

Walker River Indian Reserve
(no date) 1865

Dear Sister

The night is dark and stormy, rain is falling hard and the wind blows a hurricane. It is one of those nights that makes one feel thankful that a sheltering roof is between him and the raging storm. The case might have been different with your humble servant had the storm commenced three days ago.

I have just returned from a ten days scout after some hostile Indians that were camped in the Mts. About seventyfive miles from this place. I had eight soldiers and five friendly Indians as guides with me. The hostile Indians numbered about sixteen warriors, they had killed two white men and one friendly Indian, stole horses etc. They seemed to have no strong liking for me as I had been warned by friendly Indians. I therefore concluded to assume the offensive against them before they did against me.

We had a hard time of it traveling in the Mts in the night and through the storm, but was repaid for our trouble by taking on surprise one morning very (Missing piece)...three sons and a cousin they were informed that they were under arrest and would have to go with us. They were very wild, gave a yell and started all hands commenced firing and chasing them up. The three brothers were killed who were in reality the head and backbone of the band. After the work was done I got some of the Indians together and gave them some wholesome advice coupled the promise that I would visit them again if they did not walk in the paths of rectitude hereafter. So you see I came very near being caught out in this terrible storm the like of which I have never seen before in this country.

I wrote you some time since; but have received no answer. Probably you never recd. it or perhaps your answer has been lost. Please bive my best wishes to all and write soon upon receipt of this. With no abatement of love for home, friends, and country, I remain as ever

Your Brother
Franklin Campbell