

## An Early Ascent of Katahdin.<sup>1</sup>

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

IN the summer of 1841, with my classmate and near friend, William Francis Channing, I took my first lessons in mountaineering and in woodland life. Our experiences of that summer were so pleasant that I welcomed an invitation from him in the summer of 1845 to join him in the ascent of Mt. Katahdin. At Mt. Washington we had worked our own way in ascending, but we had returned by what we used to call "Fabyan's Path," which was then comparatively new. With Katahdin, however, we knew that we should be on a mountain without trails, excepting as the lumbermen might have opened roads for their purposes in some of the lower regions. We proposed after the Katahdin enterprise to see as much of Moosehead Lake as our time and money would permit.

We went to Bangor from Boston by steamboat, and thence by some regular stage route to Mattawamkeag. This was then simply an active frontier village from which "the Government road," as it was called, struck off through the woods to Houlton, our frontier post on the north. Mattawamkeag was so entirely a frontier place that the first day we were there a deer entered the village, ran through the town, and tried to escape by swimming the east branch of the Penobscot; but I need hardly say that before the poor creature got across he was murdered, — boys and men appeared with shot-guns, and the chance was badly against him.<sup>2</sup> He had the law on his side, for this was in August. The people whom we saw generally condemned the shooting, but it was evident that "public opinion" was against him. I suppose a jury would have found that he was "killed in self-defence."

<sup>1</sup> The usual spelling in APPALACHIA is Ktaadn. — Ed.

<sup>2</sup> On comparing this preamble with the letter which I sent to the Daily Advertiser fifty-six years ago, I am glad to see that I also have been somewhat borne forward by the great tide of the world's evolution in morals, which is always flowing, and on which I and this reader have been floating to this hour. Whoever will read the letter which follows will see that the youngster of 1845 was willing to breakfast on the murdered deer of the Mattawamkeag River. What is certain in 1901 is that the same youngster after fifty-six years would spurn such a meal with horror, as he hopes this reader would do.

I mention this incident, writing in 1901, because I do not believe that a deer would be killed now which should appear in any village in Maine in August.

We engaged for a guide in Mattawamkeag a very intelligent and interesting man, whom I have held to be a friend to this moment, although for many years I have not heard from him. I say this rather in the hope that it may meet his eye in APPALACHIA, and that he will be good enough to write to me. He was a lumberman from Lincoln, a little below Mattawamkeag, and belonged to a party which had been at work on the upper waters of the East Penobscot.

He undertook to take us up the mountain on the north side, which we had preferred. Most explorers then and now have been, and are, more apt to attack it by the slides on the southern side from Lake Millinoket. Our preparations were simple, for the expedition would not last, as this reader will see if he perseveres, more than four or five days. I learned for the first time how to pack my traps in a blanket and to discard the knapsack, which I suppose has its advantages in a long campaign, but is rather a conventional encumbrance, if the tramp does not last long. I think that our associate, Mr. Quincy Shaw, may be amused by the story of a remark which in its time did me some good. We had gone four or five miles into the woods, fishing, I believe, and fell in with one of the people of the land. He asked me where we came from. Did we come from the West? I said we did, that we came from Boston. What interested me was, to see that though he had heard of Boston, this was not as the capital of New England, or as the centre of the lumber business of America, or as the birthplace of public education, or for any other of the historical reasons mentioned in the geography. I doubt if he cared anything about any of these; he answered simply that he knew Boston: "It was where Quincy Shaw came from." Mr. Shaw had then graduated from college two years. It was not yet the time for "Calumet and Hecla," but he had already won in these Maine woods his reputation as a good woodsman. On the eastern Penobscot, Boston owed its reputation to him.

