

(17)

A TRADING EXPEDITION TO THE UPPER REPUBLICAN

RICHARD SEYMOUR'S DIARY, 15 JANUARY-11 FEBRUARY, 1873

Richard Seymour was a typical Medicine frontiersman. Typical in that he was another man of mystery. From Ena's diaries we learn of his day-to-day activities and that he was apparently infatuated with her (at least from her point of view), but we learn little of his background, beyond that he was from England. He is mentioned in passing by the various authors of Frontier County histories, just as Ena is mentioned. Then, as in the case with Ena, we read his journals, and find that we know little more about him, after reading several thousand of his own words, than we did before.

Bloody Dick, apparently a humorous nickname of his own choice, was apparently well educated, and he speaks of touring Europe as was common for young men of the English middle class, during the mid-1800s. His explanation for ~~living on the~~ living on the Medicine and joining Hank Clifford on two trading expeditions was for the opportunity to learn the Dakota language. The word list, which appears in an appendix, though in Ena's writing, was apparently collected by Seymour. The why of his doing so is never satisfactorily explained. His attitude toward the Indians was certainly patronizing, and he showed no apparent interest in getting to know the Indians or understand their way of life or beliefs.

Seymour's diaries are also limited by their being written, not for himself, but for another person--in this case, Ena. His attempts

at humor are heavy handed and do his historical reporting little credit. But his diaries, in many ways, are of more value than those of Ena. Her diaries are of interest, in part, because of her own personality, while Seymour's writings give an interesting and lively picture of life in a Sioux camp, even though viewed through the eyes of a green horn of slight knowledge and little sympathy.

Diaries kept by fur traders from 1800 to 1860, the years of the powerful, large fur trading companies, are not uncommon. The two kept by Seymour, during the early months of 1873, stand almost alone for this period--at least for Nebraska. The influence of the free trader^s, many of them former employees of old companies, in the years after their demise, is one of the most unerestimated aspects of ethnohistory. Because few documents are available, particularly friendly ones, many scholars have been able to ignore the fact that, except for the brief periods of actual hostilities, almost every band of Indians on the Plains had at least one or two white men living among them. They were usually married to Indian wives with mixed blood children, and, during the post Civil War period, some of the traders themselves were mixed bloods. What was the influence of these traders? When the possibility of warfare loomed, did they wield any real power--it was certainly bad for the stability of their business interests and dangerous to their families and themselves. At times they seemed to cross the racial lines with little apparent difficulty. Hank Clifford, for example, guided the military looking for stolen horses to the Brule Agency on the Missouri, during the summer of 1872, yet January 1873 finds him trading in the Cut-off Village on the Republican, which undoubtedly contained some Brule, with apparently no

difficulties. Though the military often doubted their loyalties, few expeditions left Fort McPherson, for example, without being accompanied by such "questionable men" as Leon Pallardie, Charlie Emmett or Hank Clifford.

Once the Sioux were placed upon reservations, during the late 1870s, the position of the old traders was precarious. Their means of making a living for themselves and their families was unstable, particularly during the first unsettled years. They were viewed as enemies by most of the agents, and they were often victims of vicious attacks. Some of them undoubtedly took advantage of their Indian kin, turning to the illegal peddling of whisky and ammunition, but it was their personal influence with the Indians that worried most agents and the military.

E. A. Howard, agent for the Brule in 1875, prior to the Indian troubles of 1876, was one of the few Indian bureau personnel to view the plight of the old traders sympathetically. On September 20, 1875, Howard wrote:

There are at this agency a large number of white men that have Indian families who are and always have been a stumbling block in the way of the Govt. who embrace every opportunity to give council to the Indians in direct opposition to that which they ought to, and are a source of continual annoyance and trouble....I respectfully request that I be given positive orders by the Department to discontinue the issue of rations to all white men and their families except the following persons, who are men that

were in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company /sic/ in early times, have spent the largest portion of their lives with the Indians, have raised families, and are now old and incapacitated to earn a livelihood elsewhere....

