars only, and are not prayed to as deities having power over the people on earth.

H—Another maltese cross, symbolizing four spirits of the air, who act as messengers of the gods. They are supposed to communicate with the medicine-men, bringing to them words of wisdom from the several gods as they sit and chant in ceremony, or when they are fasting. Their name, Nigostŭn Bĭká Bĭnálzĕ, Earth Messengers, indicates that their powers extend to both the earth and the sky.

I and J symbolize spirits of the air who reveal to the medicine-men the wonders they claim to know in a priestly way. Such revelations are made to them in visions as they sit and drum and sing when endeavoring to discover some new cure for an affliction, or to initiate new customs that might be pleasing to the gods. The priests often take a medicine skin of this sort and go out into the mountains, where they fast and sing over it for hours at a time, awaiting the coming of the spirits.

Sacred Buckskin - Apache

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EXPLANATION OF PLATE

A—Chalhkĕlh Nalín, Night Girl
B—Kútĕrastan, The One Who Lives Above
C—Stĕnátlĭhă^{n}, Woman Without Parents
D—Chuganaái Skhĭn, Sun Boy
E—Chuganaái, The Sun
F—Klĕganaái, The Moon
G—Yádĭlhkĭh Bĭnálzĕ, Sky Messengers
H—Nigostŭn Bĭká Bĭnálzĕ, Earth Messengers
I, J—Nastĕlh, Makers of Dreams and Visions
K—Hádĭlhkĭh, Lightning

Disc L

1—Nayĕnĕzganĭ, Slayer of Alien Gods
2—Dutlĭshĭ Skhĭn, Turquoise Boy
3—Yólkai Skhĭn, White-Shell Boy
4—Hádĭntĭn Skhĭn, Pollen Boy

Disc M

1—Tubadzĭschĭnĭ, Born From Water
2—Yádĭlhkĭh Skhĭn, Sky Boy
3—Yólkai Skhĭn, White-Shell Boy
4—Hádĭntĭn Skhĭn, Pollen Boy

Disc N

1—Yólkai Nalĭn, White-Shell Girl
2—Dutlĭshĭ Nalĭn, Turquoise Girl
3—Ĕnásho Dĭlŭhklĭshĕn, Black Alien Talker
4—Hádĭntĭn Nalĭn, Pollen Girl

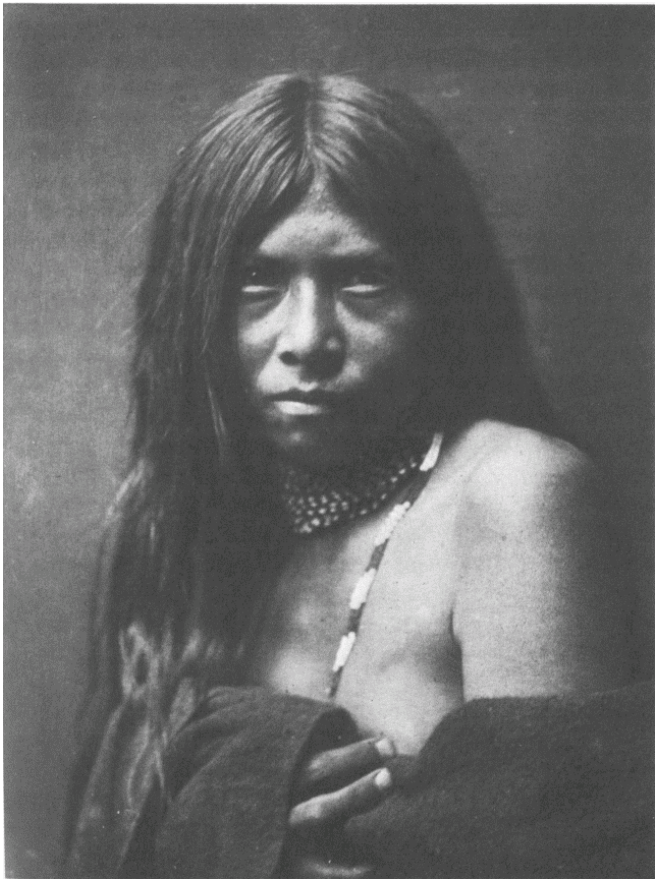
Disc O

K—It is supposed that any of the various gods have the power of calling on the lightning to carry messages from one to the other. Wherever shown in the symbolism of the Apache, lightning lines are drawn to indicate communication from one god to another.

Disc L 1—Nayĕnĕzganĭ is the first son of Stĕnátlĭhă^{n}, who was made to conceive by the sun's rays as she lay asleep on the eastern slope of a mountain. He is the War God and miracle performer, the culture hero who in parallel legends appears in many North American aboriginal cults. Great monsters in the form of giant antelopes, rolling stones, and beasts of hideous conception are supposed to have inhabited the earth for a time, destroying its people. These monsters typify only the evils of this life; in fact death itself is spoken of in many legends as one of the monsters, in such form engaging in a long discussion with the miracle performer to prove that he should not be destroyed; if he were, the earth would become overpopulated. With his bow and arrow and turquoise lance Nayĕnĕzganĭ banished these curses from earth. He himself was invulnerable as he appeared
[033] before these monsters, for the reason that he always buried his veins near a tree before attacking them. After he had killed them all, he and his younger brother, Tubadzĭschĭnĭ, quarrelled. The Bluebird revealed to the latter the spot where Nayĕnĕzganĭ kept his veins buried, so he sought them out and shot arrows into them, thus killing him. Other myths relate how Nayĕnĕzganĭ was later resurrected, and he is still prayed to as the chief War God.

2—Dutlĭshĭ Skhĭn was created within the blue clouds at the time they were made, and emerged from them. He took part in the creation, assisting Kútĕrastan and Stĕnátlĭhă^{n} in finishing their work. At their direction he made a few people and many birds and animals.

3—To Yólkai Skhĭn is attributed the creation of all white things. He himself was brought into existence in the white cloud, and on emerging therefrom immediately began the work of making white rock and shells under the direction of Kútĕrastan



Apache Girl

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and Stĕnátlĭhă^{n}.

4—Hádĭntĭn Skhĭn is the God of Disease and Health. It is he who causes much sickness and he who can cure any disease, if he be so disposed. Especial care is taken by the Apache not to arouse his displeasure, and he is supplicated and propitiated whenever disease appears among them.

Disc M 1—Tubadzĭschĭnĭ, the second son of Stĕnátlĭhă^{n}, is the God of Water, because his mother conceived as she slept one afternoon under a ledge of rock from which drops of water trickled upon her. In the dance for rain all prayers and songs are addressed to him. It was he who created the ocean.

2—Yádĭlhkĭh Skhĭn is Chief of the Sky. In the origin story the Lightning was sent to encircle the earth to find how things appeared on all sides. On his return he brought back with him a large turquoise bowl containing three ill-formed persons, one of whom was Sky Boy. Later all three were put through a sweat-bath and their bodies perfected.

3—Yólkai Skhĭn, described above.

[034] 4—Hádĭntĭn Skhĭn, described above.

Disc N 1—Yólkai Naĺín, one of the most venerated and greatly feared personages in the Apache mythology. She is the Goddess of Death, or rather of the after-life, for she controls all souls that pass on to the future world. The road to this afterworld is supposed to cross her shoulders and is symbolized by the Milky Way, a trail made by the departing spirits. The Apache will not utter the name of a deceased person, because they say the dead have gone on to Yólkai Naĺín and are her people. If they talked of them it might anger her, and when their death ensues she might refuse them admittance to the eternal paradise. This goddess is supposed to preside over the birth of children, hence supplications and offerings are made to her immediately before childbirth. She is invoked at other times to withhold her call, for it is believed that she can cause death. These prayers are addressed to Yólkai Naĺín through the medium of small white

The Ford - Apache

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shells and white stone beads. The white beads are symbolic of purity, and through them Yólkai Naĺín is asked to keep the minds of the people free from evil thoughts or deeds.

2—Dutĺíshĭ Naĺín, the Turquoise Girl, is the creator of all things green. She has to do with the crops in the fields, and the devout Apache prays to her every morning during the season of growth.

3—Ěnásho Dĭlhkĺíshěn is the God of Intellect. He controls the minds of the people, making their thoughts good or evil at will. It was he who first talked to the people on earth. When a child is born its parents often pray that Kútěrastan will make it grow to be like Ěnásho Dĭlhkĺíshěn, to whom prayers are addressed for aid when one must talk to the people. In such case no offering of pollen is made unless the request be presented to an image representing this god, when pollen is sprinkled upon it.

4—Hádĭntĭn Naĺín is Chieftainess of Pollen, because she causes pollen to grow on the trees. The Indians know the

function of pollen in plants and pray that their corn and other products of the fields, as well as the nuts and fruits that grow wild,
[035] may be fructified early in the season, to insure good harvests.

Disc O 1—Hádĭntĭn Nalĭn, described above.

2—Nĭlchídĭlhkĭzn, Chief of the Winds. The Apache never complains of the wind, for should he become impatient about them and give vent to sacrilegious utterances he might anger the Wind God and thereby bring on destructive storms.

3—Yólkai Nalĭn, described above.

4—Yakósha Skhĭn, God of Moisture and also Controller of Rain. Since snow, ice, hail, frost, dew, and fog are derived from the clouds, Yakósha Skhĭn is sometimes termed Chief of the Clouds, but in general the clouds are regarded as his workshop, for there is another who has direct charge and control of them.

P, Q, R, and S—These figures represent gods, or, in Apache, *gáŭn*, who are supposed to have been made by the Sun for the purpose of curing people stricken with bodily disease. Diseases of the body are regarded as distinct from those of the mind. The *gáŭn* live in the four cardinal directions and are impersonated in medicine ceremonies by men wearing stick masks, who always take stations at the four sides of the patient. These doctors are not called in case of illness until after the four chief deities have been supplicated, when, as a last resort, the medicine-man prays to the *gáŭn*. If the *gáŭn* cannot help, there is believed to be no hope for the patient. In ancient times all animals could talk, and many were used as beasts of burden. The bear and the deer were the horses of that time. In the graphic representations of the Apache these four spirits are often pictured riding deer and bear.

MEDICINE AND MEDICINE-MEN

The medicine-men of the Apache are most influential personages. They are usually men of more than ordinary ability, claiming, through their many deities and their knowledge of the occult and ominous, to have supernatural power. In sickness any individual may make supplication to the deities, but the prayers of the medicine-men are accepted as being most efficacious. [036]

Apache Medicine-man

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Many of the medicine-men have some knowledge of the medicinal properties of plants and generally make use of them in the treatment of disease, but their treatment consists more of incantation than aught else. Even in collecting the plants they invoke the deities, usually facing the cardinal points in turn. In case the prescription calls for a combination of herbs or other vegetal products, the number four is always strictly adhered to; it might be a decoction made of four roots of one variety or of a single root from each of four varieties of plants.

Every Apache medicine-man has a medicine skin, his *ĕpŭn ezchí*, inscribed with the symbolism of the tribal mythology. With his prayer wands he rehearses the symbolic figures, praying to the mythical characters who are regarded as most efficacious in the particular ailment under treatment. In his own little *kówa*, or dwelling, with the painted deerskin spread before him, on which are delineated the symbolic representations of a score of gods comprising the Apache pantheon, a medicine-man will sit and croon songs and pray all day and all night in the hope of hearing the voices of celestial messengers.

Many of the prayers and songs of the Apache medicine-men are very beautiful. The following is an example:

1 *Stĕná pĕhĭnda nzhóni, tógonĭl ádahĕ bĕoĭshka*^{n}.

2 *Inatĕsh nzhóni bĕoĭshka*^{n}.

3 *Ĕnŭdĕtsos nzhóni bĕoĭshka*^{n}.

4 *Ĭnyátĭl nzhóni bĕoĭshka*^{n}.

5 *Bĕhnandahĭ ĭnkéhĭ tógonĭl ádahĕ bĕoĭshka*^{n}.

6 *Ĭndŭh bĭnandáhĕ bĕoĭshka*^{n}.

7 *Bĕh nashálolĕzh ndĕ; nashéyo shĭchĭsĭgo*^{n} *zhó*^{n}*dolĕzh.*

8 *Ndĕ shĭnklóho bĕh sanandáhĕ bĕoĭshka*^{n}.

9 *Bĕh sanashádo bĕoĭshka*^{n}.

10 *No oskó*^{n}*go adĭshní daházhĭ bĕhnashádo ti ndĕ ta nashéyo go*^{n}*zhódo.*

11 *Shágocho paógo násha.*

12 *Akúd ndĕ sa nzhóni yĕsĭtchĭ yĕatido.*

13 *Pídi yŭgga sa nzhóni yĕkĭssĭn shĭdĭl ĕndo.*

[037] 14 *Shĭtŭh gozhó*^{n}*dolĕzh pógo hádĭshndi.*

1 *Stĕnátlĭhă*^{n}*, you are good, I pray for a long life.*

2 *I pray for your good looks.*

3 *I pray for good breath.*

4 *I pray for good speech.*

5 *I pray for feet like yours to carry me through a long life.*

6 *I pray for a life like yours.*

7 *I walk with people; ahead of me all is well.*

8 *I pray for people to smile as long as I live.*

9 *I pray to live long.*

10 *I pray, I say, for a long life to live with you where the good people are.*

11 *I live in poverty.*

12 *I wish the people there to speak of goodness and to talk to me.*

13 *I wish you to divide your good things with me, as a brother.*

14 *Ahead of me is goodness, lead me on.*

While this prayer is worded as if uttered by the supplicant, it is in reality offered by the medicine-man in his behalf.

There are head medicine-men and medicine-men of lesser degree. The man who becomes influential enough to be considered the head medicine-man of the tribe is more of a politician than a doctor of diseases, and in important cases only is he called to treat in a healing ceremony. It requires a particularly capable Indian to attain the position of head medicine-man, for to do so he must not only make the people subservient to his will, but must wrest the leadership from some other and usually older medicine-man who is himself an influential character. Unfortunately it is apt to be the most crafty, scheming man who gains such power over his tribesmen.

A case in point was the recent strife between Das Lan and Goshonné. For some years the latter, an Indian of exceptional ability and withal apparently an honest man in his treatment of diseases, was the head medicine-man of the White Mountain Apache. Then it came to pass that the crafty old Das Lan of the Cibicu had his vision, in which was revealed a special message [038] brought by Chuganaái Skhĭn from Kútĕrastan to the Apache people. This was the beginning of the present so-called messiah craze.

From the first there was promise of a battle to the end between Goshonné and Das Lan. Goshonné well knew that if the new cult gained a firm footing he would lose his influence and at best

Maternity Belt - Apache

From Copyright Photograph 1907 by E.S. Curtis

be but a mediocre medicine-man. Das Lan, on the other hand, knew that he must break the power of such a man as Goshonné, if he was to assume the leadership. Goshonné scoffed and scorned, and would have none of the new belief. Still, he was an Indian, and the prophecies of his rival gradually filled him with superstitious fear, while his followers were either deserting him openly or were secretly joining the ranks of the enemy. Death was predicted for the members of Goshonné's own family, and well could Das Lan make such prophecies, for Goshonné's two brothers were already stricken with tuberculosis. First one died, then the other. Das Lan could now point to him and say, "That is what Kútěrastan does to those who do not believe!" It was thus that Goshonné's power finally was broken and Das Lan became a seer.

Sacred pollen, *hádĭntĭn*, is used in all ceremonies, particularly in those designed for healing. The principal source of *hádĭntĭn* is the tule, but much of it comes from the piñon. For prayers invoking an abundance of corn, pollen is mixed with cornmeal. Not only do the medicine-men use this powder, but each individual carries a small quantity of it in a deerskin pouch somewhere about his person. In the pollen may be small medicine trinkets—sometimes consisting of a few shell beads from prehistoric ruins—and there is scarcely a person, old or young, who does not have a small section of the candle cactus fastened somewhere about his clothing.

When childbirth approaches, the medicine-men are always summoned. Nothing can give a better idea of the medicine rites on such an occasion, and of the use of sacred pollen, than a description of a maternity belt procured by the writer and here illustrated. So far as can be learned, this belt is very old, so old that its painted symbolic figures have been three times renewed. Belts of this kind are very rare, and are hired whenever their use [039] is required. The owner of this particular belt, a widow, did not care to dispose of it; as she expressed it, "it is like a husband":

the remuneration from granting its use was sufficient to support her.

The belt is made from skin of the mountain lion, the black-tail deer, the white-tail deer, and the antelope—animals which give birth to their young without trouble. Medicine-men are called in to pray to the spirits of these animals when a woman approaching confinement puts on the belt. It is worn for a day or so only, but constantly during the critical period, not being removed until after the child is born. Prayers are made, first by a mother or father for their daughter, then by a medicine-man, and lastly by the patient to the gods and elements depicted on the belt. These figures are all connected with lightning lines. The first one to the left is Stĕnátlĭhă^{n}; on the same portion is the Snake Girl, Klĭshcho Nalĭn; the next is Nayĕnĕzganĭ, the third Tubadzĭschĭnĭ, and the last Yólkai Nalĭn. The sharp points around the circular abodes of the two goddesses represent barricades for protection. At the real homes of these deities, none can pass through these barriers.

Each of the gods from left to right is prayed to successively, and *hádĭntĭn* is sprinkled around them afterward. Stĕnátlĭhă^{n} is the first to be addressed by the prospective mother:

"We are your children. When you gave birth to your children, it caused you no trouble. Make me like yourself, that my child, soon to be born, may come into this world easily and quickly, without pain to me."

Next the Snake Girl is prayed to:

"Klĭshcho Nalĭn, you came into this life with ease. Do what you can for me now, that my child may come in like manner."

Then to Nayĕnĕzganĭ:

"Help my babe, soon to be born, to come as you did—quickly, easily, and without pain."

The belt in Nayĕnĕzganĭ's left hand represents the one worn by his mother, Stĕnátlĭhă^{n}, when he was born. There was a
[040] time when skirts, too, having the same magic power the belt is supposed to possess, were worn by women at childbirth. One

such is shown in the hand of Tubadzĭschĭnĭ, next pictured, to whom the woman addresses a prayer much the same as the last. The skirt also is the one worn by Stĕnátlĭhă^{n} when the two brothers were born.

Yólkai Naĭín is the favorite goddess from whom, in their belief, the Apache women are endowed with great beneficence. She lives in the skies, where all souls go. The prayer to her is, as to the others, "Save me from pain and let my child come as you did."

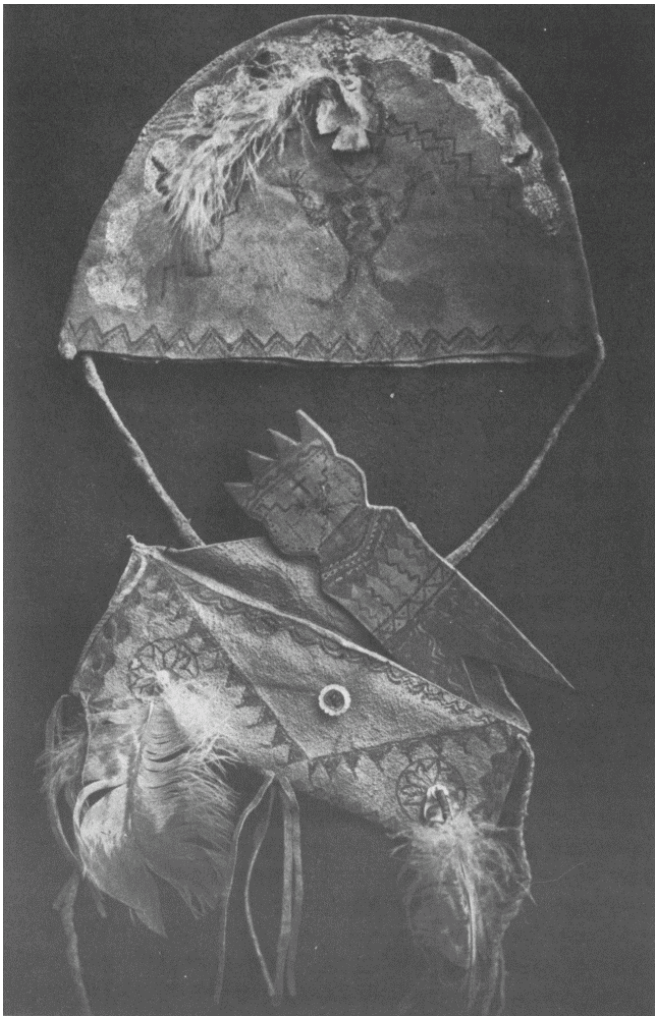
Clouds at the feet of Nayĕnĕzganĭ typify the bounties of the world into which it is hoped and prayed the child will be happily born.

The prayers finished, *hádĭntĭn* is sifted over all the figures. Beginning at the left, the lightning line is followed into Stĕnátlĭhă^{n}'s abode, which is then encircled, and the sacred powder is liberally sprinkled around and over her body. Each figure is treated in like manner.

The accompanying plate shows a medicine-cap made by Yotlŭnĭ, a medicine-man, about forty years ago, to cure a boy of lightning stroke which had impaired his reason, and a small wooden image of a god recently made to be carried by a girl troubled with nervousness. On both these objects the gods and elements which cause afflictions and which alone can give relief are symbolically represented.

