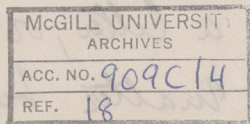


Three Buttes  
July 25, 74.



Dear Maama

I arrived here just about an hour ago after a long days march, but learning that a mail is to be sent off tomorrow sit down before turning in to write a few lines. At last we have got to a place with a name which can be found on the maps, though not rightly placed there, as instead of being far S. of the line they are in reality quite near it, & the most western at which we now are just manages to have its highest peaks S. in Montana &

more.

I have lots of material for a letter, or two or three for that matter but must defer detail till my next. It is probable that for a time our chances of sending out news will be better than heretofore as we are north of the U.S. forts on the Missouri & the U.S. parties are in pretty constant communication with them. We got a heavy mail at the Crossing of the Milk River. My portion consisted of several letters & about an armful of papers



4<sup>o</sup> the perusal of which still goes on. They came to hand through an American Scout from St. Benton. He travelled by himself with an extra horse to carry the mail & was chased by Indians. Took refuge in the "Bad Lands" for two days. Got back to Benton. Started out again & got through safely the second time.

We are here only about 120 m. from the end of the line at the watershed of the Rocky mts.

In company with Mrs. Rosewell I ascended the Eastern or highest peak of the Buttes yesterday. It was rather a climb being some 3000 feet above the camp & over 6000 above sea level. I suppose we

were the first whites ever on  
the Summit.

The buffalo are all round us  
here. During today's march we  
must have seen thousands.

Several were killed & we now  
seldom depend much on  
the Nation ports. Antelope are  
very abundant & the Rocky Mt  
Sheep are said to inhabit the  
butter though I have not yet seen  
any.

It is rather chilly tonight & blowing  
hard, circumstances which suggest  
the advisability of turning in at once.  
So please excuse more till my next  
which I hope may be more discursive  
& satisfactory. Your loving son George