

Fort MacLeod New S.
Sept. 23. 1881.

My dear Mother,

As you will see by the superscription I am back again at MacLeod, after having completed a circular tour to the north, down Bow River from the Rocky Mountains to the west of Calgary, & back again over the plains from there. I am now endeavoring in the face of the usual innumerable difficulties to get ready for my last Cruise, towards the mountains on the upper waters of the Old Man's River &c. If I can bear you a chance to get to hunt on sometime between the 20th & 1st of October I shall endeavor to get back here & avail myself of it to get out, thus completing the season's work. It seems a good way off yet, but a few weeks soon pass. I think I will steer direct for Montreal, as I bore nothing

2

get in Ottawa, & will require to get clothes
or packed up a fare over which will take
a few days. So that if all goes well you
may see me at home sometime in
November. I will probably telegraph from
Benton on my arrival there as that
concludes the portion of the journey for which I
feel any responsibility. I find here a small
envelope, with but a single letter, from Fetter,
for which I am much obliged, & a few
papers. You might write if you write
again of the coming thus to Care J. G. Bollerdo
Benton Montana. There will scarcely be
time for a reply to get here, letters are so
long in getting to & fro. We got in here
just the day after the Gov. Gen. left, which

was extremely lucky as all the fuss was
 well over, & some chance to get little
 matters attended to. There are a number of
 Indians here just now from the Blackfoot
 Country, who came here to meet the Gov. Gen.
 & have not yet gone home. They with most
 of the inhabitants of the place were here
 racing yesterday amid great excitement.
 Our Indians here won one of the races & the
 natives gathered in nearly \$1000 dollars in
 bets they say. owing to the unexpected result.
 They say September & October are sometimes two
 of the best months in this Country. So far the
 weather has been on the whole good. Cold pretty
 nights & warm days, but too windy for
 comfort. As I write the tent is flapping
 about in a quite irritating manner & sending
 clouds of dust over everything by striking

against the dry ground. While coming here
 from the mouth of the Bow I shot an antelope
 & an Indian who was travelling with us
 shot two, so that we had abundance of fresh
 meat all the way. The antelope here become
 rather abundant in that part of the country as nearly
 all the Indians have left it, & now that there are
 buffaloes, & are concentrated in the meadows.
 I am sending a note to William today, &
 his son Sebastian address, & just I am
 ashamed to say that I have written to him this
 summer. If he can get employment in connection
 with the Montreal Harbour I should think it
 would just suit him. Love to all

Yours affectionately
 George

