

The scenery along the way is often fine. A glacier, comparable to that of the Rhone, sends its blue ice-front down almost to the level of the valley at one point, and supplies a third of the water of the river. Still higher up the pass other large glaciers provide the rest of the flood, until, as one approaches the watershed, the Whirlpool dwindles into an insignificant rivulet rising in a pretty little tarn at the head of the pass. This pond is the Committee's Punch Bowl, which masquerades on the maps as a lake eight or ten miles long, sending a river southward as well as northward. By careful searching, we found a rill trickling between the stones at the other end of the Bowl and flowing south—a tributary of the Columbia—so that this little pool divides its snow-fed waters between the Arctic and Pacific Oceans.

The Punch Bowl is about 150 by 100 yards in dimensions, sufficient, one may be permitted to suppose, to brew punch for a large committee, even of well-seasoned Scotchmen such as one finds in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company.

Moberly puts the elevation of the Punch Bowl at 6,025 feet, but we found its height to be only 5,710 feet above sea level.

If the Punch Bowl was a disappointment, Mount Brown, which we had come so far to see, was much more so. Keith Johnson refers to it as 15,990 feet high,\* and Reclus as 4,875 metres, or 15,980 feet high.†

The botanist Douglas, who went through the pass in 1826, has the credit of naming Mounts Brown and Hooker for the two great English botanists. Whether he gave them the heights we are accustomed to see in works on geography I do not know, not having been able to obtain copies of his papers on that part of his travels.

On the maps Mount Brown stands a little northwest of the Punch Bowl, but the only mountain answering to this position in nature is not particularly striking as seen from the valley. We passed several far handsomer and loftier peaks on our way up, so that we were deeply disappointed. Owing to a severe accident to my knee, I was unable to walk more than a few hundred yards when we camped at the summit of the pass; but when I surveyed the mountain, which I had toiled so long to see, it no longer seemed so great a privation not to join in its ascent. Mr. Stewart and my brother, with Frank as companion most of the way, made the ascent on August 21st. They met with no very serious difficulty, except a mile of steep snow field, until just beneath the summit, where a

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\*Physical Atlas of Natural Phenomena, p. 26.

†Nouvelle Géographie Universelle, p. 261.