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A Sacred History: External Evidences of the Truth of the Book of Mormon, Chapter XVII, Continued

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Abstract: Uses historical, linguistic, and archaeological evidence to prove the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon. Basing his facts on research done by noted linguists and archaeologists of the time, the author writes concerning the god Quetzalcoatl, religious customs and ruins of advanced civilizations, comparisons between the Hebrew and Mayan languages, and the Egyptian hieroglyphic writings. Shreeve also tells of similarities in biblical beliefs between early people of both the western and eastern hemispheres and explains why Joseph Smith was incapable of writing the Book of Mormon without divine aid.

A SACRED HISTORY.

External Evidences of the Truth of the Book of Mormon.

BY THOMAS A. SHREEVE.

Chapter XVII. (Continued)

CONTINUING his report to the San Francisco paper, the correspondent says:

There is every reason to conclude that in the remote past these clans or societies lived in buildings exclusively their own. Each clan among the Zuni makes a different kind of pottery and eats a different kind of food. They are distinguished also by different ceremonials. There are abundant evidences in Los Muertos of the same distinctions. The Los Muertos pueblo is accompanied by a large tribal oven, often from 15 to 20 feet wide and 10 feet deep. Another invariable accompaniment is a large mound called by Mr. Cushing for the first time a pyral mound, from the fact that it was the funeral pyre upon which the remains of the inhabitants were cremated and their ashes sacrificed to the waters. Each pyral mound is situated on the brink of the pueblo reservoir, which was provided with gates connecting it with the special canal which supplied the pueblo with water.

There was something peculiarly strange in this arrangement. The explanation could only be found in the sociology of the people and in their religious habits and beliefs. A unit of Los Muertos culture was a pueblo with its pyral mound, tribal oven and reservoir. Of these units the city was composed. But what shall be said of the temple building, with its wide halls, many stories and ceremonial courts? Was not this undoubtedly the evidence of civic government? This is the conclusion and it is self-evident; but still stranger to an inquiring and scientific mind was the presence of so many other cities exactly similar in architectural and topographical arrangements, connected with each other by the same system of irrigation, and each provided with the same central temple building. Why, within a limited area, should a people bound together by the tie of common interest, a people obviously of the same race and belonging to the same civilization, group their cultures in a series of small cities, when every suggestion of self-defense and association would appear to demand closer unity? No solution founded in political reason or controlled by topographical considerations, can account for the anomaly. The solution of this anomaly by the expedition was a happy accident, and yet it directly resulted from systematic scientific study.

When Mr. Cushing was living at Zuni, Professor Adolph Bandelier, now the historian of the expedition, was pursuing his ethnological studies in that quarter. Mr. Cushing, from his initiation into the Zuni tribe and priesthood, was recognized as an almost absolute authority in all matters concerning this interesting and primitive people. Among other questions, Professor Bandelier asked him this one:

"Why do the Zunis speak of the masters of the Six Great Houses? The Zuni town is one gigantic pueblo. What do they mean with their Six Great Houses?"

"I do not know," said Mr. Cushing. "It is strange, I confess, but there are six Masters of the Great Houses."

"I can hardly believe it," said Professor Bandelier.

"Well, there is a simple way of proving it. Ask that Zuni over there who is the Master of the North Great House."

Professor Bandelier accepted the experiment. At first the Zuni Indian hardly understood him. Finally he said, "Oh, you mean such a one," mentioning the name of a Zuni priest. "You will find him over there," and sure enough Bandelier found the Master of the North Great House. But that functionary could tell him as little about his Great House as Cushing. Doubtless Bandelier thought he knew even less. So he returned to the American Zuni and plied him with further questions.

"All that I can tell you," said Mr. Cushing, "is that there are Six Masters of the Great Houses. One is the Priest of the North, another Priest of the South, another of the West, another of the East; a fifth is Priest of the Under-World, the

sixth, the Priest of the Over-World or Skies. These six men, together with the Priestess, constitute the Supreme Council of the Zuni tribe."

"It is very strange," said Professor Bandelier, thoughtfully.

"It is strange," replied the ethnologist, "but I regard it as the survival of the time when each priest actually lived in his Casa Grande, or Great House."

"That is undoubtedly the probable explanation," replied Bandelier, "but in Heaven's name, where are the Six Great Houses?"

"I do not know," said Mr. Cushing. "Perhaps we shall find them if we wait."

