

Journal --- 1873.

Cha Tepe "Wolf's Rest"

[Monday,] Feb. 17th

Monday morning! and my first work(?) is to convert some of my MS. [manuscript] paper into a journal! What slaves we to habit. Since finishing my journal of 1872, I have felt as though I had lost something.

We have had quite an influx of visitors from the "far hills of the prairie" in the last few days. Hank Clifford called on the morning of the 14th to say Dick Seymour would be here in the afternoon with a letter from Herbert. He came bewhiskered and hearty, and delivered the letter and some tobacco for Mr. P[almer] from Bert. The latter article was most tenderly wrapped in a piece of blanket & which Dick placed with an air of proud assurance upon my writing table. Of course were glad &c having heard nothing direct from our trappers since their departure on new year's morning!

I have recd. a very pleasant letter from the Ed[itor]. Godey's Lady's Book. Says he will be happy to publish my poem "The Nameless Grave", which poem he is pleased to eulogize very highly.

Monday night.

Mr. L[ewis]. has just left; he brings me a note from Dr. [Carver] saying he (& ELA.) [the Dr.] will be out this week. I am some what surprised as I thought the Doctor already on his way to Chicago.

Would go to bed. I feel so weary, but that I dread the bed at best.

Tuesday night, Feb. 18th

How miserably and utterly tired I feel tonight! I am a very child at times. What would I not give to be petted and cared for, tonight, as I have been! Pshaw!

I grin at Life in bitter glee,
For come what may, am I not free?

Better a silent home, or den

Than -- guess the rest my curious friend!

I have written ten pages to Herbert. What a fine thing it is to have a "literary euss" for correspondent! Say me, for instance. Now I see how easily I can spin out an idea; and then reel off erudite paragraphs with a velocity as amazing as it is senseless, I am afraid.

I went "down the creek" this afternoon; was walking along, lost in meditation about -- bacon and greens, when I heard a rushing in the tall grass! I rushed too, but could not see what it was, until two large turkies stretched their glossy wings in the Sunlight. I shot! Am ashamed to say I "saw the feathers fly", and yet I did; although I run in mad pursuit for an hour or less, yet was as turkieless on my return to the camp as when I started! Mr. L[ewis]. called to day at noon. Why is everybody more anxious about my health than I am? I suppose it is because I know how -----.

Wednesday -- 19th.

I have just returned from a little walk. The day is exquisite! Full of glorious sunshine with no clouds, save those of fleecy whiteness, flecking the "dim far ether" of the "sacred skies"! This is a day for dreaming -- yet I would put dreams forever from me! How the hard, cold realities of Life mock the airy nothingness of beautiful remembrance. Spring is almost here -- how Time is flying and what am I doing? I feel wild with impatience at the thought! Yet am I not foolish? For what is time?

What is Life? Death or Anything to us? We, who at best are but blind grovelers amid the dust and darkness of mortality? I grow weary with the thought! Let me put it away with the rest that should and are wrapped about with Pride's impenetrable mask. When I returned from my stroll I found Mr. _____ sitting at my door reading my journal of '72. I hear "Clifford's Out-fit" got as far as the Fox Creek Ranche last night. Suppose Dick may call this evening. I ought not to loose one moment from my book; but I get brain-troubled, very soon -- bodily weakness I suppose!

Friday morning -- Feb. 21st

I had half decided not to journalize more! What is the use? Yet it seems to be a kind of vague necessity with me.

[Washington L.] McClary came in from the Platte last evening -- he brought me quite a lot of mail; Hank Clifford did also, who called in the morning. Et tu Brute! And yet what does it matter? I did not expect one paper and one letter that I got. Godey's Lady's Book is on time -- with oranges and lemons, also a note. D. S[eymour]. came last evening -- and got my letters for "The Lone Trapper" [Paddy Miles].

Every body anticipates Indian trouble. McClary saw about 25 between here and the Post, on his way in. Montie [Clifford] called this morning for my letters -- he will take them to the [McPherson] Station tonight. The "Out-fit" from "Sioux City" is off for the Indian Village. Hank and Dick called. "Inter Nos" has been understood. I believe I am very ill. Every body seems to be sorry, and anxious to pay some little attention in token of solicitude.

Saturday evening -- Feb. 22nd

I cannot bear this weary silence any longer. The wind is blowing a fierce storm, and yet I rather brave its chilling fury

than to remain in here -- in here, with this fire at my brain and pain at my heart ---- O! Mamie! Mamie! I must have rest or my little child I can never do what you are expecting and waiting for.

