

ENA'S DIARY -- SEPTEMBER 1872

McPherson -- Sunday, Sept. 1st

September steals in upon us with charming softness -- not a cloud upon the calm splendor of her gentle brow, yet with a tinge of sadness clinging about her still beauty, as tho' in tender regret for the dead summer just laid to sleep beneath the sear grasses and paling flowers that so late decked with passion richness her senuous breast!

September 1

Thou art a month of many memories! And yet it is best that they should not throng upon my heart -- or brain, which is it? Just now, for \_\_\_\_\_

Our bed suffered a collapse last night -- Marie did the business, which considering her size is not to be considered at ----

Monday - Sept. 2nd

I was very ill last night -- ate something that did not agree with me. I presume I feel wretchedly today. -- head-ache, and a most doleful realization of Life in General! "Buffalo Bill" starts out for a hunt today -- I see him dashing around first one place and then another. Goes on the Loupe -- this is a "Government" outfit. Heard from Mrs. Steart of New York this morning. Got a fine lot of samples. Shall send on immediately for two or three suits. I weighed 108 lbs. yesterday at noon. Don't think I'd make over 100 now!

Tuesday - Sept. 3rd

Have written to A. T. Stewart & Co., New York; Dr. F. C. Clark, Council Bluffs; Mrs. Smith (Milliner) Omaha; E. C. Allen & Co., Maine;

Col Wm. Henry, Sav'h; and dear little Mame. Sent the whole company of letters off this morning. Hurrah! for me. -- I am better today -- but not doing much after all! I want to get at some thing! O goddess of unrivalled Dullness! wherefore art thou so insatiable. It seems as though thou wouldst have long ere this gorged sick of thine own stupidity and yet, "Such is Life!"

The fevered dreams or useless frets  
Makes up the sum of living;  
And then the wayward Life-star sets  
And we end all by dying! --

Ha! ha! The spirit of poetry is mine yet; since I can make such impromptu verse as the above! Such a theme too. -- Life! Why it would stir with passionate yearnings the breast of an Anchorite!

What a strange thing is music! I have heard that air the Band is playing now before! But where? It steals back as some forgotten dream, and with it the perfume of magnolia blooms and orange bowers! Back - far back into the mystic shadows of a voiceless past those low sad strains are stealing! And I? where have I wandered? The soft winds of the far south again fan my burning brow, and the beautiful Southern city of S\_\_\_\_\_ /Savannah?/ seems hushed beneath a spell of holy rest! And I? The glittering halls, threaded with light and eager steps -- the strange solitude of moon-lit streets, and then hushed moments of delight beneath the softened splendor of an hundred lamps! The voluptuous softness of an Italian opera thrills my haughty heart as I turn from the dark eager face bending above me, to drink my soul full of its richness! Turn with proud listlessness from burning eyes and parted lips, that I may forget while listening to those deep strains of passion. music, the falseness of Life and the mockery of the all

that makes it -- its hopes -- its joys -- its love and trust! Forget -- ah! no, for even then -- even now I listen to sounds more sad than the wailing sweetness that deepest music yields! Listen to sounds that wrap about the soul a spell of strangest quiet -- a quiet, not born of rest, out rife with nameless strength and that still coldness some might name despair!

McPherson - Wednesday - Sept. 4th

Mr. Lewis arrived from the Medicine last evening! He is in fine spirits, having killed a Buffalo! All are well at Raven's Cliff and nothing of importance on hand.

Thursday - Sept. 5th

"It never rains but what it pours," is a trite but sometimes very true adage. The Mediciomans are in, en masse! Dick S... has been quite ill. I have never seen him look as he does now. Mr. George and Jack remain unchanged.

I did not sleep any last night. -- Weighed 106 lbs. today.

Ex amibus assinum! Who would have thought of that idea in connection? Not I, certainly -- I shall change the matter.

Friday -- Sept. 6th

I have been doing nothing to day, and feel dissatisfied with my self.

I sewed Mr. L\_\_\_\_'s mosquito-bar; talked with Dick and played euchre with Col. B/eard/. -- and putting in "fixing up" the bed rooms and washing a dish or two I have done nothing else.

Ena - Sept 1872 - 4

Wilk was in last night from the hay-making. He and George and Mary and I sat up until about 1 or 2 o'clock "telling fortunes" playing cards and eating water-mellons. Of course I objected to such dissipations -- but evil association corrupt -- Etc.

