

he knew that they were far enough advanced to avoid pursuit by the drunken mob, when he left them to look after his train. He stated, at the opening of the council, that he had been seven years in Texas fighting the Indians, and had never before met an Indian in peace.

The Indian chiefs, one by one, came forward, and took him by the hand. Some of them, embracing him, expressed their gratitude and thankfulness for his care, attention, and uniform kindness to their women and children, as well as for bringing them back in safety. One of them told him that he should always respect a white soldier for his sake.

At the conclusion he told the Indians that to-day, for the first time in his life, he had taken the hand of an Indian in friendship; but that, having so taken their hand, he should never expect to meet a Comanche on any other ground; that he should report to the "big war chief" what he had seen and heard to-day, and tell him that the Comanches were enemies no more.

The chiefs said they would hide nothing: there were a few young men — only a few — whose leader killed his father, and all of them outlaws, without father or mother (an expression they use, signifying that they are not connected with any band of the tribe), who were away from the tribe, they knew not where, and did not wish to be held accountable for their deeds. They considered these men enemies to the tribe as well as to everybody else, the same as some white people are, who are continually prowling about, stealing ponies, &c. If any

Comanches brought in horses or mules from Texas, they should be immediately turned over to the agent, in order to be restored to their owners; and they wanted the Texan chiefs to do the same for them when white people steal their ponies and take them into Texas. Then there would be no more occasion for war between them.

After the council, Captain McClermont<sup>mand</sup> informed the agent that he had never before witnessed the practical working of the peace policy, and was a thorough convert to it, as being the only correct way of treating the Indians.

I might here state that the five women who ran away from Fort Concho made their way back to their people in safety, travelling on foot, and swimming rivers, at last arriving at their camps only two days after those brought by Captain McClermont<sup>mand</sup>.

It may be a matter of wonder how they could sustain life for such a length of time; but to one acquainted with their mode of life, and the productions of the plains, there is nothing surprising in this, as an Indian would find a bountiful living among the various roots which abound, where a white man, for the want of knowing them, might starve to death. Moreover, the plains abound with tortoises, which by the Indian are esteemed a delicacy.