Journal --- 1873.

Cha Tepe "Wolf's Rest"
[Monday,] Feb. 17th

Monday morning! and my first work(?) is to convert some of my MS. [manuscript] paper into a journal! What slaves we to habit. Since finishing my journal of 1872, I have felt as though I had lost something.

We have had quite an influx of visitors from the "far hills of the prairie" in the last few days. Hank Clifford called on the morning of the 14th to say Dick Seymour would be here in the afternoon with a letter from Herbert. He came bewhiskered and hearty, and delivered the letter and some tobacco for Mr. P[almer] from Bert. The latter article was most tenderly wrapped in a piece of blanket & which Dick placed with an air of proud assurance upon my writing table. Of course were glad &c having heard nothing direct from our trappers since their departure on new year's morning!

I have recd. a very pleasant letter from the Ed[itor]. Godey's Lady's Book. Says he will be happy to publish my poem "The Nameless Grave", which poem he is pleased to eulogize very highly.

Monday night.

Mr. L[ewis]. has just left; he brings me a note from Dr. [Carver] saying he (&lELa.) [the Dr.] will be out this week. I am some what surprised as I thought the Doctor already on his way to Chicago.

Would go to bed. I feel so weary, but that I dread the bed at best.

Tuesday night, Feb. 18th

How miserably and utterly tired I feel tonight! I am a very child at times. What would I not give to be petted and cared for, tonight, as I have been! Pshaw!

I grin at Life in bitter glee,
For come what may, am I not free?
Better a silent home, or den
Than -- guess the rest my curious friend!

I have written ten pages to Herbert. What a fine thing it is to have a "literary euss" for correspondent! Say me, for instance. Now I see how easily I can spin out an idea; and then reel off erudite paragraphs with a velocity as amazing as it is senseless, I am afraid.

I went "down the creek" this afternoon; was walking along, lost in meditation about -- bacon and greens, when I heard a rushing in the tall grass! I rushed too, but could not see what it was, until two large turkies stretched their glossy wings in the Sunlight. I shot! Am ashamed to say I "saw the feathers fly", and yet I did; although I run in mad pursuit for an hour or less, yet was as turkieless on my return to the camp as when I started! Mr. L[ewis]. called to day at noon. Why is everybody more anxious about my health than I am? I suppose it is because I know how -----.

Wednesday -- 19th.

I have just returned from a little walk. The day is exquisite! Full of glorious sunshine with no clouds, save those of fleecy whiteness, flecking the "dim far ether" of the "sacred skies"! This is a day for dreaming -- yet I would put dreams forever from me! How the hard, cold realities of Life mock the airy nothingness of beautiful remembrance. Spring is almost here -- how Time is flying and what am I doing? I feel wild with impatience at the thought! Yet am I not foolish? For what is time?

What is Life? Death or Anything to us? We, who at best are but blind grovelers amid the dust and darkness of mortality? I grow weary with the thought! Let me put it away with the rest that should and are wrapped about with Pride's impenetrable mask. When I returned from my stroll I found Mr. _____ sitting at my door reading my journal of '72. I hear "Clifford's Out-fit" got as far as the Fox Creek Ranche last night. Suppose Dick may call this evening. I ought not to loose one moment from my book; but I get brain-troubled, very soon -- bodily weakness I suppose!

Friday morning -- Feb. 21st

I had half decided not to journalize more! What is the use? Yet it seems to be a kind of vague necessity with me.

[Washington L.] McClary came in from the Platte last evening -- he brought me quite a lot of mail; Hank Clifford did also, who called in the morning. Et tu Brute! And yet what does it matter? I did not expect one paper and one letter that I got. Godey's Lady's Book is on time -- with organges and lemons, also a note. D. S[eymour]. came last evening -- and got my letters for "The Lone Trapper" [Paddy Miles].

Every body anticipates Indian trouble. McClary saw about 25 between here and the Post, on his way in. Montie [Clifford] called this morning for my letters -- he will take them to the [McPherson] Station tonight. The "Out-fit" from "Sioux City" is off for the Indian Village. Hank and Dick called. "Inter Nos" has been understood. I believe I am very ill. Every body seems to be sorry, and anxious to pay some little attention in token of solicitude.

Saturday evening -- Feb. 22nd

I cannot bear this weary silence any longer. The wind is blowing a fierce storm, and yet I rather brave its chilling fury

than to remain in here -- in here, with this fire at my brain and pain at my heart ---- O! Mamie! Mamie! I must have rest or my little child I can never do what you are expecting and waiting for.

Sunday morning - Feb. 23rd.

Why cannot we be true philosophers? Why preach what we never practice? Ah! me -- I sniff low trickery in the air! They think to annoy me by this mystery and silence! I shall cheat them of their expectations, however. My haughty silence shall give no room for questions or comment.

