

Washington wants them to do, and they can have plenty of corn to eat, and can raise plenty of cattle, after a while, to eat too. You should not kill their cattle, nor let your people eat up their crops. If you want corn, or cattle, or hogs, you should raise them yourselves. If you will really stop raiding, — throw it away altogether, and stop your young men from it, — then everything will go on well; Washington will do all he can to protect you. We will now read what he says, viz.: ‘Promise them that if they will stay on their reservations, and not go off them, they shall be protected.’”

After a short speech from M. C. Cope, C. Beede followed with a strong speech, reviewing his labors among them, — the agreement he made with the Kiowas and Comanches one year ago; the great labor of the agent, himself, and their friends, in procuring the release of Satanta, Big Tree, and the Comanche women and children; the pledge of the Kiowas and Comanches that they would never more raid in Texas if the prisoners were released, — telling them that the Comanches had violated that pledge; and Washington’s heart had become hard. Now they would have to quit raiding, or their peace friends would be taken from them, so that they could do no more for them. They would be turned over to the soldiers, and would find that Washington’s hand is as heavy as his heart is kind. He called upon them now to speak, that these their friends might carry their words to Washington, so that he might know what to do.

After short talks from the two agents, Richards and Haworth, several of the chiefs replied, one after another, stating in substance that they had heard the good talk their friends had given them, — that they thoroughly understood it; that they were sorry Washington’s heart gets tired so quick; they did not get tired of trying to keep their foolish young men from raiding; that they had not entirely succeeded, but they did not raid nearly so much as formerly; they were encouraged to continue trying. They thought Washington ought to be more patient, and not let his heart get tired so quick. Nearly every one wanted something done for him, as he was a friend to Washington, trying to walk in the white man’s road, and was very poor indeed, &c.

Nearly the same talk was made to the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and Kiowas, at their Agencies. At the Kiowa Agency a few Comanche chiefs came into the office, followed by some of their young men, one of whom, addressing the Friends, said that it mattered not what the chiefs said in council with the whites; they, the young men, were the warriors, and should not listen to them or any one else; they should do as they pleased. Washington might be a big chief among white people, but he was not their chief, and had nothing to do with them, and that they should not be controlled by him. Dr. Rhoads made some remarks to his chief, White Wolf, which he could not gainsay, but still there was very little softening down immediately; and yet the young man, when he left, did not carry himself so tauntingly