The central figure on the cap pictures Ndídĭlhkĭzn, Lightning Maker, with lightning, *hádĭlhkĭh*, in zigzag lines above his head and beneath his feet. The broad arch indicates clouds with rifts in them, out of which the evil came and into which it may return. The cross of abalone, the small white bead, and the eagle feather are media through which Tu Ntĕlh (Wide Water), Yólkai Naĭín (White-Shell Girl), and Itsád Nděyu (Eagle People) are supplicated.

The cap was worn at night by the boy, whose parents each morning at sunrise prayed to the various gods and elements



Medicine Cap and Fetish - Apache

From Copyright Photograph 1907 by E.S. Curtis

represented on it, invoking them to take back that which they had left with the boy, and adding: "Keep us even in temper and mild and clean in action. We do wrong at times, but that is not our wish. If our minds are kept clean we will do nothing bad. We wish to have good thoughts and to do good deeds. Keep our minds clear that we may think them and do them." After each prayer *hádĭnĭn* was sifted upon the symbol representing the deity addressed. [041]

As the boy soon recovered, the virtue of the cap was attested, and subsequently its owner often hired it to others.

The little wooden image represents Hádĭnĭn Skhĭn, Pollen Boy, God of Health. The painted figures on the skin pouch in which it is carried are similar to those on the cap, and all are supplicated in the same manner. The medicine-man who made the image and pouch received a horse from the father of the patient in payment; but not the least interesting feature of the case for which these objects were made is that the god of the natives received all the credit for the efficient treatment given the afflicted girl for a year by the reservation physician.

Dry-paintings, or figures drawn upon the ground with colored earths, were used in the Apache healing ceremonies, but never to a great extent, and of late years they have been practically abandoned. These paintings, compared with the beautiful, conventional productions of the Navaho, are crude; in making them the Apache always attempt to picture the objects literally rather than to represent them conventionally or symbolically.

On the infrequent occasions when the dry-paintings are employed, the medicine-man in charge of the ceremony directs his assistants, at daylight, to begin the painting. When it is finished he takes his station close to the easternmost figure of the painting, on its northern side. At the right of the medicine-man sit twelve chosen singers with a drum. The four masked *gáŭn*, or gods, at the same time take their places at the cardinal points. The patient then enters from the east and sits down on the head

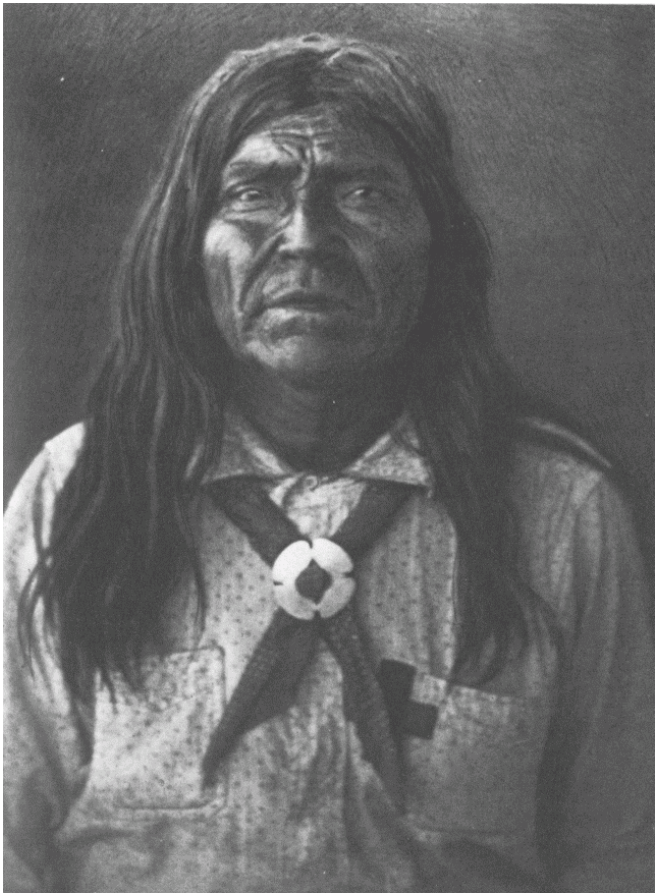
of the large figure in the centre of the dry-painting. As he does so the medicine-man commences to sing, and is joined by the
[042] chorus at once. They may sing the song four times, or sing four different songs, or any multiple of four, at the pleasure of the medicine-man. When the songs are finished the four masked personages scrape the colored earths into a heap about the patient and rub them in handfuls over his body. If this ceremony proves to be ineffectual, it is believed to be the will of the gods that the patient be not cured.

THE MESSIAH CRAZE

Among the Apache, in the spring of 1906, the excessive use of a combined cross and crescent symbol was noted. Men, women, and children had this anchor-like design cut into wood, tin, and metal talismans, and also tattooed on their faces and branded on their horses. It was used also as a decorative device in much of the new basketry and worked in beads on their moccasins, and new shirts and waists seldom failed to display a cross in narrow yellow and black ribbon in front.

Four years before this time a forceful old medicine-man living on the Cibicu, in a remote corner of the Apache reservation, either through the influence of a vision or other hallucination, or by a desire to become the ruling spirit in the tribe, proclaimed the gospel of a messiah who, he claimed, had appeared to him in the hills and would later return to the deliverance of his tribespeople.

In childhood this future prophet was given the name Das Lan, Hanging Up, by which designation he is commonly known in familiar discourse among his tribesmen; but on the census rolls of the White Mountain agency he is recorded simply as "V-9." On becoming a medicine-man in his youth, in accordance with tribal custom he adopted the name—what may be termed a professional



Das Lan - Apache

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title—Dó^{n}ĭ Tl̆shĭ Nôĭltá^{n}sh, which signifies Turquoise Rolling Stone.

As hitherto mentioned, the Apache is the personification of devoutness in the performance of his religious duties, and no matter where circumstances may place him, he manages always
[043] to have a small pouch of *hádĭntĭn* carefully secreted about his person for use in paying his devotions to half a score of gods, at least once every four days. If occasion demands, he may pray every day, or four times a day, or any multiple of four times. This custom has a direct bearing on the story of the messiah, which is this:

Das Lan, in a spirit of more than usual devotion, began a series of prayers to the gods of Life, Peace, and Plenty, delivered as usual just as the sun appeared over the eastern mountains. On the fourth morning, with offerings of *hádĭntĭn*, he invoked the benediction of Kútĕrastan, the Creator, Hádĭntĭn Skhĭn, God of Health, Hádĭntĭn Nalín, Goddess of Crops, and of Chuganaái himself, the All-seeing Sun. As the fourth pinch of pollen wafted away on the breeze there appeared the vision, immediately beneath the sun, of a small bearded dwarf, less than three feet in height, who approached him, and said:

"I am a messenger sent by Kútĕrastan to talk to you. The Sun is my father; I have just left him to come to you. You are to inform all your people that a change is about to be made in their lives and in the nature of the whole world. In place of this life of strife and toil with little to eat, all, the white man as well as the Indian, will be taken to a place where all things grow without labor, and where there will be no rough, barren mountains, but instead broad valleys filled with grass, trees, corn, fruits, nuts, and all kinds of game in abundance. There, too, you will meet all your fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters and children who have gone before you from their homes, for they are now there. There no sickness or death will visit anyone. The old and feeble will become strong, the crooked straight, and the blind

shall see. But to be taken, all must have faith, believing as one, and observe these instructions I am to leave with you. You are commissioned to instruct the people. Those who believe must adopt the *dáiita ílhnaha*, the cross and crescent, as a symbol of faith, for it represents the shape the new world will have and the road all must travel to reach it, and any who start on the journey without using this sign will be lost on the way. When the time comes to depart, I will return to lead you. A great cloud, open in the centre, will come down from above and surround us all, so that none shall see whither he goes. Until then those who would go must do as you bid them. All males, boys or men, must have caps of deerskin with the *dáiita ílhnaha* marked on them in beads on four sides, and two eagle feathers attached to the top, ready to wear on the journey. They must also have new shirts, leggings, and moccasins upon which this figure has been made in black and white. [044]

Apache Village

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"The girls and the women must likewise have new clothing, bearing the sacred symbol, ever in readiness. All their water bottles, burden baskets, and saddlebags must also bear the sign, and should any desire to ride horses, only the best, fleet and strong, branded upon the left buttock with the *dáiita ílhnaha*, may be taken. The permanent homes of all people living in bands under a chief must no longer be scattered, but must be built close together in long rows, that no time may be lost in assembling when our Great Father wills that you depart from this life to go to that where all is peace and plenty. Until that time, which is not far off, you must conduct yourselves as I have directed, discarding also all old medicine symbols for the new."

The plain Greek cross and the crescent have been used by the Apache as decorative and religious symbols from early times, but this recent adaptation of the combined form came as a sudden wave.

With an unusually strong personality, Das Lan had long been held in fear by those who knew him best, and with his story of the new messiah he soon became of great prominence in the tribe. Das Lan first made confidants of the leading spirits in the various bands, who in turn converted others to the new faith before public announcement was made. Having won the strongest men in the tribe through personal appeal to their vanity, the crafty Das Lan could now remain at home, enjoying the prosperous practice that grew out of his new cult.

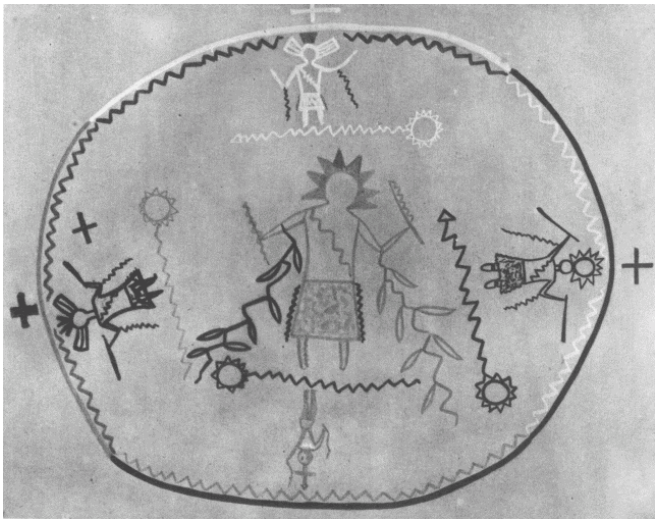
Throughout the reservation those most deeply affected by the messiah belief have been appointed spies over the others. If
[045] any persist in the use of old medicine paraphernalia, they are reported at once and harassed by threats of plague, sickness, ill-luck, disaster, and even death, which Das Lan claims to be able to cause or to dispel at pleasure. Once the threat is made, nothing unwelcome can happen to one under the ban that is not immediately attributed, by all the medicine-man's disciples, to the disfavor of the gods; and nothing more potent is necessary to

convert the unbeliever, for there is no Indian reared in the wilds who is not steeped in the belief that his gods are all-powerful in both causing and eradicating every ill.

About two years ago, on the Cibicu, a woman murdered her husband. She did not deny the act, but pleaded justification, alleging that her husband was guilty of unfatherly conduct toward his daughter. The local authorities were very sceptical of her defence, since the murdered man had always borne an excellent reputation among both Indians and whites; but no contradictory evidence could be adduced upon which to base an open trial, so the matter became quieted. After time had cancelled the crime in the mind of the guilty, it became known that the murder had been committed at the instigation of the scheming Das Lan, who found the deceased an obstacle to his prophetic assumptions, and under the guise of an order from Kútĕrastan had him despatched. Naturally fierce, strong, and bold, Das Lan has become more emboldened by his success as a prophet, and indirect threats of further crafty murders are sometimes uttered by the more fanatical members in each band when anyone presumes to defy his creed and will.

In 1903, throughout the White Mountain reservation, the Government farmers found it difficult to persuade the Apache to plant the usual corn. The following winter found them with a scant food supply, and Government aid was neccessary to relieve suffering. The cause of the failure to plant, none of the officials then knew; but to his tribesmen Das Lan had prophesied the probable advent of the messiah at that time—so why plant corn?

Another effect of Das Lan's prophecy is noted in the fact that although a few years ago the Apache houses were scattered far and wide, now there are many villages consisting of long straight rows of grass-thatched huts, bearing testimony to that deep-seated superstition which in the Apache apparently will never be eradicated. [046]



Sand Mosaic - Apache

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This pictures an Apache dry-painting employed in an attempt to cure a paralytic about the year 1882. The several figures are crude representations of masked deities—*gáăn*. The wavy lines are lightning symbols. The patient entered upon the central figure, when the colored earths were gathered from about him and rubbed upon his body by masked men personating the *gáăn*.

PUBERTY RITE

The ceremonial celebration of the arrival of the period of puberty in girls is more rigidly adhered to than any ancient religious rite or social custom in vogue among the Apache. By this ceremony the social position of the girl is established, and she is given assurance, on the eve of her womanhood, of a long, happy, active life. At this critical period, if the favor of the gods were not thus invoked in behalf of the girl, it might augur ill for her in after life.

This Nalín Bagúdzĭtash, or Girl Dance, is held always at dawn and is brought to a close when the sun shines full upon the participants. The ceremony is conducted by a woman selected from among the friends of the girl's parents for her comeliness, activity, and good character. So far as the performance of the successive parts of the ceremony is concerned, no special knowledge on the part of the leader is required, as a medicine-man is engaged to give the necessary directions and to sing the songs. The girl lies on a blanket upon the ground, and her sponsor, so to speak, straightens her arms and legs, rubs her joints, and otherwise simulates remoulding and beautifying her body. The girl then sits up, and those assembled dance and sing in a circle about her. An eagle feather and a white-shell bead are tied in her hair, and sacred pollen is rubbed on her face, in deference respectively to the bird of war and the god and goddess of health and fructification—Hádĭntĭn Skhĭn and Hádĭntĭn Nalín.

When the dancing is finished the sponsor takes a basket of corn prepared for ceremonial use and deposits it fifty yards or more to the east of the circle. The girl arises and runs around the basket, then back to the blanket on the ground, followed by little boys and girls. The godmother then moves the basket farther away, and the girl runs around it again, followed by children as [047]
before. This performance is repeated four times at the east of the circle, after which the basket is carried around to the south

and the girl runs around it four times again, then to the west, and lastly to the north. When she returns from her fourth run at the north the girl stops on the blanket as usual, where the basket of corn is emptied on her head. A lively scramble for the corn follows on the part of all present, for it is deemed good fortune to bear away a handful of the consecrated kernels, which, if planted, are certain to be very prolific.

The act of running out and back, followed by children, symbolically attests that the young woman will be strong and active throughout life, beloved by her offspring, who will always follow and obey her. That of pouring corn upon her head is an invocation to the gods that she may be blessed with fruitfulness.

The girl wears her ceremonial raiment of whitened deerskin or new white muslin, with a white feather, a stone bead, and a piece of shell in her hair, for four days after the performance, abstaining during that time from flesh and from food containing salt, being careful, too, not to scratch herself with her fingers. At the end of this period she bathes, dons her usual clothing, and partakes of the customary food.

DANCE OF THE GODS

The Gáŭn Bagúdzĭtash, or Dance of the Gods, is the one ceremony of the Apache that bears any material resemblance to the many Yébĭchai dances or "chants" of the Navaho, and even then the only feature common to the two is that the men, typifying gods, wear elaborate masks. The Apache are not unfamiliar with the making and employment of dry-paintings for the treatment of the sick, as has been seen. Originally the dry-paintings
[048] and the *gáŭn*, or gods, always appeared together, but in recent years the Gáŭn dance has been conducted preliminary to and as a part of medicine, puberty, and war ceremonies. Captain

Bourke, in his "Medicine-men of the Apache" (Ninth Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, 1892), speaks of this as the Spirit or Ghost dance. Though performed infrequently now, as compared with other dances, on account of the expense and of disapproval by the agents, the Gáŭn Bagúdzĭtash is unquestionably the most popular ceremony conducted by the Apache.

Apache *Gaŭn*

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Four always, but generally five, deities are impersonated in this dance—Gaŭnchĭnĕ of the east, Gáŭncho of the south, Gáŭn of the west, Gaŭnchí of the north, and Gaŭnĕskĭdĕ the fun-maker. These are arrayed in short kilts, moccasins, and high stick hats supported upon tightly fitting deerskin masks that cover the entire head. Each carries two flat sticks about two feet in length, painted with zigzag lines representing lightning.

For the dance a circular plot of ground, fifty or sixty feet in diameter, is cleared of stones and brush, and four small cedar trees are planted about its edge, one at each of the cardinal

points. All in attendance assemble in a circle outside the trees, leaving an opening at the eastern side. Unheralded the five masked personators march in from the east and take position in front of the cedar trees, the fifth man standing behind the fourth at the northern side. Four drummers with small drums and an indefinite number of drummers around a large one, at a signal from the medicine-man in charge, who sings, begin drumming. The personated gods dance all about the circle, making motions with their sticks as if picking up and throwing something away, followed by blowing with the breath for the purpose of expelling evil spirits from their midst. While this is going on the fifth masker, Gaŭněskídě, performs antics designed to amuse the audience. When the songs are finished the dancers depart in an eastwardly direction, whence they came, and all rest.

The drummers begin the next period in the dance by beating their tomtoms. As soon as they commence the *gáŭn* again appear, coming from the east as before, and stop in single file in front [049] of the cedar tree on the eastern side. There the spectators throw *hádĭntĭn* upon them and offer prayers, after which the five *gáŭn* take the same positions as before in front of the small trees. Upon the trees little wheels of cedar twigs have been hung; these the dancers now take, and each dances toward the fire in the centre of the circle and back four times. As the gods dance back and forth the people assembled in the encircling line shift their positions, so that all the women are on the north side and all the men on the south; then the entire body dances, with brief intervals of rest, while twelve songs are sung. The maskers next form in single file on the east, march around the fire, through the flames of which each passes the ends of his two sacred wands to destroy any lurking evil, then back around the eastern cedar tree, again around the fire, then to the southern tree, and so on to each of the four trees, when they take their leave.

This much constitutes that part of the ceremony in which the *gáŭn* are the chief participants and which usually occupies half the

night. The remainder of the night is consumed by the performance of some ceremony forming the principal objective—often the puberty rite above described.

Apache Maiden

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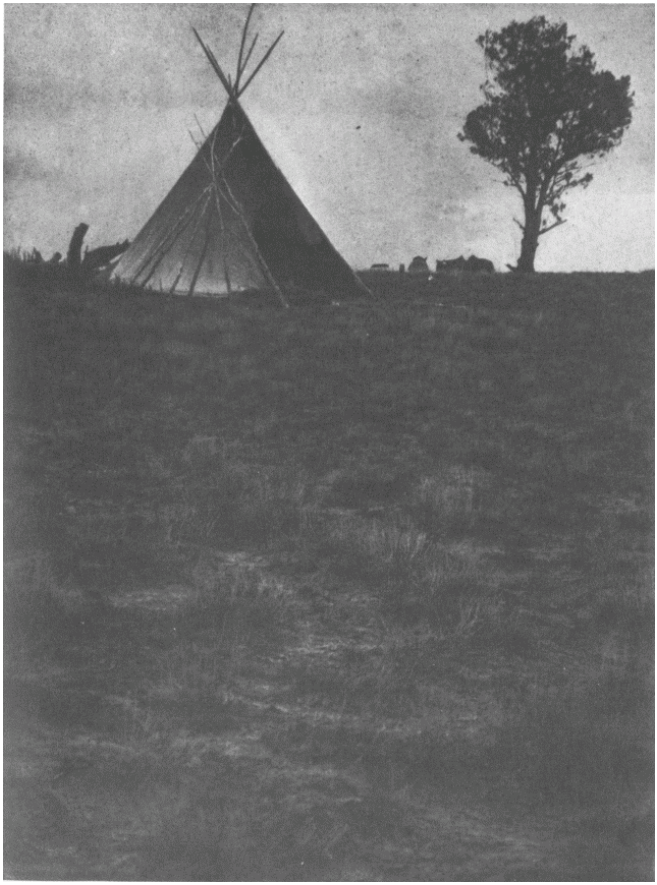
[051]

THE JICARILLAS

[053]

HOME AND GENERAL CUSTOMS

The Jicarillas, or, as they are commonly called, "Jicarilla Apaches," occupy a reservation of nearly four hundred and fifty square miles of mountainous country in northern New Mexico. Linguistically the Jicarillas are of the same stock as the Apache of Arizona; but here the relationship ceases, for the two peoples have virtually no knowledge one of the other; each, according to their respective genesis myths, had their origin in the general region in which they live to-day, while the dialect, mythology, legends, and medicine rites of the Jicarillas more closely resemble those of the Navaho than any of the Apache groups. The designation "Jicarilla Apaches" is an inheritance from the early Spaniards, who were wont to designate as Apache any warlike tribe which had not been brought under subjection. Such were the Apaches de Nabajú (Navaho), the Apaches del Perrillo, the Apaches Gileños, Apaches Tejuas, Apaches Vaqueros, Apaches Faraones, Apaches Llaneros, Apaches Lipanes, and a host of others, of whom the Spanish missionaries and colonists had little or no knowledge except that derived, alas, from predatory raids on the peaceable Indians among whom they were established. The name "Apache," therefore, was applied in the Rio Grande country of New Mexico in much the same way as the term "Yavapai" was given in the



Lone Tree Lodge - Jicarilla

From Copyright Photograph 1904 by E.S. Curtis

Rio Colorado region of Arizona, and, naturally enough, it still survives.