Monday morning - Feb. 24th

Snowing this morning! I had a queer dream last night! What a strange power these night-visions possess over our waking hours!

Wednesday morning - Feb. 26th.

Cold - bitter cold, this morning! I look from my window to see hills, canons, valley, stream, all one glittering glacier!

Yesterday I was out nearly all day hunting turkies. I ran and walked until I could scarcely take a step; and those turkies would only keep just before me! Their fresh trail over the Soft snow ever decoying me on and on! I shot at them running, near night -- presume I could have gotten the one I shot at but for two reasons: viz., my inability to go any longer; and the fast coming shadows of night. Mr. L[ewis]. called this morning before I got my den straightened; he came for my letters, as he leaves our Arcadian retreat shortly, to once more mingle in the false glitter of mundane pride!

I have seen something this morning that possessed the pleasing quality of newness -- viz., a sled! It was by oxen and carried two or three half frozen "cow-men". I am "out" a pair of slippers this morning -- Put mine on the stove yesterday to dry and strange to say burned them "past wearing"!

I don't feel very active this morning! That scarlet cloak "did the business" for me yesterday in the way of running game!

Mr. Mc[Clary] and P. say they could see it looking like a bright flame against the glittering snow as far ---- -----

Afternoon.

I was interrupted this morning by the cry at my door of "Turkies! Turkies right out here by the correll!" Darting for my gun, I dashed out without gloves or covering and with the half of a burned slipper on each foot! I fired, cutting the feathers out as we all could see! Then came swift pursuit. We went en masse -- Pa, McClary, Bruster and me!

They went back after my over-shoes, gloves, and cartridge-belt! I wasn't going to stop for any thing, but Mr. Mc insisted! By this time my poor slippers were full of "slosh" snow! I left them to their fate and wore my over-shoes alone! And then such a race -- it tires me to think of it, much less to write of it. We chased my turkey across the creek. McClary helped me over on the ice. Twas rather "ticklish" I thought -- and then -- ad infinitum' I got back about an hour ago with under clothes dripping wet, but with the outer ones thickly iced over, and entirely innocent of any thing like a turkey.

O! I am too tired to do any thing but scrawl in this journal!

What a fool I was to let that letter trouble me in such an absurd manner! I suppose it was because I felt so sick and miserable generally; and because I did not expect such a -- such a --

what shall I call it? A fantasm! Let it all go for what it is worth. Which is not much, I expect! Well

Who minds a storm? I do not care
Whether or not the wind blows fair.
I reckon we'll ride the tide some how
And stick to the hulk if not the prow!

Friday evening - Feb 28th.

The evening is going to rest calmly and brightly. No clouds -- no wind -- and the snow fast melting! The last day of winter! Spring is heralded with the morrow. I am not glad or sorry!

I dream about the "Lone Trapper [Seymour] so much. He will be in soon I know! And then for the "stompping ground" of some sort of game! We are few of "Wolf's Rest" tonight. Mr. Mc, Madame, and I.

Mr. P[almer]. and Bruster have gone to Plum Creek to "poke around" a little.

Mr. Mc went to [John W.] Lockwood's after a book, that I did not intend for him to trouble about going for, and brought back with said book some pleasant news -- viz. [Gwen] Kirkpatric has gone for [John] Bratt's mail and is to be back to night. Think there is a chance for me! If I get a letter from Mamie I shall be quite satisfide.

Put on a pair of new boots yesterday and walked about five miles through the untrodden snow. I was some what "fat-e-gued" on my return. I enjoyed my hunt though! Got on the trail of some turkies again! Its like running after happiness! Had I sat down or went another way they might have walked on to me!

What numberless tiny, queer tracks we see on the snow -- dainty little trails of mice, birds, &c., that makes one think of fairy foot-prints! I was beguiled in to "baby-talk" to some

of these wee foot-prints yesterday. Suppose some people could have over-heard me, would I have still been called cold and haughty, or "Marble Heart"? Ha.

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Wolf's Rest,

Sunday morning - March 2nd

I have finished "Olive Varcoe", a novel by Francis Derrick. Like it very much! Must get it for Mamie some time.

Only three of us here to day: McClary, Madame and I. It is quiet -- I like this stillness. How utterly apart from the world my life is! How long will <u>this</u> last? Not long I suppose -- reckon <u>that</u> is impossible. I don't care one way or the other.

Believe my health is "on the mend"!

Monday morning - March 3rd.

Mr. P. & Bruster got back last evening. Mc, Madame and I went with the dogs and cats, far out on the hills to look for them. As a speck in the "dim distance" we espied that small out-fit! I made tracks in the snow and played with the dogs until they came up to us.

