

UNITED STATES  
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

Midwest Regional Office

Omaha, Nebr.

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(Area)

FILE CODE:

Ada Vogdes Journal, 1868-1870

Return to Merrill J. Mattes  
National Park Service  
1709 Jackson St.  
Omaha, Nebr. 68102

**IMPORTANT**

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**TO:**

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Voyages

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1868 Left Fort Sedgewick for Laramie

<sup>th</sup>  
Saturday June, 27 To day they are moving  
over the river. the company property.

<sup>th</sup>  
Sunday 28 June 4 P. M. Here we are all  
safely over the river. The crossing very  
good today, only two deep places, when  
the water came into the wagon.

This day, has seemed like anything  
but a Holy day with the confusion of  
breaking up house keeping, and pack  
ing up.

Dined and spent my last hours  
at Sedgewick, with Mrs. Hunt. Here I  
am now over the river safely, and  
cosily fixed in my little tent, and  
comfortable as can be. Tomorrow a. m.  
we move at daylight. This my first  
experiance of tent life. After dark  
we all met in Capt. Millers tent, &  
there we sang until it was time for  
us to retire for the night. I playing  
on the guitar.

<sup>th</sup>  
Monday, June 29 . Slept splendidly  
except when awakened occasionally  
by the sentinel, "Who come there". Up

at half past four, had breakfast in front of my tent, on my mess chest. Owing to the confusion caused by so little transportation we did not get started until 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Our first days march, has been any thing, but

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agreeable. We have had a dreadfully fatiguing day of it awfully warm, no shade, and water to be found only here ~~and~~ & there at long intervals apart, and then, so warm not be drinkable. We have marched ten miles today. Got into camp ~~quarter past three~~ quarter past three, had tents struck, No sooner were they pitched, when down came a most refreshing rain storm, bringing with it, hail in abundance, which were truly grateful to our parched, & dried tongues, after this ten miles march, through this hot, dusty, and barren country. On the road were to be seen, a few poor Jack rabbits, and antelope, & also a few flowers, but these were so dried up, that they looked like any thing, but live flowers. ~~One~~ of the soldiers gave me a jack rabbit, but when handed to me, he had such a funny feeling I let him

fall in the bottom of the carriage. He felt, when in your hands, as if his little belly, was full of shot, & these moved around in all directions, when you attempted to lift him up. To day we have <sup>were</sup> been six hours, & a half on the road, before we came into camp. Now we are on the banks of what they call a stream in this country, any where else, it would be considered a mud hole. Fording streams in this country, reminds me

54 of fording streams in the Holy Land.

No houses, no trees, nothing, but one vast ~~wast~~ <sup>wast</sup> of nature, unmolested, except by a few wild animals. The weather has changed since we struck tents, and now we are almost too cool, so sudden are the changes on these Plains. Ten miles only, from Sedgwick in an Indian country, but still seeing none. On the road, we halted to take lunch only, as we were so late getting off this a.m. Will not get our dinner, until we get into camp. Camped for the night near Lodge Pole Creek, cool, & delightful. I



seeming not to think of the long march  
they had so short a time, before taken  
Here we sat poring forth out melody un-  
til half past nine, when we each retired  
to our tents for the remainder of the night  
wearied out with our long march, though  
the day cooler than the one before. All  
along the march until we reached "Lodge  
Pole Station", we heard the booming of can-  
non, a (military morning) for Ex President  
Buchanan. Lodge Pole Creek a pretty  
little stream, filled with fish of various  
sorts, & of which, I had a taste for supper.  
At twilight we saw in the distance  
Cavalry approaching, & also an ambulance  
which proved to be a Dr. sent us from  
Sedgwick, as he started without one  
& which we gladly welcomed.

Wednesday July 1. <sup>at</sup> Up at three, off  
at five a splendid cool a.m., walked  
one hour today, came to a halt,  
& then got into my ambulance.  
They have just shot an antelope

which causes much excitement. Eighteen miles the soldiers made today, Got in- to camp about noon. We are now at a place they call "Louis Rancho", and it is the most desolate, & God forsaken looking encampment we have yet had. We are still on "Lodge Pole Creek only eighteen miles from where we were last night, but neither the scenery, or stream, has the same look that it did below.

Louis Rancho is an old station, that used to guard the emigrant trains on their way to Salt Lake. It was a kind of a fortification, but now in ruins. It is at this exact spot, where we now are, that the Indians scalped two, or three men who had come down to bathe, this spring. This rancho, is three miles from a little station, they call Sidney on the rail road, where there is one company stationed, & where I wanted to go this P. M., but it is too dreadfully warm, & I am too tired to move. Today

dreadfully warm, been asleep  
all the afternoon. A strong breeze  
blowing now, but still very un-  
refreshing. We see no Indians around us  
and I hope we will rest quietly to ~~enable~~  
enable us for the terrible march.

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before us tomorrow of 26 miles or more,  
over the Table lands. The flowers have  
nearly ceased to bloom, & everything is  
parched, & dried up for the want of  
rain.

Thursday July 2<sup>nd</sup> 1868. Reveille at 2. P. M.,  
struck tents at three, & off at half past  
three. We marched from half past  
three, until one in the afternoon, to get  
water, where we now are, a place called  
Mud Springs. Never did I long for the  
sight of water, as I did this day. In  
order to reach this spot, we had first  
to see the North Platte, which we looked,  
and longed for, hours before we were any  
where near it, and finally when we  
did spy it at noon, never were there ~~happier hearts~~  
happier hearts. The heat was intolerable  
on the Table lands, and the marching all



in vain, for after marching hours, after  
hours the sun beating down on our  
heads, with nothing to shade them  
not even a small bush, nothing could  
be seen in the distance, but horison  
all around us look where we would,  
and under such circumstances how  
discouraging was the march to these  
poor men who had to foot it, or  
die, & lay there bones, ~~down~~, as many  
had done before them, & with  
no transportation for them, except for

58 those who could not possibly walk ~~another step~~  
another step. The men fainted on  
the road side, & those who could not  
keep up with the column, were left  
many miles behind to come in as  
they could, or die on the road. as  
there was no means of taking care of them.  
After resting a few moments, would  
these poor fellows sore footed, and  
lame in many way, resume thi\_\_\_  
march with all the strength, and  
fortitude of men who had just left  
their quarters. We all did what we could  
in our limited way by giving them

camphor to smell, & hay run to bathe their faces with, but this march had to be accomplished before the sun set on us, over bluff, & over the Table lands in order to get water, for men, & animals. & we hastened on, regardless on any thing to get through with it before the hottest part of the day, this awful march. But the sun no sooner arose, than he was red with rage and his rays at early dawn, ~~showed~~ showed us plainly, that he would not be sparing in his heat, & at that hour were they more penetrating; than some times at Noon. Finally at One when we left the Table lands behind us, about an hour, we came to a very

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high bluff consisting entirely of lime stone formation, when on the top of this, we saw the North Platte in the distance about fifteen miles still farther off, but which our weary eyes greeted with gladness, as we knew we were near Mad Springs, when we saw the Platte. Here on the table lands were

to be seen only a few antelope, &  
they so far apart, & the men so tired  
they caused no excitement. At the descent  
of this lime stone formation, we / <sup>? units</sup> <sup>✓ ?</sup> finally  
reached mud spring, but the distance  
down this bluff was some miles, but we  
were all so delighted at having gotten off  
the table lands, that even ten miles  
seemed nothing, as water was before  
our eyes, & now we seemed marching  
for some purpose, for the first ~~time~~  
time, since we left Louis Rancho.  
Mud Spring was near another old rancho,  
but now, as they all are along the route  
abandoned, & nearly in ruins desolate  
looking beyond description, & I could only  
think how happy those people must  
have been to get out of it. At reach-  
ing the walls of this old rancho the  
men dropped down one after the  
other as if never to rise again this  
side of the grave. I cannot describe  
the deliciousness of this water this as



darling Mother. I was really afraid  
Wayne would die to day, as he never  
has done any marching before. A  
Soldiers life, in a wilderness like  
this, is a fear ful thing. Here we will  
rest until tomorrow a.m., when we will be  
off. I am refreshed however with the idea  
of that long dreadful march being over of  
28 to 30 miles.

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D

Friday A. M., July 3 Last night we sat  
in front of our tents until bed time.  
We are having splendid moon light nights  
& cool evenings, which add much to  
our comfort, after the heat of the day  
is over. Reveille at four this a.m., struck  
tents at five, & off at six a splended cool  
a.m. for marching. The water so filled  
with <sup>alkali</sup> lime-stone, here, that it makes  
your eyes smart, to wash in it. I for-  
got to mention a piece of Major Cains rude-  
ness to Wayne yesterday. He came to a halt,  
& ours came too near to his, & he said  
to Wayne, who was driving at the time,  
"Back down that ambulance," Wayne said,  
~~"he could not back down hill,"~~ He waited  
~~a minute, &~~

"he could not back down hill," He waited a minute, & then said again "Back down that ambulance sir", but Capt. Miller was in the ambulance, & told him not to. This was said in the presence of many ladies, & enlisted men. Instead of telling his driver to drive ahead, ordered us to back down hill, which Wayne would not do, as our ambulance was too weak in the springs. He came up, & looked at the ambulance, & finding the springs were too weak, & what he had said, was true, apologized. We have just come to Court House Rock, where

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we are now hauling at a stream called Lawrance Fork, at the foot of Court House Rock. This stream deep, clear, & cool as ice water. The water came up to the hubbs of the wheels, so deep was this ~~stream~~ <sup>narrow</sup> little stream. This rock is the strangest looking thing. It reminds one of of an old castle, with turrets, & buttresses, & is of a light yellowish color. A most glorious cool day after the heat of yesterday. Took a walk this a.m., with the Dr., & Mrs. Bailey. They gave out,

after walking a short time, & I continued on by myself, not being able to catch up with my ambulance, & I would not get in with the Dr., so had to walk some miles by myself & walking as fast as possible to try, & stop my ambulance, & finally they went down a hill, & then I thought surely they would halt, for it seemed, as if we were near Court House Rock, when we were many miles away, so deceiving are the distances in this country. When we came to this valley where I thought it was nearly time to halt, it proved to be a stream of water, through which I had to wade, as my carriage was still driving on furiously ahead, & no prospect of my catching up with it; when I got to this stream of water

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fortunately, I met Major Collins, & Miss Abercrombie, there they stopped to water their horses. I did not know they were there, thinking they were far ahead. I told the Major I had been walking some miles all alone owing to my not being able to catch up with the carriage.

~~They said they had been looking for~~

miles all alone owing to my not being able to catch up with the carriage. They said they had been looking for me, & that no body had seen me, & were wondering what had become of me, when I so suddenly, & very unexpectedly turned up at the crossing of said stream. The Major rode on furiously, & stoped it for me, then I had to run, walk, & trot at intervals so as not to keep the teams behind us waiting, when I <sup>at last</sup> finely reached the wagon, nearly dead, & out of breath from running so far, it taught me a lesson, & I did not do so again. Had I not met Major Collins I ~~would~~ <sup>shuld</sup> had to walk until we had reached Court House Rock. I thought when I left the Dr., that we were only about two miles off, & I would walk it, but distances are so deceiving, that it was ten, or more there only I did not know it. And all this walking, was done, with sand over shoes tops, & no one, but teamsters around me, as I could not keep up with the ambulances as they



went so fast, & I was getting so tired, that I was every moment, being left farther behind. this was the last time I walked alone. We are now at the foot of this \_\_\_\_\_ rock, where we will remain until tomorrow. This a much pleasanter camping ground than the one yesterday Lawrence Fork a deep clear stream bright looking, & surrounded by high bluffs that reminded me of the Palisades, in appearance, & formation.

th  
 Saturday July 4 Revillee at three this a.m., struck tents at four, & off at half past four. To day we have marched about twenty four miles, but as the day was cool, we did not mind it. We are now encamped on the North Platte our blurred tents facing the river, & the view beautiful a beautiful grass plot in front of the tent, & the little islands, in large groups filled with trees, makes the scene, one of exquisite beauty. The river very swift, & broad here, & filled with fish. These trees are very grateful

to our eyes, after the long journey across the Plains, when there was not even a bush to be seen.

The only thing of interest on the road today, from Mad Spring, to this place, was Chimney Rock a formation of sand

65 forming a high tower, with a strong looking foundation, of cream colored earth. I think the formation shale. The bluffs along the road are of a light yellow color, & remind one of fortifications all along the ridges of the bluffs, wherever they appear. They look beautiful in the distance, & also very imposing. We have seen a number of "stunted stunted" pines, on the bluffs, in this region of country. We are now about a hundred miles from Sedgwick. This is a charming camping ground, full of the most exquisite grasses, I ever saw, but feel pretty tired this evening, after my walk of about eight miles today, & long ride. We are encamped about three miles (E)



in order, to get on the other side of  
it. This Pass is only wide enough, to ad-  
-mitt one wagon to go through at a time  
& when we reached the enterance to it,  
we all got out, & walked through, as the  
road was steep, & winding, & we were  
afraid to trust ourselves in the wagon.  
We all walked through this Pass at  
noon time, in the midst of a hot  
broiling sun so hot, that it burnt our  
feet beneath to touch it, with no air,  
nor water, with which to refresh our-  
selves, while going through this Pass  
of a mile, & a half, if not more. I  
could not, but admire it, even in the  
midst of this great heat, & fatiging  
march, through which we have already  
gone. The color, is of a yellowish cream  
color. In this Pass were to be seen the  
the most beautiful blue flowers, and  
sun flowers, mixed, growing right out  
of this hard, clsyish soil. On this sand,  
which is as hard, as bristol brick, we saw  
the greatest number of names cut, some

had been there, three, & four, years,  
only in this sand formation. This Scotts  
Bluff, is grand, beyond description. It  
looks exactly like a splendid old Fort  
all in thorough order, equipped, & manned  
& ready, for service, at a moments notice.  
It is covered all over, in a more, or less  
degree, with little pines, & these, when  
a few miles off reminds one of soldiers  
scattered all around, looking as if they  
had come out to greet us in this  
wilderness. The appearance of these trees [blurred]  
is really, very remarkable. These  
ridges, or bluffs, are all strange looking.  
They all look like a succession of  
Ft's one, after the other, & a person  
going through this country, not partic-  
ularly cultivated might form  
the idea, that this whole country,  
was strongly fortified judging only  
from the looks of things.

The prairies were looking beautifl  
this a.m., early. In some places, the  
sun flowers were so thick, that the  
grass, had the appearance of having  
a yellow gauze thrown over it so

abundant were these flowers. We are now encamped on the North Platte at the foot of S.B., near Ft. Mitchell a dreary, deserted, old Post that only a few month before, had seen garrisoned by one company, but at this time deserted. A dreadful looking place, & I am thankful that it has been abandoned, for we might have been sent there, some time. There is <sup>many?</sup> every trace here, of the Indian having been here, only a few days or week before us, as they have left many little mementoes behind them. Back of my tent, there has been a fire, & by it, is lying, an old moccasin abandoned by some of the men, or women. I have felt ever since I came into camp like picking it up as a trophy. Farther down the camp is to be seen a kind of arbor made of hoops, where Wayne says they live under, by spreading bushes over the top, & others said, it was an "Indian medicine lodge." Half past seven, & just through dinner, as it is too hot

to eat until the sun goes down  
Had some fish for tea, from  
the North Platte, & very nice tasting  
After tea, I said to Wayne, that we  
must read the Psalter together

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that we ought not, & must not forget  
though worn out with our long,  
march entirely, who it was, that was  
watching over, & taking care of us, on these  
Plains, and bringing us so safely to the  
end of our journey, so I read the Psalter  
for the day of the month, & thought as I  
sat there, ~~that~~ perhaps it was the first ~~time~~  
time, that it had ever been read  
there. It was hard to realize that it  
was Sunday, we had gone through so  
much to day, in the way of a long  
march, through such heat, & ~~much~~ dust.  
Scotts Pass where we had such a time  
getting through this a. m., was some  
five <sup>five?</sup> ~~five~~ years ago a scene of great terror.  
The over/land mail coach party  
were all murdered, & not one man  
left to tell the story. They found  
only their bones, which told of the

sad story. I was truly glad, & thankful, when I had gotten safely through, & had seen the last of it. Five minutes to eight, a cool delightful breeze springing up, after a terrible, hot sultry day. This day has not seemed much like a Holy day; as we have made such a dreadful march on this day which should have been observed, by a much shorter one.

I repeated on the road, as I road

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along, the Hymn "Guide me on!  
through Great Jehovah", which sounded more appropriate to me in this wilderness than ever in my life before, & with more force.

What do we know about barren wildernesses, in a city church? I had never felt the words, & meaning before as I have ~~since~~ done, since I have been on this journey.

Monday July 6<sup>th</sup> Reveille at half past two, struck tents at half past three, & off at half past four. A warm sultry day. Just gotten into camp



after a long tiresome march from  
half past four, until half past twelve  
P.M. The misquitos were dreadful at  
Camp Mitchell, & none of us closed our  
eyes, for the whole night. We are  
only thirty nine miles from Ft. L.,  
and gladly will I welcome that  
place. Wayne nearly used up with  
the heat, & long marches. We are  
now encamped on the North Platte  
& will follow this river, until we  
reach Laramie. It is quite pretty  
here, but not as picturesque as below.  
The endless number of little Islands,  
covered with cotton wood, are looking  
beautifully green. The flowers have  
nearly disappeared, & in their places  
is to be seen any quantity of cactus  
of the yellow persuasion. These last  
two nights, have been very warm,  
& sultry. The water of the Platte, is  
not at all, refreshing, warm, even after  
the sun has gone down, & is of a  
muddy color. I took a bath in it a  
few nights ago, & found it very nice



in great abundance, also wild roses,  
but these <sup>then?</sup> we re all out of bloom.

The NorthPlatte, twenty miles below  
Laramie begins to grow less wide, &  
filled almost entirely with little  
islands, covered with quite good  
sized trees. These trees are cotton wood.