I had told Dr. Asa Gray that I was going to Mt. Katahdin, and he had told me that no one had ever brought plants from

its alpine summit. He said that summit was more than one hundred and fifty miles distant from the summit of Mt. Washington, and that it would be interesting to see if there were the same flora on two little alpine patches as far apart as those on these two summits. I said eagerly that I should be glad to bring him any plants that were new to me, and he told me how he wished me to preserve them. But he said very decidedly that I need not bring him any of any species or variety, unless I could bring him twenty specimens. He should need as many as these for his correspondents, if by good fortune I stumbled on anything new. I hope I need not say that I was eager to serve him whatever the conditions, and this involved my providing myself with large sheets of what we then called "binder's board" for pressing my plants. In point of fact, I brought down with me more than four hundred different specimens in different stages of drying. This means that I had twenty or more specimens of each of twenty alpine species or varieties. As it proved, these are all identical with species or varieties on the summit of Mt. Washington, for nothing has been found on Katahdin which is not on Mt. Washington, though there are, I believe, alpine species on Mt. Washington which are not on Katahdin. The summit of Katahdin is some nine hundred feet lower than the summit of Washington. The comparison of these two floras makes a very pretty illustration of Dr. Gray's admirable statements, published when he was president of the American Association, as to the distribution of plants in the northern hemisphere.

The narrative which follows was written at the time and printed in my father's newspaper, the Boston Daily Advertiser, on August 15, 1845.

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We got back to Mattawamkeag before dark. . . . Just after tea and sunset we had walked down to the bridge with "Uncle Barton," a venerable boatman known to the whole town, and were talking with him, when he started wild with excitement, and pointed out the antlered head of a deer swimming the stream right towards us. The announcement at once called down the whole tribe of tavern loafers, and after a most exciting water chase of half an hour, the poor deer, kept from landing by people on either side the stream, was overtaken

by a boat and killed. There was a perfect wildness, not to say madness, in the excitement of the whole scene, in which I entirely partook. It was quite dark when the *coup de grâce* was given, but the excitement of the whole pursuit on water and land was infinitely intense to the last. He proved to be a two or three year old, not in the best season, but not to be rejected; and I ate a piece of him the next morning.

It was suggested to us that evening, that if we wished to ascend Katahdin, two days in a bateau would carry us thither, with a good stopping-place at Foster's, and a day or two bring us back. This would involve but one, or perhaps two "camps," and with our taste of woodland life, our growing enthusiasm for the mountain and all the scenery, and the pleasantness of the sail, we at first determined to undertake it. But fortunately, as the weather proved, a difficulty interposed and eventually prevented. Two boatmen were necessary to pole or *kent* the bateau up the streams and through the lakes to the Sourdnahunk on the west side of the mountain. "Uncle Barton," himself ready to go, declared it impossible to find another.

The reason was, that the rivers were rising from the protracted rains, and owners of lumber cut last winter were drumming up all the men they could as "drivers," — to go out upon the masses of lumber which had jammed up at falls and rapids, and *run* it or *drive* it down. The timber in one of these jams, some twenty miles off, was estimated at thirteen million feet, and was piled up twenty, thirty, and forty feet above the water. It is necessary to wait for the river to rise, and then go out on the logs and poke and drive them off from their sticking places, till the force of the current shall send them down.

You may conceive what a venturesome business it is. Just on the day on which we were at Mattawamkeag the rivers were rising, and the house was filled with "drivers" on their way up to the jams. I talked with a good many of these, and found one, who had been up to Sourdnahunk, and upon our mountain.

He expressed great interest in the expedition we proposed, and a desire to go if his employer, Mr. Hall, would let him off from his engagement on his drive. So I went to Mr. Hall, whom I found a very prepossessing, intelligent gentleman, who could not, however, on any account, spare this boatman or any of his hands, and we gave the scheme up. I have told the story at length, because for poor Hall and the man, the *if* proved, as I was shocked to learn on my return, an awful one.

They went off the next morning, all the timber was well got down, but just as the drive closed, by an accident caused by this very boat-

man, the boat was swamped under the great falls, and he and Hall and two other men were drowned. Our expedition could not by possibility have involved such danger.

