

where most of the principal men of the encampment were in waiting to extend the hospitalities of the pipe, which was continued until a late hour. Conversation being in an unknown tongue (to me), I was not peculiarly edified therewith; but the fumes of the pipe, as it circulated from mouth to mouth, filled the lodge with the most unendurable fragrance of tobacco and kinnekenick. The smoke would subside for a time as the pipe became exhausted. This was but a momentary relief to me, as it was replenished, after short intervals, by the person occupying the honorable position of pipe-filler. He was amply equipped, with a piece of an old barrel head, upon which was piled up a quantity of tobacco and kinnekenick, well cut and thoroughly mixed. The consumption of this was the signal for the dispersion of the company, and we retired through the army of dogs, which kept up a continuous parting salute, as we passed along to the place where our mule and ponies were lariatied. Here we spread our blankets upon the ground, and lay down to sleep, or to enjoy, for the rest of the night, the joint serenade of dogs and wolves. Some of the latter came so near that I could hear their footsteps on the dry grass, and one of our lariats was cut by them only a few steps from my bed, letting one of the ponies loose; but as the wolf is the acknowledged brother of the Indian, it may be presumable that they were only watching us; perhaps smelling me with a sniff of jealousy, as being no relative of theirs.

2d. — After taking breakfast with Pacer, we proceeded on our way, travelling from about ten in the morning until two in the afternoon, passing near several Comanche camps and many hundreds of their ponies. On arriving at Kicking Bird's camp we were not met with a running salute of dogs, but a host of children came out to meet us, and to stare at the "white man" who was accompanying their chief. Our horses and luggage were taken care of by the women, while we repaired to the lodge of ^{Zebadille} ~~Zebile~~, Kicking Bird's brother. Here we remained, enveloped in the smoke of tobacco and kinnekenick, while Kicking Bird was informed of the affairs of his camp, and in turn had given his talk, explained the cause of the presence of the white man, when we partook of some supper, and retired to Topen's lodge to sleep. Topen is a fine-looking little girl, Kicking Bird's only child. She soon produced the little map of North America I had drawn and given her, which had been kept very nicely. Kicking Bird's encampment is situated upon a creek, six or eight miles above the remains of old Fort Cobb, in the midst of a dense growth of small timber, and consists of about forty lodges, all constructed upon the same general plan as the one described as Pacer's, with plenty of wood and water at hand.

6th. — After remaining in camp until yesterday afternoon, endeavoring to render myself familiar with all, and writing down many Kiowa words, in order to memorize them, we came on to the Agency, staying last