

of tobacco, and by a determined and unconcerned aspect, I succeeded in avoiding the danger of a collision with them. We could go no farther in the canoe than Kittamarks or the Forks of the Skeena River, and we had been twenty days from Fort Simpson, though the journey could have been done in a third of that time.

On the 21st September I left Kittamarks with two white men and two Indians, and started over a fine trail through a beautiful country for Fort Fraser. We crossed over an Indian suspension-bridge, and entered some first-rate land, our course being about east; we completed about 12 miles to-day. Next day it rained hard, but we succeeded in doing 12 miles again, passing through as fine a farming country as one could wish to see. To the south-east a large open space appeared, and I have since learnt that a chain of lakes runs away here, being the proper way to Fort Fraser; but as I always follow my Indian guides implicitly, I did so on this occasion. The third day the weather was fine, but the trail not so good; it ran along the side of a mountain, but below the trail was good and grass abundant. My Indians started after a goat up the mountain, but were quickly driven back by three bears. The fourth day we crossed what is called the Rocky Pass, which may be avoided by keeping the bottom. To the north a chain of mountains were seen covered with snow, distant about 30 miles, where the Hudson Bay Company have a post called Bears' Fort; to the south is the Indian village Kispayaths; along the bottom runs the Skeena, past the village of Allagasomeda, and farther up the village of Kithathratts, on the same river.

On the fifth day we encountered some dangerous-looking Indians, but got away from them. We passed through a fine country, with cotton-trees and good soil.

We now arrived at the village of Naas-Glee where the Skeena River rises. We were again on the river which we had left five days ago, having travelled 55 miles, when we might have come by the river. We had great difficulty with the Indians here, and it was fortunate that I knew the name of the chief, as otherwise they would have seized all our property; as it was, they surrounded us, and were most importunate: one wanted my coat, another my gun, a third took my cap from my head, and I really thought that they would murder us. These Indians are the worst I have seen in all my travels. Naas-Glee is a great fishing-station, and all the worst characters congregate there to lead an indolent life. Thousands of salmon were being dried at this village.

We hardly knew what to do, as they told us that it was ten days to Fort Fraser, and if we returned they would have robbed us of everything. I therefore determined to go on, if the chief Norra would accompany me, and on giving him some presents he consented to do so. The river from Naas-Glee downwards is very rapid, but as the banks are low and flat a waggon-road or railroad could easily be made.

The land around Naas-Glee is excellent, and wild hay and long grass abound. Potatoes are not grown here, owing to the thieving of the Indians.