

Indian Territory Apaches, about five hundred Comanches, as many or more Cheyennes or Arapahoes beside many other Indians as Caddoes, Wichitas and Lipans having assembled to be present at this the great annual festival of the Kiowas, makes a very large encampment. This is situated in a beautiful broad valley, through which flows a fine stream of clear water, nearly devoid of alkali, called by the Kiowas You-guoc-opoh (Rice creek).

On approaching the camp I observed a very long building (I suppose I must call it) made of the green boughs of the cottonwood covered overhead with muslin; toward this we made our way and I was directed to dismount and enter it. On doing so I found all the Chiefs and war chiefs of the Kiowa and Apache tribes, nearly all the chiefs of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes and most of the Comanche chiefs, to the number of about one hundred assembled in council and the Pipe in circulation among them. I observed that every one took it. Although they were thus assembled, partly in anticipation of my arrival, and all anxious to hear the news I might bring, not a word was said to me beyond the customary salutation and motioning me to a seat beside Kicking Bird until after I had partaken of a meal prepared for me. Then I was asked "What news from Washington?" My situation at this time is more easily imagined than described - alone among savages - afar from civilized men - the bearer of a most unwelcome message - with no outward thing ^{to} ~~for~~ which to look for protection and entirely dependent upon them for my very subsistence, and the means of returning to civilized life if such return were even permitted.

After a short pause during which I was enabled to feel my confidence somewhat renewed in that unfailing Arm of Power that holds in its fold the destinies of men and of nations, I answered 'Bad news'.