

a fire was made, though for what purpose I know not - unless it might be to keep the wild beasts away, as our rations had been disposed of (except a scant allowance which was consumed on the way) at the Apache camp in the morning. Our ponies & mule were staked out with as little prospect for supper as we had, there being no grass in close enough proximity to give them the benefit of it. Sometime after, while preparing our beds for the night, we were surprised by the sudden appearance of a Comanche Man & Woman, with a mule laden with the flesh of a buffalo.

They explained the circumstance of their arrival, by stating that having killed & dressed a buffalo it became to dark to travel, & having no way of making a fire they had arranged to remain, where they were, when the light of our camp fire caught their attention, so near that they determined to come to us. Of course, as they were plentifully supplied with good buffalo beef they were hailed with a hearty welcome, & we were repaid for our hospitality, by the distribution of a liberal allowance of choice pieces for each member of our party. After the cravings of appetite had been allayed, we were all soon stretched upon the ground for a night's repose.

16<sup>th</sup> After re-crossing the North Fork of the Red River, crossing the Sweet Water, & riding very fast until about 3 o'clock P.M. over beautiful undulating prairie we arrived at the Kiowa camp. The distance from the Agency, judging from the speed we traveled (2.5 hours actual travel, & mostly on the gallop, after leaving the Apache camp) must exceed 150 miles in a Northwesterly direction. The whole Kiowa tribe, nearly all the Ind. Ter. Apaches, about five hundred Comanches, as many or more Cheyennes & Arapahoes besides many other Indians as Caddoes, Michitas & 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-guoo-ajoh (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 cotton-wood covered overhead with smelting - toward this we made our way & I was directed to dismount & enter it. On doing so I found all the chiefs & war chiefs of the Kiowa & Apache tribes, nearly all the chiefs of the Cheyennes & Arapahoes, & most of the Comanche chiefs, to the number of about one hundred assembled in council & the Pipe in circulation among them. I observed that every one took it.

Although they were thus assembled, partly in anticipation of my arrival, & all anxious to hear the news I might bring, not a word was said to me beyond the customary salutation, & mentioning 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 which to look for protection - & entirely dependent upon them for my very subsistence, & 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, & of nations, I answered "Bad news."

The great Medicine Man proceeded with the utmost solemnity, & most imposing formality to refill the pipe. Perhaps the manner of this ceremony, might be interesting & worthy of recording. The Pipe used on this occasion was made of the Red Pipe Stone, obtained somewhere in the North West, & was lying upon a clean spot of earth, the tobacco & other sacred