Saturday - Sept 7th

I do wish I could keep a journal of the many rich things I see and hear in this great wild splendid West! Ha! ha! Don't we see and hear Life in almost its every phase! Wanderers of every kind; and waifs from every shore meeting and passing away from each other as the waves meet and pass upon a troubled Sea! I like it! This constant change -- there is no chance for provincial stagnation.

Monday - Sept. 9th

Well! I thought today was the 10th But, it is not! Ha! ha!

"The minds of mortals in perverseness strong Imbibes with dire docility, the wrong.

Well, I slighted my journal on Sunday and why not? Who needs to ask but those that were not here?

Sunday afternoon, Mr. "James" from North Platte arrived with a young Dr. /William Frank Carver/ from the East; the Rev. Mr. Hock, a cousin of the family's was already in our midst; Bert came in from the Medicine; George and Dick were already here, and when Mr. Snell, Wilk, and Mr. Lewis came in from haying the "business" was complete! No, I am mistaken, we must not forget our "Texas invalid," or "cow man" -- i.e. Col. Beard, and a most genial companion we have found him to be for the last week or so.

Sunday afternoon we all -- i.e. Bert and George, Mary and I in a wagon; James Snell, the Doctor and Curt in a buggy; and Wilk on horse back -- went to see a prairie-dog town! We went at half-speed or better all the way. Shot about 200 rounds; The Dr. doing the most of the business of shooting if not killing; got Buffalo-berries and grapes after which we started back at the same "rattling" rate we had come. Saw a wolf -- Wilk gave it chase -- had a fine run; but at the sad expense of a fine murschamm /pipe/ -- a loss most sincerely deplored by three of us at least.

"Our Col." /Beard/ and the Rev. Mr. Hock Took their departure from our midst today at noon. We all parted with mutual good wishes I believe.

Would like to meet the Col. again. Think him a fine, jolly, whole-souled fellow! I was showing him some samples of dresses, etc., from New York, he looked at one or two and then throwing them down exclaimed: "Ugh! what would I do such business as that for? Why Mrs. Raymonde anything smaller than a Texas' yearling can't attract my attention!" His style of expression is as inimitable as it is humorous which made the thing a good "get off," I thought. We did not know he was married at first; he told a good joke in connection with the fact. It seems that the Col. was having quite a fine time in Kansas, on one occasion, with a number of young ladies; going to balls, theatres, etc. with them, when he chanced upon the subject of his marriage. Of course they were all surprise and then there was an out cry en masse, with the very natural question "Col. why did you not tell us that you were a married man, before?" to which the Col. blandly replies, "Young ladies I didn't know you were going to fall in love with me or I would have told you!"

Ena - Sept 1872 - 6

These things sound tame and without pith when written, but I was amused, vastly, at the time.

Tuesday - Sept. 10th

What for today? O! I don't know. Let me see: Marie /Mary/ and I were down to "Buffalo Bill's."

The hero and his charming family quite well. Mr. Cody told M. and I some delightful news! Ah! me, I must mem.!

"There is a lust in man no power can tame;  
Of loudly publishing his neighbor's shame;  
On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,  
While virtuous actions are but born to die.

Ft. McPherson - /Wednesday,/ Sept. 11th

What a day of utter newness, so far as employment goes! Mary and I were taken this morning with a fit for fixing. We did lots in the way of a change. Scrubed a room, that never had that attention before -- being used for trumpery since the beginning of its creation -- some eight or nine years since; and then we tore down beds -- put them up -- swept -- dusted, and "such like" until we were faged within an inch of our long slim lives! O! I will get to be a domestic woman if I keep on with my dish-washing; sweeping; bed-making; house-scrubing; ironing, etc. etc. Quite a "cart-horse" in time! And I am getting well at it too! Dick weighed us day before yesterday. Mary went 99 lbs and I 105. I am loosing a little -- why? Who dares to ask?

Got a note from Bert just now. A Mr. Hase brought it in from Raven's Cliff. Bert writes that Mr. H\_\_\_ desires to be introduced. I am now awaiting that pleasure! The North Platte artist, Mr. Hendrik, is here. I shall try once more for a true picture of my self.

Ena - Sept 1872 - 7

McPherson - /Thursday,/ Sept. 12th

Mrs. Snell, Mr. Lewis, Mary and I had a wild-geese chase after plumes this afternoon. Went about seven miles up Walker's canon! I drove. -- Mr. Lewis yielded to my whim, and let me drive his "fancy tram". I did drive; but we did not get back until long past noon, and "nary plum" rewarded us for our trouble.

