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END'S DIARY -- OCTOBER 1872

/Fort McPherson,
/Wednesday, / Oct. 2nd

I will have to take quite a stride to catch up -- with who or what? My self or the world? -----

Wednesday, Sept. 26, 1872 /?/

Nous Verrons /We ^{shall see} /, (Qy) /Qui, whom/ Do we not already know?

Wednesday - Oct. 2nd 72
Night

I have been thinking over the above. L'imagination galope, le jugement ne va que le pas! /The imaginations gallopes, the reason takes only a step?/

Friday - Oct 4th '72

Mary and I were up to Mr. Hendrick's "Picture Gallery" on yesterday. Went up with /Michael?/ ● "Coleman" in the mail waggon.

We dined with Miss /Elizabeth/ Burke; after which our youthful hostess brought us down to the gallery, where we were all pictured.

My pictures are better -- i.e. true -- than any I have ever had taken. Had two tin-types and one doz. photographs, taken.

I had been up there once before but made no attempt for pictures.

Texas Jack was with me. We were riding and we stoped for his shadow because of his anticipated departure the next day. I saw the photos yesterday. I got one of them to color; must get one of Cody's also and color them both up finely.

I sent for a box of water-colors yesterday. I like to color; it is such delicate, elegant work.

I have discovered the very pleasant fact that the eight letters I sent off about five weeks /ago/ never left this office, or never

entered it, I don't know which! I wonder if there is a Fate in all of these things; or are they only chance deviltries -- "the strange mechanism of human circumstances." The Powers of Mystery only know for I do not! I am getting very impatient to get out on the Medicine once more! I find Life better here than I expected, still I am doing nothing. Dr. Carver filled my front tooth this last week. It was very painful, and that with causes that are nameless made me very ill. It was very painful, an High fever and of course delirious I have worn a ring since then! Does not Dryden sing.

".....An alien in a land unknown
I learn to pity woes so like my own."

Ah me! how muddy the pool of Life is getting! I must make a stir or things will stagnate! Ye gods! what a sweet place is the world! I am getting one of my old moods on me, I fear.

"As when the tigress hears the hunter's din
A thousand angry spots defile her skin."

So burns the hot blood in every vein of my own life -- making fierce and defiant all the beauty of its softness, when human hounds press too closely with the jar and din of their cowardly baying!

[see 20]

Ft. McPherson - Saturday -
October 5th '72

Ah me! Why do I turn to write a line here tonight! So many are around - and yet I feel like singing.

"Thou are so near and yet so far."

Ft. McPherson, Tuesday night
Oct. 8th '72

"Such is life!" "Fate leads the willing and drags the unwilling."
What a strange life is mine! And yet has not the little southern waif

Ft. McPherson - Saturday -
October 5th '72

Dr. Carver [REDACTED] has just weighed us all! I am "getting up in the papers!" 111 lbs. this morning. -- I shall look finely (as I once did) when I weigh about 9 lbs more. I must have my teeth worked on this morning. How I dread it. I am entirely charmed with this fall weather! I like the west -- I do!

found a few unselfish spirits amid the strangers that girt her life with a something that is almost a spell in its newness! And yet how alike in one respect!

I went to walk with the Dr. (i.e. my "little bubber") We had a good little time of it! Shot lots! I just did the finest shooting out! We shot for the champion-ship of "Ameraky" -- who beat? Ask the Dr! We saw geese, we did! Met M_____ /Mary?/ and T/exas/. J/ack/. on our return. I hope I've caused no unpleasant feelings. -- pshaw! I am always in trouble.

I've had a lot of work done in my mouth -- it looks like a flash of sun light -- my mouth I mean.

I am learning to be a dentist -- I hammer every body's teeth for the doctor! They say "Whistler" and some of the Pawnees are apt to have a little unpleasantness "over on the River" tonight.

Believe Texas Jack has gone over to see something about it.

I was ill with my head again last night. I talked to the terror of more than one!

Who was kind and good to you, Little Ena?

One kind impulse -- one pure thought
Given all fearless and unsought,
My proud soul drinks its tender trust
As dew is drank by desert dust!

Ft. McPherson - Wednesday
Oct. 9th '72

Madame /Snell/ goes to North Platte today. I am glad of that -- Possibly I may get "something to wear" from there; for it seems as tho' I am fated not to get anything East of Ft. McPherson. I wonder what will be the yieldings of this day? Will it be fraught with more

satisfacti~~on~~ than those just passed? I do believe in the perversity of Life if I do not in its fatality. The Dr. has been teasing me -- I begged him to stop -- telling him I had written but a half sentence. The scamp got off a piece of his wit at my expense in reply. Telling me my Life was made up of half-sentences and that it would "end in a broken sentence if I did not take care!" We have had lots of fun, the Dr. and I. How strangely we drift around this world of ours!

