that the Black-feet complained greatly of his having joined the Flat-heads, who had, by his assistance and that of Michel, become powerful, and that they vowed vengeance against them if ever they fell in their way; but M'Donald paid no attention either to their warning or our entreaties. War was his glory, and "piping peace" his aversion. Up to the period I quitted the Columbia he escaped harmless; but I regret to state that a few years afterwards, one of the enemy's balls brought him to the ground: halfa-dozen savages instantly rushed on him, and commenced hacking his skull with their tomahaws: the scalping-knife was in the act of beginning its dreadful operation, and in a moment all would have been over, had not the war-chief, accompanied by a few friends, dashed to his assistance, killed three of the Black-feet, and rescued their benefactor from impending death. He subsequently recovered; but I understand the wounds he then received have left evident traces of their violence on his bold and manly front.

About seven hundred miles from Fort George, and ninety from Spokan House, there is an immense fall in the Columbia, between sixty and seventy feet perpendicular, at low water, and