

banks on both sides, varying in thickness from 3 to 10 feet.

The veins are largest on the north-east side, and sandstone appears; it is soft, and gives easily to the pick.

The veins dip into the bank for a mile in length, and could be easily worked on the face by tunnels, and also by sinking shafts at the rear on the flats, as they run into the banks of soft earth. I have seen no coal like this in all my travels through British Columbia. Here we had some danger from Indians, but a small present of tobacco, and putting aside all fear, or even appearance of it, succeeded in quieting them. I find it best to be determined and cool in the prospect of a fight.

We could go no further than Angulet or the Forks of the Skeena in the canoe, and had been twenty days from Fort Simpson, although it could have been done in a third of that time.

On the twenty-first of September, I left this place 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 lands, our course being about east, and journeyed about twelve miles

Next day it rained hard, but we managed to get over twelve miles, passing through as fine a farming country as one could wish to see. To the south-east a large open space appears, and I learn that a chain of lakes runs away here, and I found it was the proper way to Fort Fraser, but as I always follow the Indian guides implicitly, I did so on this occasion. The third day the weather was fine, but the trail not so good along the base of the mountains. Below the trail is good and the grass abundant. My Indian started after a goat up the mountain, but was soon 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 could be seen a chain of mountains covered with snow, about thirty miles distant where the H. B. Co. have a trading post called Bear Fort; south is the Indian village Kispyasts; along the bottom runs the Skeena past the village Alagasomdaa. Further up, the village Kithatbratts, on the same river.

Fifth day, met some dangerous Indians, but we got away from them; passed through a fine country with cotton wood and fine soil. We fired off our pistols on entering an Indian village to-day, and were surrounded immediately by swarms of Indians; on learning who we were, they saluted us with the French words *bon jour*. We then entered the village Naas Glee where the Skeena river rises; here we were on the same river. We left 5 days ago, having travelled 55 miles when we might have come the whole way by the river.

I found much difficulty with the Indians here, and was fortunate I knew the name of the chief or they

would have taken all our property; one wanted my coat, another my boots, my cap was taken off my head, and I thought we should all be murdered. These Indians are the worst I have seen in all my travels. This is a fishing village, and all the bad Indians come here to lead an indolent life. Thousands of salmon were drying here. We hardly knew what to do; the Indians told us that it was 10 days' travel to Fort Fraser, and if we ever go back, everything will be taken from us. I determined, however, to go, if the chief Narra would go with me, and on giving him some presents, he consented to do so. I was never so glad to get away from an Indian village, but I am ready to go again and prospect this country if your Excellency wishes it. The river from Naas Glee downwards is very rapid, but as the banks are low and flat, a wagon road or railroad could easily be made. The land around Naas Glee is first-rate, and wild hay and long grass abounds. Potatoes are not grown here. There is no heavy pine timber in the neighborhood, and the canoes are made of cotton wood.

Above Naas Glee the river was very rapid, and required all our energy, as we had only a small quantity of dried salmon to last five of us for ten days. Ten miles above Naas Glee, is an old Indian village called Whatatt, the shoal water ends here, and we were now on Bayne Lake, going through a fine country. We got over 20 miles this day. The lake is deep and broad. Next morning to my surprise, I found a canoe at our camp with Frenchmen and Indians, in charge of Mr. Gavin Hamilton, an officer in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, from Stuart Lake, Fort St. James, New Caledonia, on his way to Naas Glee, to purchase salmon. Mr. Hamilton advised me to go back with him to Naas Glee, and then to return to Fort St. James with him in his large canoe, but as I had seen enough of Naas Glee, I refused with thanks, in fact I was very anxious to reach Fort St. James, as I did not wish to be disappointed this time.

Mr. Hamilton expressed his surprise that we had managed to get away from Naas Glee, as we were the first white men who had come through that route, and even he found great difficulty with the Indians there. Having persuaded Narra the chief, to let us have his canoe, we said farewell to Mr. Hamilton, and proceeded on our journey. It was fortunate that we sent back our two Indians, otherwise we should have suffered from starvation, as it was we reached Stuart's Lake with difficulty. We made a fine run to-day before a fair wind to Fort Killamaurs, which is only kept up in the winter.

Our course from Naas Glee to Fort Killamaurs was N E, and the distance about 50 miles. The land is good the whole way, with long grass on the benches near Ft. Killamaurs. This is a very lovely place, and no sound is to be heard save one, our voice. It