It was suggested to us at this time, that Katahdin would be easily reached by land if we chose to return to Mattawamkeag the same way, and we resolved at all events to go on the excursion from which we have now returned. You will see that we made a descending climax in the arrangements of civilization till we got to the end of it, and perhaps a little further; but never beyond hail of it.

Our new plan was to ascend the mountain on the northeastern side, where it rises most gradually, and where, consequently, your ascending grade may be improved, though at a sacrifice, by increasing the distance. We were fortunate enough to meet with an excellent guide, perfectly familiar with the country on the Wassataquoik River, through which we should pass. He had ascended the mountain two or three times himself with sundry of his workmen, was a thorough woodman, boatman, campaigner, lumberman, and withal an intelligent and agreeable companion.

This preliminary settled, — without the necessity of looking for a proper guide on the way, we started Saturday morning in a wagon, on the Fish River road, — still woods, woods, woods. The little town of Benedicta, owned by Bishop Fenwick, and settled by him with Catholics, was for many miles the only clearing. A great many of the houses there have perfectly the appearance of old Ireland. Those which have not, had unfortunately lost all their window glass just before we passed, by a vehement hailstorm. The town looks thriving; has a good soil, and commands several noble distant views, which, however, we could not enjoy then, for we passed it just after the most tremendous shower of rain that I ever knew. We arrived at Robinson's Inn, which is in No. 3 in the Fifth, with good appetites for a good dinner. Still civilization. Framed prints from the New York Mirror round the wall, and a Greenleaf's Map of the latest edition.

From this place we were to "travel" the rest of our way, *Anglice* to walk. And here, therefore, we made our preparations for four or five days' absence, by making up our packages for the expedition of what things seemed necessary. With these, at five we started by a logging road, or wood road, or winter road, — exactly such a road as, when one passes in driving, he wishes to be on horseback to enter. All the trees are cleared out from it, but the lowest undergrowth left. The streams are roughly bridged, and the worst morasses, but it is intended that four or five feet of snow and hard frosts shall give to it its final superstructure. If much travelled, however, it is in dry

weather a very pleasant walking road, though, as it is not at all graded, quite unfit for wagons. By such roads we went through to Katahdin.

Hunt's Inn is in No. 3, in Seventh Range, on the river Penobscot. We found we should not reach it that night easily, and so sought and obtained most hospitable accommodations at the house of a settler in the township East. I wish I could give you any idea of the kind, frank cordiality of the whole family.<sup>1</sup> Six or eight boys and girls, who with their father and mother lived in one log cabin, never got in each other's way, but all welcomed and assisted, and seemed cheerful; and the geniality and intelligence and refinement of the whole circle put us quite in love with log-cabin life.

We slept there, and at 5.30 the next morning walked to Hunt's to breakfast, through a drizzling shower and miserably wet roads. The position of Hunt's farm, the only one in the township but his son's, is for picturesque beauty utterly unsurpassable. From a thick forest you came out upon a hillside to his clearing, grass and grain covered, sweeping down the hill to the river. The river here takes a long circuit, enclosing on the opposite side a noble piece of *intervale* covered with the richest growth of hardwood timber, whose varying and brilliant shades contrast with the more sombre evergreen growth of two or three fine mountains which rise immediately beyond. Hunt's house is just on the river opposite this forest peninsula. It is a large, rambling place, partly built of logs and partly of frame; holds communication with the settlements by the river and the road which we passed, and is the last inhabited station of the loggers in this quarter. We remained here most of the day, our guide not arriving until quite late.

About two, however, we started on our journey up Wassataquoik River. By the road on the bank of that stream we were twenty miles from the foot of the mountain. Hunt's boatman took us up Penobscot half a mile and set us on the north side of Wassataquoik, and we began to "travel."