Owing to their composite nature the Jicarillas are a peculiarly interesting group. Too small in numbers to resist the cultural influence of other tribes, and having been long in contact with the buffalo hunters of the great plains as well as in close touch with the pueblo of Taos with its great wealth of ceremony and ritual, it is not surprising that the Jicarillas, in life and ceremony, have [054] been deeply influenced by adjacent tribes. As previously stated, the Jicarilla medicine rites are much like those of the Navaho, but are far simpler in character. In dress the Jicarillas resemble the Indians of the plains, even to the feather headdress, which is never worn by the tribes to their south and west. Features of an annual fiesta have been borrowed directly from the Pueblos.

The typical habitation of the Jicarillas is a tipi, or lodge, called *kozhán*, patterned after that of the Plains tribes. Formerly they hunted the buffalo, making periodical excursions from their mountain home to the plains and bringing back quantities of prepared meat and large numbers of hides, which were fashioned into tents and used for many other purposes. To all intents and purposes, therefore, the Jicarillas were a plains tribe. Only within recent years have they grown crops of any kind. They exhibit fair skill in basketry, this being their chief industry and source of barter with neighboring tribes; indeed it was through this custom of making "little baskets" that the Spaniards applied to them the name by which they are popularly known. The Pueblos of the Rio Grande use many baskets, which they obtain chiefly from the Jicarillas in exchange for corn. During late years many of these *jicarillas* have been disposed of to traders. Like the Navaho they make but little pottery, and that only for utilitarian purposes.

The Jicarillas seem to have no system of clans or gentes. The tribe is divided into two bands—commonly called by their Spanish names, *Olleros* (Potters) and *Llaneros* (Plainsmen)—within which marriage is not prohibited. In the

A Jicarilla

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days of the buffalo a part of the tribe, preferring the prairie country, remained there for a short time and received the name Kolhkahí^{n}, People of the Plains. The others returned to the mountains and from the pottery they there made were called Sait Ndĕ, Sand People, sand being used in mixing the clay. In event of marriage between members of different bands, sons born of the union belong to the father's band, while daughters belong to the band of the mother. [055]

Generally speaking, chieftainship is hereditary, passing to the eldest son, if there be such, otherwise to a brother, on the death of the incumbent; but this rule might be set aside if public opinion were strong enough to warrant it, and the chief be selected from another family. Each band has a headman, chosen by reason of his personal bravery and worthiness. The tribal chief, however, is the recognized leader, the two band chiefs being little more than figureheads.

The social customs of the Jicarillas are well defined. A young man wishing to marry sends a near relation to procure the consent of the girl's parents, with whose decision the wishes of the daughter have little weight. If the young man meets their approval, he is sent out to hunt, and the game which he kills is distributed among the girl's relations. The following day his family build a *kozhán* and place in it the personal effects of the young couple, who, at night, enter with friends and kinsfolk. A medicine-man prays to Nayĕnayĕzganĭ, asking his beneficence toward the new home. This ceremony lasts until midnight, when the visitors depart and the marriage is consummated. Polygamy was common. Divorce is effected without ceremony, the discontented one deserting the other and leaving him or her in possession of the dwelling.

Property right is governed by tribal laws. The wife's belongings are inherited by her children or, if she should have none, by her parents, not by the husband. On the death of the husband his property passes to the children and the wife.

The dead are buried in secret, only a few of the close relations having knowledge of the place. Immediately after death the body is carried on horseback to a high point, where it is placed on the ground and covered with the personal possessions of the deceased, such as clothing, blankets, saddles, and weapons, and over all are heaped brush and stones. Formerly a man's horse was killed near his grave, and sometimes as many as three or four horses were similarly sacrificed at different places. In former times also the *kozhán* was burned after the burial, and members
[056] of the family cut their hair as a sign of mourning. The souls of the dead are believed to rise skyward. In one portion of the sky, among vast herds of buffalo, all those who have met death in battle assemble, rich and happy; in another part, those who have succumbed to sickness and old age. The evil, or those who have practised witchcraft, have a place apart from the rest. Between the latter and the spirits of the good stands a high rock wall at which the evil ones are condemned to dig for eternity in an effort to reach the happier home. Spirits can work only in darkness, and the work of the night is ever brought to naught by recurring daylight.

The Jicarillas, like their kindred the Navaho and Apache, pay much attention to religion and ceremony. Compared with the Navaho their life seems almost lacking in ceremony, but when contrasted with the various Yuman tribes on the Colorado and Gila rivers of Arizona it is fairly rich. Their healing or medicine rites include a dance, called *Isánĕ*, that occupies four days and four nights, and many one-day "sings," in all of which dry-paintings are employed. Like the Apache the Jicarillas attach much importance to the girls' puberty ceremony and still rigidly adhere to it.

A four-day medicine dance is founded on the following legend:

Two maidens lived at the bottom of a deep pit. Many of the men wished to marry them, but the girls were well content and refused to come out. The Bear and the Snake formed a

A Jicarilla Feast March

From Copyright Photograph 1904 by E.S. Curtis

plan to carry them off and make them their wives. A beautiful butterfly was sent fluttering down over the girls' heads, but they paid little heed to its beauties. Another was sent, then another, and yet a fourth, which was so beautiful that the girls reached up to catch it, for they wished to copy its splendid colors on a large basket they were weaving. But the butterfly escaped them and flew upward, keeping ever out of reach as the girls followed to the mouth of the pit. There the Bear and the Snake in waiting suddenly reached over, seized the girls, and carried them away. The people, learning of this, asked them to bring the girls back, but the Bear and the Snake refused, so an appeal was made to Nayĕnayĕzganĭ and Kobadjischínĭ. These two gods built a fence around the world to keep the Bear and the Snake [057] from escaping, and, summoning all the people, compelled the Bear and the Snake to bring the two young women back. The one the Bear had married had grown very fat and coarse, like her master. "What have you done to make this girl so fat?" demanded

Nayĕnayĕzganĭ in anger. "You must give her medicine to make her comely again." So the Bear sang songs and made medicine until the girl was herself again. Then came the Snake with the girl he had stolen. She had become thin, like her master. "What have you done to make this girl so thin?" cried Nayĕnayĕzganĭ. "You must give her medicine to make her well again." The Snake then sang his songs and made medicine until the girl became again robust and beautiful.

As already mentioned, the performance of this ceremony extends through a period of four days and four nights. The day preceding is spent in preparation: the head of the family of the sick person makes ready for a feast, and helpers build a corral of piñon and spruce branches. This corral is circular, about forty yards in diameter and six feet high, with an opening at the east. To the west, close to the fence, is the medicine *kozhán*. The latter part of each morning of the four days is spent by the medicine-man and his assistants in the *kozhán*, where a dry-painting of blue, black, yellow, and red earths is made in the shape of a snake lying in a circle with a space between the head and the tail. The circle is about six feet in diameter, and within it are represented numerous animals: the bear, turkey, deer, eagle, buffalo, elk, badger, gopher, and others. A decoction is mixed in an earthen bowl and the patient is summoned. Sand from the various parts of the painting are sprinkled on the corresponding parts of his body, and the medicine mixture is given him to drink.

The night portions of the ceremony begin shortly after dark. The medicine-man and any persons who know the songs gather in the *kozhán* and sing, accompanied with a drum made of a basket inverted over a hole in the ground and covered with a buffalo skin, the head toward the east. The hole represents the pit in the legend, the basket the one the girls were weaving, and
[058] a figure interwoven in the latter symbolizes the butterfly of the story. The beating of the drum is varied at intervals by the use of a leg-bone of a mountain sheep rasped quickly over a notched

stick. Any men of the tribe may enter the *kozhán*, and even a white man who is well known. The songs consist of recitals of the powers of the medicine-man and invocations to the various animals, as the bear, snake, and mountain sheep. Some of the songs consist merely in naming the parts of the animal's body, while others are supposed to be those used by the Bear and the Snake in the legend. After singing these songs for about three hours, with intervals of rest, the dancing begins. On each side of the enclosure are three fires. Behind these on the north side are the men, on the south the women; thus a large open space is bounded by the two lines of fires, the *kozhán*, and the opening of the corral. Two women walk slowly into this space, their heads modestly bent. They stop, and a young man approaches to ascertain with whom they would dance. He then finds the desired persons, takes each by the arm, and drags him out. The men always feign unwillingness to go. In the meanwhile other pairs of women have come out and other young men become busy finding partners for them. As a rule they dance in groups of four, men and women facing each other and moving backward and forward five or six steps. As the dance progresses the man is likely to lay his hands upon the woman's shoulders, but modesty forbids her a similar liberty. The same pair may remain dancing together throughout the night, or they may cease when either desires. On the first night the dancing continues until about midnight; the second, an hour or two longer; the third, until well toward dawn; the fourth, until sunrise.

On the last night the top of a small spruce tree, tipped with eagle down, is planted near the door of the *kozhán*, and a new element in the dancing is introduced. About midnight, before any dancing has been engaged in, the ceremonial dancers enter from two dressing *kozhán* some two hundred yards east of the corral. These consist of two parties. The first, eight in number, enter in single file, preceded and followed by a man in everyday [059] costume. These dancers, called *Tsa^{n}natĭ*, are nude, save for the

Jicarillas

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breech-cloth, with body and face painted in white and black, and the hair hanging loose. Immediately following them are the *Cha^{n}zhiň*, six in number, accompanied by four keepers, two in front and two behind. The six are nude, the bodies painted solid white with six black stripes encircling them. The hair is painted white and is done up into two long, stiff braids, which project from the sides of the head like a pair of horns. The faces are hideously made up to represent clowns, as indeed their name signifies. In dancing, the Cha^{n}zhiň and Tsa^{n}naťí do not take steps, but shuffle sidewise, locomotion being effected by means of a sort of exaggerated shivering of the legs. This movement is common to Plains tribes in many of their dances. The whole line of dancers proceed with their peculiar motion into the *kozhán* and around the fire, passing before the patient, the Cha^{n}zhiň all the while uttering hoarse, animal-like cries. Their utterances are always coarse and obscene, causing much merriment, which is supposed to aid the patient in casting off his illness. After passing through the *kozhán* the Tsa^{n}naťí form in line outside and with their feet keep time to the singing and drumming, while the others break ranks and in a promiscuous throng pass before the

spectators, first on the men's side, then on the women's. Just before their departure from the corral any woman who feels an indisposition may crouch in their path near the gate, facing the west, and the Cha^{n}zhiń one by one leap over her, first from the east, then from the other three directions, ever continuing their hoarse cries.

These characters make their appearance four times during the course of the night, the spectators dancing during the intervals. After their last exit dancing continues until shortly before sunrise; then the medicine-man and the singers arise, and, forming a circle about the fire in the centre of the *kozhán*, sing a number of songs. A maiden is summoned from the gathering to carry a basket of sacred meal, and the medicine-man, taking up the top of the spruce tree, passes out of the enclosure toward the rising sun, followed by the maiden, the patient, the singers, and any who may be afflicted with a bodily ailment. At a distance of about a hundred yards the medicine-man stops and plants the [060] little spruce tip, to which the disease is now supposed to have been transferred, under a tree, sprinkling over it quantities of the sacred meal. Then each of the others, the patient leading, steps forward, throws a pinch of the meal on the tree, and passes on, always facing the east. When the last one has thus passed, the procession stops, everybody holds his blanket ready, and on signal from the medicine-man, just as the sun appears, gives it a shake and runs at full speed to the *kozhán* and around the fire. Thus is disease shaken out and the pursuit of the evil spirits of sickness eluded.

MYTHOLOGY - CREATION MYTH

In the beginning all people, birds, and beasts were far beneath this earth, somewhere in the darkness; there was no sun, no

Jeditoh - Navaho

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It is interesting to note the difference between the Apache of Arizona and the Jicarillas in their assignment of colors to the cardinal directions. The former invariably associate black with the east, blue with the south, yellow with the west, and white with the north.

moon. It was not a good place in which to live, because of the darkness. After a time came Chunnaái, the Sun, and Klĕnaái, the Moon. They directed the people to leave the world of darkness, showing the way they were to go by passing up through a rift in the sky. But the sky was so far above that the people knew of no way to reach it, so they made a pile of sand in the form of a mountain, and painted the east side white, the south blue, the west yellow, and the north side all colors.[1] Then they gathered seeds from all the plants they knew and placed them inside the little mountain. Chunnaái sent back his messenger, Ánltsĭstn, the Whirlwind, to instruct them how to make the mountain increase in size.

Then all gathered about it and danced and sang, until after four days the seeds sprouted and the mountain began to expand and to increase in height. This continued for four days, at the end of which time the mountain seemed almost to reach the sky; but suddenly its growth ceased, and none knew the cause. From [061] Chunnaái came Whirlwind to tell the inhabitants how two of their maidens had entered the sacred space on the mountain top and had wantonly broken and destroyed plants and fruits, thus causing the mountain to cease growing.

With two long poles and four buffalo horns, which then were straight, the people made a ladder, which, when placed on the mountain top, reached the sky. One of the four Great Whirlwinds, Níchitso, went up to see what this new place was like. He put his head through the opening, and seeing that the world was covered with water, at once descended the ladder. The four Whirlwinds then went up; White Wind rolled the water to the east, but still there was water at the south; Blue Wind rolled it away to the south, but still there was water at the west; so Yellow Wind blew it away to the west, and then there was water only at the north, which All-Color Wind quickly blew away. Then the Winds blew over the earth for four days to dry it; but they left some of the water, which flowed along in streams.

When they returned and told what they had done, the people sent Kãgĕ, the Crow, who was wise, to view the land. They waited long, but Kãgĕ did not return. Then they sent Little Whirlwind, who found the Crow perched upon some dead bodies, plucking out their eyes; and because of his wickedness in forgetting the people, his feathers, once white, had turned black. Then Nagá^{n}schitn, the Badger, was sent to see if the land was good, but just as soon as he had crawled through he sank in the black mud and could go no farther, so Little Whirlwind was despatched to succor him. To this day Badger's legs are black. Next Kĕldi^{n}shĕn, the Skunk, was sent, because he was light in weight; but even he sank in the mud and blackened his legs. Then the people sent Cha, the Beaver, who travelled about for a long time, and finding all the water running away in streams, built dams and thus formed many lakes. He came back and told the people that the land was good to live in, which pleased them greatly. Then they started up the ladder, and when all had passed over, it was found that their weight had bent the buffalo horns,
[062] which ever since have been curved. Thus all the people came out upon this earth at a place in the north.[3]

During the first days the Sun did not rise above the horizon, having been held back in the east by a web that Ma^{n}schĕ, the Spider, had woven about him. But the people succeeded in tearing the web away, and from that time the Sun each day has travelled across the whole sky.

On emerging from the underworld the inhabitants began moving in a great circle, travelling from the north to the east, then to the south, then to the west. When any found a spot that pleased them, they settled there, and Chunnaái and Klĕnaái gave them a language of their own. Four times the land was thus encircled, but each time the circle became smaller, and when the people came the last time to the north, Haísndayĭn, the Jicarillas,

[3] Possibly a legendary reminiscence of a home in the far north and the subsequent migration to the south.

found their home in the mountains near the Rio Chama.

MIRACLE PERFORMERS

During the wanderings of the people a girl, Yólkai Ĕstsán, became separated from the rest. She would lie all day on a hillside in the sunshine, and the Sun saw that no harm came to her. By and by she bore a child, whose father was Chunnaái, the Sun, and the child was Nayĕnayĕzganĭ. Another girl, Ĕstsán Nátlĕshĭn, was fond of lying asleep under a rock, and by the trickling water that fell upon her Kobadjischínĭ was begotten.

Lake Lajara - Navaho

From Copyright Photograph 1904 by E.S. Curtis

The two women and their sons lived together. To amuse the children the mothers made them a wheel, but cautioned them never to roll it toward the north. Whenever he heard the sound of water, Kobadjischíně, to seek its source, would leap straight into any torrent, and his mother hoped that the toy would deter him from falling into such danger. One day the two boys became curious to know what was in the north, so they rolled the wheel
[063] in that direction. It went straight on for a long time, then came to a ladder leading up the steep side of a rock, up which it rolled. The boys stopped in astonishment. The wheel rolled on down into a cave, where lived Yíyĕ, a monster Owl, who ate human flesh. A young girl, Yíyĕ's slave, was sent up to see who was outside. "Two young, fine-looking boys," she reported. Yíyĕ sent her to tell them to come into the cave, but this they refused to do, even when he urged them himself, saying, "No! Give us our wheel!" But at last the boys yielded to Yíyĕ's persuasions and proceeded up the ladder and down into the cave. Owl built a fire under a huge pot of water, seized the boys, and put them into it. He boiled them a long time, then lifted them out with a stick. They stood up and said, "Why do you not give us our wheel and let us go home?" Then Yíyĕ became angry and thrust them into a great heap of hot ashes and built a fresh fire over them. After a long time he took them out, but they were still unharmed, and only asked, "Why do you not give us our wheel?" At this Owl became very angry and, seizing them, cut them into small pieces, put them into the pot, and boiled them again; but when he took them out they were alive and whole. Owl said not a word, but gave them their wheel and motioned them to go. All this time the mothers of the two boys knew from the Sun where they were, and by a burning stick could tell when their children were in danger; for if they were safe the flame burned high, but if in danger it burned low.

Because there were so many monsters on the earth that destroyed people, the mothers of Nayĕnayĕzganĭ and

Kobadjischíníˇ sent them on a visit to Chunnaái to learn how to kill these evil beings. Chunnaái sent down the rainbow, and up this the two boys climbed and went into the house of the Sun. For Nayĕnayĕzganiˇ the Sun made a complete suit of turquoise—shirt, leggings, and moccasins—and in his hair fastened a long eagle feather. He gave him also huge arrows made of pine trees pointed with flint of white, blue, yellow, and all-colors, and a bow made of a part of the rainbow. To Kobadjischíníˇ he gave a suit of flint of many colors and a long whip with which to drive away sickness, and in his hair he tied a downy eagle feather. Then he [064] said to Nayĕnayĕzganiˇ, "Shoot down and see if you can hit that tree." So Nayĕnayĕzganiˇ shot, and the arrow shattered the tree like a bolt of lightning.

Into the Desert - Navaho

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After his return from the home of the Sun, Nayĕnayĕzganĭ and his mother, Yólkai Ĕstsán, went over to the pueblo of Taos, where in a lake lived a monster Turtle which had destroyed many people by dragging them beneath the water. Nayĕnayĕzganĭ went into the village and asked for food, but the people refused him, not knowing who he was. In the night he sent worms into their corn, spoiling it all; and in the morning, when they discovered it, they were filled with fear, and said:

"You must be some great man. In the west is a large lake, and in it a being which has dragged many of our people into the water. Will you go and kill it?"

"I will kill it," replied Nayĕnayĕzganĭ, "but first you must give me as much turquoise as I now have in my suit."

This they did, and Nayĕnayĕzganĭ asked Chunnaái how he should kill this creature. His father gave him four wheels—white, blue, yellow, and all-colors. Then from the east he threw the white one into the middle of the lake, and the water receded a little. From the south he threw the blue wheel, from the west the yellow, from the north the wheel of all-colors, and each time the water decreased a little more, until a ladder leading downward was exposed. From the centre in four directions led rows of large stones, upon which Turtle walked in going to his house. Nayĕnayĕzganĭ went out on one of these stone-trails and down the ladder. At the bottom he found two mountain lions, which he quieted by giving them eagle feathers. He went through a long passage and successively met two fierce bears, two snakes, and two spotted wildcats, but each in turn was pacified with eagle feathers. At the end of the passage was a door, which Nayĕnayĕzganĭ burst open, coming suddenly upon the great Turtle. The monster tried in vain to seize and kill him, but Nayĕnayĕzganĭ took out his fire-stick, and said:

"Release the people you have here, or I will destroy you with
[065] my fire!"

"I have only one," said Turtle, "and you may take him."

When the one came out Nayĕnayĕzganĭ asked him if there were any more captives in the house, and the man said there were many more. So again he threatened Turtle, and other prisoners were released; but these were not all, and he compelled Turtle to free still more. On the fourth demand, however, the monster refused to give up any more of his prisoners, whereupon Nayĕnayĕzganĭ killed him with his fire and smoke. Then going through the rooms he released all the people he found. There were two young Turtles, whom he told not to grow any larger, nor to kill people or animals; and small Turtles yet inhabit the land.

Nayĕnayĕzganĭ heard that to the east of the mountains of the Haísndayĭn lived Tzĕs, the enormous Elk, in the midst of a great high plain, which no one could approach unseen. So he journeyed thither, thinking to ascend the eastern side; but Elk saw him, and he went no closer. Then he tried from the south, the west, and the north, but always Elk saw him. At the northern side of the plain Nayĕnayĕzganĭ heard someone ask, "What are you doing here?"

It was Maíněli[n], the Gopher; and when he learned what Nayĕnayĕzganĭ wished to do, he promised his help. So he burrowed into the ground and came up under the spot where Elk was lying, and just behind the shoulder gnawed away the thick hair that protected the monster's heart. Elk felt the gnawing, and cried out, "Who is doing that?"

Gopher answered, "I need fur to make a nest for my little children."

