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Alaska Land. John Muir Revisits the Scene of Last Year's Exploration. A Land of Abundance-A Canoe Voyage Among the Islands and Icebergs. Magnificent Scenery-The Hoona Indians-Among the Salmon. (Special Correspondence of the Bulletin.) In Camp, Near Cape Fanshaw, August 18, 1880.

John Muir

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ALASKA-LAND.

John Muir Revisits the Scene of Last Year's Explorations.

A Land of Abundance - A Canoe Voyage Among the Islands and Icebergs.

Majestic Scenery - The Hoonah Indians, Among the salmon.

[ SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE SCIENTIFIC.]
AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

By noon we came in sight of a fleet of icebergs, coming into Souich Channel from a glacier that flows into the head of a magnificent Yosemite fiord, about twenty miles to the northwest of the mouth of the Stickline river. This is the southest, as far as I have observed, of the fiords of the group. It is about one hundred miles long, directly into the sea and send off bergs. It is well known to the Indians, who glide about among the bergs in the smallest of their canoes to catch walruses and other sea freight. We again saw bergs about Fort Wrangel, though living year after year within less than a day's distance of it. I discovered it last year by tracing the bergs that I found in the open channel up through the narrow fiords of the sea and the head and end about Fort Wrangel, though we sailed around an iceberg, from the sound made by the bergs in falling and rising from the snout of the flowing glacier.

BEAUTIFUL SCENERY-CAMPING.

We had a magnificent view over the shining water, the mountains of the mainland on our right, Mitgoff, Enupriainoff, and immemorial smaller unnamed islands on our left. Salmon were seen here and there, leaping three or four feet into the air, showing their silvery sides for a moment, then falling with a plash and leaving rings of water in widening circles of water. Flocks of gulls, some of them white, slowly winnowed the air overhead, or alighted about the canoe, their smooth breast just touching the water. Ducks, too, of many species, with surpassing grandeur or beauty of the islands, appearing in ever-changing pictures as we advanced, were an uppermost object of our attention. But our attention was turned upon the mountains, whence all our blessings flow. Now a series of bold granite headlands would fix the eye, or some one of the larger glaciers seen exactly in front, its gigantic arms and fingers clasping entire groups of peaks, and its huge trunk sweeping to the sea between huge granite cliffs. With a sudden rush of the water, it would be scattered into shatters cascades, with azure light filling the crevaces and making the most dangerous and inaccessible portion of the glacier the most beautiful of all. Amid such pictures and scenery, we would anchor, and the sun set the Indians set our tent beneath a rock, and there we spent our nights.

AN ANCIENT ICE RIVER.

Next morning we sailed around an outcropping bank of boulders and sand ten miles long that is shoved forward into the channel, and about half exposed at low tide. This curvate embankment, of which Point Vanderpent is the most prominent, is the moraine, of a grand old glacier that was at least ten miles wide, and united with the ice sheet that formerly filled all the channels along the coast. It is located just opposite three landward projecting ridges, and together, united to form the vanished trunk of the glacier to which the moraine under consideration belonged. Because we happened along here one day, winter and summer, at the rate of one every two or three minutes.
About noon we rounded Cape Fanshaw, scudding swiftly on before a fine breeze, to the delight of our Indians who had now only to steer and chat. Here we came up with two Hooonas and their families, who, as they informed us, had been to Fort Wrangel to trade. They had exchanged five sea otter furs, worth about a hundred dollars apiece, and a considerable number of fur-seal, land otter, beaver and other furs and skins, some $800 worth, for a new canoe valued at $80, a few barrels of molasses for the manufacture of rum, provisions, tobacco, blankets, etc.; the blankets not to wear but to keep as money, for the almighty dollar of these tribes is a blanket. The wind died away soon after we met, and as the two canoes glided slowly side by side, the Hooonas made very minute inquiries as to who were and what we were doing so far north. Mr. Young's object in meeting the Indians as missionary they could in part understand, but mine in searching for rocks and glaciers seemed wholly past comprehension, and they asked our Indians whether gold mines might not be the main object. They remembered, however, that I had visited their ice-mountains, as they call the glaciers, at Cross Sound a year ago, and seemed to think there might be, after all, some mysterious medicine interest about them of which they were ignorant. Towards the middle of the afternoon they engaged our crew in a race, with three paddles against our three oars.

As we neared the mouth of the salmon stream, where we intended making our camp, we noticed jets and flashes of silvery light caused by the startled movements of the salmon that were on their way up the stream to spawn. These became more and more numerous and exciting, and our Indians shouted joyfully: "Hi yu salmon! Hi yu salmon! Hi yu muck-a-muck!" while the water about the canoe and beneath the canoe was churned by a thousand fins into silver fire. After landing ten of our men to commence camp work, Mr. Young and myself went with our other Indian, Tyeen, a few yards up the stream in the canoe to the foot of a brawling rapid, to see him capture a few salmon. The water everywhere seemed to be literally filled with them, and as they darted in frightened masses to right and left, we ap-

PHOSPHORESCENT WATERS—SALMON CATCHING

These cold Northern waters are at times about as brilliantly phosphorescent as those of the warm South, and so they were last night in the rain and darkness, with the temperature of the water at 49° Fahrenheit, the air 51°. Every stroke of the oar made a vivid surge of white light and the canoes left a shining track that faded back into the cold gloom.

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ing the midst of these straight sandpipers in gray
birds, their heads and hands free. Their
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