Saw lots of game: elk, deer, buffalo and "sich like". I must go out there and have a hunt!

I had an "adventure" yesterday -- ha! ha! I wonder what "the man I didn't know" thinks"?

Afternoon.

I have commenced my long spoken-of poem -- that which I have made the <u>sine qua non</u> of my book.

Have not the least idea what I'll make of it! Am rather afraid it will be very slow work -- my brain seems sluggish.

Dreamed of Louella last night. Wonder if I'll ever hear of her again! Ah, I wish--but what does it matter?

Wednesday night, March 5th.

I had a letter and an almanac to return to me last night. Strange! That is all I know about the whys and wherefores of the matter.

In the letter I gave that description, which I hope will raise me higher as a graphic delineator: a part of it reads thusly: "alas! he is dimminutive and sandy -- I do not mean dirty -- but light and yellow -- hair, whiskers and all!" Ha! ha!

M------ [Madame?] wants to know why I had "given up" V. What a fancy! I have not given up V, but I am too lazy to look up the letter and decipher the meaning of "444" [KKK or Ku Klux Klan]. Mamie must explain -- my memory of it all is "mystic sweet".

Thursday morning - March 6th.

McClary left this morning for the Station and North P[latte]. I got him to go in for my mail and some medicine. I sent off five or six letters and a mag. Wrote to Mamie. Answered Landerdale's [Lamb?] letter. I suppose he will be back before Sunday! What a time to wait; with nothing to take but this bottle of poison for relief.

I must send to Robert M. DeWitt, Publisher, New York (No. 33 Rose Street, Between Duane and Frankfort Sts.) for some thing to read -- some of Derrick's novels; "Beneath the Wheel", "Mildred's Marriage", or "Riddle-a-Wink". I have read very little from the pen of Braddon. "Leighton Grange" or "Who killed Edith Woodville" -- believe I'll send for that -- price 25 cts. Or "The White Phantom"; or "The Nameless Child". 75 cts.

Thursday night

I have written 13 pages of prose Ms. and 100 lines of

poetry, today! Which is some better than I have been doing here of late. Maybe the mist that has been gathering about my brain is clearing away at last! I had quite began to have some fear for my self -- that I would really prove a humbug or fool after all that has been said and done. But I believe the danger is passed! I've had to take another dose of laudamum tonight! Alas! for such a necessity! But it could not be helped -- I had nothing else!

Friday afternoon, March 7th

The Doctor [Carver] will be gone a month tomorrow. I think he left on Saturday -- the 8th of Feb. This is the longest period by over two weeks, since we met at Ft. McPherson, Mrs. Snell's, and just six month ago today, <u>that we have been apart</u>! Mr. [Dan] Ferguson called today. He came in with forty Indians to the Post, and is now on his way back to the Village.

Saw the "Lone Trapper's" outfit. Well, all three of them, and doing well!

I hear the Indians <u>demand</u> in payment for Whistler's assassination 80 head of horses; three thousand dollars and a year's provision. Every one seems to think they will do murder in retaliation.

I took my rifle and Spot and went way down the creek this afternoon. Saw nothing to shoot. Nothing to be seen in the wood but a few tiny brown birds; and now and then a hawk wheeling in the air. The snow is all melting. Flowers and bees and singing birds will soon be here. There are vines heavy with the star-like bloom of the jessamine clinging about my old home now -- making the soft Southern air sweet with their rich fragrance. But a truce to memory! I am very weary tonight!

Saturday Noon - March 8th.

To my surprise McClary returned this morning. He went to North P. too!

Nothing new. No letter from Mamie. A letter from 3E7 [Jen] and one from [Texas] 3L04 [Jack]. She sent me a present -- very acceptable and very thoughtful. I hear I80&8A [Doctor] is in C-------. I am sorry for 126 [him] -- I think I know the cause! Those who sow the wind must expect to reap the whirl-wind! I am sorry for him! Mr. ------ sends me a pleasant letter! Full of kindly words and wishes. I got a lot of papers. "The Scouts of the Prairie" are still continuing their tour with marked success. They are now in Boston. Or rather were, a short time since.

Sunday evening - March 9th.

I have been writing to-day. Have nearly finished the story of "My Sister". Think it will answer the purpose for which I wish it. No one has been here today, but the "little man of the Medicine". The weather is very mild. Warmer than when we arrived, last year.

Monday - Sun-set - March 10th.

I have just come in from my solitary walk. Went way below "Dick's Dug-out". Saw nothing but two prairie-chickens; killed one of them. Tried my luck at fishing this morning; took two small fish nearly out of the water, but the hook was so small 'twould not hold.

The next "bite" I got rendered me some what wanting in fishing tackle -- it took hook, painted bob, fancy feather and a part of my line! All went, and I was left with only the rod to hold!