Sunday morning - Feb. 23rd.

Why cannot we be true philosophers? Why preach what we never practice? Ah! me -- I sniff low trickery in the air! They think to annoy me by this mystery and silence! I shall cheat them of ~~their~~ expectations, however. My haughty silence shall give no room for questions or comment.

Monday morning - Feb. 24th

Snowing this morning! I had a queer dream last night! What a strange power these night-visions possess over our waking hours!

Wednesday morning - Feb. 26th.

Cold - bitter cold, this morning! I look from my window to see hills, canons, valley, stream, all one glittering glacier!

Yesterday I was out nearly all day hunting turkies. I ran and walked until I could scarcely take a step; and those turkies would only keep just before me! Their fresh trail over the Soft snow ever decoying me on and on! I shot at them running, near night -- presume I could have gotten the one I shot at but for two reasons: viz., my inability to go any longer; and the fast coming shadows of night. Mr. L[ewis]. called this morning before I got my den straightened; he came for my letters, as he leaves our Arcadian retreat shortly, to once more mingle in the false glitter of mundane pride!

I have seen something this morning that possessed the pleasing quality of newness -- viz., a sled! It was by oxen and carried two or three half frozen "cow-men". I am "out" a pair of slippers this morning -- Put mine on the stove yesterday to dry and strange to say burned them "past wearing"!

I don't feel very active this morning! That scarlet cloak "did the business" for me yesterday in the way of running game!

Mr. Mc[Clary] and P. say they could see it looking like a bright flame against the glittering snow as far ----

Afternoon.

I was interrupted this morning by the cry at my door of "Turkies! Turkies right out here by the correll!" Darting for my gun, I dashed out without gloves or covering and with the half of a burned slipper on each foot! I fired, cutting the feathers out as we all could see! Then came swift pursuit. We went en masse -- Pa, McClary, Bruster and me!

They went back after my over-shoes, gloves, and cartridge-belt! I wasn't going to stop for any thing, but Mr. McCinsisted! By this time my poor slippers were full of "slosh" snow! I left them to their fate and wore my over-shoes alone! And then such a race -- it tires ~~me~~ to think of it, much less to write of it. We chased my turkey across the creek. McClary helped me over on the ice. Twas rather "ticklish" I thought -- and then -- ad infinitum! I got back about an hour ago with under clothes dripping wet, but with the outer ones thickly iced over, and entirely innocent of any thing like a turkey.

O! I am too tired to do any thing but scrawl in this journal!

What a fool I was to bet that letter trouble me in such an absurd Manner! I suppose it was because I felt so sick and miserable generally; and because I did not expect such a -- such a --

what shall I call it? A fantasm! Let it all go for what it is worth. Which is not much, I expect! Well

Who minds a storm? I do not care
Whether or not the wind blows fair.
I reckon we'll ride the tide some how
And stick to the hulk if not the prow!

Friday evening - Feb 28th.

The evening is going to rest calmly and brightly. No clouds -- no wind -- and the snow fast melting! The last day of winter! Spring is heralded with the morrow. I am not glad or sorry!

I dream about the "Lone Trapper [Seymour] so much. He will be in soon I know! And then for the "stomping ground" of some sort of game! We are few of "Wolf's Rest" tonight. Mr. Mc, Madame, and I.

Mr. P[almer]. and Bruster have gone to Plum Creek to "poke ground" a little.

Mr. Mc went to [John W.] Lockwood's after a book, that I did not intend for him to trouble about going for, and brought back with said book some pleasant news -- viz. [Gwen] Kirkpatrick has gone for [John] Bratt's mail and is to be back to night. Think there is a chance for me! If I get a letter from Mamie I shall be quite satisfied.

Put on a pair of new boots yesterday and walked about five miles through the untrodden snow. I was some what "fat-e-gued" on my return. I enjoyed my hunt though! Got on the trail of some turkies again! Its like running after happiness! Had I sat down or went another way they might have walked on to me!

What numberless tiny, queer tracks we see on the snow -- dainty little trails of mice, birds, &c., that makes one think of fairy foot-prints! I was beguiled in to "baby-talk" to some

of these wee foot-prints yesterday. Suppose some people could have over-heard me, would I have still been called cold and haughty, or "Marble Heart"? Ha.