/E. A. Howard to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, "Letters Received, Spotted Tail Agency", Bureau of Indian Affairs, microfilm, NSHS. There follows a list of eighteen traders, including such legendary names as James Bordeaux, Joseph Merival and Joseph Bissonette./

The agents and the military were often Utopian in belief--that today's untutored Indian was tomorrow's imitation white man, and they wanted no competition from the old traders in interpreting how that new life was to be gained. Most of the traders were adept at Indian languages, at least for their own particular tribe, while the Utopian whites were usually dependent upon interpreters. ^{often} The elegant balloons of Tomorrow, launched by the agents, quite often, were easily pierced by a few earthy and terse darts uttered by the old traders. But, as they damned the "squaw men", it is amusing to read how often the agents and military turned to them in times of trial, even into this century. When troubles, real or imaginary, bore down on the agents and the military, they quickly turned to those men they had sometimes denounced in letters to Washington, sometimes written only a short time before.

Seymour's first diary of life with an Indian trading outfit follows. It stands by ~~itself~~ itself as a (limited) picture of life in a winter camp of the Sioux. The diary begins in a camp on the Republican River in present Dundy County, as a few pages of the small, pocket-sized notebook, are missing, as Hank Clifford's

trading outfit nears the Sioux village in eastern Colorado. Though Seymour does not positively identify them, it is assumed they are a mixture of Cut-off Oglala from the Medicine and Brule. The possibility that they did not include the Cut-offs is possible, as no mention of the murder of Whistler and his two companions the month before.

One of the more interesting aspects of Seymour's diary is that in describing the trading, he makes almost no mention of Indian males taking part. In fact, he makes few mentions of any Indian men. It could be that the majority were out hunting or trapping, but it is still surprising that so much trade was carried on by the women alone.

Section I

[January 15, 1873]

...we return for the night, cold and wet. we worry through it

Jany 16

Finds us alove. I tackle the "Culinary outfit" again, and dish up fried sugar, slap John, and coffee for 3. Hank [Clifford] mounts a mule, 2 robes and one blanket this time, same old rope for stirrups, and goes trotting [off]. Asa travels down the creek a foot [and I] am left in camp; the old grey pulled out a sack from the wagon last night, and sprinkled the ground with about 20 lbs of Tea. The cold is intense and the sun is seen struggling to show its face thro misty looking clouds. [I am] visited by two Ravens [] their strange gurgling [], as they crow, [] deftly circling around [] us, one turning somersaults [] along. It is now about []. I am waiting for Hank and [Asa] to return. We expect Andy with a pack horse to overtake us at this camp. Hank & Asa have returned with the horses, & we hitch them up, & start for Chief Creek. get there before Sundown, find a little wood. Same old camp routine. Cold again, etc. No troops.

Jany 17.

Cross Chief Creek & strike wagon road. travelled till nearly noon, and expect Indian village to be about 35 miles from where we are. A little bey[ond] we halted for dinner. Hank shot a [chic]ken, and shortly after could be seen two little specs rise on a hill about 4 miles to the West. To a gentleman from New York City, this would appear as nothing if noticed by him. it was but a [short time until] the objects were gone, tho [long enough] for a prairie

man. We knew [they had] seen us, and before our d[inner was] cooked, lo! two reds came [riding] towards us. We fed them, then [came] a third. We fed him. One even

[January 18, 1873]

Wa-po-he~~ta~~ Tonka. A cos-a. I went where the call proceeded from and found an old squaw who has a pair of macassin to present to me. I took them and gave her sugar and coffee. Shortly after the same cry came. Another old squaw with a coat and pants. Bead and knife.

These Indians intend to dress me seemingly, without any regard as to my taste in the matter as to what apparel I wear. But it does not matter much, it is so long since I have had an opportunity to exercise that taste, it is not requisite for me to have any at all.

Jany 19.

Slept late this morning, was up nearly all last night. Looked out about Sun up, and here they come--Squaws, a hundred of them. some with one robe, some with two, three, and four, and still they come pouring on to the trade lodge

Inside stand two soldiers or policemen, one armed with an old infantry sword, the other with a club. They keep order. Hank dishes up Flour, Corn Meal, etc as an equivalent for their robes. I take the robes and squeeze them thro this crowd of squaws, take them to the next lodge, which is used as a store room, and Asa packs them away.

