

from theirs. They were pursued by the Mexican soldiers, and the two young Kiowas were killed; the other Kiowa young men left, and did not rejoin them. The Comanches crossed the Rio Grande, and commenced a system of depredations in Texas on the Nueces River. They were there attacked by soldiers, and several of the party were killed. The remnant of the party started for their own country; but meeting another party of Comanches, they turned about, went back, and were again attacked by the soldiers, and several of them killed; making on both occasions twenty-two of their people killed; that the Kiowas left them after Lone Wolf's son was killed, and before recrossing the Rio Grande into Texas.

By this testimony it does not appear that the Kiowas have been violating their pledge by raiding in that state. Since ascertaining that they raided in Mexico, I have made a little progress in their minds against it, not so much because it is wrong, as by asserting Mexico to be Washington's brother, and that Washington would not permit them to raid upon his brother's children any more than his own. The idea that Mexico is Washington's brother seems to take hold of their minds, as they talk much about it in their camps.

16th. — On taking my daily walk out from camp, I was joined by three Kiowa boys, and we bent our steps towards the mountain north of us. They stated that there was Ah-pean-ha (tree-sugar, that is, honey) in a certain ravine, to which we directed our course, as I

knew that honey is sometimes found in the ravines among the mountains. After going some distance, perhaps two miles, from camp, we came to a clump of cedars which fairly roared with a large kind of bee, of which the trees and bushes of the ravine appeared to be full. I watched them, and saw that some of them were loaded with pollen. They were much larger than the common honey-bee — about the size of an Italian drone, but destitute of the rings around the abdomen, which was of a shining black, while the shoulders were yellow. Their motions resembled that of the honey-bee mustering. They were collected more about four dead cedars than anywhere else. On going near, I saw that they were passing in and out of holes in the trees.

Though I knew they were ~~not the common~~ honey-bee, I did not know but that they might store some honey in their nests. I mentioned the circumstance to some of the Indians, by way of inquiry. They, not thoroughly understanding me, as Kicking Bird was not in camp, insisted on my going and showing them to some women.

Accordingly horses were brought in, and I led the way to the place; a tree was cut down, and, though there were bees in the tree, there was no indication of honey or brood. I apprehend that they are a kind of borer that deposit their eggs in the dead wood of the cedar, and that the growing grub cuts out large holes in the body of the tree, admitting air and water, and thus hastening the decay of this almost imperishable timber.