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Sept 1885

THE GREAT RIVER OF ALASKA. Pt. 1

EXPLORING THE UPPER YUKON.\*

THE Yukon River naturally divides itself into three portions: the Upper Yukon, measuring about five hundred miles, and reaching from its source to Fort Selkirk, where it is joined by the Pelly; the Middle Yukon, extending from Fort Selkirk for another five hundred miles to Fort Yukon, at the junction of the Porcupine or Rat River; and the Lower Yukon, nearly a thousand miles in length, reaching from Fort Yukon to the river's many mouths in Bering Sea and Norton Sound. The middle and lower rivers had been traversed by Russian navigators or in the interest of the Hudson's Bay Company, thus completing the exploration of three-fourths of the Nile of Alaska; but the upper river was still unknown till the early summer of 1883. To describe briefly the Yukon and its exploration from Selkirk to its source, thus completing the chain, is the object of this article. Or, speaking more correctly, from its source to Fort Selkirk; for it was with the current that my little party floated on a raft over this part of the river. That Alaskan Indians of various tribes had broken through the different passes in the glacier-clad mountains which separate the Pacific from the head-waters of the Yukon, in order to trade with the Indians there, has been known for over a century. Why this route had not been picked out long ago by some explorer, who could thereby traverse the whole river in a single summer instead of combating its swift current from its mouth, seems singular, and can only be explained by supposing that those who would place sufficient reliance on the Indian reports to put in their maps the gross inaccuracies that fill even all our Government charts of the Yukon's source, would be very likely to place reliance on the same Indians; and these, from time immemorial, have united in pronouncing this part of the river unnavigable even by canoes, filled as it is with rapids, whirlpools, and cascades.

Arriving in Chilkat early in June, 1883, I found that miners had pioneered the way some distance down the river in search of gold, but no white person had as yet explored this part

of the river; and when I humbly suggested a raft as my future conveyance, and hoped to make the whole river in a summer's dash, I was hooted at and ridiculed by natives and white men alike.

There are four passes known to the Indians leading over from salt water to the sources of the Yukon. The one by way of Lynn Channel and Chilkoot Inlet is the best of all, and is the one that was undertaken by my party. For many years this pass had been monopolized by the Chilkoot Indians, who did not even allow their half-brothers, the Chilkats, to use it. Both bands united in opposing the migration of the interior tribes to the coast for trading purposes, wholly monopolizing this Alpine commerce. I used numbers of each of these three bands of Indians in packing my effects over the mountains. As I have intimated, the journey began on the 7th of June, when we left Chilkat with thirteen canoes, I believe, towed in a long, continuous string by a little steam-launch kindly placed at my disposal by Mr. Spuhn, the manager of the Northwest Trading Company. They formed a pretty sight as they were towed down the Lynn Channel and up the Chilkoot Inlet, some twenty miles to the Chilkoot mission, where four or five canoes full of the latter tribe of Indians were added to the already long chain. Leaving the Chilkoot Inlet and entering another that the Indians called the Dayay, we could fairly say that our explorations had begun.

This inlet, like so many in Alaska, has more the appearance of a large river than a salt-water estuary,—flanked on either side by immense precipitous mountains, covered nearly to their tops with a dense growth of spruce and pine and capped with snow-white glacier ice, which feeds a thousand silvery waterfalls, whose gleaming stripes down the shaggy mountain-side give a beautiful relief to the deep, somber green of the foliage. The mouth of the Dayay was reached that evening, and our effects of some three or four tons were lightered ashore by means of the Indian canoes;

\* Lieutenant Schwatka's expedition to Alaska and the British Northwest Territory in 1883 had for its object the seeking of military information regarding the Indian tribes of those regions. A subordinate purpose was geographical exploration. The party consisted of seven

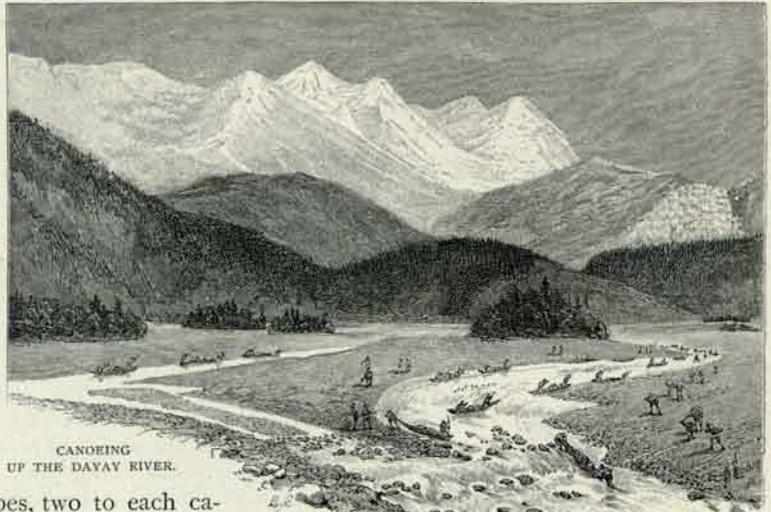
white men — two officers, four soldiers, and one citizen (Lieutenant Schwatka, Dr. Wilson, Topographical Assistant Homan, Sergeant Gloster, Corporal Shircliff, Private Roth, and Mr. McIntosh) — and such Indians as were added from time to time during the journey.

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the launch steamed out of sight, and my little party of seven white men were left alone with nearly ten times that number of Indian allies, to fight our way over the mountain range whose eastern slopes feed the great river that we desired to explore. Up the swift current of the Dayay, only thirty to forty yards in width, the Indians transported the load in canoes, two to each canoe, one pulling by a rope fastened to the bow and the other keeping the craft out in the stream by a long stiff pole reeved into the rope. Reaching the head of navigation at the foot of a boiling cascade, the canoes were unloaded and drawn out of water, and placed under cover of the dense willows that line the banks of this stream. Each human pack-mule now adjusted his load for the struggle ahead, the average weight of a pack being over a hundred pounds for the adults, one Indian carrying as much as one hundred and thirty-seven pounds; boys of fourteen or fifteen, who had eagerly solicited "a pack," carried from thirty to seventy pounds.

We followed the trail which led to the very head of the Dayay, where its waters poured beneath bridges and banks of snow, until we stood at the base of the pass, towering some three thousand to three thousand five hundred feet above us, capped with snow, and with long finger-like glaciers of clear blue ice extending down the granite gulches to our very level. Early on the morning of the 11th the pass was essayed, and it was an interesting sight to see our sixty odd packers strung out along the steep snow-covered mountain-side. In many places the ascent seemed almost perpendicular, the Indians using their hands and knees, and laying hold of the stunted juniper and spruce roots that stuck through the thin covering of snow. Along the steep drifts, where a misstep would have hurled them down the mountain-side, the foot-tracks of the leaders were made deep and inclining inward so as to give a firm foothold, and many of the party used rough alpenstocks to aid them. At the top of the pass, four thousand feet and more above the level of the sea, we were in the drifting fog that forever hangs over these vast fields of elevated ice, and which cut off the fine view



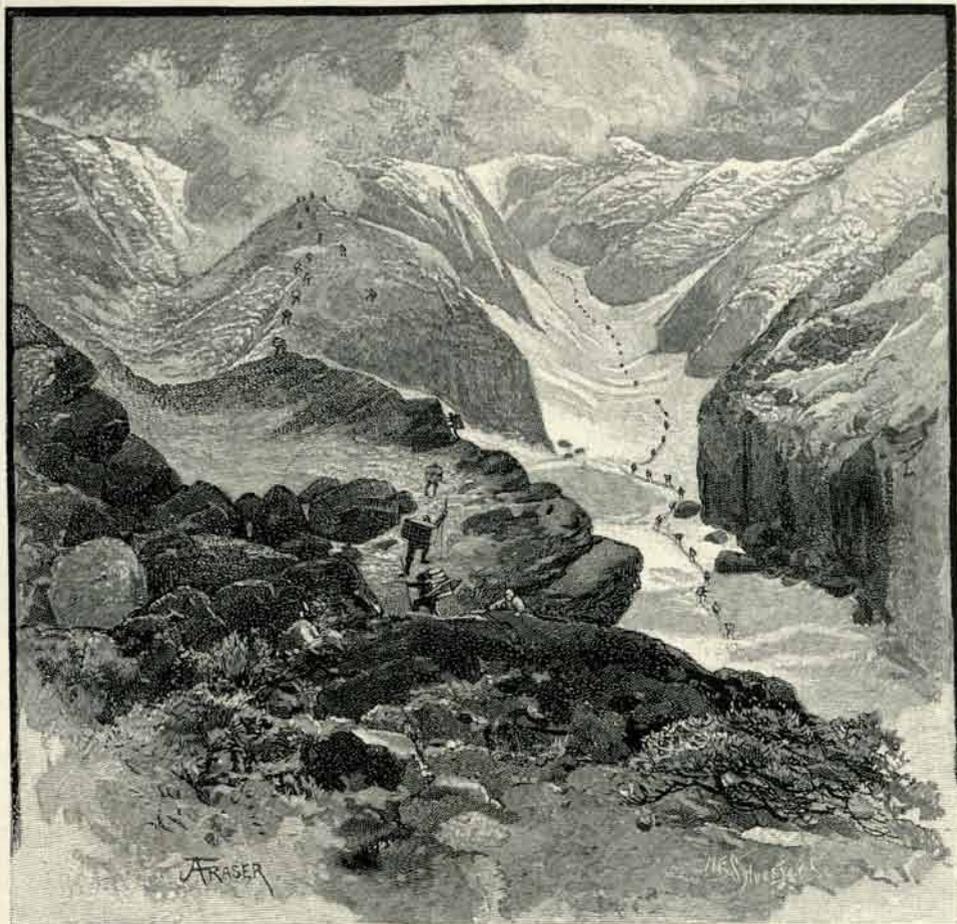
CANOEING  
UP THE DAYAY RIVER.

that we had anticipated from such a favorable height. The descent from Perrier Pass, as I called it, is very rapid for a few hundred yards, but it is a pleasant walk compared with the toilsome struggle to its summit. I noticed that the Indians in following a course on the snow, up-hill or on a level, or even on a slight descent, always step in each other's tracks, so that my sixty odd Indians made a trail that looked as if only five or six had passed that way; when going down a steep descent, however, each one would follow a separate course, and they would scatter out over many yards. I could not help being impressed with the idea that this would be worth remembering if one ever had occasion to estimate the number of a party of Indians that had traveled over a fresh trail.

Passing by a number of small lakes on our left, some few of which yet contained floating ice in small quantities, we sighted the main lake late in the afternoon, and in a couple of hours found ourselves upon its banks at the mouth of a beautiful clear stream, boiling down from the mountain-sides. This lake, which I named Lake Lindeman, was a beautiful sheet of water, some ten or twelve miles long, and looked not unlike a limited area of one of the broad inland passages traversed by the steamers plying to Alaskan ports farther south. Fish were very scarce in these cold glacier-fed streams and lakes, but we managed to vary the stereotyped fare of Government bacon with a few dusky grouse and equally tough ducks, for it was now getting to be the breeding season of all the feathered tribe. Flowers were in bloom on all sides, and the deciduous trees had long since put on their

spring and summer fashions, and robins and many other singing birds fluttered through the foliage, while gulls and tern hovered over the waters of the lake.

boiling cascade, but a few minutes' hard work sufficed to pry the raft off; and as we brought up on the gravelly beach in the still waters of Lake Bennett, we all felt grateful that the



FERRIER PASS.

Here we commenced building our raft. The logs were of the smallest kind, consisting of dwarfed spruce and contorted pine, and it was a question whether a raft 15 x 30 would carry our effects and all our party, white and Indian,—a question which was finally settled in the negative, by sending only three persons and a little over half the material on the first voyage of the raft, a Government tent serving the purpose of a sail, which was amply filled by a southern gale that in other respects made navigation quite hazardous.

On the 16th we steered the raft through the mile of rapids and cascades that make up the short river that connects Lake Lindeman with the lake to the north, called by me Lake Bennett. Once we were jammed between a protruding rock and the shore in a narrow

safe passage had saved us a few days' hard work. But it was a necessity to remodel the raft on a larger plan in order to carry all that must find passage on its corduroy decks. Larger logs were found near the Payer Portage, and our raft was built on the plan of 15 x 40, although really nearer 16 x 42. Two decks were built up, fore and aft, leaving spaces at the ends for bow and stern oars, while the central part of the raft between the decks gave working-room for two side oars, with which the unwieldy craft could be rowed on still water at the rate of about three-quarters of a mile an hour. Behind the forward decks was a strong nine-foot mast, and the sail was a wall-tent with its ridge-pole for a yard, and the projecting poles of the deck gave lashing-points for the ends of the tent as we trimmed

sail to vary our course before the wind; for, rude as our raft was, we could sail her for two or three points (about  $40^\circ$ ) to the right or left from a straight-away course before the wind. Not one of the smallest discomforts of the trip was the necessity of standing all day in the water while building the raft. The water in the lake was icy, having just poured down from the glaciers and snow-fields that crown the surrounding mountains; ice-water and mosquitoes were a singular combination of discomforts. Caribou and bear tracks were found not far from the shores, but the animals themselves were never seen.