Our march this a. m., was all along  
the North P., for twenty miles, or more  
Some of the views, were truly lovely  
We came to two high bluffs over  
looking the river, & the little Isles  
below, made the scene one of true  
loveliness. The country here, is entirely  
different from any that we have yet  
seen. The grass has nearly all disappeared  
and what there was, is dried, & old.  
No flowers, every thing has a barren, and  
desolate look, which tells us that we are  
approaching Laramie rapidly. We are  
now encamped on the banks of a  
little green stream, but the  
water, not good, & of a yellowish color. I  
saw quantities of rocks piled up on  
the edges of the bluff on the road  
this a.m., which had the appearance  
of an old stone fence, & the first

stones I have seen since I have been in this country. Wayne found an Indian trophy this a. m., on the march in the shape of a red string of beads which some poor squaw had lost, on her journey to the Missouri. One of the soldiers, gave me two little dove eggs, that he had found this a.m. From our present camping ground can be seen "Laramie Peak" a distance of 45 miles from Laramie. but this Peak, acts as a beacon to us in this wilderness, & tell us plainly that we are near the end of our journey. On either side of this little creek, is filled with beautiful trees, consisting of willow, & cotton wood. It is thundering & I hope we may have a shower to cool us off, after this dreadful, hot, & fatiguing march. Miss A., & I, walked about an hour, & a half this a.m. at early dawn, before the sun had begun to pelt us, with his burning rays. This kind of life, does not suit the female portion of creation. A woman, was never intended to cross these Plains.

On the road we passed a grave of an officer who was murdered by the Indians, & nearly all his command. What a dreary desolate place for ones last resting place on earth. We have seen no Indians yet, but many traces of them, everywhere we have traveled. There has been no game on the road any where, with the exception of a few Jack rabbits was the only visible living things, but ourselves to be seen. Occasionally these little animals would be seen bounding over the prairie, & he is indeed a Jack for he is sure of being Killed whenever he is seen jumping around.

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Wednesday, July 8<sup>th</sup> Reveille at three struck tents at four, & off at half past five. Arrived at Laramie about 8. a. m. Crossed the Little Laramie river, which brought us to the Ft. I was never so disappointed in any place in my life, as this. My heart sunk within me, when I saw the Ft., situated in a low valley, surrounded by high bluffs, & every things desolate, & dreary looking, beyond description. I can never forget my first impression

of Laramie. We drove into the garrison  
& there we met the officers, & ladies who  
took us home until we had gotten  
our quarters. We took lunch at Mrs.  
Erues, & had every thing nice, but what I  
enjoyed the most was some frozen  
peaches, which tasted delicious after not  
having any thing cold for ten days.

4 P. M., Wayne had every thing in order  
& we were resdy for housekeeping, as  
such as we could be, until the quarter-  
Master had provided us with tables.

Mrs. Price came down for me to stay with

75 her, but Mrs. True would not consent to my

leaving her. Laramie river, a swift,

beautiful little stream of water,

I am so glad to get to my journey's end,

I do not much care, where I am, and

can endure being home sick, better

than I could those dreadful marches.

July 9<sup>th</sup> Am beginning to feel at

home slightly, but tired, & worn,

out with our two hundred miles

of marching.

July 10<sup>th</sup> Cold enough for a fire,  
& the change quite refreshing. raining at  
at intervals.

Sunday July 12 Went to church today,  
for the first time, in many months.

July 16<sup>th</sup> Wayne sent out on "detached  
duty" up Laramie river

Monday July 20<sup>th</sup> returned with Wayne  
to camp, where he is in charge of a wood  
cutting party. My tent is pitched on the  
banks of the Laramie river, & a pretty  
little arbor, leads down to the water  
which Wayne had made, by cutting  
away the under brush. Out side  
my tent, is a large fly pitched, which  
acts as a shed, and keep the sun off  
of the front of my tent, and under  
which, I sit, read, & dine.

Where we are, the river is beautiful  
we are in a valley surrounded by high  
bluffs, and on either side of this  
river, is fringed with lovely trees,  
consisting of willow, cotton, wood, and  
box elder, Near my tent, are wild roses,  
in great abundance, but now out of bloom.

also wild gooseberries, which are now ripe, but have more seeds, than any little fruit I ever saw, but taste very nice when cooked. The misquitos are very thick, & also flies.

I came out here, in a spring wagon over the most horrid roads, part of the way, over bluff, down steep banks, and up rocky ascents, and was bounced about in the wagon, like an Indian rubber ball being unable to keep my seat for any length of time. I was congratulating myself, while being tossed about, that I had neither false teeth, or a wig, both of which I am sure would have been shook of, & out, & I should have looked sadly de-lapidated on my arrival here.

Here Wayne, & I, reign "sole monarch" amongst the owls, bats, antelops, & Coyote

The owl keeps up a most melancholy hooting all day long, and some times I fancy, our presence is not congenial to him. While the little birds of a



more sensible nature, sing sweetly, and hover around our tents as, if to welcome us in this wilderness. I am always glad when night comes, so the owl can see, & fly away, for he keep up such a grumbling all day long, which sounds as if he were complaining that he could not see by day, as well as night, and his notes sound to me, as, if he said. "Oh! dreadful, dreadful, dreadful."

It is so grateful to the eye, to see a few trees again, after four months absence from them. It is quite woody here for this country. The river is about 200 yards wide here, and very swift.

st

Tuesday July 21      Slept very well last night, but was alarmed in the night by Weyae's rushing out of bed in the middle of the night to see where a Coyote was that was making a most dreadful noise & which I thought on awaking was an Indian whoop, which frightened me dreadfully for a little while. Had a fish for breakfast, it was most delicious, & had very few bones, for a fish caught in this river, for they are generally all bones,

& the flesh very soft, which is a peculiarity of the fish in these rivers. The buffalo grass which grows in places around here, is most exquisite. It grows as closely as wool on a sheep, & is as fine, and soft, as hair, & is as soft to walk on as a velvet carpet. It bears a flat seed, of a yellow ~~red~~ color, and when in blossom, it has a little red, fringed looking flower.

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nd

Wednesday, July 22 Out hunting moss agaits all this a. m., & gathering gooseberries for tea, the berries were very nice, as we can get no other fruits, so we appreciate these. A cool delightful day, but the mosquitoes dreadful, so bad that I am obliged to have a sage "smudge" all the time.

Thursday 23. a. m. Last night was awakened by the barking of dogs, which frightened me, as I thought perhaps they saw Indians, as they are considered good sentinels, in this Indian Country.

This a. m., I went after agaits again, but found only a few. I went up into a canon this a. m., with Wayne to see how the wood choppers were getting along

& as he had no gun, I was frightened nearly to death for fear we might encounter some Indians. I had hardly gotten back to my tent, when a party of them were seen approaching on horse back, women also who rode like men, and some, had sun bonnets, while others again only held a shawl over their heads. I was very much frightened for a few ~~seconds~~ moments but of course they were only ~~friendly~~ friendly ones from near Laramie on a hunting

79 expedition. As they rode by they waived their hands, & said. "How?", & I was reading a letter from home at the time, so closed my letter, & said "how", which means how are you? Wayne sent a soldier in for the mail, the night before so on my return from a walk found two letters from mamma, & some papers. My letters are probably the only ones ever received in this wild region of country; I tell you I was glad to see some thing from home way out here.

To day is a warm sultry one, and tent life, is not desirable in summer, in this country. Early in the morning the weather is delightful, & late in the afternoons, but from 2. P. M., until ~~sun~~ six, or seven, are intolerable in camp

The wild sage grows luxuriantly where we are, & some of its stocks are as large as my waist; & the men have to use axes in cutting it. I always have my smudge made of it, as it smells delightful while ~~the~~ burning, & also keeps the misquitos away splendidly.

This Dakatoh Territory, is far more picturesque, than either Nebraska, or Colorado. There is much sameness in the general appearance of the country, but there is quite a dif-

ference to a keen observer of nature.

These hills, in Colorado, are all covered with beautiful grass, while in Nebraska the hills are all sand, and look like ants nests, on tremendous scales, & these hills are all sand for two hundred miles, as far as I have seen, with no variation whatever, from

Sedgwick, to Laramie. In Dakotah where I am now, the hills are composed of a conglomerate formation, the sides of which, are covered in a more or less degree, with grass, & pine trees. some of which, are of large growth.

The scenery here, is quite varied, & beautiful, owing to the little Laramie river, which runs for miles through this Territory, until it reaches the North Platte, where it empties its little swift, fresh, flow of water.

This river again, unlike the North Platte, & South Platte, which divides Colorado, from Nebraska has its banks fringed on both sides with beautiful trees, & the cotton wood of a dwarf growth fringes the stream with its beautiful peduncles, which reminds one of queen goats hair fringe. The views along this river are lovely, & worth a photog \_\_\_\_\_ art. It is very serpentine in its wan-

derings, & the views from the bluffs looking down, are exquisite. On one side of the Laramie river the hills are as I have said before, composed of this conglomerate formation, while on the other, the hills are all covered with grass, & the contrast, is quite remarkable

Friday, July 24. This a. m., Capt. & Mrs. Densise ?, & Major Collin came

out to see me. I gave them some stewed gooseberries, which were just off the fire, & which they seemed to enjoy, & some lemonade. I looked very much like an old country woman with my sun bonnet on a "kirchief"

tied around my neck, & no hoops

on, as I had pulled ? the lower ? one? of [off], & did not want to wear it until

it was mended, so was without these, &

I looked forlorn, I know. I had been

out fishing with Wayne, & had been

sitting all the morning on a log

of wood way out in the river, so

had prepared myself for it, not

dreaming of such a thing as visitors.

A warm day, but quite a breeze

blowing.

th  
Saturday July 25      Made some

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biscuits this a. m., as my bread had given out, & was reminded of the "Witch of Endor," as I stirred around under the fly of my tent, "busy in so many ways." I had to try, & make biscuits this a. m. as I was going to send my cook to the Ft. to get me some things & he would have to be gone over night This is only my second attempt at bread making, & I have succeeded admirably, better in tent than I did at home, where things were more convenient. I truly looked like a witch to day all bundled up to keep me from getting the color of the Nations. I found some beautiful morning glories yesterday in my rambles. They differ much from the Eastern glories, in two respects. In the first place, they grow on bushes, that bears a narrow green leaf and secondly, they are as large as a saucer some of them, but though

they grow on a tree, & are large  
in size they are very perishable  
but beautiful to look at, when growing.  
These bushes will be perfectly covered  
with these flowers of so gigantic a  
size for that species, which gives ~~them~~ these  
dreary places a charm, which they  
would not otherwise possess, while they  
last. There is also three kinds of thistles  
growing on these Plains. The purple kind  
of the East, & ~~there~~ then there is a large white

83  
flower growing on the same kind of a stock,  
as large as a small plate, with petals  
that look as if they were made of white  
tissue paper, with yellow stamens, At  
a distance, they are very lovely, but per-  
ishable. Then there is another of the  
same species, white about as large  
as a half dollar, and in shape, and  
appearance, like the climatic flowers.

This is exquisite, to examine. I met  
with it yesterday for the first time.  
I found also in my rambles, by the  
rivers side, the fly catcher, & also  
the garden flower, that bears those  
white berries in the fall. Some



call it the wax plant, it grows in large beds of-it here, near the water.

Wayne, & I, were out last evening, & picked gooseberries. enough to supply four of our friends, at the Ft. with

Sunday July 26<sup>th</sup> a charming cool day, after the heat of yesterday, and all night too, when we could scarcely close our eyes. Last evening we had a blow, which blew down our fly to the tent. I have just gotten some ice from the Post, which is most acceptable.

Monday July 27<sup>th</sup> My darling brothers birthday, but never are we to spend it together again, on earth.

84 Moved our camp this a. m., about half mile nearer the Fort. A terrible warm day. I cannot endu~~r~~<sup>r</sup>e this heat of tent life much longer. Still on the Laramie river.

July 28<sup>th</sup> Tuesday a. m., a dreadfully  
warm day, & again, no sleep last  
night, owing to the great heat.

The sunset last evening, was grand  
beyond description. It seems a pity  
that such sunsets, should be <sup>waisted</sup> shed  
in such a wilderness, as this. Last  
night with the setting sun, came a  
most georgious sunset in-the-west, &  
in the East, a beautiful rain bow, and  
at the same time, a shower, with the <sup>clouds of</sup>  
a most brilliant \_\_\_\_\_. A strange land,  
& a strange sky, do we see on these  
Plains. Last night had a most delic  
-ious fish for tea.

Wednesday July 29<sup>th</sup> Last night was a  
most glorious moon-light night. I sat  
out side my tent until nearly ten,  
sing, & playing on my guitar. The  
misquitos were terrible, but with a  
sage smudge, burning brightly  
managed to keep them at a distance  
About ten I retired for the night, being  
worn out with the heat, & flies of the  
afternoon, which were intolerable. No  
sooner had I gotten snugly ensconced

for the night under my *misquito* bar, then the foot of horse men were heard approaching in the distance. I listened, but said nothing to Wayne, until I was quite sure, of not being mistaken, for I was dreadfully frightened, but he heard it too, & said nothing to me, thinking I did not hear, & he did not wish to alarm me; as it came nearer, & nearer he jumped suddenly out of bed, & was at the camp in a moment leaving me behind, saying "Men on horse back," & I said yes, I had heard them some time, and on, I rushed after him, in my long white night dress, until I came to the end of the fly of my tent, & there I waited to know, ~~which~~ what it all could mean, with a palpitating heart, & shivering limbs, until his return. While standing there, as the horse-men came into Camp the sentinel halloed "Who comes there?" Friend was the reply, so went back to bed, knowing all was ~~right~~ right; a messenger it proved to be from the Post, but I was more frightened, than I often came to be. It has

been dreadfully warm all day, with not a breath of air stirring. I am frightened nearly to death every evening, when the sun goes down, until he comes again this next a. m.

86

Thursday July 30<sup>th</sup> Again have I passed another sleepless night, owing to the great heat, which made it impossible to sleep for any length of time. Yesterday it was as much, as I could do, to get through the day, so great was the heat. To day thank God, there is a cool breeze blowing, which I hope will continue until sunset.

This a. m., about half past five I received six letters. The corporal had gone in the day before, but as the mail was late getting in he did not return to camp until this a. m. or late last night, so this is why I get my mail, at so unearthly an hour, as aboved named. It was worth waiting for, as I got so many. Two from papa, one from Maama, one from Mother \_\_\_\_\_,

Dan, & Mrs. Hunt, & some papers.

Last night the misquitos were  
dreadful as usual, & I had to sit  
by a smudge all the evening.

until it was time to retire, the  
smoke nearly putting out my eyes

at  
Friday 31st A beautiful cool day.

going out for a walk. Yesterday I  
started out for a walk, & when  
we had gotten about a quarter of a

87 miles from the camp, I heard guns  
firing in quick succession, one after the  
other. I said to Wayne there must be  
some ~~taxi~~ trouble amongst the wood cutters.

He said No!, it was the falling of trees.

We listened again, & he said "yes, too  
rapid for them to be firing at game"

he started in haste, for the camp

Wayne took his gun, & a corporal,

& started for the canon, where the

men were at work, leaving me behind

frightened to death. He wanted me to

go with him, but was afraid so I

stayed around where the men were,

& heard this constant firing, until

Wayne was out of sight, nearly

frightened to death, but insted of  
Indians, as we supposed, it proved to  
be two of the company cooks, who were  
drunk, & had gone out gunning, and were  
firing at random, & for a little while  
I was most dreadfully frightened un-  
til I saw Wayne coming in sight  
again. Then to add to all these  
other fears, I had just gone through  
One of these men who was tight told  
Wayne he had his gun, Wayne said no,  
it was his gun. The soldier contradicted  
him, & Wayne ordered him to his  
tent, & he would not go, Wayne then  
told him, if he did not go in one

minuet, he would knock him down  
he started reluctantly, so Wayne had  
him tied up by the thumbs, and  
this frightened me so, I cried all the  
afternoon, until he released him  
Officers must be obeyed so I had to  
endure this for some time, be-  
fore Wayne let him down, & after he  
he convinced him he was right, &  
the man begged his pardon for ~~making~~  
contradicting him, all was well  
again in camp for this evening.  
This evening Mr. Bernard sent a wagon  
after me, as I wanted to go in, and  
I was as happy to get back to the  
post, as I would have been  
getting back to H. U. G., after an  
absence of two week Laramie was  
indeed a great contrast, & looked  
like a large city as we approached  
Wayne was ordered in on Sunday, as  
the Court Martial had convened to  
my great delight.

August 13<sup>th</sup> Wayne received orders this a. m., for the second time, to go on "detached duty." I did not go with him, as I had gotten enough of it the first time.

Sunday August 23<sup>d</sup> Wayne came in to spend Sunday, & insisted on my returning with him, as he was so

89 lonely out there without me, so here I am, on my second detached \_\_\_\_\_ twelve miles from the Post on "Deer Creek," but as the weather, is cooler, I rather enjoy it, were I not so afraid of Indians all the time, but at night I am miserable, until the next a. m.

August 14<sup>th</sup> invited to dine with Mrs. Flemmer, but as I had a previous engagement could not go, but played \_\_\_\_\_ in the evening with him.

August 18<sup>th</sup> Went to a picnic to day give by Mr. Sloan, at Waynes Camp six, or seven, miles from the Post, on "Deer Creek", at the foot of "Square Butte." Had every thing nice to eat,



a drink. They had a most beautiful  
arbor built of cedar, for us to sit,  
& dine under, & for a carpet, we had  
the fly of a tent put down, & the  
effects was beautiful. Miss Abercrom  
bie, Mrs. Price, & I, set the table for  
Mr. Sloan, & did the honors, as hostess.

