

with his back towards it, or facing the medicine. It was then approached by one of the musicians, who, in a squatting position, raised his hand reverently towards the sun, the medicine, the top of the central post, or buffalo; then, passing his hands slowly over the pipe, took it up with his left hand, and taking a pinch from the bowl with the thumb and fore finger of the right, held it to the sun, the medicine, the top of the central post, then the bottom, and finally covered it up in the ground. He then proceeded to light the pipe, blowing a whiff of smoke towards the several objects of adoration, and placed it carefully where, he found it, in reversed order, that is, with the stem from the fire. The person who brought it had stood waiting all this time for it. He now took it up and retired to the dancers, who, wrapped in buffalo robes, were waiting, in a squatting position, to receive it. The sand where the pipe had lain was carefully smoothed by the hand, and all marks of it wholly obliterated. I might also add that no one crossed the medicine house without first removing his moccasins from his feet.

I have but faintly described what I saw and heard of this pagan rite; neither did I see all, being at the medicine house but a small part of the time; but I saw enough to cause my heart to swell with deep and conflicting emotions in beholding the depth of heathen superstition into which this people have fallen.

Forgetting the true and living God, they have substituted in His stead a mass of fantastic objects, before

which their wild orgies are solemnly and devoutly performed. At the same time a feeling of thankfulness pervaded my mind, to the Great Disposer of all things and events, that in His mercy He saw fit to cast my lot on earth in a land where the blessed light of the gospel of truth shines, mingled with a hope that the day may not be far distant when the darkness enshrouding this portion of our country may be dispelled by the beams of the everlasting Sun of Righteousness, the great Fountain of light and life, and the Dispenser of every blessing. May the day hasten, saith my soul.

Although there have probably been no less than three thousand Indians of all ages, and of different tribes, congregated here since being encamped at this place, and I was round among them most of the time by day, I saw not a single instance of disagreement; on the contrary, everything moved on harmoniously and quietly, and the tribes dispersed with apparently friendly feelings.

One circumstance I must not fail to mention, as corroborating their superstitious ideas. The leaves forming the shady roof of the medicine house wilted. The heat of the sun preyed upon the naked dancers. To-haint (no-shoes), the great medicine chief, made medicine for clouds and rain. The rain came, with a tempest of wind and the most vivid lightning. Peal after peal of thunder shook the air. The ground was literally flooded. Two Cheyenne women were killed by the lightning. The next morning To-haint apologized for the storm.