decided to follow the old man to the beautiful country he had seen. Accordingly upon the opening of the following spring, the whole tribe, with the exception of a few who could not be prevailed upon to receive the reports of the old man, commenced their migrations to the southward, leaving their dogs with their friends who remained in that country. They continued their migration, under the leadership of the old man, until, in process of time, they fell in with a party of Comanches, who made war upon them, but eventually becoming possessed of ponies, they followed their enemies to this land, where they have ever since resided.

1st Month, 6th, 1873.—Yesterday, Black Beard, a Quahada chief, brought in, and delivered up to the agent, three Mexican captive boys, whom they had held in captivity for two years past. These boys are apparently as much pleased with the prospect of their restoration to their friends, who reside near San Antonio, Texas, as any of the other captives; but not being able to converse with them, I could not learn their histories.

This day the agent, interpreter, myself, and two others, set out on our contemplated tour to the camps; but, getting a late start, it was dark when we arrived at the widow Chandler's, on the Little Washita River, whose husband is now a corpse in the house.

7th. — After the burial of J. Chandler, who has been the agent's interpreter for some years, we proceeded to Mahway's camp, by way of the Keechi Hills, a series of rocky mounds, rising abruptly from an undulating