Thursday - Oct. 10

The Ball at North Platte comes off tonight. I should not be surprised if somebody will be quite disappointed at our not going.

I hear that Texas Jack has gone away with the Pawnees that came in to the Fort day before yesterday. I hear that the tooth I hammered for him has given him trouble. Too bad! I can sympathize! My mouth and tongue is most beautifully blistered!

I must quit writing and go to work.

Ft. McPherson, Thursday night
Oct. 10th

I have been sewing on the machine, until just /this/ minute -- I suppose it is 10 -- yet I feel lonely; so for company sake must have a little chat with my journal before going to bed. How still it has been today! We miss the Doctor. Mary looks blue and her little black orbs have a far off, wistful look, really sorrowful to see.

"I love thee fondly dearest" has been the burden of her song today.

We "might have been" dancing tonight, -- when I was younger and less wise how I would have chafed under the bane of "staying at home" away from any scene of festivity. Such are the changes of time; every stage of life offers its own peculiar baubles for our amusement and allurements.

I dreamed a dream this morning; and it came to pass in an hour after I had awoke! What a strange fascination there is in the power of dreaming! What a spell they cast about our waking hours! Ah! Thou power of Reason, what is it? This mystic dawning of the dark-veiled Future upon our soul, when sleep has wrapped the body in forgetfulness so like Death? I do not know yet what strange thoughts crowd and press upon my fevered brain to night!

Ft. McPherson, Friday -
Oct. 11th '72

How queer it is that we so often wait and wish for the granting of some desire until the weary heart grows faint with deferred hope when we at last turn in disgust from the mockery and resign our selves to fate, when lo! the long-expected is upon us; and we feel bewildered at our good fortune! Thus it is with "Little Ena" this morning! I have really gotten a Near, news-paper letter from my precious little Mame! And no bad news in it! No body Mad or worse off

Night --

Dr. Carver brought Mrs. Snell down at noon. Mr. James came in the morning They report having a delightful time at the ball -- i.e. Mr. Jamie. The Dr. looked sick and half out of sorts. The gentleman returned this evening.

Mary and I have just returned from Mrs. Cody's. I helped her darn her carpet until my fingers are blistered; as well as my tongue -- which by the by is not any better. My mouth is certainly in a wretched fix. Got a Lady's book and a note to boot from a good friend today! Good luck to the boy--and I must not forget to write my thanks.

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Dear little Mame! Shall your letter bring sweet ^edrams of the far South tonight! Will I feel my cheek against yours, and your arms about me, as in the days now gone forever? My raven-haired, dark-eyed one! Your Minna misses your watchful love! Ah me! When will my weary head find rest upon a bosom half so true as my little girl's in the far south?

I have but one wish now -- i.e. but one heart-wish -- I must write Mame, if it comes all right.

Ft. McPherson
Saturday - Oct. 12th

It is night, and I am worn out -- tired of every body and every thing! Oh! I'll get married or do something else utterly desperate if this muddy tide of Life does not flow more smoothly! O! I know what I'll do -- I'll get some body as crazy as my self to run away with me and go to California -- we will go to the "Golden City" from whence we will ship for some of those little tropical ocean gems, where we can live on fruits and -- kill goats for the government at \$40 per month

Monday -- 14th Oct. '72

I have just been out in the moonlight. Oh! the soft haze of this gorgeous autumnal weather! I am entirely charmed with this western fall. It is dreamy! Ah! I almost get my old delicious spells on me!

I have just got a funny letter from Eny "little Bubber" I must write him tonight and send the letter up by Mr. Jamie who returns in the morning.

Wilk took me to ride yesterday afternoon. We had a most delightful time. The horses were willing -- the weather perfect -- and my handsome

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cavalier in the best possible humor, of course we had a rapid, pleasant ride. I have but one unpleasant memento of it!!!

Called, M. and S, on Miss Long this evening -- she is quite ill.

-- Also on Mrs. /Alfred T./ Fay /Feay?/ and Mrs. Cody. Had a right pleasant little round of it!

I have been trying to answer the Dr.'s letter -- but, pshaw! I might as well try to be thoughtful in Bedlam -- the very spirit of noise seems to possess this room! Mary has taken a fit for work and she and the machine have run made together; and the irrepressible Jamie has raked from the depths of Confusion an old accordian and is making might horrible with a crash of horrid sounds. Ugh! My head is dizzy!

Ft. McPherson - Oct 30th
or 31st for it is after midnight

Wash ta!!!

Nine letters ready for the post! How I have dreaded the task and "put it off!" But I can shake my fist in the face of Fate without a fear now for I will have no more troubled thoughts as to "what I shall say!" for some weeks, at least to come.

I am way way in the back grounds with my journal jottings! I'll try and catch up some time, however.

Have written to Mr. T. _____ Mrs. H. _____ Col. _____ "Mr. G".
_____ Dr. C. _____ Mame, and all the rest, known only to the mysterious and poor little tired Einna.