No Andy ^[Barrett] here or I should have taken charge of the Sugar and Coffee Dept. Oh! what a time dragging myself and 3 or 4 robes thro this crowd of squaws, all clamorous, and afraid they would get no sugar, there being not enough to supply their immediate wants. They are rich in robes. many lodges having 30 or 40, and eager to trade. The soldiers shout and club these squaws, and lay it on somewhat lustily I think.

I guess I passed thro this crowd about 200 times, trod on 1400 sets of toes, and kicked 43 dogs and 107 "purps" out of my way. fell over 19 squaws at 19 different times, some times going out of the lodge, just as a squaw was coming in; at others going into the lodge just as one was coming out, and then we would both straiten up, always to the detriment of the squaws nose. One of the kicks I learned at the boxing school saved my nose every time I straited . it was with head down, whack comes her nose on the top of my head. This was often repeated.

Soldiers got angry and shot off their pistols. Hank stopped the trade, and [they] smoked until the clamorous old hags were taught a little patience. An Indian can teach [be taught?] patience under the soothing influence of a pipe.

Trade commenced again. The Squaws forgot their lesson of patience and the push and pull goes on again. once I started out with three robes for the store lodge. got in to the crowd myself, ~~but~~ the robes were dragged from my hands, the crush was so bad. I was blinded by perspiration, smoke and dust when I felt the robes go. In a fit of desperation clutched at the first things near me I could not see; anything that felt like a dirty, matted robe must be thought to be the lost ones. I grabbed both hands on some things and with desperate energy, I dragged them throu the crowd to the outside, when to my surprise I found I had a robe in one hand that was not traded for, and a squaw owner hanging on to the robe. In the other hand I held a squaw by the hair who was also hanging on to two robes. I had three robes and 2 Squaws. I could not help it under the circumstances, the sense of touch was the same.

Sometimes crushing myself thro, a couple of Kindly squaws would help me. Monkey sympathy. one would clutch me by the coat collar and give me a jerk, passing me on to the next, then turn around and thump me in the small of the back. Both my hands were full. I could do nothing against these proceedings, only kick them

on the legs, and that I did; and so I would run the guantlet of squaws from time to time. In the melee and the crush the front of the lodge was torn out and the pole with the shot holes in it broke and fell on the heads of some in the crowd. didnt some of the old hags pull, haul, and jabber away at each other. They crowded and crammed and pushed like a mob at a London Punch and Judy Play.

The crush is over, and trade is very sharp. Proceeds are counted, and we find 250 robes for about 800 \$'s worth of goods. Robes are good ones

They are having a dance tonight, but I am too tired to go and see it. I hear the children singing

No music, but an old drum with its monotonous tap, tap, and some really sweet strains from a kind of flute they make themselves

The "vocal accompanement" sounds finely, but strangely, no words to be distinguished. Their voices turn and quaver in perfect accordance and the time is good. I almost imagined it to be like that old chanting of an anthum that I have heard so many times at the old Cathedral in England. [Of] all others it sounded like the first bar of "God Save the Queen", and then again like a weird wild wail that seems to swell in a yell of exultation/

I make up for the cold nights in the sand hills and spread down just 20 robes to sleep on.

Jany 20th.

To-day opened with plenty of sun, and everything seems peaceful and quiet. I have seen this same band of Indians in a different shape, not at rest as they appear to-day, but dressed in all their panoply of war with blackened faces and bows strung. Once I had a little race with some of them; the stake was life. I won. Shall I be any the better off for the "fortune"?

