

Caddoes had been talking to them about me, making their own superstitions so operate upon the ignorant Kiowas, that, unless it be counteracted, my school will not be likely to amount to much, for some time at least. They have told the Kiowas that I am a bad medicine-man, having made several of their children sick last winter by "blowing" them; that two of them died — one a young man, who had the consumption before coming to school to me, and lived two thirds of a year after I left. The fact of so many of the Kiowa children being sick at the present time with bad colds, has rendered their minds very susceptible to this superstitious idea. But, in my estimation, their being exposed bare-footed, bare-legged, bare-armed, bare-headed, bare-necked, and bare-breasted, to the inclemency of the furious storm, — getting their blankets wet, in which many of them sleep at night, as well as run about by day, and then the sudden change to intense cold, — is a sufficient reason for the present sickness; but they can see no other than that given by the Caddoes. I should not have inserted this circumstance, but to show what absurdities are so fully believed by them that instances are not uncommon, among all these wild people, of the suspected individual suffering death at their hands. Instance the medicine-woman, after the death of the Wichita chief, narrated heretofore. Other instances might be given, not only among the wild Indians, but even among the Caddoes, in which a son has killed his own father on account of these superstitious suspicions.

*George Washington the most enlightened of the Caddo Chief, even yet justifies himself for having killed his own father, for maliciously afflicted him with ear-aches.*

The chiefs and head men of the encampment are holding council to-day, I suppose, in order to come to a decision as to what to do with so dangerous a man as they have among them. What the result of their deliberations may be I know not. Their children are kept away from my tent, and a couple of young men, armed with bows, arrows, and revolvers, are remaining in and about it, watching me while I am writing these lines.

Notwithstanding the intensity of their feelings, Kick- ing Bird, his mother, and daughter Topen, O-del-pac-quo-i-see and his daughter Amatze, and another young man, took breakfast with me in my tent.

Now, the countenances of all I chance to see, as they will peep into my apartment from time to time, look troubled and gloomy. But let the case result as it may, I fully believe it will be in accordance with His designs, who has the ordering of all things, and without whose permission they cannot harm a hair of my head. Though I perfectly comprehend my situation, I am preserved free from anxiety as to the event. Should they determine upon carrying me back to the Agency, or even a more sure mode of getting rid of me, I am persuaded that it will not be from any ill will to me, or the cause in which I am engaged, but, in their estimation, in defence of the lives of their children.

About five o'clock the council broke up, and most of the chiefs and principal men of the camp came directly to my tent, filling the main or public apartment, bringing pipes and tobacco, and wearing cheerful, smiling