

though I would not allow my horse (which seemed to enjoy the sport) and could scarcely be restrained therefrom) to follow any buffalo, only to follow in the wake. Soon two spring calves, two cows were stretched on the plains, the choice bits secured and we were on our return, buffalo meat dangling at our horses sides, we arrived at the southernmost mountains against night and again camped on the ground. Our wild pony which one of the men succeeded in larricetting today and partially conquered, escaped in the night and we saw him no more. The following day we arrived at the camp about 3 o'clock P. M. having traveled nearly three days on horseback and not less than 50 miles a day. ~~The following~~ I took two pairs of blankets so that I slept comfortably though on the ground, and under the starry vault of the wide heavens, a broad bed and ~~and~~ large tent.

The Wichita Mountains from the South an S. West present a very bold and striking appearance, more so than from any other direction, and the whole system is embraced in the view from Mt. Scott in the North East to the Salt Mountains in the South West, perhaps 100 miles or more, seen from the grassy plains of the Red River they appear to rise abruptly from the plains and to a greater height than revealed from the north, an indication that the southern plains are on a lower level than those north of the Mounts. The water on this trip was everywhere good and sweet, flowing from mountain springs. No timber but the dead looking muskeet, which resembles a badly injured locust grove in Iowa only not 1/4 as many trees except in the canons of the streams. The mountains are merely piles of granite rocks pile on pile in the utmost jagged confusion, destitute of trees or anything to soften the ragged ruggedness of the rocks.

Kicking Bird, from whom the Comanches had taken several horses before, raised such a commotion that the Comanche Chiefs concluded he meant business so brought back two of them, the two best.

The sky over this land is darkening for a storm. The Cheyennes and Comanches are determined on the War Path. 15 of the Kiowa Chiefs have rejected the proposition to join them. I is in favor of it and the rest ~~xxx~~ I know not their sentiments. Kicking Bird and the chiefs with him yesterday moved in close to the Agency. The supply of rations is nearly exhausted, and I fear that the friendly Indians will be under the necessity of taking to the plains for subsistence.

My health rather improved than otherwise this last trip. I shall go out again the last of this week or the first of next and shall write again first. I shall travel I think no more alone. Big Bow told me yesterday not to do it again as the Comanches would not suffer me to do it much more, however I have not done it without feeling it to be right to do so, and I have been favored to travel unmolested, though 4 young Comanches waylaid Alfred yesterday, took hold of him and his horse, but from some cause while apparently getting ready for rough measures, suddenly left him and went away. I think they wanted to see how easily he could be scared. I will close for the present with unabated love to you all.

T. C. Battey

No 32

5 / 11 / 1874

My Ever Dear and Precious Wife and Children

Again I take up my pen to address you. My health is apparently considerably improved. When I wrote my last I was so tired I scarcely knew how I was, but after resting I have felt better, but not by any means well. If I continue to improve I shall probably remain here until the end of the fiscal year (1st of 7th Mo.) as though I have obtained leave of absence, I have not availed myself of it and ~~ada~~ consequence my salary goes on while I continue in the service.

I received yesterday your letter No. 32 which was mailed only the third day before, No. 29 I have not received and as a mail was lost in the Canadian Ri-