The walk was beautiful. After a few miles we constantly followed the river side, — a stream as wide as Charles River is at Newton railroad bridge, but more rapid. The rather unfortunate evergreen growths which we have in Massachusetts, and the occasional distressed firs or spruces which you see in front yards, as ornamental trees, give you no idea of the constantly changing brilliancy of these forests. I have called the color sombre, — I believe, solemn is rather the word, and that more from its firmness of look, belonging to trees which dance and vacillate less than others, than because it has any darkness or dinginess of shade. The ground is a mass of moss interspersed with

<sup>1</sup> Their name was Lowell.

flowers which our woods know not, — Dalibarda, half strawberry and half anemone in its blossom; beautiful fragrant *Linnæa* in all its profusion, *oxalis* as abundant as possible, as beautiful as the Cape *oxalises*, but much more delicate, are at every step; and orchises, *gerardias*, lilies, *et id genus omne*, just often enough to keep you excited.

But the road itself, here and all the way, was very, very bad indeed, as thus. As I have told you, the streams were up, and by consequence the bridges were down, so that nine times out of ten, when any mountain brook came babbling or splashing down to the river, it had sent before it the logs which once spanned it, and left the traveller to span it as he could. This, if he were fortunate, he did by a tree lying across; perhaps half the streams are provided with this accessory provisional viaduct, and great skill I attained in the funambulatory art by running across with wet feet upon pines which offered this hospitality; perhaps he hopped from rock to stump, from stump to log, and from log to land, but too often, alas, like cousin Sally Dilliard's friend and companion, he waded. I suppose we crossed fifty or more considerable brooks in one or another of these ways going up, and again rather fuller when we returned.

The first day we advanced about half the way from Hunt's, and about six o'clock came to Reed's camp, where we spent the night. For a logging party in winter, there is always built what is called a "camp," which is a log cabin with one or no windows, an immense chimney and place for fire, and a tight roof that sleeping may be undisturbed.

This of Reed's was built some years since; a larger one near accommodates cattle when there are any, and the place is an established *caravanserai-khan* for anybody who passes that way. Nobody lives there, but the house is always ready for travellers for all that; the laws of the woods being that any one uses any camp he can find, and if he need, such provisions as may be there. I ought to have told you that at Hunt's we had made up our packs for the march and had them with us.

We had ample provision of bread, but relied for pork on that to be had at the several camps on the way. Jackins initiated us into the mysteries of cooking pork by toasting-forks on the immense fire which he built, and we made a hearty supper. Pork, you must understand, is the backwoodsman's everything. It cures him when he is sick, and refreshes him when he is well; he eats it in the morning, at noon, and at night, and looks to it as the necessary of his woodland life. If you complain of the mosquitoes, you are coolly told that a little pork well rubbed over the face will quite drive them away. By the way, unless

you be a saint, you probably will complain of mosquitoes. A single hand will show seventy or eighty incisions at nightfall, how many soever you may have slaughtered through the day.<sup>1</sup>

The black flies, however, are the greatest torment of the region. I cannot speak from experience of them, however. The rain or the season or some other good fortune wholly exempted us from them. We spread our blankets on well dried piles of hemlock boughs and slept enthusiastically.

In the afternoon of the next day it cleared off, our guide roused us, and we walked four miles farther up the river to another camp before supper. Here we had better sleeping accommodations than the night before, another hard rain at night, for which we did not care, a promise, which was kept, of good weather for the morning; and hardly regretting the day we had lost, we started for Katahdin. Still, for seven miles further we followed the river's bank.

