

though all attempts to bring incidents to his memory by which he might be identified, had proved unavailing, it seemed as though a new light had suddenly broken upon him, and not only his name, but several incidents of his early life, were unsealed to his memory, proving his identity beyond a question.

This boy was in the encampment which was surprised by Colonel McKenzie, and with great presence of mind mounted a pony, fled to another camp, gave them notice of the approach of the soldiers, and thus prevented their surprise.

28th. — Kicking Bird and seven other Kiowa chiefs came in and delivered several stolen mules to the agent. Upon the subject of my going among them being explained to them, they all gave an unqualified word of approbation, offering to do all they could for me. Kicking Bird himself said he would take care of me, but his wife having recently died, he could not do as he had said he would do, and he thought I had better not go out to their camp until the chiefs return from Washington. They claim that they intend now to settle down, and not "do bad any more," but travel in the road that Washington makes for them, and until their chiefs come back to teach them Washington's road, they will travel the one their agent makes. Several of the chiefs came round and shook hands with us, saying it felt good to take their agent by the hand again. He told them they might always take him by the hand, by doing right; it was by doing bad, — killing people, stealing mules,

horses, and children, — that prevented their taking his hand. They had killed more than forty persons, stolen a great many mules and horses, this past summer; he had withdrawn his hand, but when they do right he will give it to them again.

11th Month, 14th. — Since my last entry, when not otherwise engaged, I have been constructing, painting, and varnishing, a set of outline maps, for the use of my school, if I live to get one in operation at the Kiowa camps. I have made eight maps, viz., one hemispherical map of the world, North America, South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, United States, and Indian Territory. This afternoon Horseback brought in and delivered up to the agent two more white captive boys, who were duly washed, shorn, and clothed. Their hair hung in mats, which it was impossible to comb out, and was, of course, alive with vermin. They were thinly clad, and were suffering much with cold. After being washed, shorn, and clothed, their appearance was much improved, they looking like smart, intelligent boys.

ADOLPH KOHN,

one of the boys mentioned above, is a German; says he is eleven years of age, speaks German, English, Spanish, and Comanche. He says he has a father, mother, and nine brothers and sisters. He was captured some three years since, near San Antonio, Texas, while taking care of sheep. A few days after, his captors — three Arizona Apaches — traded him to a band of