Wednesday 19<sup>th</sup>. Took a ride on  
horse - back, this a.m., with L. Price &  
went out, & spent the day with ~~Wayne~~  
Wayne. Road about sixteen miles in  
today, & feel used up, as I have not  
ridden for so long a time. I enjoy  
it more than I can tell, & at

90

the same time, I was never  
more uncomfortable, in mind  
Only us two, on horse back eight  
miles from the f<sup>o</sup>, in an Indian  
Country, with only a little pistol  
I made up my mind, never to  
run such a risk again, for the  
pleasure of ~~being~~ <sup>seeing</sup> any one, unless I  
could have an escort of cavalry.  
We lost our way, & wandered  
some two, or three miles on

the prairies, before we noticed we were wrong, & had <sup>not</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>the</sup> bump of locality been so strong, would have wandered many miles longer. These roads all look so much alike, that when you are away from any sign of civilization, it is difficult to know where you are.

Tuesday, August 25. Mr. Sloan invited us down to his camp to eat Onions, & new potatoes, as we had not had any. spent a pleasant, day & returned at twilight, as I am afraid to be out after dark. He is only quarte of a mile ~~west~~ <sup>below</sup> us, & every evening he come up, & we play \_\_\_\_\_.

Saturday, 29<sup>th</sup> It has been raining all this week, more or less, especially at night. Quite an unusual thing for this climate I believe, & at this season of the year.

Sunday August 30<sup>th</sup> Last night I was more frightened, than ever before in all my life. I had been sick abed all day, wrapped in blankets, & hot water

to my feet, and as it had been raining every thing was damp, and wet through. In the afternoon it cleared off, and the sun set gloriously. As the twilight deepened into shade, we heard the roar of musketry, which proved on investigation, to be at Mr. Sloans Camp, quarter of a mile below us. Wayne rushed out of the tent, ordered the men to arm themselves preparatory to an attack. Then came volley, after volley, of musketry, with the most frightful yells, which lasted, for an hour or more, at intervals. I <sup>dressed</sup> draped myself as you can imagine in about two minutes, making my hair, as tight as I could in case they proved to be Indians, so that it could not be easily gotten at, then rushed out of the tent down to the camp amongst the men, who by this time were thoroughly armed & equipped for a fight. Then came another volley of musketry, with fearful yells, & call for help, from the camp below, they all said it was Indians, no mistaking them now. So Wayne sent out pickets on the bluffs in

all directions around to keep watch & give the alarm, should they come into our camp. So a detachment was sent down, & they came back, & said there were "two Indians" seen in the bluffs. ~~Presently~~ one of the sergeants came back, & said, there was a mutiny in the camp below, the men had been to a rancho, & had all gotten drunk, & the no commissioned could do nothing with them. One of the soldiers came home tonight, & had gone into a bluff behind the camp, & he was making the most dreadful yelling, to make the soldiers think there were Indians around, but this was not the end of the disturbance, after while, these yells continued again, with volley after volley, & Wayne left me to find out this time, if there were Indians around or not. I went back to my tent, told my two scouts to arm themselves, while Wayne was gone, no one can imagine my fears, for those dreadful yells were now going

on all the time, & they all said  
it was the noise of Indians. Presently  
when Wayne had been gone fifteen ~~minutes~~  
minutes, back he came to say it was ~~worse~~  
worse than he thought, for our men,  
& a party from the camp below met

93 on Deer Creek, in the bushes, & were  
firing at each other, with these dread-  
ful yells, so it was all a false alarm  
we found after an hour had elapsed,  
but I was never so distressed in my  
life while it lasted. There I stood  
on this wet, ground an hour or more  
until I new every thing in the camp  
& cold, after being ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> bed wrapped  
up in blankets all day. I thought  
I would catch my death a cold  
from this, but feel no bad effects  
this a.m. I did not undress last  
night, & would not let Wayne,  
I was so frightened all the rest of  
the night. It was the first  
time, that ever I had heard  
any yells, & they will never be  
erased from my memory, as

long as I live. So much for  
an officer going from his camp &  
to stay any length of time.

I shall go back to the fort, at my  
very earliest convenience, & there stay.  
I cannot endure these frights. I  
am frightened to death all the time.

Monday 31<sup>st</sup> Mrs. True, & Miss Abercrombie  
came out, to day to make me a visit, will  
stay until Thursday, when I will return  
with them.

94 Thursday 3<sup>d</sup>, September. Came home this  
afternoon, with an escort of three armed  
soldiers, twelve miles over the Prairies.  
I thanked God when I found I had  
gotten home safely, when Indians  
are roving around generally.

Friday Sept., 4<sup>th</sup> Took breakfast with  
Mrs. Bullock, as all my things are out  
at camp, and a most delicious breakfast  
I had.

Monday 21<sup>st</sup> Sept. Went to camp, and  
spent a week with Wayne, as he was  
sick. Had quite a snow storm in the night  
night.

Tuesday 22<sup>nd</sup> Moved our Camp up  
to Mr. <sup>Sloane</sup> Simons, a beautiful Camp.

Thursday 24<sup>th</sup> Had a great Indian  
alarm this night. The men set up  
a most dreadful yell just at twilight,  
& when we came to investigate no  
one knew any thing about it. Then  
after this, the wild animals tried  
to see what they could do, & between  
the two, I was nearly frightened to death

Saturday 26<sup>th</sup> Returned to the Post, &  
glad was I to get back again.

Sunday 27<sup>th</sup> Wayne left me this  
afternoon for Camp, and I feel  
truly, blue this night. Mrs. Cooper, &  
Miss Abercrombie came down to see me  
this evening.

95 Wednesday Oct. 7<sup>th</sup> This morning at  
<sup>reville</sup>~~reville~~ we were all shocked  
with the dreadful news General  
Fleming's death, who died last  
night, between two, and three,  
o'clock, of heart disease so  
they say.

Wayne relieved from detached duty, the 5<sup>th</sup> October after being out nearly three months.

November 5<sup>th</sup> Yesterday Red Cloud made his appearance at this Post for the first time. He, and Red Leaf, are the two worst Indians on the Plains. Red Cloud was the head of the party, who massacred all the troops at Fort Kearney, and Red Leaf was the one who killed Gen., Fetterman, after whom the Fort is called eighty miles above us.

Red Cloud is a plain looking Indian about forty years old, and about six feet high and very quiet hardly answering, when spoken to, has a pleasant smile, and no show, or clash, in any movement

Red Leaf a short

little Indian, but quite different from Red Cloud, he



is all beads, and finery, wears  
an old uniform hat, with  
all the colors of the rain bow  
scattered around him. His  
face is one that wears a constant  
smile, and his expression is rather  
fiendish, but still at the same  
time, it strikes you, as a good  
fartherly looking countenance, &  
one to whom you would go  
in trouble, were he in <sup>differant</sup> differant  
circumstances.

Big Bear was another ~~ix~~  
that particularly struck my  
fancy, as he was more sociable,  
and tried to say some thing  
to me. His style of dress coin-  
cided more with my idea  
of the Indian in his wild state  
than any of the others, with  
but one exception. All the  
clothes he had on, consisted  
only of legins, & moccasins, with  
a buffalo robe thrown over his  
shoulder, which exposed to view  
the most splendid chest, and

shoulders, I ever laid my eyes upon.

We shook hands with them

97 all, and said "How," and told them, "Wachta cola", which means (we are good friends,) and they were delighted to find we knew any Indian words.

Col. Bullock the Sutler entertained them all in his house, & the whole house was thrown open to them.

They had their feast in the dining room of course where there had to be made ~~great~~ great preparations for their eating as they have no respect for carpets. The room was covered with sail cloth, and these great warriors of these ~~Plains~~ Plains sat down on the floor around the sides of the room until it was full. When they were all seated. A man stood in the middle of the room, with four tin buckets,

containing coffee, potatoes, soup  
and a bucket of rice cooked  
with raisins, & sugar, which  
they thought was splendid  
each had a tin plate, & diper  
as they each finished, they  
went into the parlor, and sat  
themselves down in rocking chairs

98

and on the sofas, with as much  
ease, and grace, as, if they had  
been born there, and knew  
no other life.

Then Col. Bullock introduced  
us all to them, & we shook hands  
and said "How," and they seemed  
to enjoy the day, as much as we  
did.

The only woman present at  
the feast, was Red Clouds squaw  
and as soon as she had finished  
her dinner, retired to the yard.

Grass another big Indian  
spoke English, he was brought  
up by some white person  
but returned to his wild  
state, as soon as he grew up.

"How," in the Indian language means ("how do you do") and Washtacols means ("we are good friends.")

1868. Nov. 6<sup>th</sup> Red Cloud, signed the Peace Treaty to day, so now I hope we will be able to enjoy a ride, or walk, out side the garrison.

Dec. 25<sup>th</sup> 1868.

Christmas on the Plains.

Today is a most glorious one after several days of intense cold, the

99 air warm, and balmy, and one of those days, when it is painful to the feeling, to be housed up.

This morning at eleven we had a rehearsal at the theatre. Dined at four, had a splendid turkey for dinner a present from Col. Bullock the sutler.

At half past six, we were all ready in our theatricals costumes, and on the stage, as the performance was to <sup>begin</sup> being punctually at seven.

the  
At seven ^ orchestra struck up a  
lively tune, the curtain rose,  
and I, felt, as, if I were one of the  
Stars belonging to Wallack's, that had  
been suddenly dropped down here  
for the occasion. After the theatre  
was over, we were invited to Mrs. B's  
to take some egg-nogg. So ended  
my Xmas on the plains.

The garrison charmed with our  
acting.

We had no service to go to, and  
so the day was spent in eating,  
drinking, and theatrical amusements.

The elegant turkey could k  
he have seen himself after he  
was cook, & ready for use, would  
have been ashamed of himself,  
could he have come to life suddenly  
-----  
100 I did not know how to stuff him, or  
fill up those two hollows top, and bot-  
tom, & his legs stuck straight up  
in the air, because I did not know  
where, or how to fix them, & his wings  
had the expression, as, if he would  
like to take wing, & flee away

from such a scene. But he tasted just as well, as if his legs had been in a more proper shape, & his wings had been pinned down to his side, but I must confess, without the stuffing in side he had rather a de-collapsed & lapidated appearance.

It is truly horrid, to have more accomplishments, than culinary knowledge.

Dec. 27<sup>th</sup> Mr. Pitschiner dined with me to day. He sings, & plays, delightfully on the guitar, and I enjoyed his visit much.

Christmas I drank so many different kinds of liquor, that I retired quite up side down to my couch, and although I was perfectly still, & quiet myself, the bed, & things around, would roll, & keep in perpetual motion. I think my brain had St. Vitases dance.

We are having <sup>some</sup> Gloriosa weather no snow yet, & the weather delightful for out of door exercise.

101 January 5<sup>th</sup> From the day 2 after Xmas until New Years, we were very busy

here. Xmas week we had a theatrical performance, consequently we had two rehearsals daily, until this came off, which was the Wednesday before the New Year, when we played the "Loan of a Lover," & "*J'ai un poulx* Francois". After the theatre was over, we were all invited to Col., Bullocks the Sutler's, to drink egg nogg.

Dec 31<sup>st</sup> Thursday night there was a little impromptu dance at the hospital, but I did go, & had a nice time after much persuasion as there were so few ladies to dance. Did not get home until half past three. We danced the old year out & the new one in, <sup>after</sup> and the dance the officers went all around the room wishing each one "a happy new year," then came supper, & dances & so ended the evening, but when we came to go home we found three inches of snow on the ground, much to our surprise.

1869 New Year's day Jan 1<sup>st</sup> I received calls with Mrs. Price. The day lovely

Over head, but snow on the ground  
~~sit~~

which had fallen the night before.

In the afternoon when all the

102 officers had called the ladies all  
went down to Mrs. Bullock, and  
there we had an elegant entertain-  
-ment, equal to a New York table.

In the evening Mrs. McKibben  
had a dance at her house, but  
I was so tired out, I did not stay  
long after twelve.

2<sup>nd</sup> St Saturday I had company  
to dine Mr. Fitchimer, the  
Dr., from Fetter~~man~~.

Sunday 3<sup>d</sup> Had a sand-storm so  
that we could not get out to Church.

Monday 4<sup>th</sup> The officers all left  
for Fetter~~man~~, & now the garrison  
is quite quiet again I am glad  
to say.

Tuesday 5<sup>th</sup> To day has been a  
~~glorious~~ glorious day, the sun bright, & warm  
over head, while under foot the  
snow all melted, & the walking  
as usual, good.



Took a ride with the Chap  
-lain this afternoon I enjoyed it  
as much as I do any amusement,  
which takes me from the Post  
in this Country. I am in constant  
fear until my return when  
I go out.

To day, <sup>was?</sup> have I been married  
thirteen months.

103 The excitement all over, & we have set-  
tled in quietness down, to "our old  
accustomed ways," once more.

Wednesday Jan. 6<sup>th</sup> 1859. Took a  
ride in our ambulance to day, & ~~took~~  
invited Mrs. Price, Dr. & Mrs. Percell  
and we were run away with, and  
would have been killed, but  
for Dr. Percells splendid driving.

Friday Jan. 8<sup>th</sup> A slight fall  
of snow last night, but has  
nearly all disappeared, under the  
rays of a warm sun.

Friday 21<sup>st</sup> The weather still con-  
tinued glorious beyond description. I can  
not believe there is more splendid  
weather any where in the world

at this season of the year. I played croquet all the morning, and this p.m., Mrs. Dye, the Col. & I, went skating but the skating was not good, too rough, so came home, & tried a game of billiards.

Jan. 28<sup>th</sup> 1869 Been snowing all day the snow three inches deep on a level.

The first real stormy day this season.

Yesterday it was ~~xxx~~ lovely in the afternoon and we played croquet until dark, but now this storm will prevent us from playing again for some days.

104 Jan., 29<sup>th</sup> 1869. The thermometer this a. m., at daylight, was thirteen degrees below zero, but I was surprised to find it so low, as I felt no such great change in the weather, but the air is so dry, this is the cause that we do not.

Two hundred Indians came in to day, and there was a *council* held, at which I was present. I went with Dr., and Mrs. Percell. I saw all the great Chiefs, and shook hands with about half of them,

and said, "How," until my throat was dry. Red Leaf I had seen before, and he seemed to remember me I met another great Chief to day that I had never seen before, the man, "Afraid of his horses," he is an old man, and his hair slightly gray, tall, comfortably dressed in a dark shirt, and a buffalo robe thrown around him. He did all the talking, and Red Leaf did not come in at the council once. He had no show of finery or ~~jump~~ pomp about him in any way. Red Leaf on the contrary was dressed to "Kill" to use a slang expression, He had on a full set suit of buck skin, elegantly *ornamented* with

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every color of the rain-bow. I gave him a button off of my coat, and he gave me an arrow in return. Another big Chief gave me an arrow, but would not tell his name as he was superstitious about doing so, <sup>to him I gave a pound of candy</sup> I talked to them, & shook hands, until I became quite a belle amongst these

red men of the Plains. One Indian to whom I gave a button, he fastened it on the outside of a blue soldier coat which he had on, and seemed delighted with his gift.

They were all delighted with my astrican coat, and all had a touche of it, & especially the buttons attracted ~~them~~ their notice to a great degree as they were \_\_\_\_\_.

I got a little leather case from one, "Black Hawk", and gave him ~~knives~~ two pounds of sugar, and one of tea for it. I saw a big Chief of the Black Feet tribe, to day also, he was splendidly gotten up, he had on a full <sup>suit</sup> ~~set~~ of buck skin, embroidered most elaborately in red, white, & blue beads, in the some ingenious manner. I never saw bead work more beautifully done.

Some of the squaws dresses were also elaborately embroidered, and very beautiful

to look at I spent four hours, and a half amongst them, this afternoon, and enjoyed my visit amongst, these red painted, & feathered individuals.

Although the thermometer was thirteen degrees below zero, some of them had nothing on, but leggings, and a buffalo robe on their shoulders. What prevents them from taking dreadful colds I can not imagine.

Jan., 30<sup>th</sup> The snow is melting away in haste, before the warm rays of the sun.

Feb. 5<sup>th</sup> Been married fourteen months to day. We are still playing croquet, and skating, one after the other. Wayne bought me a pair of Gentlemen skates yesterday, which I like much better than ladies.

This weeks mail did not bring one letter, for any body at this post.

Friday night Feb. 12<sup>th</sup> 1869. We are having a dreadful snow storm, the first real storm this winter. The snow is so fine & light, that you cannot see a cross the parade

ground, it is just like a dense mass of smoke in appearance, obscuring every things.

Ash Wednesday Feb. 10<sup>th</sup> The first time in my life that I was deprived of being able to attend Church. To day my hood came, which Mamma made, & sent to me. It is lovely, & just what I wanted.

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Feb. 13<sup>th</sup> Still snowing seriously, and the snow coming down in clouds like smoke, & obscuring every thing.

No one can have a perfect idea of a snow-storm, until they see one on the Plains. There is something terrific in the idea, of being snowed up, so far from civilisation.

The snow has drifted so, that I can hardly see out of my windows, any distance.

This storm will put an end to our skating, & croquing, for some time to come, & I shall remain quiet in my quarters like a gopher in his hole, until the snow melts, & the days are long & warm. Then on ~~me~~ some fine day, you will see me out again, as, if nothing had happened.

A snow storm is grand on the Plains  
for hours, before it reaches us, we can see  
it coming from the Mountains, and  
suddenly it comes down upon you,  
like a shower-bath.

Feb. 14<sup>th</sup> Was quite a gala day with  
us, the Larznie river was frozen over,  
in all directions, & we could skate any  
where, without fear of breaking in. The  
whole garrison was on skates for a

106 few hours, soldiers, officers, ladies, &  
children, seats were brought  
down on the ice for those, who could  
not skate, & those who came to look  
on, ladies who could not skate were  
pushed about in chairs, and  
things had quite a Central Park  
appearance, for a few hours. The  
skating fine.

Feb. 15 The skating will, good, and  
will continue so for some days.

Feb. 20<sup>th</sup> Snowing, which will spoil  
our skating, for a few days.

Saturday night the close of the  
week, & also, the close of the day.

Safely through another week,  
O Lord, I trust thou brought me,  
May the coming one, be to me,  
What the past has been.

