

But the last days camp, an event occurred, which was indeed quite horrifying. For several bands of Indians came down to the Park to have a big battle.

The Cheyennes, Arappahoes, and Sioux's fought against the Utes, but fortunately the Indians at that time were on good terms with the "white man", and consequently, they did not molest us. After the battle, the warriors soon departed, taking with them their dead and wounded.

The following day we traveled up the Snowy Range for about eight miles, but the horses being so fatigued, we were obliged to camp for the night, but the next morning we succeeded in reaching the summit of the range. Here the snow was very deep, but it was a beautiful sight. With a telescope you could see the most beautiful flowers blooming only a short distance from the snow. The next day we advanced to Georgia Gulch, this is on the Western side of the range. Here we remained for several months, when I was taken severly ill with mountain fever, and we were obliged to return to Delaware Flatts.

My health gradually improving we decided to remain here the rest of the summer.

Here my husband and brother received a position in the mines, but as misfortune seemed to call so often, word was sent me one after-noon that they were caved in the mine. Knowing it was impossible for me to rescue them, and the agony they were probably enduring, deemed it impossible for me to suppress my emotion. But after several days of constant searching they were rescued and fortunately, they were uninjured. But after such a peribous event, they decided not to mine any longer, so we decided to return home.