The surprising fact is that the Great Houses of the Zuni priests have been discovered. These houses are great in more than size. They have a deep and mysterious significance. They unlock the secrets of the past, and throw light into a dark and difficult problem. It is as strange and as interesting a fact as science affords, that among the pueblos which constitute the cities of the Los Muertos system rise six Great Houses of the ancient priesthood. Nay, there are seven houses corresponding to just so many cities. The temple building, which is the central edifice of Los Muertos, Los Hornos, Los Pueblitos and the other cities, is the Great House of the ancient priesthood. To the astonished members of the expedition, this fact was at first regarded as a startling coincidence, but a still stranger discovery increased the wonder. A hasty investigation of the great ruin near what is now Mesa City, revealed the further fact that in these ruins alone of the entire seven, there were not one, but seven temple buildings! An apparent inconsistency will occur to the critic at once. At modern Zuni there are but six Masters of the Great Houses. At Los Muertos there are seven cities, six of which have one Great House, and the seventh of which is the proud possessor of seven Great Houses. The criticism, however, is superficial. The Supreme Council of the Zunis was composed of seven, the priestess constituting the last element of diversity, but the link which made this seven one. The Procession of the All, elaborately described by Mr. Cushing in the *Century* articles, explains the involution of this idea. It is the idea of six in one, very much like the Christian idea of the Trinity of three in one. In this Procession of the All, the performer assumes the costumes and masks of the six Gods of the North, East, South and West, the Over-World and Under-World, finally appearing in all the glory of the seventh, the mysterious All, of which the six were but diverse manifestations. At Los Muertos this idea appears in peculiar refinement. There are seven cities, six of which represent the six different manifestations of the Daimon, or great God of ancient culture. The seventh city contains its own temple building, around which are grouped six other buildings, emphasizing again the idea of six in one.

A recent trip made by the director of the expedition, Dr. Ten Kate, and the topographical engineer, Mr. Garlick to Casa Grande—the great Casa Grande of the traveler, so often described and commented on by scientific men—revealed a still more astonishing coincidence. These ruins are on the Gila river, a little south of Los Muertos. Here, as well as on the Salt river, the traces of the ancient dams exist. The irrigating canals run perpendicularly from either side of the Gila across the plain. The Casa Grande of the traveler is not the only temple building on the Gila plain. Although the sands of the desert have blown over the Gila ruins and buried them as if in a grave, among the mesquites rises a complete series of seven cities, each with a temple building of the Casa Grande type, and no doubt the seventh or central city will be found to contain, upon more thorough investigation, the seven temples, thus completing the symmetry of the mythic idea. Here was the coincidence strengthened in a remarkable manner. What doubt could there be of method in this arrangement? It was as if the ancient cultures had told their history in a sort of cipher—"seven in one, and one in seven." Mr. Garlick, who had been connected with the United States Survey of the Southwest for years, added to the completeness of the hypothesis by pointing out that the system of ruins at Silver City, the system seventy-five miles east of Zuni, in fact, the entire chain of pueblo cities from Arizona to the Mexican plain, were arranged in groups of seven. But the significance of this numerical arrangement did not end here. Coronado, the

Spanish general, in writing of the seven cities of Cibola to the king of Spain in the sixteenth century, mentions the significant fact that the natives in speaking of the Seven Cities, "call them one." What charming accuracy in Coronado and how valuable the testimony is at the present time! In 1884, long before the cities of Los Muertos were excavated from the Arizona plain, Mr. Cushing delivered the address before the Geographical Society of New York. On this occasion he completely identified the Seven Cities of Cibola. "The ruined cities," he said, "are still visible near Zuni, in fact, on the ruins of one of the cities the modern Zuni pueblo has been constructed." Mr. Cushing identified the seven cities in a most simple but conclusive manner. Coronado mentions their names. The modern Zuni calls the seven cities by the same names as did the worthy Coronado in his valuable account of the mythical cities, which, owing to the reports of their great riches in gold and jewels, so excited the covetous greed of the old world. Could there be a more complete chain of evidence connecting the long succession of ruins in one? Obviously, this discovery of the seven arrangement is of the greatest scientific importance. The next question to the journalist is what became of the cultures? The modern Zunis number but 1,600 souls. There are a few other remnants of the race scattered among other pueblo tribes, but as the evidence is positive that no one of these groups of cities could have contained much less than 200,000 inhabitants, and probably a far greater number, the problem is, What became of them all? The cities are in ruins, deserted as if accursed. They have been buried beneath the soil; even the great canals have lain idle for centuries. Where have the cultures migrated? The man of science has his journey well defined for him. Wherever we find the seven cities we may confidently declare here has been the ancient culture. This journey may lead us as far as the palaces and temples of the Mayas of Yucatan and the halls of the Incas of Peru, but the journey will be certain all the way.