Food, spirits, water plenty,  
Clothes though rusty,  
\_\_\_\_\_ Sufficet,  
Shoes though good, require repairing  
Amen.

Sunday Feb. 21<sup>st</sup> 1869. The thermometer 25 degrees  
below zero this morning. Oh! it is fearfully  
cold the coldest weather, that I have  
felt, since I have been on the Plains.

109 Went to Church this a.m., but only two or  
out as  
three people, it was so cold.

Monday, Washington's Birthday Feb. 22 1869. We  
are having bitter cold, <sup>weather</sup> the coldest, that I  
have ever felt. The thermometer at reveillee  
this morning, was (thirty one,) below zero, &  
though this is the third day, the wea-  
ther still continues unabated, in its cold  
strength... The ground covered with snow,  
which I am afraid will still prevent  
the mail coach from reaching us this  
week, as we have been two weeks without



any mail, I cannot wait much longer.

1869 March 1<sup>st</sup> One year ago today, since I arrived on the Plains, at Sedgwick.

March 2<sup>nd</sup> Snowing a little, and I am afraid our mail will not be able to go, & or come through.

March 3<sup>rd</sup> Been snowing all day, but not still it has, kept me at home, for I have been on the go all day. Bitter cold to night, and the thermometer down to know body knows where.

About a dozen Indians came in today, and I did pity these poor things paddling around in the cold, & snow, for some thing to eat.

We have had neither skating, or croquet, for some days past, and I in consequence, feel, like some thing out of its element.

110 March 5<sup>th</sup> 1869. One year ago today, since I first went to house keeping, and in all this time, I have never had one bad, or uneatable dish, come on my ~~table~~ table. A beautiful day the ground covered with a gauzy veil, of snow.

March 6<sup>th</sup> Dined with Mrs. Bullock,

and had an elegant dinner.

March 12<sup>th</sup> The croquet good, & the weather fine.

March 13<sup>th</sup> Croquet; splendid weather.

March 14<sup>th</sup> Sunday, no service owing to the Chaplain being away. Had a ~~house~~ house full of Indians all day

March 25<sup>th</sup> To day, was an exciting one at Laramie. At 6 o'clock in came Red Cloud (Mauckpe's Ints) with a thousand Indians young bold, & dashing, warriors, with their squaws, and papooses. They came in two abreast, singing at the top of their lungs, and, as they drew near the post, they formed themselves in to a line of battle, around one side of the garrison, & remained on their ponies for some time, as the Col. feared their intentions were evil, two companies of Infantry were under arms for two, or three hours, the artillery were brought to bear, & two canons were

mounted, and manned, & every thing had a war like appearance for hours, guard mount was put off until noon. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Col. Dye ordered them off, as they had not had permission to come on, in such large numbers, & told them, if they did not go, they would be fired into. Three times were they told before they obeyed, and great was the excitement, to see, if the last order would be obeyed. Finally they did, and a more exciting day for a few hours, I never experienced. One of the big chiefs made a singular noise, & they all started for their ponies, & as they rode off, scattered in all direction, over bluffs, & plains it was a grand sight. The day was glorious, which added much to the looks of things.

March 26<sup>th</sup> They were allowed to come in again, to trade, but in small numbers, at a time, & I worked around all day, to get a blanket worked with beads, which I succeeded in doing, for a bag of flour, 20 lbs of bacon (ca cushá), & some coffee, & sugar.

To day I entertained some of the biggest Indians on the Plains Red Cloud, his Indian name (Mauck ~~pen'ants~~). Red Leaf, & Old Crow.

112 they came at two o'clock, the most moderately for Indians, then went back to the Sutter's store. Red Leaf, & Old Crow gave me an arrow when they said good bye, Red Cloud had none with him.

March 21. Received news about the reduction of the Army, which has caused much excitement, as to who will go out. As we expect to go, I do not feel very comfortable about it.

Tomorrow a.m., 630 companies leave us for Cheyenne, ~~where~~ where they are to be stationed, at Ft. Russell.

Major Powell's, & McKibben's, which takes away from us, four families.

I have been playing croquet all day, as I have felt too uneasy in my mind, to settle myself at home.

I dined at Col. Eys's to day. He has been so kind to us lately, that

I do not know, how I can ever repay  
him.

I have gotten quite an idea of the  
Indian language since I came to  
Laramie, enough to trade with  
them.

Our weather is glorios now, over  
head one blue canopy, under foot,  
the most splendid walking.

113 Good Friday 26<sup>th</sup> March 1869. Never have I  
spent such a day before in my life, no  
Church, no attention payed to it, <sup>at</sup> all, &  
every thing confusion, with these two  
companies going away, & we losing our  
friends, has made the day all excitement  
& no religion about it. How can people  
living in this way, keep up much show  
of religion. As I am going to have an  
early breakfast, for the people going  
to morrow I must close.

March 27<sup>th</sup> Saturday. During my  
whole year of house keeping, I have  
never had such a catastrophe, as hap-  
pned to me this morning.

Breakfast was all ready to go on  
the table, every thing was ready, when

the servant was bringing in the coffee  
Pot, the bottom fell out, and so we  
had to go without any. I was so excited  
& felt so badly, as they the (Powell's) had  
never taken a meal with me before  
that I shall never get over it.

A glorious day, but they all went  
off in sad, sad spirits. Two companies,  
& four families. This separation ~~is~~ *is* <sup>very</sup>  
few month, or years, at farthest  
is a very trying, & depressing to one's  
spirits. I feel like drowning myself  
this morning.

Easter Sunday March 28<sup>th</sup> 1869. A terrible sand-

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storm blowing, and have not been  
able to go out all day. Every thing covered  
with dust, even myself.

Mr. Webster our Adjutant, is messing  
with us now, and it keeps my brain,  
pretty active, to find out, what kind  
of deserts I can get up daily.

The Indians have all gone, but a  
few half-breeds, and things have  
quieted down to a fearful extent.

Since Saturday, the post has seemed  
dreary enough. Taking away two companies

& four families, makes this little post, seem like a deserted village.

I wait with intense anxiety to know what will become of us, after we are consolidated with the "30th".

In consequence of these late changes, our Dramatic Corps, has all been broken up and nothing remains, but its finery which has been packed up. After many months & nights, of success, it has at last died out, as suddenly, as it began. During our theatrical season, the following pieces have played. "\_\_\_ on \_\_\_\_\_ Francaise." "Married Life." "Loan of a Lover." "Lover by Proxy." "Foodles." "Swiss Cottage.", and "Flies & Betsy Baker in the Web" were cast, when the order came, for two companies to go to Ghayenne, on one days notice. I had a heavy part in "Flies in the Web," as I did so well

119 in the other two, but as I have no taste, for theatricals, I am not sorry, that they are no more. Sunday night. The Easter moon is rising gloriously over the quarters opposite me, he seem to be late about getting up tonight, and as he has a very bilious look, this may be the cause of its delay.

No one, who has never lived on the Plains, can have the least idea of what a welcome sight it is, to see the sun, and moon come up each day. In civilization you have thousands of other things to & make glad cheer, the heart, & eye, and they are both, but little thought of, or noticed at all. I know myself, that I have often asked a person coming in at night, if it was pleasant, if the stars, were shining, or the moon out, & they would say, "well really I do not know, I did not observe," but in this country, no body is ever so indifferent to these beautiful orbs? of light, Gods master pieces of perfection, for keeping us from stumbling into each other, & things. Only think, but for these two great lights we would be no more use in the world, than so many bats.

"Three Bears" the Indian who brought back my silver spoon, had a letter from Gen., Haxney, who said he was a good Indian, & a friend to the whites, so I have been treating him extra



good since he found my spoon.

<sup>th</sup>  
April 10 A slight snow storm all day. The Pay master here, & the Inspector General.

<sup>th</sup>  
April Saturday 17 A telegram has just been received bringing exciting news to us. Wayne is to be retained in the 4<sup>th</sup> Infantry, and now I feel perfectly happy again after some weeks of despondency; but with the good news for us, my cooks has been ordered off on ten minutes notice, to Fetterman with nearly every soldier in garrison except enough to mount guard, after Indians. I am so excited, XX & worried I cannot settle myself.

My cook did not go, owing to his being late, & some one else was put in his place, much to my great delight, as I saw him returning, with sapsack, & blanket, & his face full of smiles.

I feel rather alarmed for our safety, as there are hardly men enough to do guard duty without taking our strikers.

April 21<sup>st</sup> 1869. Snowed all day, and the weather like December.

April 22<sup>nd</sup> The Carter troop here, will give a dramatic performance this evening. I went. They played "Lucretia

117 Borger", and concluded with the "side splitting farce of "Our Gal," as they expressed it on the programme. It was certainly more amusing, than refined, but out here, it was some excitement, so we went.

April 23<sup>rd</sup> My cook sick with a sore finger, and I am maid of all work, and have two gentlemen messing with me. The Adjutant Mr. G. O. Webster, & Mr. O'Brien who is going with our party to Fetterman.

May 15<sup>th</sup> To day at 2 P. M. we received our first mail, since our arrival, which was quite an event here, as we have been here two week.

April Wednesday 28<sup>th</sup> 1869. Left Laramie this a. m., at half past eight, for Fetterman. To day we rode from half past, eight, until five, when we have just gotten into Camp at "Big Bitter Cotton Wood". This camping ground in early spring I can imagine, might be very

beautiful, but which at present, is dreary beyond comparison. These Cotton wood trees are the largest trees that I have seen since my sojourn on these prairies. On the banks of a little stream which runs around these trees, is thickly wooded with thick underbrush & in spring time I know it must be beautiful.

The day has been a horrid one so to speak. Cloudy, cold, windy threatening snow at intervals, and we found it quite difficult

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to keep warm. <sup>When</sup> ~~When~~ we reached our camp, we found the fires all ablaze, & things quite warm, as Wayne, & Mr. O'Brien had rode ahead, & had them all ready on our arrival, which was truly grateful to our shaking, & quivering bodies.

<sup>th</sup>  
Thursday April 29 Slept as well as one could amid the neighing of horses, the melancholy lamentations of the mules, & the fear, & dread of savages, rushing down upon you. Before going to bed, we took a hot punch, the effects of which, did not wear off, until half past eleven, when I woke up, & did not get to sleep again. At twelve, the mail arrived, which was sent to us late in the P. M. At half past four

Wayne brought us our mail. This a. m. at that hour, it was freezing cold, so cold, that you could hardly comb your hair, so cold would your hands become.

A night in camp on these Prairies, is one of the most disagreeable things, that I have yet experienced. The barking of dogs, the neighing of horses, & the melancholy moans of the mules, reminds one of Barnums, & a night spent with the "Happy Family".

Left camp at six, and rode until five in the P. M. After leaving "Big Bitter Cotton Wood", a distance of two miles, we came to Little Bitter Cotton Wood", a small grove of cotton trees then Twin Springs to "Horse Shoe Creek", & then to Elk

119  
Horn, where we were so frozen on our arrival here, that he halted for an hour, & had camp fires made to warm ourselves, when we were thoroughly warmed we started off again with ~~now~~ only five miles march, before getting into camp for the night. We are now encamped seven miles from "La Bonte" in a cosy little retreat, though cold, & windy, we manage to keep warm with our camp fires. We nearly froze to death to day, finding it difficult to keep warm under three

buffalo robes. Such two days of cold I have never felt. Found a few butter-cups at "Elk Horn", a most dreary place.

On the route to day, we saw a number of deserted ranches, that one year ago, at this time, were burnt, and nearly all the people killed by the Indians, a few of whom escaped under cover of night, & found their way into Laramie.

April Friday 30<sup>th</sup> Left our camp seven miles from "La Bonte" this a. m., at 6, got to "La Bonte" at ten. This is one of the most picturesque, & romantic places, that I have seen in this country. Before reaching La Bonte, which is the name of the stream through which ~~you have to pass~~ you have to pass, you go through a deep valley for a long distance, before you come to the river on either side of which is filled with high bluffs, then when you come to the stream, which is quite wide, & deep, the water coming up to the hubs of the wheels, you have quite a long distance to drive through it, and

on both sides of this stream, is filled with big trees, and the thickest undergrowth I ever saw. A few Indias could soon kill every one who went through there, if they were only brave enough. This stream for miles, as far as you can see, is covered on each sides of its banks with these big trees, consisting of cotton wood, box elder, & this dense under growth, of which there is no getting rid of. This La Bonte is one of the ~~most~~ worst places on the route ~~known~~ to Fetterman, as it is one of the great Indian crossings, too their reservation. To my great surprise, we did not see an Indian, but Wayne told me, when we get to Fetterman fresh traces that they saw traces / of the Indian on the bluffs. I am agreeably disappointed in Fetterman, at the looks, of every thing, after the dreadful stories that I had heard all winter. This day has been a splendid one, after the two terrible ones we had, when we first started, & the looks of the post far surpassed any thing, that I could have imagined for an extreme out post as it now is.

On our arrival, we stayed the first day, with Col. Carlton, and until we could get our quarters, with Col. Dye, who but for his kindness, I should have given up life. I remained with them from Friday, until Tuesday, when we got our quarters, to my great delight.

Saturday May 1<sup>st</sup> A beautiful day, and we are still at the Dye's being unable to get our quarters.

Sunday 2<sup>nd</sup> Warm, and delightful after the cold stormy weather we had on the road.

Monday 3<sup>rd</sup> Took a walk all around the post.

Tuesday 4<sup>th</sup> Went to housekeeping to day, as all the people left for the East that should have been ready to have left, on our arrival.

May 30<sup>th</sup> For two weeks or more, the weather has been intensely cold, & disagreeable so much so, that I have been wearing my furs, & all my winter clothes.

June 10<sup>th</sup> 1869. Took off my winter flannels to day, for the first time this year. This is the first real day of summer, that we have had.

July Sunday "4th" A warm hazy day like Indian summer in appearance.

Monday July 5<sup>th</sup> Col. Wilson the sutler gave us a pic-nic to day. We went about a mile, & a half up the La Frele, in a little valley, surrounded by large green trees and a soft green carpet of grass. We went at eleven o'clock & returned at three p. m. The day intensely warm, & the thermometer "98" in the shade. We had an abundance of wine, champagne, & brandy, besides cake nuts &c.

I took my guitar, at the request of the party and we sang, & had a good time generally. Each officer was armed with two, and three guns & we felt perfectly safe.

We also took our croquet set, but the sun was too warm, to indulge in this amusement. So ended the "Fourth" at Fetterman.



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Saturday July 17 I received my dress  
from Mamma to day, & was highly  
delighted with it.

This afternoon, we had a most terrific  
storm, including a terrible sun-storm,  
which lasted for more than an hour, rain  
& hail ~~fell~~ poured down in great abundance  
the latter came down into my bed  
room, through two roofings so severe ? was  
the storm, & over forty panes of glass  
were broken. The rain ~~was~~ poured down  
into my room, as if there had been  
no covering over head. My chicken  
came near being drowned then of them  
for the second time in their short  
existence of only two weeks.

123 This month makes sad changes in the  
appearance of the landscape. The flowers  
have all disappeared, the grass all  
brown, & tanned with the scorching  
rays of the sun, & now all that remains  
to be gathered, is the seeds, of what only  
a few months ago, were beautiful flowers.

The rivers even are changed, to a wonderful degree in appearance. The Platte & rivers La Prele, only a few weeks ago, so brim full, & running over with water, 15 ft. in places, can now be forded in any place with the greatest ease. The La Prele is a french word, meaning some say "bunch grass," but Stansbury in his expedition says it is a grass that grows in the stream that is called by the name "prele;" from which the river, derives its name.

Both of these rivers, are filled with fish; in them are to be found pike, suckers, red horse, & cat fish. The pike I need not describe, as every body is familiar with this fish. The sucker, is a small flat fish, with meat very soft, even warm water will dissolve it, if left too long in it. Red horse, I know not why so called, has red, or rather a pinkish tinge to fine, & tale, & is pretty to look at.

This prele grass grows in long joints, like sugar cane, & is about as big around as a pipe stem, of a dark green color. This

La Prele river, which is so swift, & deep in early spring, during the warm months is nothing less than a large, long, piece of mud, so dry does it become.

The golden-rod is just blooming, but it is not so flourishing here, as East.

Intensely warm these last few days until the sun goes down, when it is cold enough to sleep under two blankets.

My bow from Miss Abercrombie came to day, beautiful, but I cannot wear it as it is half mourning.

Monday August 16<sup>th</sup> 1869. Mrs. Dye packing up to go on leave. Bought two pair shoes, seven yards of Lonsdale cotton, carpet, plates, thread &c., all of which I needed much

Wednesday 18<sup>th</sup> Intensely warm during the whole day, the thermometer at sun-down 98 in a cool place.

Thursday 19<sup>th</sup> A cold dreary day, such a day, as is described in Boston, cold enough for a fire all day, but I have one just had one made, after tea, as they are so cheerful, & afford me so much comfort, these dreary evenings.

Friday Morning August, 27<sup>th</sup> 1869. Truly has

some one said, "there is nothing half so sad  
as life." This separation of friends, this breaking  
up of ties, & old associations is almost too  
much for our frail bodies, with its tender,

125 and sensitive, organisations, such have  
I found life in the parting from Mrs.  
Dye this morning, with whom I have lived  
for ten months, in the most delightful,  
and agreeable manner. With her absence  
will close the only amusement which we  
could indulge in here, namely, that of  
croquet. For ten months we have played  
this game, through sunshine, & cloudy  
weather, mud, & snow, nothing in Nature  
seeming too sever, to bring us together.

Truly has some one said, "There is no union  
here of hearts, which finds not here, and end."

I feel like one forsaken & the garrison  
looks forsaken, and the house, every time  
I turn my eyes in that direction, has so  
forlorn an appearance, that my heart comes  
up into my mouth, & my eyes fill  
with tears to over flow. Mrs. Dye's absence  
"Is but another bead added to my long  
rosery of regrets."