Fortune. The word sounds strange. it should not; Ha! Ha! He is my Father-in-law. I have married his Eldest daughter. I do feel like taking a good sneer at nearly everything. In spite of my late schooling. I must indulge sometimes

There is but one whom I fear or something, and they have doubled me up so completely that I hardly dare move my lip the hundredth part of a hair's breadth in their presence, when I get "Sneering again", and I can see the words, "I'll wind you up directly," dancing all over their face. but here my upper lip can turn up at both corners to an angle of 45 degrees, and let the "centre of gravity" be in the centre and each red hair straiten out like the quills on a porcupine, and do it fearlessly

No beautiful eyes to sparkle and dance with merriment, caused by the thoughts, I'll let you run my boy, to the length of the string; the faster you go now, the more sudden the stop, when you have run what I think to be your proper distance. I have trolled for Pike in English waters.

More dances, squaw feasts, and everything runs riot in the camp: whooping, shouting, and firing off pistols.

I have made one friend in the camp, and he is the head soldier.

My [trade] jewelry is a failure, the ear rings don't jingle. We sit up till nearly one O'clock and hear and see things that enlighten me somewhat and amuses me vastly. The Indian will yet prove himself smarter than one white man with whom I am acquainted

Honesty. Ha! Ha!!!! Where is it? What is it? Trickery runs high handed here, not forgetting a seasoning of grovelling meanness. The old adage runs "When you are in Rome - D--- all Romans." There, I have mended it somewhat methinks.

"The first spun web can be seen when the sun shines," but we have to deal with Cable ropes, and not in the night either.

No Andy here, and I doubt if he will come. I would willingly give \$50. to see Andy here. I should [then] have the finest opportunity to do my work, as I would be left here for a month at least.

I get along [with my Sioux language study] slowly, very slowly, and am powerless to mend the pace. Lots of opposition because the great one [Clifford] don't know the why and the wherefore. I shall do what I wish to do, let old fate, old circumstance, old opportunity, or anything but death interfere, as far as "lingo" is concerned

Jany. 21st.

[Leon F.] Pallardy came here last night and is trading to day. I do have a time snatching and grabbing each separate Indian word. it is like tearing the tooth or tongue from an Indian to get a word and the whole throat out of a white man to get one from him.

I started off to day in "pursuit of knowledge" or rather lingo. tackled two old squaws and asked them where Poor Elk's lodge was. they would not understand me. I jabbered and signed until the thought, how ludicrous my actions must appear to the eyes of a white, and I burst out laughing, [from] looking at myself for a moment. I discovered a great similarity in my actions and those of a monkey's I have watched in the zoo-ological gardens in Europe.

I left these Squaws and seeing "Cut Arm" tackled him. Having some Indian words that I did not know the exact meaning of, I thought I would say them to Cut Arm, bringing them into a sentence, where I thought they might apply or at least sound well. I hauled out my book and commenced at him. After patiently listening to me for a short time, Mr. C.A. condescended to open his mouth and articulate. I eager and on tiptoe excitement, intending to snatch the words and place them in my book. he breathed gently the words, Me-We-tu-Ko-Ti Ko.

My hopes were dashed. I knew the meaning of that sentence before.

Jany 22^d.

Still staying in camp. Weather fine; dont feel over well to-day. The Indians talk about splitting up. 40 lodges to move to Whitemans Fork, 40 lodges to go further up Chief Creek, and the balance to [Fort] Laramie. I was offered 2 fine robes, painted ones, for a needle carbine, but I have no carbine. Must get one if I come back trading

More sumptuous living (for Indians). Squaw feasts; no rest for their drums and but little for me at night.

There are 1400 dogs in this camp. Asa took a walk after dark last night. everyone of these dogs got after him and created quite a pandemonium. 2 old squaws undertook to chaperone Asa thro these animals (more monkey sympathy). They protected him by button-holing him and holding him, while the braver ones of the dog species bit at his legs. Oh! dont I admire "old squaw" sympathy. Everytime these dogs make an uproar at night, Asa's countenance assumes a woe-begone appearance, as he assures me another white man is coming.

These dogs are like their masters, if you run from them the whole tribe is after you. stand and look at them and they walk off a few yards, sit down, and watchs you patiently. once in a while one will bark, as much as to say to his companions "Ain't I brave^U." Then another will bark, "I'm brave too." They all get courage from this and chorus "Ain't we all brave", but "nary" step nearer will they budge. Then get a stick, go for one and mean business; every individual tail loses its perpendicular and seeks a closer relationship to their hind legs, as they go sneaking off.

