

Pavillon River, which runs from the Lake to the Fraser, brought us to the Pavillon itself.

The Pavillon is on the east bank of the Fraser, on a bench 600 feet above the river, very similar to that at Lytton. The wind blows and the dust flies in the same manner. There is one wooden house and several huts of canvas and boughs, which, like their log contemporaries in the Cañons, are called restaurants. Flour was 35 cents per lb. and bacon 75 when I was there. In the winter flour was as high as 85 cents, and bacon 1 dollar 50 cents.

The charges for carriage of goods, &c., now are from Pavillon to Kamloop 25 cents per lb.; to Fountain, 6; to Cayoush, 8; and to Big Bar, 8. From Lytton to Big Bar 30 cents. Big Bar is about 18 miles above Pavillon. Silver and copper have both been found at the Pavillon; the latter I have seen.

We left Pavillon on the 23rd of May, and walked by a very good trail to the Fountain. The Fountain, so called from a small fountain there, is a very much prettier and better site for a town than Pavillon: the latter, however, possessing the great advantage of limestone, none of which I saw at the Fountain, though I do not doubt there is some not far from it.

There is a considerable bend in the river at the Fountain, which shelters it to a considerable extent from the north and south winds. There are two or three large stores here, and some half-dozen log-huts scattered over the flat. There is a valley at the west end of the flat which extends southwards as far as Foster Bar, and through which there is a good trail.

About 3 miles below Fountain, on the opposite side of the Fraser, is Bridge River, where there is a large store belonging to Messrs. Fraser and Davis, who have thrown a wooden bridge about 40 yards long across the river, 800 yards from its mouth, for crossing which they make the miners pay 25 cents a head; they having, I am told, pulled down a bridge the Indians had made, and on which it was quite safe to cross. About $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile below this is French Bar, where there is a ferry, by which we crossed; and 2 miles farther, on the west bank of the river, is situated Cayoush.

Cayoush is at the junction of the Tukumeth and Fraser rivers, where the Harrison Lillet route commences, and is the prettiest place I saw on the Fraser. Four or five huts, and the same number of stores, compose the town on the west side. On the east side the Hudson Bay Company are building a fort, to be called Fort Berens. It is to stand on the lowest of three benches, into which the bank is divided about 50 feet above the water. There is a ferry at Cayoush, and a trail on either side of the river to Lytton. The drawback to the one on the west side being that the Tukumeth is not always fordable. On the 24th May we again left the Fraser, and struck down the Harrison Lillet route, and, following the Tukumeth, camped at the north end of Lake Seton, where there are a few huts for the boatmen who ply on the lake.

The following morning we crossed Lake Seton in four hours, and Lake Anderson the same afternoon in five. The two lakes are about the same size, and have much the same appearance, but Lake Anderson tends much more to the southward than the other. Both are bounded by steep mountains 3000 to 5000 feet high, and both are very deep. There is no perceptible current in them and hardly any rise and fall. Southerly is the prevailing wind, and it blows nearly always during the day, the morning and evening being calm. These lakes are separated by a neck of land $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide, which is nearly level, and through which runs a stream 20 or 30 yards wide. Port Anderson is at the south end of Lake Anderson. There is a large restaurant there for the entertainment of muleteers, &c., &c.

From Port Anderson to Port Pemberton is the Birkenhead Portage, or, as it is now generally called, the Mosquito Portage, which name it certainly well deserves. It is about 25 miles long by the trail, which is on the whole good.