

are afraid of me. They have seen schemes and plots of their laying,- overruled, time and again, even their most daring men failed and turned back in a manner for which they have but one way of accounting, (as they know that I am always without arms) and that's the power of Medicine, but still I believe that all have a deep respect for me, often speak of my wife and children in a tender sympathizing manner, which to my tender heart is very affecting.

The last time I was out, knowing that my health is poor, when the Agency bread gave out, knowing that their own bread was not good for me, they supplied me at each meal with sweet crackers, which must have cost them a dollar a pound, also with canned peaches. I could scarcely bear to eat them knowing that to procure them for me with their little means of trade, they must have denied themselves of much-- much to them- and yet to have refused them would have been the height of imprudence, and have been likely to have given offence. But I endeavor to make up to them for these things. They love to give little things to their friends, and they love to receive gifts. Messengers from friendly tribes seldom visit a camp without making a nice present to the principle chief, and perhaps receiving something of value in return. I have known them to make presents in this way amounting in value to hundreds of dollars. It is their method of manifesting their friendship among themselves. But knowing that the white man does not travel the same road they are not as free in their gifts unless they believe the individual is a Big Chief.

I discover since commencing to write on this page that it is very dirty, which if I had noticed before having written so much it would have been laid aside, as it is I must ask you to excuse me for sending such a sheet. If I were to attempt to write another I should get it so different from this that it would be another letter and probably no better, so I will send it dirt and all trusting Uncle Sam will not charge me double postage.

I often think of many friends and neighbors, if I do not mention their names in my writing to you, but usually I fill my sheet so that many things are crowded out which perhaps I should write, and perhaps I write some things which I ought to not, and if I do not mention some things that thou hast written about it is an oversight, I nearly always think of things after a letter is gone that I ought to have written, but then it is too late, and against I have written again it has passed from my mind. With my tender love to you all farewell.

T. C. Battey

No. 36

6th Mo. 7th, 1874

My Dearly loved and Most Precious Wife and Children:-

I have not been out to camp since my last to you. I received your letter No. 35 a day or two since, and was very glad to hear of your continued health. My health continues to improve, altho my physical strength is not what it was a year ago. Indeed I tremble with very little bodily exercise, but mostly feel pretty well. I weigh only 134 so you may see I am not gaining in flesh, but rather to the contrary, if I am gaining in feeling. My lungs appear to be perfectly sound, only my stomach and perhaps liver that is out of order, and they are in much better condition than for nearly a year past; indeed I am feeling very comfortably in my body, and the events of the past few weeks, and the part I have had to act in them, affords me a comfortable feeling as regards my mind, feeling that I have abundant cause for thankfulness, in that I am not so far cast off as useless by my Heavenly Father but that he has been willing to make use of even me, as a feeble instrument to work out his own plans and purposes. I am not at meeting today on account of an engagement to meet Kicking Bird at the store, as he told me last evening that he wanted to talk with me entirely alone, and away from the Agents, and engaged George Fox,- a young man who speaks Commanche, and in whom he has implicit confidence as interpreter,- to interpret for him.