

which we ascended a steep hill to the northward and opened about 3 miles of very nice grass-land, and then coming down again followed the lake to the copper-mine, at the foot of which we camped. It is in a bank of about 800 feet high that the copper is found, but we searched from top to bottom without finding any, though everything was coloured with it.

The road along the north side of ~~Shuswap~~^{Shuswap} Lake is very rough, the hills sloping down to the edge of the lake. After about five hours' riding we reached the river Défont, across which we had to swim the horses, an undertaking which the force of the current makes both difficult and dangerous to perform, though the river is only 20 or 30 yards wide. The west bank of this river is about 250 feet high, on ascending which there is a grass plain 5 or 6 miles long, and from that to the River de la Cache is all good grazing-ground, and indeed I might almost say all the way to the Pavillon. There is a small stream two yards wide between the rivers Défont and De la Cache, which is dignified by the name of Conteaux River, and here we left the Thompson and turned a little northward, the river running away to the southward.

All the Thompson River from the Shuswap is very much like the Nicola, but larger and not so pretty. The soil near the River de la Cache is very good, but covered with soda. The river is small and shallow, but just above where it joins the Bonaparte being the best ford in that river makes it a good place for a revenue station, as the Bonaparte River must be crossed in going to either Fountain or Pavillon, except by going round to Lytton, where there is a magistrate.

We crossed the Bonaparte River on the morning of the 19th May, finding only 3 ft. 6 in. of water in the deepest part of the ford, which was an agreeable surprise, for we expected this to have been the worst of all the rivers as it was far the largest we crossed between Kamloop and Pavillon, and we had been told the deepest. We skirted along a steep hill on the north side of it, down which one of the pack-horses fell, though fortunately without injury, and we then came down again on the river. This hill would be avoided if the river were bridged, as the bridge would be thrown across higher up, where the trail crosses the stream in winter, but the river at this season is too deep for fording at that part. The valley of the Bonaparte is not quite so much covered with the nitrate of soda as the other valleys we passed through; indeed, neither the Bonaparte or Chapeau valleys contains so much of it as those of the Thompson and Nicola.

We followed the north bank of the Bonaparte for about 7 miles till we met the Chapeau River, from whence we followed the Chapeau for 12 miles, crossing the river several times. The Bonaparte turns northward after its junction with Chapeau to Lake Loon, in which I believe it takes its rise.

The Chapeau River is a remarkable one, though only 10 or 12 yards wide, inasmuch as it and the Thompson make an island of about 25 square miles of country, in the same way that the Nicola and Thompson make one of 40 square miles farther south. After leaving the Bonaparte it turns westward for about 12 miles, and then turns southward, joining the Fraser about 18 miles above Lytton. Its banks are from 20 to 60 feet high, and the valley averages 800 yards in width. Here the limestone commences, and from this to Lake Pavillon there is hardly anything else.

Leaving the Chapeau we turned north, and through a narrow valley between perpendicular limestone mountains 4000 to 5000 feet high, and came to a small lake (Crown), immediately beyond which is Lake Pavillon, which is about 6 miles long and $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile wide. At the north end of this lake there is a most curious peak like a round tower, called by the Indians Skille Paa-lock; and about a mile farther on is a farm of about 20 acres, on which three Americans are at work. They had not tried grain when I was there, but said they thought the soil good. Four miles more along the north bank of the