

ticularly these poor deluded, benighted, and superstitious heathen children. It often causes deep emotions to arise in my soul, when surrounded by these affectionate children, to contemplate the fearful state of darkness in which they are groping their way, accompanied many times by fervent, and I trust living, desires for their enlightenment, through the knowledge of the precious truths of the gospel, together with a willingness to labor, in my weak capacity, for that cause and purpose. O the fearful ignorance and superstition, the heathen darkness of this land!

23d. — This day died Ten Bears, head chief of the Yamperethka band of Comanches. He arrived with the Washington delegation, on the 21st instant, very weak and much exhausted, having been sick several days, — his lungs in a very bad condition. A bed was soon made for him in the office, and I was detailed as his nurse; but, being very old — probably upwards of eighty years — and very much exhausted from his long journey, he soon passed away. This morning he gave a picture of A. H. Love, President of the Peace Society, to the agent, and told the agent that he wanted his people to quit raiding in Texas. With the exception of his son, who arrived about two hours before his death, his people had all left him.

Indeed, this appears to be the prevailing custom among the wild Indians: when a person becomes old and feeble, so as to become in their estimation burdensome, they are neglected; and when sickness and death

come upon them, they are sometimes abandoned to die alone; hence a life of barbarity, if not ended by violence, usually ends in cold neglect, without comfort, without sympathy, and without hope.

Yet when death has actually closed the scene, the relatives affect great grief, cut themselves with knives, and make bitter wailings, often burying the household goods, wearing apparel, &c., with the deceased, and even burning the lodges in which they died.

Thus passed away, in old age, the head chief of the Yamperethkas; a man raised in heathen darkness, living and dying in close proximity to Christianity without the outward knowledge of Christ, or the benign spirit of the gospel; who probably never learned, and perhaps never heard, the name of the blessed Saviour of men, except from profane lips. For several years past he has been friendly to the whites, has now ended his days among them, and a white man ministered to his latest wants on earth.

In respect to old and infirm persons being forsaken by their people, I have known several instances among the Comanches and Wichitas, but not among the Kiowas or Apaches. And on more than one occasion has such forsaken person found their way to the Agency, and been duly taken care of. On some occasions, after being thus abandoned, — “thrown away,” as they term it, — old men have made “medicine” of prep-