

so far relaxed that its present guardian sometimes rides on horseback while carrying the pipe, but even then he carries the bundle upon his own back instead of upon the saddle. He never rides in a wagon with it. Since the tribe is permanently divided under the modern reservation system, individuals or small parties of the southern Arapaho frequently make the long journey by railroad and stage to the reservation in Wyoming in order to see and pray over the *sēicha*, as it is impossible, on account of the ceremonial regulations, for the keeper to bring it down to them in the south.

So far as known, only one white man, Mr J. Roberts, formerly superintendent of the Arapaho school in Wyoming, has ever seen the sacred pipe, which was shown to him on one occasion by Weasel Bear as a special mark of gratitude in return for some kindness. After having spent several months among the southern Arapaho, from whom I learned the songs of the pipe with much as to its sacred history, I visited the messiah in Nevada and then went to the northern Arapaho in Wyoming, with great hope of seeing the *sēicha* and hearing the tradition in full. On the strength of my intimate acquaintance with their relatives in the south and with their great messiah in the west, the chiefs and head-men were favorable to my purpose and encouraged me to hope, but on going out to the camp in the mountains, where nearly the whole tribe was then assembled cutting wood, my hopes were dashed to the ground the first night by hearing the old priest, Weasel Bear, making the public announcement in a loud voice throughout the camp that a white man was among them to learn about their sacred things, but that these belonged to the religion of the Indian and a white man had no business to ask about them. The chief and those who had been delegates to the messiah came in soon after to the tipi where I was stopping, to express their deep regret, but they were unable to change the resolution of Weasel Bear, and none of themselves would venture to repeat the tradition.

3. ATE'BĒ TIĀWU'NĀNU'

Ate'bē tiāwu'nānu', nā'nisa'nā,
 Ate'bē tiāwu'nānu', nā'nisa'nā,
 Ni'athu'ā', Ni'athu'ā',
 Ni'binu' ga'awa'ti'na,
 Ni'binu' ga'awa'ti'na.

Translation

My children, when at first I liked the whites,
 My children, when at first I liked the whites,
 I gave them fruits,
 I gave them fruits.

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This song referring to the whites was composed by Nawat or Left Hand, chief of the southern Arapaho, and can hardly be considered dangerous or treasonable in character. According to his statement, in