

to be ferried over, as the bank of the river was lined for a great distance up and down with teams and wagons awaiting an opportunity to cross the river. This was at the place where Omaha now stands; but at that time not a house had been built. As the road was lined with wagons and stock, we slowly moved on our long journey. When we reached the Big Platte, the cholera broke out. This created a widespread alarm for miles along the way, but as soon as a death took place, a hurried burial followed, and the trains moved on again. We finally reached Salt Lake, where we camped one week, visiting our old Mormon friends. At the Humboldt River about thirty wagons of us took the Northern or Oregon route by the way of Goose Lake. The land here was good, and we judged that it would soon be settled. This proved to be the case.

One rainy night while encamped on the southwest side of the lake, the Indians stole several head of our stock. Early in the morning we pursued them on the trail

of the stock and overtook a portion of them in the afternoon. As soon as the Indians discovered us, they shot several cattle and then scattered in all directions. We returned to camp with all the stock that we were able to trail, losing one yoke of oxen. Here I left one wagon and we moved on to Tule River. At this river we were again headed off by the Indians, but we struck camp, stood guard overnight, and early in the morning began to make preparations for a fight to the finish. Very soon we saw the dust rising about a mile ahead, and the cloud rapidly approaching. We saw that if it was a recruit for our enemy, our case was lost; but if it was our friends, victory was ours. No tongue could describe the horror of my mind while this new arrival was approaching. But we now saw the Indians beginning to scatter, and as Captain Ben Wright and thirty men came towards our camp and took in our situation, they at once fired on the Indians, killing several, and capturing three, two squaws and one buck. As we were again at liberty, and