

Bute Inlet (Homatheco), that runs so much farther north than this inlet, has a large river emptying into it from the north-west. This river looks most favourable for gold, and I should much like to have prospected it; but the Indians would not go, as they were afraid of the Euclitus tribes, but the principal reason was that the canoe was small, and we were not altogether prepared to give it a fair trial. It was snowing most of the time, and rather discouraging.

Camped near the Klahous Indians' village: they paid me a visit, as a matter of course, and I gave them each a small piece of tobacco. They seemed well pleased; but would have a look at our mining tools, and canoe, and blankets, and general appearance. When they had satisfied themselves on these points, they told my Indians I was not a Tyee—meaning a chief, a person of consequence (this was the unkindest cut of all). My Indians told them I was a Tyee; but it was of no use. They said a Tyee would have a large canoe and plenty of blankets, whereas there was nothing of the kind visible; only picks, pans, and an old rocker, and what was the use of that among Indians?

I did not feel disposed to find fault with the poor Klahous Indians for judging from outward appearance, and, upon the whole, I got along with them very well. We got a few potatoes from them, so there must be something else besides rocks in Desolation Sound.

We went up to the head of the inlet, where the "Deserted Village" is on the map, but there were no Indians there. It looked as much like a deserted village as it did when it was named by Vancouver. About two miles above this the river comes in from the north-east. The sand washing out of the river has formed a large flat at the head of the inlet, in some places dry at low-water. We had some difficulty in getting the canoe into the river, which is also shallow, being filled up with sand from the continued wash from the mountains.

We went up the river about five miles. The Indians told me it would take five days to go to the head of it. Judging from the way a canoe goes up such rivers, the distance would be about sixty miles, which must be a long distance above the Quamish, and would not be far from the Lilloett. The Indians have gone this route to the head of Bridge River (Hoystier), which it may prove to be the best route to try. It is very evident there is a pass in the Coast Range here that will make it preferable to Jervis Inlet or Howe Sound. If a route can be got through, it will lead direct to Bridge River.

I have seen more black sand here in half a day than I did in California in nine years; it looks clear and bright, as if it came from quartz.

Seeing that it was out of the question to proceed farther, we put back and came down along shore, breaking and trying the rocks, but did not discover any gold: lots of iron pyrites or sulphuret of iron.

The land on each side of the river is low, and must be overflowed in many places in spring; but for all that, if a trail can be found through, it will not be difficult to make a road along the banks of the river.

In coming down we passed through what on the map is called the Island