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We left icy, gloppy Point Barrow on the afternoon of the 18th, with fine Arctic weather, which held out good hopes that we would be able to lie two days at the mine twenty miles east of Cape Lisburne, and take out and get on board a sufficient quantity of coal to last the Corwin the remainder of the season in the Arctic, muscle about the shores of Wrangel Land. But by the time we got down the coast near the mine the weather was rough, with heavy seas sending stormy breakers against the exposed coal bluff, rendering it impossible to land and work. And as there is no shelter whatever for a vessel anywhere in the vicinity, and no likelihood from any indications that appeared that the weather would improve, it was decided that we should proceed at once to Point Barrow, our next nearest coaling point.

AN ARCTIC COAL-MINE.

This Arctic mine, the nearest to the North Pole, as far as I know, of any yet discovered on the American continent, produces coal of excellent quality in great abundance and easily worked. There are five principal veins, from two to ten feet thick, fully exposed on the face of a bluff about two hundred feet high, excepting some of the lower sections which can be worked, they are covered with icy snow banks, derived from drifts that come from wind-swept hills, and do not melt till late in the summer or not at all. The lower exposed portions of all the veins are beaten and worn by the sea waves. There can scarcely be any doubt, from what I have seen of the formation in which it occurs, that this is a true carboniferous coal, and superior to the great bulk of the terrigenous coals found on this side the Continent further south. The Corwin coalbed here twice last summer, and again this summer, July 27th and 30th. So also did the steam whaling Belvedere. During calm weather the crew of the Corwin can dig out and put in sacks, and bring off in boats, about thirty tons per day.

THE DIOMEDES - DANGERS TO NAVIGATION IN BEHRING STRAIT.

The Diomede Islands, which even in weather clear elsewhere are almost constantly enveloped in fog, caused so little anxiety to the navigator, insomuch as they stand directly in the middle of the narrow part of the strait, and a third inlet called Fairway Rock, together with the uncertain flow of the currents between, renders the danger all the greater. The larger Diomede is about six miles long, the other half as large and Fairway Rock still smaller. All three are simply residual masses of granite brought into relief by glacial action before the strait was in existence, these rocks rising above the general level because of their superior strength, regarded with reference to the resistance they offered to glacial degradation.

INDICATIONS OF LAND.

Approaching the islands in thick weather the first indication the navigator has of his being near them, and of the direction in which they bear is either from the winds which gurgle and reverberate in passing over them, or from the birds -allows, murrets and gulls - which dwell on the rocks innumerable, coming and going several miles into the adjacent waters to feed. To persons acquainted with their habits it is not difficult to determine whether their flight is directed homeward or away from home. Thus the natives who dwell on these gloomy, dripping rocks and visit the shores of the adjacent continent, in their frail skin-covered canoes, are directed. But how the birds themselves find their way, lying in arrow-like courses to their nests, when every direction seems to us the same, is truly marvelous.
A LONG EURECA.

On cloudy nights it is dark now at midnight. The sun sets before eight o'clock, but because it sinks only a few degrees below the horizon, the twilight lasts nearly all night. In a week or two, however, we shall have seven or eight hours of real night, for, of course, the transition from constant day to day and night is very rapid in these high latitudes. This new order of things will be delightful. A few days ago we saw two stars in the twilight, which so far was an exceedingly interesting event after months of starless sky. The glories of the midnight sun in this mysterious polar world are truly enchanting, but not nearly so much as the glories of the real-day sun in lower latitudes, succeeded by the glories of the twilight, the deep sky of stars and the grateful change and repose they bring.

THE CORWIN IN A GALE.

After passing through the Strait we had two angry, howling days, with hail and winds and rain, and thick fog, through which the Corwin pressed her way, or was held lying to, heaving and rolling somewhere between St. Lawrence Island and Hughes or odd, as near as could be made out at the time by dead reckoning, and growing the speed of the northerly current. Living as in a gale, enveloped in old fog—that is, fog that has lasted a long time and prevented the taking of observations for the position of the ship—and with little sea-cook, and variable currents, is something but pleasant, to say nothing of the tedious discomforts caused by the movements of the vessel, the unceasing sea-cow,制度ing, pitching and complaining. At such times only the gulls, those light-winged runners of the sea, appear to be patient and comfortable as they gracefully drift and glide over the wild-toosing waves, or circle on easy wing about the ship, veering deftly from side to side, and wavering up and down through the gray, sleety gloom.