If one can by any means get behind you and touch your pants with his teeth, then run off and bark, he is at once a chief among the rest, a very "Couer-de-leon" dog for the time being, and all the other curs pay homage to him.

Should one "unfortunate devil" of a dog appear among them, one of their own number with his tail down, 6 or 7, each one larger than himself [the strange dog] (they make a point of this distinction in size), jump on him and bark and howl. Plenty of noise, but no bite. They wish to impress the white spectator with the idea, we are Indians dogs, tremble white man, we are ferocious "cusses". The white man can discover no "blood" after all this pomp & show, and very naturally thinks, "Heap smoke, very little fire." You ain't so brave and bloodthirsty as you would wish to appear. Pshaw, like dog, like Master.

If a white man wishes to find a hell before he leaves the planet I advise him to take a squaw for a wife; if he does not find it, then I am willing to take his share of heat as well as my own in the next.

Jany 23^d.

Another restless night, I have passed. Will I ever again sleep soundly? Dreams, Dreams, are the order of my nights and not a pleasant one ever visits me. I'll end the matter one of these days, perhaps in a ludicrous manner, and a painful one for me.

They say the "Sins of the Fathers shall visit the 3 and 4 generation." I must live in both the 3 & 4 generation of our family, and how terribly wicked my Father, his Father, and his Father's Father must have been, and I stand the "blunt" for the whole lot of the family, the "visits" being often and of a long duration. I must get this thing equally divided [among the family] if possible

Yesterday, Indian law was in vogue. Some one of the men done something against their camp law. The soldiers cut up his lodge and the poles, leaving him "tepeless".

To night I heard 3 shots fired close to the tepe I was in, and the screaming and sobbing of women; a bump on the ground, the fall of a body, and hard breathing. On enquiring the cause, I was told the Indians were fighting. Brave fellows, fighting each

other with their tongues and menaces. one of the belligerents killed the other's horse. "Ain't I brave," was echoed by the dogs.

I have seen what might be termed a curiosity--a demented Indian. He talked and winked, his winks were facetious; he would laugh and talk away to his stolid, non-laughable Indian hearers, then turn to me and facetiously wink, "these stolid old fellows dare not enjoy themselves with the breath of a smile, while I, fool as they think me to be, enjoy myself whenever I please with a hearty laugh." His smiles & winks were certainly "contaminating, for I both smiled and winked in return--even at the risk of being thought "loon Compus Membus" myself.

The soldiers say, We cannot start to-morrow. We have to wait their pleasure and must make the best of it. I counted the lodges to day. They number just 125--

I accidentally broke some of my Ear-rings to-day. I must make up for the loss some-how. Oh! how I do wish the confounded things would jingle. An old Squaw examines a pair, say they are good, admires them in every respect, and views their beauty from every point. holds them by the very extremity of the hook and gently shakes them. no sweet tinkling sounds emanate from them, "nary seductive tinkle" strikes upon her expectant ear. She hands them back to me without a word. No words are needed. The look accompanying the actions point plainly to their deficiency--

I wish I had 2 or 3 brass Cow-bells. perhaps there would be jingle enough in them.

Pay-Ute an Indian that I can just tolerate visited me to night. He has been east and being a close observer noticed many things amongst the white's, lots of the bad he condemned and had a good discernment of what was good as well as the useful. while he was talking, his actions, many of them, were grotesque and laughable, at the same time unmistakeable as to their meaning. He had watched the manufacture of clothing and fire arms and had

seen a play at a theatre. His mimicry of the after piece was extremely funny. He says, white men East Love not horses, they love not their guns, or their wives, but their whole souls are centred on the Allmighty \$. Pay-Ute's ideas of White men are rather confined at present. He will know more shortly.

I have watched some of these Arabs of the Prairie as they flit or go hopping along. A short time ago I thought Dame Nature was niggardly when she dealt out Stature to me. Dame, I am now content with the inches you have allotted to me.

