

approaching, they have but one alternative; that is, to agree upon terms by which they can secure their rations and annuities, and, if possible, the liberation of their women and children.

Horseback, though in no wise implicated in the affair, has been among the Quahadas, and persuaded them to give up these boys, and to come in and make peace with the agent; but they, being in mourning for their dead, as well as for their women and children, will not come in at present.

Clinton informs that there are other white boys in captivity among them, but as they were continually watched, they could not speak to each other in English, and he could tell nothing more about them.

This boy was clothed and placed in school, upon his restoration, and kept there until a suitable opportunity occurred, after some weeks, of sending him to his friends.

JOHN VALENTINE MAXIE

is a boy about nine years of age, was brought in with Clinton Smith by Horseback, and delivered to the agent. He had been some years with the Quahada Comanches, had forgotten his name and language, and could remember nothing but the scene of his capture. His account of this, as elicited by the interpreter, was, that his father was killed at the wood-pile, his mother, together with a babe in her arms, were killed, while himself and a little sister were carried away; but his

sister, being unable to walk, was killed that night. He also was clothed and placed in the Agency school. Notices of their restoration were published in the Texas papers, and after about two months the father of this boy came to see him, and found indeed his own son. The real story of his capture, as I learned from his father, was substantially as follows:—

Some three years since, he (the father) was suddenly called to go several miles from home, in the early evening, leaving his father, wife, children, and a neighbor's wife and child, at his home. It appears that his departure was noticed by some Indians lurking near, who soon made an attack upon the old man (grandfather to the boy), who was chopping wood at the door, the children being at play near him. He was killed at once, and the neighbor's child was also killed, upon his attempting to run. The women in the house, hearing the noise and screams of the children, ran to the door, when the mother of our little captive, with a babe in her arms, was shot, and falling in the door, was drawn in by the other woman, and the door closed. The Indians, then, after shooting an arrow through his leg, so that he could not run, seized this boy and his sister, and fled with them. The woman was not killed; but the ball, after passing through the head of her babe, severed the artery in her arm, from which she came near bleeding to death, but is still living, to receive, as from the dead, this her only surviving child. Strange as it may appear, after the child had seen his father,