

flows, I drove directly into camp, apparently to the surprise of the Indians.

On driving into camp, I beckoned to a man, who was sitting with others, to come to me, at the same time stopping my mules. He approached, accompanied by a young man and a woman; when, who should it be but White Wolf, one of the most determined of the hostile Comanche chiefs, accompanied by the same young man who had told us, in the agent's office, they would not listen to their chiefs, nor yet to Washington. This band has been continually committing depredations in Texas, and, with their chiefs, are averse to being controlled, and are particularly unfriendly to my being in the Kiowa camp. Yet now I was wholly in their power, — had, as it were, voluntarily placed myself in their hands. In answer to their direct questions, I told them I was alone, and was unarmed. After a few moments' consultation, White Wolf said to me, "The sun will soon go away; will you sit down by me, and sleep?" I answered, "My mules are tired, and I came to your camp for that purpose." He replied, "That is good; when the sun comes back, you may go on your road." Then he bade me follow the woman, who was still standing near. She conducted me to his lodge, where I unharnessed my mules, which were taken care of by the women.

Supper was soon announced, and I partook of the rude cheer of a hostile chief, rendered propitious by his ideas of the sacred rights of hospitality. ^{by the Comanche} After this, I retired to my ambulance, by the side of his lodge, and

betook myself to sleep, free from anxiety, though knowing well that I was surrounded, if not by actual foes, by an unfriendly band of people.

28th. — After breakfast in White Wolf's lodge, I was soon *en route* for the camp of my destination, accompanied by the wife and little daughter of "mine host," who went with me several miles, in order to answer the challenges of the several Comanche pony herders whom I would have to pass. Afterwards they pointed out Kicking Bird's camp to me, and left me to pursue my journey alone.

What a lesson is here for civilized man! A rude chief of an unfriendly tribe of savages, whose hand is skilled in the shedding of blood, manifesting such a sense of the sacredness of the rights of hospitality, as not only to receive and entertain one whom he regarded as an enemy, but, after having done this, set him on his right road in peace. Surely, if he knew not from the Scripture, the law, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers," the same finger which wrote the commandments upon the flinty rocks on Mount Sinai had engraved it upon his heart, and he obeyed the writing.

~~When I arrived at camp,~~ I found Kicking Bird in a fearful state of exasperation against the Comanches. They had, from time to time, stolen horses from his herd, until he could endure but little more of this kind of treatment. He found, on returning from the Agency, that they had stolen two of his best horses, also one belonging to his daughter. Stumbling Bear had fol-

"Where will you sleep? enquired the Chief after the meal was over. As I had gone there in order to avail myself of the Indian idea of hospitality, I had no notion of withdrawing from the protection thus afforded a guest, by choosing my own sleeping place, & answered

"Just where you tell me! After some further colloquy of a similar nature, he bade me 'Go sleep in ambulance.' No go away in morning till you see me! Soon after, I returned to my ambulance with deepest confidence in the protection thus afforded."

"The Kiowas were dumb with astonishment when I arrived in camp, & reported that I had spent the night with White Wolf. 'Mighty strong, Medicine' exclaimed the Medicine Man 'Comanche no kill, Medicine too strong.'"