I must answer Mr. Godey's letter to night. It should have been done at once but I wanted to see if I could risk an engagement before I wrote -- i.e. if my health would let me hope to be able to engage in any business agreement. There are more letters that must be answered to night. Ah me!

Ye gods of the Mysterious! And does a "Divinity shape our ends, Rough hew them as we may!" Yet

Who'll guess the next turn of the game
That we now play so strange?
Who knows the trump, or winning cards?
The next deal must bring change!
And who can guess, where Fate has sway?
She "stocks" the cards--and we must play!

Tuesday evening - March 11th

Have just got in from a long walk; had a little "skrimage" on my return; afraid I have made a pa-tay slightly sick!

I have raked yards to day; sewed; slept an hour after dinner; broke a piece out of my lamp, and to the astonishment of Madame, waxed in in again [?]; and last but by no means least finished the story of "My Sister". [I h]ave written 14 pages today! I must write letters tonight! My health is much better.

We had an <u>impromphtu</u> visit from an Iowa "sap-head" while madame and I were burning brush! Wish I could r'mem[ber]. what he said! I laughed at the time -- and enjoyed his look -- or rather stare, of wonder as I industriously worked on! My dainty velvet boots covered with dust, and my disordered curls hanging about my shoulders, from beneath a broad-brim hat!

I had a strange dream last night! Dreamed that I was playing cards with Chattie M. and her bro. Jim; I thought Chattie looked fair, red-lipped, and smiling. I thought I held all four aces! Spades were trumphs! I won the game! Poor Chattie! she and Jim are both with the dead! I dream of the dead so much! The other night I dreamed Mr. M----- had given me a fortune -- and as I stooped and kissed him, I awoke!

Cha Tepe, "Wolf's Rest"
Wednesday evening - Mar. 12th

I have just returned from a visit to "Sioux City". The squaws were out fishing; or at least "Montie"s squaw was fishing; and the "California woman" [Nancy Whittle], and the wee-mux-cha were out digging "Indian turnips". "Montie" [Clifford] met me with his usual kindness and without dismounting I went with him to the creek for water, and to hunt up "Julie" [his wife] also; we found her fishing; her two pappooses playing in the road near by; "Montie" got the water and she chattered in Sioux; telling me of her luck, &c., "Montie" interpreting when I could not understand! She returned to the house with me, and here we met Mrs. "Whettly" [Whittle] and the wee-nux-cha! How an Indian can blush! They tried to show me that their intentions were hospitable, but with what blushing embarrassment! They were evidently over-whelmed with the novelty of their visitor; but I soon did away with that sort of thing. Springing from my horse I sat down in their midst -- talked to the baby who fearlessly came to me and sat on my lap; played with the dog; ate wild turnips with the old woman who drew a knife from her belt, and stripped, and cut me dainty pieces; and thus making my self at home I soon put them all at their ease, and in a little time they were all chatting and laughing about me. They criticised me from head to foot without ceremony; looked at

black velvet boots with admiration; called my feet little; in fact seem to think my whole dress wash-ta-lla! I was handsomely dressed in crimson and brown and wore my jaunty cap, with its crimson ribbons and sweeping tassels! I had an eye to "effect" of course; for a person's "get-up" has no little weight with these red children of the plains, as well as the civilized "pale face"! I saw but one white man besides Montie: he was a "bull-whacker", I could hear him long before he came in view.

"Gee-haw! Who-haw, G-- d--- you!" Were the gentle sounds wafted on the soft spring air! The squaws laughed -- repeating with gusto the language of this white civilian!

The California Indian tried to amuse me in every way she could! Got me a letter to read from Salt Lake; it was from a woman of education; and quite entertaining; showed [me] some photos and the tiny pattern of a [bab]y's foot. "I cut it", she said "it me baby foot -- when it dead!" "I go out on the hills" she continued, "where me can look far - far Caller [California?] way! And me cry!" I was touched with this little insight into this poor squaw's inner life! The measure of the tiny baby's foot! It was strangely suggestive to me!

The wee-nux-cha sat on a gunny-sack, petting alternately the bright-eyed pappoose and a little white dog that looked some thing like a prairie-dog and something like a dwarfish cayote! An Indian dog! where did they get the breed of such an odd-looking face? Why are they so utterly unlike our dogs?

I looked at that old, brown squaw with strange fancies making wild pictures in my busy brain! Suppose one could read her life! Must she not watch the changes that the whites have brought to pass with deep wonder? She remembers when these vast plains knew only the brown children of her race! Ah! Life thou art but another name for Change, constant, vast and wonderful Change!

Cha Tepe, "Wolf's Rest", Medicine Creek
Friday - 14th March 1873.

