

seventh, called Nah-shah-shai (Oreybe, or Haro), speaks a different language,—one of the true Pueblo tongues.

#### ZUFIS.

The pueblo of Zufi is situated in the western part of New Mexico, upon a small creek called Rio de Zufi, having its source in the Ojo Pescado (fish spring), about sixteen miles to the eastward, and is near the eastern border of Arizona. The Zufis number about sixteen hundred. In their own language, which is not spoken by the Indians of any other pueblo in New Mexico, they call themselves, as a tribe, Ah-sheewai. Like all other Pueblo Indians, they wear their hair knotted behind and bound with parti-colored braid; but in front it is allowed to grow so as to cover the entire forehead, being cut off sharp and square at the line of the eyebrows. This last, they say, is to enable the Pueblos to distinguish one another from the wild Indians. Their only head-covering is a colored handkerchief, passed like a band from the forehead to the back of the head. These Indians physiognomically resemble in all respects those of the more northern Territories of the United States. They say they have inhabited their country since the world was made, that originally they, in common with the wild tribes, came from the west, and that as the world grew they became separated from one another, and the Navajoes, being separated the farthest, finally established themselves near the Pueblos. The Zufis have many mean and disagreeable traits, being close and tricky in trade, inhospitable, and given to pilfering and lying. They have no substantial tradition of their origin, other than the trivial one just mentioned. They are governed by a cacique or head chief, who is also their chief priest. The succession is hereditary in the family of the cacique. A few miles to the southeast of Zufi, on the mesa of Gallisteo, is what is called Old Zufi; but there is no reliable evidence that it was ever the residence of the ancestors of the Zufis. They have been living in their present villages since the time of the Spanish conquest.

The Zufis are mild and peaceable. Their habits are regulated by the sun and moon, and by the changes in the seasons. They have a house where the cacique of the sun sits, and through a hole in the wall tells by the sun's rays shining in what time of the season it is. Especially does he watch when the sun travels his last day northward, and with dancing and joy they welcome his backward march. They are economical to the last degree, and are slowly improving in condition.

For many years these Indians were at war with the Navajoes, and in 1863 they held one hundred of the latter captive. Finding it too expensive to feed them, they decided to give them a chance for their lives and liberty. The streets and alleys of the town are very narrow, and egress from them is difficult, unless one is well acquainted with them. In the public square of the town the Zufis placed the captive Navajoes, and bade them escape if they could. At each corner were placed two Zufi warriors, armed with clubs and knives; and not one of the Navajoes got out of the town alive.