I am willing to forego the contested 2 inches even.

Our old landlady, the Silver Woman, dissipated last night. I missed her from her side of the lodge this morning. When she came in carrying her drum with her, I asked her what she meant by running off all night and what she was doing. She had been to a feast and pounded that old drum all night.

She was presented with a horse and two robes. She is Medicine and owns a drum. She tells me she is Chief among the Squaws. She loves her Son-in-law, Hank Clifford, and knowing 3 words in broken English, she gives vent to her feelings with them. Her own language is insufficient to give an idea of the love she bears him. Speaking of this son-in-law of hers, she breathes gently the whole of her English vocabulary, and the White listener hears, "Gaud dam um--"

Jany 24th.

Still in Indian Camp. The weather is fine and warm to-day, hardly any snow on the ground. The storm of yesterday was but a slight one. I am decidedly under the weather to-day and heartily tired of the Indian Outfit. Romance--where is your pomp and glitter? when brought in contact with fact and reality; your lustre is decidedly dimmed and we see you, the rusty old article that you are. I must fill my "lingo" destiny then, Indian. Lacot ah mea-

La-coolah. "Adoo!" "Ador!" -- "Au revoir" -- Wa nuche.

Nearly all the Indian ponies have got the Epizo-otic. 3 of our animals shew symptoms of it.

Pallady's outfit have not escaped. I guess it is not the Epizo-otic that troubles me, tho' I know of no better sounding title for it.

5 or 6 of these Indians are getting brave and parade around the village with blackened faces; it is a sign that they wish to kill someone. Pawnees, they say, but I guess they wont find any Pawnees in this village, and they don't seem to wish to look any where else for them. "Beaver", a half breed, pointed to a blackened face in a lodge where I was, and asked me did I know what that Indian's face was blackened for. A full blood sitting near "Beaver" told him to ask me in English. Of course I knew why they blackened their faces but answered, No. He then very impressively and in an undertone told me that the Indian wanted to kill a man. I replied in the language of Beaver, "Then why in the h---- dont he go and kill one and wash his face."

Jany 25th.

A little snow last night. A restless one for me. The sun came up this morning and to day is fine. We all leave the camping place to day. Indians and white men. There is just a spice of romance in the scene and lots of reality. The latter extinguishing the former without much trouble.

Our wagons with Pallardy's, 6 altogether, move out slowly along the prairie; before us, behind, and at each side the road is dotted with gayly dressed Indians and their outfits. Here comes Six Indians, Red, White, Blue, Green, Black and all other colors, in one conglomerated mass. They ride slowly along all abreast. 4 of them carry spears or lances and they do look a little romantic. near them travel's 30 or 40 Squaws and they form the reality--the contrast is great

One old man espies 3 Chickens in a tree. he goes cautiously towards them. when within 20 yards he raises his gun and fires. Chickens dont know he is there. He looks a little nonplussed.

The romantic 6 espies him and lopes up within 30 Yards of the old man

He loads his gun again and Kneeling[^] draws a deliberate bead, and off goes his gun. Chickens still remain in ignorance of his close proximity. [^]

Romantic 6 laugh. Again he loads, more deliberate bead drawing--his gun speaks again. Chicken appear to have lost their their ears. Another laugh from R. 6. Old man goes thro the same arrangements. one of the Six then jumps off his horse and goes close to the tree, shoots, and chickens still stay there. R.5 and old man laugh and scares[^] the chickens ^{away}

Indians do not shoot as well as most white men. We all go into camp together. Silver Woman gives me a pair of mocassins and tells me to give them to a white woman. They are woman's mocassins. They are too long for me. Asa traded his carbine for 3 fine robes.

Jany 26.

We leave Indians to day. Hank brings his wife and Children along. Palladys wagons go ahead, and I have christened them the "White Outfit", ours the "Misceganated outfit". We travel about 15 miles; cold to day. We camp on Chief Creek about 4 Miles below the falls. Everything points to a storm to-night, and we prepare. We have no lodge and make a little arrangement of a wagon sheet.

