

ANGLAIS

*Commenter en anglais le texte suivant et le traduire à partir de « The three warriors stepped off out of earshot... » jusqu'à la fin du texte.*

May, the week of the 22nd, 1866.

From the tree I could see out over the ridge of the creek bed & the buffalo swelled over my hill then veered to the south, taking a full half-hour to pass completely. I will add I built a large fire & filled my tin cup with the whiskey I kept for illness. I smoked my  
5 pipe and sang many hymns to keep myself company. I felt I was being watched but was tired & resigned to my fate as a freezing drunkard in the snowbanks of Maine.

A fair morning with many cups of tea & cold water. Back in my large hole before breakfast as a penitent. I laugh to think the buffalo would have forced Saint Paul into more than a little wine. I remember I should search for my missing horse but they will not go far from their own  
10 company. The hole is too muddy to dig well and as I begin to clamber out I smell leather and the copperish smell of blood. There are three warriors, a boy, and a garishly painted old man who stoops before my drying plant specimens dressed in animal skins. I am startled to breathlessness but say in Sioux "Welcome to my camp. I am pleased to see you." The boy shys backwards but the warriors move forward staring at me closely. Their  
15 arms are covered with dried blood and I suppose they have been hunting. Two of the warriors are large & muscular and have rifles though they are not pointed at me. The third has a large belly and is unarmed except for a hatchet & club at his waist. I say to him in Sioux "It is good to see you on this lovely day. I have been digging in the earth to look at the roots of trees. I'm afraid I'm a little muddy. May I make you a cup of tea?" The painted old man approached & I  
20 take him to be a medicine man. Now the warrior with the large belly and no rifle smiled at me. "The boy said there was a white man who ate earth and burrowed as a badger in the ground. He took little trees from a blanket and planted them in the ground." Then he gestured to one of the warriors. "Last night he saw you smoking a pipe and singing songs. We are very angry with white men now. I am wondering now if I should kill you. What have you to say to that?" I said that the Holy Spirit told me to come here several years ago but first I had to fight  
25 in the Civil War where I was captured. Now that I am here, if the Holy Spirit wishes me dead that is His affair. Big Belly answered that he had seen and heard of missionaries and that they were all liars and cowards. I said that if I were a coward why would I be here alone? I am a different sort of missionary. I rapidly named the wild fruits and berries his people ate and said  
30 that I was planting new fruits, not white men's fruits, but fruits from the whole world. The medicine man stared in my left eye and said to Big Belly that he had never heard of a missionary covered with mud. He led me over and we discussed my drying herbs & specimens, and also looked at my root stock I had hilled up. At this time we walked back over to my large hole near the cottonwood. I jumped in and explained quickly the nature of the  
35 tree's root system. The three warriors stepped off out of earshot and discussed the situation. I put on a pot of water to boil for tea & then showed the medicine man some dried apples,

pears, and peaches, putting a handful of each in another pot with water to cook. I got out a pound of good tobacco as a gift and looked over to read Big Belly's face as he approached. "You are a confusing man and we don't know what to do with you. Why haven't you asked  
40 about your stolen horse?" I offered a silent prayer as I knew I was teetering between life and death as if I were walking a narrow beam way up in a barn. I said that I wished to give my extra horse to the boy who had brought us together on this fine day. The boy heard this and jumped in the air. Now Big Belly took a private consultation with the medicine man, and  
45 when they returned to the fire where I was stirring the pot of tea & the pot of fruit, Big Belly said "You are too strange to kill. The old man says it would be bad luck to kill you." They all laughed at this so I joined them though a bit weakly. Contrary to popular opinion, I'm told, Indians are full of wit, jokes & laughter. We sat down for tea, and stewed fruit, which they pronounced delicious. The boy was sent up the creek bed to fetch something & returned quickly with a bloody buffalo heart which was cut in chunks & roasted over the fire. The  
50 heart was very good indeed...

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