

ous than choice, declaring that he had been "for near forty year on de coast and *never* saw noding like dat before!"

The captain was so proud of the boat and of his share in building her that he insisted she should be named; and, as the story-writers say, "thereby hangs a tale."

The Tes-lin-too, or Newberry, River marks the point on the main stream where gold in placer deposits begins to be found. Dr. Dawson called this stream the Tes-lin-too, that being, according to information obtained by him, the correct Indian name. Schwatka, who appears to have bestowed no other attention upon it, dubbed it the Newberry; but whatever its name on the maps of the future may be, it will never be known by any other name among the miners in there than the Hootalinkwa.

A number of miners, the captain's boys among them, had prospected the Hootalinkwa and reported it rich in placer gold. Such reports, of course, grow rapidly from mouth to mouth—the error being cumulative, so to speak—and by the time the report had reached the captain the Hootalinkwa was a perfect El Dorado. The old man was never tired of conjuring up bright visions of the happy days ahead when we should "get down to de Hoodalinka and scoop up de gold by de bucketful."

"I tell you what it is, boys," he would say, "de Hoodalinka is de place for us. De gold is *dere*, sure, and every bar on dat river is a reg'lar jewel'ry shop. Now, I tell you dat." And so on from morning until night the captain built his air-castle, until "de Hoodalinka" became a by-word among us. When, therefore, the subject of naming the boat came up it was suggested that out of respect for the captain she should be named "de Hoodalinka," and by common consent and amid much merriment (we had not the traditional bottle of wine, unfortunately) the "Hoodalinka" was accordingly named. The two Peterborough canoes,

also, came in for a christening at the same time, while we were in the humor, the longer one being known as the "Mackenzie" and the other as the "Yukon."

While on Lake Bennett, building our boat, I found an extensive ledge of auriferous quartz, the assay of which, however, shewed that it contained only traces of gold. The ledge is sixty to eighty feet wide, and can be easily traced on the surface for three or four miles. A small creek cuts through it about a mile from the lake, and in this creek are found colors of gold.

My boat was finished on the evening of the 11th of July, and on the 12th I sent four of the party ahead with it and the outfit to the Canon. They had instructions to examine the Canon and, if necessary, to carry a part of the outfit past it; in any case enough to support the party back to the coast, should accident necessitate such procedure. With the rest of the party I continued the survey on the lakes; this proved tedious work, on account of stormy weather. In the summer months there is nearly always a wind blowing in from the coast; it blows down the lakes and produces quite a heavy swell. This would not prevent the canoes going with the decks on, but, as we had to land every mile or so, the rollers breaking on the generally flat beach proved very troublesome. On this account I could not average more than ten miles per day on the lakes—little more than half of what could be done on the river.

Navigation on the Lewes River begins at the head of Lake Bennett. Above that point and between it and Lake Lyndeman there is only about three-quarters of a mile of river, and that is narrow, shallow, swift and rough. Many small streams issuing directly from the numerous glaciers at the heads of the tributaries of Lake Lyndeman feed this lake and make it the head fountain of the Lewes. It is a pretty little strip of water, about five miles in length, nestling