So Elk became quieted and Gopher went back into the ground, and from the centre dug holes in four directions to the edge of the plain. Nayĕnayĕzganĭ then entered one from the east, and coming to the centre looked up and saw Elk's heart beating. Drawing his flint-pointed arrow to the head, he shot the monster through the heart, then quickly dropped down into Gopher's burrow beneath four stones which, one below the other, stopped the vertical channel. But first he made with his fire-stick a dense white [066]

smoke at the end of the burrow that ran to the east. Elk leaped down into the opening and rushed in the direction of the smoke, seeking his enemy. Then in his rage he went to the centre, but in the meantime Nayĕnayĕzganĭ had made a cloud of blue smoke at the south, so Elk ran thither. Successively Nayĕnayĕzganĭ made yellow smoke at the west and all-color smoke at the north, each time at the mouth of the burrow, and each time Elk ran in the direction of the newly made smoke. All the time blood was pouring from the wound in Tzĕs' heart. At last he espied the hole blocked with four stone doors of white, blue, yellow, and all-colors, which led straight down from the floor of the passage. With his great antlers the monster broke through the first three doors, but at the fourth he fell dead. Nayĕnayĕzganĭ divided the meat with Gopher, and taking the greater portion on his back, for by this time he was grown large and strong, he started back to his mother, who was overjoyed by his safe arrival and because he had brought such a quantity of meat. Near the village he stopped to rest, and the weight of himself and of Elk's body flattened the top of the hill on which he sat. Where Elk's blood soaked into the ground the soil is still red.

From his father, Chunnaái, Nayĕnayĕzganĭ had knowledge of another evil thing and how to destroy it. Cutting off a piece of Elk's intestine, he filled it with blood and fastened it about his waist. Then he told his mother to strip off the hide and while it was still soft sew it into a suit that would cover him completely. When the suit was finished he put it on, hid Elk's antlers under it, and departed westward in search of Itsá, the Eagle, who every day killed a man. When Nayĕnayĕzganĭ approached the home of Eagle the latter swooped down from his high rock and four times tried to seize him, but could not fasten his talons in the hardened hide. At the fourth attempt Nayĕnayĕzganĭ allowed Eagle to take hold of his suit in the front, whereupon the bird carried him up and up, and from a tremendous height dropped him upon the sharp rocks. Though unhurt, to deceive Eagle he tore open the

Nature's Mirror - Navaho

From Copyright Photograph 1904 by E.S. Curtis

piece of intestine, allowing the blood to gush out upon the rock. [067]
Itsá told his two children to go and eat, but when they drew near Nayĕnayĕzganĭ made a sound, "Sh!" and they stopped in fright. Again they came near and again heard the sound "Sh!" So the Eaglets went to their father, perched high on the point of the rock, and said:

"That body is not dead, it makes a noise 'Sh!'"

"Never mind that; go and eat!" commanded the parent Eagle, who then flew away for his day's hunting.

When Itsá was gone, Nayĕnayĕzganĭ arose, took off the elk-skin suit, and addressed the frightened Eagle children:

"In what weather does your father come home?"

"In a great storm of thunder and lightning," they answered.

"And in what weather does your mother come home?"

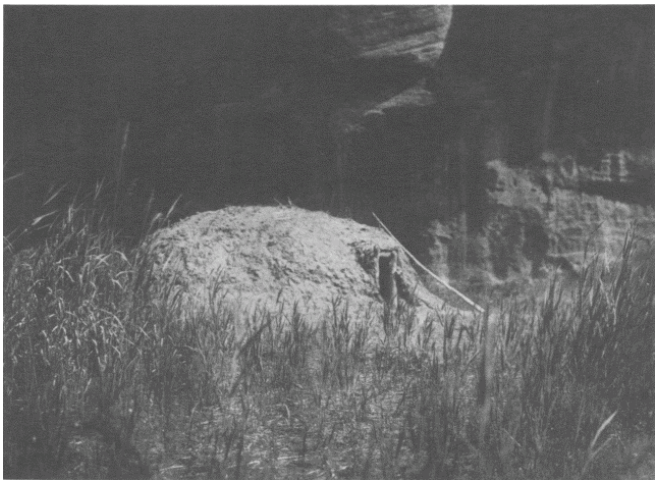
"When all the sky is clouded and a slow rain falls."

Presently a great storm arose, and the Eaglets exclaimed, "Our father is coming!" Soon the Eagle came rushing through the air,

and from afar Nayĕnayĕzganĭ heard wailing, for Eagle had a man in his talons. From far aloft, as was his wont, he dropped the man upon the rocks. Nayĕnayĕzganĭ took up one of Elk's antlers and just as the great bird was alighting on his perch hurled it at him, striking him on the head. Listening, he heard the body drop upon the rocks far below. Then a slow rain began to fall, and the Eaglets cried, "Our mother is coming!" Soon the mother Eagle came. She too had a man in her talons, and with the other horn Nayĕnayĕzganĭ killed her. Then he warned the Eagle children that they must not grow any larger, or ever attempt to carry away people; and they promised to be content with hunting animals.

But Nayĕnayĕzganĭ found that there was no way to get down from the rock, for it was steep and very high, so high that it made him dizzy to look over the edge. Chunnaái told him to wait there, for he would send someone to bring him down safely. At last Nayĕnayĕzganĭ saw somebody below, who proved to be Bat.

[068] "Come, help me down!" he called.



Canon *Hogan* - Navaho

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Bat came up, flying round and round the rock. On his back was a basket, supported from his shoulders by two cords that looked like Spider's thread.

"That will not hold me!" exclaimed Nayĕnayĕzganĭ.

"But it will," answered Bat; "it will hold the biggest of mountain sheep!" And to prove the truth of his assertion he filled the basket with stones and jumped up and down, and the threads held. Then Nayĕnayĕzganĭ was satisfied and got in, and Bat began the descent. "Don't open your eyes!" he commanded. After a long time, feeling that they must be near the bottom, Nayĕnayĕzganĭ opened his eyes, but the sight made him dizzy, and he almost fell out of the basket. Bat became angry at this, for the lurch almost threw him from the rock. At last, however, they reached the ground in safety.

There they dragged the bodies of the two great Eagles together, plucked them, and filled Bat's basket with the feathers, which Nayĕnayĕzganĭ wished to take home. "Don't go in the low places," he advised Bat, as the latter started on ahead. But Bat forgot, and because the walking was easier went across the low places, where the birds stole all the feathers for their nests; so he had to return and fill the basket again. These he carried safely to Yólkai Ĕstsán, who gave many of them to the people of the village.

From Chunnaái, Nayĕnayĕzganĭ learned of one more monster on the earth, a huge Rolling Stone, which lived in the south near the pueblo of Picuris; so he and his mother went southward. They stopped in a cañon through which Rolling Stone often passed on its way to and from the village, and by and by it came crashing along, destroying everything in its path. Just as it passed, Nayĕnayĕzganĭ shot with one of his great flint-pointed arrows and shattered it, as he had shattered the tree when Chunnaái first gave him his weapons; and the ground in that spot is still red from the blood that flowed from Rolling Stone's heart.

[069]

ORIGIN OF FIRE

Black Man, Haschĭn Dĭlhĭli, was created by Nayĕnayĕzganĭ to be his helper in the task of making the earth a good dwelling-place for the people. Haschĭn made the animals, mountains, trees, and rivers, gave the people weapons and implements, and showed how they were to be used. When all were supplied with houses to live in and weapons with which to protect themselves and to kill game, he called Coyote, Tsilitĕn, the Mimic.

"Go to the Land of the Fireflies," he commanded, "and bring back their fire, for the people have no fire with which to cook their food."

Coyote started, and found the Land of the Fireflies. These beings lived at the bottom of a deep, deep hole—an enormous cave in the solid rock. Its sides were smooth and straight, and how to get down Coyote did not know. He went to the edge of the pit, and there found growing Little Tree.

"Help me down to the Land of the Fireflies," he said. So Little Tree sent its roots down, down, down, until they extended quite to the bottom, and Coyote descended. There he played with the little Firefly boys, romping about, running back and forth, pretending to be thinking of nothing but their amusement, for the Fireflies guarded their fire carefully and would let no one touch it.

On the tip of his tail Coyote had tied a tuft of cedar bark. Suddenly he dashed through the great fire which always burned in the centre of the village, and was off before the Firefly people knew what he had done. When they discovered that he had stolen some of their fire, they set out in pursuit; but Coyote was very swift of foot, and reached the wall of the pit far ahead of them.

"Little Tree, help me out!" he called.

Little Tree drew its roots up, up, up, while Coyote held on and was drawn safely out of the hole. Then he ran quickly about among the people, lighting the piles of wood they had prepared, until every family was supplied with fire.

[071]

THE NAVAHO

[073]

HOME LIFE, ARTS, AND BELIEFS

The Navaho are a pastoral, semi-nomadic people whose activities centre in their flocks and small farms. Their reservation of more than fourteen thousand square miles is the desert plateau region of northern Arizona and New Mexico. Its mesas and low mountains are sparsely covered with piñon and cedar, and on the higher levels are small but beautiful forests of pine. Back and forth in all parts of this vast region the Navaho drive their flocks. At the season when the slight rainfall produces even scant pasturage on the desert plains the flocks are pastured there; but as the grass becomes seared by the summer sun and exhausted from pasturing, the flocks are taken into the mountains, where the shade of the pines lends grateful coolness. Again, as the deep snows of winter come, the sheep and goats are driven down to the wooded mesas, where there is little snow and an abundance of fuel, of which there is none on the plains. And so, year in, year

A Drink in the Desert - Navaho

From Copyright Photograph 1904 by E.S. Curtis

Under the Cottonwoods - Navaho

From Copyright Photograph 1904 by E.S. Curtis

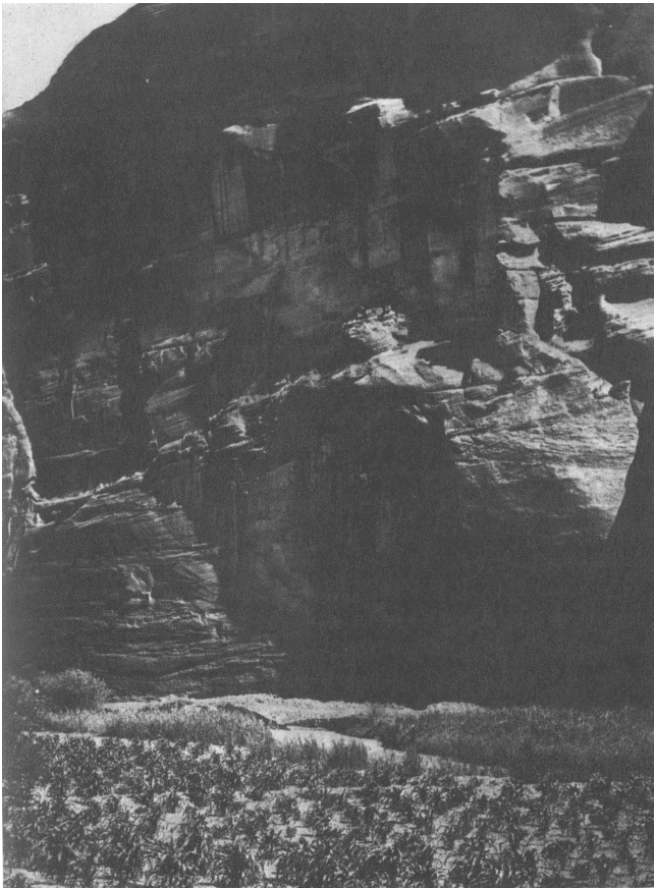
out, the flocks slowly drift back and forth from plain to mesa and from mesa to mountain.

While the Navaho leads a wandering life, the zone of his movements is surprisingly limited; indeed the average Navaho's personal knowledge of his country is confined to a radius of not more than fifty miles. The family usually has three homes, the situation of which is determined by the necessities of life. Near their summer home they cultivate small crops of corn and vegetables in narrow, sandy washes, where by deep planting sufficient moisture is insured to mature the crop. In a few sections small farming is conducted by means of irrigation. In Cañon de Chelly, which may be termed the garden spot of the reservation, there are diminutive farms and splendid peach orchards irrigated with freshet water. The cañon drains an extensive region, and even a light rain causes the stream which flows at the base of [074] its lofty walls to become swollen. This water the natives divert to their miniature cornfields and orchards, one or two freshets

assuring good crops.

Owing to its lowness and its earth covering, the Navaho house, or *hogán*, is the most inconspicuous of habitations. One might ride from morning till night across the reservation and not observe either a hogán or an Indian, although he has no doubt passed within a stone's throw of many of these houses and been peered at by many more dark eyes from brush concealments. At the end of a long day in the saddle the traveller may wonder where the many thousands of Navaho reside; but his inquiry may be answered if he will but climb to the summit of one of the many low mountains and view the panorama as the long shadows of evening are creeping on. Here and there in every direction the thin blue smoke of the campfire may be seen curling upward as these desert people prepare their evening meal. In this clear, rare atmosphere the far distant horizon is the only limit to his vision. Just below, a mile or so away, may perhaps be seen the smoke from a group of half a dozen hogáns. Miles beyond is another group, and still beyond another, and so throughout the sweep of vision. These people and their life are delightfully Indian, but slightly influenced by the white man's ways. As the chief human touch of the great southwestern desert the Navaho are the artist's joy, and as a subject for the ethnologist their ceremonial life furnishes limitless material for study.

The handicraft of the Navaho is seen at its best in their blanketry, which is one of the most important industries of any Indians within our domain. The greater portion of the wool from their hundreds of thousands of sheep is used in weaving, and in addition a considerable quantity of commercial yarn is employed for the same purpose. The origin of the textile art among the Navaho is an open question. It is probable that they did not learn it from anyone, but that it developed as a part of their domestic culture. It is contended by some that the early Spanish missionaries taught the Navaho to weave; but why should the white man be accredited with this art? The mummies found in [075]



Cornfields in Canon Del Muerto - Navaho

From Copyright Photograph 1906 by E.S. Curtis

the prehistoric cliff-ruins of the Navaho country are wrapped in cloth finer than any ever produced with a Navaho loom, and no doubt now remains that Pueblo people were incorporated by the Navaho in ancient times.

The blankets made in earlier days, say from fifty to a hundred and fifty years ago, are beautiful examples of primitive handicraft. The body of a so-called bayeta blanket was woven of close-spun native wool, dyed dark blue, while the red pattern was from the ravellings of Spanish bayeta. Much of the beauty of the old blankets is due to the mellowing of the native colors by age, but practically none of these rare examples are to be found among the Navaho at the present time. The blankets of to-day may be roughly divided into three classes: 1. Those made from the close-spun native yarn dyed in the old colors and woven in the simple old patterns; when aged they closely resemble the old bayeta blankets. 2. Blankets woven in a great variety of designs from coarse, loose-spun yarn dyed with commercial dyes of many shades; these are the Navaho blankets of commerce. 3. Those woven from commercial or "Germantown" yarn; they are of fine texture and sometimes beautiful, but lack interest in that their material is not of Indian production. Fortunately the decrease in the demand for blankets woven of commercial yarn is discouraging their manufacture.

The Navaho woman weaves her blanket not so much for profit as for love of the work. It is her recreation, her means of expressing imagination and her skill in execution. Civilized women may write books, paint pictures, or deliver ringing addresses; these are unknown worlds to the Navaho woman: but when after months of labor she finishes a blanket, her pride in her work of art is indeed well justified.

Because of their pastoral life the Navaho are not villagers. Their dome-shaped, earth-covered hogáns are usually grouped two or three in the same locality. The summer house is a rude brush shelter, usually made with four corner posts, a flat top

of brush, and a windbreak of the same material as a protection against the hot desert siroccos. The hogán proper, used for storage during the summer, affords a warm and comfortable [076] shelter to its occupants through the cold winters of their high altitude. When a hogán is built it is ceremonially consecrated, and if an occupant should die in it, it is forever deserted and is called *tsĭndi hogán*, "evil house." No Navaho will go near such a house or touch anything taken from it. If a meal were cooked with decayed wood from a hogán a hundred years deserted, a Navaho, even if starving, could not be induced to partake of it. Thus strong are the religious beliefs of this primitive people.

The domestic equipment of the Navaho is simplicity itself and reflects the simple life of the tribe. Of household furniture there is none. The bedding consists usually of a few sheepskins; cooking utensils are earthen pots of their own making, and cups, knives, and spoons of civilization. Plates they do not need, as the family eat directly from the pot in which the food is cooked. The principal food is mutton, boiled, and corn prepared in many ways. Considerable flour obtained from traders is consumed; this is leavened slightly and made into small cakes, which are cooked over the embers like Mexican tortillas.

The women are an important factor in the Navaho tribe. The sheep usually, and the house, with all that pertains to it, always are the property of the wife. The independent spirit of the women, instilled by this incontestable property right, manifests itself throughout the tribe, and by reason of it the Navaho husband is not apt to seek an opportunity to criticise his wife so long as she is in a position to say, "If I and the hogán do not suit you, go elsewhere!" Polygamy is common, but as a rule the wives of one man are sisters, an arrangement conducive to domestic harmony.

Many of the Navaho men are skilled silversmiths. Every well-to-do Navaho possesses a silver belt consisting of a dozen or more wrought oval discs, each about two by three inches, fastened to a leather strap. Such a belt, weighing several pounds,

The Blanket Maker - Navaho

From Copyright Photograph 1904 by E.S. Curtis

is of course a valuable piece of property. The wearer may also have a broad silver bracelet set with turquoise, a heavy string of silver beads with a massive pendant of the same material, and a [077] pair of deerskin leggings with a row of silver buttons on the outer side. Frequently their horses are gaily bedecked with bridles and saddles heavily weighted with silver ornaments. The long strap over the shoulder, from which the pouch of the medicine-man is suspended, is always studded with silver buttons. Mexican coins, especially the peso, are the principal source of all this silverwork, the Navaho preferring this coin to our own dollar because it is heavier. Buttons and beads also are made from American dimes and twenty-five cent pieces; the small beads from dimes, and the larger ones from two coins of the same value. They learned silversmithing from the Mexicans, but since their first lessons have developed a high degree of individuality in the art. While the metal-work of the Navaho at the present time is practically all in silver, only a few copper objects being made, their earliest work in metal was with iron, and occasionally an example of this is found. The silver and shell bead jewelry of the Navaho is his savings bank. During times of prosperity he becomes the possessor of all the jewelry his means afford, and when poor crops or long winters threaten distress he pawns it at a trader's, so that many of the traders often have thousands of dollars' worth of silverwork and shell beads on hand at one time. The system seems to be a very fair one, and in time of stress is certainly a boon to the impecunious Navaho.

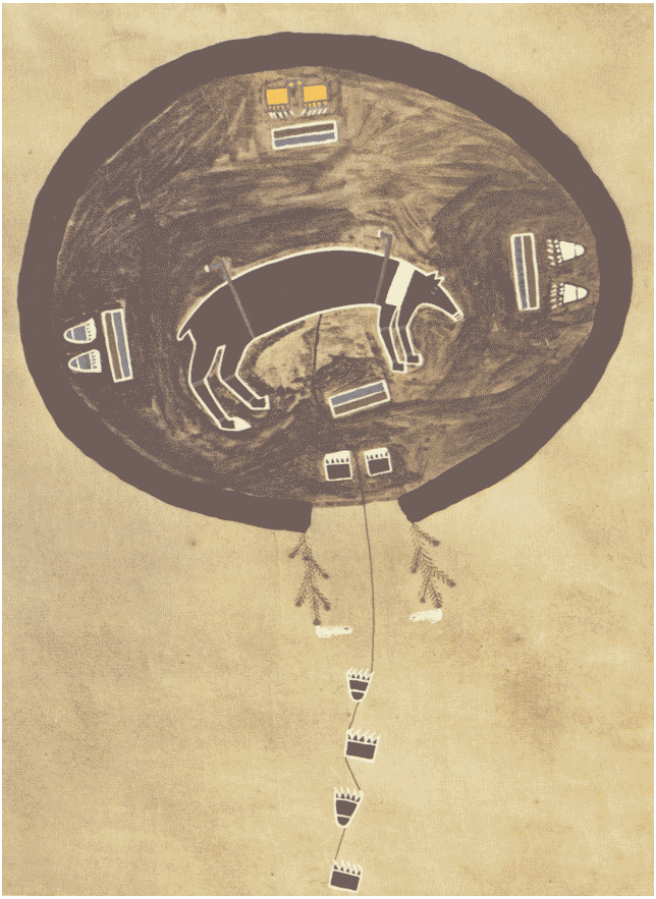
The little pottery made by this people is an undecorated ware for utilitarian purposes only. For carrying water a gum-coated water bottle of basketry is in general use. Few baskets are made, and these are of but a single pattern—a flattish tray for use in ceremonies. Most of the baskets used by the Navaho in their ceremonies, however, are purchased from neighboring tribes, especially the Havasupai and the Paiute, who weave them primarily for purposes of trade. Such baskets must be of a

prescribed pattern, with a break in the design at one side. When the basket is in use this side is always placed toward the east.

