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From this, 10 miles farther up, was a river called the Toes. On the south side hence is an Indian trail to the Kitloops on the Salmon River, the south branch of Salmon, which river is called Kittama.

By this time we were fairly over the Coast Range, and the mountains ahead of us did not look very high; the current here was very strong, and much labour was required to get our canoe along, and we had to pull her up by a rope from the shore.

Gold is found here, a few specks to the pan, and the whole country looks auriferous, with fine bars and flats with clay on the bars; the mountains look red, and slate and quartz were seen.

The next camp was at the village of Kitalaska, and I started in a light canoe ahead of my party, as our canoe, by all accounts, could not proceed much farther, and I then determined to penetrate to Fort Fraser. The Indian who was with me told me that a large stream, called the Kitchumsala, comes in from the north; the land on it is good, and well adapted for farming, and that the Indians grow plenty of potatoes. To the south is a small stream called the Chimkoatsh, on the south of which is the Plumbago Mountain, of which I had some in my hand, as clear as polished silver, and runs in veins of quartz.

Near to this, on a tree, are the words "Pioneer, H.B.C.," and nearly overgrown with bark. The Indian told me it was cut by Mr. John Work, a long time ago.

From this to the village of Kitcoonsa the land improves, the mountains recede from the river, and fine flats run away 4 or 5 miles back to their bases, where the smoke is seen rising from the huts of the Indians engaged in drying berries for the winter. These Indians were very kind to us, and wished me to build a house there, and live with them.

Above the village of Kitcoonsa the prospect of gold is not so good as below. As the season was so advanced I was not able to prospect the hills, which look so well, and unless the Government takes it in hand, it will be a long while before the mineral resources of this part of British Columbia can be known. This is the best-looking mineral country I have seen in British Columbia.

From here to the village of Kitsagatala the river is rocky and dangerous, and our canoe was split from stem to stern.

At Kitsagatala we entered a most extensive *coal* country, the seams being in sight, and cut through by the river, and running up the banks on both sides, varying in thickness from 3 to 35 feet.

The veins are larger on the east side, and are covered with soft sandstone, which gives easily to the pick; on the west side quartz lines the seams, which are smaller. The veins dip into the bank for a mile along the river, and could easily be worked by tunnels on the face, or by sinking shafts from behind on the flats, as they run into soft earth.

I have seen no coal like this in all my travels in British Columbia and Vancouver Island.

We experienced some danger from Indians here, but by a small present