The morning of the 19th of June the new craft cast off bow and stern lines, and rowing a few hundred yards we set our primitive sail; and as the never-ceasing southern wind grew with the sun, we soon found ourselves lubbering over the beautiful lake at a speed of from two to two and a half miles an hour. Through the ice-fields capping the timbered mountains to the east protruded many a dull red rock and ridge surmounted again by the everlasting white fog. Specimens of this rock found in the terminal moraines of the little glaciers showed iron, and I named this bold range after that metal. By three in the afternoon the wind had increased to a gale, and the huge waves of the lake were sweeping the rear space of the stern oarsmen, and even at times breaking over the pole-deck itself; but still our faith in the queer sailer was sufficient to hold her head straight for the north. For two long hours we held our course, for a favorable wind over the lakes must be utilized to the last second possible; but the gale increased to a cyclone and threatened to carry away our mast; the white-capped seas swept both decks and deluged between so as to make rowing impossible; and the two ends of the craft worked like a hinged gate in the huge waves, for there was not a single log that extended much farther than half-way of the raft. When a few of the pins commenced snapping and a little sheltered cove was seen to our right, we turned the raft's head to the eastern shore, and in a little while were threatened with destruction in the seething breakers that broke upon the rough granite beach. A line was carried ashore by the Indians in a canoe, and with some to hold her off by means of stiff poles, the rest of us "tracked" or towed her back to the shelter of the cove. Here we remained a day and repaired the raft; four fine logs were found which would reach her whole length, and by their size so increased her strength and buoyancy that we thought she might be able to carry a name, and so dubbed her the *Resolute*, though I doubt if the name was heard half a dozen times afterwards.

The next afternoon by five o'clock we had



CREEPING THROUGH  
THE FOG.

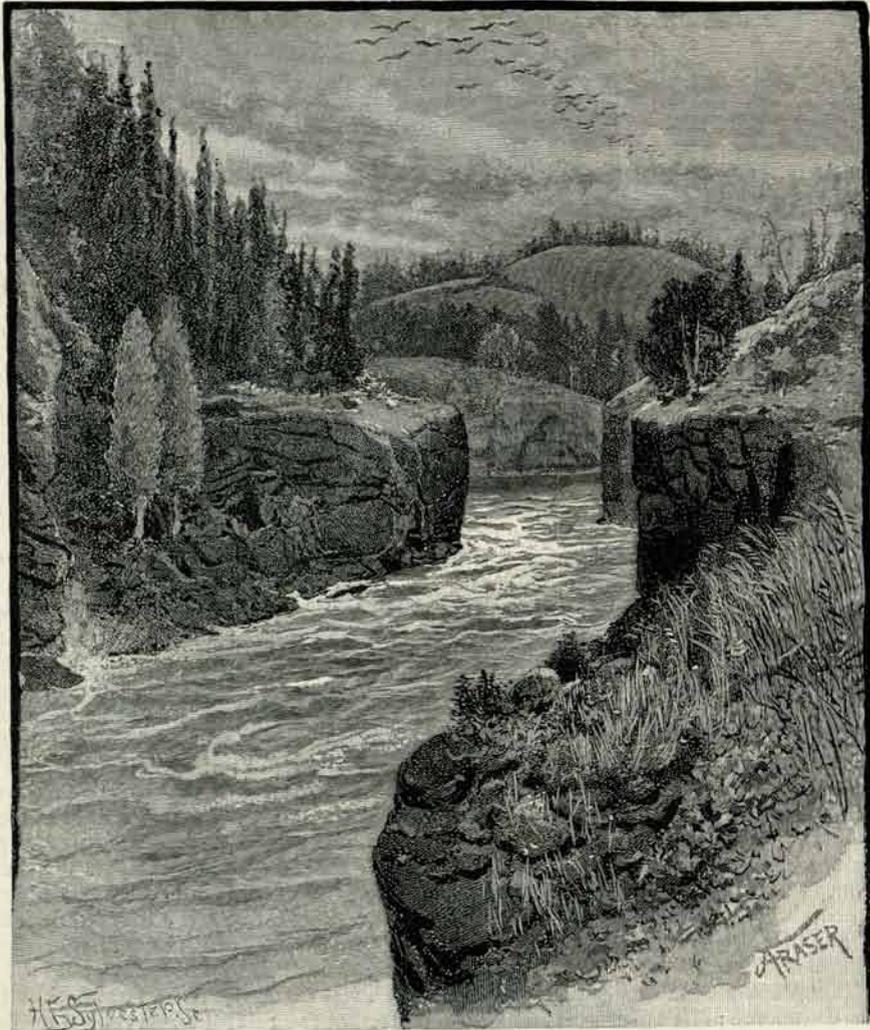
reached the north end of Lake Bennett, thirty miles long, and entered a short river that gave us a taste of the fact that drifting with the current also had its difficulties, for we were two hours prying the *Resolute* off a sand-bar at the mouth of this short river. This limited stream is known to the Tahk-heesh Indians as "the place where the caribou cross," and in certain seasons of the year many of these animals ford its wide, shallow current. The general trend of the new lake into which the river emptied was towards the east, and our old friend the south wind was of but little use; and though there were only three or four miles to traverse, it was three days before we got a favorable wind that carried us across. This little lake (Lake Nares), whose entire outline could be viewed from the high hills on the north, was the prettiest one we found nestling in these northern hills. The country was perceptibly opening, many level places could be seen, the hills were less steep, and the snow was disappearing from their crests. Many roses and wild violets were in bloom, and wild onions lined the lake shore in profusion and gave us a fair substitute for the vegetable diet that we had left behind; and everywhere there was a general change of verdure for the better. Grand terraces that looked like stairways for giants, symmetrical on opposite sides of the lake, showed its ancient and subsiding levels. These, too, in a less conspicuous

manner, had been noticed on the northern shores of Lake Bennett. Grouse abounded everywhere, and the little broods were met every few yards in walking over the hills, the tiny ones scampering off in the weeds while the mothers walked along, clucking anxiously, often only a few feet ahead of the intruder. Once out of the little lake through a short river of a hundred yards, we entered another lake, still trending to the east, and eight or nine miles long, which I called Lake Bove, and on whose limited shore-line I was compelled to make two camps and half a dozen landings, so baffling was our motive power, the wind.

At one time, when we had rowed ashore to avoid a sudden head-breeze, our Indians carelessly set fire to some of the dry dead spruce timber, and the flames, enveloping the living trees for hours afterwards, sent upward dense volumes of smoke that we saw from many miles beyond. Toward evening, some fifteen or twenty miles ahead, a smoke was seen curling upward, and our Indians told us that it was an answer to the one we had accidentally made on Lake Bove. These signal-smokes were quite common between the Chilkats and Tahk-heesh Indians, the former thus announcing to the latter that they had crossed the mountains and were in their country for trading purposes. An old trader on the Middle and Lower Yukon told me that this Chilkat-Tahk-heesh traffic was so great some years ago, that as many as eighty of the former tribe have been known to cross the Kotusk mountains by the Chilkat and Chilkoot trails twice a year; or, in brief, eight tons of trading material found its way over Perrier Pass and, ramifying from this as a center, spread over the whole north-west. Fort Selkirk, for a brief period a Hudson's Bay Company post, interfered with this commerce; but a war party of Chilkats in 1851 extended their trading tour five hundred miles in order to burn it to the ground, and the blackened chimneys still standing in a thick grove of poplars are monuments that attest how well they did their work. We had an immense volume with us purporting to be an authority on Alaskan matters, and as we read that it was but two days' journey ("nay, hardly a day and a half") for the Indians from here to Selkirk in their swift birch canoes, we thought that possibly the worst of our journey was behind us; until our Indians, some of whom had grown gray-headed traveling this country as traders, dashed our hopes with the information that there were three rapids aggregating five or six miles in length ahead of us, that the Indians here never used birch-bark canoes, and that the journey took them nearly two weeks in their cottonwood ones and would take us three,

if we ever got through with the raft at all; for though their wavering faith had been strengthened by the actions of the *Resolute* in the past, they were not yet perfectly settled. Instead of being one hundred and twenty miles from Tah-ko to Selkirk, as guessed at, it was four hundred and thirty-three. A roughly built Tahk-heesh house stood upon the banks, and is the only one on this part of the Yukon River for hundreds of miles on either side. The next lake is nearly thirty miles in length, and proportionally much broader than any we had passed. I called it Lake Marsh, after the well-known scientist of our country. The waters of this lake were much warmer than those we had passed, and we all refreshed ourselves with a few minutes' bathing on its shores. Nearing the beach at Lake Marsh during the two or three camps we made on it, we found it impossible to get much closer than fifty to one hundred yards, owing to the huge deposits of "glacier-mud" that had been brought down by the streams whose waters at their sources came out from under these colossal pulverizers of the mountain flanks. The *Resolute* drew about twenty inches, and the stage of water was just such that we were compelled to pack our camping material this distance through a species of mud that almost pulled our rubber boots from our feet as we floundered through its tenacious mass.

We were now having our longest days, and so close were we to the arctic circle that type like that of THE CENTURY Magazine could easily be read at midnight. On the night of the 28th of June we sailed till after midnight, so imperative was it to take advantage of every favorable breeze, and at that time but one star in the cloudless sky could be seen, which was made out to be Venus. Faint signs of terraces were still observable on the hill-sides, but they were lower, nearer together, and not so well marked. The trees on Lake Marsh, as had been often noticed before on the upper waters of the Yukon, all leaned, in more or less conspicuous inclinations, toward the north, or down-stream, thus plainly showing the prevailing direction of the stronger winds. About noon on the 28th, while sailing on Lake Marsh, we had an energetic thunder-shower, which lasted till past two in the afternoon, and which is worth noticing as the first thunder-shower ever recorded on the Yukon, they being unknown on the lower river. Many of the flat, level places on the eastern hills were still covered with last year's dense growth of dead yellow grass, that from the lake, as we slowly sailed by, looked strangely like stubble-fields of oats or wheat. The outlet from Lake Marsh was very annoying to our mode of navigation with its endless banks of "glacier-mud," most

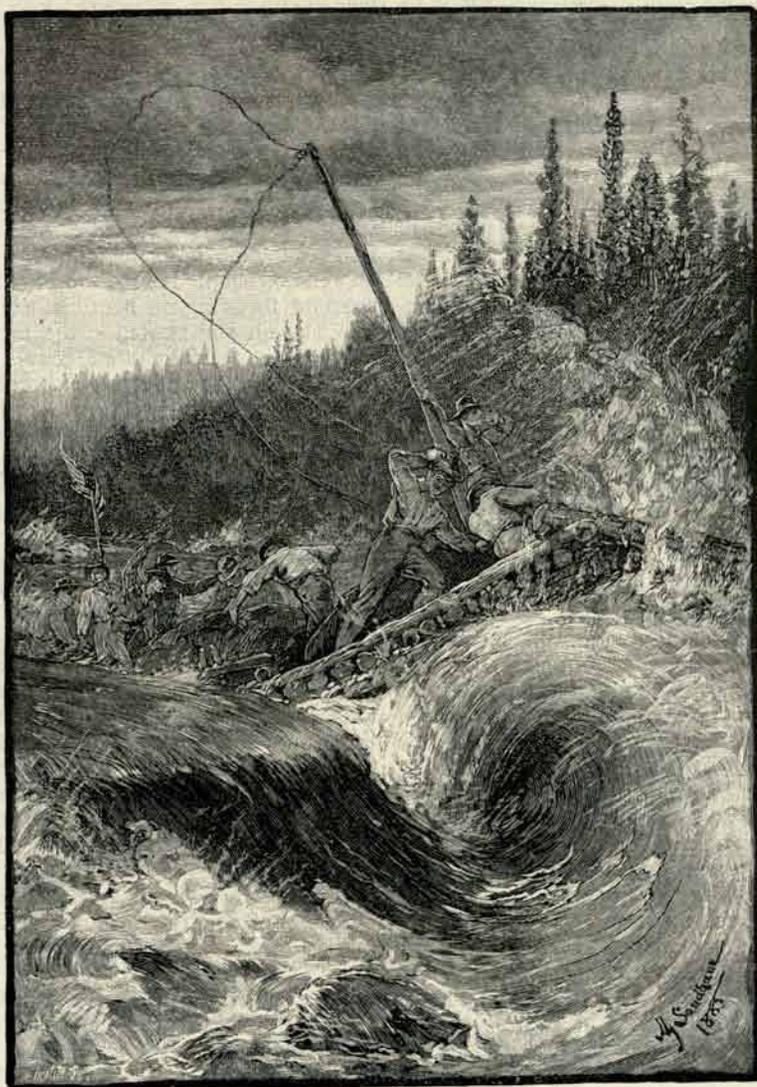


THE GRAND CAÑON, UPPER YUKON.

of which was probably brought down by a large river—the McClintock—that here comes in from the east; a river so large that we were in some doubt as to its being the outlet, until its swift current settled all conjectures by swinging us around into the proper stream. This new river that we entered was much more picturesque than any we had so far met on this journey, and strongly resembled many of the streams of more favored climes. Its hillsides were covered with pine, hemlock, and spruce, with here and there little grass-covered prairies, while the valley was fringed with poplars and willows in the densest profusion. In fact these latter were so impenetrable and grew so close to the very water's edge that we were often baffled in finding good camping-places, unless some friendly ridge from the hills threw

out a pine-covered spur to the river-bank, that would allow a tent or two to be pitched under the evergreens, or at least give us room to bivouac and spread our blankets. The deck of the raft itself was preferred by many to the variety of uncomfortable beds that this country can offer to the traveler.