Memories throng thickly today! One year ago and we were at the old home still! Yet busy and excited with the hurry of packing, &c., for at noon we must leave. Every thing almost ready; very little more only to say "good-bye" to sad, familiar faces thronged about us; and to look about the silent rooms that seemed filled with shadowy forms from the graves of the Past. I was resolute that day! I must yield to no feeling of softness for I had taken a heavy responsibility upon [my] delicate shoulders; with no hand to aid; no voice to encourage me, in this hazardous undertaking! Nothing but the pride of an indomitable will! And that proved to be sufficient!

How I see them all as they were that day! Mamie with her dark, quiet face, and the large gray eyes, keen and unfaltering; and undimmed by a single tear! standing near the old post-oak; her long black hair streaming like a somber veil about her slender form as she watched us move away. And the negros, all clustered about her; their dusky faces wet with tears, and their voices choked with grief as with blessings and prayers they too watched us move away! How the calm beauty of that soft spring day fretted my proud heart! I could have stood cloud and storm far better! And, ah! how long will you have to watch and wait -- watch and wait, in vain!

Sunday morning - March 16th

One year ago today and we were speeding on our route westward! Had just left the city of B. What changes since then -- I laugh at the thought! The not ings wherwith I was trying to build on! I don't know of any harm done only the humiliation of the folly that was so soon brought home! And that too ought to have been a benefit! I do not care how the "dark clouds bend" so they bend only

only above my head -- if I injure my self it is nothing; but if I injure others, there comes a [feel]ing that is like no other -- the sting of remorse.

McClary has gone into the Post, Station and Platte. Certainly I will get letters from Mamie! Only madame and I here today -- not another human soul on the ranche. I use the seemingly tantological phrase, human soul, advisedly; for I am not prepared to deny the brute-creation some small portion of that immortality, or spirituality, which man claims as his just perogative! Ma foi! if these dum creatures have not more sould than some of the bipedal, tongue-speaking tribe, then they are indeed soulless!

Noon Monday - March 17th

We had fried eggs for dinner! Less than a year ago a hen on the Medicine would have been a curiosity! When we got our chickens and really saw them scratching among the leaves, how domesticated we felt! And then when we bought three pigs why it was the climax to civilization! Although we slept in tents -- cooked by a camp-fire; and sat about on the grass to eat! When the Cliffords put up a hen-house, what an excitement! I went to see them and scarcely had I entered their "Lodge" when we all started for the hen-house! Those were pleasant days, when every body on the Creek was like one big family! And felt a mutual interest in every thing -- the slightest domestic epoch -- such as the hatching of a hen, an addition of a cat, a new paper of garden seed, or any thing of like importance! From Bratt's ranche [on Curtis Creek] to Stockville [on Medicine Creek] ran this unbroken vein of familiar sympathy!

But things have changed! Our men of the Medicine have been away (what is left of them) all winter, trapping, &c. We hear of

them once or twice in two or three w[eeks]. And instead a lot of cow-men, fresh from Iowa, deserates our woods and hills! Driving away our pleasant dreams by robbing every canon, every hill-side, pocket and nook of the charm of splendid solitude!

Tuesday morning - March 18th

The "Lone Trapper" came driving up yesterday afternoon! Looking in fine health and wild as an Indian! Buckskin and dusky! He says he has been feasting on beaver! That when the "out-fit" was togather that they three would "average a beaver a meal"! Ugh! the very thought runs cold chills down my back-bone! I can live on any food that I have yet had to face in [the] West, but beaver! Bert tells a good joke in connection with this. He says a "greenie" or "sport" from the States wanted to see a beaver. Never had seen one; he was shown a beaver's tail as a part of one! "Why is that the tongue?" exclaimed this Hopeful with mouth agape!

Dick sent me in some books and pictures which I'm glad to get! Taut mienx!

Thursday Night - March 20th

One year ago last night (19th) we arrived at McP[herson] Station!

I don't feel like writing a word in any thing or about any thing! Haven't written a line today

Le Diable! and why is it thus, do you ask?
If a Yankee, you'll "guess" and save me the task;
If a Southerner, why just "reckon" the "how",
While I smile at the curious mood you allow!

Saturday night - March 22nd

The Doctor arrived this evening at Sun-set. I was standing at my little window watching the fading brilliance of the tinted clouds when a passing form darkened the view. I scarcely could recognize in the pale, agitated man before me the ruddy face and wild hilarity of the one that had left me about six weeks ago!

He brings me three letters; 2 from Mamie and one from "Jen". Mamie's last is dated the 8th inst. She writes that she is ill! I fear there is not much rest for me tonight.

Monday - March 31st

The Doctor said "good-bye" this morning. This is the ninth day since his arrival! Quite a party of us went out to Plum Creek on a camp-hunt on Thursday. Took waggon, tent &c., Mr. P[almer]., Dr. C[arver]., Fritcher, Bert and I made or contributed the party!

