

## A PIONEER LETTER.

NEBRASKA CITY, May 12, 1855.

My Dear Sister—You will think from the heading of this letter that I am getting to be quite a traveler—"transient customer"—which I own to be the case, but I hope, after spending a month or two in Detroit, to settle down in a comfortable, cosy, little domicile of our own and devote the next two or three years—if life and health are given us—in improving the grounds about it and making it outside, as well as inside, a perfect little paradise. This is the handsomest spot I have visited in Nebraska. It is unlike other towns in the territory. It is situated right on the bank of the river,—a high, bold bluff that commands a view for miles around. There are little groves of forest trees to be seen along the creeks in every direction.

## Indians.

Nature has contributed largely to beautify our city. There is one thing and only one thing I see to dislike here—that is the great number of Indians, roaming about. They are Otoes and neater I think than the Omahas, but I do not like their dark, greasy, broad faces. Yet, they are very comical, sometimes.

## A Dandy.

Yesterday I was much amused at an Indian across the street. He had just purchased an umbrella—evidently the

first one he had ever laid eyes on. He came out from the store, carefully opened it, gazed at it wonderingly, raised it over his head and promenaded back and forth, quite delighted. The last I saw of him he was strutting off with his umbrella under his arm with a look as proud and triumphant as the rooster that generally heads the column of a political newspaper after a victorious election.

## The Mails.

I cannot imagine why we do not get letters. I have received one from you since I have from home and answered it. I have written to mother three times, since I have received a line from her. I presume we shall get several at once when they do arrive. I hope so for I am quite anxious to hear from you all. S—g has been quite sick again. He came up to the bluffs after me and had no sooner reached the house than he sent for Dr. Malcolm and went immediately to bed. He looked very pale and sick. The doctor bled him and gave him two doses of calomel, which relieved him almost immediately. By the next afternoon he was about. The doctor said he was troubled with a rush of blood to the head. If he has another attack or is at all sick, you will not see me in Detroit this summer. I trust he will continue better after this. He says he never felt better and had rather I

would go home. He is doing remarkably well here—owns five shares and twenty-two lots, making in all seventy-two lots in the city. I presume you have received the paper and pronounced it good. We have had but one boat up this spring—I am mistaken; another boat passed here, but sank before it arrived at Omaha City. We received a box by the "Clara"—it was one of S—g's boxes of books, the eighth box, and was lost last fall when our goods came up to Weston, but has been found and arrived here before those that have been so near us all winter. It came safe and sound, although it was sunk on the "Clara" when she made her first trip from St. Louis and was obliged to put back again before reaching even St. Joe.

We had a slight shower yesterday and all prayed that it might continue long enough to raise the river a few inches—but it was useless. It has cleared off, and there are no signs of rain at present. I do not know when we shall see a boat again. I expect we shall go down on the first one, whether it comes sooner or later.

You would hardly know me I am so tanned. We rode down here from the bluffs in an open wagon and I burnt and tanned my face more than you can well imagine. I am quite copper-colored and have resorted to all the remedies that lay in my power to remove this fashionable tint from my face, but to no effect; it seems buried in so deep that nothing but time and patience can efface it. C. M.

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