The exact location of the great rapids ahead of us was not known to our Indians, and we were in a nervous state of anxiety caused by watching for them in a craft that we could not get to shore for a landing in less than three hundred or four hundred yards run, and possibly a mile, if combinations should be unfavorable. The persistent fishing of the doctor and some of the men had occasionally been rewarded with success, and a few lake trout and graylings had been added to our slim fare. On the last



CASCADE NEAR THE END OF THE GRAND RAPIDS.

day of June, as we rounded a high bold bluff, we heard rapids ahead and saw that the current was getting swifter and the water much more shallow; and we ran our raft on shore with more haste than discretion, for an examination showed the rapids to be of the lightest character, with the worst part of them in the shape of a rocky reef some thirty or forty yards directly in front of the raft. It was, of course, impossible to clear this impediment when we cast loose, and so we floated against it, depending on a series of swingings outward until its end was reached and passed. As the raft brought up on the reef and the water was seething through the logs and the men preparing to get overboard to pry her around, a most

energetic splashing was heard on the farther side of the craft, and much to our astonishment a large grayling was seen floundering on the end of a fish-line that some one had left hanging over the raft in the hurry of more important duties. This was our initiation into the grayling fishing-grounds that gave us some four or five hundred of these delicious and "gamy" fellows in the next few days, until we actually tired of them. The fish caught that evening in the ripples along the riverbanks were of two distinct sizes, with very few that could be called intermediate, the larger weighing about a pound and a quarter to a pound and a half and the smaller about one-fourth as much. The next day, the

1st of July, with a Tahk-heesh Indian whom we had picked up as a guide, we approached the great rapids of which we had heard so much. Our guide in his canoe had told us that he would inform us of their proximity in time enough to reach the shore, but we could not help fearing that he considered our craft about as easy to handle as one of their canoes and would give his information accordingly,—a supposition that we found to be correct, for had we not closely followed at considerable labor the eastern bank, which we knew to be the one on which we must camp, it is more than probable we would have gone through the cañon without warning and been wrecked. Even when the conspicuous mouth of the cañon was descried but a little distance ahead, our fate hung on a quarter-inch halliard with which we suddenly fastened our craft to a poplar-tree on the bank. The line fairly sang like a harp-string as the swift water poured over the logs and the huge craft swung slowly into the bank, where we were a very few seconds in making it snug and secure.

An inspection of the rapids showed them to be nearly five miles long, in places narrow and deep, then shoaling out and exposing dangerous rocks. The first quarter of a mile the swift river pours in boiling foam through a cañon fifty or sixty feet deep, and but little greater in width, the sides of the chute being regularly laid basaltic columns that in places rival human workmanship. It then widens out into a large basaltic basin full of seething whirlpools and curling eddies, and then again for a third of a mile passes through another cañon the exact duplicate of the first. The current again spreads out some quarter of a mile into shallow rapids, looking much less dangerous than the cañon, but being really much more so with its countless bowlders and swift-dancing current. After running along for three or four miles in this manner, it again courses through basaltic columns hardly twenty feet high and narrowed to a cascade not over thirty feet wide, with waves running four or five feet high. As we descended through this chute the banks grew higher, and so swift was the current and so narrow the passage that the water would run up these banks for a long distance on either side and pour back in solid sheets into the foaming current below, making veritable horse-shoe falls. A rafting party of three were sent ahead next morning to be stationed below the cascade and give assistance when the raft came by; and at 11:25 that morning we turned the *Resolute's* head toward the upper end of the Grand Cañon of the Yukon. After spinning around four or five minutes in an eddy, as if fully comprehending

and dreading the dangerous trip, she at last swung slowly into the current and then shot forward with its swift waters. We soon entered the narrow cañon, going at a rate and urged by a power that a dozen giants could not have controlled had they been aboard. The raft's first encounter was with the perpendicular western wall, striking a fearful blow that tore the inner log from the side; and like the philosophical experiment with the suspended ivory balls, the outer log shot far away with an echoing snap. It took the craft but a mere moment to swing on her basaltic pivot, and down again she started in the race. Nearly down to the fearful chute a couple of my Indians jumped on the flying raft from a canoe in which they had paddled out from the shore, and in a few seconds more the cascade was reached. First the clumsy bow was buried in the boiling foam and waves, and the next instant it was reared high in the air, the whole body of the craft standing at the angle of a fixed bayonet as it shot through the narrow neck and slowly subsided in the bubbling waters beyond. A rope was soon gotten to the shore, and although the first time it was fastened it snapped with a twang, the second effort was successful. For two days we were repairing and strengthening the raft, and putting on a couple of new decks made from the fine slender pine poles that were here abundant, and dry and light as pipe-stems, the result of a fire that had swept through them probably two or three years before. Like all the coniferæ growing in dense masses, these timber districts have their periodical devastations of fire that feed on their resinous foliage, burning the bark to a blackened crisp; and when the first severe gale comes from the south, the roots having been weakened by rotting, they are thrown prostrate, making a perfect labyrinth of matted limbs and tempest-torn trunks that have not half decayed nor ceased to be impassable *chevaux-de-frise* before the next generation has sprung up and grown sufficiently high to add confusion to disorder. A sort of poplar chaparral borders the ravines that cut across the trails, to vary the misery and keep it from getting monotonous. In and around the Grand Rapids the grayling are numerous beyond computation, and it was but the work of a few minutes to catch a plentiful mess for even our party of over twenty whites and Indians; and most singular of all, this was done despite the fact that myriads of small brown moths or millers filled the air during our fishing-days, while their bodies often floated by thousands down the river, to be food for the graylings. The trout flies we used were often the "brown miller" and "brown hackle." While the

graylings could be caught at any time, they would bite more freely during cloudy weather.

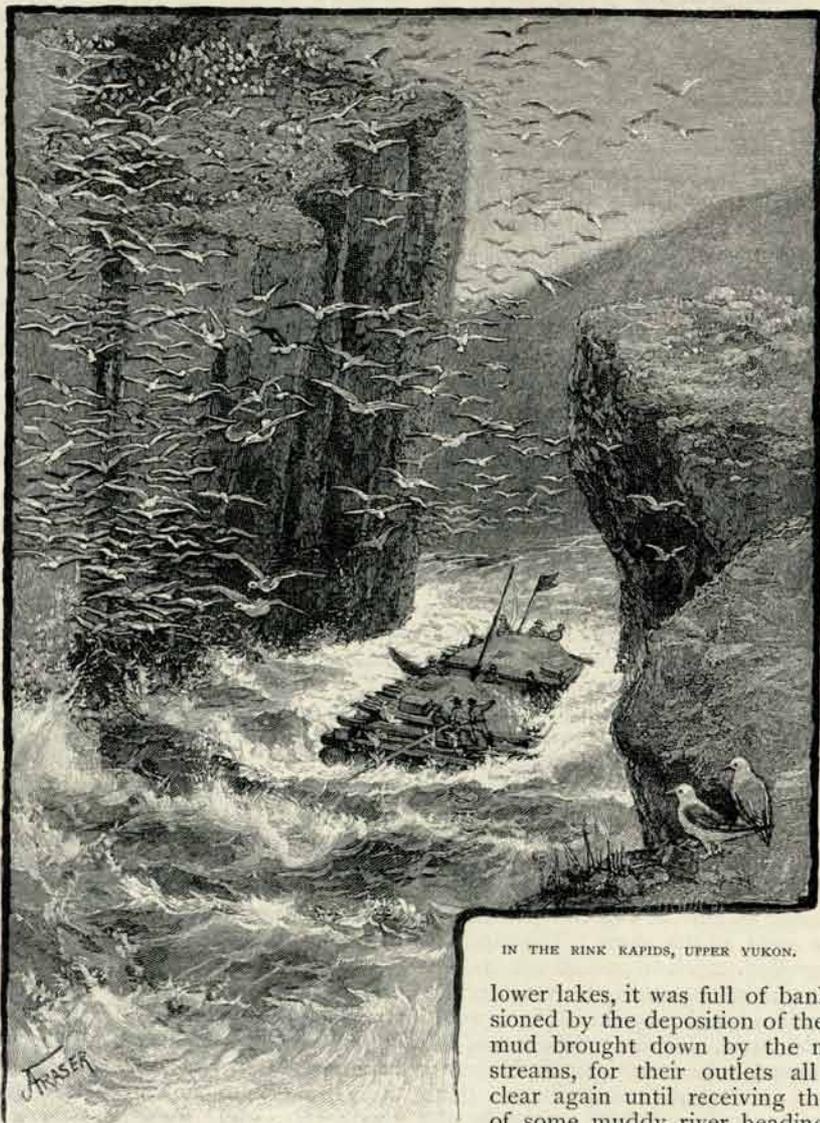
We had employed a few Tahk-heesh Indians to carry over the portage our valuable effects that we had taken from the raft to lighten it, and for safety in such a dangerous rapid. I could not but contrast the kindness they showed each other, and especially their women, with the ungenerous conduct of the more warlike Chilkats in their mutual intercourse. The latter when canoeing on the Dayay, after having left the launch and before reaching the head of canoe navigation, had a certain number, including even the boys, who were not provided with canoes; and although it would have added little to the labor of the canoeemen to take the burdens of the others into their boats, they refused to do so. Those without canoes had to carry their loads on their backs, some ten or eleven miles. Nay, they would not ferry the porters across the rushing river in its serpentine windings from bluff to bluff, but forced them to wade the streams, often up to their middle, or make extended detours that would lengthen the direct ten miles to double that distance. Many other similar acts, shown even in cases of sickness, did much to strengthen this unfavorable impression. The mosquitoes were now thick beyond anything I have ever seen. As we crossed boggy places or the marshy rims of the numerous inland lakes, they rose in dense swarms. Hunting, the only object one could have in inland excursions, became impossible on account of these insects. Their stings could not be endured, and in looking through such swarms it was not possible to take sure sight at the game. The vigorous exercise needed to defend oneself was enough to fatigue the strongest to the verge of exhaustion; besides, these gesticulations would frighten the game. I believe this part of the Yukon country to be scarcely habitable in the summer on account of these pests, and think their numbers to be sufficient reason for the complete absence of game during that part of the year. On the lower river, beyond Fort Yukon, their numbers appreciably decrease; but as they are reënforced by the little black gnats and sand-flies, life for the traveler even there is not pleasant. It is not until the first severe frost comes, about the first of September, that this annoyance is abated completely, although for a short time before this the hopeful wanderer in these wilds thinks he notices a falling off in the census. Captain Petersen, a trader on the lower river, a person whom I found not given to exaggeration in any particular, says he has known Eskimo dogs to be killed by mosquitoes; and the Indians tell him, and he says he has no reason to doubt

them, that even the brown bear of Alaska, almost the peer of the grizzly, has been known in rare instances to be slain by them when he ventured into their swampy haunts. Captain Petersen and the Indians account for this by supposing, as the bodies show, that the bear, instead of securing safety by precipitate retreat from such places, fights them, bear style, reared up on his hind-quarters, until the stings near his eyes close them, and he is kept in this condition until starvation eventually causes death.

About eight o'clock in the evening, while camped a quarter of a mile below the cascades in the Grand Rapids, we could hear heavy concussions in single blows at two and three minute intervals. It was noticed by more than one, and thought by some to be distant thunder, although it sounded strangely unlike that noisy element in other climes, and there were no signs of a storm in the sky. A very light series of earthquakes also seemed a poor theory, and there was little or nothing else to which it could be attributed except the cascades, which I believe have been known to cause earth-tremblings and analogous phenomena.

The 5th of July we bade adieu to the worst cañon and rapids on the Yukon River. About noon we passed the mouth of the Tahk River (the Tahk-heen'-ah of the Chilkats), which measured probably two-thirds the size of the Yukon proper. It was flowing muddy water at the time, and our surmise that this would spoil our splendid grayling fishing proved to be correct. While the Tahk-heen'-ah noticeably flows less water than the Yukon, and therefore is not entitled to be called the river proper, its bed seems to correspond with the general characteristics of the Yukon from its mouth on. From the Grand Cañon to the Tahk River (*heen'-ah* in Chilkat signifying river) the banks of the Yukon are high and bold, and often broken into perpendicular bluffs of white sandy clay, while from here on the shores are much lower, similar to those of the Tahk-heen'-ah, and wooded to the water's edge.

We reached the last lake about five in the afternoon, and had the misfortune to stick in the apex of an acute-angled sand-bar at the mouth of the river, and this with a fair wind in our favor to help us over the like. Two hours and a half's steady work swung the *Resolute* clear of her sandy anchor, and we went into camp alongside our lightered cargo, wearier, wetter, and wiser men,—certainly wiser in the fact that a sand-bar was a much more formidable obstacle to our peculiar craft than a gravel-bar of equal depth. On the latter it was necessary only to be able to lift the raft by a series



IN THE RINK RAPIDS, UPPER YUKON.

of combined efforts, the swift current carrying it forward over even the widest bars, while with the former the raft would rapidly settle during the short rests that were rendered necessary by such fatiguing work, and could be pried forward only the short distance the current had cut out the sand ahead of the logs. On sandbars a series of laborious swingings of the raft, end for end, even against the current, until the ponderous concern was clear, was generally the quickest solution of the problem, while the raft could be pried over gravelbars with ten inches of water, although it drew double that amount. The new lake was called by my Indians the Kluk-tas'-si. Like all the

lower lakes, it was full of banks, occasioned by the deposition of the glacier-mud brought down by the mountain streams, for their outlets all become clear again until receiving the waters of some muddy river heading among the glaciers. It is a mere matter of geological time when these lakes will be filled by these deposits, and nothing but a river left coursing through bottom-lands. Such ancient lakes are noticeable on the course of the great stream farther on.

The right bank of Lake Kluk-tas'-si is composed of rounded cliffs of gray limestone, the gullies between being filled in with foliage, especially spruce and pine, and from the opposite side of the lake this effect is quite pretty and peculiar. On the west bank of the lake great towering red rocks culminate in what appears to be a picturesque island of this material, but an Indian with us says that these are part of the mainland; and near this comes

in a large river whose whole course is flanked by such scenes, from which the Indians give it the name of Red River. Not desiring to add another Red River to the geography of the world, I called these the Richthofen Rocks and River, although the latter we were not able to make out from our position on the lake as we sailed by, and the former from all points seemed strangely like an island. Quite a number of salmon-trout fell victims to our pot-hunting trout-lines, one of which weighed over eight pounds, the limit of the doctor's fish-scales.

