

The first 19 miles brings us to Grass Water Lake, and at 31 miles we reach the Little Bow River. The soil is a light clay loam, generally pretty dry; but this fall we had plenty of water owing to the recent snow storm. The surface of the country undulating, and we cross some gravelly ridges. Spy Hill and Black Spring Ridge are seen to the right eight or ten miles off. There is a considerable tract of good clay loam soil south of the latter ridge. The pasture is excellent.

The country along the Little Bow River, from the crossing of the road to its mouth, is well adapted for grazing purposes. The grasses are rich and cure well in winter. There are tracts of hilly country with rocky *coulées* extending back from the river, which is only thirty feet wide, and lies in a deep valley. There is no wood till the mouth is reached where we saw some bottoms of cottonwood on the Belly River. Coal occurs in the valley and in several of the *coulées*.

A big valley, extending in a northerly direction from the Little Bow River to the Blackfoot Crossing, is called by the Indians, *Say-sape-Iatchekoom*. I named it Snake Valley, on account of the two creeks of that name which empty into it. In this valley there are several muddy lakes and springs, and extensive hay flats. As we go north it expands into a wide level prairie of rich clay loam, traversed by the road as we approach the Blackfoot Crossing. The banks are high and rough where this valley joins the Little Bow, about twelve miles from the road.

From the Little Bow to the Thigh Hills we cross a level prairie of clay loam for twelve miles, and a gradual ascent of a couple of miles farther brings us to the summit of this prominent land mark, from which there is an expansive view of the surrounding plains and of the Rockies. The pasture is good everywhere.

Forty-eight miles from Fort MacLeod brings us to the springs. The country around the springs is very dry with patches of bare and baked clay.

Thirteen miles over a high, slightly rolling plain of dry clay with good pasture, and we reach Little Snake Creek, where good water is always found in the *coulée*.

There was good water in Snake Creek which we cross four miles from the springs.

These two creeks flow in a north-easterly direction into Snake Valley already spoken of.

There is now a pretty high range of hills to the north-west with some snow on the tops of them; the highest of these hills is called Buffalo Hill.

On the high lands west of the trail all the way from Fort MacLeod we saw some snow, but there was not any snow to be seen on the high plains east of it. The heavy snow fall which extended along the eastern slope of the Rockies, taking in Fort MacLeod and Calgary, and already mentioned, was but lightly felt in the vicinity of Blackfoot Crossing.

Eighteen miles from Little Snake Creek, over a clay loam prairie, brings us to the Blackfoot Crossing of Bow River. For the last ten miles the prairie is low and level and the soil rich. This low country is at the head of Snake Valley, which has here expanded to a width of several miles. This valley is well defined and bounded by ranges of high rolling hills with rich pasture.

The total distance from Fort MacLeod is 80 miles over a good road.

On the 22nd October I proceeded with the survey of Bow River with a view of defining the Blackfoot Reserve. This tribe would be entitled to a tract of land one hundred and twenty miles in length by four miles deep on the north side of the Bow and South Saskatchewan rivers as their share of the permanent reserve for the Blackfeet, Bloods and Sarcees. When the time comes for settling this matter the Blackfeet most likely will see the advantage to themselves of having their reserve laid out as shown by the accompanying sketch, instead of having it as described by the Treaty; the object they had then in view of excluding half-breed and other hunters from occupying the river bottoms, being now no longer necessary, by reason of the disappearance, from that country, of the buffalo.

Proceeding down the Bow River in a very good four-oared boat with bow and stern paddles, for which my thanks are due to Colonel MacLeod, I was enabled to make good time on the trip.