Ft. McPherson, or rather its denizens are crowding around one "bright particular star" -- viz. an educated pig; The gloaming is only here, yet already I see a long line of blue-coats, and "soap-suds-slingers" crowding wildly on.

How tired I feel tonight! Bert and Carter Jr. have just arrived. They are on a cow hunt. Bert says he saw a beautiful elk today. Wish I could see a band of elk. It must be a fine sight -- the elk is such a noble looking animal.

Heavens! how the time is slipping away! And what am I doing? What am I doing in furtherance of my life's one object? Nothing -- worse than nothing. Ah! my little poem -- "Be True" is accepted by Allen & Co. But they took so long to get around to it that I wrote again and sent that splendid poem of mine, "Alone". I am sorry now that I did; but I had concluded that my first letter, poetry and all, was lost.

McPherson, Firday - Sept. 13th

Bert & Carter left before good day -- No man around the house today; but they will make up for it tomorrow and Sunday.

"And still them come!" is the watch-word every Saturday and Sunday.

Dick S. was in for a few moments this morning -- His luck for

yesterday seems to have been good as a hunter, but he was so unfortunate as to try to extract a ram-rod with his teeth and strange to say found that his teeth gave away before he could crush the iron of the rod.

The "People's Literary Companion" arrived this morning and with it my little poem "Be True". I have only a part of my initials to head it. "A. P. R I am in a quandary as to how I shall arrange the style of my signature. I am vacillating between Annie Palmer Raymonde; Annie P. Raymonde; A. P. Raymonde; A. E. P. Raymonde or A. Ena P. Raymonde. Don't know how I shall decide; or who I shall get to decide for me.

I heard something this morning that amused while it could not but disgust! Poor human nature! Argus eyed, thou standest, ever watching to see from whom thou canst steal some bauble of this life to adorn thy silly self -- and if thou failest to grasp thy neighbor's treasures, then woe to the one more lucky than thou -- the venom of thy wounded vanity must find vent!

I make no pretensions -- profess no creed, yet ministers and angels of grace! defend me, I do believe I have no meanness about me -- that I am free from selfish vanity, envy or any feeling, akin to envy! I know I am proud, and that I can hate as well as love; I know I am suspicious, and when decied or disappointed in a person, stern an unforgiving to the death, but I wish to drag no one down, if they be higher than I to a level with my self; much less attempt to hurt or retard any effort that a fellow creature might make to raise from a fallen state!

How kind the world is! And its Christans, take~~d~~ them as a class, what a magnaminous set they are! So self-sacrificing (!!!) in their noble efforts in behalf of "fallen humanity!"



What a praiseful experience some of us might give as regards what we have seen and felt in all this sort of thing. -- Well

"Sworn to no master, of no sect am I;  
As drives the storm, at any door I knock,  
And house with Montaique now, and now with Locke."

Ah, washta! I like that!

They say it is not good to live alone -- I don't know! I know my existence is not exactly Heaven, and yet I might make for my self the firy antipode of that mythical abode!

McPherson - Friday - Sept. 14th

I HAVE BEEN TO NORTH PLATTE!!!

McPherson - Sunday - Sept. 15th

I feel this morning as though I had been beaten by some lusty arm that-----

Ft. McPherson - Tuesday -  
Sept. 17th

My Sunday's jotting has rather an abrupt terminous.

Ft. McPherson - Friday -  
Sept. 20th

What shall I say? Who knows? I don't! Ah! I am to lazy to write today I have learned to sew on the machine! Washta! I can just sew at a rattling rate. Beat "Abbie" at it my second day.

Mr. Lewis took Mrs. Snell and I up to North Platte on Saturday.

I was introduced to quite a number during my brief sojourn of our day.

Mr. /T. J./ Foley, Mr. Peak, Dr. /Frederick N./ Dick and others to many to mention, were among the number of pleasan<sup>t</sup> and elegant gentlemen I met!

Ena - Sept 1872 - 10

Met Dr. Carver and Mr. Jammie of course. And by the by, the former gentleman is with us now.

Arrived yesterday -- Length of stay, uncertain! Mary and I have found his company highly pleasant!

Ft. McPherson, /Sunday,/ Sept 29th

Eight days of unbroken silence for my poor journal! Why has it been thus? Is it that memory has had enough to do in making her records

"Great wit to madness sure is near allied  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

I wonder if I can find any condilation in the reflection of that fact? Ha! ha!