The 9th of July saw us sail out of Kluk-tas'-si, the last of the lakes, and as we hauled down the old wall-tent that had done us double duty as a sail and a tent, I think we were all light-hearted enough to make the *Resolute* draw an inch less water. The river was now very shallow, wide, and swift, and we were constantly grating over bars of gravel, and occasionally sticking on one, but so rapid was the current that merely jumping off the raft was sufficient to start it forward and override the most of these. On both sides of the river the forest fires had done considerable damage to the timber, and on every side were stumps of all shades of darkness, from the blackened crisp of this year's conflagration to the light-brown ones covered with moss and rotting to the earth's level. "How closely that one resembles a big grizzly bear!" remarked one of the party, pointing to a huge shaggy brown stump some

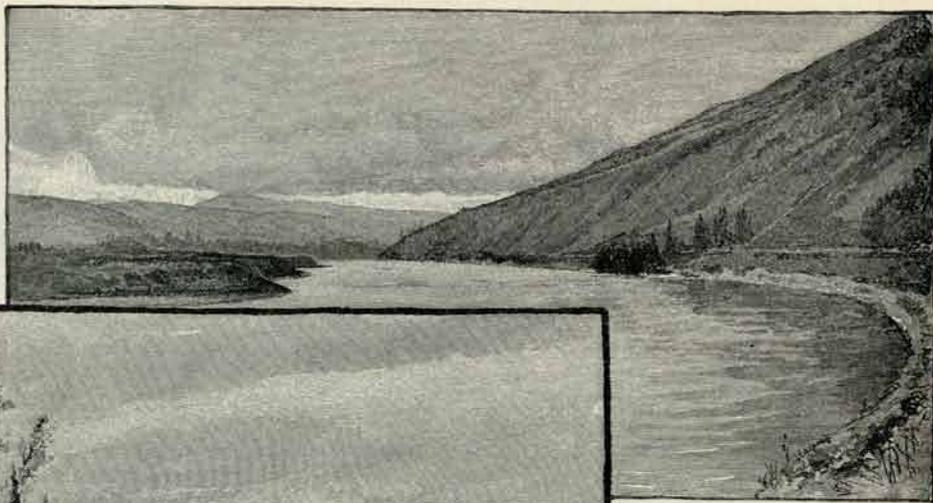


GENERAL VIEW OF THE RINK RAPIDS.

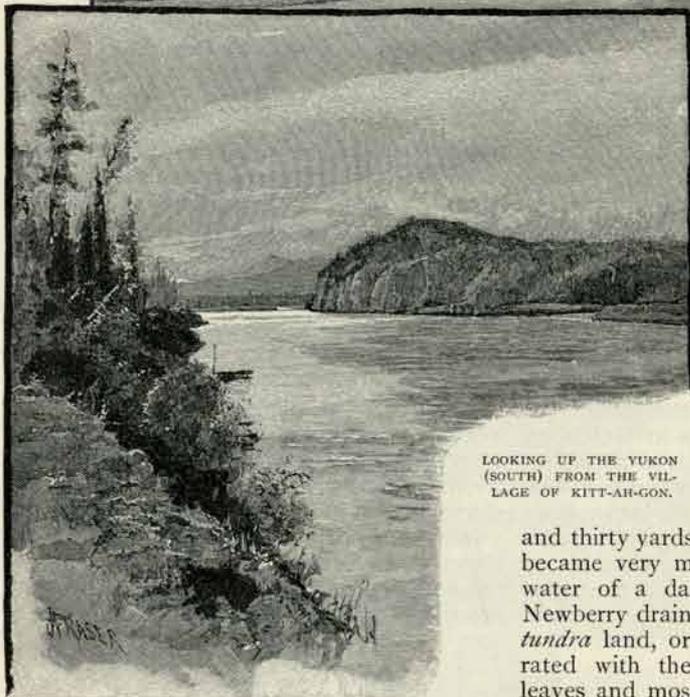
six or seven hundred yards ahead of us on the edge of a high clay-bank overlooking the river. The likeness to this animal was close, and as we rapidly floated down towards it and it came walking down the edge of the cliff, the resemblance was sufficient to produce two or three guns from their cases. At four hundred yards the "stump" got one good look at the formidable raft, evidently just bursting on his vision, and before we could fully realize how quickly he had done it, he disappeared in a grove of spruce, and we never saw him again. Every living thing avoided us as if we were a known pestilence, and grizzlies, the worst terror of the Indians in all this country, never felt satisfied until they had put a glacier or two between us. Rounding a bend a young lark, sitting on an overhanging bush turned its head, and in its hurry "to do something mighty quick," fell into the water and drowned.



THE RAFT.



LOOKING DOWN THE YUKON (NORTH)  
FROM THE VILLAGE OF KITT-AH-GON.



LOOKING UP THE YUKON  
(SOUTH) FROM THE VIL-  
LAGE OF KITT-AH-GON.

while scraping along had no bad effect, and often slowed our gait to half its usual rate, until a line ashore would complete our stoppage and allow us to go into camp.

On the 9th we passed the mouth of the Newberry River, about one hundred

and thirty yards wide, and the Yukon at once became very much deeper, swifter, and the water of a darker hue, showing that the Newberry drained a considerable amount of *tundra* land, or land where the water, saturated with the dyes extracted from dead leaves and mosses, is prevented from percolating through the soil by an impervious substratum of ice, and is carried off superficially directly into the draining rivers. The 10th, forty miles farther on, we passed the mouth of D'Abbadie River, over one hundred and fifty yards wide at this point, and said to be over two hundred and fifty miles long to its head. The D'Abbadie is important in an economical sense as marking the point on the Yukon at which gold in placer deposits commences. From here on nearly to the mouth or mouths of the great Yukon, a panful of dirt taken from almost any bar or bank with any discretion will give several "colors," in miners' parlance. The Yukon, now widening out, was studded with numerous islands. It also became quite tortuous in its windings, and at one place where a grand river came in from the west (which I called Nordenskjöld) a bald prominent butte was seen no less than seven different times, directly ahead of the raft, on different stretches of the river. Tanta-

We were all congratulating ourselves on the swift current which was carrying us so speedily on, until along in the evening, when the subject of camping came up. Then we found the current too rapid to make a landing without possibly tearing a log or two off the shore side of the raft. The river was of a perfectly uniform width that would have done credit to a canal, and consequently not an eddy was to be found in which we could retard our motion; while a rank growth of willows springing from marshy ground, stretching for miles along the river, gave us but little desire to camp, even were it possible. We now instituted a system of "down-brakes" with the *Resolute*, which consisted in keeping the stern of the raft dragging along the shore with the rear oar, while the head was kept well out with the bow oar. Had she been struck bow first in such a current, it would have converted her shape into that of a lozenge at the expense of a log or two;

lus Butte marks the spot on the map. The very few Indians we now saw along the river were of the most abject appearance, living in houses formed of three poles, one of which, being much longer than the rest, was used as a support for a couple of well-ventilated caribou skins; and this dilapidated but simple arrangement was their residence in a country that abounded with good timber for log-cabins. The only use to which this timber was put, besides fuel, was in the construction of small rafts, canoes being almost unknown from the Grand Cañon to old Fort Selkirk. Their winter quarters are just above the latter point, and when in the spring they sally up the river to their hunting and fishing grounds, their household effects are of so simple a nature that they can be readily carried upon their backs. Returning in the fall, they build a small raft to carry the meager addition accumulated by the summer's hunt. Moose, caribou, black bear, and salmon form their principal diet. These rafts are collected from the dry drift-logs that accumulate on the upper end of each island in wooden bastions from ten to fifteen feet high, deposited during the spring (June) freshets. So uniform are these driftwood deposits that, in the many archipelagoes through which we had to pass, the islands would present an entirely different aspect as one looked up or down stream at them, having quite a pretty appearance in the former and looking like tumble-down and abandoned wood-yards in the latter case.

On the 11th one of my Indians told me that the next day we would have to shoot our fourth and last serious rapid; and while he had known Indians to accomplish this with their little rafts of a few small logs, he felt anxious regarding our ponderous craft. There were three channels through the rocks, the middle one being the widest and for most craft the best, but it had the serious disadvantage of having a sharp right-angled turn about half-way through and a projecting rock in its center. The rapids could be heard (on the 12th) quite a while before we reached them, and beaching the raft a few hundred yards above them, they were given an inspection of a hurried nature. This disclosed a most picturesque gorge with perpendicular columns of rocks forty or fifty feet high, standing in three or four groups in the very midst of the narrow rapid. The right-hand channel was the straightest, although quite narrow, and the waves were running high enough to make us fear they might sweep something from the decks. When we did finally essay this passage, it was amongst the greatest clattering of gulls, young and old, that one would care to hear. The summits of the rock islands were splendidly protected

from the invasions of any land animals, and hundreds of gulls had selected these fortresses of nature as their breeding-places, and we were saluted as we shot through as intruders of the worst character.

This right channel of the Rink Rapids, as I named them, is situated within a sharp bend of the river; so that a steam-windlass operated from a river steamer's deck could be worked to the very best advantage in ascending these rapids. Counting on such ascent, the Grand Cañon would be the true head of navigation on the Yukon, and thus the great river would be passable for light-draught river boats for eighteen hundred and sixty-six miles from the Aphoon or northern mouth, being the greatest length of uninterrupted navigation in any stream emptying into the Pacific Ocean.

On the 12th our first moose was seen,—a great awkward-looking animal that came rushing through the willows, his palmated horns making the first observer believe that it was an Indian swinging his arms in the air. We occasionally caught sight of these broad antlers and his brown sides, and I saved my reputation as a shot by the gun not going off when the hammer fell. That night we camped on the eastern bank of the river at the first true Indian village we had so far encountered, and even this was deserted, the inhabitants being up the river fishing and hunting, as already explained. It is in a most picturesque position, and is called Kitt-ah-gon, meaning "the town between two cañons." On one side comes in a small creek that drains a conspicuous and beautiful valley among high hills, and one which looks as if it would support a much larger stream than the twenty-yard creek that empties near Kitt-ah-gon. The village itself consists of but one log-house about 18 x 30 and a dozen or more of three-sided camping-places of poles and brush, which are houses to be covered in with skins. The next twenty miles, through an archipelago of islands which hardly gave us a chance to know our distance from the two banks, brought us to old Fort Selkirk, which we found on the left bank, despite the fact that the five or six maps we had consulted placed it at the junction of the Yukon and Pelly, a large stream that here comes in from the east. Its blackened chimneys, three in number, still held out against the elements after a third of a century, and were now almost lost in a little grove of poplars that had taken root since this frontier post of the Hudson's Bay Company had been burned to the ground in 1851. We were now on ground familiar to white men. Our journey to Fort Yukon, five hundred miles farther on, and thence to the river's mouth will be described in another article.

*Frederick Schwatka.*

Head-Quarters, Appomattox C. H. Va.

Apr. 9<sup>th</sup> 1865, 4.30 o'clock, P. M.

Gen. G. M. Stanton, Sec. of War Washington  
Gen. Lee surrendered the Army  
of Northern Va this afternoon on  
terms proposed by myself. The  
accompanying additional cor-  
respondence will show the  
condition fully.

U. S. Grant  
J. Lee

By Command of

FAC-SIMILE OF GENERAL GRANT'S DISPATCH ANNOUNCING THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE.

At the request of the Editor, General Badeau has given the history of the dispatch in the following letter:

"On Sunday afternoon, the 9th of April, 1865, as General Grant was riding to his headquarters from the farm-house in which he had received the surrender of Lee, it occurred to him that he had made no report of the event to the Government. He halted at once and dismounted, with his staff, in a rough field, within the National lines. Sitting on a stone, he asked for paper. I happened to be

near, and offered him my memorandum-book, such as staff-officers often carry for orders or reports in the field. He laid the book on his knee and wrote the above dispatch in pencil; he handed it to me and told me to send it to the telegraph operator. I asked him if I might copy the dispatch for the operator and retain the original. He assented and I rewrote the paper, the original of which is in the keeping of THE CENTURY magazine. "TANNERSVILLE, N. Y., July 10, 1885. Adam Badeau."

PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF U. S. GRANT.\*

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

THE city of Vicksburg was important to the Confederates on account of its railroad connections; the Vicksburg and Jackson railroad connecting it with all the Southern Confederacy east of the Mississippi river, and the Vicksburg and Shreveport railroad connecting it with all their country west of that great stream. It was important to the North because it commanded the river itself, the natural outlet to the sea of the commerce of all the Northwest.

The Mississippi flows through a low alluvial valley many miles in width, and is very tortuous in its course, running to all points of the compass sometimes within a few miles.

This valley is bounded on the east side by a range of high lands rising in some places more than two hundred feet above the general level of the valley. Running from side to side of the valley, the river occasionally washes the base of the high land, or even cuts into it, forming elevated and precipitous bluffs. On the first of these south of Memphis, and some four hundred miles distant by the windings of the river from that city, stands the city of Vicksburg.

On account of its importance to both North and South, Vicksburg became the objective point of the Army of the Tennessee in the fall of 1862. It is generally regarded as an axiom

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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No. 6.

(For 2 Parts Part Two)

THE GREAT RIVER OF ALASKA. II. By Fredk Schwatka

EXPLORING THE MIDDLE AND LOWER YUKON.

OLD Fort Selkirk forms the connecting link between the article which appeared in the September CENTURY, entitled "The Great River of Alaska," and the present paper. (See map with the former article.) The fort had been erected as a trading-post by the Hudson's Bay Company on ground the Chilkat Indians claimed as their own trading ground. The Chilkats received their trading stores from the Russian Fur Company, and, having no use for Fort Selkirk, took the Indian method of weeding out competition.

The scenery around Selkirk is fine, though hardly so grand as the high ramparts a hundred miles below. From the mouth of the Pelly, across the river, a high basaltic bluff runs down the Yukon for nearly twelve miles, and is then lost among the bold hills that crowd upon the river. Beyond this bluff lie high, rolling hills, with their green grass tops contrasting vividly with the red ochereous soil of their steep sides that the land-slides leave bare.