And it surprised me to think that here was such natural scenery utterly unheard of among the picturesque-hunters. There are two cataracts here, or series of cataracts, "the Hulling Mill" and "the Grand Falls," reminding me somewhat of Trenton. At "the Grand Falls," which are most picturesque waterfalls, the whole river is squeezed between precipitous rocks twenty, thirty, and forty feet high, so that in places it is not more than thirty, and nowhere more than a hundred and fifty feet wide, falling in sudden cascades or long rapids, for half a mile or more, in some very deep pitches, and everywhere whirling and driving and foaming grandly. The other falls are of a deeper plunge, but wider and of a single leap. The rise of the river, caused by the rains, improved all these, of course; and our guide's heart was gladdened by our seeing several of his logs, valuable property, as you may suppose, bobbing wildly down on their hasty journey to the Bangor boom. With some stoppages at these falls, three or four hours brought us to Mr. Jackins's camp, in 4 in the Ninth, just at the foot of the mountain. Here he had left in the spring considerable supplies of pork, tea, molasses, and flour. Three weeks before he had used from them there. Imagine our surprise and dismay to find that the bears had torn off part of the roof, had attacked the barrels, had carried off everything edible! A paper of ginger they had left, probably sneezing, and everything else was devastate. I don't know when anything has struck me more ludicrously.

Reduced as we were by the depredation to an involuntary bread diet

<sup>1</sup> After fifty-six years I like to put on record the physiological fact, that I was then and there inoculated by the mosquito so that he has not troubled me since, except by his song.

for the next two days, there was something richly absurd in the manner of the loss; and I believe we all laughed as much as we cried. The bears had been our sworn enemies throughout. They have a passion for raspberries and blueberries, and everywhere had stripped the bushes before our arrival. And now they had our meat and our flour as well as our fruit.

The stream was two feet above its level, so that the trout refused to rise to the delicate lines which for a couple of minutes we bobbed for them. We had no time to lose in fishing or regretting, and having dined, solacing ourselves with the reflection that it was not for the last time that we should be so abstemious, we reduced our packs to the smallest, took up again the line of march, and were off for the top of the mountain about noon. . . .

We had yet two miles of road; for to Jackins's camp, as the centre, Jackins's men had hauled logs in different directions, and one of these directions was well up the mountain-side. Beyond we were to ascend as we could through the forest. First, in a bateau, we crossed the river. Soon, as we went on, we came to Katahdin brook, a fine stream, rising in the mountain. It was, I suppose, forty feet across and neck deep; it had carried off bridges, and even the pine tree which once lay supplementary.

The guide took little time for counsel, but at once attacked a high pine standing on the side where we were, felled it directly across the stream, and our bridge was made. He was not more than six minutes in cutting it, if so much, and yet it was large enough to make an excellent bridge. I counted the rings and found that it was one hundred and thirty-seven years old. A hundred and thirty-seven years to keep three of us foot-dry! The woodmen have a great deal of pride in aiming trees so as to fall accurately. They put an object on the ground and try to cover it with the falling trunk, literally felling trees at a mark.

From this place to the top the ascent was steep and hard, though not till the last thousand feet, which was of low scrub growth, closely matted, was it of any very great difficulty. The woodland was very rich, and the moss under foot a perfect cushion. For about a thousand feet of perpendicular ascent we took the course of a raving mountain stream, which falls almost from the summit of the mountain. Such cascades! In one place three followed each other directly, two of them not less than forty feet, while, as we sat at the foot of the third, we could look down, down into a chasm where the stream ran a hundred feet below. This, with the boldest rocks on both sides, and the stream, which was no trifling one, whipped into a perfect

purity of foam. We left this, however, for darker woods, and through them up into this scrub evergreen, which is terribly "impassable;" but we struggled on, and on, and on, till the guide brought us to a resting-place on a bluff rock, and we turned eastward for our first view.

It was very grand. The whole country was level compared with Katahdin; and the eye stretched over an ocean of this unbroken forest, lighted up by a fine sunlight, with cloud shadows here and there varying it. Sometimes a fine lake; in a few places high mountains, over which we looked as if nothings; lines of rivers, stretching far down to the sea, which we could almost see, and, excepting the line of Aroostook road, almost at our feet, everything as wild and grand as the day God made it. It was very strange and very grand; more like the ocean than most mountain views, for there was this eternity of forest. But then the ocean, with so very distant an horizon! and just interruption enough of stream and hill to show how distant that horizon was! I cannot tell how far we saw. It seemed as if we saw everything.

