

Walker River Indian Reserve
June 24, 1867

Mrs. J.M. Sterling
Kalamazoo Mich.

Dear Sister

I just have returned to this place after an absence of two months in the southeastern portion of the state. My object in going there was to look after silver mines and Indians.

I found a good many of the former. But all of the good ones were claimed of the and of Indians but a few and they a poverty stricken, and snake eating set. The topography of the country is about the same as in this part of the state, mountain ranges traverse the country in a northerly and southerly direction, with parallel valleys between.

The mountains are well wooded with pine nut timber, water and bunch grass are abundant. Countless herds of cattle, sheep, and horses might live and grow fat with not other trouble to their owner than the marking, branding, and herding of them. I we saw no farming land nor wild game of any kind worth mentioning. You might be curious to know my mode of traveling. There were two of us with a saddle horse apiece and one pack horse loaded with provisions and blankets. WE met with no hair breadth scrapes or thrilling incidents, but enjoyed ourselves unrestrained by the conventional rules of civilized society and had the satisfaction of "Planting our feet on the bright green sod where the foot of the white man never had trod".

The greatest curiosity met with on the trip were Indians cultivating the soil. They had about three acres planted with squashes, corn, beans, and sun flowers, they said they had been in the business three years and they had obtained the seed of the Mormons. Their only implements were sharp sticks. I gave them a shovel and a general assortment of garden seeds which fortunately I had with me. I shall start for Carson City in two or three days and probably will spend the Fourth there or at Virginia City.

The weather has at last got settled and hot while the atmosphere seems to be flooded with light and so pure that to the vision, distance is annihilated. The illusion is fine to contemplate while sitting under a big cotton wood tree near the river bank, but terrible to the weary traveler while plodding along in sand ankle deep. with your own. Young ladies photographs will be received with pleasure and the beauty of each carefully noted. If it should become generally know that I desire pictures

your time and inclination for writing may not be equal and coextensive to the emergency. If so let my address be known and also that I should like, but on the contrary a great favor to receive photographs directed by the original's own hand, and explanations or remarks about the clouded state of the weather at the time the picture was taken, and also the spelling style of composition and penmanship will all receive careful attention.

Enclosed is a lock of my gray hair, it just as I cut it from my foretop. Don't you think I had better have it pained black?

Pass around the usual love compliments and I will close by wishing you and Brother John and all the rest of the folks a happy Fourth of July

Your Brother

Franklin Campbell