Selkirk was first occupied by traders who came down the Pelly from the tributaries of the Macrough was the way down the Pelly to Selkirk, was finally supplied by the roundabout way of lower down the river. On the site of Sel-Ayan grave, not unlike a very rough attempt one, and is probably borrowed from civilization. formerly buried their dead on rude scaffolds trees, like the Indians of the great Western when adopting the burial methods of the part, they cannot abolish the ever-present ing strips of many-colored rags, surmounted nates the clan, a fish, or a goose, or a bear, thing converted into an idol. As this pole is or twenty-five feet in height, the place for selected near the foot of some healthy young ing and peeling of the bark is, in this case, the river banks, but I never noticed any number At Selkirk several Ayan Indians met us and anxiously asked us to visit their village, but a short distance below. They were a far superior race to the abject tribe we had left behind us on the Upper Yukon. A conspicuously Hebrew cast of countenance was noticeable in this tribe, and some of its younger numbers were respectably neat and



A. MEDICINE-MAN.

kenzie. So that the post Fort Yukon, kirk stands an at a civilized The Ayans among the plains. Even white man, in pole, with its flaunt- by the totem that desig- or some other earthly from fifteen to twenty the grave is generally spruce. A little prun- only labor. The graves are always near the river banks, but I never noticed any number of them together. At Selkirk several Ayan Indians met us and anxiously asked us to visit their village, but a short distance below. They were a far superior race to the abject tribe we had left behind us on the Upper Yukon. A conspicuously Hebrew cast of countenance was noticeable in this tribe, and some of its younger numbers were respectably neat and

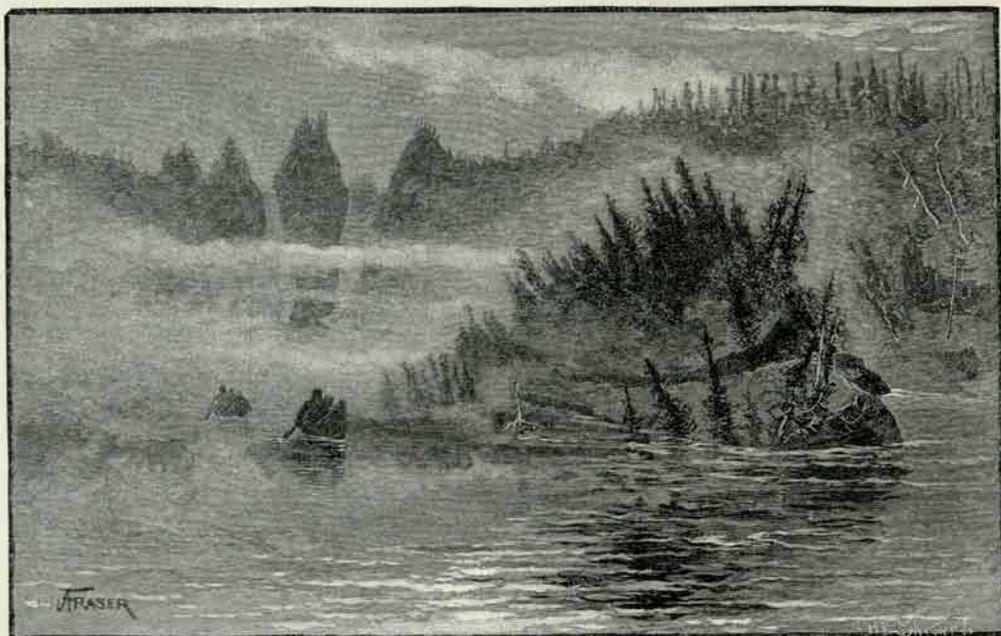
clean compared with Indians in general. Their canoes, of birch-bark covering and fragile cedar framework, were the smallest and lightest I had ever seen, except the skin canoes of the Eskimo, and they were well made to the smallest detail.

Though the grass was almost luxuriant on the plain about Selkirk, no signs of game were seen. It seemed fair to infer that the dense swarms of the omnipresent mosquito could alone account for the absence. This pest is sufficiently formidable in the summer months to put an end to all ideas of stock-raising as a possible future industry. Shortly after noon on the 15th of July the raft was cast loose, and we started down the picturesque river. So scattering had been the Indian population on the river above Selkirk, that we were greatly surprised, on rounding the lower end of an island, to see nearly two hundred Indians drawn up across the south channel of the river. We worked at our cumbersome oars valiantly, cheered on by the wildly frantic throng, that plainly feared that we, the supposed traders, would pass. Many excited Indians came out to assist us, and placing the prows of their canoes against the outer side of the raft, paddled us furiously towards shore. Our line was run out at last, and, seized by nearly two hundred Indians, who brought us to land with a crash. Shortly after our landing the throng formed a line, from one to three deep, the men on the left and the women and children on the right, and gave us a dance,—

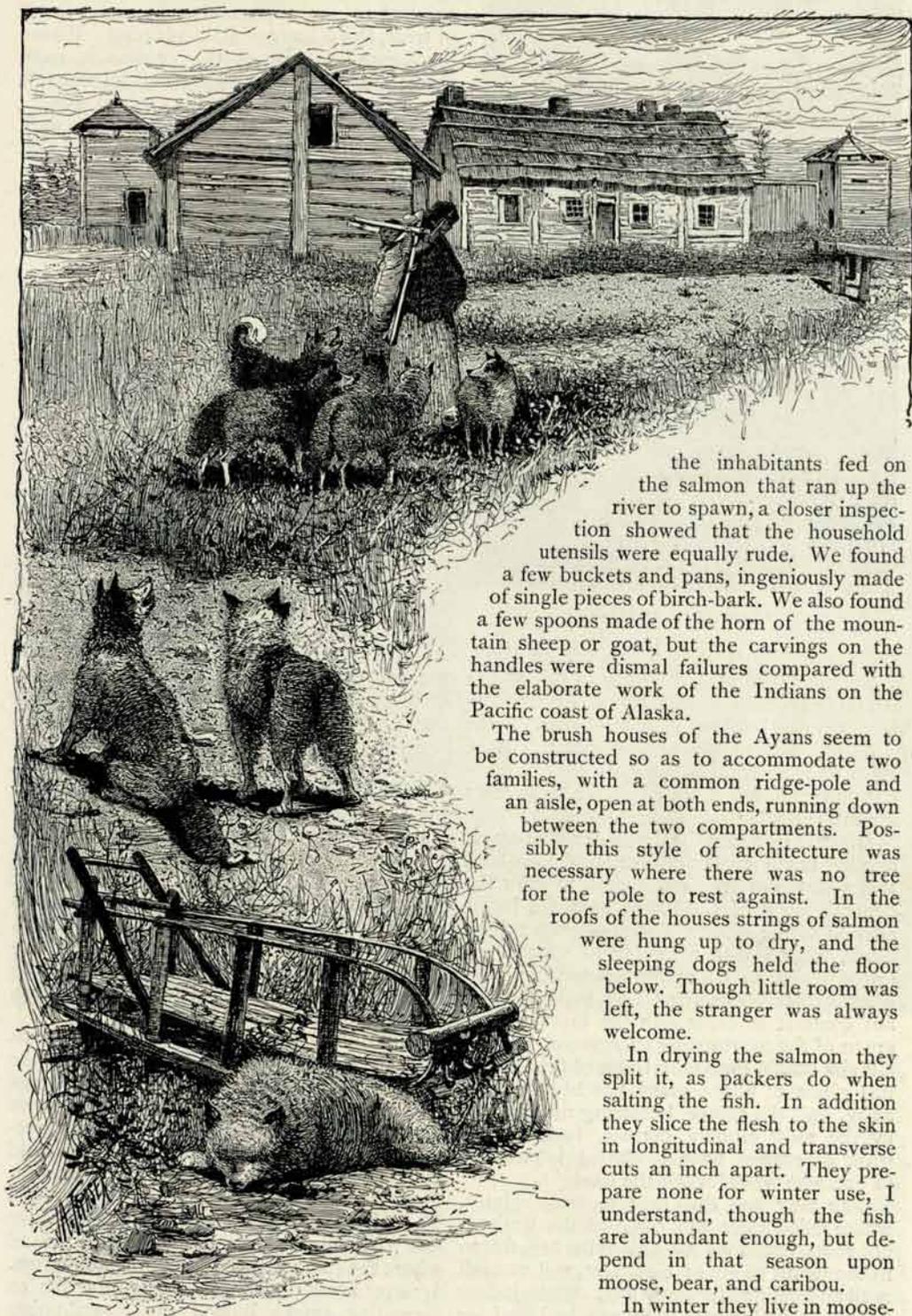
the same old Indian monotonous *Hi-yi-yi* with the well-measured cadence as its only musical part, and with an accompanying swaying of the body from side to side, while their long mop-like hair swung round like a magnificent mosquito-brush.

After I had distributed a few insignificant articles among them, I tried to get a photograph of some attitude that was a part of the dance, and though I am sure my object was understood by the more intelligent, I did not succeed. Often, when ready to take the cap from the camera, we were foiled by some young man starting a low *Hi-yi-yi*. In an instant it ran the whole length of the combustible line, and all were swaying like leaves in the wind. A similar attempt to get a picture of the three head men, *Kon-it'l*, his son the hereditary chief, and the medicine man, was almost equally futile, until I formed the center to the group. The tube of the camera had a gun-like appearance that made some of them uneasy. My willingness to sit with them was sufficient assurance of no danger. The village proved to be a much ruder affair than the improved appearance of the Indians over the natives of the Upper Yukon gave me to expect. Their houses were mere hovels of brushwood, with here and there a covering of moose-skin or a worn strip of canvas.

Though the slight character of the houses might find excuse in the fact that these were only used during the summer months, while



ALONG THE BANKS.



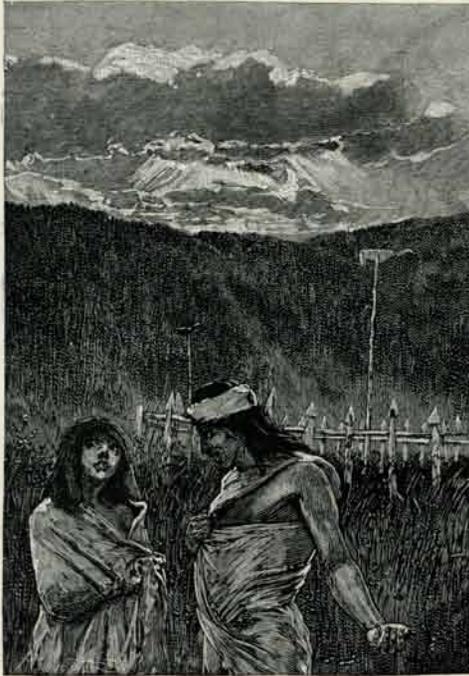
OLD FORT YUKON.

the inhabitants fed on the salmon that ran up the river to spawn, a closer inspection showed that the household utensils were equally rude. We found a few buckets and pans, ingeniously made of single pieces of birch-bark. We also found a few spoons made of the horn of the mountain sheep or goat, but the carvings on the handles were dismal failures compared with the elaborate work of the Indians on the Pacific coast of Alaska.

The brush houses of the Ayans seem to be constructed so as to accommodate two families, with a common ridge-pole and an aisle, open at both ends, running down between the two compartments. Possibly this style of architecture was necessary where there was no tree for the pole to rest against. In the roofs of the houses strings of salmon were hung up to dry, and the sleeping dogs held the floor below. Though little room was left, the stranger was always welcome.

In drying the salmon they split it, as packers do when salting the fish. In addition they slice the flesh to the skin in longitudinal and transverse cuts an inch apart. They prepare none for winter use, I understand, though the fish are abundant enough, but depend in that season upon moose, bear, and caribou.

In winter they live in moose-skin tents much like the circular tepees, or lodges, of the Sioux, Cheyennes, and other



INDIAN BURIAL GROUND.

Indians of the treeless plains of the West. When one reflects that winter in this region is simply polar in all its aspects, one wonders how life can hold out in such abodes. From a trader's description of the winter tents, I learn that the Indians know the non-conducting powers of a stratum of air, for these tents are made double.

Directly opposite the large Ayan village is another much smaller one, called Kowsk-hou, and a sketch of it is introduced to show the general tenor of the banks over the larger portion of the Yukon River:—great rolling bluffs, fringed with a footing of spruce, and lower down an almost impenetrable underbrush of deciduous vegetation, make a pleasant contrast in color with the more somber green of the overtopping evergreens. On low alluvial banks, especially those of the islands, this glaucis of bright green has been washed away, and the spruce, becoming undermined by the swift eroding current, form a network of ragged boughs, almost impassable to one who would reach the bank.

One may see this in temperate climes, where felled trees still cling to the washed-out roots, but along the Yukon the soil, frozen to the depth of six or eight feet, will not fall until undermined for many feet. When it does fall, it is with a crash that can be heard for miles, reverberating up and down the valley like the report of a distant cannon. The

whole bank, sinking into the shallow current, presents to one approaching its intact forest of trees, like a body of Polish lancers. Where the current is swiftest the erosion is most marked, and on the swiftest current our raft was always prone to make its onward way.

The morning of the 16th of July we took an early start to avoid much begging, and dropped westward with the current. It was hard that day to imagine, with a blistering heat on the river and thunder-showers often going over us, that we were within a few days' journey of the Arctic circle.

Shortly after one o'clock on the afternoon of the 17th we passed the mouth of the White River. Here the Yukon entirely changes its character. Heretofore a clear, bright mountain river, with now and then a lake-like widening that caught and held the little sediment it might bear, it now becomes the muddiest river on the western coast of North America, and holds this character to its mouth.

This change is caused by the White River.

The White is very swift, and is thus enabled to hold in solution the débris that the glaciers pour into its head-waters. Meeting the Yukon, its rapid current carries its silt and sediment nearly across that river, and changes the blue of the greater stream to a chalky white. All our sport with hook and line now disappeared, and we were thereafter dependent upon the nets and weirs of the Indians for our fish.

A few miles below the White a river of nearly equal size comes in from the right. This is the Stewart, or, as the Indians call it, the Nachonde. Years ago the Hudson's Bay Company had a thriving trading-post near its head-waters, but it, too, fell shortly after the fall of old Fort Selkirk. A small party of American miners had found good prospects in placer digging at the mouth of the Stewart, and were preparing their camp. They certainly deserved success. I took our old water-logged canoe, and, with a half-breed native, visited them at their camp.