Never do I expect to find two such unselfish people as the Col. & Mrs. Dye. Their happiness seems to consist in making only other people happy, and comfortable, while most people care only for their own.

Life is made up of such days as these, & with such heart-aches, as we now all feel at this little ~~extrem~~ out Post, we have more of in this life, than sun shine.

Hoping we ~~may~~ meet again, is now

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my sincere, and intense longing.

For these last few days I have been reading Fredrika Bremer's, biography, life, & letters.

In her life, I was much interested, as she is described so differently from what my idea of her has always been, a sober, sedate, person; so judge of my surprise, when I find her a giddy, mischievous girl doing all sorts of unheard of things, from cutting pieces out of her mother's beautiful chairs, down to pulling out all her front hair, to give her a high forehead, Such was the beginning, of this now, great ~~writer~~ writer Oh! how I wish I had cut, & pulled my

hair out, & tore up Mama's chair, if this is an indication of true greatness & a mark of future distinction.

In her biography, she says. "Why buras within thee the desire to become famous, & renowned? When thou art laid low in thy cold grave, dost thou then hear thy name mentioned on earth?" If persons would think of this more, little less would we care for earthly distinction. Again she says.--"Life is a journey! Let this thought penetrate thee: that all the daily petty annoyances which meet thee on thy road are as nothing when compared with the beautiful goal that lies before thee!"

Her letters I was much disappointed

127 in, as I found them neither very smart, or very entertaining, at least to me.

September 4<sup>th</sup> 1869. (Saturday). It has been pouring with rain, since yesterday afternoon at five, and is still raining, with no intention of clearing a most remarkable occurrence in this Territory.

This week I made two shirts, for the first time, in my life, and succeeded splendidly, as well as though I had had an husband all my life

This week has been quite a week of excitement for us here. A man from Cheyenne, with new potatoes, onions, & cabbage and another with fresh fruits, from California, and then the election, for the different offices in this Territory, all of which we ladies were interested in

<sup>th</sup>  
Sunday Sept. 5 To day have I been married twenty one months. Still raining & snowing, at intervals, & dismal looking out of doors, but in doors, things are brighter, owing to a splendid open fire.

One year ago we were up "Deer Creek" on detached duty, and dismal enough was life at that time.

<sup>th</sup>  
Thursday Sept. 9 Two years to day, since my precious darling brother was taken from us, and oh! how long has it seemed, these days weeks, & months.

This morning was one of great excitement, from early dawn, until broad day light

128 a party of twenty five Sioux, dashed through the garrison, after some stock that was down in the valley. They yelled & holl\_\_\_\_\_ed at dawn, but we all thought it was wolves, & coyotes, & no attention was paid to it, until they were seen dashing

at full speed, down the hill into  
the flats below us. Every body saw them  
the men were all under arms,  
but no one fired a shot at them. They  
Just had their own way, such manage-  
-ment I never saw. Today when they  
yesterday  
came in / I was there gathering flowers.

This P. M., the excitement still continues  
to rage. Old Rechar came in saying  
his camp was surrounded, & he feared  
every thing would be captured. Lieut.  
Breslin went out with sixty men in  
pursuit of them. They came upon them  
four miles from the Post where they  
were comfortably quartered in their tepe's  
The Interpreter went up to them to find  
out if they were the Indians who came  
in here this morning, They said they  
were "peaceable Indians" & Lieut. Breslin  
took their word for it, coming home  
not having fired a shot. The Commanding  
officer Capt. Patterson was furious with  
him, as he was sent out to kill them  
& not to have a pow-wow. They were  
all painted up, & had on their



war dress, & this was sufficient cause to have fired into them.

Mrs. Post, & I spent the afternoon on the Commissary hill where we saw them rushing to, & fro these Indians not knowing what to do, seeing the troops after them. All the work was stopped at the Post, & every available man was manned, I was frightened nearly to death, & sick from excitement, for the rest of the evening. In the evening, the wolves, & coyotes, tried to see what they could do in the way of noise, & this thing continued for an hour at intervals, both making the most fearful noise imaginable. It sounded as if a hundred Indians were down in the valley below ready to pounce upon us.

We dined with Mrs. Patterson, but I was so excited, & frightened I was glad when I could return home.

Friday Sept. 10<sup>th</sup> All quiet along the line of the Platte to day, & I hope it will remain so. Such a day as I passed yesterday I could not endure many of

This frontier life is terrible for a nervous excitable person as I am, and it seems as if I could not endure it much longer. For nearly two years the Indian has been the bane of my existence. To day a glorious one.

These Indians on the war path left last night, under cover of night, so this shows how glad they were to get off, as soon as possible. Had they been peaceably disposed, they would not have gone in the night.

This P. M., we had quite another excitement. One of the half breeds (John Reshaw) shot one of our best Sergeants, in a drunken fit, and the whole garrison was in arms against him. To night the sentinals, are posted in all direction to catch him in case he should try to get in to night after his things. As Weyns is Officer of the day, & has to visit the guard, & these sentinals, every two hours, I feel quite anxious about him, as he said he would be in again. The orderly sleeps here to night, in case he should be wanted.

th  
Sunday night: Sept., 12 A cold dreary day & had a fire all day. A house full of callers, though it was Sunday.

The corporal buried this afternoon  
who was shot on Thursday.

Tuesday 28<sup>th</sup> Sent Mama as a present,  
a little apron, & also wrote a letter for Wayne  
to Washington.

Sunday October 3<sup>rd</sup> 1869. The Paymaster came  
this morning. A glorious day warm, and  
delightful, after two, cold dreary ones.

Gen. Augur, & staff here last week,  
amongst the officers, were Col. Litchfield,  
Adams, Col. Merrill, Young, Capt. D \_\_\_\_\_ ?  
& O'Brien of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Cavalry. Col. Merrill

131 stayed with us, & we enjoyed their visit much. I  
was particularly charmed with Gen. Augur, & Col.  
Merrill.

October 12<sup>th</sup> 1869. Turned out of my quarters  
yesterday by Mr. Veitonen. *Veitenheim*

Monday 18<sup>th</sup> 1869 After a week of the  
most delightful weather, we were surprised  
this morning with a snow storm, and  
has been snowing all day; bitter cold.

Thursday 21<sup>st</sup> Snowing all day, and  
dreary enough is the landscape.

An order out this evening, as to what is to be done, in case of an attack. I am so frightened, that I would give all I ever expect to possess, to be in the States far away from such constant excitement as we are now having.

Nov. 1<sup>st</sup> 1869. The Cavalry left this A. M., also Mrs. Patterson, and family for the East, and I had a good cry to think that I could not go too.

We are having most glorious weather now, the snow all gone, & the weather like June days.

Last Friday we had quite another Indian fright. Three men from the Cavalry went for a few day on a hunt up in the Black Hills. The first night out they built a large fire, & went to sleep by in [sic]. the first thing they knew, that a large body of Indians were rushing down upon them, Killing two in their beds. The third after a walk of thirty miles, through the cacti, sage brush and stones bare footed, came

into the Post at daylight, the only one left to tell the tale. How he got away is most miraculous.

Strange to say they did not scalp either of the men, or take ~~them~~ their guns. The next day when they went out to find the body of these men there they lay, just as they had been killed, rolled up in their buffalo robes pierced with balls

The Indians numbered about 60 in all, & we supposed them to have followed the train which came in the day before from Cheyenne, with vegetables for the winter. 37 wagons with six mules to each wagon, was too attractive, for them to resist, to follow, though they did not attempt to molest it on the way up, but ~~it~~ they may on there way down. The Arapahoes have also left us, & now we feel, quite alone on these Prairies Within the last seven months four men from this Post have been killed by Indians, but still people at Head Qrs. do not seem to think

this is anything, & I suppose they think it is only a pleasant excitement for us poor creatures, who cannot get away, to enjoy any thing else.

I was talking with "Knock Knee" last week, who is one of the Chiefs of the Arrapahoes, & he was telling me about Indian burials. A Big Chief when he dies, has ~~many~~ beautifully beaded leggins, moccasins, & robes to put on him to be buried in, so as to present a fine appearance when he enters the "Happy Hunting Grounds," while a poor Indian on <sup>the contrary</sup> who has achieved no such fame, is buried with no show of finery, & is supposed by the Indian, to wander over the hills, for the rest of his life, with nothing to eat, & "no drink" as they expressed it.

The Sioux, & Cheyennes, are the only tribe of Indians on the plains, who put ~~them~~ their dead in trees. The Arrapahoes bury their dead in the ground, & unless they die very suddenly, they bury them immediately after death.

I heard this week, a "feast dance" given by the Arrapahos, after a bountiful supply of provisions, given them by the Commanding officer. I was just on the verge of ~~morning~~ retiring for the night, when I was suddenly alarmed by a most peculiar noise entirely foreign to my ear. I listened and as Wayne was out, & I knew not

194 what it could mean, as it was nine o'clock & late for this country. I slipped on a dress over my night gown, & a pair of shoes as soon as speed would allow, & with hair down, I rushed over to my next door neighbors & asked what all the noise meant, & to my great surprise I was told it was a dance by the Arrapahoes. Of all the strange noises I ever heard, this was the strangest. They begin by Keeping time with two sticks, for a minute or two, when the biggest Chief present begins, & sings two, or three notes when the squaws all that are present join in in a most frantic manner in the loudest tone ~~z~~ they are capable of, then they diminish in noise until you can hardly hear

when a big Chief begins again, &  
this noise, not to be described will  
be kept up for hours, without them  
seeming to tire of the same sing  
song style.

The Indians have no day of rest  
that corresponds with ours.

Nov. 9<sup>th</sup> The Paymas left on  
the 8<sup>th</sup>, by whom I wrote two letters.

Nov. 13<sup>th</sup> Quite a fall of snow last  
night, but it all melted to day.

Wayne came in from the "Black  
Hills" this after noon, looking like

135 a back woodsman, so rough, sun  
burnt, & smutty.

I made me a pair of fur gloves  
day before yesterday, & last week I made  
me a beaver sacque.

A clear, beautiful day over head, and  
the snow all gone.

Sunday Nov., 14<sup>th</sup> Recruits a hundred strong  
arrived to day, which created quite an excitement at  
"these ends of the earth".



Sunday Dec., 12<sup>th</sup> Last week our mail party was attacked by Indians, three men shot, two mortally wounded, the other slightly. To day, has been beautiful over head slightly wet under foot owing to a light fall of snow last night, cofering the earth, with a gauzy whitness.

December, 21<sup>st</sup> The weather has been very cold, the thermometer twenty five degrees below zero, and the ground covered deep with snow.

Dr. and Mrs. Purcell left for home today, they had hardly gotten out of the Post, when a most terrible accident occurred One of the soldiers who had just come off guard, was fussing with his gun in the quarters & he knew not that it was loaded, went off wounding three men, one it is thought will die. Did die.

Friday night, Nov. 19<sup>th</sup> 1869. Mrs. Purcell's  
baby born this morning.

It has been a cold cloudy day  
dismal as an Eastern day.

Nov. 29<sup>th</sup> 1869. The earth shrouded with  
a white covering of snow to the depth of  
three, or four inches, and dismal is the look  
of the landscape.

December 1<sup>st</sup> 1869. Very cold, but clear,  
& the snow still lies piled up on the  
Black Hills, giving them the appearance  
of a succession of great snow balls  
piled up in the night by some  
unforeseen hand.

Yesterday finished papa a beaver  
glove. Entirely finished my gloves to day,  
the 1<sup>st</sup> December.

Dec. 3<sup>th</sup> Been married two years to day. Had  
the Veitenheimers to dine.

Dec., 8<sup>th</sup> Sent papa's gloves by the mail  
to day.

I have been lying down all day  
as usual, when my friends leave  
me I go to bed, for consolation. I did  
hate to have Mrs. Purcell go, and  
leave me behind, as we could have  
gone right home together.

Had a little gathering at  
Mr. O'Briens quarters last evening  
to see if we could succeed in getting  
up some dancing music for Xmas.  
night. We had a jolly time, and  
I never enjoyed the <sup>round</sup> round dances  
more in my life. The gentleman  
all, who danced the fancy dances, did  
it remarkably well. Capt. Wells, Mr.  
Breslin, & Veitenheimer, are unusually  
good dancers.

Christmas at Fetterman Dec  
th  
25 1869. A brighter, or more glorious  
day never dawned in the South of France  
than the one now past. A clear blue  
sky, with a soft hazy ness in the air  
equalled only by a June day. The ground  
however was covered with snow did not  
seem in the least to effect the air,

In the evening Col. Wilson the Sutler gave us a delightful party, the first I believe ever given here, and we had a nice time, even though there were only two ladies present. We had two violins, and a number of delightful gentleman dancers. The supper which was announced at eleven, was delicious, jellies, cakes of all kinds, chicken salad, roasted rabbit, tongue, sardines, raisins, & almonds, candy, and the most delicious cooked chicken I ever ate, to say nothing of the cream, coffee, & wines. After tea we only stayed a little while as it was Sunday Morning, & too late

138 of Christians to stay longer. The rooms were beautifully decorated with flags & ever greens, & looking glasses.

Beautiful weather all during the holidays.

New Years. 1870. Received callers all the a. m., in the afternoon I went out to see the ladies, but for the visitors, the day would have been as usual.

<sup>th</sup>  
Jan. 5 Pleasant weather all this new  
year so far. the snow melted, & the walking  
good. The garrison filled with Indians  
& I have had my house full for the  
last two days. I bought a pretty ~~size~~ bears  
robe to day.

<sup>th</sup>  
Jan. 6 A glorious day, the snow all  
melted. Bothered to death with Indians.

<sup>th</sup>  
Jan 7 Lovely weather, over head,  
and under foot, the Platte, & La  
Prele all frozen over in all directions  
& the skating fine.

<sup>th</sup>  
Jan 8 A little fall of snow last  
evening, which all disappeared with  
the rising of the sun, (a cish).

<sup>th</sup>  
Jan 9 Sunday. Had Mrs. Miller  
to dine, as her husband is away at Chey  
enne.

<sup>th</sup>  
Jan. 10 Monday. The glorious weather  
still continues unabated.

<sup>th</sup>  
Jan. 11 Never was ~~was~~ such weather  
any where in the world.

Last Thursday night, we had a scare in the night for the first time since we came. Shots were fired by all the sentinels & we felt sure for a moment that Indians it must be, Wayne was out in a moment; & it proved to be a soldier out of the garrison, after mid-night who had been at one of the laundresses quarters, & when he was challenged three times did not answer, the sentinel at the hay stack fired at him, which caused so much excitement in the wee hour of mid-night.

th

Jan. 12 Wednesday. Invited Mrs. Vit-  
onheimer, & Dost to dine, and after keeping  
dinner waiting one hour, they came, &  
we had nearly finished our soup. I  
was very much provoked, & expressed  
myself so. Never will they come  
here again to dine. This a. m. it  
tried hard to snow, but the sun came  
out conqueror.

Jan. 13<sup>th</sup> A splendid day, but  
blowing a hurricane.

Jan. 14<sup>th</sup> The weather still fine

Jan 15 Pleasant all day, but cloudy, in  
the evening it grew very cold, & threatened  
snow.

Jan. 16<sup>th</sup> The coldest weather we have  
had the whole winter. Water barrel freezing

140 solid in the Kitchen, and difficult to  
keep warm. Last night three men  
deserted, & to day, though so terribly cold  
all the available, mules, & men have  
gone in pursuit of them. They will certainly  
freeze to death, if they are not captured.  
I have never felt such weather, the  
doors creak with cold, and the fires  
burn cold, & the out side world is obliterated  
with the heavy white frosty landscapes  
on the window panes. Until to day  
the weather has been all that one  
could wish for.

Wrote Mrs. Hunt, and sent her a chemise band  
st  
the 1<sup>st</sup> January.

Monday Jan. 17<sup>th</sup> A terrible cold day, the sky  
muddy with snow clouds, but no snow  
yet.

Jan., 18<sup>th</sup> 1890. Still continues  
very cold, and the wind has  
been blowing a perfect hurricane  
all day.

Jan. 9<sup>th</sup> We ate the last of our  
fresh beef, and we are now living  
on salt pork the whole garrison, and  
our potatoes are all frozen for the second  
time, and food is hard to get.

This morning the 18<sup>th</sup> Jan, 1870 An  
order was issued by the commanding  
officer to have all the dogs in the ~~garrison~~  
garrison shot, or their owners to pay

241 a tax of five dollars, which the soldiers will  
-ingly did, and the proceeds amounted  
to a hundred dollars. Seven only  
had to suffer the penalty of the tyrannical  
order. I miss, greatly miss, their  
little faces, and the garrison already,  
has a forlorn, and deserted appearance.  
It was true happiness to watch them,  
after a nights separation to see how



glad they were to see each other, and how touchingly they expressed themselves in their little dog language to each other. I have been mad all day about such an order being published, for if there is any thing that I do love, it is the Kanine tribe.

th  
Jan. 19 A most terrific sand storm blowing obscuring every thing with its volume of dust. Not a clean spot in the house and the dust pouring in, from every point of the compass. By degrees I am slowly, and surely being buried alive should it last long enough. A more discouraging place to keep house in there never was. Two days at the farthest is all that one can keep clean in.

Dr. Girard left this morning for the East and he is having a terrible day, though not as cold, as the weather has moderated greatly since Yesterday.

Wrote Mrs. Dye by the mail today

and also sent a letter subscribing for the "Army & Navy Journals", & "Harper's Bazar "

The sand hangs over the whole  
garrison, like fog.

Dr. Gerard did not go with the mail  
as he had some sick he could not leave.

The men brought our mail on Sat  
urday early and with it came my  
chrome, from Mrs. Parcell. Jan. 22 70

<sup>rd</sup>  
Sunday Jan. 23 1870. A number of  
Arapahoes in today, came to bring us  
fresh meat, as we have had none  
for weeks.

<sup>rd</sup>  
23 Fresh beef came up to day, from  
the East also.

<sup>th</sup>  
25 Quite a snow storm to day, the first  
for the whole month. Dr. Gerard left  
for the East yesterday.

