Fort Riley. Ks. Nov. 29th 1866.

My dear Wolcott & Joe.

Peggy has of course informed you of my safe return from my bloodness campaign against the Indians at Czarah, and at the big bend of the Arkansas, covered with glory, buffalo robes red paint and some insects! I was ordered with about 500 of my regiment well armed and mowed to move from Ellsworth, and striking the Big Bend of the Arkansas about 50 miles below, and give the Indian Agents engaged in paying annuities to the Comanches, Apaches, Arrapahoes, Cheyennes, Kiowas and others, such protection as they might need, but by all means not to bring on any collision unless forced to do so. I knew full well that that meant "no fight", but that there is plenty of corn and hay for sale to Uncle Sam's horses and mules at $50 per ton for hay, and $5 per bushel for corn! As I hauled my own corn, and herded and grazed my own animals, my society was too economical for these sons of the West, who released me from further attendance in a couple of days and I dispatched my companies to their several posts, of Lyon