I was "out of luck" though. Had taken a severe cold the day before starting and by the time I got there, was burning with fever! It did not cool on me 'til next morning, when Pa, Bert and I started back in the waggon (having found no water for the horses) and the Dr. and Fritcher "took the hills". We saw them when they struck a band of elk, about two miles off! They did not get in until near night. The Dr. killed four elk. The wind blew at a fearful rate. Nothing living could stand the <u>divides</u>. We saw one poor owl lying o[n the] buffalo grass -- looking like it deemed "the pure winds of Heaven", bad medicine!

I saw Dick S[eymour] when he "came in" and when he "went out". He brought me a very handsome copy of <u>Beldin, The White Chief</u>. Am very glad to get it; and am pleased to say I am in no way disappointed in my anticipation of its contents! "A feast

of good things" arranged by a deft hand! And what has been the end of this wild lover of the wilderness? Some say an ignoble death by an unknown hand!

I wish I could have met him -- this man whose wild courage and intrepid bravery must awaken admiration in the coldest breast. The Dr. brought me a pretty little book (on the out-side) -- Bill Hickman, Brigham's Destroying Angel. I recoil from the whole thing! Mean vice and brute courage! I cannot even sympathize enough to pity the sufferings pictured therein!

My Indian friends have returned my visit. The Cal. squaw is going "Caller way to me brudder -- where heap Injun!"

I am sorry the Dr. went to day -- this sand or dust-storm is fearful -- the whole earth is darkened. Poor fellow, how he dreaded to start! Ah, me -- how I wish I was "like other people". It makes me heart-sick to think -- poor Mamie! what shall I say to you? She says, "I leave every thing to you, darling Mimma -- you who can make every wrong thing right" -- My poor child! would to God I could make every wrong right! How blind and weak I feel! It is not for [mys]elf that I care ~~-~~ it is for those who trust [me]!

But I came very near having all my ac[hes] and fears ended last Wednesday! I was si[tting] reading by my table when the Doctor accidentally discharged his pistol. The ball just passing my side and entering the wall went on into Madame's room, raising a cloud of dust! The muzzle of the pistol was in about a foot and a half of my face -- I only remember a flash, fog and crash! I suppose I must have fainted as I did not speak.

The Doctor says he cried out "O my God! Baby have I shot you?" and when I did not answer he rushed to the eating-room and called Bert! No one asked what was the matter; they had heard the pistol and one look at the Doctor's white, horror-stricken face told the rest! Ena was killed! Ma says the Doctor passed her door like a shadow -- then Bert -- then Pa, Black, Fritcher

and Oscar! And then she came out, the great horror dawning upon her too, and growing a fearful certainty before she reached my door. And now I remember and raising my head from the table looked half-bewildered on the forms crowded before me! With this first movement Bert sinks into a chair and covering his white face with his hands exclaimed

"My God! I though she was killed!" Ma had fallen down at the door! and mingled with her wild words was the Doctor's voice, laughing a poor, trembling, hysterical laugh, when he sees me stand up and say, "I don't <u>believe</u> I am shot!"

No not shot -- yet very near it, a[nd] every one goes away with faces from w[ith no]t all of the horror gone as they think how very near the truth it had been! And the Doctor looks at me, and seems only half credulous as he says over and over again, "And did I most kill you, little Baby?"

I trust it will be a lesson for him -- he is too careless with fire-arms!

Monday evening.

The shadows of night are stealing about me! Darkly, silently! as I sit alone and looking from my window, watch the clouds of dust whirling in the air and harken to the wild voices of the moaning winds, sweeping, wailing, sighing through the naked trees!

Ah, <u>mon Dieu</u>! will the weary brain ne'er rest? Is there no angel of Peace to calm the troubled waters? Will the thirsty lips ne'er drink at the fountain of some Sweet Rest, when the restless feet wilt cease from wandering, and the fevered brow grow cool and calm in its bosomed shade! Dreams! Dreams! that ever haunt me, as the weary traveler of the desert is haunted by the memory of sheltered Springs and mossy brooks!

Wednesday morning - April 2nd

Herbert left for the Platte this morning! Why have I opened this book? I have nothing to say.

Thursday night - April 3rd.

I do not know if I can shake off this weary listlessness that possesses me long enough to trace a line in my poor journal! But some how I [have] a half wish to try! How very, very weak I feel! As if the struggle to breathe was too much of an effort for my frail body! I took a long walk this afternoon! Saw one turkey and followed it, until I like to have never gotten back!