<sup>th</sup>  
26 Dined with Mrs. Miller yester  
-day, & had a delicious dinner. Turkey  
cabbage &c. I mention turkey, & cabbage  
for the reason, that ~~thing~~ they are as scarce  
as diamonds on the prairies.

<sup>th</sup>  
28 The Paymaster arrived yesterday in  
a terrible cold storm. The sky stormy  
with snow clouds. Cold, and wind~~y~~ all  
the morning, with the snow drifting  
but this afternoon it cleared off beautifully

and was as warm and delightful as a  
June day. The snow nearly all  
blown away. Mr. Cox dined with us

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<sup>th</sup>  
Saturday Jan. 29 A glorious day, the snow all  
gone except in spots. "Sorrel Horse", came in  
this afternoon, & I had three Indians come in  
to whom I gave something to "chow chow". The  
names of them as follows, "Many Whips." "Friday"  
& one other whose name I did not find out.

<sup>st</sup>  
Feb. 1 1870. The last winter month. To day  
it has had a threatening appearance of snow,  
but very mild weather.

<sup>nd</sup>  
Feb 2 Last night it snowed to the depth  
of three inches, but over head the weather  
is glorious today, the sun carrying off the  
snow, like a work man, with its warm  
rays. Wrote Mrs. Purcell by the mail which  
went this morning.

<sup>rd</sup>  
~~XXXX~~ Feb., 3 Snowed all the morning. In the  
afternoon cleared off.

<sup>th</sup>  
Feb., 4 A warm glorious day, and the  
sky, and clouds, already, have \_\_\_\_\_  
appearance. The snow nearly all melted  
this afternoon. My hens laid me five  
eggs to day. During the winter all eggs  
told, nearly fifty!

<sup>th</sup>  
Feb. 5 A splendid day, nothing of interest  
to write about.

<sup>th</sup>  
Feb. 6 Another splendid day. In the P. M.  
a sudden little snow storm rushed down upon  
us, like some one playing "peep a boo"  
which lasted only a minute.

<sup>th</sup>  
Feb. 7 A fine warm day

<sup>th</sup>  
Feb 8 A terrible sand storm blowing

144 though the weather very mild.

<sup>th</sup>  
Feb. 9 A most glorious, both under foot  
& over head, the weather so mild, that I left off  
my furs this morning when I went to walk

Feb. 10. A terrible sand storm blowing  
filling every thing with dust, and dirt  
but the weather still very warm.

Just finished reading Professor Agassiz  
new Book on "Brazil," was much interested.

<sup>th</sup>  
Feb. 11 Mild warm weather still  
prevails, with no snow.

<sup>th</sup>  
Feb. 12 Cloudy threatening snow in the  
a. m., in the P. M., beautifully clear.

<sup>th</sup>  
Feb. 13 A beautiful day, but the wind  
rather high for out of door ~~exercise~~ exercise.

Feb. 14<sup>th</sup> St. Valentines Day. A lovely warm day, with no wind, which is quite a refreshing feeling, after six weeks of windy weather when you could not stir out of the house. Last night it blew a perfect hurricane, and I was afraid our tape would blow down & I suppose it blew its self out, is why we had no wind today. All January it blew furiously; and all this month until to day.

Feb. 15<sup>th</sup> Tuesday A splendid day, though the wind rather high for comfort, but very warm for this season.

Feb. 16<sup>th</sup> Wednesday. By the mail this morning, & Mr. O'Brien who went with it, in his care we sent a hundred, and twenty (\$120) to Col. Bullock, which pays up all we owe him, and I feel as light as a feather, this morning in the thought that the money is safely on its way to him.

Snowing fast, and fine looking as if we were going to have deep snow, and I am afraid we will, as we have had no snow for six week. Bad time to travel in this

country. Last night we had one of  
the most beautiful nights I ever saw  
so bright was the moon, that you could  
see for miles around, which is always  
an indication of a storm in this country.

Feb. 17<sup>th</sup> A clear bright, but very cold  
day still no snow. Froze two, or three inches  
thick last night out of doors. Blowing as usual  
quite hard.

Feb. 18<sup>th</sup> A pleasant, but windy day.

Feb. 19<sup>th</sup> Saturday. A most lovely day, like June  
Walked nearly all day long, as it had been so  
long since we could get out. (no wind for a wonder.) & the /  
skating fine

Feb. 20<sup>th</sup> Sunday. Beautiful day.

Feb. 21<sup>st</sup> Monday. Another glorious day hardly  
any wind.

Feb. 22<sup>nd</sup> "Washingtons Birthday." Lovely all  
day took a walk in the afternoon, because  
I was too busy to go out except at the time  
when the bats? come out being so hard to  
work on a dress that came in the valise  
from Mamma.

Feb., 23<sup>rd</sup> A glorious day, and still no snow.

Finished the skirts of my dress to day entirely.

Feb. 24<sup>th</sup> A fine day, until the P. M., when it blew up quite cold, & snowed a little, but cleared off in the night, bright star light.

Feb. 25<sup>th</sup> A beautiful bright clear day quite cold, but all appearance of snow in the sky gone.

Feb. 26<sup>th</sup> A lovely day hard at work on my new dress.

Feb., 27<sup>th</sup> Sunday. A splendidly warm very day with my little wind blowing. Took a long walk.

Feb. 28<sup>th</sup> Last day of winter. Snow fell to the depth of two inches last night. Paid Mr. Cobb twenty dollars. (20) to day.

March 1<sup>st</sup> A gloriously warm day as it has come in like a lamb, I suppose it will leave us like a lion. Two years ago to day, since I first arrived on the Plains at Sedgewick.

March 2<sup>nd</sup> A beautiful day with no wind. Last night quite a little fall of snow.

March 3<sup>rd</sup> A lovely day, but the Black Hills look dusty with snow showers, which look as if they were raging there.

March 4<sup>th</sup> Col. Chambers arrived this after  
noon, bringing the mail. A cold disagreeable  
day in the P. M. Pleasant early in the day.

March 5<sup>th</sup> Saturday. Cold threatening  
snow all day.

March 6<sup>th</sup> Very cold, but clear, snowed

147 a little last evening, the snow lies scattered here  
and there, in little white hills. An extra  
mail went out this morning, by which I wrote  
to Mamma, on a few minutes notice.

Put on white collars, and cuffs to day for the  
first time, for two years, and a half. Wayne  
nor myself like the looks, after seen me in  
all black for so long.

March 6<sup>th</sup> A cold dreary day early this m.  
a., in the afternoon warm and delightful

March 7<sup>th</sup> Cloudy & cold all the morning in  
the afternoon splendid.

March 8<sup>th</sup> A splendid clear day, & the snow  
all blown away except in spots on the hill  
top around the post.

March 9<sup>th</sup> A beautiful day over head, and  
under foot, but very windy. Bought half dozen goblets  
from the store, as we had only one tumbler  
left.



March 10<sup>th</sup> A glorious day, but the March winds are beginning to howl, though only nine o'clock.

March 11<sup>th</sup> Snowing all day, but so fine that it has not made much show on the ground. Last night it snowed about the depth of an inch.

March 12<sup>th</sup> Blowing terribly, and the little snow there is upon the ground drifting. Very cold.

March 13<sup>th</sup> A cold stormy day, the thermometer two degrees below zero, & snowing at intervals.

March 14<sup>th</sup> The coldest weather we have had since December. With large fires all over the house, the window panes covered with frost. A hen setting. What kind of chickens she will bring out remains to be seen. A clear day but intensely cold. The thermometer 28 degrees below zero this morning.

March Tues. 15<sup>th</sup> Still continues very cold, the thermometer fifteen degrees below zero last night. Clear, and cold, with about an inch of snow on the ground. Set a hen this a. m.

March 16<sup>th</sup> Sent five dollars in a letter to  
Mamma to get me some things. The weather  
has moderated greatly to day, it has been  
snowing all day, & the snow all blown  
away except in spots. Making night dresses.

March 17<sup>th</sup> St. Patricks Day". Invited to spend  
the evening with Mrs. Veitenheimer. A  
lovely day.

March 18<sup>th</sup> Stormy threatening snow, &  
snowing at intervals.'

March 19<sup>th</sup> Still continues snowing every  
now, & then.

March 20<sup>th</sup> Sunday. A clear bright day  
after several dull dreary ones. Quite  
cold with wind quite march like  
Snow all blown away, and melted.

March 21<sup>st</sup> A glorious day warm as a June  
day the snow all gone, & the walking  
splendid

March 22<sup>nd</sup> Fine beyond description

played croquet all this morning.

March 23<sup>rd</sup> Still the glorious weather  
continues unabated. Up this morning and had  
breakfast before half past eight as Guard  
Mount time has changed to 8:30. The  
paymaster will be here this morning.

March 24<sup>th</sup> A splendid day. The paymaster left this a. m. wrote Mama by him, & sent a check \$52 to the Insurance Company also.

March 25<sup>th</sup> Glorious out of doors, been playing croquet for two days. This p. m., mild as June.

March 26<sup>th</sup> A mild lovely day early this morning (Saturday) Noon a sand storm blowing, soot, & sand flying around in doors, and out.

Finished three pairs of drawers for Wayne last week. Sunday night, snowing hard.

March 27<sup>th</sup> Sunday. A real wintery day snowing, & very cold after so many successions of delightful ones.

March 29<sup>th</sup> A lovely clear day, the snow all blown away with the March winds.

March 30<sup>th</sup> A real Junie day, out of doors all day playing croquet, & walking. Had the whole garrison on the croquet ground.

March 31<sup>st</sup> Splendid day, but windy. Inspection this a. m., Col. Chambers appearing on the parade ground for the first time, since his arrival. March going out like a lamb.

st

April 1 1870. Came in like a June  
day with no wind, so consequently we  
played croquet, and walked nearly all  
day.

nd

April 2 Still the warm stilly  
days continue, & to day we played  
croquet all day.

There are about thirty Cheyenne In-  
dians in, "northern Cheyennes" from  
the Powder River Country. Fierce, &  
painted looking. They are the most  
horrid looking creatures of all the Indians  
that I have seen. so \_\_\_\_\_? \_\_\_\_\_ looking in  
all respects, like perfect fiends. These  
northern Cheyennes are a finer, & hardier  
race than the southern. They had their  
faces painted in the most peculiar  
manner. One of the big chief whom  
I met, had a painted chicken foot  
over each eye, done in blue paint, then  
under each eye-lid, a red streak, then  
on each cheek bone, a mark looking  
like two crossed dumb bells, & horses  
shoes all around the face, & then the  
chin was painted in long blue  
lines, from the lower lip down

under the chin. This completed his face toilet. Then his head was dressed up with feathers, & the parting of his hair was painted a deep vermilion color. It made me

151 shudder, & tremble with fear, to look at them, out side the window. They all left last night for "Pumpkin Buttes," where they have their lodges. The Sioux are expected in daily to make peace, as these Cheyennes, have pretended to do. These Cheyennes, wanted to know, "if the whites felt so friendly towards them, why did they not give them up this Post?!"

Good logic on the part of the Indian.

<sup>rd</sup>  
April 3 A splendid day, the grass in spots quite green.

<sup>th</sup>  
April 4 A splendid day, but I was cleaning house all day.

<sup>th</sup>  
April 5 A splendid day, but rather windy to enjoy going out. The grass two inches high in front of Mr. O.B's quarters, & green in proportion. Finished a / <sup>2</sup> night dress yesterday.

April 6<sup>th</sup> A cloudy dreary day, rained quite hard in the afternoon, & the night before quite a shower in the night. Set a chicken this afternoon.

April 7<sup>th</sup> Still cloudy, and raining at intervals. The grass is looking so fresh, & a number of little green things have come out wonderfully, since the April showers.

A real Eastern day.

April 7<sup>th</sup> A bright pleasant day.

April 8<sup>th</sup> Windy, but pleasant other wise

April 9<sup>th</sup> Quite windy in the morning, & little showers during the day, in the afternoon

played croquet.

April 10<sup>th</sup> Sunday. Very windy all day. Wayne getting ready to go to the Black Hills.

April 11<sup>th</sup> . Wayne started this a. m., for the B. Hills a lovely warm still, day. All the ladies called on me today. Spent the evening with the Chambers, & played croquet in the afternoon.

April 12<sup>th</sup> A glorious day not a breath stirs the flag, from the staff to which it clings, ivy like. Dined with Mrs. Chambers to day.

And light is through the twilight gray  
To cheer us on later rugged way,  
Without some little stars,

I wonder what this world would be

without.

The following verses, floating through my  
The other morning I woke up with  
winter, as we are having to day.  
We had not such a storm all last  
I fear will not get            in some time.

The Black Hills chopping wood, when  
after, and also my husband up in  
the houses, the poor will party will  
now has drifted to the tops of some of  
a few a perfect hurricane, & this a. in the  
winter weather. It snowed all night  
changed from rainy calmness to  
April 14<sup>th</sup> Last night at dark, the weather  
flowers out, though so early.

to my great surprise, found two varieties of  
afternoon. Took a walk this morning, and  
very warm. Dine with Mrs. Miller this  
April 13<sup>th</sup> A beautiful still day, and

April 15<sup>th</sup> Good Friday morning. Very cold  
& the snow piled up in huge \_\_\_\_\_? in all  
directions. Kept awake by the cold last night.

Dined with Mrs. Veitenheimer.

April 16<sup>th</sup> Saturday Mrs O'Brien, & Major Van  
Horn arrived last night at eleven o'clock.

April 17<sup>th</sup> Easter Sunday. A glorious day.

In the morning I was out to lunch when I came  
home, had a call from Mr. Brown the Adjutant,  
& Mr. O.B.

In the afternoon Mrs. Chamber, & Maggie  
spent three or four hours with me, then  
the Col. came, & stayed until half past  
five, as soon as they had gone I went  
out to get some dinner, as I had been  
waiting for Wayne to come in from  
the B. H. which he did not do. then in  
came Mr. & Mrs. Veitenheimer, & we took a  
walk, when we came home going by  
the bachelors, Mr. O B. insisted upon our  
coming in, & seeing a new toy that whirled  
& was kept in motion by hot air from  
the stove so we did, & had a nice little  
call. I then went home with Mrs. Veit-  
enheimer, & stayed until nearly tattoo.



when I came home, & retired for the  
night, but not to sleep. A most terrible  
sand storm arose, blowing down

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my awnings & breaking two panes of glass  
& with bed bugs, I feel this morning, as, if  
I had been to a "wake".

<sup>th</sup>  
April 18 A cold windy day after the  
warm delightful June weather yesterday.  
Wayne will be in to day, expected him  
yesterday, but suppose the roads too muddy  
to come so far.

<sup>th</sup>  
April 19 A lovely warm day.

<sup>th</sup>  
April 20 So warm, that I should put on  
a thin dress, if I had one done up. The  
mail went out this morning. I sent three  
dollars to mama to get me some more  
of the leaf dress.

<sup>st</sup>  
April 21 Warm and delightful, the snow  
did not kill the flowers.

<sup>nd</sup>  
April 22 Delightful weather still continues.

<sup>rd</sup>  
April 23 A heavy shower of rain this a. m.

which has freshened the looks of things greatly

Seargent O Donald was attacked by the Indians  
at La Boute, & met with no loss except  
three mules. At mid night he was  
pounced upon: such a strange time for  
an Indian to fight, who are known  
only to fight, at dawn, & twilight on the  
prairies. Made a garden several days since  
planting rose bushes, morning glory seeds  
Larkspur, sweet pea, & pansy seeds.

This shower will surely bring them up.

<sup>th</sup>  
April 24 Sunday. Raining and snowing  
all day the most gloomy, & disagreeable

155 day that I have seen since I have been out here.  
The Sioux who have been expected in for sev-  
eral days, we heard to day through a rumor that  
they had been snowed up on their way down  
here from the Upper country, sixty miles  
above, five frozen to death, & a number of  
others badly frozen.

<sup>th</sup>  
April 25 The Sioux came in this a. m  
Numbering it is said, three hundred. They  
are encamped across the Platte river.

April 26<sup>th</sup> The Indians came over this  
a. m., to hold a council. We had them  
cross over in the ferry boat, as the river is  
now so high. They came up the hill singing  
at the top of their voices, arranged in four  
battalions. Red Cloud (Mauck pea a luter)  
his Indian name leading the band, with  
his men, then "Grass," with his men, then  
"The man Afraid of his horses," & his son  
with his men last, it had a war like  
appearance, but they are all peaceably  
disposed so they say. Although our mail  
party was attacked last Wednesday, at mid  
night, A great many of them knew me,  
& remembered seeing me at Laramie, sev-  
eral came up, & shook hands with me  
A hundred, and ninety, are at the Post today  
Two hundred, & fifty altogether. Red Cloud  
had not changed in the least, since I saw  
him at Laramie, one year, & a half ago.  
"Red Dog", had nothing on but the skin  
in which he was born, only ornamented, a  
buffalo robe thrown around his waist, &

I never saw such shoulders, arms, & legs, & hands, his arms ~~was~~ were as round as a beautiful womans & tapered down beautifully to his wrist, his legs were equally as fine looking, and he said, "he was proud of his form, that he lived well up in the Powder river country, was the cause of it. He wore large ear rings, in the shape of cart wheels, around his neck a black something I could not tell what, with a large round piece of mother-of-pearl attached I suppose he had heard lockets were fashionable & the robe thrown around the lower part of his body, & mocassons were his full & only dress. He was painted a delicate buff all over, & it gave him such a smooth clean look. He was quite fat for an Indian A glorious day all day, has it been.