Returning late in the evening, with the sun in my face and with no knowledge of the resting-place of my party, I found, in the vast spreading network of islands, no assurance of a speedy meeting. We had made an agreement on parting that the advance should burn spruce boughs at reasonable intervals, that I might have a sign on my return. Though spruce was everywhere in sight, there was that night none found on the island where the camp was made. So I had no sign. I never knew until that evening how like an ascending smoke looked the pencil-points of ridges of spruce fading into the water's edge, and tinged with the rays of the setting

sun. An occasional shout was at last rewarded with an answering cry.

We met a tribe of Indians calling themselves "Tahk-ong" on the following day. With them we found resting four of our Ayan friends, and both said that a short distance ahead we would come upon a trading-post. It was not until the following day that we drifted past the post, marked on the map as Fort Reliance, and found it deserted, to our great disappointment, for we had there hoped to obtain stores.

That evening at ten o'clock we went into camp at a point where a fine river came in from the east, with water so clear that it

ing by astronomical observations, and waited till noon. Only two rough "sights" rewarded my delay. During this time of the year the prevailing winds, I noticed, were from the south, and always brought fog or light rain, a circumstance easily explained by the theory that the winds, coming off the warm Pacific loaded with moisture, have the moisture precipitated in crossing the glacial summits of the Alaskan coast-range.

At the Indian village of Nuclaco, opposite the site of Fort Reliance, the entire population, with a large number of Indians from the Tanana River, received us with a great banging of guns. From here to the mouth of the



SWEEPERS.

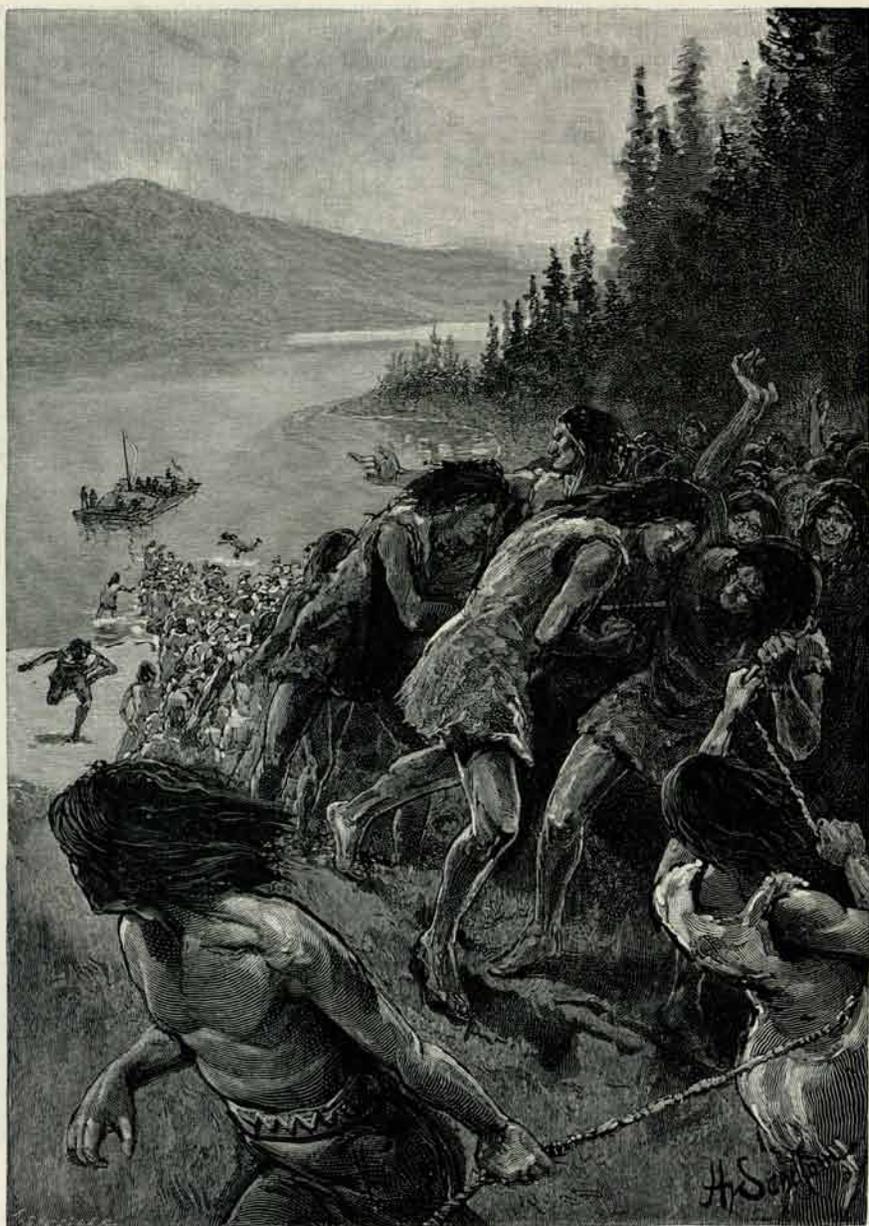
tempted some of our party to get out their fishing gear again, but to no purpose. This the traders call the Deer River, from the large number of caribou that congregate in its valley during certain seasons of the year. Here lies the narrowest part of the Yukon for many hundreds of miles. Though its width here cannot be more than two hundred and fifty yards, the majestic river sweeps by with no added force or haste, showing the great depth it must have to discharge the vast volume of water that a short distance above had spread over a bed two or three miles wide.

Here I tried to "check" my dead-reckon-

river this method of welcoming strangers is universal. We made no stop, however, and the salute died suddenly out as we drifted slowly past.

The Tanana Indians, the visitors at Nuclaco that day, are said to be hostile in their own country, but on their frequent trading excursions are discreetly inclined towards peace. The river from which they take their name, the Tanana, is probably the largest unexplored river of the Western continent. Nearly two miles wide at its junction with the Yukon, it is nearly as long as the latter.

On the 20th of July we drifted a little over

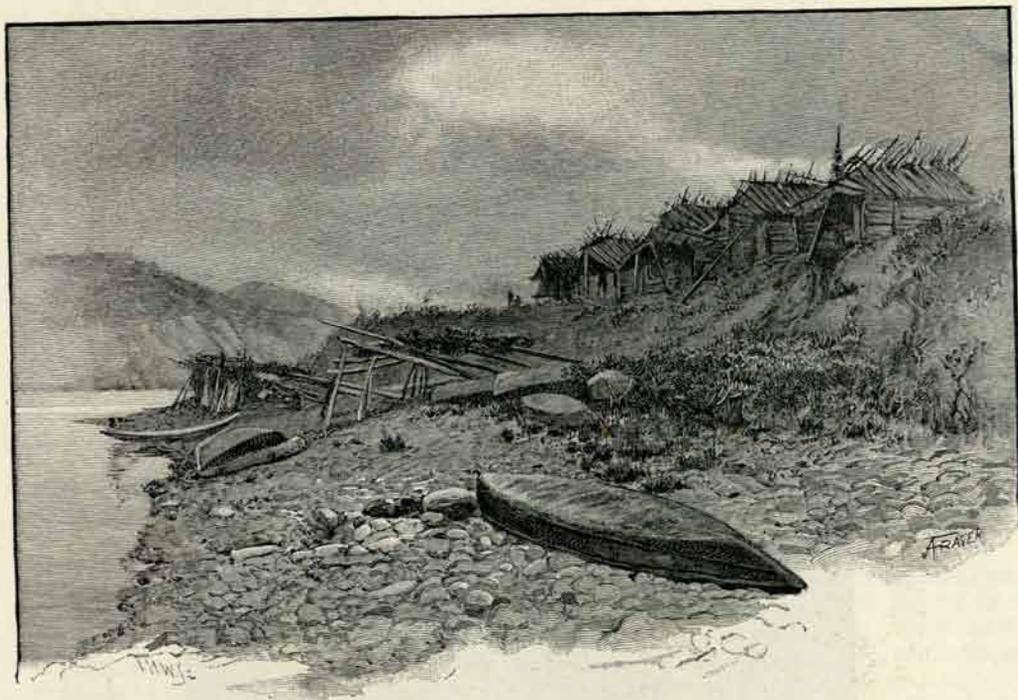


AVANS PULLING THE RAFT.

fifty miles in eleven hours. This was one of the very few days that we were not aground for any appreciable length of time, and the distance traveled was great enough to establish firmly the reputation of the river as probably the swiftest stream of any magnitude in the world. We were aground but once that day, having run upon a submerged rock while the entire party was occupied in using four bears for movable but untouched targets. We came to a halt with a shock that would have dis-

jointed our craft had she been less staunch than a well-nigh solid piece. She swung safely around, however, and in three minutes was again holding her undisturbed way.

About three o'clock a most remarkable rock was seen on the east bank of the river, springing directly out of a level plain, bounded in the distance by a crescent of low hills sweeping around a huge bend in the river. It was probably three hundred feet high, and rose with perpendicular sides from the plain. On



JOHNNY'S VILLAGE, OR KLAT-OL-KLIN.

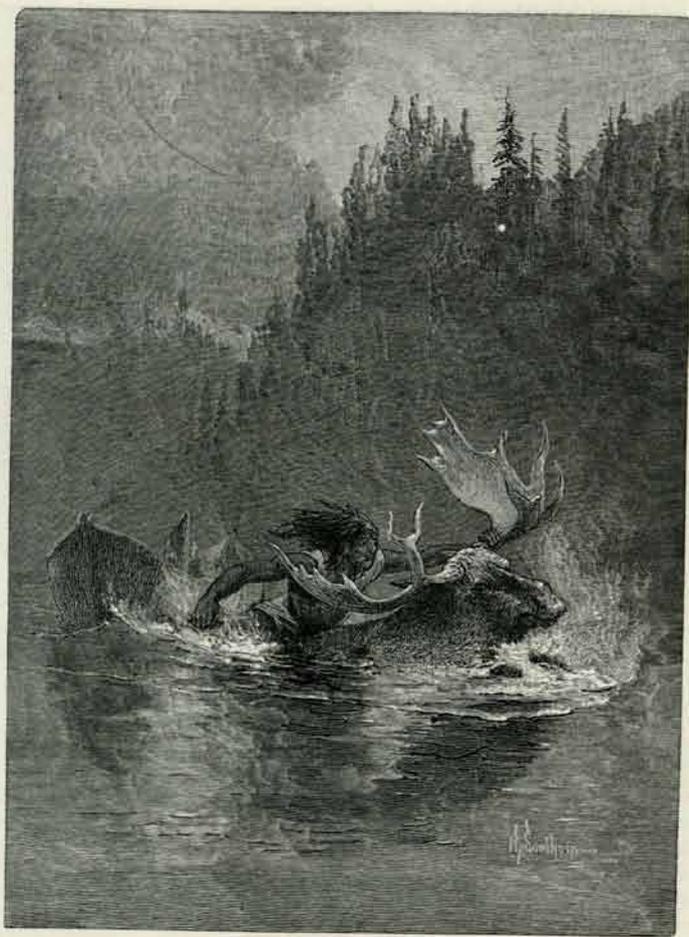
the other side of the river, directly opposite, stood another rock, the exact counterpart of the first, except that the second fades away into the bluff behind it. The Indians explain the situation by a legend which holds that the rocks were long ago man and wife, but incompatibility of temper led the husband to kick the wife out into the plain and draw the river from its bed, near the distant hills, for a perpetual barrier.

July 21st brought us to the Indian village of Klat-ol-klin, a name we found with difficulty, as even the natives call it "Johnny's village," from the Americanized name of its chief. This was the first permanent village we had seen on the river. There were but six log houses in all, abutting against each other, with their gable-ends turned towards the river. It was perched on a steep bank, so close to the crest that two could not pass between the houses and the river. At the water's edge was a perfect network of birch-bark canoes, and back of these an inclined scaffolding of spruce poles, where salmon hung drying in the sun. Here, for the first time, we found the Indians preparing any considerable number of this fish for winter use. The fish are caught with scoop-nets three or four feet long, fastened on two poles from ten to twelve feet in length. A watcher, generally a squaw, standing in front of the cabins, heralds the approach of

a fish, perhaps a half-mile down the river. Never more than one fisherman starts. Paddling out to the middle of the river, he guides his canoe with his left hand, as the voices from the shore direct, and with his right dips his net to the bottom. Upon the



FISHING ON THE YUKON.



KILLING A MOOSE IN THE WATER.

careful adjustment of this depends his success. Failures are rare. As the fish swim near the bottom, I do not understand how they are detected in the muddy water of the river.

On the 22d the soil appeared thick, black, and loamy, and grass, always good, was now becoming luxuriant, with the mosquitoes increasing in number and the country perceptibly opening. On the 23d we came to "Charley's" village, an exact duplicate of "Johnny's," even to the number of the houses and the side of the river.

The next day we camped at St. Michael's Bar, or Island. From here to Fort Yukon the country is as flat and open as the Pampas, and but five or ten feet above the level of the river. Our Indians, having never been so far, thought we were going out to sea, although we were over a thousand miles from the river's mouth.

As soon as this flat country is entered the channel splits and subdivides every few

miles, until for days we could not tell whether we were on the main stream or on one of the many waterways between the many islands. At Fort Yukon the river is said to be seven miles wide. In spite of the many channels into which the river spreads, the current never decreases, and we went drifting on in the same good old way until Fort Yukon was reached.

At this point, one thousand miles from the river's mouth and about the same distance from its head, the river sweeps with a marked curve into the arctic regions, and then, with less enthusiasm than most polar seekers, turns back into the temperate zone, having been in the arctic for less than a league, and, as the current runs, for less than an hour. The early traders at Fort Yukon supposed their river ran parallel to the Mackenzie; and so it was mapped, its bed being continued north to where its hypothetical waters were poured into the Arctic Sea. The conservative slowness of the English to undo what the English have done

had a new illustration as late as 1883, when one of the best of English globe-makers, in a work of art in his line, sent the Yukon with its mighty but unnamed tributaries still into the Arctic. There it will be made to flow until some Englishman shows that it surely flows elsewhere.