Most Navaho ceremonies are conducted, at least primarily, for the purpose of healing disease; and while designated medicine
[078] ceremonies, they are, in fact, ritualistic prayers. There are so many of these ceremonies that no student has yet determined their number, which reaches into scores, while the component ritual prayers of some number hundreds. The principal ceremonies are those that require nine days and nine nights in their performance. Of the many now known the names of nine are here given: Kléjĕ Hatál, Night Chant;[4] Tzĭlhkĭchĭ Hatál, Mountain Chant; Hozhónĭ Hatál, Happiness Chant; Natói Hatál, Shooting Chant; Toi Hatál, Water Chant; Atsósĭ Hatál, Feather Chant; Yoi Hatál, Bead Chant; Hochónchĭ Hatál, Evil-Spirit Chant; Mai Hatál, Coyote Chant. Each is based on a mythic story, and each has four dry-paintings, or so-called altars. Besides these nine days' ceremonies there are others whose performance requires four days, and many simpler ones requiring only a single day, each with its own dry-painting.

The figures shown in the dry-paintings are conventionalized representations of the characters in Navaho mythology and of incidents in the myth. With how many such paintings the Navaho medicine-men are familiar is an unanswered question; but more than sixty have been noted, some of them most elaborate. In making them, the ground within the ceremonial hogán is evenly covered with fine brown earth, upon which the figures are drawn with fine sands and earths of many colors allowed to flow between the thumb and the first two fingers. The Navaho become so skilled in this work that they can draw a line as fine as a broad pencil mark. Many of the paintings are comparatively small, perhaps not more than four feet in diameter; others are as large as the hogán permits, sometimes twenty-four feet across.

[4] The myth and ritual of this ceremony are given on pages 111-116.



Pĭkĕhodĭklad - Navaho

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This, the first of the dry-paintings employed in the rites of the Mountain Chant—a nine days' healing ceremony of the Navaho—as in the Night Chant, is used on the fifth night, when the purpose of the performance is to frighten the patient, and thus banish the evil within him. The name of this painting, "Frighten Him On It," is identical with that of the one used at the corresponding moment in the Night Chant.

The whole represents the den of a hibernating bear. Inside the ceremonial hogán is thrown up a bank of earth two or three feet high, with an opening toward the doorway. Colored earths picture bear-tracks leading in; bear-tracks and sunlight—sun

To make such a large painting requires the assistance of all the men who can conveniently work at it from early morning until mid-afternoon.

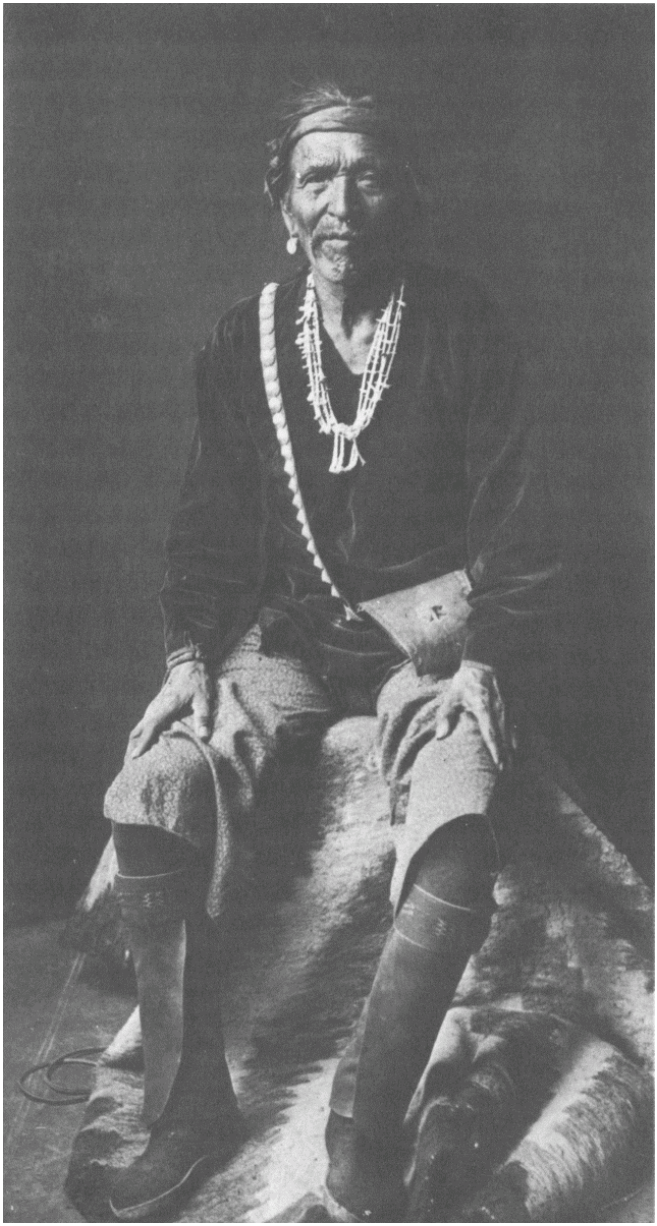
The most elaborate ceremonies are conducted between the first frost of autumn and the second moon following the winter solstice. While primarily designed to restore the health of an individual, they are intended also to benefit the entire tribe,
[079] many of the prayers being offered for the general welfare of the people rather than for the patient under immediate treatment. Nor, so far as the individual is concerned, is the ceremony designed necessarily for the cure of an acute ailment, but is for the treatment of long-standing chronic afflictions, mental or physical. Especially peculiar is the Navaho belief that many illnesses are the results of fright to which ancestors have been subjected during prenatal life, and long and costly ceremonies are often performed to rid persons of such baneful inheritance. In fact Indians physically normal have submitted to prolonged treatment by their medicine-men when advised by them for such imaginative reasons to submit to it.

The medicine-men, who are termed singers, *hatálĭ*, are a dominant factor in the Navaho life. Like all primitive people, the Navaho are intensely religious, and the medicine-men, whose function it is to become versed in the mysteries of religion, are ever prone to cultivate in the minds of the people the belief that they are powerful not only in curing disease of mind and body but of preventing it by their incantations. Anyone who possesses the requisite ability may become a medicine-man, but owing to the elaborate ceremonies connected with their practices it requires long years of application ere one can attain sufficient knowledge to give him standing among his tribesmen. To completely master the intricacies of any one of the many nine days' ceremonies requires close application during the major portion of a man's
[080] lifetime. The only way a novice has of learning is by assisting the elders in the performance of the rites, and as there is little

probability that opportunity will be afforded him to participate in more than two or three ceremonies in a year, his instruction is necessarily slow. The medicine-men recognize the fact that their ritual has been decadent for some time, and they regard it as foreordained that when all the ceremonies are forgotten the world will cease to exist.

The most pronounced dread manifested by the Navaho is that derived from their belief respecting the spirits of the dead. It is thought that the spirit leaves the body at death and travels to a place toward the north where there is a pit whence the gods and the animals emerged from an underworld before the first Navaho were created, and which the dead now enter. Their myths tell of the disappearance of a beautiful daughter of one of the animal chiefs on the fourth day after the gods and the animals came up into this world; diligent search was unrewarded until two of the searchers looked down through the hole and espied her sitting beside a stream in the lower world combing her hair. Four days later death came to these searchers, so that now the Navaho will go to any extreme to avoid coming into contact with spirits of the dead, *tsĭndi*, which they believe travel anywhere and everywhere at will, often doing evil, but never good. The body is prepared for burial previous to death, and is never touched afterward if it can be avoided.

To the end that the spirit may begin aright its journey to the afterworld, the body is taken out of the hogán through an opening specially made in the wall on the northern side, for the doorway always faces the east. The immediate relatives of the deceased avoid looking at the corpse if possible. Friends of the family or distant relations usually take charge of the burial. A couple of men dig a grave on a hillside and carry the body there wrapped in blankets. No monument is erected to mark the spot. Before the body is taken out, the hogán is vacated and all necessary utensils are carried away. The two men who bury the remains of the former occupant carefully obliterate with a cedar bough



Hástĭn Yázhĕ - Navaho

From Copyright Photograph 1904 by E.S. Curtis

all footprints that the relations of the deceased may have made in the hogán, in order to conceal from the departed spirit the direction in which they went should it return to do them harm. The premises are completely abandoned and the house often burned. Never will a Navaho occupy a *tsĭndi hogán*, and when travelling at night he will take a roundabout trail in order to avoid one. Formerly horses were killed at the grave. So recently as 1906 a horse was sacrificed within sight of a Catholic mission on the reservation, that its spirit might accompany that of a dead woman to the afterworld. This horse was the property of the woman, and her husband, fearing to retain it, yet not daring to kill it himself, called upon another to do so. [081]

HISTORY

Although raiders and plunderers since known to history, the Navaho cannot be designated a warring tribe, for however courageous they may be, their lack of political integrity has ever been an obstacle to military organization. They never have had a tribal chief, properly so called, while their many leading men could never command more than a small following. Manuelito, who was acclaimed head-chief in 1855 at the conference with Governor Meriwether for the purpose of negotiating a treaty, probably had a greater following than any other Navaho in historic times, but he could never have relied on a majority of the warriors of his widely scattered tribe. Although divided into many bands, like the Apache, the Navaho, unlike them, were not engaged in ceaseless depredation, their sporadic raids having been conducted by small parties quite independent of any organized tribal movement. They preferred rather to follow a pastoral life. With their large population, had they possessed the Apache's insatiable desire for war and a political organization

that permitted concerted action, the subjugation of the Southwest would have been far more difficult than it proved to be.

While the statement is made that the Navaho were never a warlike people, it must not be presumed that they never caused
[082] our Government trouble. Those familiar with the Navaho admire their energy, industry, independence, and cheerful disposition, and their ability to attack the problems of life in a way that no other wandering tribe has exercised. On the other hand, cunning and trickery are among their characteristics, and they are expert horse-thieves. With the Indian, as well as with civilized man, honesty may be interpreted in various ways. If one should leave his camp equipage unprotected in a tent, it would be entirely safe from all except the renegade, already recognized by his people as a thief. But if one should turn his back and later find that his horse had been run off by a Navaho in the hope of being rewarded for returning it, the tribesmen of the raider would regard him as one whose cunning should be emulated.

For a long period prior to the acquisition from Mexico of the territory now forming the northern portion of Arizona and New Mexico, which, since first known, has been occupied in part by the Navaho, the tribe had been in the habit of making raids on the New Mexican Indian pueblos and the white settlements along the Rio Grande, chiefly for the capture of livestock, although both Indians and Mexicans also were taken and enslaved. The Mexicans lost no opportunity to retaliate, with the result that scattered throughout their villages in the valley of the Rio Grande there were more captives of Navaho blood than there were Mexican prisoners among the Navaho tribe; but in the matter of sheep, cattle, and horses, the Navaho were far ahead in the game of thievery, and even boasted that they could easily have exterminated the Mexicans had they not needed them as herders of their stolen flocks. In consequence, bitter enmity early arose between the Mexicans and the Navaho, which reached its height about the time Col. Stephen W. Kearny took possession

Navaho *Hogan*

From Copyright Photograph 1904 by E.S. Curtis

of the territory in behalf of the United States in 1846.

In the year named a military expedition was sent into the Navaho country for the purpose of making a treaty of peace and friendship with this marauding tribe; but this treaty, like several others that followed, was soon broken, and the raids continued as before. In 1858 the troubles arising from the plunderings became especially severe and led to several other expeditions, but with little result. The problem became a serious one in [083] 1861, when the Civil War necessitated the withdrawal of troops from the frontier, leaving the way open to the devastation of the country by the Navaho and Mescaleros, until General Carleton, who assumed command of the military forces in New Mexico in 1862, formulated a policy to thoroughly subdue the Navaho and to transfer them to the Bosque Redondo, on the Rio Pecos in New Mexico, where Fort Sumner had been established, and there hold them as prisoners of war until some other plan could be devised. His plan was successfully carried out. By the spring of 1863 four

hundred Mescaleros were under guard on the new reservation, and by the close of that year about two hundred Navaho prisoners had either been transferred thither or were on the way. Early in 1864 Col. Kit Carson led his volunteers to the Cañon de Chelly, the Navaho stronghold, where in a fight he succeeded in killing twenty-three, capturing thirty-four, and compelling two hundred to surrender. The backbone of the hostility was now broken, and before the beginning of 1865 about seven thousand, later increased to 8491, were under military control within the new reservation. But the Bosque Redondo proved unhealthful and disappointing as a reservation, while its maintenance was costly to the Government. A treaty was therefore made with the Navaho in 1868, one of the provisions of which was the purchase of fifteen thousand sheep to replenish their exterminated flocks. In July 7304 Navaho, the remainder having died or escaped, arrived at Fort Wingate on the way to their old home, where they have since lived in peace and prosperity.

MYTHOLOGY - CREATION MYTH

In the world below[5] there was no sun and no moon, and
[084] therefore no light, yet vegetation in innumerable forms and the

[5] Versions differ as to the number of worlds through which the progenitors of the Navaho passed. Some give three before this one, others but one. The version adopted by the Bahozhonchí, a religious order or medicine society whose rites and ceremonies are the oldest and most widely known of any in the tribe, treats of two worlds only: the one below, from which the Dĭgĭn, or Holy People, migrated in the form of insects, birds, and beasts, and to which the dead return; and the present, into which was born man in his present image, created of pollen, corn, white shell, turquoise, and rain by the Dĭgĭn. These Dĭgĭn were the animals which never assumed absolute material form on this earth, and the gods who perfected the creation. The creation of the world below, together with all food products, plant life, and animals known to the Navaho, is credited

animal people thrived. Among the latter were Gray Wolf people, Naklétso; Mountain Lion, Nashtuítso; Badger, Naaschĭd; Locust, Wóněschĭdĭ; Pine Squirrel, Klozěslskái and Klozěslzhĭnĭ; Blue Fox, Mai-Dotlĭshĭ; Yellow Fox, Mai-Iltsói; Owl, Náscha; Crow, Gấgě; Buzzard, Jésho; four different varieties of the Hawk people, and many others.

Navaho Still Life

From Copyright Photograph 1907 by E.S. Curtis

Their world was small. At its eastern rim stood a large white mountain, and at the south a blue one. These formed the home of Ástsě Hástĭn, First Man. A yellow mountain in the west and a black one in the north harbored Ástsě Ěstsán, First Woman.[6] Near the mountain in the east a large river had its source and

to First Man and First Woman, Ástsě Hástĭn and Ástsě Ěstsán; but the myth does not go back to that creation, nor, save for the plant and animal life and a little earth used in making mountains, does it assume the use of any part of the underworld in the making or completion of this. So far as the inhabitants now found in the image of man are concerned, they were made, and first existed, on this earth, and did not develop from a lower order.

[6] The Navaho sometimes vary the assignment of their directional colors by relating, like the Apache of Arizona, black to the east and white to the north.

flowed toward the south. Along its western bank the people lived in peace and plenty. There was game in abundance, much corn, and many edible fruits and nuts. All were happy. The younger women ground corn while the boys sang songs and played on flutes of the sunflower stalk. The men and the women had each eight chiefs, four living toward each cardinal point; the chiefs of the men lived in the east and south, those of the women in the west and north. The chiefs of the east took precedence over those of the south, as did those of the west over those of the north.

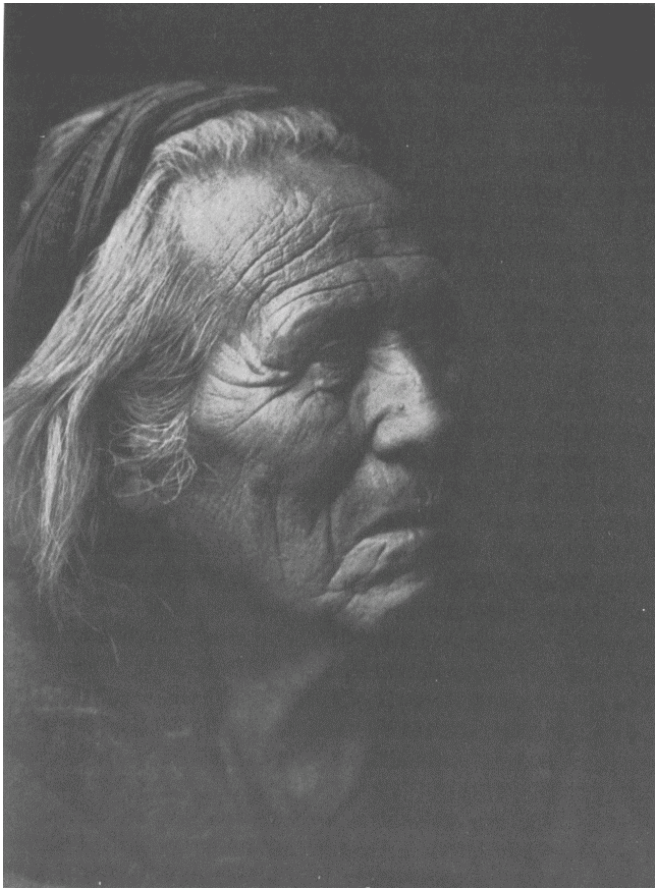
One day, led by their eight brave chiefs, all the men went off on a hunt. It occurred to the head-chief when they had been gone but a short time that the women should have been instructed to clean the camp thoroughly and bake a quantity of bread while all the men were away; so he despatched the youngest of the
[085] four chiefs of the south to the camp to make known his wishes, but instead of doing as bidden, the young chief visited with the head-chief's wife. The hunters were gone four days, at the end of which time they returned with much game, weary and very hungry. To their surprise they found the camp in a very unkempt condition and no bread baked in anticipation of their return. The messenger was called before the head-chief at once and questioned as to the directions he had given the women. He explained that he had told the chief of the women what they were expected to do, but she refused to listen to him, and he was powerless to do more. Then the head-chief went to his wife and demanded to know why she had refused to issue his orders to the women. She curtly replied that that was her business and not his; as it was, the women did more work than the men, for they tilled the fields, made the clothing, cared for the children, and did the cooking, while the men did practically nothing, so if they chose to spend a few days in idleness, it was nothing more than they had a right to do and no one's concern but their own. The chief became angry, and during a quarrel that ensued he was told that he and all his followers might leave if they would, for the women

could get along better without them.

Remonstrance and reasoning availed nothing; the chief of the women grew more vehement as she argued, so the head-chief determined to put the women to the test. The following morning he issued orders that all the men in camp prepare to depart, for the women had declared they could live better independently of them and were to be given an opportunity to do so.

Having decided to cross the great river flowing from the east, work at once began on four large cottonwood rafts to be used as ferries. Four days it took to put all in readiness, and at dawn of the fifth day the crossing of the stream began. Orders were issued that all food supplies, clothing, and utensils be left with the women, save enough seed corn to plant crops the next spring, and no males, infant or aged, were to be left behind. Four *nůtlĭ* (hermaphrodites) objected strongly at being taken from the women, but were forced to join the men, as they were needed to [086] care for the babies. Four old cripples, too weak to move, were left behind, but other than these not a male inhabitant remained in the old village at the end of four days. After all had crossed the river, the rafts were fastened securely to the bank in order that the women might not get them and follow.

As soon as the men had landed they began to work with zeal, for houses had to be built, game caught, skins tanned, and land prepared for crops. They suffered much from scarcity of food and clothing the first winter, but managed to exist. The women, however, had bountiful crops, and all through the late fall and winter could be heard revelling in great delight, feasting daily and dancing much of the time to the music of songs sung by the four old cripples. The following autumn found the men in much better circumstances, for they had grown small crops; but the women were less fortunate. Having none but themselves to work and provide for, they had become negligent from the beginning, dissipating the contents of their granaries and allowing their fields to grow fallow. By the end of the second year clothing



Navaho Medicine-man

From Copyright Photograph 1904 by E.S. Curtis

had become very scarce, and not knowing how to hunt, they had no way to obtain more skins. The men, on the contrary, had grown more prosperous; their well-tended farms yielded an ample supply of corn for the winter, and the pelts of deer and antelope furnished a deal of warm clothing and bedding. The third year found the men living in ease and comfort, while the women had become reduced to absolute want, many having fallen ill from self-neglect. They called across to the men, pleading to be taken over and promising faithful allegiance, but the chief was resolute and refused to forget how he had been wronged.

Then it was that the youngest of the eight ruling men, in a moment of compassion, confessed his guilt, admitting in a plea to the head-chief for clemency that he was in fact responsible for the attitude his wife had taken. This served only to renew the old chief's anger; he stoutly refused to listen to further appeals and expressed his regret that the first seeds of wrong should have been thus sown. No longer able to keep up the fight, with [087] starvation staring them in the face, and being in nakedness, at the end of the fourth year the women attempted to swim the river in parties, but the attempts resulted only in death, for the swift current would have been too much even for the strongest men to buffet. Seeing this self-sacrifice and realizing that the race would be ultimately exterminated if the women continued it much longer, appeals were made daily to the head-chief to permit the rescue of the remainder. Four times was he sought to grant such permission before he consented, then at dawn of the fifth morning he gave directions to loose the rafts and ferry the women over. A miserable remnant they were, unclad, wan, and wasted; but a return to the old habits of life soon restored them to their former selves, and peace, happiness, and prosperity reigned again.

The broad river that flowed from the east had its source in two very large springs, a he-spring and a she-spring, in which lived two large Water Monsters. These had a pair of youngsters

who delighted in emerging from the depths of the spring and swimming out across the meadows in the shallow water where there was neither current nor river banks. Coyote spied them one day, and being ever a meddler and trouble-maker—though withal a fellow of polished mien—stole them, putting the two under the folds of his jacket.

