

eral Harvard Professors, and a steam-boat load of "citizens generally." There were incantations, delightfully pagan ceremonies, and a general ducking all around. Prof. CUSHING was initiated into the thirty-third degree of the Zuni faith, and may now learn the sacred epic, which is never written out, and which may be rattled off orally in twenty-six hours. The ceremonies over, the Zunis were bundled into wagons, with their demijohns and bottles, and the City Government of Boston and the Faculty of Harvard College went home with the delightful consciousness that they had assisted in preserving one of the oldest and most truly bric-à-brac forms of heathenism known to man.

A BOSTON REVIVAL.

If Col. OLCOTT and Mme. BLAVATSKY had staid in the United States, instead of going to India in search of the true faith among the Brahmins, they might have found a religion more truly bric-à-brac than anything they will discover in Bombay. As it is, Boston has secured this inestimable boon, and is at this moment in possession of a faith as ancient, if we may believe the missionaries, as the American continent. This cultus has been imported from the far West by a band of Zuni Indians, who live in New-Mexico. The Zuni religion is a delightful form of paganism, much more pagan, in fact, than that of the ancient Greeks, or even than of the earliest Phœnicians. Precisely what the Zuni faith consists of no non-Zuni person can tell. The delightful mystery which envelops this antique religion constitutes its chief charm. No sensible person would care much for a creed, confession of faith, and ritual which could be understood by everybody. If it were not for its being a peculiarly rococo and early-twilight religion, Boston would not have cared a rap for the Zuni development. Every æsthetic person knows that the further back in the world's history we go, the better do things become. Boston has something better than early English or even the Italian Renaissance. It has the Zuni religion.

How long the Zuni Indians have maintained their strange and mystic ritual may be estimated from a single statement: When the Zuni faith was first revealed to man, one of the conditions imposed upon the patriarchs of the tribe was that they should go to the sea-side every month and bring home a quantity of sea-water for incantation purposes. As the region now known as New-Mexico was then near the borders of what is now known as the Atlantic Ocean, this was an easy task. But, as all geographers and other scientific persons very well know, the American continent has been steadily rising from the sea, ever since its foundations were laid. It has been estimated by a well-known scientific person that the continent has risen three-quarters of an inch during the last five centuries—without making any allowance of the strata of tomato cans and hoop-skirts formed along that portion of the Atlantic sea-board frequented by Summer visitors. If the student of theology will calculate the time required, on this basis, to raise from under high-water mark that portion of the American continent which lies between the Atlantic Ocean at Boston and the country of the Zunis in New-Mexico, he will ascertain with tolerable accuracy the age of the Zuni faith. And this calculation is now being worked out by several Harvard Professors, who will, in time, give the result to the world, showing that the Zuni variety of paganism is so very aged that the Hindu faiths now being imbibed by OLCOTT, BLAVATSKY, and the other Theosophists may be considered as modern inventions.

As years passed by, and successive generations of Zunis came and went, and centuries and eons rolled over their heads, the Atlantic Ocean grew more and more remote to the Zuni ritualists. They had been in the habit of starting for their monthly supply of sea-water immediately after breakfast, and of getting back with the sacred fluid in time for a 12 o'clock dinner. The journey grew longer, and some of the Zunis grumbled a good deal over the necessity for these long pilgrimages. Nevertheless, no orthodox Zuni could possibly think of worshiping in the simple faith of his fathers without a fair supply of salt water. Mere salt and water would be no more efficacious than a three-foot gas-burner on a consecrated altar where real candles are prescribed by the ritual. It was in vain that the precious store was hoarded. In course of time it would waste, and it is reported that the Zuni youth, profanely thinking that any liquid so carefully guarded must be good to drink, became surreptitiously inebriated on one of the few remaining bottles left in camp. Then, after the lapse of about five centuries, during which the Eastern sea had been pushed half-way back to the coast of Europe from New-Mexico, the last few drops of consecrated brine were gone, or nearly gone.

At this emergency appeared on the scene Prof. CUSHING, a zealous student of ethnology and theology. He saw his opportunity. Being desirous of learning the history of the Zuni tribe, its faith and its literature, he offered to get for them a supply of the much-desired sea-water, provided they would make a Zuni of him. The simple people agreed to this proposition, the only conditions being that the Professor should bring in a scalp and marry a Zuni woman. Nobody knows where the Professor secured his scalp, although there are ugly rumors concerning the mysterious disappearance of the hair of a "subject" in the Boston Medical College. To marry a Zuni woman he flatly refused, and this part of the contract was waived, as they say in law. Last Tuesday Prof. CUSHING and his band of Zuni ritualists were taken to Deer Island, in Boston Harbor, by the Mayor and Common Council, accompanied by the Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS, Collector BEARD, sev-