

On the afternoon of the 29th we reached the lowest ford of the Red Deer River, one hundred and sixty-eight miles, by our course, from Battleford. On the north side of the river at this ford there is quicksand. The water too, in mid-stream, was deep enough to flow over the side-boards of our waggons, and at one place the current was dangerously rapid. After repeated trials by some of the men on horseback to find the best footing, we made the attempt, and the whole party got safely across by night-fall. On Saturday evening, the 1st of September, we arrived at the Blackfoot crossing of the Bow River, one hundred and eighteen miles from where we forded the Red Deer River. The Bow River is a noble stream. The current is pretty rapid, but at this "ridge under the water" (which is the literal translation of the Blackfoot name for the ford) the bed of the river is pebbly and the footing consequently good. Though we found the water almost as deep as at the Red Deer River, yet under the guidance of Mr. French, a small trader who lives near the ford, we, without almost any delay, crossed bravely over and camped until Monday morning on the south bank of the river.

At this crossing, where the Indians had latterly been notified to assemble for the treaty, there is a beautiful river bottom on the south side of the river. It extended about one mile back from the river, and is some three miles in length. The river, as far as the eye can reach, is skirted close to the water by a narrow belt of cotton-wood and other trees.

When I surveyed the clear waters of the stream, the fuel and shelter which the wood afforded, the excellent herbage on hill and dale, and the Indians camped in the vicinity crossing and re-crossing the river on the "ridge" with ease and safety, I was not surprised that the Blackfeet were attached to the locality, and desired that such an important event in their history as concluding a treaty with Her Majesty's Commissioners should take place at this spot.

On Saturday evening and Sunday several of the Indians called to shake hands with me, among whom was the Rainy Chief of the North Bloods. Here also I met Monsieur Jean L. Heureux, a French Canadian, who had spent nearly twenty years of his life among the Blackfeet. From him I obtained much valuable information respecting the numbers and wishes of the Indians, together with an elaborate list of the different Chiefs and minor Chiefs of the Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegans, and Sarcees, with the principal families of their respective tribes and clans or divisions. This list the Commissioners found very useful in enabling them to understand the relative influence of the several Chiefs and the strength of their bands.

On our journey, while within the limits of Treaty Number Six, we met scarcely any Indians, but after we crossed Red Deer River we met a few Crees and Half-breeds, and several hunting parties of Blackfeet. The former generally use carts in travelling, but the Blackfeet and their associates are always on horseback.

The Crees appeared friendly, but were not so demonstrative as the Black-