For a hundred miles above and two hundred miles below Fort Yukon, the river flows through a region so flat that it seems like the floor of an emptied lake. This area is densely timbered with spruce, and but for this would be nothing but a salient angle of the great flat arctic tundra of the polar coast. The dreariness of unlimited expanse is broken to the northward by the pale-blue outline of the Romantsoff Mountains, so indistinct as to seem a mirage; while to the south arise, in isolated points, the Ratzel Peaks, the outlying spurs of the Alaskan Range, from the Upper Ramparts of which the Yukon flows towards the Lower. Fort Yukon was left behind on the 29th of July, our raft that day drifting by a village where nothing greeted us but a howling troop of dogs. This village would have attracted no attention further up the river, but here, where the river divides itself in many channels, making salmon-catching of but slight importance, villages are very rare.

The 29th was a hot, sweltering day, with the sun and its thousand reflections sending their blistering heat into our faces. In fact, our greatest inconvenience near this short arctic strip of the stream was the tropical heat and the dense swarms of gnats and mosquitoes that met us everywhere when we approached the land. That night none of the party could sleep, despite the mosquito-bars over us. Mosquitoes do not depend for their numbers so much on their latitude as on the superficial extent of stagnant water in which they can breed, and nowhere is this so abundant as in the tundras and timber-flats of the polar coasts. The intense cold of winter sinks its shafts of ice deep into the damp earth, converting it into a thick crust of impervious stone. However warm the short summers may appear to one who judges it from the acclimated standpoint of a rigorous country, it is insufficient to melt more than a superficial portion of this boreal blanket, where only a swampy carpet of moss may flourish upon the frozen stratum below. Through this the stagnant water cannot sink. As the weather is never warm enough to carry it off by evaporation, these marshes extend far and wide, even up the sides of the hills, and give the mosquito ample room to propagate.

We took an early start the next morning, and drifted down the hot river, by low banks that needed nothing but a few breech-clouted

negroes to convince us that we were on the Congo. Between six and eight in the evening the thermometer stood about eighty degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, with shade for nothing but the thermometer. Hoisting one of the spare tents for a protection from the sun would have prevented the helmsman from seeing his course and made grounding almost certain, and heat was to be preferred to this, with its attendant labors.

Singularly enough, at this very time a couple of sun-dogs put in an appearance, a phenomenon we usually associate with cold weather, and now sadly out of place. Rain made sleep possible that night and traveling impossible the next day, and left us nothing to do but to sit in the tent and watch nature waste itself in a rainfall of four inches over a vast marsh already six inches deep. Some of our party, wandering over the gravel-bars, through the showers, found the scattered petrified remains of a huge mastodon. All through the valley such remains are numerous.

On the evening of the 2d of August we came in sight of the high hills where the "Lower Ramparts" begin. So closely do the ramparts of the lower river resemble those of the upper that I could not help thinking them parts of the same range, which bears eastward and westward like a bow-string across the great arc of the Yukon, bending northward into the flat arctic tundra.

Near our camp that night we saw the only family burial-ground we had seen on the river. It contained a dozen graves, perhaps, and was decorated with the usual totems perched on high poles, some of which were fantastically striped in the few simple colors the Indians had at their command.

A gale of wind on the 4th allowed us to drift but twenty-six miles. From here to the mouth of the river strong head-winds are generally raging at this season of the year. On both sides of the river, from this point, the small tributary creeks and rivers bear down clear, transparent water, though deeply colored with a port-wine hue. The streams drain the water from the turfy tundra where the dyes from decaying leaves impart their color. Probably iron-salts are also present.

On the 5th we approached the rapids of the Lower Ramparts, and made all preparations for their stormy passage. Making hasty inquiries at an Indian village concerning them, we found that we had already left them behind us. This part of the river was picturesque, and not unlike the Hudson at West Point. I should have stopped to take some photographs but for the dark lowering clouds and constantly-recurring rain-squalls.

Eighteen miles below the mouth of the



ANVİK INDIANS.

Tanana, we found the trading station of Nuklakayet. Here our raft-journey of over thirteen hundred miles came to an end, the longest of its kind in the interest of exploration. As we dragged the raft upon the bank and left it there to burn out its existence as firewood, we felt that we were parting from a true and trusty friend.

We met our first Eskimo dogs here, a finer and larger race than those I had seen farther to the east. They seemed a distinct type of dog in their likeness to each other, and not the vagabond mass of variable mongrels of all sizes and conditions that my previous knowledge of cold-weather canines had led me to consider them.

At Nuklakayet we were furnished with a small decked schooner of eight or ten tons, called, in the rough Russian vernacular of the country, a "barka." It was said to be the fleetest "barka" on the river, when the sails were spread in a good wind. We had good wind in abundance, but there were no sails, so the current was again our motive power. There was, indeed, a palsied jib that we could tie up when the wind was just right, but the wind rarely made its use possible. We got away from Nuklakayet on the 8th, and drifted down the river till camping-time. Then we found that the "barka" drew so much water that we could not get within thirty or forty yards of shore, and were obliged to bring our rubber boots into use.

All the next day we had a heavy head-wind and made but eight miles, our craft standing so high out of water that at times she actually went up-stream against a three-mile current. At night, however, these daily gales fell and left us a prey to the swarms of mosquitoes. All day the 10th we passed Indian villages, with their networks of fish-weirs spread on the river. We passed, too, the mouth of the Newcargut, or Frog River. On this part of the Yukon we pass, in succession, the Sooncargut, Melozicargut, and Tossecargut, which the traders have simplified into Sunday-cargut, Monday-cargut, and Tuesday-cargut, *cargut* being a local Indian termination meaning river or stream. The Newcargut marks the point where explorers from the upper river connected with those of the lower, and established the identity of the Pelly of the English and the Kwichpak of the Russians. Since then the river has been known as the Yukon, the Russian name disappearing, and the name Pelly becoming restricted to the tributary that flows into the Yukon opposite Selkirk.

Near the Indian village of Sakadelontin we saw a number of coffins perched in trees. This was the first time we had seen this method of burial on the river. In all the Indian villages on this part of the river we found the number of women greatly in excess of the men, for at this season all the able-bodied hunters were inland on the tundra north of the river hunting for their winter stock of reindeer clothing and

bedding. The Russian or local name for the reindeer coat is "parka," and here we saw the first one made from the spotted or tame reindeer of the native tribes of eastern Siberia. The spottings are great brownish-red and white blotches like those on a "calico" pony. A generous offer to the owner of this particular "parka" was immediately and scornfully refused.

Facing the usual gale, we drifted slowly down the river to Kaltag, where the south bank becomes a simple flat plateau, though the north bank is high and even mountainous for more than four hundred miles farther.

It seemed not improbable that this had been the Yukon's ancient mouth, when the river flowed over all the flat plain down to the sea. Certainly the deposit from the river is now filling in the eastern shores of Bering's Sea. Navigators about the coast say it is dangerous for vessels of any considerable draught to sail within fifty or a hundred miles of land near the Yukon's mouth, and every storm lashes the sea into a muddy froth.

We amused ourselves, late in the evening of the 18th, by drifting far into the dark hours of the night in search of a fair place for a camp, but without avail. Two days later it blew so hard that we could not think of stirring, but lay at our moorings in momentary danger of shipwreck. Anvic, a picturesque little trading-post, was reached on the 22d. The trading-posts become more numerous now, but just beyond Anvic the last Indian village is passed, and forty miles below the Eskimo villages begin.

Myriads of geese were now seen everywhere, mobilizing for the autumn journey to the south. We had a further token of coming autumn on the morning of the 24th, when we found the high grass white with frost, and we were told by the trader at Anvic that ice would sometimes be thick by the 1st of Sep-

tember. The little trading-steamer came down the river the same day, and taking us in tow, brought us down to a mission where an old Greek church of the Russian Company still draws subsidies from Russia. The following day we reached an Eskimo village, and slept for the first time since spring under a roof. Andreavsky was made the next day, where the hills were plainly lowering. The spruce and poplar disappeared now, and low willows took their place, though plenty of wood still abounded in immense drifts on the upstream ends of the numerous islands. Near Andreavsky begins the delta of the Yukon, with its interminable number of channels and islands.

We reached Koatlik, at the mouth of the river, on the 28th, and came to St. Michaels on the afternoon of the 30th, meeting our old acquaintance, the southern gale, outside. We had hoped to take sail on the revenue cutter *Corwin*, but she had been gone already two weeks, and we were forced to turn our hopes to the schooner *Leo*.

It was not until the 8th of September that the *Leo* hove in sight, bearing down upon St. Michaels in a gale of wind. She had on board Lieutenant Ray's party from the international meteorological station at Point Barrow, and, although overcrowded already, we were kindly made welcome. The *Leo* was in a bad way, having "stove in" her bow against the ice while trying to make Point Barrow, and a few doubts were expressed as to her seaworthiness in the choppy seas of the autumn. We got under way on the 11th, however, and, once out of Norton Sound, made a quick passage across to Oonalaska in the Aleutian Islands. Here the *Leo* was beached and repaired. We had grown tired of long strolls and trout-fishing in the mountain-streams at Oonalaska, and were glad at last to take ship and bear away from the last foothold on Alaska.

Frederick Schwatka.



## A STUDY IN INDEPENDENT JOURNALISM.

THE present year and its predecessor have witnessed a striking development of political independence in the newspaper press. There have been other periods when independence was in fashion, which have been followed by a return to strong partisanship; but on the whole, it can scarcely be doubted, the movement of the better portion of the press is toward independence.

The time may come when such an attitude will be taken as a matter of course, and the term "independent journalism" will be like "an impartial judiciary"—the partisan journal being considered as abnormal as a partial judge. The advance of morals is marked by the ceasing to regard certain virtues as exceptionally meritorious. It was counted a fine eulogy two or three centuries ago to say of a certain English family that "all the sons were brave and all the daughters virtuous." In our day, to say that the women of an English or American family are virtuous is not reckoned as high praise; it is only what is expected.

The phrase "independent journalism" came into fashion during the Greeley campaign, but an independent newspaper in the highest sense was no new thing under the sun in 1872. It had been the ideal of the London "Times" for the better part of a century. Political independence, with some limitations, had characterized the best representatives of the new school of American journalism, which had begun to flourish before 1850. But the successive phases of the great conflict between slavery and its opponents kept politics at a high tension,—men and newspapers were driven to take definitely one side or the other in the controversy; and the breaking of party ties by great journals in 1872 was a sign that the old quarrel was almost over, and the peaceful virtues of moderation, fairness and love of truth were more demanded than passionate devotion to a struggling cause.

It is designed here to set forth a little of the early history of one newspaper; to show something of how its maker's ideal shaped itself, and how that ideal became embodied in reality. "Sam Bowles," as everybody called the editor of the Springfield "Republican," came of New England stock. His father established the "Republican" as a weekly paper in 1824, two years before the birth of the son who was to make it famous. The boy showed no special promise; he was faithful to his tasks, fond of reading, but as a student

rather slow, with not much physical vigor, and with little to point at his future career, unless a strong liking for his own way was a presage of the masterful will that was to carry him through toils and combats. He went to school until he was sixteen and then entered his father's office, and two years later persuaded him to make the "Republican" a daily paper. From that time the son carried the chief burden of it.

Of the period in which his work began Mr. Bowles wrote in the "Independent" thirty years later:

"American journalism was undergoing the greatest transformation and experiencing the deepest inspiration of its whole history. The telegraph and the Mexican war came in together; and the years '46-51 were the years of most marked growth known to America. It was something more than progress, it was revolution. Then the old 'Sun' was in its best estate; then Mr. Bennett was in the prime of his vigorous intellect, and his enterprise and independence were at the height of their audacity. He had as first lieutenant Mr. Frederic Hudson, the best organizer of a mere newspaper America has ever seen. Then Mr. Greeley and Mr. Dana were harmoniously and vigorously giving the 'Tribune' that scope of treatment and that intellectual depth and breadth which have never departed wholly from it, and which are perhaps the greatest gifts that any single journal has made to the journalism of the country. Then Mr. Raymond commenced the 'Times' and won for it at once a prominent place among its rivals. And then began that horde of provincial daily journals, springing up like mushrooms all over the land. Hardly a town of ten thousand inhabitants but that essayed its diurnal issue in those fertile years."

It was in this field of provincial journalism that Mr. Bowles's work was done. Of the old-fashioned country newspaper he once wrote:

"News had grown old when it was published. The paper did the work of the chronicler or annalist merely, and was the historian of the past rather than a spectator and actor in the present. It was not upon the printed column that the events of the day struck the heart of the living age, and drew from it its sparks of fire. In those times that place of contact was found in the personal intercourse of men. News ran then along the street, from mouth to mouth; the gossiping neighbor carried it; the post-rider brought it into the groups gathered at the village store. By and by came the heavy gazette, not to make its impression but to record the fact. . . . The journalism was yet to be created that should stand firmly in the possession of powers of its own; that should be concerned with the passing and not with the past; that should perfectly reflect its age, and yet should be itself no mere reflection; that should control what it seemed only to transcribe and narrate; that should teach without assuming the manners of an instructor, and should command the coming times with a voice that had still no sound but its echo of the present."

The editorial work on the daily was done by the younger Bowles, at first jointly with

his father, then with one temporary assistant after another, until Dr. J. G. Holland became his colleague in 1849. He remained in the office of the paper until 1857, and was a constant contributor to its columns until 1864. At the start Bowles's qualifications for his work were unflagging industry, an observant eye, and a stout will. He had at first little facility or power as a writer, and he did not aspire to special success in that direction. He expected to devote himself to the general conduct of the paper, while other men should wield the editorial thunder. But he was a good reporter. He could see what was before him and tell it in a plain story. He began by assiduously picking up the crumbs of village news. The townspeople began to look in his paper for a little daily history of their community. He took always a keen interest in politics; and when he was twenty-two years old he was writing editorials in advocacy of General Taylor for the presidency as against his rivals, Cass and Van Buren. The "Republican" in its early politics was stanchly Whig, and was largely influenced by George Ashmun, one of the most brilliant of Webster's followers in Massachusetts, who sacrificed his half-completed career when his great chief fell.

