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Alaska Land. Among the Glaciers, Cascades and Yosemite Rocks. How Nature Works in Icy Solitudes-Rock Sculpture. Searching for the King of Glaciers. An Alaska Sunday. (Special Correspondence of the Bulletin.) Sum Dum Bay, August 29, 1880.

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everything out wings. Headland after headland, in most imposing array, are seen plunging sheer and bare from dizzy heights, and plants clinging their feet in the ice-uncumbered water, without leaving a spot on which one could land from a boat, while no part of the great glacier that pours all these ~~squara~~ miles of ice into the fiord is visible. Pushing our way slowly through the packed bergs, and passing point after point, looking eagerly forward, it is still out of sight cut off by other huge projecting bosses, towards which I urged my way, enjoying the extraordinary grandeur of the wild unfinished Yosemite. Domes swell against the sky in fine lines as lofty and as perfect in form as those of the California Valley, and rock fronts stand forward, as sheer and as nobly cast. No ice-work that I have ever seen surpasses this, either in the magnitude of the features or effectiveness of composition.

SIDE CANYONS—SMALLER GLACIERS—ROCK SCULPTURE.

On some of the narrow benches and tables of the walls rows of spruce trees and two-leaved pine are growing, and patches of considerable size are found on the spreading base of those mountains that stand back in the side canyons, where the continuity of the walls is broken. Some of these side canyons are cut down to the level of the water and reach far back, opening views of surpassing beauty, and exhibiting to groups of glacier fountains that gave rise to many a noble stream; while all along the tops of the walls on both sides smaller glaciers are seen, still busily engaged in the work of completing the sculpture of the rocks upon which they flow. In this one Yosemite I counted twenty-five from the canoe. Probably the drainage of fifty or more pours into this fiord. The average elevation at which they melt is about 1,800 feet above sea level, and all of them are residual branches of the grand trunk, two thousand feet deep or more, that filled the fiord when there was only one Sun Dum glacier. How beautiful are the gardens of this glorious temple, the flowers in this case grasses! But I must not stop to describe them here, else this letter may be far too long.

SEARCHING FOR THE KING OF GLACIERS.

The afternoon was wearing away as we pushed on and on through the drifting bergs, without our having obtained a single glimpse of the great king glacier or any of its tributaries. A Sum Dum Indian whom we met groping his way deftly through the ice in a very small canoe, hunting seals, told us that the ice mountain was yet fifteen miles away. This was towards the middle of the afternoon, and I gave up searching and making notes and worked hard with the Indians to reach it before dark. About 7 o'clock we approached what seemed to be the extreme head of the fiord, and still no king glacier in sight—only a small one, three or four miles long melting a thousand feet above the sea. Presently a colossal glacier appeared between tremendous cliffs sheer to a height of 6,000 feet or more, trending nearly at right angles to the general trend of the fiord, and apparently terminated by a cliff, scarcely less abrupt or high, at a distance of a mile or two. Up this bend we toiled against wind and tide, creeping closely along the wall on the right side, which, as we looked upward, seemed to be leaning over, while the waves were beating against the bergs, and the heat and the rocks, making a discouraging kind of music. At length, towards 9 o'clock, just before the gray darkness of evening fell, a long, triumphant shout told that the glacier so deeply and desperately hidden, was at last hunted back to its benighted bore. A short distance round a second bend in the cañon I reached a point where I obtained a good view of it, as it pours its deep, broad flood into the fiord in a majestic course from between the noble mountains, its tributaries, each of which would be regarded elsewhere as a grand glacier, converging from right and left from a fountain set far in the silent fastness of the Alaskan Alps.

A ROUGH CAMPING PLACE.

"There is your lost friend," said the Indians laughing; "he says sagh-ya," (how do you do?) And while the berg after berg was being born with thundering uproar, they said, "Your friend has killed a muntum (good heart) bear! He is firing his guns in your honor." After our successful hunt I waited long enough to make an outline sketch, and then urged the Indians to hasten back some six miles to the mouth of a side canyon I had noted on the way up as a place where we might camp in case we should not find a better. After dark we had to move with great caution through the ice. One of the Indians was stationed in the rear with a long pole to push aside the smaller fragments and look out for the most promising openings through which he guided us, shouting

"Friday! Tucklay! (Shoreward, seaward), about ten times a minute. We reached the landing place after 10 o'clock; guided in the darkness by the roar of a glacier torrent that the canyon carries. The ground is made of angular boulders and it was hard to find a place among them, however small, to lie on. The Indians laid down in the canoe to guard against drifting ice, after assisting me to set my tent in some sort of way among the stones, well back beyond reach of the tide. I asked them as they were returning to the canoe if they were not going to eat something. They answered promptly, "We will sleep now, if your ice will let us. We will eat to-morrow, but we can find some bread for you if you want it." I said, go to rest, I too will sleep now and eat to-morrow. Nothing was attempted in the way of light or fire. Camping that night was simply lying down. The boulders seemed to make a fair bed after finding the best place to take their pressure.

BERG-WAVES.

During the night I was awakened by the beating of the spent ends of berg-waves against the side of my tent, though I had fancied myself safely high and dry. These special waves are not raised by wind or tide, but are caused wholly by the fall of large bergs from the snout of the glacier, or sometimes by the overturning or breaking of large bergs that may have long floated in perfect poise. The highest berg-waves oftentimes travel half a dozen miles or farther before they are much spent, producing a singularly impressive uproar in the far recesses of the mountains, on calm dark nights when all beside is still. Far and near they tell the news that a berg is born, repeating their story again and again, compelling attention and reminding us of earthquake waves that roll on for the distance of miles, taking their story from continent to continent.

