

Copied
Fort Wadsworth Co, Mo,
July 9 1860

Dear Brother,

Yours of the 3^d ult by the hands of Nephew Gamble has been received, I was glad to learn that you are still alive and well, and although far apart we are able to talk to each other yet, I was almost as glad to ~~hear~~ hear from you and have your words read to me as if you had been present and I had taken hold of your hand and heard your voice.

The Tobacco and pipe has been received with much joy and let me also inform you that not only myself but hundreds of others enjoyed the Tobacco and pipe with me, I received it by the hands of my Nephew on the morning of the 4th of July which day being set apart for a great barbecue and also the same day was set apart for the Chickasaws to meet in convention to nominate a candidate for Governor, all these put together on that day brought together many white men Chetaws and Chickasaws, and many, many of

if not all enjoyed the Tobacco and
pipe with me on that ^{great} day,

my beloved Brother, I hope we
will see each other again if the great
Spirit above grants us that privilege
some other day, then we can talk
to our satisfaction, I have many
things to say to you which cannot
well be put down on paper, but
I hope to see you again alive and
well.

Tell all enquiring friends, the
Kirkwoods, Roach, Cathers, Hancock,
Grayson, and that little great man the
Chaddo Chief. Tell them all, all
whose names I have not mentioned
but equally as good friends in my
estimation not ^{my} forgetting Lee & Cochran
tell them all that I send them my ^{best} respect
and high regard, tell them that I
am well although much broke down
by troubles and grief of mind, my
feelings towards my friends are
the same, And whenever you
go to the Lodge, ^{or the encampment} and see our friends
& ^{brothers} tell those enquiring Brotherhood that
I am well and hope some day
to meet the Magnanimous Order
and take ^{hold of} their knightly banner by the

My Brother I must now come
to a close, but must request you
to write to me again and often
and let me know how you are
doing.

We have had such little rain
in this part of the Country that all the
Corn crops are cut short, there are
great many that will barely make ~~bread~~
enough for their own use, the prospect
was very good at first but this long
continued drought has ruined a great
many, some who have fields in river
bottoms where the soil retains moist will
make tolerable good crops, but at the same
time nothing like what they expected, those
on the high Prairie and out from the
river bottoms will make about half
a crop and those that planted late
will barely make bread, so it seems
it is a scourge sent upon us, but we
have no reason to complain, he who
command of the rain, the seasons
will it, so, and we ought not complain
but abide the consequences, it may
yet turn out better for us according
to your suggestions. My dear Quaker write
for me so farewell, Your Beloved Brother
To J. P. Pettibone
Edmund Pickens