Now there was no sun, moon, or stars to give light; but in the east every morning appeared White Dawn four fingers high. The midday was lighted by Blue Dawn in the south, and late afternoon by Yellow Dawn from the west. The north remained always dark. On the morning following Coyote's return from his trip to the east, ostensibly to discover, if possible, the source of the dawn, the head-chief noticed that it was not so broad as usual—only three fingers high, with a dark streak beneath. A Wolf man was sent to learn what was wrong. He hurried off, returning at nightfall with the report that all was well in the east. The next morning White Dawn was much narrower and the darkness beneath had increased. A Mountain Lion messenger was despatched to seek
[088] the cause. He reported everything in normal condition, but those in camp noticed deer in the distance travelling westward at a rapid pace. The third morning the belt of darkness was wider than White Dawn, which now gave an alarmingly dim light. The chief then sent White Hawk to investigate the trouble, under orders of haste. His report, like that of each of the other messengers, was that nothing unusual appeared in the east. More deer, antelope, and other game animals, however, were seen running westward in apparent fright.

On the fourth morning White Dawn was entirely obscured; nothing but darkness appeared in the east. Sparrow-hawk sped away, returning in a very brief time with the report that water was fast rising in the two springs at the head of the river and might soon spread westward in a great devastating wave. Instantly the camp became a scene of commotion. Quickly gathering together what corn and other seeds they could carry, the people started

Through the Canon - Navaho

From Copyright Photograph 1904 by E.S. Curtis

in haste for the White Mountain in the east. On reaching the top they saw the waters climbing rapidly up the eastern slope, so they descended and ran to the Blue Mountain in the south, taking with them handfuls of earth from its crest, and from its base a reed with twelve sections, which a Wolf man carried.

From the top of the Blue Mountain it was seen that the wave of water, fast approaching, would submerge them, so snatching handfuls of earth from it they hurried on to the Yellow Mountain in the west. The oncoming wave seemed higher than ever, so again they ran on, this time toward the north, where the Black Mountain stood, taking as before handfuls of earth and another reed, entrusted to Mountain Lion. Here the water surrounded them and slowly crept up the sides of the mountain. The female reed from the west was planted on the western side near the top, the male reed from the east on the eastern slope, and both at once began to shoot upward rapidly. Into the twelve internodes of the female reed climbed all the women, while the men made haste to

get into theirs. Turkey being the last to get in, the foamy waters caught his tail, whitening the tips of the feathers, which are so to this day. [089]

The reeds grew very rapidly, but equally fast rose the waters around them. Four days the reeds grew thus, at the end of the fourth day meeting at the sky. This seemed an impenetrable barrier for a time, but Locust had taken with him his bow of darkness and sacred arrows. With these he made a hole in the sky and passed on into the world above—the present earth.

The earth was small, devoid of vegetation of any kind, and covered in greater part by water in which lived four Monsters with great blue horns. These had their homes at the cardinal points, and just as soon as Locust made his appearance arrows came whizzing at him from all quarters. Failing to harm him with their arrows, which he dodged with ease, the Monsters bade him leave at once, threatening immediate death if he tarried; adding that visitors were not desired and were always destroyed at sight.

Locust replied that he intended no harm, but would insist upon remaining with them for a time, for he had many followers for whom he was seeking a home. Seeing that Locust had no fear of them and had proved too agile to be hit with arrows, the Monsters sought to kill him by trickery. Each took two heavy arrows, swallowed them, and pulled them out through their flanks, saying, "Do this and you may remain." Locust followed their example, escaping unharmed.

"Now," said he, "I did your trick, let me ask you to do one of mine." Then taking four sacred arrows he passed them transversely through his chest, back and forth, one at a time. As he pulled each arrow out the second time he passed it to one of the four Monsters, saying, "If you can do this, my people will not come; if not, then I shall send for them and we shall all make this our home." Each placed an arrow to his chest and pushed, but cringed with pain as soon as it penetrated the skin. Fearing the Monsters might not proceed, Locust quickly blew toward each

of the arrows, which shot through their bodies, instantly killing them. In the east now flows Red river, made red by the blood of these Monsters; and holes yet remain through the thorax of the locust. [090]

Impatient at the delay in Locust's return, Badger climbed through the hole in the sky and followed the tracks to where Locust had been in controversy with the slain Monsters. Seeing their bodies lying out in the shallow water, he thought he would go over and inspect them, but he sank into the soft black mud, which made him retreat. The mud blackened his legs, which have remained the same to this day.

Evening in the Desert - Navaho

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With a large stone knife Locust cut off the horns of the Monsters one by one. With those from the one toward the east he made a long sweep with his arm in that direction, and in the distance sprang up an ocean. In like manner he formed oceans to the south, west, and north with the horns of the remaining three.

The creation of rivers followed: with a wave of the hand the Rio Grande, the San Juan, the Colorado, the Little Colorado, and others were made. Hair pulled from the bodies of the Monsters was tossed to the winds and from it sprang frogs, snakes, lizards, and reptiles of every kind.

While Locust was doing this the remainder of the people came up. They stood about on the small bare spots of ground wondering what to do. Among them were the four Winds (Nĭlchi), Black, Blue, Yellow, and White. Each blew toward his respective cardinal point and soon much of the water dried up, leaving a quantity of bare land. But not a sign of vegetation was there at any hand; all was as barren as the desert sands. Luckily each had brought seeds of many kinds from the world below. These they began planting, finishing the task in four days.

After the planting, First Man, First Woman, Wolf Chief, and Mountain Lion Chief each made a speech advising the creation of a number of mountains similar to the ones they had had in the lower world. This was agreeable to all, and accordingly the work was begun. The handfuls of earth caught up hurriedly from the tops of the mountains below as they were driven off by the rising flood were taken to the cardinal points and deposited in the same relative positions, an equal distance apart, as were the submerged mountains from which the earth had been taken. First Sĭsnajĭnĭ, [091] the White Mountain, was made in the east; then Tsótzĭlh, the Blue Mountain, in the south; next Dokóöslit, the Yellow Mountain, in the west, and lastly Dĕpĕnsa, the Black Mountain, in the north. Having yet portions of each handful of earth remaining, two more mountains, called Chóĭli and Tzĭlhnúhodĭhlĭ, were made near the point of emergence in the middle of the rectangle formed by the creation of the other four. To give each mountain color, white shell, turquoise, abalone, and jet were used for those at the cardinal points, while the middle two were colored with a mixture of all these substances.

When the mountains were finished and the people looked

about, it was proposed that a sky should be made to cover the earth. "But," said one, "what of the earth itself; is it not too small to furnish food for the people who shall later come to live upon it?" None had thought of this, but reflection, followed by a discussion, brought them all to the one opinion—they would enlarge the earth and at the same time spread the sky above. Accordingly, the chief who had spoken asked if anyone had a piece of turquoise weighing as much as a man, and the skin of a large male deer which had been smothered to death in pollen. First Man answered that he had. A large white shell and the skin of a doe which had been smothered in pollen were next requested. First Woman responded with them. The two skins were then placed on the ground, side by side, with their heads toward the east. Upon the one was put the turquoise and a piece of abalone shell; on the other the white shell and a pearl. First Man and First Woman then called for Kósdĭlhkĭh, Black Cloud, and Ádĭlhkĭh, Black Fog. These came and spread out over the skins four times each, lifting and settling each time. When Fog lifted the last time it took up with it the skin with the turquoise and abalone and began to expand, spreading wider and wider until a blue film covered all, in the form of the sky. As the turquoise skin expanded, so also did the white-shell skin, broadening the earth as it grew. During this period of transition the people all travelled eastward, and being Holy People, covered great distances each [092] day. At the end of the fourth day they stopped. Then also the sky and the earth ceased widening, having reached their present dimensions. Since the two skins had been placed with their heads toward the east, the heads of the sky and the earth are now in that direction.

As yet there was neither sun nor moon to shed light, only dawn, circling the horizon in the four colors—white in the east, blue in the south, yellow in the west, and black in the north. Deeming it necessary that they should have light to brighten the world, and warmth for the corn and the grass, on their return to

Haschĕltĭ - Navaho

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This, the Talking God, is the chief character in Navaho mythology. In the rites in which personated deities minister to a suffering patient this character invariably leads, carrying a four-piece folding wand, *balíl*, and uttering a peculiar cry.

the earth's centre one of the chiefs made a speech advocating the creation of a sun and a moon.

First Man and First Woman placed two sacred deerskins on the ground as before. On the buckskin a shell of abalone was placed, on the doeskin a bowl made of pearl. The shell contained a piece of clear quartz crystal, and the bowl a moss agate. The objects were dressed respectively in garments of white, blue, yellow, and black wind, and were carried to the end of the land in the east by First Man and First Woman. With their spirit power Ástsĕ Hástĭn and Ástsĕ Ĕstsán sent both the shell and the bowl far out over the ocean, giving life to the crystal and the agate as they did so, directing that the one who would be known as Chĕhonaái, the Sun, should journey homeward through the sky by day, shedding light and warmth as he passed; the other, Klĕhonaái, the Moon, must travel the same course by night. To each were given homes of turquoise in the east and west, and none but the Winds and the gods, Haschĕltĭ and Haschógan, were to visit them.

Upon their return Ástsĕ Hástĭn and Ástsĕ Ĕstsán were asked if they would leave the sky in so plain a condition, or if they intended to beautify it with jewels. They replied that it was their intention to dot it with many bright stars. All those who had bits of white shell, turquoise, crystal, pearl, or abalone were directed to contribute them for the making of the stars. These were placed upon the two deerskins by First Man and First Woman. The seven stars of the Great Dipper, Nôhokos Bakŭ^{n}, were the first [093] to be set in the sky. Next, those of Nóhokos Baád, his female complement, were placed in the blue dome. Then followed Ĕtĕtso and Ĕtĕtsózĭ, Sóntso and Sontsózĭ, and Dílgĕhĕt, the Small Dipper, Sonhótsĭ and Klĕkái Stáĭ, the Milky Way.

In each instance the arrangement of the stars in the constellation was made when the fragments of precious stones were placed upon the skins, where Ástsĕ Hástĭn and Ástsĕ Ĕstsán imparted glowing light to them and delivered them to the Winds to carry to the sky. Only a small portion of the gems had been

thus transformed and sent up, when a fine-looking, well-dressed stranger came up to watch the proceedings. In reply to his question as to what was being done, his attention was directed to the sun, the moon, and the many stars already created, while more were soon to follow. The man was Coyote, son of Darkness. He watched the work for a time, when, seeing his chance, he caught the large deerskin containing the pile of jewel fragments and flung it skyward, blowing into the bits four times ere they could fall, scattering them all over the sky. Thus it is that there are myriads of stars irregular in arrangement and without names. As he strode off Coyote explained curtly that there were already enough sacred things to worship.

Then the Winds were stationed at the horizon to guard the earth, and at the four sacred mountains in the east, south, west, and north, to act as messengers for the Haschĕltĭ and Haschógan—Talking Gods and House Gods—who had their abodes on them. On the same plane, one behind the other, the Winds were ranged in streaks, White, Blue, Yellow, and Black. Outside of all Coyote placed a streak of Red Wind. This forced itself to the inside many years later and gave rise to disease and premature death, for as the good Winds are life-breathing, so the evil Winds are life-taking. Even now the Red Wind takes the
[094] lives of many children every year.

The Dĭgĭn made their homes near Chóĭli, close to the place of emergence. It was there that all ceremonies took place. From their homes the people saw a dark Cloud settle and cover the top of Chóĭli. For four days it kept lowering until the mountain was completely shrouded in dark blue fog. They did not know whether it portended good or evil, but realized that something of moment was at hand. Ástsĕ Hástĭn ascended the mountain through the fog to learn what it meant, but found nothing unusual. As he turned to descend, a faint, apparently distant cry reached his ears, but he paid no heed. Ere long the same sound came to him again; then a third and a fourth time, whereupon he turned

Haschógan - Navaho

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Second in general importance only to Haschĕltĭ among Navaho deities is the House God, here shown. His position among the gods is quite parallel with that of peace chief among Indians in life. Like the majority of the myth characters he has numerous counterparts in the various world quarters.

and walked in the direction whence it came. On the eastern slope he found a tiny baby, and wrapping it in rays of sunbeams he carried it home to his wife.

The Cloud that descended was a portion of the sky which had come to meet the Earth; from the union of the two Yólkai Ĕstsán, White-Shell Woman, was born. In twelve days the baby had grown to maturity, subsisting on pollen only. Ástsĕ Hástĭn and Ástsĕ Ĕstsán sent messengers to all the Dĭgín to tell them of the marvel and to summon them to a ceremony which would be held four days later. Word was sent also to the gods on the four sacred mountains.

Ástsĕ Ĕstsán dressed Yólkai Ĕstsán in fine garments ornamented with beautiful jewels. At the western side of her hogán she placed a sacred deerskin and laid upon it several wool and cotton blankets, covering the whole with a mountain-lion skin. These were arranged as the seat of honor for White-Shell Woman, for whom was about to be held a ceremony celebrating her maturity.

On the appointed day all assembled. The first matter to decide was the number of songs to be sung. Some wished fourteen, others thought twelve sufficient. Haschĕltĭ, Talking God, sang the songs and chose to sing fourteen. When he had finished, each of the Holy People sang six songs, making in all two hundred and eighty-two. An entire night was thus consumed. At dawn Ástsĕ Ĕstsán came into the hogán with a white-shell bowl containing
[095] yucca root, a black *tózŭs*, or water bottle, containing black rain, and a blue one with blue rain. From each bottle she poured a little water upon the yucca root and proceeded to wash Yólkai Ĕstsán and all her finery. That done, Yólkai Ĕstsán was directed to run toward the rising sun for a short distance and return. Many of the young people followed, a chosen singer chanting eight songs during their absence. The ceremony finished, the assemblage returned to their homes, each of the selected singers taking one of the blankets from the seat in return for his services.

Although all the people then on earth were of the Dĭgĭn, only a few had god-like powers, particularly First Man, First Woman, Yólkai Ĕstsán, and the Winds. The lesser Holy Ones worked much in clay, making pottery and adobe houses. The designs they used in their earthenware, however, were of a sacred nature, to be used only in ceremonials, and when the Fox, Wolf, Badger, Bird, and many other people repeatedly employed sacred symbols to adorn their cooking pots, First Man and his wife became very angry and called a council, which, in addition to themselves, was attended by Chĕhonaái, Yólkai Ĕstsán, and Nílchi, the Wind People.

The wicked people had homes throughout the land, many of which were built of stone, upon the plains, and others in the cliffs. The councillors decided that these people and their homes must be destroyed, but how to effect this was a problem.

First Woman and Chĕhonaái thought it would be wise to give birth to demoniac monsters and let them devour the evil ones, but First Man objected, and finally the council agreed that the Winds should perform the task by bringing forth a devastating storm. The faithful were warned and given time to seek refuge under the water, inside the sacred mountains, in the higher cliffs, and in the sky. Then the Winds came. For four days terrific storms raged, hurling men and trees and houses through the air like leaves. When they abated hundreds of houses lay in ruins [096] which may yet be traced by heaps of stones scattered throughout the Navaho country.

Soon another council of the same dictators was called, this time to discuss how more people might be created. First Man sent Wind messengers to bring Black Fog Boy and Black Cloud Girl, Precious Stone Boy and Precious Stone Girl, White Corn Boy and Yellow Corn Girl, Blue Corn Boy and All-Color Corn Girl, Pollen Boy and Cricket Girl, and Rain Boy and Rain Girl. These twelve were laid side by side on four sacred deerskins and covered with four others. The Spirit Winds of the west

Antelope Ruin - Canon del Muerto

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came and blew between the skins; the Spirit Winds of the east came and blew also; then came Haschĕltĭ from the east, with rainbows in his hand, calling "Wu-hu-hu-hu-u"; and Haschógan from the south, with sunbeams in his hand. They walked up and gently tapped the skins with their bows and beams. Haschĕltĭ of the west and Haschógan of the north came next and gently tapped the skins. Then the skins lifted, revealing twelve beautiful young people perfectly formed. Ástsĕ Hástĭn bade them arise and stand, and then with Haschĕltĭ in the lead and Haschógan behind, they four times encircled the sacred mountains Chóĭli and Tzĭlhnúhodĭhlĭ, halting close to the hole whence the Holy People emerged. There Ástsĕ Hástĭn made them an extended speech, telling them that they had been brought forth from the elements to people the earth; that they must rear children and care for them as kind fathers and mothers, teaching them to be good to one another; and that it would be necessary for them to plant corn and other seeds at once. The Dĭgĭn, First Man continued, were about to leave, to go into the rivers, the oceans, the cliffs, the mountains, off to the horizon, and to the sky, but they would ever keep watch over their people and would help those who showed them respect and reverence in prayer and song. To Yólkai Ĕstsán was entrusted future guardianship of the people. It would be her duty to furnish the he-rain and the she-rain, to fructify all crops, and bring forth abundant grass and seeds.

Then the Dĭgĭn took their departure, vanishing the people knew not whither. Yólkai Ĕstsán turned westward to her whiteshell [097] home on the horizon, far out across the wide waters. Arriving there she determined to make a few more people. Cuticle rubbed from her body, with bits of white shell, turquoise, abalone, and jet, she placed between two sacred deerskins, male and female, and called for the Spirit Winds of the east, the Spirit Winds of the west, Haschĕltĭ and Haschógan, who came and breathed upon and tapped the deerskins as once before, and lo! there arose four pairs of people.

Each pair was given a walking-stick—one of white shell to one, staffs of turquoise, abalone, and jet respectively to the others. Black Fog and Black Cloud came and spread out over the water. Upon these the new people took up their journey eastward to join others like themselves. For four days they travelled on Fog and Cloud, reaching the earth at the end of the fourth day, where, on the following day, they were welcomed by Chĕhonaái, the Sun. There, too, the Bear, the Wolf, the Great Snake, the Mountain Lion, the Weasel, and the Porcupine met them at the direction of Yólkai Ĕstsán, to guard them on their long land journey. The Lightning also she made, to protect them from above.

They journeyed eastward, stopping to camp and rest at the end of the first day. For water they had but to prod the earth with their walking-sticks and a spring gushed forth. The first of the four, the man of White Shell, stuck his staff into the ground and water came up at once. "The water is close," he remarked, from which speech he took his name, for the others henceforth called him To Aháně̆, Water Is Close. The following night the Turquoise Woman brought water, but it was bitter, so she said, from which fact she took her name of To Dĭchíně̆, Bitter Water. The man who tried for water on the third night found only a muddy flow, so the others called him Hashkĭ́shně̆, Mud. The fourth night they camped in sight of the Dĭně̆ (Navaho) whom they had come to join. The woman of the fourth pair called attention to the houses in the caves, after which they called her Kĭ́nya Áně̆, Houses in
[098] the Cliffs.[7]

The following day they were welcomed by the twelve who had been created and given dominion over the land but a short time before, and from these twenty have the pure-blood Navaho descended.

[7] These four names still survive among the Navaho, applied to as many clans.

MIRACLE PERFORMERS

When the Spirit People came upon this earth from below they made six sacred mountains, four on the distant horizon at the cardinal points and two in the centre, Chóĭli and Tzĭlhnúhodĭíhlĭ. On the eastern slope of Chóĭli, brought forth as the daughter of Earth and Sky, was born Yólkai Estsán, White-Shell Woman. First Man took her to his home near Tzĭlhnúhodĭhlĭ, where she matured in twelve days into a beautiful woman with supernatural powers. Later she lived in a home of her own at the foot of this mountain. It was while there that she gave birth to twin boys who became saviours of their people, slaying alien gods who were fast depopulating the earth.

Yólkai Estsán would often lie on the eastern slope of the mountain as the sun rose through the morning, and when the day grew warm would seek the shade of jutting rocks from which trickled shining drops of water. Quite unknown to herself she had conceived one day from the sunbeams and the dripping water. When she became aware that she was to become a mother Yólkai Ĕstsán was made very happy, for she did not enjoy living alone. Soon she found herself the proud possessor of twin boys. The first-born and the stronger came to be known in his youth as Nayĕnĕzganĭ, Slayer of Alien Gods; the other was always known as Tobadzĭschĭnĭ, Born From Water. Their prenatal life covered a period of only twelve days, and maturity was attained in thirty-two days after passing through eight changes, one of which came every four days.

At that time the earth was infested with great giants, foreign gods, who were rapidly destroying the people. Of these, Yéĭtso, Big God, as large as a mountain, was the only one in human [099]
form. The others were Man-eating Bird, Rolling Stone, that crushed all in its path, Tracking Bear, and Antelope, who killed without mercy. Fearing lest some of these monsters learn of the presence of her boys, Yólkai Ĕstsán kept them hidden away on the

Nayĕnĕzganĭ - Navaho

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Two of the most important characters in Navaho mythology are twin miracle-performing sons of White-Shell Woman, Yólkai Ĕstsán, chief goddess. This plate pictures the leader of the two—the first conceived and the first-born, whose father is the sun. His name means "Slayer of Alien Gods," from *aná*, alien; *ye*, gods; *agánĭ*, to kill. By him, with the assistance of Tobadzĭschĭnĭ, his twin brother, were killed numerous bird, animal, rock, and human monsters, typifying evils, who wantonly destroyed human life.

mountain side, but they chafed under confinement, so she made them bows and arrows and let them play about, but admonished them not to stray far from home. The boys promised to obey, but not long afterward, because in reply to their questions their mother told them she did not know who their father was, they became sulky and broke their promise, going off toward the east. They would go and search for someone who knew. When on a small knoll a long way from home they heard a whispered "Sh-h."

