

Carson City U.T. July, 1861

Dear Parents

I am at last across those long and dangerous plains all safe and sound we arrived here last Monday myself and about 12 others concluded to stop at present times are quite dull in consequence of the Indian excitement about a month ago everyone was scared to death Capitalists and everyone else run over the mountains in to CA. Provisions are quite cheap we all took a large tent and board ourselves when we can get work the wages are \$4 per day not found. I took a job and finished it in less than two days of building a fence for \$6.

The mines around here are said to be the richest in the world but it needs quartz mills to work them several of which are on their way from CA. everyone thinks times will be good next season. There has been some handsome fortunes made here by poor men in making claims. I think I shall go up into the mines next week. I suppose you thought we were all killed by Indians but no one was hurt. We heard stories that made our hair feel loose especially after being fired on.

One morning after riding all night we came into a kanyon, 6 of us were behind out of sight of the wagons driving loose stock while among the rocks rising on either side 200 feet. We heard the crack of a rifle we all stopped looked around to see if some of the boys had not fired their revolver when 6 or 7 more was fired we started to run the stock ahead when young Gale found his horse had its leg broke he jumped off we got up to the wagons they were going up a steep mountain, thick cedars and rocks on both sides when they led down a team horse men

went up on the mountain but could get no effective shots
about 30 fired we got through with 3 horses killed.

I think I shall stop around here until winter then perhaps go
over to CA. I heard nothing from home since I started and I
begin to feel a little anxious. This place contains about a 1000
inhabitants 30 or so stores and groceries and any amount of
saloons, the people are the smartest looking and best dressed
community I ever saw. Please write to Carson City about all
friends, crooks etc. Love to all.

Your Son

Frank Campbell