

and burned the grass within a foot of my tent, and at one time rolled up its canvas sides in a very threatening manner. I learned that the great concern of the Indians on first perceiving the fire, knowing that it was medicine day with me (i. e., the first day of the week), and that I was sitting alone in my tent, was that I would know nothing of it until my escape would become impracticable, and that I would be burned. Notwithstanding the above incident, my mind has been favored to feel a degree of peaceful quiet, for which, as well as all other favors, I desire to be thankful.

*Insert M.S.*  
 3d Month, 3d. — While at the agent's last week, having been very anxious to talk more understandingly with the Kiowas, I spoke to the agent to send G. Conover to the camp with me for a few days as interpreter, which being assented to, he yesterday came with a wagon prepared to move my tent, as the Indians were about to move camp soon.

A party of Pawnees came in last evening, giving notice of their arrival by their head man and two or three others coming into camp immediately, while the main body remained two or three miles distant. This morning a public reception was given them.

The party was seen coming over a ridge in single file, bearing a white flag. Approaching to within twenty rods, they planted their flag, upon which was painted the single letter P, and sat down in a line on each side of it, facing the village.

After sitting in this manner for perhaps half an hour,

Several  
 A few mornings after the circumstance mentioned in the diary on the 18<sup>th</sup> inst, while sitting upon my inverted camp kettle (my usual seat) writing, my back turned toward the entrance of my tent, I heard a rustling at the entrance & turning to see who might be there, was surprised to see the burley form of White Horse (a Kiowa Chief) entering, with his bow strung & three iron pointed arrows in his hand. He was a notoriously bad man, & had but just returned from a short absence from his tribe. He appeared to be much excited, & his bow being strung, & the arrows in his hand portended mischievous designs. Notwithstanding this, & the unmistakable signs he gave me, I arose exclaiming "Why White