"Are you afraid, my younger brother?" asked Nayĕnĕzganĭ.

"No!" was the quick response.

Four times they heard the whisper, and then two of the Wind People appeared. "We saw you travelling eastward," said they, "and came to caution you. The land is cursed with alien gods who kill for pleasure; beware of them! Why do you journey thus alone without your father?"

"Our father! Alas, we know nothing of him and are now starting on a search to learn. Do you know who he is?" asked the boys.

"Yes, the Sun is your father; but if you think to find him you will have to travel far eastward and cross the wide, wide waters."

Nayĕnĕzganĭ turned to his younger brother and said, "Sítsĭlĭ, let us go."

The Sun was then overhead. Being in fact of a holy nature, the boys covered distance rapidly and by mid-afternoon had passed well beyond the limits of their homeland. There they came upon [100] an old woman sitting beside a ladder projecting from a hole. She asked them who they were and whither they were going. They told her to the Sun, whose sons they were, but whom they had never seen.

"I pity you, my grandchildren," said the old woman; "come in here and rest a moment before going on." She started down the ladder and the boys followed. Twelve ladders were descended before her home was reached. The old woman was Spider

Tobadzĭschĭnĭ - Navaho

From Copyright Photograph 1904 by E.S. Curtis

This is Born From Water, the second of the twin miracle-performing sons of Yólkai Ĕstsán, the White-Shell Woman. His brother is Nayĕnĕzganĭ.

Woman, the little grandmother who belonged to the Holy Ones. Her home was well kept, clean and comfortable, and the boys were glad to rest. Said she, "My grandchildren, your journey is long and many trials will beset you before you reach the end. Take these life feathers; they will help you; if difficulties befall you, use them," and she gave to each two feathers plucked from a living eagle.

The boys took the feathers, thanked her, and resumed their journey. After travelling a long way they came to a ridge of loose, yellow sand. It afforded poor footing for an ascent, but the boys struggled to the top, only to have the whole side of the ridge slide and carry them back. Three times the bank gave way as they were about to reach its crest; on the fourth trial they bethought themselves of the sacred feathers, and putting them on their feet marched readily over.

They travelled unimpeded then for quite a long distance, in time coming to four rows of tall, thorny reeds with spiked branches. The reeds grew far enough apart to permit travellers to pass into them, but closed whenever the unwary allowed himself to be caught, and he never escaped. The boys marched boldly up to the reeds and started in, then darted back quickly. The reeds closed instantly, but did not catch them. Then they put the life feathers on their feet again and jumped over all four rows.

The next obstacle was a deep cañon with precipitous walls. This, however, was not a serious impediment, for the life feathers, as before, helped them to cross it in one bound. By nightfall the boys had arrived at a broad, beautiful meadow where lived the Wósakĭdĭ, or Grasshopper People, who received them kindly, [101] giving them food and beds for the night. On being asked whither they were bound, the boys replied that they were journeying to the home of the Sun, their father, whom they had never seen.

The Wósakĭdĭ cautioned the boys of dangers ahead, and as they were about to depart in the morning gave them little balls of yellow sputum to put in their mouths to prevent poisoning,

should they find it necessary to eat or smoke among hostile people, and two sacred wands of turquoise and white shell. Two of the Wósakĭdĭ also accompanied them for a time as guides.

They had not been long on their way when they came to a place where the trail ran between two high, smooth-faced bowlders. "These," said their Wósakĭdĭ companions, "are the Bumping Rocks. If you step into that narrow passageway between them they will crash together and kill you." The boys started as if to enter, but fell back. The huge rocks came violently together, but did no harm. The feint was made three times, and each time the rocks crashed together and bounded back. The fourth time the boys entered they placed their sacred wands of turquoise and white shell across the gap above their heads and passed through, for these held the bowlders apart. As they emerged on the opposite side they saw the Sun rising from his eastern home and he was yet far away.

Soon a wide stretch of water was encountered; so far as they could see there was nothing but water. Here again they used their life feathers and were carried safely over. Four successive stretches of water and land were crossed, and still a fifth sheet of water lay before them. Along its shores paddled many varieties of animals. The boys looked out across the deep and could discern away out in the centre a house of turquoise and white shell, its roof glistening in the sunlight. Certain that it must be the home of their father, they readjusted their life feathers to start across, but found that they had lost control over them. They tried them
[102] several times in different places, but to no avail. The thought of not reaching their father's house when so near filled their hearts with bitter disappointment. Seemingly there was naught that they could do, but they sat and pondered.

As they sat there in silence, Snipe Man, a little old fellow, came to them and asked, "Where do you go, my grandchildren?"

"To the home of the Sun," the boys replied.

"Do you know anyone there?"

Haschĕzhĭnĭ - Navaho

From Copyright Photograph 1904 by E.S. Curtis
Black God, the God of Fire. An important deity of the Navaho, but appearing infrequently in their mythology and ceremonies.

"Yes," said they, "the Sun is our father." Thereupon Snipe Man placed a rainbow bridge across the water and told them to pass on, first warning them against two large Bears, the Lightning, Snakes, and Wind, who guarded the home of the Sun. They crossed over the rainbow bridge, which took them almost to the door of the house, and there they were met by the Bears with bristling coats. Nayĕnĕzganĭ spoke to them, saying, "I am the child of Yólkai Ĕstsán." They let him pass. Tobadzĭschĭnĭ uttered the same words and passed on also. The same words took the boys past the Lightning, the Snakes, and the Wind, and they entered the house, going through four doorways before coming to the living-rooms in the interior.

There they found an elderly woman, radiantly beautiful, with two handsome boys and girls, the like of whom they had never seen. They stood transfixed as if in a dream until the voice of the beautiful woman, who was the wife of the Sun, startled them, demanding to know how they dared to enter a sacred place forbidden to all save the Dĭgĭn.

Nayĕnĕzganĭ replied, saying, "This is the end of our journey. We came to see our father, the Sun and this we are told is his home."

The wife raged with anger, making dire threats against her husband if what the boys asserted were true, which she did not doubt since they had found it possible to gain entrance to her home. Could it be that he was the father of many of whom she knew nothing? She would find out. Surely he must have smiled upon most ugly creatures if these two boys were his sons!

It was about time for the Sun to return. As his wife thought of
[103] what he might do to the boys, her anger turned to compassion, and she bade them wrap themselves in the clouds that hung on the wall, and hide. Ere long a great rattle was heard outside, and a moment later the Sun came striding in and hung up his glistening shield. "What strangers are here?" he asked. There was no answer. Again he asked the question, repeating it a third

time and a fourth, waxing angry. Then his wife began to scold. She told him that two boys of his, the ugliest creatures she had ever looked upon, had come to see their father, and demanded to know what it meant. "Where are they?" asked the Sun; but his wife did not reply to the question; instead she kept on scolding. The Sun looked about, and noting a change in the clouds that hung upon the western wall, took them down and unfolded them, until he discovered Nayĕnĕzganĭ and Tobadzĭschĭnĭ.

The Sun became angrier than ever and determined to have done with the trouble at once by killing the boys. From the eastern wall of the room projected numerous sharp spikes of white shell. There were turquoise spikes in the southern, abalone in the western, and jet in the northern walls. The boys were each hurled against the first of these, but dropped to the floor unharmed; then against the second, the third, and the fourth, with a like result. On the floor near the walls sat four large mortars with heavy pestles in them. The boys were placed in each of these successively and pounded, as their father thought, into fragments, but out of this also they came unharmed.

The Sun then waved them to a seat and brought forth four large pipes, two of abalone and two of lignite. He handed two of each to the boys, saying, "I wish you to have a good smoke."

"Beware!" whispered the Wind. "His tobacco is poisoned!"

The boys deftly sought the little balls they had received from the Wósakĭdĭ, slipped them into their mouths, and began puffing. When the first pipefuls were finished they laid the pipes on the floor and picked up the other two, showing no sign of distress.

Seeing that the poison tobacco was having no effect on the youthful strangers, the Sun sent for Haschógan and Haschĕzhĭnĭ, [104] the House God and the Fire God, to come and build a sweat-house and heat large stones as hot as they could be made, so that they might burst into fragments and fill the sweat-lodge with scalding steam when water was poured upon them. By the time the boys had finished their second pipes, which proved as harmless as the

others, the little house and heated stones were ready. Haschógan made the lodge of stone and covered it with earth, erecting double walls on the northern side with a space between, into which he provided an entrance from the inside, concealed with a flat stone slab.

The Sun looked into the lodge, saw that it was tight, and told the boys to enter. As they passed in Haschógan whispered, "Get behind the stone slab on the north!" Then Haschĕzhĭnĭ rolled in several red-hot bowlders and closed the entrance tightly with heavy cloud blankets. White, blue, yellow, and black water was then thrown in, and there followed the sounds of the sizzling steam and bursting stones; fragments could be heard striking the walls on all sides. After a short while the boys heard the voice of their father call out from the east, "Are you warm?" They gave no response. He called again from the south, but received no answer; then from the west; all was silence. "Surely I am rid of them at last," thought he. He called once again from the north, and to his great surprise received a reply. The sweat-house had cooled enough to permit the boys to emerge from their hiding-place, so their cheerful voices came from near the doorway.

"These must be my sons," thought the Sun, and throwing back the blankets from the door he embraced them. "My children, whence came you and how did you get here?"

The story of their home at Tzĭlhnúhodĭhlĭ, of their long journey across land and water, and of the many obstacles encountered, was soon told. Then the Sun directed his wife and daughters to remould the boys and make them as handsome as themselves. When that was done all entered the house, where on the walls hung many beautiful strings of turquoise, abalone, white-shell,
[105] and jet beads, and plates of armor. These were offered to the boys, but they refused them, saying they cared not for jewels, preferring instead to have lightning arrows, strong bows, and heavy knives with which to battle with the giant alien gods who were destroying people in all parts of the earth. The Sun gave

Ga^{n}askĭdĭ - Navaho

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This is the personation of the Navaho God of Harvest. The name signifies "Hunchback." He is represented always in a stooping posture, carrying a staff to aid him in supporting a burden of corn, bean, pumpkin, and other seeds which he carries upon his back. The personation is conventional, rather than literal, in intent.

them the weapons desired, and when it came time to resume his journey across the sky he took his newfound sons with him.

Near Tsótzĭlh, the sacred mountain of the south, lived Yéĭtso, the Big God. The boys wished to try their skill on him first, so their father let them down from the sky upon that mountain. The giant was drinking from a lake and saw the reflection of his new enemies as they dropped upon the mountain. He straightened up quickly and sent an arrow aimed for the body of Nayĕnĕzganĭ, but the boy dodged quickly and responded with a bolt of lightning which stripped the armor from Yéĭtso's feet. Three more shafts of lightning struck the armor from the hips, body, and head of this fiercest of giants, exposing his vitals to the attack of the boys, who filled him with arrows, killing him instantly. The Big God's blood began to flow down a cañon. Nayĕnĕzganĭ drew a line across its path with his stone knife, and the blood ceased flowing onward, rising in a wall across the cañon's head, over which now plunges a beautiful waterfall.

The brothers then set off for home, taking the heart of their slain enemy with them. Arriving at Tzĭlhnúhodĭhlĭ they found their mother in tears, for she was certain that her boys had been killed and devoured by monsters. Though unchanged in size, so altered were they in appearance that Yólkai Ĕstsán could not believe them to be her own boys whom she was mourning as dead, but the story of their adventures from the time they had left home was soon told, and all rejoiced.

In the days following, Nayĕnĕzganĭ and Tobadzĭschĭnĭ made incursions into the lands of the alien gods, killing them all and
[106] freeing the earth from the dread and curse of these man-killing monsters. The first to meet destruction at their hands when they took up their deliberate search for giants was Déĭlgĕt, Giant Antelope, who had great blue horns upon which he tossed people to death. The next accosted was Tsĕ Nahálĭ, the preying Mountain Eagle, and soon after they sought and killed Tsĕtahídzĭlhtúhlĭ, Among The Rocks He Kicks Them Down The Mountain. Then

Bĭnáyeaganĭ, Who Kills With His Eyes, met death, followed shortly after by Tsĕagai, Rolling Bowlder, and Sŭsh Nalkái, Tracking Bear, the last to lose their lives at the hands of the youthful warriors, Nayĕnĕzganĭ and Tobadzĭschínĭ, who have since remained the War Gods of the Navaho.

LEGEND OF THE HAPPINESS CHANT

The Hozhónĭ Hatál, or Happiness Chant, is a nine-days' chant held inside a hogán, and like many of the Navaho ceremonies, it was derived from another tribe. The myth relating to it tells of a renowned warrior who had two beautiful sisters whom he wished to see married, but only to men who should first prove their strength and valor in a feat of arms; so word was sent to all the young men of the warrior's tribe to gather at his home on a certain day, prepared for war, if they wished to enter a contest he would then propose. The girls being coveted prizes, a goodly number of warriors, painted and dressed in full war regalia, assembled on the appointed day, among them being two old, white-haired brothers, of an alien tribe, who had recently come to live near the Navaho people. The young chief protested at the presence of the old men, declaring that they would only sacrifice their lives in the first combat, for they could have no possible hope of success. The two persisted, however, and were allowed to remain in the van.

Four-days journey from the Navaho country was a village of the Áya Kĭnnĕ, Have Holes For Houses, enemies from early times. They also prided themselves on having two very beautiful girls, upon whom many admiring young men of the tribe bestowed valuable presents of turquoise, shell beads, and other jewels. One of these wondrous beauties wore her hair [107]

Tónenĭlĭ - Navaho

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Tónenĭlĭ, Water Sprinkler, is the Rain God of the Navaho. He it is who sends the rain, the hail, and the snow, and causes thunder and lightning. The personator of this god in the ceremonies assumes the additional character of a clown and as such creates much merriment in the dances in which he appears. His apparel consists principally of spruce boughs and a mask.

plaited always with rich strings of turquoise; the other with strings of white shell.

"To the two men," said the vaunting young Navaho, "who will fight their way to the homes of these boasted beauties and bring to me their jewel-plaited scalps, will I give my sisters."

The band started, each man eager and hopeful, and on the fourth night bivouacked in sight of the cliffs under which the hated Áya Kĭnnĕ had their homes. At daybreak on the following morning they made their attack on the pueblo, but the villagers, ever alert and well prepared for an onslaught, offered desperate resistance, every man fighting bravely for his life and his family. All day long the contest raged; arrow, lance, and stone hammer dealing death on every hand. As nightfall shrouded the combatants in darkness, the invaders, depleted in rank, slunk back to their camp on the hill, where they found the two gray-haired brothers, each bearing a jewelled scalp as his trophy.

When the Navaho chief learned that the old men were the victors, he raged with anger, condemning his tribesmen and vowing that his sisters should never become the wives of unknown aliens, and accordingly declared a new contest. The man who would win a beautiful wife must hit the blade of a yucca plant with an arrow at forty paces. The long, narrow blade was hung in the bark of a tree and the contest commenced. The younger men shot first. One by one they twanged their bows, and one by one marched off in sullen humor. At last it came the turn of the aged brothers. The first shot his arrow, and the slender leaf was pierced; the second shot, and again the leaf was pierced; but so soon as the second arrow had hit its mark the Navaho declared a new feat, contending that this had not been sufficient. A long race was then arranged, and once more the brothers came off victorious. [108]

The chief became desperate. Some feat must be devised in which his own men could prove the superior. In the wall of a

high cliff not far distant was a small hole, barely larger than a half-closed hand, and just above the reach of the average man. The ones who could run past that hole, jump, and thrust their hands into it as they did so, might claim the sisters. One by one the young Navaho warriors leaped wildly and struck out for the hole in the cliff, but none could thrust his hand into it. Then the elderly brothers ran past, sprang lightly, and darted a hand each into the pocket.

But for the third time the Navaho chief declared the test insufficient. The cliff was high. They who would marry his sisters must shoot an arrow over its rim; so a second contest in archery took place, but only the feathered reeds of the white-haired brothers passed out of sight.

Still the old men were refused the prizes they had fairly won so many times. A dance was called. Finding no way to outdo the two brothers in skill or strength, the young chief left the selection of husbands to his sisters. They should join the men in the dance and go home with whom they chose. The aliens did not join the dancers, preferring instead to remain in their own little brush house half a mile distant, with its single-slant roof, "For it is foolish," said one, "to think that two such handsome young maidens as they are would ever look with favor upon our rags and wrinkles. We would better lie here to-night and rest in sleep after our busy day." Each then brought forth a sacred pipe and tobacco, which they used only on rare occasions. One had a pipe of rich blue turquoise, and the other one of fine, pure white shell. They filled them, smoking in silence. From the distance the songs and laughter of the merry dancers greeted their ears, but not as joyous sounds. Each smoked with apparent resolution, blowing forth cloud after cloud of filmy whiteness, and lo! as they smoked each noticed that the other had grown youthful in appearance! Their tattered garments, too, as insensibly as the creeping shadows, changed their forms, becoming fine shirts, [109] leggings, and moccasins.

Zahadolzhá - Navaho

From Copyright Photograph 1904 by E.S. Curtis

These deific characters in Navaho mythology, though beneficent always, have no special functions to perform. The name means "Fringe Mouth" and has no ascertainable significance other than that these spirits, whose abode is in the water, are supposed to have peculiar markings about their mouths. Rescue from drowning invariably redounds to the glory of these gods.

At the dance the younger sister asked, "What is it that smells so sweet?"

"I have noticed nothing," the other replied.

"Come over here and face the breeze," said the first; and there, sure enough, came wafts of air sweet and savory. Neither had ever before scented anything so pleasing, and they determined to follow the aroma against the breeze. The moon shed ample light to guide their footsteps, and once locating the true direction whence the wind came, the two had no difficulty in threading their way straight to the home of the brothers who had vanquished so many rivals in so many feats. Knowing nothing of the men, other than that they were strangers from an alien tribe, the girls were somewhat startled at coming so boldly face to face with them; but a moment's hesitation gave them assurance, for surely, they thought, such finely dressed, handsome men could mean no harm.

Said one: "What it was we did not know, so came to determine if we could; but the most delicious odor we ever smelled seemed to fill the air about us at the dance, coming always from this direction, and now we see that it was the smoke of your tobacco. It must be a wonderful land, where you come from, if tobacco like that grows there."

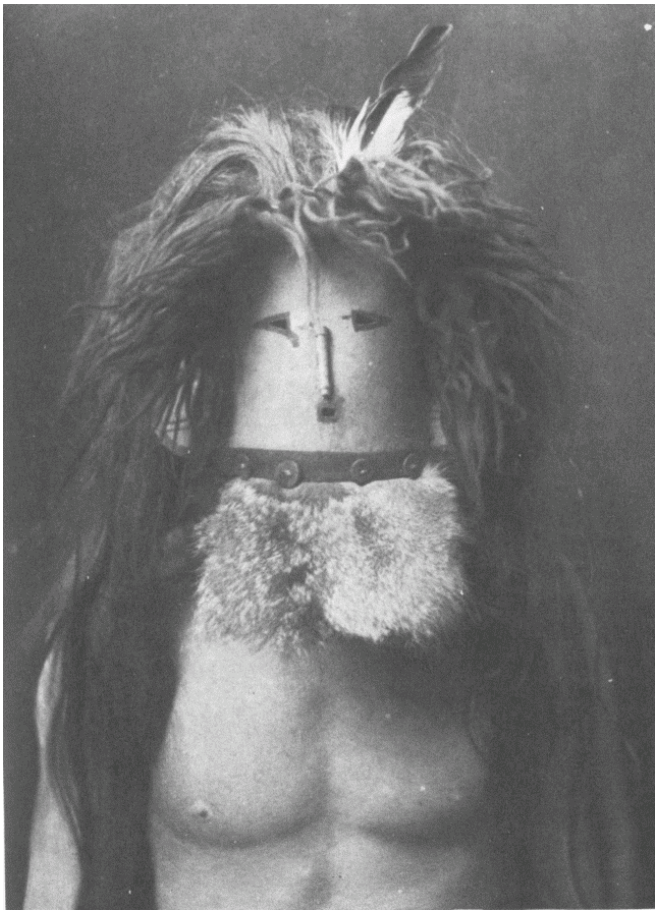
"That you may see for yourselves," answered the elder brother, "for we have come to take you there if you will but consent to go. Our land is rich in jewels and possesses a soil that grows bountiful crops of many kinds, some of which you have never seen. Marry us and you shall live always in abundance."

The girls consented, and at bedtime retired with their husbands for the night, only to waken in the morning, however, to a sense of horror; for whom should they find beside them but the two grim-visaged old men so cordially hated by all their tribe! They dared not to display their fear and horror before the men, who
[110] were quite awake, though feigning sleep, but each read the other's feelings at a glance. Where were they? Where had they been?

