

course I had a view for some distance. The banks were vertical and rocky, and the stream appeared to continue swift. Both horses and men had enough to do in climbing up, and then coming down again from the heights. I was well repaid for my climb by the remainder of the day's travel, which was through magnificent open forests with patches of prairie, sometimes of considerable extent. These forests were the finest it had been my good fortune to see. A splendid species of pine and the larch previously spoken of, with their bright red barks, rose from the ground at ample distances; no brushwood encumbered their feet or offered impediment to the progress of wagons, which might move in every direction.

As we advanced along the prairie the trail forked, and our Indian took the branch which led nearest the river, as from information he had received, he believed it to be that which led to the trading post. Towards evening, according to my reckoning, we crossed the Boundary Line, and camped about two miles within the American territory, and not more than a mile from the river. In a few minutes, a Kootanie Indian came to us on horseback. My Indian guide "James," knowing but a few words of his language, and a little Blackfoot, and he not knowing one word of Cree, we had some difficulty in comprehending that he wished to inform us that there were no people at the trading post, which he described as being quite close. A small present of tobacco and something to eat were thankfully received by him, and he took his leave. Shortly after there came several more from the same camp, having a chief among them. They were mounted on good looking horses, and raced up to our camp as hard as they could gallop, no doubt with the idea of creating an impression. The evening was spent in a talk with them, one of them understanding Blackfoot. It was dark before they took their departure, having promised that they would meet us in the morning at the trading post, to guide us to their camp, where they wished us much to come, saying they had some provisions.

Following the track still s.s.w. the following morning in a thick fog, we came on the river, and within a few hundred yards found three diminutive log houses. Two of them, not over ten feet square, and to enter which it was necessary to crawl through a hole as an apology for a door, had evidently been used for dwellings; the other, somewhat larger, without a chimney, we were informed was the Kootanie chapel which had been erected the previous spring when a priest was there.

The Kootanies afterwards informed me that white people always come in the Fall, remaining the winter trading with them, and returning to Colville, eight or ten days' journey, in the spring. These are the Hudson's Bay Company's people, and this post is what figures on maps in large letters as "Fort Kootanie." I remained here till noon, and obtained observations, which placed the post in latitude  $48^{\circ}55'5''$  N., and longitude  $115^{\circ}31'W.$ , thus a little over five English miles south of the Boundary.

In the afternoon I rode four miles across prairie in an easterly direction with a chief, the pack animals following, and arrived at the Kootanie Camp, where I was under the necessity of shaking hands with every man, woman, and child. The people had a rather dirty and wretched appearance, but their herds of horses, and some few horned cattle, shewed that they were not poor.

Having pitched my tent at a short distance from the lodges of the Indians,