(To be continued.)

HE INJURES NO ONE BUT HIMSELF.

BY R. C.

THAT was what people said of Charlie Archer, but I have some doubts as to the truth of the saying, and when I have told you some incidents of his career, perhaps you will agree with me.

Charlie's father was neither rich nor poor, which we have good authority for believing is about the best condition a man can be placed in. He was a merchant and his residence was in a town large enough to afford most of the privileges of a city, combined with many of the advantages of the country. This also was a point in his favor.

Mr. Archer, having never been to college himself, had a great desire to send his son there, but Charlie was not at all inclined to go, and his excellent old grandmother espoused his cause.

"The boy don't take to learning," said she, "and if anybody don't take to learning naturally, you can't drive it into 'em. Some is made for one thing, and some for another, and the thing they're made for, they'll do better at than anything else. The boy wants to go into business, and if I was you, I'd give him a business education."

This wise counsel prevailed. Charlie was sent to a business college, where he learned book-keeping and other things too numerous to mention, but each and all of direct practical use.

Then his father took him into his own store, where he had an opportunity to put in practice all he had learned.

So at the age of eighteen, behold our hero fairly launched

on the sea of life, with sunny skies and favoring breezes. Health glowed on his ruddy cheek, and looked out of his clear eye. He had the build of an athlete, and nothing had ever occurred to mar or warp his cheerful temper or his kindness of heart. In short, no element of a successful career seemed lacking. And yet he failed, as the title of my sketch has forewarned you, and the question is, whether in failing he really injured no one but himself.

Charlie had a sister—a fair-haired girl, as sweet and as fragile as a day-lily, the lily which blossoms in the morning and fades at night. If Katie did not absolutely worship her brother, it was because his friend, young David Grinnell, had grown up with them from childhood, and Katie expected one day to be his wife. It was not that she loved Charlie less, but David more.

One evening as Charlie took his hat preparatory to leaving the house, he beckoned Katie into the hall, and shutting the parlor door, said in a low, mysterious tone—

"Katie, I expect to be out late to-night, and I want you to open the door for me when I come home."

"Why, of course either I or somebody else will; you know father never goes to bed till we are all in."

"I know it, and that's the trouble. I don't want him to know I'm out, and he won't unless you tell him, for I told him I should stay in my room this evening casting up accounts"

"O, Charlie, how could you?"

"Why it's true. I *have* been there; it lacks only ten minutes of nine now. Come, say whether you'll let me in or not. It's no such great favor I ask. The only question is whether you choose to open the door for me quietly, or have me rouse the whole family."

"Must you go, Charlie?"

"Yes, I must; that's decided. It is a very important matter."

"I shouldn't mind, if you'd only let me tell mother."

"And so spoil the whole, for you know she'd tell father," said he impatiently. "I did think you were more obliging. Come, it's only for once. I promise you it shall never happen again. I'll speak to you under your window, and you can come down softly, and nobody be the wiser. Say yes, for I must be off."

"Ye-es," hesitated Katie.

"That's a good girl," and before she could add another word he was half way down the steps.

But Katie did not feel like a good girl. It was the first time in her innocent life that she had ever had a secret from her mother, and the reflection that she had one now, was a burden to her spirit. She could not bear to meet her mother's eyes, and soon crept off to her room with some poor excuse about a headache. It was two o'clock when Charlie returned, and long after that when Katie closed her eyes in sleep. That was her first lesson in deception.

Charlie had promised that the same thing should never happen again, nor did it precisely, for he soon found a way to steal out unknown to all; and when Katie heard a voice under her window, or pebbles rattling against the pane, what could she do but creep down and unlock the door?

It was when this had gone on about six months that Charlie took that famous drive to Pekin to attend a muster, in company with David Grinnell—a drive not soon forgotten by the friends of either.

At first David tried hard to dissuade his friend from going, but finding that impossible, he consented to accompany him purely for the sake of keeping him out of temptation, for he