RESULTS OF THE NORTHERLY CURRENT.

On the morning of the 4th, when the fog lifted, we found ourselves far north of our supposed position; the flow of the current, to the eastward during the two preceding days having been nearly eighty miles. We arrived here about P.M.

THE POINT BARROW SIGNAL SERVICE STATION.

Entering the harbor, we discovered the schooner Golden Fleece lying at anchor, and shortly afterward a party from her came aboard the Corwin, which proved to be Lieutenant Pay and his company of Signal Service officers on their way to establish a station at Point Barrow—ten pions in all. Mr. Bay seems to be the right man for the place. He hopes to be able to get his buildings up and everything put in order before the coming on of winter, making a home in that stern wilderness for three years. Point Barrow is a low, barren spit reaching into the icy ocean, and, before the discovery of Wrangell Island, the northwest point of the territory of the United States. For many years it was believed to be the north extreme of the American Continent, but the extreme point of the peninsula of Boothia proves to be a few miles farther north than this. At first sight it would seem a strange time to look forward to—three years in so remote and so severely exposed and forbidding a region, generally regarded as the topmost frozen-rolled cap of creation.

ADVENTUROUS SIGNAL SERVICE MEN.

But notwithstanding all the disadvantages of position, these men have much in their lot that they might well be envied by people dwelling in milder climates. There is the freshness of their field of research in natural history, the immense number of wammer birds that visit this region to molt and rear their young; the fine opportunities they will have to study the habits of the reindeer on the tundra, and the magnificent bear among the low—the master animal of the north. Then there is the chance they will have to study the little-known species Equinixus, of which there is a village on the point, numbering about 200 persons. Another, too, I am told, will be taken of the opportunity offered to explore the Colville and Inland Rivers, both of them large streams, the one flowing into the ocean about 1,400 miles to the east of Point Barrow, the others into Hudson Bay through Hotham Inlet and Kotzebue Sound. They are almost entirely unexplored. Some of their upper branches must approach each other, as the Esquimau seems to the Colville and, making a portage, descend the Inland River to Hotham Inlet every year in trade, or at the portage meet vessels from the other river and trade there. The exploration of these rivers is a very interesting piece of work, and Mr. Bay tells me that in future winters an effort to accomplish this at the earliest opportunity. Furthermore, the way of new discoveries he is ambitious to achieve, something afloat the Polar Ocean to the northwest of his station.
POSSIBLE EXISTENCE OF ANOTHER ARCTIC ISLAND

Now, from the fact that a current sets northward past Herald Island, and keeps a long land
reaching far beyond Herald Island, open every summer, while the ice remains jammed only a
few miles off Point Barrow and Cape Jakcan, Siberia, and some years does not leave the
shore at all, it would seem that there is a land
lying to the east of Wrangel Land, making a
strand up which the northerly current flows,
while the unknown land prevents any great
movement in the ice immediately to the north
of the American Continent, as Wrangel Land
does the ice opposite Cape Jakcan and the coast
in its vicinity. Again, migratory birds in large
flocks have been seen flying north from Point
Barrow in the spring, and returning in the fall.
Besides, certain vague reports which have
their foundations in fact have been in circulation
to the effect that land in this direction has been
actually seen by a whaler, who was well off
shore to the northeastward from Barrow, in an
exceptionally open season.

INTENDED EXPLORATION FOR THE UNDISCOVERED LAND.

Possibly with the experience that he will gain
among the ice at Point Barrow, and the re-
sources at command in the way of good assist-
ents, skilled native travelers, with good dogs
and seals, etc., Mr. Ray may be able to cross
over the ice to this land, if land there be. In
any case, whatever journeys may be made, over
the ice or over the land, in summer or in winter,
some new facts will surely be gained well worth
the pains, for no portion of the world is so hard-
run as not to yield a rich and precious harvest
of divine truth.

WATTING IN THE ARCTIC—A PLEASANT PURPOSE.
Nor will these men be likely to suffer greatly.
The winter cold, when salubrity met, in soft
hair and fur, is not hard to bear, while in sum-
mer it is so warm the Eskimoes cook over open
fires, and the Aurora curtains and the deep starry
nights, lasting for weeks, must be glorious.
The Corwin towed the Golden Fleece to sea
this morning, and we hope to finish cooling,
etc., in a day or two, and set out once more to
the shores of Wrangel Land. John H unm.