The rest of the way seemed light, and we were soon walking on the tops of the little scrubs, and then soon on bare rocks. We had carefully watched the signs of the weather before we started, to be sure that it would be a fine afternoon and night, and we were not disappointed. The sun set clear. We were on the eastern ridge of the mountain, so that we could not see the last dip; but the array of gorgeous clouds and the reddened mellow light on this prospect, of which I have spoken, were as fine and indescribable as are all sunsets.

We had to look around quickly for our night's quarters, and soon pitched on the edge of the scrub wood, on the southern side of the ridge.

A barrier of the interlaced evergreens sheltered us well from the wind; a little spring of water furnished our teakettle; our packs produced their loaves; and having had tea, and I having fixed my day's plants, with an immense fire built up, we lay warmly and snugly covered in with our blankets, as near the bright stars above us as one can well be in Yankee land. I was up two or three times to replenish the fire, but, excepting these, slept as soundly as the Seven. And the end of the night was more glorious than the beginning: Sunrise. Beyond, far beyond all this eastern prospect, these lines of forest which seemed to stretch out forever,— up he came with a host of bright golden clouds round him, tinging and glorifying each individual tree of the whole forest landscape, and expanding wider yet the scene of that half horizon. Hill beyond hill, not in ranges, but scattered separately, and

the varying colors of the forest, as the golden mist lay more or less heavily upon them, or the morning clouds were more or less spirited in awaking and arising, and silver streams and lakes broke up all monotony, and made us feel at once the marvellous extent. And yet the whole country was comparatively so plain, and the forest so thick, that your eye was not fretted by the effort to distinguish separate objects, but wandered over the whole. And the whole, so unbroken and so immense, impressed you more than it could have done had it been more diversified.

And then, when you fully felt this immensity, the sun and his glorious company of clouds came up so far, so very far, beyond the farthest, — showing ranges of woodland and mountain beyond what had seemed the most distant, and yet himself so much more distant still, that the whole horizon widened most strangely before you. We had run up on a bald peak to see the whole.

And the mountain is so steep, that here where were no trees or bushes near one, nor anything in front to intercept at all the distant view, it was all the more impressive. Nothing could be more sublime.

And — there drops the curtain on our glories of the view from Katahdin. We returned to our camp with the satisfaction of a fine day before us for the ascent of the main peak. But almost immediately a cloud rolled up from the valley, and then another, and then another, and then the rain. We were at the foot of the East Peak. The Southwest Peak is a hundred and fifty or more feet higher; and we resolved to ascend that. It was two or three miles from where we slept, along the ridge of the mountain crest.

Hoping it would clear before noon, we started thither, well wrapped in our blankets, picking alpine plants everywhere, and hopping and jumping as best we could over the loosely piled rocks of the ridge. But there was no *clear-up* for us. The clouds were thicker and thicker, and the rain worse and worse, and then a hailstorm, and for an hour such a gust of wind as not the head of Winter Street in mid-winter is a summer's breath to. We sheltered ourselves at times and pressed on at times, for we were in no haste, but when we had fairly reached the little valley which separates the peak from the ridge, the storm held its own so desperately, that it was clearly useless to go farther, and back we went to our camp. Some of the precipices, where you could look down into nothing but this rolling fog straight below you, were all the more grand for it; but we sighed for the western view with its world of lakes and streams which the storm had lost us. We ascended the East Peak on our return, but could not see

at that time a hundred feet. When we came close to the nooks where our packs were sheltered, we only found them by the range of monuments which we had built as indicators.

