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Green Lake, the Indians having no name for it, from the colour of its water. We kept the west bank of this lake to its head, which we reached shortly after noon, and then crossing a small swamp came to a level trail through a wood, and continued in it till night. During the night there was a heavy thunderstorm, which appeared to travel from north-east to south-west, but it did not perceptibly affect my barometer.

Our course the whole of the next day lay nearly due north (magnetic) up the centre of a thickly-timbered valley. At 9, on ascending a small hill, we saw the Lilloet River coming in from the westward between very high precipitous mountains, and beyond these appeared the snow-capped peaks which, the Indians say, surround the lakes from which run the Lilloet, Squāwmisht, Clahoose, Bridge, * and several other rivers. They describe it as a basin, very high up, containing 4 or 5 small lakes, in which rise all the larger rivers watering this part of the country. Descending the hill above mentioned we came upon the Lilloet River, and followed its left bank till night, when we crossed one arm of it, over a fall of 200 or 300 feet, and camped. We passed over one or two high steep shoulders, towards the end of the day, by which no animal could go; but this was only from the height of the river and the density of the wood on its bank, making us of two evils choose the least. Indians almost always prefer keeping half-way up a mountain to going along the centre of a valley, so that travelling with them you seldom pass over the exact ground that a road would be made on ; and, except as to crossing high mountains or rivers, their description of a route would not convey to a road-cutter a very good idea of the work before him.

An hour's walking next day brought us to a hill-top from which we looked down on the Lilloet meadows; a small lake, dry I suppose in winter, lay at our feet, and stretching miles east and west, dotted with several loghuts and covered with long grass, were the meadows. We got a canoe on the small lake or pond mentioned above, and, crossing it, paddled down a stream running from it and joining the main stream of the Lilloet about 2 miles below, on the left bank of which latter we disembarked. From this we walked 4 or 5 miles across the meadows, till we came to the river again and got a canoe, in which we reached Port Pemberton at noon, having been exactly 5 days from the Squāwmīsht village. In crossing the Lilloet meadows I met several men at work building huts, sawing, turning hay, &c., &c. ; they all spoke well of the soil, and the crops of different kinds that I saw appeared fine.

On the whole the country from the Squāwmīsht to Port Pemberton would not be a very difficult one through which to make a road, and if it led to the Frazer above Kayoush instead of at Pemberton, or if so much of the first portage of the Harrison Lilloet route were not already finished, I should most strongly recommend this way being made available. As it is, however, it becomes a question for the Colonial Government whether the distance saved and the difficulties obviated would compensate for the outlay required. The lower portage on the Harrison Lilloet is already two-thirds done, and that is the only portage which would be saved by coming from Howe Sound. All those above Port Pemberton would still be required, unless there is some shorter route from Port Pemberton to the Frazer as yet unexplored; but the roads above Port Pemberton are required equally, whether the lower part comes from Port Douglas or Howe Sound.

About 10,000% has already been expended on the Harrison Lilloet. To open a mule-trail by Howe Sound would cost about 15,000%, a waggon-road 25,000%. With the present amount of traffic the two roads are hardly, I should think, required; and it is hardly problematical if, in the present

* The Indian name for the Bridge River is Hoystlen.