Had they merely dreamed of meeting two handsome, well-clad strangers in the night? Slowly their memories came back—the last shooting contest, the preparation for the dance, the songs and feasting, the enchanting perfumed breezes, and their quest—they remembered now. But how this change in their companions? They were strangers, and unquestionably magicians who could transform themselves or work spells on others! With this thought the desire for vengeance increased with every pulse-beat.

The day wore on before the women had a chance to talk together apart from their husbands, when they agreed that they would return to their home and tell their brother of the evil worked upon them by the old men, whom they would then soon see killed; but the Little Whirlwind whispered to them, "Return not to your home; anger fills the hearts of all your people, and it is you who would be killed with clubs and stones." Thwarted in this plan, they determined to leave and search for a distant tribe of which they had once heard, that lived in peace, and had never led the life of marauders. There, surely, they might receive food and shelter and freedom from the sorcery of their husbands. Each would take a separate course upon starting, to meet at a wooded mountain in the east.

All went well throughout the day; the old men rested and made ready for the journey to their home-land, on which they planned to start at daybreak. That night the women did not sleep. When their husbands became wrapt in slumber, they quietly crawled out from their furs, snatched a little food, and glided into the moonlight. They had been gone but a short time when one of the old men arose to stir the fire, and in deep surprise noted the absence of the women. He called his brother, and the two held a hurried consultation. They circled the lodge, but in the dimness of the light could discern no guiding footprint to tell the direction in which their young wives had gone. Returning to the camp, they filled their sacred pipes, and in silence sat and smoked. Soon a thin curl of smoke was seen drifting southward, winding [111]



Haschĕbaád - Navaho

From Copyright Photograph 1904 by E.S. Curtis

In Navaho mythology there are numerous references to benevolent female deities, who are personated in medicine rites by men wearing masks, as shown in this plate. Haschĕbaád may be translated "female deity," or "goddess."

in and out among the piñons; then another on the north side. These they followed, bearing eastward, smoking as they went, and as the sun began to tint the higher hills and mountain crests with yellow, bathing all else in purple shadows, they came upon their wives in a little rocky cañon screened by thickly growing cedar and piñon. The smoke foretold the women of their doom, so they were not taken by surprise.

Seeing no way to escape, the girls resigned themselves to fate, and meekly followed the old men back to camp, whence they journeyed with them to the west.

At their home the brothers had wives and children, so they did not herald their new consorts as such, but wedded them at once to their eldest sons. This prospect pleased the two young women, and they entered into the spirit of the new life with zest. They learned the songs and chants of the rites of the Snake and the Bear people—the clans to which these younger husbands belonged—and taught them to a young brother who came to visit them. When the brother returned to the Navaho people, he told them that his sisters were quite happy, and with the songs he had learned from them he originated the Hozhónǐ Hatál, Happiness Chant.

LEGEND OF THE NIGHT CHANT

Long years ago three brothers—the eldest rich, the second a wayward, roving gambler, and the youngest a mere boy—lived together among their kind, the Dĭnĕ people. Their only sister was married, living apart with her husband. The gambler often took property belonging to his brothers, going to distant corners of the land to stake it on games of chance. On returning, he never failed to relate a story of wonders he had seen—the Holy People whom he had met, and who revealed many things to him. His brothers [112]

never believed him, calling him Bĭlh Ahatĭnĭ, The Dreamer.

One day they wished to go hunting, but did not want The Dreamer to accompany them, so, going to the home of their brother-in-law, they told him of their purpose, and all three stole away. As the sun began its descent on the fourth day, it occurred to Bĭlh Ahatĭnĭ that he had been tricked, so he started in search of the hunters, hoping to meet them returning, that he might help them carry their game and be rewarded with a pelt or two. He travelled far, but had not come upon them when the sun passed behind the distant hills. Near by was a deep, rock-walled cañon, from the depths of which many mingled voices could be heard. Bĭlh Ahatĭnĭ walked to its edge and peered over. Back and forth from side to side flew countless crows, passing in and out of dark holes in opposite walls. From below, when darkness had shrouded all, Bĭlh Ahatĭnĭ heard a human voice call in loud echoing tones, "They say, they say, they say, they say!"

From the far side came the answer: "Yes, yes! What's the matter now? What's the matter now?"

"Two people were killed to-day," continued the voice just below.

"Who were they? Who were they?"

To which the first voice answered, "Anahailĭhĭ, killed at sunrise, and Igákĭzhĭ, killed at dusk, by the People of the Earth. They went in search of meat, and the hunters shot arrows into them. We are sorry, but they were told to be careful and did not heed. It is too late to help them now; let us go on with the chant."

It had grown very dark, and Bĭlh Ahatĭnĭ became greatly frightened, but he stayed to listen and watch. Muffled strains of songs came from the deep recesses in each cañon wall,—the gods were singing—and just within the openings, discernible in the glow of a fire, could be seen many dancers performing in unison as they kept time with rattles. Throughout the night firelight [113] flickered from wall to wall and singing and dancing continued.

Gá^{n} askĭdĭ. Zahadolzhá. Haschĕltĭ - Navaho

From Copyright Photograph 1904 by E.S. Curtis
The personated deities pictured in this plate appear together in acts of succor in the Night Chant in the order seen, the Talking God in the lead. From left to right they are, respectively, the God of Harvest, Fringe Mouth, and Talking God.

At daylight the participants departed in all directions, so Bĭlh Ahatĭnĭ resumed the quest of the hunters.

He had travelled but a short time when he came upon his brothers, resting their heavy game packs on their journey homeward.

"Here comes The Dreamer," spoke his elder brother. "I will wager he has something marvellous to relate."

Bĭlh Ahatĭnĭ was greeted first by his brother-in-law. "You must have slept near here last night, for you are too far out to have made this distance since daylight."

"I did," he replied, "near a cañon that is surely holy. A lot of people had gathered to dance, the gods sang, and—"

"There, I told you he would have some lie to tell," interrupted the eldest brother, and started on.

"Go ahead," urged the brother-in-law; "tell us the rest."

"It's no use; no one cares to listen to me," said Bĭlh Ahatĭnĭ.

His younger brother, also incredulous, took up his burden and plodded off, whereat Bĭlh Ahatĭnĭ related all that he had seen and heard.

"You men must have killed those people they spoke about," he accused.

"No, it was none of us," his brother-in-law protested; "we have killed no people. Yesterday morning one shot a crow, and last night we killed a magpie, but there was no harm in that."

"I fear there was; they were hunters like yourselves, in search of meat for the Holy People, for the time disguised as birds," Bĭlh Ahatĭnĭ ventured. Then, dividing the pack, the two hurried on to overtake the others.

"Well," asked the youngest, "did you hear a fine story?"

"It is not a lie," his brother-in-law retorted; "we killed a crow and a magpie yesterday, and the Holy People talked about it in
[114] the cañon last night. Look! There come four mountain sheep! Hurry, Bĭlh Ahatĭnĭ and head them off!" They had come upon the cañon where the strange voices had been heard. Four sheep,

among large bowlders near the rim, were carefully threading their way out of it. The three dropped back, while Bĭlh Ahatĭnĭ ran ahead and concealed himself near the ascending trail. As the sheep approached he drew his bow and aimed for the leader's heart, but his fingers could not loose their grip upon the arrow, and the sheep passed by unharmed. Bĭlh Ahatĭnĭ scrambled up over the rim of the cañon and ran to get ahead of them again, but the bowstring would not leave his fingers as they passed. A third effort, and a fourth, to kill the game brought the same result. Bĭlh Ahatĭnĭ cursed himself and the sheep, but ceased suddenly, for whom should he see but four gods, Yébĭchai, appear before him, who had transformed themselves into sheep! Haschĕltĭ, in the lead, ran up to him and dropped his *balíl*—a rectangular, four-piece, folding wand—over him, as he sat, and uttered a peculiar cry. Behind him came Zahadolzhá, Haschĕbaád, and Gá^{n}askĭdĭ; all were masked.

"Whence came you?" Bĭlh Ahatĭnĭ asked them.

"From Kĭnnĭnĭkai," Haschĕltĭ answered.

"Whither are you going?"

"To Tsĕgyiĭ, to hold another *hatál* four days from now. You had better come along."

"No, I couldn't travel so far in four days."

But after a little parleying Bĭlh Ahatĭnĭ assented. He was told to disrobe, and doing so Gá^{n}askĭdĭ breathed upon him, and his raiment became the same as that of the gods. Then all took four steps eastward, changing into mountain sheep, and bounded away along the cañon's rim.

The hunters in hiding became restless as The Dreamer did not return, so ventured out where they could view the trail on which he was last seen. No one was in sight. One went to the rock where Bĭlh Ahatĭnĭ first hid near the sheep and followed his tracks from hiding place to hiding place until the fourth one was reached, and there he found his brother's old clothes with his bow and arrows upon them. There he traced four human footsteps to the east that [115]

Tónenĭlĭ, Tobadzĭschĭnĭ, Nayĕnĕzganĭ - Navaho

From Copyright Photograph 1904 by E.S. Curtis
These three gods appear in the order shown when seen in the rites of the Navaho Night Chant.

merged into the trail of five mountain sheep. The eldest brother cried in his remorse, for he saw that his brother was holy, and he had always treated him with scorn.

The gods and Bĭlh Ahatĭnĭ, transformed to mountain sheep, travelled very far during their four days' journey, coming on the fourth day to a large hogán. Inside were numerous Holy People, both gods and men. When Bĭlh Ahatĭnĭ entered with his four holy companions, a complaint at once arose from those inside against an earthly odor, whereat Haschĕltĭ had their charge taken out and washed with yucca-root suds.

Inside the hogán stood four large jewel posts upon which the gods hung their masks. The eastern post was of white shell, the southern of turquoise, the western of abalone, and the northern of jet. Two jewel pipes lay beside a god sitting on the western side of the hogán. These he filled with tobacco and lighted, passing one each to his right and his left. All assembled smoked, the last to receive the pipes being two large Owls sitting one on each side of the entrance way at the east. They drew in deep draughts of smoke and puffed them out violently. While the smoking continued, people came in from all directions. At midnight lightning flashed, followed by heavy thunder and rain, which Tónenĭlĭ, Water Sprinkler, sent in anger because he had not been apprised of the dance before it was time to begin it; but a smoke with the assembled Holy People appeased him. Soon after the chant began and continued until morning.

Some of the gods had beautiful paintings on deerskins, resembling those now made with colored sands. These they unfolded upon the floor of the hogán during the successive days of the *hatál*.

The last day of the dance was very largely attended, people coming from all holy quarters. Bĭlh Ahatĭnĭ through it all paid close attention to the songs, prayers, paintings, and dance movements, and the forms of the various sacred paraphernalia, and when the *hatál* was over he had learned the rite of Kléjĕ [116]

Hatál. The gods permitted him to return to his people long enough to perform it over his younger brother and teach him how to conduct it for people afflicted with sickness or evil. This he did, consuming nine days in its performance, after which he again joined the gods at Tsĕgyiĭ, where he now lives. His younger brother taught the ceremony to his earthly brothers, the Navaho, who yet conduct it under the name of Kléjĕ Hatál, Night Chant, or Yébĭchai Hatál, The Chant of Paternal Gods.

CEREMONIES—THE NIGHT CHANT

A description of the ritual and form of the Yébĭchai ceremony,—Kléjĕ Hatál, or Night Chant,—covering its nine days of performance, will give a comprehensive idea of all Navaho nine-day ceremonies, which combine both religious and medical observances. The myth characters personified in this rite are termed Yébĭchai, Grandfather or Paternal Gods. Similar personations appear in other ceremonies, but they figure less prominently.

First Day: The ceremonial, or medicine, hogán is built some days in advance of the rite. The first day's ceremony is brief, with few participants. Well after dark the singer, assisted by two men, makes nine little splint hoops—*tsĭpa^{n}s yázhĕ kĕdán*—entwined with slip-cords, and places them on the sacred meal in the meal basket. Following this, three men remove their everyday clothing, take Yébĭchai masks, and leave the hogán. These three masked figures are to represent the gods Haschĕltĭ, Talking God, Haschĕbaád, Goddess, and Haschĕlapai, Gray God. When they have gone and passed to the rear of the hogán, the patient comes in, disrobes at the left of the centre, passes around the small fire burning near the entrance of the hogán, and takes his seat in the centre, immediately after which the singing begins. During

Yébĭchai Sweat - Navaho

From Copyright Photograph 1904 by E.S. Curtis

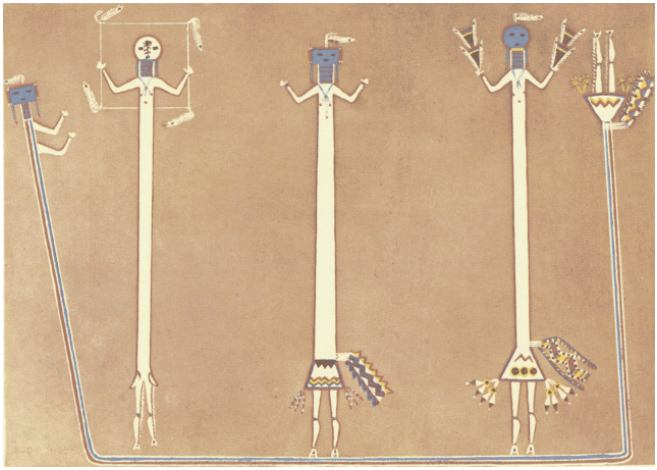
Each morning during the first four days of the Navaho Yébĭchai healing ceremony, or Night Chant, the patient is sweated—sometimes inside a small sweat-lodge, oftener by being placed upon a spot previously heated by a fire and covered with heavy blankets. The three figures are medicine-men, or singers, chanting. The patient lies under the blankets surrounded by a line of sacred meal in which turkey-feather prayer-sticks, *kĕdán*, are implanted.

the third song Haschĕltĭ enters with his cross-sticks—*Haschĕltĭ balíl*—and opens and places them over the patient's body, forcing
[117] them down as far toward the ground as possible. The second time he places them not so far over the body; the third, not lower than the shoulders; the fourth time, over the head only, each time giving his peculiar call, *Wu-hu-hu-hu-u!* Then Haschĕltĭ takes up a shell with medicine and with it touches the patient's feet, hands, chest, back, right shoulder, left shoulder, and top of head,—this being the prescribed ceremonial order,—uttering his cry at each placing of the medicine. He next places the shell of medicine to the patient's lips four times and goes out, after which Haschĕbaád comes in, takes one of the circle *kĕdán*, touches the patient's body in the same ceremonial order, and finally the lips, at the same time giving the slip-cord a quick pull. Next comes Haschĕlapai, who performs the same incantations with the *kĕdán*. Again Haschĕltĭ enters with the cross-sticks, repeating the former order, after which he gives the patient four swallows of medicine,—a potion different from that first given,—the medicine-man himself drinking what remains in the shell. This closes the ceremony of the first day. There will, perhaps, be considerable dancing outside the hogán, but that is merely practice for the public dance to be given on the ninth night. The singer and the patient sleep in the hogán each night until the nine days are passed, keeping the masks and medicine paraphernalia between them when they sleep.

Second Day: Just at sunrise the patient is given the first ceremonial sweat. This is probably given more as a spiritual purification than in anticipation of any physical benefit. To the east of the hogán a shallow hole is dug in the earth, in which are placed hot embers and ashes,—covered with brush and weeds, and sprinkled with water,—upon which the patient takes his place. He is then well covered with blankets. The medicine-man, assisted by Haschĕltĭ and Haschĕbaád, places about the patient a row of feathered *kĕdán*, and then commences to sing while the

patient squirms on the hot, steaming bed. After singing certain songs the medicine-man lifts the blanket a little and gives the patient a drink of medicine from a ceremonial basket. He is again covered, and the singing goes on for a like time. Later the blankets are removed and Haschĕltĭ and Haschĕbaád perform over the patient, after which he goes to the hogán. The brush and weeds used for the bed are taken away and earth is scattered over the coals. This sweating, begun on the second day, is repeated each morning for four days: the first, as above noted, taking place east of the hogán, and the others respectively to the south, west, and north. The ceremonies of the second night are practically a repetition of those held the first night. During the third song Haschĕltĭ enters with the *Haschĕltĭ balíl*, placing it four times in the prescribed order and giving his call; then he goes out, re-enters, and takes from the medicine basket four sacred reed *kĕdán*. These he carries in ceremonial order to the four cardinal points: first east, then south, next west, lastly north. Next stick *kĕdán* are taken out of the basket, which holds twelve each of the four sacred colors. These also are carried to the four cardinal points—white, east; blue, south; yellow, west; black, north. After all the *kĕdán* are taken out, Haschĕltĭ again enters with the *Haschĕltĭ balíl*, using it in directional order and giving medicine as on the night before. [118]

Third Day: It is understood that the patient has been sweated in the morning, as on the second day. On this night he is dressed in spruce boughs by the assisting medicine-man, bound around the wrists, arms, ankles, legs, and body, and fastened on the head in the form of a turban. After several songs, Nayĕnĕzganĭ and Tobadzĭschĭnĭ cut the boughs from the body, using a stone arrow-point as a knife. Then the boughs are cut into fragments over the patient's head, after which the singer takes a feather wand, points it toward the four cardinal points above the fire, and brushes the patient, chanting meanwhile. At the end of the brushing he points the wand out of the smoke-hole, at the same



Pĭkéhodĭklad - Navaho

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The first of the four dry-paintings used in conducting the Kléjĕ Hatál, or Night Chant, of the Navaho, being made on the fifth night. The purpose of this night's acts is to frighten the patient; hence the name of the painting, which signifies "Frighten Him On It."

The encircling figure represents the rainbow, *aklólh*; the first on the left Haschĕltĭ, Talking God; the central, Haschĕbaád, goddess—symbolically the patient—and the right-hand figure a male deity, Haschĕbakŭ^{n}.

The patient sits on the central figure at its waist line during the night's performance. When the ceremony in connection with this painting is concluded the colored sands are carefully collected, carried out toward the north, and deposited under a tree.

time blowing the dust from it out into the open air.

Fourth Day: The ceremonies this day do not begin until later than usual, probably nine o'clock. Haschĕltĭ and Haschĕbaád [119] dress and go out. The patient disrobes and takes his place. The assisting medicine-man digs a small hole just between the patient's feet, and encircles it with a line of *tádĭtĭn*, or pollen, leaving an opening to the east, after which the patient dons a mask. Haschĕltĭ enters, followed by Haschĕbaád, who carries a small spruce tree. The former puts sacred pollen in the hole four times, each time giving his call; then Haschĕbaád plants the tree in the hole and fastens its top to the patient's mask; the mask is then pulled off the patient's head by his jerking quickly away from the tree. This is the first night in which the ceremonies are continued until dawn. After the unmasking, the singers take their place at one side of the back of the hogán and begin singing to the accompaniment of a basket drum. A youth and a maiden are required to sit in the hogán throughout the fourth night, the ritual requiring that these be persons who have not had sexual knowledge.

Fifth Day: This is the last day of the sweating, and the day on which the first dry-painting is made. Just at dark this painting, a small one, is begun inside. In size it would square about four feet, and is placed close to the back of the hogán. There are three figures in the painting: the central one being the patient, the one to the left Haschĕltĭ, the one to the right Haschĕbakŭ^{n}. Around this painting, at all sides except the eastern, feather wands, *ndiá*, are stuck in the ground; in this case twelve in number. Foot-tracks are made in the sand with white meal. Haschĕltĭ and Haschĕbakŭ^{n} dress ceremonially, mask, and go out, after which the patient enters and takes his position on the central figure of the dry-painting, facing the east. The effort this night is to frighten the patient and thus banish the evil spirits from his body. [120] The two maskers come running in, uttering weird, unearthly howls, in which every spectator in the hogán joins, feigning great

fear. The masked figures make four entries, each like the other. In many cases the patient either actually faints from fright or feigns to do so. The patient then leaves the dry-painting and it is destroyed. None of the sand or other pigments used in this painting is applied to the patient's body, as is done with that of later paintings. The next part of the fifth night's ceremony is the initiation of new members into the Yébĭchai order. No one who is not a member of the order is allowed to enter the ceremonial hogán. At the time of the initiation Haschĕltĭ and Haschĕbakŭ^{n} are outside in the darkness. The initiates enter and sit on the ground in a row—the males naked, the women dressed in their ordinary mode. They dare not look up, for should they see Haschĕltĭ before being initiated, they would become blind. One at a time these novices take their place in the centre of the hogán and the initiatory rite is performed over them.

Sixth Day: This is the first day of the large dry-paintings. The painting is commenced early in the morning, and is not finished until mid-afternoon. The one on this day is the whirling log representation. After it is finished, feathers are stuck in the ground around it, and sacred meal is scattered on parts by some of the assisting singers. Others scatter the meal promiscuously; one of the maskers uses a spruce twig and medicine shell, applying meal to every figure and object in the painting. Then the medicine-men all gather up portions of the sacred meal, putting it in their medicine pouches. The patient soon enters and takes his seat in the centre of the painting. The usual incantations are gone through, after which the colored sands of the painting are applied to the corresponding parts of the patient's body, then gathered up and carried off to the north. During the day two sets of beggars go out to the neighboring hogáns. These personate Haschĕltĭ, Tónenĭlĭ—Water Sprinkler, the God of Water, who is really a clown—and as many Haschĕbaád as care to go out.
[121] The beggars carry whips made of yucca leaves, and one who does not respond to their appeals for gifts is whipped,—if he