

and children, with vermilion painted faces, squatting on the ground; the prowling dogs; the members of the British Association on the railway bank in the foreground; the rolling prairie in the middle distance; and the snowy Rockies rising like a wall on the horizon—formed a picture not easily to be forgotten. In front of the line stood Crowfoot, the principal chief, in a blanket striped brown, black, and white, a flannel shirt, a kind of waistcoat, and a pair of goloshes—a spare, powerful man of about sixty, with long black hair spangled with grey, parted in the middle and hanging over his ears, and ornamented with the head of a bird, probably an eagle. His forehead was low, his nose aquiline, eyes dark hazel, and mouth large and clearly cut. While I was talking to the interpreter, who stood beside him, Professor Macoun suddenly asked the interpreter to ask him whether he had seen him before. Crowfoot looked keenly at him, and a flash of recognition came into his eyes. "Ugh, ugh," he said, and made signs which expressed his pleasure. It appears that six years ago, Professor Macoun when travelling on the prairie went to Crowfoot's camp, which consisted of 150 lodges, and brought with him four cartloads of supplies. He went to that place because he knew that he would be safer there than outside. He cooked his food and slept, and prepared next morning to go without the loss of anything. To his horror he found that he was in the midst of men dying of hunger. In one lodge one man lay dead; in another three were dying. There was not an ounce of food in their camp, and the temptation of obtaining food was so strong that they would have taken it had it not been for Crowfoot, who would not allow it, principally on the ground that he had made a treaty with the English, and would rather die than break it, and partly also because Professor Macoun had trusted him. Professor Macoun supplied them with food, and the long-expected buffalo came that very day. Such a tale of simple heroism as this is worthy of being recorded of a people doomed to pass away before us, or to be absorbed into our race.

But we must return to the consideration of the conditions of life in this region so far as they relate to water and the seasons. Water may, in my opinion, be found almost everywhere in the region between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains, if not on the surface, by the usual process of sinking. The quality of the water, wherever the stream is a running one and has an outlet, is perfectly good, but where there is no outlet the water is alkaline. As to the seasons, winter begins at the opening of November, and the frost is sufficiently intense to penetrate ten feet into the ground, according to Major Palliser. Winter lasts until about the middle of April, when it gives place almost in a day to spring, and the hot sun overhead rapidly carries the thaw deeper and deeper into