

The chief expressed his gratitude for the Deep Creek Ranch, which has been given to the tribe, but called my attention to the fact that, although of value for hay, yet it is totally unfit for agriculture.

This is true; the former owner, Mr. Bates, having for years tried to raise crops of oats and barley there, but owing to summer frosts, having invariably failed to succeed.

I carefully examined the agricultural land of the reserve, and it does not exceed twenty acres. About twenty acres more of stony hillside has been fenced, and was cultivated for many years, but, after two crops, the land became too poor to yield much over the seed sown, and consequently it has not lately been farmed. The portion now cultivated has been cropped yearly for at least fifteen years. It is not, therefore, surprising that the crops now raised thereon are by no means abundant.

Of all the tribes in this agency, north of the Fountain, this one is the most industrious and cleanly. The houses are well built, and extremely neat and clean inside. All have stoves and plank floors, and almost every house has its stable, and many have a storehouse in which to keep provisions, tools, &c. During my visits every one seemed to be occupied, building, making sleighs, or hauling hay and firewood.

Were this tribe supplied with land to cultivate, it is evident that, from their habits of industry, they would maintain themselves in comfort.

Some of the tribe trap in the spring and fall, but the trapping grounds are distant and the fur-bearing animals are getting very scarce. There is also much uncertainty in the profits of trapping. I saw an Indian, considered a first-rate trapper; he did not bring home a single skin. Another, who made his first attempt last year, made the best catch of any of his tribe, viz., forty beaver skins. It will be seen, therefore, that trapping is no longer a certain means of a living to Indians in this agency, for these remarks apply to all the other reserves. In the fall, a temporary sustenance can be obtained by killing deer, but these are now so scarce that not enough can be killed to obtain a supply for the winter months.

The question, then, naturally arises: How do these Indians live during the winter? The answer is: They live by the kind and truly charitable liberality of some white merchants, who, in cases of actual want and destitution, which are many, make advances of provisions and necessaries of life, which they are aware the recipients will never be able to repay.

Were it not for such men, many cases of death from actual starvation would have occurred during past winters in more than one Indian village. Two merchants of my acquaintance have each over \$2,000 of such debts on their books. All such cases of want I have thought it my duty to relieve during the cold weather of last winter, and trust that my doing so will meet your approval.

There is much sickness on this reserve,—consumption, bleeding at the lungs, and chronic rheumatism. Mr. P. C. Dunlevy, of Soda Creek, has hitherto supplied much medicine to this tribe, without receiving any remuneration; and having considerable practical medical knowledge, has been able to alleviate much suffering. I found here, as in many reserves, some cases of old and totally destitute persons, who had no children nor near relations on whom to depend for support.

I visited this reserve again on my return from Quesnell, remaining eight days, and found the system of discipline, established at my first visit, working well.

#### *Quesnell Reserve.*

I arrived here on 21st November, remaining until 3rd December. The extremely cold spell of a week's duration detained me that much longer here than would otherwise have been necessary.

The tribe numbers sixty-two. The chief, Joseph, is very old, but still full of energy, and is a thorough hater of whiskey, and of any one who indulges in it. He used to be terribly severe upon any of his tribe whom he found drinking liquor; but for some years, as he told me, having no one willing to assist him in punishing