Asa and I sleep outside. What a time cooking supper. Coffee, Burned Meat and fried flour for ten. We get brave and retire. The storm comes on.

Jany 27th.

Cold, snow, wind, and storming. We are "snowed in". Can't move while this storm lasts. Our wagon sheet, built in a circular

form 6 feet in diameter, houses 10 persons in the day time and eight at night. There are Six children, the eldest about 8 years old. The youngest about 8 weeks and 4 between these ages. Mrs. Cegenation and the Master of Miscegeneation. Sleeping apartments for the 8 and kitchen and dining room for 10. When we have visitors from the "White Outfit" tis a reception room for 14.

No dry wood here, but a little brush. Prospects look good--

I would not care if it was all one color but do not like the blending in the outfit. I do not exercise any of my "goodness of heart" in the caring for their welfare.

"We hear ducks to day" Ha! Ha!

What a time we (or rather I) do have eating supper. no blaze to the fire and we have to eat in the dark. Can't see what you eat, have to let it greet the olfactory senses first before you can tackle it with your teeth. I catch hold of something. Try [to find out] what it is. find it to be a piece of Papaa [Indian dried meat]. use a pocket knife to cut it, cut away, feel a sharp ~~st~~ringing sensation, and find I have cut my thumb. Can't help it, I must eat. at last I get enough off the chunk and try to put it in my mouth. I find I am pointing it at my eye at one time, at another it strikes my nose. After smearing it over my face, poking ~~out~~ my tongue to its utmost limit, in the hopes of striking the meat in its gyrations around my face, I eventually find my mouth-- and wind up my supper by bighting [sic] my fingers in place of the meat

Asa and I retire amidst Snow and robes, get warm at last and put another night in.

Jany 28th.

Heap sun this morning and calm, cold, and about 3 inches of snow on the level. We roll out about 2 hours after the "White Outfit", and find them attempting to cross at the mouth of the same

Creek, we lost the horses on coming over. One of their wagons got fast and dark finds them unloading it. We cross the Republican and go into Camp. find plenty of dry wood.

Hank met with an [acci]dent today; going down a steep hill the wagon ran over his ankle. he complained of the pain it gave him in presence of his -- his -- what vocabulary can I use? "Squaw sympathy." She neither looked, winked or spoke, but thought, "What are your troubles to me." Ugh!!!

Hanks Forefather must have been very wicked too.

Our confounded little Indian "purp" we have got with us got hold of my Journal and chewed the corners of it.

Jany 29th.

My last dream has haunted me all this day. I sigh for the Medicine [Country] and feel a little prepared for something not very palatable.

We roll out this morning and travel about 12 miles down stream. We passed the C[amping] place today of Curtis's Command].... [two pages missing]

[January 31, 1873]

...I shall be glad when we reach Frenchman's Fork and dump the quarter portion of the miscegenated. I trust we will then once more become a "White Outfit", and travel as Men should travel, not like old Squaws. Plenty of wood and water here, and we could worry thro a big storm, but my spirit chafes at anything like delay--

Storm abated this afternoon, and, upon any one going out of the sheet arrangement, the question how's the weather? would follow them; one answer came back, "It looks rather bilious." I think that is original. It is very cold to-day. I came within an ace of not being able to wear my boots to-morrow. Just got to the fire in time. Things are very unpleasant just at present. Mixed up as we are, a new leaf has been turned in my life, as well as this journal.

I am gradually bringing Mr. Clifford "to time" -- it surprises him somewhat. I do get it "off" once in a while.

February 1st.

A new month and a new moon. We roll out about noon to-day, the cold still hanging on, travel 5 or 6 miles over to Cottonwood Creek--noon. Then proceed 4 or 5 miles along the divide to Frenchmans [or Whitemans Fork of the Republican]. heard 3 shots fired while nooning. Guess it was from a party of Trappers who have been running over lots of this Country this winter.

I shall not wear my boots to-morrow. Oh! my Toe--

Febby 2d.