Yesterday evening I was out hunting ducks! I had crawled about 50 yds. and got under a bluff from where I could shoot, but shoot lying down! I singled out a big English drake and fired! When lo! not 5 feet from me I saw a man Spring up from the grass with an ejaculation of surprise (if not of fright!). I sprang up too, and discovered Oscar, rifle in hand, and a look of unqualified astonishment upon his face!

"Why Mrs. Raymonde! How did you get here!"

"About the way you did -- crawled!" I replied.

"Well -- dang it! when you shot, if I didn't look 'round to see Indians, as you had kept so still like!" I had a good laugh and ended the matter by asking him to bring out my duck, which was lying in water about a foot and a half deep, with a good two feet bottom of unresisting mud!

Saturday noon - April 5th

I have been writing a little, but, ye Gods! what a weary effort! Like some vague incubus! Some deep nightmare sits this gloom, this weakness, this mental as well as physical oppression

upon my life! And no power of will can shake it off! I cannot write -- I cannot think only in a tired, wretched way. The passionate unrest of my nature is all gone [and] in its stead a weary, gloom-imbued hiltes[ ]

Monday Noon - April 7th

Herbert got back from the Platte on Saturday evening. He brought me letters, but none from the South. The Doctor was to have started East Saturday night! I recd. two or three copies of the North Platte Enterprise! Peake it seems is in swimming water once more.

I read with pleasure a very worthy letter from this county to the Enterprise: Ho Hoo is the writer and the purpose of his communication was an appeal for at least some show of justice in behalf of the murdered Chief, Whistler!

Wolf's Rest
[Thursday,] April 10th

One year ago today we moved over here -- from "Raven's Cliff" to "Wolf's Rest". It was not much of a move! All we had to do was to "pull up stakes" and start. We had been on the Medicine just two weeks, and not a shadow of a roof above our heads yet, except the canvas of our tents. I did not confine my self to my teepee however -- Sometimes I would wrap up in my robes and sleep by the campfire; for the nights were chilly; sometimes icy, and I could not keep warm away from the fire! How we all trudged over here into the "brush"; hoping to hide from the sweeping wind-storms. A waggon, driven by Dick brought our tents and trunks, &c., the rest all carrying something -- a beaver, camp-kettle, or rifle, marching along with [ ] while I brought up the rear, a

[fishing] rod on my shoulder, and two little fishes, strung on a willow-switch swinging [in] my hand! I mem. I laid down to rest and they built the camp-fire on my fishes, for which I vainly hunted! I found them the next day -- they were cooked, past eating!

It rained last night -- first time I heard rain patter in seven months! We enjoyed the rain this time last year! I use to go to sleep on a kind of sofa (home-made.ℓ) well wrapped in buffalo robes, all but my face; I would lay, near the fire, watching the shining stars and "mystic moon-light", and listen to the cry of the many night-birds that rang through the wooded bottom; or the howls of the wolves as they held high carnival out on the bluffs, until my weary eyes would close on the wild pictures about me and I would forget all in sleep -- until a gentle patting in my face would recall me to sight and hearing! Some times I would lay serenely quiet -- only blinking a little when an over grown rain drop would splash plump in my open eye! Some times I would draw under my robes and try to sleep, but some how I never could stand to have my head covered! One night the rain done me a foul trick; it puddled in some sink on my robes, and when by some turn I bulged the place, the water quietly found an inlet, and the first thing I knew it had crawled half way up my side! I called out -- telling my condition! "Keep still," returned one, the Lone Trapper I believe, "If you move you'll get cold--just keep still, and you'll warm the water up after a while!"

Mr. [John] King spent Sunday with us; [and] he was charmed (so said) with my "den". [He] says it is the most romantic and picturesque place he ever had the pleasure of seeing -- &c., &c. Ha! ha!

How ill and miserable I've been here of late! The "Lone Trapper" has gone to carry some "hair-pipe" to the Indian village! The Indians have been getting up quite a number of horse-excitements!

Ran off Seven head of the Gov[ernment]. herd! Tried it again -- one Indian killed and two pack mules captured!

They say I must not go out into the bluffs -- that there is a chance for me to run onto Indians any day! Don't see how I am to live without I do Scout around a little.

Seven white men killed on the Loupe, I hear! Looks like we are going to have lively times this Spring!

I sent off a 5L&&LA [letter] to 3L17 [Jean], and a letter to I80 [Doc] by Mr. K[ing]. Have written to Godey, and to "8uA S1LL9-617" [our sheep-man] [Mr. Lewis]!

Twilight - Friday - 11th April.

How silently the shadows of night are gathering! Wolf's Rest seems hushed with the very spirit of quiet! Mamie! Sister! my sould and heart and prayer are with you this evening! I had so hoped to hear from you by [John] King! He came at noon -- but no letter! nothing!

