



Three Bultes July 31.  
1874

My Dear Maime

We have had several  
mails lately through one source or other  
& I have now a heap of papers on  
my table just arrived & which I  
am anxious to- scan; but unfortunately  
no letters.

I think I told you in my last of an  
Ascent of the Eastern of the Three Bultes.  
A day before yesterday I ascended the western  
which is some 6 or 7 miles from here, &  
which turns out to be the highest of the lot  
6600 feet above the sea. Capt. Cameron  
turned up here a day or two ago, & we had  
arranged a party of three for the ascent.  
Bozwell was however unable to come  
& so Capt. C. myself & one of the servants set  
out, about 11 AM. The Bulte is by no



means merely an isolated peak  
but quite a mountain region 5 or  
6 miles in diameter with the Chief  
Summit at the Eastern End. We  
followed the valley of a brook up into  
the mountains, choosing always the  
buffalo paths as these afford foothold  
on the steep slopes & are also engineered  
on the principle of finding the line of least  
resistance. We clambered up & down  
steep grassy ridges, & followed their  
tops & edges to avoid the woods, but were  
constantly repulsed from the central peak  
by deep valleys full of windfall & young  
Banksian pine. At last we worked  
round to the S. West side & leading the  
horses along passed round an almost  
unpracticable hillside of broken stone  
by following the paths of the Mountain Sheep.  
Next we got into a tangled mass of  
windfall with a young growth of about



12 feet in height concealing it. The horses did not like this at all but we got them through it & up to a little plateau which was evidently the limit of equestrian progress. Equestrian progress for some distance consisted only in leading the horses. From here, after a slight lunch without anything to drink, we set out on foot & after a due amount of panting & perspiration got up the last thousand feet or so & were on the top.

The Summit was rounded & gentle here by a wreath of broken trap rock with a little soil & grass. The sun was not so good as it might have been as there was a hazy mist in the air which told for long distances.

Three objects of interest were found on the peak. 1. a lot of moccasins, left by one of the men who had ascended before. 2. a living mouse which was quickly screwed up in one side of an opera-glass & made a specimen of. 3. the tip of a flint arrow-head. A little shell & glass & stones



had also been erected & the Indians  
had evidently watched them for Camp-fires  
of Buffalo. We got down again about  
8 o'clock without any special adventure  
but feeling ready for dinner & bed.

There are Splendid Springs all along  
the base of the mountains, one I saw  
almost large enough to turn a mill as  
it flowed out through a mass of  
boulders, & as cold as ice. The water  
is a great treat after that we have been  
having for a long time. Generally somewhat  
saline, sometimes so much so as to  
taste perceptibly through the Strongest tea.  
Often from swamp holes, warm  
muddy & full of all sorts of Endosmodes.  
Furly bears inhabit this part. Among other  
animals but none have been seen. Rattlesnakes  
are not uncommon in this part of the  
country & so it behooves one to move with  
caution in suspected places.  
Yours, Corcoran, San George.