

they kill our buffalo; and we will kill *them* whenever we meet them on our land."

Before retiring, Lone Wolf very devoutly made medicine. He cleaned off a small space of the ground near the fire, between the fire and his bed; carefully brushed it; his wife brought him a couple of sacks containing cedar leaves and wild wormwood. Taking some coals from the fire, he laid them upon the clean earth, and, taking a handful of the cedar leaves, sprinkled them upon the living coals; likewise a small quantity of the wild wormwood; which made a dense smoke, with which the upper part of the lodge was soon filled. He then, passing his hands through the rising wreaths of smoke, rubbed his face and naked body with it, held it up to the Great Spirit, rubbed it upon the ground, &c. This ceremony ended, we retired for rest, and enjoyed a good night's repose in his lodge.

6th. — Received and wrote down Lone Wolf's reply to the agent's message as follows, namely:—

MY FRIEND SIMPOQUODLE (Kiowa name for the agent): You belong to the President at Washington. If the whites do anything wrong, I want you to take the good road.

I want you to go to the officers at the fort, and tell them to throw away their bad words, so that my people will not be made angry. I want to live friendly with everybody. I do not want to see any more war.

If any young men of the Comanches, Cheyennes, Ara-

pahoes, Kiowas, or Apaches, go over into Texas and get killed, I think that is all right. If they kill any white people there, I do not want the whites to come upon us here, for this is a country of peace. Catch them there; kill them there.

My friend, I want you to tell my father at Washington that I do not want any war here in this country of peace that he gave to us, that I and my people may live in and hunt the buffalo. I do not want the soldiers to molest us in it. I want you to write to Washington that I am friendly to all these red people, and do not want to see any trouble among them.

I wish Washington would let it pass. If those foolish young men have killed any of the people of Texas, they are dead. Some of those young men have been killed: they are dead. Let it all pass; do not let it make trouble among the living.

I never hear any bad news from any other direction; but from Texas I hear very often somebody is killed. I know nothing about it — only what I hear.

I want you to sit still, and by and by I will come and see you. We have killed a great many buffalo, have many hides and much meat, are loaded heavy, and must come in slowly.

My friend Simpoquodle, I do not want you to get excited, and act in a hurry. If you hear bad news, do not be excited, but sit still. You must not believe the Comanches when they say the Kiowas have been raiding in *Texas*, for it is not true; they have not been *there*.