When the Indians came ashore in the morning and saw the condition of my tent they laughed heartily and said, "Your friend, (meaning the big glacier), sent you a good word last night, and his servant knocked at your tent and said, 'Sagh-ya, are you sleeping well?'"

FOUND AS I WENT.

I had fasted too long to be in very good order for hard work. I made out, however, to push my way up the canyon before breakfast, while the Indians were cooking to seek the glacier that once came into the fiord, knowing from the size and mudiness of the stream that drains it that it must be quite large and not far off. I came in sight of it after a hard scramble of two hours through thorny chaparral and across steep avalanche taluses, and I gave up the snout reaches across the canyon from wall to wall, covered with rocky detritus, and looked dark and forbidding in the shadow cast by the cliffs, while from a low, cave-like hollow its draining stream breaks forth, a river in size, deep, reverberating, yet that stirs all the canyon. Beyond, in a cloudless blaze of sunshine, I saw many broad tributaries, pure and white as new-fallen snow, drawing their sources from clusters of lofty Alps, and swooping down waving slopes to unite their deep crystal currents with the grand-trunk glacier in the central canyon. This fine glacier reaches to within 250 feet of the level of the sea, and would even yet reach the salt water and send off bergs but for the waste it suffers in flowing slowly through the trunk canyon, the declivity of which is very slight.

BACK TO CAMP.

Returning, I reached camp at 10 A. M. for breakfast; then had everything packed into the canoe, and set off leisurely across the fiord to the mouth of another wide and low canyon, whose lofty outer cliffs, facing the fiord, are glacial advertisements of a very telling kind. Gladly I should have explored it all, traced its streams of water and streams of ice, entered its highest chambers, the homes and fountains of the snow. But I have to wait. I only stopped an hour or two, and climbed to the top of a rock through the common underbrush, whence I had a good general view. The snout of the main glacier is not far distant from the fiord and sends off small bergs in all directions. The walls of its tributary canyons are remarkably jagged and high, cut in a red variegated rock, probably elates. On the way back to the canoe I gathered ripe salmon-berries an inch and a half in diameter, ripe huckleberries, too. In great abundance, and several interesting plants I had not before met in the territory.

AN ALASKA SUN-DAY.

About noon we set out on the return trip to the Gold-mine camp, the Indians paddling leisurely with the tide through a lavish babbling

ALASKA-LAND.

Among the Glaciers, Cascades and Yosemite Rocks.

How Nature Works in Icy Solitudes-- Rock Sculpture.

Searching for the King of Glaciers--An Alaska Sun-day.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE BULLETIN.)

Here is a Sun-day at SUN DUM BAY, August 23, 1880. There is another fine lot of ice in the cañon, some thirty-five or forty square miles of ice, one great glacier of the first-class descending into the fiord at the head, which is the fountain whence all these bergs were derived, and thirty-one smaller glaciers that do not reach tide-water; also, nine cascades and falls, large size, and two rows of Yosemite rocks, from 3,000 to 5,500 feet high, each row about twenty miles long, burnished and sculptured in the most telling glacial style, and well trimmed with spruce groves and flower gardens; a that, and twice as much as that, of a kind that cannot be catalogued, the whole being the result of two days' exploration in the right arm of this noble bay. There is this grateful fall yesterday morning, settling out with three Indians, Mr. Young having decided to remain at the gold mine. For the first five or six miles there is nothing very striking in the scenery as compared with that of the outside channels, where all is so evenly beautiful, excepting the multitude of bergs. The mountain wall on the right as you go is more precipitous than usual, and a series of small glaciers is seen along the top of it extending their blue, crevassed snouts over the rims of pure white snow fountains, and from the end of each snout a hearty stream coming in a succession of foaming falls and rapids over the terminal moraines, through patches of dwarf willows, and then through the spruce woods into the bay, singing and dancing all the way down. On the opposite side of the bay from here there is a small side bay about three miles deep, with a showy group of glacier-bearing mountains back of it. Everywhere else the view is bounded by comparatively low mountains densely forested to very top.

A NASCENT YOSEMITE.

After sailing about six miles, the experienced mountaineer will see some evidence of an opening from this wide lower portion, and on reaching it, it proves to be the continuation of the main arm, contracted between stupendous walls of gray granite, and crowded with bergs all the way across, which seem to bar the way against

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bergs. The sun shown free and warm. No wind stirred. The spaces of water between the bergs were as smooth as glass, reflecting the unclouded sky, and doubling the ravishing beauty of the bergs as the sunlight streamed through their innumerable angles in rainbow colors. The thinnest lance-shaped edges were tipped with radiating needles of silver. Soon a light breeze sprang up, and dancing lily spangles on the water mingled their glory of light with that burning on the angles of the ice.

On days like this, true sun days, some of the bergs show a purplish tinge, though most are white from the disintegration of their surfaces exposed to the weather. Now and then one is met that is pure, blue crystal throughout, freshly broken from the spout of the fountain glacier, or recently exposed to the air by turning over. But in all of them, old and new, there are azure caves and rifts of ineffable beauty, in which the purest tones of light pulse and shimmer lovely and untainted as anything on the face of the earth.

As we were passing the Indian village I presented a little tobacco to the head men as an expression of regards, while they gave us a few smoked salmon — after putting many questions concerning my exploration of their bay, and bluntly declaring their disbelief in the ice-business.

About 9 o'clock we arrived at the Gold camp, where we found Mr. Young ready to go on with us to-morrow morning, and thus end two of the brightest and best of all my Alaska days.

JOHN MUIR.