If you can imagine three men, tightly wrapped in blanket cloaks, with caps bound closely down, strolling along over a bald mountain ridge with a wind like a mill stream knocking them backwards as it chose, and tumbling them and theirs among the rocks, I hope you will do it. There was something ghastly in the sight, for a very slight distance in the fog gave a hazy, indistinct outline to the gracefully flowing drapery, — though the horizontal lines of hail gave evidence enough of the nature of the enemy which we were pressing against so desperately. One was reminded at once of Tiffany's fine drawing of the involuntary race of the *violenti* in Dante's *Inferno*.

I suppose the wind was of something the same character. For the Indian tradition runs thus : that Pomola, the guardian of the mountain, lives in state on this Southwest Peak ; that no man can see him who is not perfectly pure, and that whoever attempts it finds that Pomola knows how to defend himself from intrusion. I am manly enough to tell you the legend, though we had had more confidence than the Indians, who, conscious of their imperfections, never ascended. The Sir Galahad is yet to be found who shall see Pomola. Dr. Jackson, when he ascended seven years since, met a snowstorm which the god whirled in his face. He was not more successful than we were.

Pomola keeps ten thousand white sheep, who are often seen pasturing round the mountain top, and a team of blue and gray and white horses whom he drives everywhere.

By the raked-up embers of our fire we ate our bread dinner and began the descent ; Jackins in the fog lost his course, and we went down by a longer and more unpleasant route than we went up. When we had gone down a thousand feet or more, Pomola repented ; the sun came out and the weather was tolerably good ; we got down to Jackson's camp about sunset. We found there a crew of men whom his partner had sent up to drive down the lumber. Though it cramped our quarters this gave us stores, and, fagged out as we were, it was a perfect satisfaction to find the fire lighted, the pork frying, and the tea-kettle steaming. The camp was a small one, but we stowed in, and we who had the best places slept very well. Despite the remonstrances of some of the men who had gone to bed early, we kept up a raving fire until we had dried our blankets utterly, and we then slept gallantly till morning.

I dwell the more on these little incidents of woodland life to show

that we were camp-pleasers as well as campaigners. I think it will not be ten years before all this country will be the resort of pleasure travellers in summer. I am sure I hope so.

Katahdin, by Dr. Jackson's barometrical measurement, is about five thousand three hundred feet above the sea. The woodmen were disappointed that it proved no higher, and if future observations detect any error in his, which were taken at disadvantage, I think it will more probably prove higher rather than lower. Its height from its foot seems to me considerably more than Mt. Washington from the Notch, — it is bolder and more precipitous on almost every side, rising from a lake country on the south and west. It is granite from top to bottom, — on it and the mountains near it, for it is not in a range, rest the later geological formations of the State.

Some wonderful precipices have been formed on its sides by slides and rock avalanches. We rested under the projecting side of a boulder which had rolled some hundreds of feet down the hill and stopped. The cavity merely in which we were would have sheltered fifty people. The richness and beauty of the vegetation of the lowest parts of the mountain is beyond description. Sincerely yours,

F. I.<sup>1</sup>

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## The Beaverfoot Valley and Mt. Mollison.

BY J. HENRY SCATTERGOOD.

Read February 13, 1901.

DURING a short sojourn at Field, British Columbia, in the summer of 1900, I learned of the existence of two mountains known as Mt. Vaux and Mt. Goodsir, south of the Canadian Pacific Railway and somewhere between the Beaverfoot River and Ottertail Creek. Inasmuch as mountains with names are comparative curiosities in this great Rocky Mountain chain, these two naturally attracted more than my passing attention, and all the more so when I found that they had been given these names by Dr. Hector of Palliser's expedition, as early as the year 1858, that both had been put on his and upon most subsequent

<sup>1</sup> I think this is the first paper which I signed "F. I." I did so because these letters follow my initials E. H. I then invented the name "Frederic Ingham" to match the F. I., and I have used "Frederic Ingham" since as a sort of double of mine. One of the collections of my stories is called "The Ingham Papers."