Roll out about 8 in the morning and strike the lodge on Frenchmans Fork about an hour before sundown. Find [Ambrose] Shell[e]y and [Dan] Ferguson all right & about 10 Indian men with them from the White River Agency. They ate up nearly all their flour & meal. Ours was all gone, the last we used this morning.

S. [and] F. had no meat in camp but about 3 days since he caught a beaver & did not take it out of the trap, but left it in the water, Keeping it out of the Indians' sight. The Indians ate the carcasses of poisoned wolves while here. Swiped many hind quarters and tender loins from the carcasses, that had been cut off to eat. Shelly and I drew the beaver from the Water and hid it in the brush. Andy [Barrett] is here. Brought me my gun. We shall get meat now. I got a letter from my little Sissy [Ena], today. She sends me the compliments of the season in print. Thank you Sissy for your good wishes.

Febby 3d.

Our Indians left us before day light this morning. They were a warparty after Pawnees, ~~had~~ had no horses, just a thieving outfit. They returned to their camp on White River or rather started for that point.

We started for Cologne Creek [the Stinking Water] today, but owing to the break up of ice on Whiteman where we crossed, we did not leave the Creek. We all got in the water crossing and had lots of work with the wagons, each one going thro the ice.

We camped on north side of Creek.

Feby 4th.

Oh, what a joke--We left Whiteman, [and] I started in search of deer. travelled all day, and nothing but chickens came within the range of my vision. Camped at the forks of Cologne Creek. have to build bridge tomorrow.

Feby 5th.

Build bridge. I built a little lodge and ran myself thro a laundry. got wagons and everything ready for to morrow's start. No meat in Camp, no flour for us. We start with coffee, Tea, and **S**ugar.

We expect Providence to feed us and I expect to come out slim from her bounteous hands. Horses are all sick and tired. no feed for them and we must travel slow.

What is time? What is hunger? Huzza! Huzza!!! We have dumped the miscegenated.

We shall be very hungry, but the outfit is "White". Even the Prince of Miscegenation leaves us at Blackwood.

Ho! for the Medicine. I hear the Doctor [Carver] has returned. It take[s] a long time to fill teeth

We do grope in the dark. Laugh gentle reader. "Ich diem" [I serve]. We must wear the iron collar; but oh! how it galls the neck.

Feby 6.

We start for the Medicine and pull all around the high bluffs on North side of Cologne Creek; we discover a trail of trappers and

follow it down. find 5 or 6 trappers in Camp and providence furnishes us with about 20 lb. of Corn meal at the expense of these trappers

It seems that 2 of these fellows were camped about 3 miles farther up the stream, but seeing our "outfit" of ponies--broke and left their camp. Thought we were Indians and well they might.

Feby 7th.

Still travel down stream. I had another anxious dream last night. Noon on Cologne Creek and pull across country for Blackwood. arrived at the crossing on Blackwood about 8 O'clock at night, built a huge fire, and cooked "Corn dodgers".

Feby 8th.

Up early this morning and after meat, Killed 3 chickens. gun shot well this morning--We cook'm chickens for breakfast and travel to Red Willow [Creek]. got there about sundown. Saw [Paddy] Miles and his outfit. find they have a good log shanty built near the bridge. Palladys outfit left goods here for them to take care of.

We shall get some flour here. It will go good. I feel Ugh! all day to-day.

Feby 9th.

Leave Red Willow and travel about 12 miles. Dry camp on Main divide between Willow and Medicine. 27 Miles from the Medicine -- 27 Miles from my home. Ha! Ha! Bert [Paddy Miles] gave me a note for Einna and 3 pcg. of tobacco for Mr. P[almer]. On the 12th we shall be at Cliffords Ranch, and I have lots to do when I get there.

Feby. 10th.

Horses travel slow. Same monotonous routine and make camp at Forks of Brush Creek. Here is a curious looking tree-- 7 full grown trees, large ones, growing from the same root.

Feby 11th.

Start early. Noon at [O. P.] Kibbens and make the tramp to the Ranch, long after sundown. Turned very cold, and I feel the effect of it.

Feby 12th.

Ephihomolic