April 27<sup>th</sup> A most splendid day very warm, and Junie like. Eight young chickens hatched out to day out of twelve eggs. "Red Cloud" came up this morning & I had a lunch prepared for him. he ate rather a large dish of preserves drank two cups of tea, bread, & other

things in proportion, and when he had finished, asked me to put up the rest for him to take to his "papeoses," five in number. He had dropped all the fine

157 clothes which he appeared in yesterday at the Council, & to day, he came only in the ones provided by nature, with the exception of a buffalo robe, & moccasins. I thought as I sat at table with him, how strange it would seem to an Eastern person coming in suddenly to see me sit with this naked man, but it does not seem strange to me at all now. I am not shocked if I see them with no clothes on. Red Cloud, (Mauck pealute) has not changed in the least, since I saw him a year, & a half ago. After lunch he smoked & when he had gotten through I showed him my album, in which was a picture of myself. After looking at it a moment, in the most affectionate manner, he Kissed it, and said I was a "Washta Squaw". I bought his tobacco pouch (chunk tanser war) and then he gathered up his "ehena," (robe) and took his departure for the Satlers store.

He is a most quiet fellow, and hardly ever speaks except when spoken too.

April 26<sup>th</sup> One year ago to day since we left Laramie for Fetterman. Quite a different day from this. To day warm, & clear, as a June day. The season, a month in advance of last) ; east) . Flowers all up, and the grass high, & wavy in spots.

April 29<sup>th</sup> A glorious day every thing green a spring like

158 April 30<sup>th</sup> Arrived here one year ago to day and long has the year seemed to me.

Apr May 1<sup>st</sup> A heavy rain storm, which lasted all the morning. At noon it cleared up, & was oppressively warm, for the remainder of the day, when at five o'clock we had another most refreshing shower which lasted a few minutes only and with it a rain bow, & thunder. Had Mr. O.B., & Dr. La B. Monroe to dine, as Col. Chambers had sent me a piece of veal.

Took a walk at twilight, and found some beautiful flowers of the yellow persuasion out to my great surprise as this variety did not make its appearance until June last year. The season at least six week earlier than last.

nd  
May 2 a splendid day gathered a few flowers  
rd  
to day. May 3 a splendid day

th  
May 4 A cold rain storm, but bringing  
out vegetation beautifully. Two hundred  
Cheyennes came in last night.

th  
May 5 A splendid day. The mail  
arrived safely also twenty recruits. Heard  
such good news about the splendid present  
to papa from Mrs. Wyman. Paid Mr. Cobb  
\$45 to day. Last night the ferry boat, across  
the Platte river, swamped, & nearly all on  
board liked to have been lost. Several  
Indians were drowned, besides two soldiers  
several papooses were lost, and the squaw  
followed after their little drowned babies  
down the river, making a most melancholy  
& mournful noise. The medicine man of the  
Cheyennes, was quite angry at first think-  
-ing it was done intentionally.

th  
May 7 Wayne drew his pay for this month  
to day \$125, of which he paid to Mr. Cobb this  
morning, 47 dollars, which pays him up in  
full all we owe.

in his sitting room. He was all dressed in his best, with two corps badges on his left breast.

<sup>th</sup> June 29 1870. Our mail did not go out this a. m., as Gen. Flint could not send it to "Horse Shoe". This morning our garrison is all astir, with the news that our wood train was attacked yesterday, by a band of Cheyenne Indians, said to be from ten to thirty, in number. One man killed ~~four~~ four males taken. This poor man had fifteen arrows <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ him, & his whole scalp taken off, just above the ears.

Weyne has just come home from seeing him, & he says it is heart ~~rending~~ rending. The wood train was                     ? all day, & how they got out of it I have not heard.

<sup>th</sup> July 5 Moved this morning, cold, & dismal, back to my log cabin I occupied on my arrival here. Had a fire this p. m.

<sup>th</sup> July 6 Still continues very cool, & a fire comfortable. A splendid week I have had to change quarters in.

<sup>th</sup> July 7 A splendid change in the weather from last week.



July 10<sup>th</sup> Sunday. a cold blowy day, & has a fallish look. The grass all dried up, and things look as badly as they do in mid winter with the exception of a few green weeds which still continue to thrive, not with standing the hot sun, & the want of rain.

July 14<sup>th</sup> A large number of Sioux came in yesterday, amongst them, some of the big Chiefs that have just returned from Washington I had them to lunch to a. m., amongst the number, was Red Cloud, Reed Dog, Red Shirt, Grass, and Brave Bear. They had just come from Mrs. C's. where one would think they had had all they could eat, but no, they came here, & the way they did eat doughnuts, preserves, & drink tea, was funny. I told the interpreter to tell Red Cloud, that my father tried to see him while in N. Y., but the crowd was so great he could not. Yes! Says R. C., "the people were as thick as the fingers on his two hands holding them close to gether" as he spoke

<sup>th</sup>  
May 10 Col. & Mrs. Chambers dined with  
me to day for the first time. The sweet pea  
in full bloom to day. to my great surprise.

<sup>th</sup>  
May 11 Warm as summer, have on thin  
dress. Thirty eight young chickens out, all doing  
well. The weather has been oppressively warm

<sup>th</sup>  
May 18 Real cold, cold enough for a  
fire, but I have had my stove taken  
down in the sitting room. Red Cloud  
coming in to day.

<sup>nd</sup>  
May 22 Cold. Been raining for two  
days. The Col. with Red Cloud left this morn  
-ing for the East.

Red Cloud with six hundred others  
Indians  
/came in a few days ago, and I have had  
my house full for several days past.

These Indians are the greatest beggars on the  
face of the earth

<sup>th</sup>  
June 13 Dined this evening at six  
with the bachelors, had a delightful  
little dinner, with plenty of sherry wine  
& champagne. The Dr. received us

"Grass" told the interpreter to tell me, while we sat at lunch, for I sat down with them "That he would think of me, when far out on the prairies shooting buffaloes, & the good things I had given them."

Red Dog was gotten up in the most exquisite style for a red man. He had on a full suit of buff linen, with an immaculate white plated bosom shirt, with the gayest kind of a neck tie, & a palm leaf fan that he made incessant use of all the time. I said to him - "Red Dog you have a real N. Y., look", which pleased him very much

These Indians were entertained at four

162 different places & ate as much else where as they did here. Red Dog ate so much that he could not go away that after noon, but had to wait until the next day.

They picked up several Eastern tricks whilst abroad, one was when they wanted more coffee, they knocked their spoon on the side of their cup to show they wanted more This they saw some where.

Red Cloud, when he said good bye to the bachelors, took off his hat, as he left the yard. He is really very polite, & dignified in all respects, and when he smiles I never saw a sweeter, his whole face lights up beautifully, & the smiles play all over it, like the sun, when it has been obscured for a time behind a cloud does all over creation. Red C. told the interpreter to ask me, "why I did not stay in the States what did I want to come to Fetterman for". I said in reply there were so many people there I had rather stay out here with the Indians, which seemed to amuse him.

Took a horse back ride yesterday, & enjoyed it much.

August 6<sup>th</sup> 1870 A great change in the weather to day, after many weeks of intensely hot weather, we awoke this a. m., finding it cool enough for a fire, for those so inclined.

In June, we saved up \$50 the first savings since our marriage owing to debts July, we had so many expenses could save nothing. From this time out, we will have all to put up<sup>✓</sup> but our actual expense

of living. On the first of July we received our extra pay, which makes twelve dollars more per month. Quite a help.

Moved back into my old quarters the 5<sup>th</sup> July, those I occupied on my arrival here.

August 8<sup>th</sup> Cold Cool cheerless day. Have a fire this evening, and it feels comfortable.

August 9<sup>th</sup> . Fire still.

Aug. 18<sup>th</sup> A cold rainy day. Professor Hayden & party here on a geological survey of the surrounding country. Mr. Stevenson called this p. m. He know my darling brother, he & the professor dine with us tomorrow. I like both gentlemen very much. A hail storm this a. m.

Aug 22<sup>nd</sup> 1870 Last evening at twilight, as we were playing croquet, a falling star of great beauty, & brilliancy, made its appearance in the heavens, as bright as a Roman candle, & traveling as fast. From this bright light trailed quite a tail of sparks said by some to emit psysmatic calors, but this I did not see, but the way it flew through the sky, when the sun had just set, as it was at "retreat," was surprising to all who saw. Insted of shooting up, or down as they generally do this followed a \_\_\_\_\_ ?

line around the horison. It was very cloudy, & we did not get a view of it only a few moments at a time, but it shot through the clouds, & lit them up in their blackness, like a small moon would have done. I watched it shooting, & skipping as it were, through the light clouds until it entered a very large black one, & then it was lost to view entirely. It lasted some minutes long enough for people to go home, & call their friend, or neighbors ~~outside~~ out to see it. I never saw any thing more beautiful. It did not lose its brilliancy, as falling, or shooting stars generally do, but the light seem to increase with its rapidity through space.

Aug. 31<sup>st</sup> Sent home 50\$ more to be deposited to our account.

Sept. 8<sup>th</sup> The saddest month of all the year Beautiful is the weather beyond description The Post is full of Cheyenne Indians, come in to make a big peace, hundreds of them

nd

Sunday Oct. 2 Although this is Sunday, I have been breaking this holy day, by a trip to the Natural bridge, a place that has been the desire of my heart to see, ever since my arrival in this Territory. A more beautiful day never dawned than the one now passed. A cool hazy loveliness filled the air, the greens were all in their fall colors, & the whole scenery was one of fairy like loveliness.

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We left the garrison at half past nine, & got home at five. At the bridge we had a delightful lunch besides fresh fruit, from the vines, surrounding this Natural wonder, in the form of wild grapes, which were might nice.

I enjoyed the day the more, that I had not been out of the post any distance, for over fourteen months & in all this time, had not seen even a tree, except at a great distance. I felt for some time, like an escaped lunatic, or prisoner.

th

Oct. 18<sup>th</sup> 19 Red Cloud with a thousand Sioux have just come in, we have besides a hundreds of Cheyennes here. Oct 26

They gave us a grand dance, called the "Omaha dance," seldom seen by the Indians themselves. They had it in the parade ground

They came up from the Sattlers store dancing  
all the way, some few on horse back  
& the rest on foot. They were all dressed  
up in their war dresses, & painted every  
color of the rainbow. Red, & yellow all  
the highest marks of rank, the latter  
being the greatest. One Indian on horse  
back, was painted all yellow all over  
& had no clothes on, not even a moccasin  
only a blanket thrown around his waist.  
Another remarkable fiendish looking fellow  
bragged, that he had killed 25 white  
men in his life. He was a terrible looking  
specimen of a man, that had a soul.  
After all getting into the parade ground

166 they sat themselves in a circle, & smoked  
the pipe of peace. Then an old man got up  
and made a terrible noise, as I could  
not understand what it meant, I asked  
Rechaw who was standing by me, & he  
said he was telling them to get up, &  
dance, & not to be bashful, so after  
this cush ea lae, (old man) had  
hollered for a long time they all  
jumped up that were sitting in the  
circle, & began their singular move



-ments, which consisted of their lifting up one leg, all atremble, & putting it down, then doing the same thing with the other. They bend quite over during this performance, & all the time they have a most fiendish looking smile upon their face. They move in, & out too, & fre, gave a feint little whoop, & sit down, then this ush ea lae, begins his time again, & tells them not to be bashful, when they all get up again, & dance a solo, as it were, three or four dance while four, or five stand together, & join in, in a chorus, at intervals, then they whoop, & sit down. Then the old man began again to tell them not to be bashful, & all all got up getting more warmed up, than ever, & in the midst of the dance, rode two

of these Indians, who were considered so brave on two of their best horses., all in amongst the dances, The horses were dark, & were painted in white streaks. From the bit of the bridle was hung a scalp

lock, nicely braided with red, then  
this ended with a little whoop, & they  
talked a while, & a box of soda crackers  
was sent out by the Col., & a few plugs  
of tobacco, so ended the dance, the  
big Chiefs going into the Gols' to feast,  
& the rest to their tepees. How to get this  
box of bread home was the next  
great trouble to them, they tied a rope around  
it, tried to drag, two or three tried to  
carry it, but as usual the only resort  
was to call a poor squaw, & she carried  
it off upon her back, that the men could  
not carry three of them. So ended the  
whole performance.

th  
Oct 29 Hombre came to live with us. A  
delightful relief after doing my work for  
two months.

st  
Oct. 31 The ravens made their appearance to  
day for the first time this year, & they seemed  
well pleased to get back.

<sup>st</sup>  
 Nov. 1 sent me a pair of gloves by the mail  
 to day, & five dollars for a pair of shoes for me  
<sup>th</sup>  
 Nov. 7 Sullivan came to live with me.  
 Nov. 19. Sent home ninety dollars (90) for  
 papa to deposit for us, by the paymaster who

left his morning. I have sent home  
 four deposits. Two fifties, one seventy,  
 & 90 checks, Making 200.60\$.

<sup>th</sup>  
 Dec. 11 The first snow of any amount  
 this year.

<sup>th</sup>  
 Dec. 20 /70. Terribly cold, & has been  
<sup>th</sup>  
 ever since the 11 fortunately the wind  
 has not blown, or no one could have  
 existed out of doors long. The sentinals  
 last night were relieved every hour.  
 Water freezing in the Kitchen with as  
 hot a fire as can be made.

<sup>nd</sup>  
 Dec 22 The weather instead of diminishing in  
 coldness, grows stronger every day. Every thing  
 frozen solid, & we almost froze in bed last  
 night, with three heavy blankets, besides  
 a buffalo robe over us, which the poor buffalo  
 finds all sufficient out of doors. Sunday  
 it will be three weeks since this intense  
 cold began. Never was such weather  
 since the establishment of the post.

Xmas Eve, Saturday. We spent at the  
Chambers; where the whole garrison  
was invited, & had a delightful time  
Our Capt. & wife were there, but  
they neither spoke to us, or me to  
them. I danced in the same  
took their hands, in a promenade  
but this was all.

Christmas No 2, at Fetterman  
To day, after nearly three weeks  
of the coldest weather, ever known, since  
the establishment of the Post, is a most glo-  
rious one. A bright sunny day, & the  
snow nearly all blown away, & the  
weather delightfully warm. We dined  
at home, on prairie chickens, & had  
a plum pudding for desert. I did not  
go out to see any body, as I was not feeling  
well, & We had a bad cold.

Jan 2<sup>nd</sup> A lovely day, clear, still, &  
warm compared to what we have had.

1871 Jan. 5<sup>th</sup> This morning we woked up  
& found the ground covered with snow  
to the depth, of two, or three inches. An  
improptu affair for a sleigh, was  
constructed, & at Noon we were all out  
in the snow, for it was still snowing, &  
having a good time.

Jan 6<sup>th</sup> This morning nothing could  
be more lovely than the day, a clear  
blue sky, with a warm sun shining  
like a June day, but, during the night  
we had a heavy frost, & the snow  
together made the landscape look  
like fairy land. We started out for  
a good long ride up the La Prele  
As we drove by, & through the  
trees, they looked like a white  
forrest, & never did I enjoy a ride  
more. The scenery was beautiful.  
Mrs. Bibee, Von Hermann, Maggie

Mrs. Scoffey & my self were all the  
ladies out to day. The officers here?  
Col. Chambers, & O.Brian, & the two Mr  
Chambers, visiting their ? brother.

th  
Jan. 7 This morning when we  
awoke, the contrast which presented  
its self to our view was quite different  
from that of yesterday; in the night the  
wind came up, & it being warm the  
snow all melted, & blown away &  
now no snow is to be seen except in  
spots. Such my friends is a winter  
on the plains, as fickle as an April  
day.

th  
Jan 9 /71. A most glorious day like  
June in all respects. No fire have  
I had in my parlor yet, now nearly  
two o'clock. This a. m. at breakfast I  
had a little in the dining room.  
Not a spot of snow to be seen any  
where, except in the B. Hills many  
miles away. Played croquet this p. m.

th  
Jan. 26 1871. Like June all day. Went  
skating this a. m., leaving my house all  
in confusion because the Dr. came for  
me, & said never would we have  
such another day for skating, so I went  
leaving a new man, to attend to  
the house. Discharged Sullivan

this morning, as he went off on a  
spree, & was only too glad of any

171  
excuse to rid myself of such a horrid  
creature. I traded to day, for a pocket  
which I bought of a Sioux Chief, by  
the name of Sa pa, the translation of  
which, means guts. The skating on the  
Platte splendid, in all directions.

<sup>th</sup>  
Feb. 4 All this month so far, has been  
like April & may combined, sun shine,  
& clouds, a few moments, then all sun-  
shine, & warmth. No snow storm during  
the whole month of Jan.

<sup>th</sup>  
Feb. 6 Tuesday p. m. A furious snow  
storm setting in, after trying all day to  
succeed, the first for five weeks.

<sup>th</sup>  
Feb. 12 Last night, the thermometer was  
25 degrees below zero. To day is very cold, but  
clear, & bright. An inch, or so of snow upon  
the ground.

