

I sometimes see my old friend Pijah perhaps however you will not remember him the old Indian who could see my heart, he is getting old, & is afflicted with dimness of sight & a rheumatic affection in his knees, he still remembers me & is always very friendly

I do not remember as I wrote to you that I made him a visit this winter in his lodge he received me with great kindness, he is now here with his brother at the Agency, for rations, which will be to be issued tomorrow. It is a general time of health among the employees & others in this country.

I was sorry to hear that Herman had been sick I hope he is well now, I want very much to see him & Pina, as well as the rest of you I have got a little axe which I got to cut limbs of trees & brush out of the way when travelling, & I think I will bring it home for Herman, when I come — if that should ever be, — & maybe it will — but what shall I bring for Pina I do not know yet I know what I would bring if I could get it — a little doll cradle such as the Indian women make for ornaments to their real cradles. But I must not talk this way yet as it will seem long to all of you (I mean the little ones) before I come, I have not known any news to write & so have written "scraps" which perhaps in the absence of anything better, you will be willing to read.

As with my love to you all & parents on both sides of the house, brothers, sisters & friends, I will close.

Truly thy husband & your father Thomas C. Batley