

as the population increases it may be found still further down, and to a certain extent, at the extreme upper end of the creek. I have already spoken of the mouth of Antler, as it runs down to Bear River in connexion with Grouse Creek. At the time of my visit this first-born of Cariboo was almost deserted, although a few men did tolerably well last summer by sluicing and cleaning up the old ground a second time.

A few miles from Antler is Cunningham, a creek I was unable to visit on my way to the north and south branches of Quesnelle River. It is, I understand, a large creek, on which considerable works are progressing, and from which hereafter good results are expected. Beyond that I am ignorant of its history. Opposite this creek the summit of the Bald-Head range is soon attained, the highest point, if I mistake not, in Cariboo; and it would be impossible to describe the grandeur of the country laid open to the vision for hundreds of miles in every direction. On the right the plains of the Horse Fly lie flooded with the effulgence of sun light, while the biting sleet storm passes for a moment over where you stand, and huge masses of snow, which have withstood the summer's heat, intersected with an endless profusion of rich pasturage, wild flowers, and beautiful woodlands meet the eye at every turn, giving to the whole a contrast and power beyond expression, charming. Nor must I forget the lofty pinnacles and rounded domes of the Slate, Granite, and Wild Goose ranges, commingling in grand and fantastic groups, 'till the vision is lost in the hazy far-off loom of the Rocky Mountains. On this spot, more than all others I met with, the mind grasps the future mining greatness of British Columbia, not on account of its "magnificent distances" for the Continent of America is full of them, but because those distances in this case are proved to be filled with golden streams from Swift River under your foot to Fort George on the Fraser, of which nothing is known really except that they contain gold in paying quantities, but which in time will give employment to 10,000 men, instead of the small isolated bands which here and there in out-of-the-way solitudes possess them to-day. From the summit there is nothing to mention but Keithley's, and that needs only a short notice. It is, indeed, but a repetition of the old story, rich in early times, lead lost, and the whole creek abandoned to Chinamen without being thoroughly investigated. Of late it has again attracted attention, on account of the money which it is known the Chinamen made regularly, and on account of a claim at the mouth of the creek, which has paid steadily for a long time from \$12 to \$16 a-day to the hand. This led to some other men going back, who in running a tunnel have struck a large quantity of dirt paying as high as a dollar to the pan since I left. There can be no doubt of the existence of good diggings on Keithley's and neighboring streams down to the bridge on the North Fork of the Quesnelle, but like most of the country I