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ENA'S DIARY -- JULY 1872

Tepe Chees Cheela
/Monday,/ July 1st

Because of my ill feelings and lots of company I have neglected my poor journal. What shall I say first? Who has been here? how and when? Pshaw! I can't think--yet I must hurry for 'tis so late--the night is more than half spent now.

"Dashing Charlie" /Emmett/ (so-called) has spent the night with us. Mr. Weyman also. Ah--psaw! I can't remember. But I do mem. that I've had a tramp on horse back with Bert and George way up the Medicine--caught a gopher, or what I should call a ground-squirrel, on the prairie. Carried it eight miles and then let it get away. Twas a pretty little thing! "Like to" have seen a "Swift"--which is some sort of evanescent quadruped which Bert termed "like a flash of sunlight" and as a consequence I looked up in the heavens for the "flash" and thus missed seeing the "Swift."

We put up a claim-post -- shot pistols -- eat green grapes -- declared our selves "lords of all we surveyed" -- dared the hills to dispute it -- and then, well pleased with a proud knowledge of the courage we had so gallantly displayed, we turned our faces toward the haven of rest known not widely but so well, as Wolf's Rest. Oh! I saw a beaver dam up the creek also. Lots of people are going to settle up there -- i.e. cattle men.

Ft. McPherson
/Tuesday,/ July 9th

We of the Medicine came in here the day before "the fourth". They, Bert and G/eorge/. & J/ohn/. /Fritcher/ returned on yesterday.

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I am to remain here until I find some change in my health. Mrs. S[nell]. has not moved yet but will shortly, then I can be more private. Her daughter is to be at home next week. Fancy, I may like her. I rode in! We just rushed through. I really enjoyed the ride ill as I was. Mr. L[ewis]. thought it was little less than madness. Ha! ha! Wonder how my pet wild-cat is thriving. Hope some of them will hunt rabbits as industriously for it as its poetical mistress did! Went to see the horse-race fourth of July's eve. The pony I bet on beat! Washta! Some wished me to go to North Platte on the fourth--but some how and for several reasons I could not "see it." Have met "Texas Jack"--looks quite as handsome as ever. Dick S[eymour]. was in also. I was glad to see him looking well ----- I am interrupted!

Lieut. M[iller]. has been chatting with me for the past half hour -- he says I am looking very ill, and I know I feel so! I am too miserable to write!

Wednesday -- July 10th

I am still wretchedly unwell -- but I have not given up. Went to ride with T[exas].J[ack]. this afternoon--had a good ride of it only my Injine pony, Falcon, got de mal en pis, and I don't know if I can ride him again, tho' I have made an engagement to ride tomorrow afternoon.

I've spent one night with Mrs. Cody--she took me in out of charity because I have to get up early over here, with the promise that I might sleep just so late as I pleased. But I did not sleep late--I was delirious all night -- talked or rather raved in my usual crazy style. Hope I said nothing mal a propos, as Mr. Omo-hundro slept in the adjoining room. Mrs. Cody is quite kind and pleasant in her manner. She has two charming little children. Kit Carson, the boy, is a handsome, precocious little fellow--not more than three years old, or rather not three years -- and just as keen as the little rascal can be! He gives promise of a future!

Thursday -- July 11th

I was so ill this morning I just could force my self out of bed! The steam and odor of the stove and cooking seems to suffocate me, but of course I will not remain in the officer's dining room while they are at the table, altho' when I've chanced to meet them I find them very courteous. Never mind we will get moved before long. I get out of the house just as often as possible.

At noon I was over to Mrs. Cody's; and I saw a wind-storm for the first time. Such clouds of dust whurring and rushing like mad everywhere! After it, we had a rain, which while it rendered every thing very muddy, still did away with the dust, and made riding possible. Mr. "Texas" had quite a time lassoing my little rascal of a pony! We found it pleasant after getting out on the prairie -- no mud -- and my (I mean our!) Western Hero made himself just as pleasant as possible -- delicate, yet kind and manly in his attentions to my poor, tiny, forlorn little self! In short almost every body is just as kind to me as can be. Mrs. Snell is just as good to me as possible. So is Mr. Snell--and Wilkins and I get on famously--sometimes he humours my whims and sometimes teases me to the very extent of my amiable(?) temper!

I must not ride Falcon again; Mr. Omohundro says it is dangerous and I should not attempt it. Bert told me as much before! I wonder if I care any thing for my neck? Some people always seem to think I should. Ha! ha!

Ft. McP., Friday -- July 12th

I have not been able to stand up at all today. Every nerve in my body is unstrung utterly! I've had chill and then burning fever -- and oh! what a crush and rush of people, and I in the midst of it all! Texas Jack rec^d. a telegram this morning which takes him a hundred or two miles from here. He is appointed [trail]

agent for the Pawnee Indians [on their summer buffalo hunt]; will have about three thousand under his charge, I believe. He came to bid me good-by at noon. Looked fine with all his hunting accoutrements about him and mounted on a good horse!

Mrs. Snell threw an old shoe and the broom after his retreating form! The broom turned toward the house, so of course he'll come back all right! We all laughed and had a noisy time of it.

The broom and shoe business was in fine keeping with the chivalrie appearance of our hero. That made the fun. Mrs. Snell is one woman among a thousand! Got more Soul in her than half the smiling misses you meet! Ah! what is more insipid than these Sweet Sentimentalisms -- These "mere white curds of asses' milk"! That -- bah!

I am too ill and cross to write. Dick Seymour has been here all day -- would like to talk to him about that writing business but don't feel able.

