

Soon after setting out on his return he met with his neighbors, the Wichitas, Cadoes and a few families of Delawares fleeing from their homes in consternation; the Chickasaws and other Slave-holding Indians having invaded their country, burned his buildings, laid waste his farm, and taken his stock. Thus rendered destitute and homeless, not daring to return, he remained with these friends on the Arkansas river in Kansas until the war closed, at the place where Wichita City now stands, which received its name from these Indians being so long encamped there.

After the war was over he returned with these Indians to their old home on the Washita river. Finding his old home entirely desolated and overgrown with brush, Captain Black Beaver made a new farm on the south side of the river, about three fourths of a mile from his former residence, where he was living when I knew him. In the destruction of his old home the Penn parchment so long and so carefully preserved by the Delawares, was burned.

Captain Black Beaver instituted a claim on the Government to indemnify him for his loss. This was supported by the testimony of the officers of the rescued garrison, and after several years delay, he was officially informed that Congress had appropriated twenty thousand dollars to cover his claim; but what became of it he never knew as not one dollar of it ever came to him.

A daughter and a nephew of Captain Black Beaver attended the school at the Wichita Agency during the eight months I was engaged in it. The daughter, Lucy, afterward married a white man by the name of Osborn who was killed in his cornfield during the battle of the Washita river in 1874.