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ENA'S DIARY -- JANUARY 1873

Cha Tepe,  
Wolf's Rest  
Medicine Creek,  
/Thursday,/ Jan. 1st 1873

New Year's morning! The old year is dead -- 1873 is laid open before us like the unwritten pages of a book! The scroll of 1872 worn blotted and stained, is stamped with the seal of the Past! It has been an eventful year to me,--but why speak of it thus, when all of my life has been one eventful change and unnatural mystery! What will 1873 bring into my life? Some how I seem to be possessed with an expectant dread for the immediate present, yet feel as if there is no future! A blank indifference utterly new to me. Why is it that I am so anxious about Mamie.

Cha Tepe  
/Saturday,/ January 3rd

I went hunting this hunting this afternoon. Went way out around "Dick's claim," and out on the hills back of "Black's" camp I found turkey trails in the snow; I followed them about a mile -- did not see but three -- killed one at about 80 or 90 yds. Could get no nearer because of "Spott." I laid down in the snow, and when I shot the first turkey over, the other two commenced to walk toward it to see what was the matter, and I could have got them both if it had not been for that dog Spott -- I could not keep him back no longer so lost my turkies. Ma says the one I killed is the fatest thing she ever dressed. Wish

Ena - Jan 1873 - 2

I had gotten it yesterday, I would have made Mr. Lewis a present! He brought me quite a number of letters. Got a tiny sweet Christmas gift from Jennie.

I am so anxious about Mamie.

Cha Tepe  
"Wolf's Rest"  
/Wednesday, / Jan. 15th '73

Why do I neglect my journal? Was it because I have been too ill, too weary or too indifferent to seek this quiet, searching communion with my self? I know not, nor do I care. The Dr. came back on the 4th or 5th, I've forgotten which. He returned to the Platte on Monday last -- I believe today is Wednesday. The deepest snow ~~was~~ we've had fell last night. I went out to the hills. Could scarcely walk for the snow drifts. Thought perhaps I would find deer or turkey trails but being "out of luck" found nothing.

How cold and pure the snow looked! Cold and ~~white~~ and beautiful as the fallen hopes of a youthful heart ere they have been stained and trampled by the foot prints of time.

The Dr. brought out a new horse with him. We went hunting and riding every day that I was able to be out, which was not many. I feel so anxious about Mamie. I've heard nothing from her. Heard from Texas Jack. Am glad to know of the good success he is meeting. The papers speak of Jack as a "fine, good-natured fellow, who the public really learns to like." He may be wild and reckless, but I believe he has a manly generous heart that must win him friends among honest honorable people despite his many alleged faults.

Things have changed! Some of our friends are a desepoir  
over false hopes!

As usual, I am the one that must bear the blame however innocent --  
for by the ghost of my grandfather! I neither abett~~ed~~ed nor suspected the  
denouement /result/ that has made her rave like le diable boiteux /the  
lame devil/! Well "a bon chat, bon rat" /a good cat, good rat/ -- and  
the Dr. has had some fun while at the business.

Cha Tepe,  
Sunday evening - Jan. 19th

One half page unwritten! One half of a half more and my journal  
will be filled! Well

"Struggle not with th~~y~~ lot for what are thou

More than thy fellows that thou shouldst not weep?

Brave thoughts still lodge beneath a troubled brow

And the way-wearied have the sweetest sleep!"

The Dr. came on Thursday and left ~~again~~ again this morning. I  
could get no satisfaction from him as regards my poem -- only that Mr.  
Park noticed its reception through his paper. I must be up and doing!  
This inactivity of brain and pen must not continue.

What else has Life, save that, that is not husk or worm-wood?

Cha Tepe,  
/Friday,/ Jan. 24th

Mr. George /Dillard/ arrived at "Wolf's Rest" on yesterday. -- It  
seems like "old times" to hear his laugh again. He brought me quite a  
number of letters! I have a pressing invitation from Mrs. Snell, Miss  
Snell and Mr. W. Snell to visit them in their new home at North Platte.  
Heard from the "Doctor." And, best of all from Mamie! Only a tiny

missive full of despair because there had been no tidings from "the wanderer," the far-off Einna, since the 12th Nov., yet with all full of love and pleadings for me to "come home!"

Thursday - Jan. 30th

Surely it takes all sorts of people to make a world! How is it possible that George D. could have staid cooped up at Mr. Wimer's for two days ~~waiting~~ waiting on the wether? He left here on Sunday -- saying he would go through that day. Mr. W. just passed here saying he left there, (not a mile from here!) Tuesday morning. I was out Sunday -- I passed Wimer's better than "half-speed" -- he must have seen me! Ha! ha! And here I have been speculating as to the arrival of my letters, etc. Well, why can I not learn wisdom from experience! Miserable, infaturated fools that we are, why attempt to anticipate the future? And suspense, is it not misery refined? -- the very quintessence of hell?

Dante's Inferno! Who has felt Suspense; and not realized a torture more dire than an hundred Infernos?

Mr. McClary brought me a letter from Clifford's. Ride, si sapi

Who says "poor Ena!"? God guide the wanderer's footsteps, for surely they are without light or guidance!

All mankind wears a mask to shut  
From curious eyes the pain.  
That wrankles in each weary heart  
And hurts each troubled brain.

And my journal is

Finished!

Ask any one of the "Genius irritable vatum." Ha! Ha! Mrs. R.

Struggle not with thy life -- they happy doom  
Resist not -- T'will borrr thee like a slave!  
Thou shalt not conquer, but to thy tomb  
Thou shalt go crushed and ground, tho' near so brave.

Complain not of thy life for what art thou  
More than thy fellows, that thou shouldst not weep?  
Brave thoughts shall lodge beneath a furrowed brow,  
And the way wearied have the sweetest sleep!

Marvel not at thy life, patience shall see  
The perfect work of wisdom when given  
Hold fast thy soul, tru' this high mystery  
And it shall lead thee to the gates of heaven

If I a victim like other have been before  
Oh! to God that I may never see thee more  
I will fly to some forsaken Spot  
Where the curls of brown will haunt me not. --  
Where I will be free from sorrow and pain  
And ne'er look on thy blue eyes again!