<sup>th</sup>  
Feb. 24 1871. Yesterday we all went to the  
Arapahoe camp to see the presents sent them  
by the Government, distributed. It was a  
truly gala day amongst them, though  
they did not show the least sign of

joy, even the children, but this is their  
fort, to enjoy, without a motion. When  
all was ready, the soldiers, which con-  
sisted of the young men of the same [sic]  
sat down in a half circle by them-  
selves, then the older men they gave  
out the presents, & divided them. Then  
in a circle by themselves sat all the  
little boys, & in another all the old  
men that were now past their prime  
& waiting for death to take them  
to their expected happy hunting  
grounds. These old men kept up a  
constant hollowing, which went for  
all the tribe to gather, & compose  
themselves, for the gifts, which they  
were to receive. The gifts consisted  
of red, & blue cloth for blankets, red,  
& blue shirts, coffee, flour, bacon  
tin cups, & knives. Two blankets,  
two knives, two cups, two shirts, two  
blankets, & two dresses were allowed  
to each lodge. I forgot to mention  
blue striped ticking, & unbleached

III:



down, & asked her what was the matter she tried to tell me, & while I was trying to understand, one of the ladies came up & said the guide had told her, that she was crying for son she had lost a year ago, & when she looked amongst the soldiers of the camp she missed him so, & was bewailing his vacant place, while I was looking at her she blew her nose, & wiped her hands on my dog, I turned away in disgust then, & all my sympathy departed in this performance. The next thing that struck me, was the squaws while waiting for the presents to be given out, were vigorously at work exterminating the bugs in their childrens <sup>all you</sup> heads, & now, oh yes, that are weak of stomach, if you can bear what I have to relate follow on, as they succeeded in their hunt, each one was eaten with a relish, I rushed to the ambulance, & got inside, & wished that they could be have been exterminated in the twinkle of an eye

cloth for the squaws to make dresses  
of of which they are very fond. It  
is a custom amongst all the tribes  
on great days like these for the  
big chiefs to open their hearts, & make  
presents amongst themselves to the poor  
of the tribe. On this occasion one  
old man was presented with a  
stick, which was emblematical of  
a horse he was to receive, he was  
then lead by the man who gave the  
present, to his family, & he smothered  
each face with his hand, & then  
gave each a Kiss, & then finally a  
Kissed the Indian himself, who

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gave him the horse, when this was  
over, he began to sing, in his peculiar  
way, & Kept it up walking around for  
nearly two hours, when he sat down, &  
still continued to make this solemn  
noise. All this formula was gone through  
to show his gratitude for the present.  
The next thing that struck my attention  
was a poor squaw sitting all alone, with  
a young baby upon her back, crying ?  
in ? a most pitiful tone, I stooped down

for they seemed too disgusting to be let  
to live another day, & I felt mad  
with the Gov. that it should feed  
cloth, & strengthen such creatures to  
carry on such operations

Now the presents, were beginning  
to be given out, & my thoughts were  
taken up with more agreeable things  
All the men took blue shirts in  
preference to red, as they said, they  
soon got black, & showed the dirt, &  
the red ones were given to the  
little boys, who were glad of  
any color. Then all was torn  
up blankets, cloth, & cloth for the  
squaws, all was made to keep what  
they had received in front of them  
so no one should get more than  
the other. The women, & children  
formed a circle all around the  
camp entirely. Some of the squaws  
had little arbors, if I might call  
them so arranged of buffalo skins,  
& sticks, that protected them from  
the inclemency of the weather, as the  
day was quite snowy, & cold.

This is the idea, & three to four, sat in one. One of the big Chiefs offered his tent to us all the time we were there, to get warm in, when we felt so disposed.

Their tapes are very comfortable, the fire in the center & the light which comes in from over head, make them more habitable than I supposed from just viewing them from the outside. At the head of each bed they have a yard, & a half of a kind of bamboo looking work made of willow twigs, nicely smoothed, & <sup>strung</sup> string together as it were with with buffalo sinews, these were kept up with poles fastened in the ground to keep the wind from their heads at night, & in the day time they lean against them making a kind of lounge for them, under the buffalo robes upon which they sleep were small bundles of sticks all 1 of a size, laid about an inch thick, this comfort you can imagine belongs only to the rich indians, the poor just lays himself down upon his robe only.

It was an amusing sight as well as a pitiable one, to see the poor squaws bring in wood from around the camp. On their

176 backs they carry bundles of wood as large as a go cart, indeed the load is as big you cannot see the hawler until close to you, this ? is kept on by a strap which they hold in the hands, no wonder they are all out of joint, & shape. One old man, said to be 102, was carried from his tepe to where the presents were being distributed, in a buffalo robe by four squaws, who held on to the four corners, & dumped him down when he came within sight as if he had been a bundle of wood. When these people move these old men, are carried in baskets on cages I may say for they look more like the latter, tied on the lodge poles, which drag on the ground behind the horses, the children in like manner are

carried in the same manner

I saw at a distance a cunning little tepe two ~~small~~ I know for any one to live in, so I had the curiosity to examine & find to my great surprise it contained young puppies, that looked, as cosy, & comfortable as any body could. A tepe for puppies was a novel idea to me, & we all had a good laugh at these little fat creatures. I suppose they had them fatening as we do chickens? for a feast. In the evening they were to give a great feast dance, to which we were invited, but we did not accept.

March 7<sup>th</sup> 1871 The joyful news arrived this p. m., that we were to be ordered to Louisville Ky, and I feel too happy to live, for never did I expect to hear such news.

Monday Dec. 23<sup>rd</sup> 1872. Left Lexington this  
afternoon at half past one, and arrived  
at Memphis on Tuesday, at ten at night.  
It was bitter cold, & all along the route  
we found the water tanks frozen up, &  
had to go back at some place

Monday Dec. 23<sup>rd</sup> 1872. Left Lexington  
this afternoon, en route for Little Rock  
Arrived at Louisville, or ? the Junction.  
where we were to take a train, to carry  
us some where, where we were to take  
the cars for Memphis. We were hustled  
into this car at a moments notice, about  
eight in the evening, with dogs, soldiers,  
laundresses, & some were left behind,  
but had sense enough to take a  
carriage, & meet us, where we were  
to take the train for Memphis, at  
which point we had to ~~XXXX~~ wait two, or three  
hours. As there was no depot at this place  
& a bitter cold night, we went into the  
telegraph office, loaded down with  
bundles of all kinds, even including  
a wild animal in the shape of  
a cat. I say wild, for it did nothing

but cry, & try to get out of its prison  
which was a box composed of lattice  
work. Well! at this office we waited,  
& nodded until eleven o'clock at night,  
sitting on our boxes, & luggage like so  
many emigrants. I felt heart sick, but  
when the train arrived we got our  
sleeping births I felt better. As the car  
was nearly filled, & but few birth's left  
we had to manage the best way we could  
so we took a state room, and all the ladies  
in the party occupied this one room. I slept  
up in the upper birth, & nearly froze to  
death, as the night was bitter cold, how  
ever I lived through the night, & a good  
deal more, as this diary will show.

Tuesday. We arrived at Memphis between  
ten, & ~~six~~ eleven o'clock at night, the weather  
still intensely cold, after getting our rooms  
we retired for the night. The next a. m.,  
being Xmas, egg nogg was sent up to  
our room, & I drank mine before  
breakfast, this I could   ?   do as ~~it was~~



it was so weak. As soon as breakfast was over, I got ready, as much as I could for I had no trunks with us our baggage all being left behind on the road owing to the officer in charge, not being competent to attend to it. I went in my water proof cloak to Church, for there I knew God was no respecter of person, I would be as welcomed in that as fine linen, so off I went much to the disgust of some of the ladies who said, "they could not get right out of bed, & go to church. Maggie Chambers went with me on this occasion. We were very early I found after getting there, & while standing over the flue to get warm, I became acquainted with the rector, the Rev. Dr. White. He is an old man, & did not seem to be over popular with his flock, so as the time drew nigh for Church, there seemed to be no one to fix the table for communion, & one lady besides myself who was also early, offered her services, but she found she did not know how, & I offered mine, & said I knew how to arrange it, so up I went a perfect stranger

in a strange land, & a strange church,  
& did, what some member of his con-  
gregation should have done for this old  
man. When I had the table ready I  
went into the rectry room with him  
to get the wine first thing I saw after

180      entering was this old man with the  
bottle of wine up to his mouth, drinking  
so fast it was running up his nose, & into  
his eyes, & when I began to think he was  
about to finish the bottle, he said I just  
wanted to take a little to warm me  
up. After this performance, I was disgust-  
ed with the old man, & felt like ~~saying~~ telling  
him he could finish, but I cut the  
bread, as well as I could, from a stale  
loaf, <sup>& fixed</sup> ~~fixed~~ the wine, & went to my  
seat just in time for service. The  
church was prettily but cheaply dressed  
I was invited to be present at the chil-  
drens entertainment in the evening of ~~Xmas~~  
✓ ~~Christmas~~, but the weather was too cold to go  
out again that day.

Wed. We walked all around the city although it was so cold, our noses, & feet were nearly frozen off, but still we walked, & saw all there was, within a square mile of the hotel.

Thurs. We are still in Memphis hoping each day, the ice will break up, & let us cross over the Mississippi, but no prospect, as long as the weather remains so cold. It does not even thaw, in the sunniest corners of the streets. The river one mass of ice, & the boats elegant boats all one mass of broken timber from the sudden freezing of the river.

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Friday. Talk some of trying to cross the troops over on the ice, but hope not. We are paying four dollars a day, & a dollar extra for fires, so our expenses are too great to endure long. The Gov., had no right to move us in such weather, & at such a season of the year, in the depth of winter. All through Tennessee, the water tanks were frozen up at some places we would come to, we would have to go back some ten miles for water. Tennessee is a desolate looking state, & I think the isolation of the plains preferable.

Sat., Wayne out hunting a boarding house as our money is giving out, & no prospect of our even starting for Little Rock, so cold, & the river still unsafe to cross so many troops to go over, & the conveyance limited. Towards twilight W. found a tolerable good boarding place for us, where we only had to pay four dollars a day for two, & this delighted our hearts, so at dim twilight oh! the horrors of being poor, & having what little you possess, feeling that getting low too & in a strange place we left the hotel. I felt awfully to leave the <sup>where</sup> hotel ~~where~~ I had spent nearly a week most delightfully, & then leaving the rest of my friend there made me feel all the worse, for I felt if anybody could we ought to afford it as we had only ourselves, but no W. would go, so after walking many long blocks, we came to the house that was to accommodate us both for four dollars a day. The woman who met me at this four dollar place was pleasant, & affable [sic], & soon made me feel

at home. When she made her appearance I was ushered up stairs, & put into a back room, as she said, "she had no front room, & the house was full". In this room was an high post bedstead, with a shuck bed, & poor carpet, & a small light, my heart went down into my boots, & W. said then "how do you like," I felt a big shower brewing in my heart which was hard to stave off, & I thought it is only four dollars for two, & the shower passed over in-my-heart, & I sat down, as I always do under difficulties, as it comes next to lying down, & accepted the situation "for better for worse," as a woman does her husband. I have forgotten whether we ate any tea then or not. Any how I went to bed, as soon as I could, & thought to drown my poverty in sleep, but the bed was so hard, & the covering so thin, I did nothing but try to draw myself up smaller & smaller, like a stingersee, but no go, & then I would stretch out thinking the exercise, & the change of position would effect a change in warmth, as well as sleep, but no cat naps brought ? the

daylight after a fashion, & then I was up getting ready to face a house full of people whom I had never met before, & hoped never to meet again. The bell rang for breakfast, We were ready, down I went into the next story for the dining room, where we were ushered into the cellar, down a flight of stairs so narrow, I could hardly squeeze & this they called the dining room several long tables were set, with the dirtiest red table covers I have ever seen. I tried to eat something but in vain, as all was swimming in grease. I soon finished went up to my room to prepare for Church as it was the 1<sup>st</sup> Sunday after Xmas. Wayne went with me to the door, & Maggie Chambers, & Mrs. Veitenheim met me there. As the day was cold, & threatened snow, & rain at intervals, I hurried home. Dinner came we went down into this hole for the second, but I did not know it was the last time, as I was afraid we would be detained several days longer, while at dinner an order came for W., to go right to the Company as it would move at three in the afternoon, so he hurried his dinner, we went up stairs gathered together our little effects & started for the hotel where I, for one, was only too

glad to go, while W., left me in another direction, for his company. Every body wanted to know how we liked our new home, but I was too cunning to say right ought against it, & I made them think it was nice, & surely it was nice. to be paying four dollars for two, than four apiece, so we paid our fair, & they seemed pleased with their new boards, more so, than I with them, & we bid them good bye.

We all started from the hotel, the ladies in carriages, while our husbands marched the companies down in a damp cold cheerless rain, with mud over shoe tops. When we arrived at the landing where we were to take the boat, we waited there for two, or more hours for the mens baggage to get down, the mud impeding progress terribly. We ladies were put into a little iron tug & two flat boats which contained the soldiers, were attached to this boat, so in the drizzling rain, & a river full of ice, which was not yet considered safe to cross, we pushed off, with a crowd on the Memphis side to see us off, and people all along the banks on either side to see how we would succeed in

our attempt to cross, as this was the only  
boat that would venture to cross us. We  
found some smooth water, & had  
many bumps in crossing, but when we  
had gained the other side, great was  
our joy. Mrs. Miller, Myself, & a gentleman  
who went over in the boat just for the fun I  
suppose, as he had nothing to do with any  
of the arrangements we stood on deck

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in this mist, & rain, when this gentleman  
said "I will get you ladies an umbrella,  
if you want go in the cabin". I said up  
the cabin was full, & if we were going to the  
bottom, I preferred to be on deck where I could  
see, He said in return, "you Army ladies have  
hard times on such trips as these. He then  
told me, he was a cousin of Mrs. Genl Sturgis, &  
we found him an agreeable companion across  
the water, & a help on the other side, when  
we reached the Arkansas shore, & the  
fair village, of "Hopefield," where we were  
to pass the night, before we could start on  
the morrow, as other officers were to join in the  
a. m. At landing on the Arkansas shore, we  
had to climb a steep hill, so slippery, & muddy  
to get up to the town of Hopefield, when we got



to the village, this gentleman interested him-  
-self to get us some place to spend the night  
besides in the <sup>car</sup> ~~room~~; we went to a shanty  
which was kept by a deceased Dr's wife  
whom this gentleman knew, & she said she  
was full, had the workmen on the road to pro-  
vide for, but could give us a cold room, if  
we were not afraid to sleep without a fire.  
We looked at the room, with two beds, &  
no fire, & only boarded up, & only the rafters  
over head, & one might as well have slept  
out of doors we had a pow-wow Mrs. Miller, &  
Mrs. Von Herrman?, & myself. Mrs. Von H., had a  
terrible cold, & she said, it would kill her to  
sleep in such a room, so we went back into  
this womans room, with the rain coming  
in from over head, & a poor fire, of green  
wood, which was smoking, & trying to do its  
best, but no go, the prospects were dismal  
enough So we sat, & huggd up the fire, with  
our managerie, I say managerie for in our  
party was cats, & dogs, besides children,  
until we could decide what was best  
to do, & get something to eat though we had delicious  
lunches with us. So we ordered tea for  
the tribe, when tea was ready we sat

down with back-woods-man, & the floor  
deep in water, in an entry freezing cold,  
we had bake beans, tough beef, baked  
in a blanket, I suppose to give it, a more  
elegant appearance, coffee &c enough to give  
me the night mare, had I indulged for  
half a year. Of course there was some  
fun over this supper, but too old ? to amuse  
now. Supper ended, & mid-night approach-  
-ing, the gentlemen of the party thought it best for  
us to go to the cars, & stay, instead of this  
shanty, for there we could have a fire,  
so between the hours of nine, & ten, we  
started for the train, in a drizzling rain  
storm, thunder, & lightning, with several  
lanterns, for the cars, with mud over  
shoe tops; ~~squint~~ every few steps Major Von H,  
would fall down, & exclaim. "for  
"God sake". He kept up this singular  
style of walking until he reached the cars,  
& could fall no more. On our arrival at the  
train which was a quarter of a mile distant  
from where we had taken tea, the Major  
was a sight, he had fallen down backwards,  
side ways, on his hands, & knees, head  
first, & looked, as, if he had taken a mud

bath. This amused us much, with all our discomforts. We had candles, lit up the car we were to pass the night in, & made our arrangements for sleeping as comfortably as we could, under the circumstances. Two seats were put together, & we stretched out one after the other, until we were all laid out as it were, in one long row. Such nights, have too much novelty in them to sleep, as I stretched out only to rest, & not to sleep much. How ones real character comes out, & all that is disagreeable, in one on such occasions can never be imagine, but you must see for your self. Cats, dogs, & children, besides officers, & their wives composed the party. The children cried, the cats howled, & perfumed the cars at intervals, the men snored, & walked up, & down the narrow passage way at intervals until daylight dawned, when our ~~spirit~~ <sup>spirit</sup> lamp was in great demand for hot coffee. There were no means in this car for \_\_\_\_\_ I \_\_\_\_\_, we were in Arkansas, where such things in a car are unknown, so we

sent unwashed, & uncombed, until we reached L. Rock. We started from Hopefield about eleven am Monday, all this time we had to wait for those who were to come over from Memphis. Between the hours of eleven, & twelve, we started off, at a snails pace for L. R. which I never expected to see, from the looks of the road, the cars, the men, & the rate we were going. For thirty miles, the cars went as slowly as I could walk owing to the swamp lands we had to pass over & the road is built up on tressil work, & we bumped, & thumped, & jumped for four, or five hours, before these drowned lands were passed over, when we came to higher land, and rolling country. No one, can imagine such a state as Arkansas is, at this time of extreme civilization, unless they can see for themselves. From Hope field to Little R., is the most forlorn country, that I have yet beheld.

Riding for thirty miles through water,  
came brakes, on either side of the road,  
growing as thick, as fur on an animal,  
with tall trees, & short trees, dead  
wood, & the densest underbrush you can  
imagine. Why I felt all the time, & could  
hardly make myself believe, that I was  
not traveling through some unexplored  
portion of the wilds of Africa. All  
that the landscape needed was a

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few lions, parrots, monkeys, & such like  
things to make it, a perfect African scene.  
I could not help looking for panthers,  
boa constrictors, & the like all day along  
the route, until we reached the table  
lands at dusk, when it was too late for  
me to see longer, so I rested my eyes, for  
I had seen enough rough life, & wild woods,  
to last me the rest of my life. The most  
miserable little shanties I ever saw, are to be  
seen in Arkansas, & it is only a wonder to me  
that people can live, under such circumstances  
The white river is a very pretty stream  
of water in Arkansas, & the St. Francis  
river also. These new towns, made out  
of new boards, & limited lumber,

make the heart sick, or it does mine,  
but I believe, I am differently constituted  
from most people, in this respect. I dont  
like to watch even the growth, of beings, to say  
nothing of new places.

Monday night, between the hours of  
twelve, & one, we really reached L. Rock,  
after fourteen hours of jolting, tired out,  
too, as we had had a very uncomfortable night  
in the cars at Hopefield/ the night before  
we were to start for Little R. Well! we arrived at  
Argenta, the little town on this side  
of the Arkansas now, to proceed to business,  
& found no one