I must make up my mind to wait, calmly! This anxious impatience will wear away my life!

[Easter] Sunday noon - April 13th

I have just got in from a long tramp on [the] hills. Shot at a black-tail deer! [I would have killed it I expect, but my gun [would not] fire at first, and before I could get in a cartridge [ ] my deer was at a pretty [far distance].

"Long Man" called [while I was out! The Clifford out-fit [came in] today. Wish I was living out on [the prairie.] It is splendid! If I [were not a] woman I would get me a tent and [I would] live alone! As it [ ]ly knows how I will fix matters!

Monday morning - April 14th

Havens! how long will this storm [Easter Blizzard of 1873]

last? Since noon yesterday the wind has been sweeping down upon us without any abatement, and bringing with it snow, rain, hail and sleet!

Herbert has just gotten in---

Evening,

and still the storm rages. Ma foi! what a struggle it is to live out these weary, weary hours! I fight ennui as I would the Devil! Sometimes I feel that this incubus of weakness and solitude is more than I can bear! How often do I ask myself if I can bear! How often do I ask myself if I am really but a play thing of destiny, or do I walk unfettered? Yet unworthy the thought! How much better, if not wiser, the humble, unreasoning faith that tells us this is God, and tells no more! A Divine wisdom that "out of very faithfulness causes us to be troubled".

Thursday - April 18th.

All traces of the late storm departed with yesterday! The sun came out bright and warm, and the flies droned and buzzed in balmy air as though they at last felt ass[ured] of Spring! I had quite a [lot] of visitors on [ ] four young squaws (all for sale!) sp[ent morning] and noon with me. Much to th[ ] painted their faces -- red, blue, and [ ] fantastic lines and crosses! But to m[y surprise th]ey sequaled the performance by asking [ ]ly(?) my face in a like manner. [ ]ring my character as hostess I con[ ] curiously contribute to the enter[tainment of] my dusky guest! Their admiration was a enthusiastic as unreserved, so of course I felt repaid!

Long Man came in the afternoon to say he had killed a buffalo out in the bluffs and to get the waggon to pack it in. He gravely drew the tongue from his belt and gave it to me -- which dainty morsel I shall roast in my stove for private consumption!

Bert, Dick and McClary are all three trapping up the Medicine! D. brought me a fine, painted robe from the village.

Monday night - April 28th '73

Sunday noon - May 4th

A week lacking one day, since I wrote my last date! And nearly three weeks since I attempted any account of my self, or any one else! My health has been wretched, and as a consequence my memory is a little unfaithful to quite a number of occurences which have taken place, and which I'd rather , would have some mention where dates would not rub out!

First I've had a long letter from M[amie] [with] no bad news -- which I answered on the [ ] April -- enclosing a letter to Mrs. M. [ ] Strange to say the letter I wrote to la170827 [Arancoin?] was returned [ ] 6LaL [mere] which [ ] the 27th. [ ] answered - same [ ] remained a day or so [ ] to look him up I believe [ ] Platte seem to feel quite [ ] and Wilk [Snell] had remained [ ] Got a paper or so from [ ] will be quite a town ere [long.]

Mr. Bratt called on Monday [ ] he took my letters in on Tuesday [ ] the evening of said day Mr. [King came] and not strange to say a Storm [came of] Snow, rain, sleet, and O! such [ ] beating blinding wind; which [ ] down upon us until Thursday night [ ] indeed! that made my den some[thing of a] bog-hole; a bog-hole of some res[ ] of course, but still a bog-hole! [ ] roof dripped all over my romantic carpet and furs, and we dodged first a little [ ] of mud -- or now a ball of damp clay -- ay [we] dodged and talked; while I made ghastly attempts at a sort of desperate cheerfulness, while merciless

rheumatic pains were drawing my neck and stiffning my legs! But the Storm passed, as all things early must. Mr. K[ing] left us on Friday morning, with sunshine in his path -- I mean the sunshine of a cloudless day! And although the memory of last week is altogather "Stormy", and I have been quite ill with [rhue]matism, I have succeeded in getting my [den] to look some what "as of old", and [ ] Lots of cattle [ ] into the Medicine [ ] "Lone Trapper" [ ] left Seymour [ ] traps. They will [ ] of this week with the[ ]ing in earnest! I [ ] two boxes, planted with [ ] I've killed some ducks -- [ ] except antelope on the hills. [ ] I80 [Doc] on the 22nd ult. , have [ ] nor do I intend to.

[ ] fancy calico shirt for [ ]as-ka the other day -- he [ ] to dress a cha-paa skin for [=] talk to them quite a deal now. [ ] laughable things "said and did". [ ] me lots of news about people and [ ]er health is better, and she speaks [ ] But the time for me to go back seems [ ]ng, to her, I know!