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To the Kansas Delegation
At Washington City D.C.

Gentlemen.

I have just returned from one of the most unpleasant and almost unprofitable expeditions ever I undertook in my life, which is abundant in incidents as you all well know.

The weather was prohibitive until we nearly reached home, but high water and heavy roads made our worn out teams labor very hard the last hundred and fifty miles. But we are here safe. Our trip became unpleasant from mismanagement, the Commissioners bearing grudges of each other, Col. Krepell backing off finally and the military Col. Taylor overruling; and I must say they very effectually defeated the very beneficent project of the Indian Bureau to assist the different tribes of Indians in Kansas in an exploration of new homes on the Leased Lands. The Commissioners were in every way unfit to perform the duties imposed upon them; or in other words incurred upon themselves, by imposing themselves upon a gracious government.

The old post being a Doctor and an obstinate fool, and the military wagon agent acted with the most consummate imbecility that ever wore pants. The consequence of all these facts we reached the Country of the Leased Lands after a most circuitous route, by the way of Fort

Arbuckle traveling nearly 300 miles out of our way with only just provisions enough to last our stay just two days, to explore a country for a new home. Now just think of it the Government furnished ample means, the sum advanced by the government was \$4,500 $\frac{00}{100}$

Ample enough to take out to that country, two such delegations, giving them ample subsistence and transportation.

The delegates on this expedition was furnished only subsistence. We furnished our own transportation there, and home

The Ottaway delegation received but little attention, one day their baggage was thrown contemptuously thrown out of the wagons. I interfered, after that they had a little more attention, the Commissioner managed the expedition as especially gotten up for the Indians, but more particularly for the white

It cost the government no doubt in my mind, about \$600.00 for each delegate to reach the Leased Land. But when the Commissioner discharged and broke up the delegation at Fort Arbuckle they issued twenty days rations to each delegate of common soldiers rations. I furnished me with forty dollars to buy forage for seven horses and pay per diem home

Now according to the single rule of three, if it cost the government only \$400 in

money and twenty days rations to send each delegate home from Fort Arbuckle, how much ought it to cost the Government to take us down to the Fort Arbuckle or the Leased Lands which is not quite as far.

Now from this you can see a wide discrepancy I make no comments for it needs none

I speak or write this only that you may know the men Russel and Taylor. I fear no consequence the men are incapable of harming any one

The Commissioners then only allowed us just one day and one half to explore the Country in we protested as delegates of our different tribes of returning so soon

Stated to the Commissioner the distances we had traveled which we thought would induce them to stay at least a few days longer. Also that so far we had not seen enough of the Country to make a report upon. But the Commissioners were obdurate. Col Russel stated that he feared no protest and would take all responsibility upon himself and ordered his men to march for home

Both the Commissioners concurred in turning back and this was a singular fact that this was the first time since leaving the City of Lawrence that they agreed upon any one thing.

The old Russel Col. Whiskey gave out. he was dry Fort Arbuckle was a hundred miles in his rear, that was his nearest deposit.

The military Cal Agent was afraid of the old
Lion of the forest as Russel fectionously called
himself sometimes so as to intimidate Taylor
effeminacy so you see the expedition turned upon
a little whisky as a Caddo Chief very aptly
observed, why did the government at Washing-
ton send this old man out here for he is of
no account, might as well send an old
woman, he cannot explore the country like
any younger man, He cannot camp out at any
time, he would die if alone or sick from
camp without some one to wait upon him

One thing I know he can do, he might get
up strong papers, put a heap of things in it,
which will answer the same purpose at
Washington, I suppose, It is a long way from
here and they cannot tell whether they are
false or not, and may be do not care so
some one gets the money for I know white
men do not work for any thing else but money
and do not care much how they get it
you might think strange of this coming from
a wild Caddo Chief, I assure you this is, this
same man offered to loan us fresh horses to
explore with, provided we would wait a
few days, as he had made arrangements to
be away in the meantime, and then he would
proceed with us himself take us from point
to point, so that we could from actual

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Observations be able to see for ourselves the country and its adaptation for a home for our people.

He expressed a great desire that we would ^{actually} remove to this country, and reside among them. But was fearful that if we returned without a better exploration, we would never come, or had some other portion of the country in view.

The principal Comanches expressed the same desire, were very friendly with us after ascertaining the object of our visit to the country. I think they will also make us good neighbors I am sure of this. When we struck, the leased land were on the Washeta River about 40 miles south of the Canadian River, and ~~sixty miles north of the~~ where the eastern boundary line touches the Canadian River and sixty miles north of Red River where the same line touches the Red River. The valley land of the Washeta is in my opinion very fair a muddy soil susceptible of high cultivation if not too dry. No way to irrigate it streams run too low below the level of the bottom lands. But as grazing lands unsurpassed. The finest horse and mule country in the known world. For grapes are of the finest quality, far richer than the finest meadow lands known to civilization. I am only speaking of bottom lands Washeta valley, the up lands are worthless for agricultural purposes, and but partially

covered with grass at any season of the year and entirely destitute of timber, which is only confined to the margin of the river banks, and no where extending out of the second bottom which are invariably small, and no where saw an acre of timber cover an acre of ground. No where but in the mad brain of a madman is there a forest of timber on the Washita River

Building Rocks I saw none but in boulders. The few chimney stacks left at the ruins of the agency buildings examined, and the rock or stone used was broken boulders, a good criterion I should judge as the buildings were up. properly, that they had no good quarry been discovered at convenient distance. This can apply to the first thirty miles of the Washita River