Ft. McPherson

Sunday -- July 21st

I have kept no account of "time, place or people" for a week or over; so journal you must come in for your share of neglect with the rest of the world. One palpable fact is mine though, by every right of sense and feeling--We have moved! I have a large pleasant room all to my self now, but have been so ill that I have not enjoyed my freedom as much as I shall before long -- for I intend to get well shortly! If I had not been so well cared for by Mrs. Snell and her family, I should have died. The only trouble is Mr. Wilkins takes me to ride, sometimes, and most beautifully over-does the business by going too far and riding too fast. Now I am a very moderate ridest, and never want

to go over full speed at any time! But I don't mind that, for he is almost as good to me as Mamie [Timmons] used to be -- helps me take the apothocary's drugs by tasting before I drink just like dear old Mamie used to do!

George D[illard]. is in! He says the "Medicine" misses the presence of a divinity or its divinity! He looks well, of course! He brought me in a most absurd letter from Bert--full of all sorts of nonsense and fun. B. says G. has not swept around their tent since I left! It is quite a joke on Mr. George. I read just such a letter from Bert a few days ago, only it was accompanied by the corpse of my wild-cat. Poor Brute! it died a most ignoble death -- chained in a barrel, and then choked and smothered out of the world. I suppose the men that had my pet in charge got a little afraid of it and concluded to put themselves out of harm's way! Well, Twas a handsome, fierce looking creature and I'm sorry they did not keep it at Wolf's Rest until my return, [even] if it did catch a chicken now and then!

Night, and a continuation of
the above

"Weary and worn

Tired and torn" and such a ride as we, Mrs. Snell, Mr. Wilk and I, have had! I suppose we have ridden sixteen or eighteen miles on the dead stretch, almost. I feel a little uncertain but what does it matter since I have enjoyed to my heart's content, a natural scenery of such grand, imposing and bright beauty that my life grew pained with a sense of its own insignificance as I gazed on the broad expanse that lay, calm and perfect as a picture, before me! I shall not attempt a description. Have neither the time nor the words; but will suffice the matter by saying that we climbed to a high peak on the far hills, from where we gained a

view that swept the Platte valley for miles. It looked as smooth and as green as an "emerald sward", while the river winds about it as a broad belt of silver -- brilliant with the shimmer and sheen of a gorgeous inset! And the hills--far back and looming grandly, they wore a beauty that stirs the very depths of my spirit -- a charm that appeals to my soul as nothing else can; grand in their own unsoftened sternness while Nature wantoned, in all the charm and change of summer -- beauty, at their very feet; their darkling pockets, and yawning canons rife with a wierd wildness that gathers about the haunted mind in an almost fearful fascination! Ah! I think I shall love this wild new world! I wonder if the passion of its spell will be strong enough to chain my restless Spirit? Quien pregunta, no yerra, but what boots it, when Heaven, nor Hell, nor Earth, shall answer?

Wednesday -- July 24th

I was introduced to "Buffalo Bill" on yesterday. He has just returned from a scouting expedition--been away for six or weeks I believe.

I, very unexpectedly, received a call from Texas Jack, evening before last, I believe it was. He remained in but a short time; had a few Pawnees with him. I do not think them as fine looking, not so erect as the Sioux; but they say they are better "braves" than the latter. When asking one of the Pawnees if he was not afraid to venture so far on the hunting ground of the Sioux, it was fine to see the expression of unutterable scorn that lighted up for a moment, the stolidity of his face; then instantly relapsing into the grim Stoic, he quietly crossed his throat, giving the sign of the Sioux, and said they were "heap squaws".

Mr. Omohundro said the Indians were in fine spirits; plenty of buffalo, and the papposes all fat.

Friday -- July 26th

Miss Snell is expected home every day. George Dillard has been in a quandry about going to the "Medicine." Report says they have had a "flood", that Wolf's Rest has been from two to four feet under water! Mr. Lewis is some what anxious about his sheep. Bert has them in charge now. I hope nothing very serious will take place. Mr. L.____ is my very good friend, I believe; at least, he has given me every reason to think well and kindly of him; which I certainly do and shall continue to do until he gives me reason to change.

I feel a little anxious about "Wolf's Rest" or rather what it contains of myself.

Mr. Cody has invited me to shoot with him; says he hears I am a good shot, etc. But I don't know about shooting again. Pshaw! What is the use to notice the gab of the fools that over run this good world of ours? When I shot with Texas Jack (it was not a shooting-match) and acquitted myself with decided credit, there was such a fuss made over it, that I thought I would not shoot again while in here; not because I think any sensible person could attach the least possible blame to it; but because these people, or some of them, may misconstrue my intentions and think I am trying to make my self famous as a shootest. I scorn any thing like an egotistical display! I shoot because I love it; because I know I am a good shot; and because it is my pleasure! I am no stickler for praise. Never stoop to the currying of favors!

Saturday -- July 27th

The daughter of my hostess has made her arrival; the son also -- Mr. James -- a young brother of Mr. Wilkens.

Talk about my being a "mere shadow", why Mary Snell is but the photograph of a shadow! She is not so small as I am, but thinner. When I say she is a good, amiable girl, I think I have

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found the right words to describe her. -- We will get on together all right, I imagine, but not because we are any thing alike.

George D_____ has left. -- Ha. -- but I've no more time for writing tonight.

Wednesday - 31st July---

I shall pass over the occurances of the last few days without notice; They chronical nothing worth writing that I can remember.

O! Mr. J. W. W. leaves for the South, shortly. Well, nous verrous!