The accession of Dr. Holland to the "Republican" was an important event in its history. He and Mr. Bowles supplemented each other. Mr. Bowles was a born journalist, and showed early an instinct for news, an aptitude for politics, and a skill in administration. Dr. Holland, who was seven years his senior, came to the paper equipped with more of literary culture and taste, and was always a writer rather than an editor. He was strong in his convictions, warm in his feelings, sensitive to the moral element in any question, and the master of a forcible, lucid, and popular style. His interest lay not so much in politics as in the personal conduct of life, and social usages and institutions. His editorials in the "Republican" were one of the earliest signs that the newspaper press was beginning to exercise, along with its other functions, that of direct moral instruction, which had hitherto been almost a monopoly of the church. Many of his articles were short and pithy lay sermons. They dealt directly with morals and religion, in their practical rather than theological applications. They discussed such topics as the mutual duties of husbands and wives, of laborers and employers; the principles of conduct for young men and young women, and the like. This was an innovation in journalism. It found favor among a community which takes life seriously and earnestly. It signified in truth an expansion of the newspaper's possibilities, which has as yet only

begun to be worked out. Dr. Holland was admirably qualified for a pioneer in this kind of work. He was so far in sympathy with the established churches and the accepted theology that he reached and held a wide constituency; while he was little trammelled by theological or ecclesiastical technicalities. He was quite as impatient as Mr. Bowles of any assumption of authority by a party or a church, and the "Republican" early showed an independence of the clergy, and a willingness to criticise them on occasion, which often drew wrath upon its head. But its attitude toward the churches and the religion they represented, though an independent was also a friendly one. In general, Dr. Holland added to the paper a higher literary tone and a broader recognition of human interests. The paper's growth was won by unsparing labor, by close economy, by making the utmost of each day, yet looking always toward the future. Dr. Holland, just after Mr. Bowles's death, wrote as follows:

"As I think of my old associate and the earnest exhausting work he was doing when I was with him, he seems to me like a great golden vessel, rich in color and roughly embossed, filled with the elixir of life, which he poured out without the slightest stint for the consumption of this people. This vessel was only full at the first and it was never replenished. It was filled for an expenditure of fifty or sixty years, but he kept the stream so large that the precious contents were all decanted at thirty. The sparkle, the vivacity, the drive, the power of the 'Republican,' as I knew it in the early days, the fresh and ever eager interest with which it was every morning received by the people of Springfield and the Connecticut Valley, the superiority of the paper to other papers of its class, its ever widening influence—all these cost life. We did not know when we tasted it and found it so charged with zest that we were tasting heart's blood, but that was the priceless element that commended it to our appetites. A pale man, weary and nervous, crept home at midnight, or at one, two, or three o'clock in the morning, and while all nature was fresh and the birds were singing, and thousands of eyes were bending eagerly over the results of his night's labor, he was tossing and trying to sleep. Yet this work, so terrible in its exactions and its consequences, was the joy of this man's life—it *was* this man's life; and as the best exponent of this kind of devotion to an idea and a life-work I have ever known, I give its memory most affectionate reverence."

He was spending his life-blood, but he got a great price for it. He knew what he was doing; at least he thought he did. When a friend once remonstrated with him about his over-work, he answered: "I know it just as well as you do. When my friends point out that I am working toward a break-down, they seem to think that is to influence my action. Not at all! I have got the lines drawn, the current flowing, and by throwing my weight here now, I can count for something. If I make a long break or parenthesis to get strong, I shall lose my chance. No man is living a

life that is worth living, unless he is willing if need be to die for somebody or something,— at least to *die a little!*"

The faculty in which he first showed eminence was skill in gathering news. Said Mr. Bryan, who was added to the paper's force in 1852: "He and I would go into a little restaurant on Sanford street, and one and another would drop in and exchange a few words, and while we were eating our lunch he would pick up half a column of news." Said a friend in a neighboring town: "I would meet him on the street, we would chat a few minutes about the events of the day, and next morning I would find in the paper everything I had told him." In the political conventions which he attended and reported, he was in his native element. He button-holed everybody, and offended nobody; found out the designs of every clique, the doings of every secret caucus, got at the plans of the leaders, the temper of the crowd, sensed the whole situation; and the next morning's "Republican" gave a better idea of the convention to those who had staid at home than many of its participants had gained. These reporting expeditions were full of education to him. His mode of growth was by absorption. Other people were to him sponges out of which he deftly squeezed whatever knowledge they could yield.

It was during these years that he established the system of requiring advance payments from subscribers. A few of the great city papers had led the way in this innovation, which was introduced by the New York "Herald" in 1835, but it was so contrary to the tradition of provincial journalism that many predicted utter discomfiture for the rash experiment. But it succeeded. It was a great step to a firmer business footing; and it was also a sign of the new attitude which newspapers were taking in the community. The old-time journal was very deferential to its subscribers and advertisers. It spoke of them as its "patrons." It was ready to praise the wares which they advertised, and to give all manner of friendly notices and puffs. It was patient, though sometimes plaintive, toward their delay in making payment. The possible message, "Stop my paper," hung over the editor's head, keeping him docile and respectful. All this was swiftly changing. The newspaper, strengthened by railroad and telegraph, was becoming so strong that it needed not to ask favors or depend on them. The "Republican" took the lead among provincial papers in this independent attitude, of which the advance-payment system was the commercial sign. It had never a master, either among the political chiefs or in the classes with whom its business interests lay.

It depended on their support for its existence; but the editor won that support by making it for their interest to subscribe for his paper and to advertise in it.

The great achievement of Samuel Bowles was that he built up under the limitations of a country town a paying newspaper of national reputation and influence, which expressed the editor's personal opinions, bound by no party, by no school, by no clique. From its early years the paper avowed its opinions and made its criticisms with a freedom that provoked frequent and often emphatic dissent among its readers. The nature of its field made this independence hard to maintain. A great city offers an immense and various constituency, and a paper which can make itself readable to some one large class can afford to ignore even a wide and weighty disapprobation from other classes. But the "Republican" was in a small community; it could reach, at most, only a circle of country towns; the utmost number who would take a daily paper was limited; and the paper could ill afford to drive off subscribers, or incline them toward the local rivals which from time to time disputed the ground with it. Besides, a provincial neighborhood is full of strong prejudices. It has its heroes who must not be lightly spoken of; its traditional code of manners and morals which must be deferred to. There is still a deal of very stiff stuff in the descendants of the Puritans, but the community thirty years ago was far more provincial, more conservative, more set in its preferences and prejudices than it is to-day. The environment was by no means favorable to the outspoken independence which was a growing trait of the "Republican." The editor conquered his environment. He did it by making so good a newspaper that the people had to buy it. By industry and skill he won the opportunity for independence.

There grew up in Mr. Bowles's mind an ideal of "journalism,"— a combination of principles, methods, and instincts, based partly on ethics, partly on expediency. With him, to say a thing was or was not "good journalism" was to put the final seal upon its character. It belonged to good journalism, in his idea, to tell all the news, and as a part of this to give every side a fair hearing. His opponents and critics could always find place for their articles, under reasonable conditions, in his paper. But it also belonged to his ideal of journalism that a paper should as seldom as possible own itself in the wrong. Accordingly, if a man wrote to him in correction of a statement, or in defense against criticism, he generally found his letter printed, but with some editorial comment that gave

the last word tellingly against him. It was commonly said that to seek redress from the "Republican" did more harm than good. This trait was partly due to deliberate unwillingness to weaken the paper's authority by admission of error. But it was probably more due to a personal idiosyncrasy. In many ways a most generous man, Mr. Bowles always hated to admit that he had been in the wrong. Sometimes he did it — not often — in private life; but in his paper never, when he could help it. "We sometimes discussed this," said Dr. Holland, "and he once said: 'I sympathize with the Boston editor, to whom a man came with the complaint, "Your paper says that I hanged myself, and I want you to take it back." "No," said the editor, "we're not in the habit of doing that, but we will say that the rope broke and you escaped!"'"

But it must be said that this fault lies at the door of a good many papers besides the "Republican." It is a characteristic sin of journalism — one of the vices of irresponsible power. The English press is assumed to be far more fair and decorous than the American; but Trollope, that faithful photographer of English manners, characterizes the "Times" in this same respect. "Write to the 'Jupiter,'" counsels Bishop Grantley to the aggrieved Mr. Harding who has been misrepresented by that paper. "Yes," says the more worldly-wise Archdeacon, "yes, and be smothered with ridicule; tossed over and over again with scorn; shaken this way and that, as a rat in the grip of a practiced terrier. A man may have the best of causes, the best of talents, and the best of tempers; he may write as well as Addison or as strongly as Junius; but even with all this he cannot successfully answer when attacked by the 'Jupiter.' Answer such an article! No, Warden; whatever you do, don't do that."

The vital principle of independent journalism, as Mr. Bowles understood it, was illustrated by an incident which occurred in 1856. While Mr. Bowles was out of town a prize-fight was attempted in Springfield, and among those who gathered to witness it were some young men of good social standing, belonging to families with whom he was in friendly relations. Dr. Holland treated the incident in a very sharp article, as an instance of the coarse immoralities in which the rapidly growing town was beginning to imitate the worst features of the great cities. The article stated that the matter would come up in the police court, and those who had been concerned in it might expect full publicity to be given to their conduct. Before the trial Mr. Bowles returned to town. In the evening, sitting on the door-step, his wife said to him, "Can't

you let this thing drop? If you publish these young men's names it will wound and alienate a great many of our friends." He answered, "Mary, I have considered it all, most thoughtfully and conscientiously. The blame must be given where it is deserved. This is the time to put an end to prize-fighting in Springfield." The trial was fully reported in the "Republican," including the names of those who as attendants at the prize-fight were called as witnesses; and the paper commented in a few vigorous words on their presence at such a scene. Personal alienations did follow, painful and not soon healed. But there never was another prize-fight in Springfield. In this and similar cases the morals of the town were vastly the gainer by the unsparing publicity given to the misdeeds of men who had reputations to suffer. Just as the introduction of street-lights into cities did more to stop nocturnal crime than constables and courts could do, so by its reports of wrong-doing has the modern newspaper added a new safeguard to social morality. To exercise that great function as free from fear or favor as the judge on the bench was the aim of the "Republican." Its editor liked to make his power felt,— he liked to use it for the public good,— but the personal alienations which it brought were none the less painful to him.

The limitation on the moral power of politician or journalist is that in order to lead he must in a degree conform. In a democracy no kind of leadership is free from that necessity, save that of the pure idealist—the poet or the prophet. Over all but him conformity lays its heavy hand. But under the sharpest rein of all does it hold the man who makes it his business to take active part in government. Agreement with the majority is the inexorable price of his personal success. As often as election-day comes round he must have the approval of a majority of his constituency or be thrown out of his work. The journalist's necessity, on the other hand, is to make a paper that men will buy. One way to that end is to express sentiments agreeable to its readers,— to soothe them with assent and approval. Another way is to make a newspaper so attractive by its general merits that men will buy it even though they dissent from its doctrines. That was the path which Mr. Bowles chose for the "Republican."

Not till near the end of his life was the paper confronted with the severe test of directly opposing, in a presidential campaign, the party to which the mass of its readers belonged. But at a much earlier stage it committed itself to the then novel position of criticising with entire freedom the special measures and the individual leaders of the

party to which it gave a general support; its theory of independent journalism was as clearly avowed, as sincerely followed, in 1856 as in 1872. The difference was that until the later date the editor's political convictions differed from the mass of his constituents only as to occasional and subordinate issues. But the old theory of party allegiance—a theory still substantially practiced in this year of grace 1885 by a large majority of American journals—is that the individual or the newspaper shall support the party, as the patriot stands by his country or the believer by his church. Interior discussion, guarded criticism, are allowable, but are always to be subordinated to the prime object of victory over the foreign foe, the heretic or the opposing faction. The approved temper toward the party is to

"Be to its faults a little blind,  
Be to its virtues very kind."

The "Republican," after it began its existence as a daily, was never extreme in its partisanship; but for its first decade it virtually owed allegiance to the Whig party.

Its declaration of independence was made in February, 1855. In the previous year, when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise roused the North for the first time to a general resistance to the extension of slavery, the "Republican" had vainly pleaded with the Whig leaders in the State to merge that organization in a new party devoted to freedom. It had given a lukewarm support to the Whig nominees, the Republican organization being at that time abortive, and the proscriptive Know-nothing movement sweeping to a sudden and brief success. After the election the paper devoted itself with fresh energy to building up a genuine Republican party, but at the same time it asserted its freedom thenceforth from all partisan trammels. It took occasion on the enlargement of its sheet to review its own history; and after mentioning the general improvement in journalism dating from the era of the telegraph, it continued:

"With the dawn of a new national growth upon the press of America, at the period of which we speak, came also a more perfect intellectual freedom from the shackles of party. The independent press of the country is fast supplanting the merely partisan press. Parties are taking their form and substance from the press and pulpit, rather than the press and pulpit echoing merely the voice of the party. A merely party organ is now a thing despised and contemned, and can never take rank as a first-class public journal. The London 'Times,' the great journal of the world, is the creator, not the creature of parties. There is not in New York, where journalism in this country has reached its highest material and intellectual perfection, a single party organ in existence. All are emancipated. None conceal facts lest they injure their party. None fear to speak the truth lest they utter treason against merely partisan power. The true purpose of the press is understood and practiced upon.

They are the mirrors of the world of fact and of thought. Upon that fact do they comment with freedom, and to that thought do they add its freshest and most earnest cumulations.

"Such in its sphere does the 'Republican' aim to be. Whatever it has been in the past, no more shall its distinction be that of a partisan organ, blindly following the will of party, and stupidly obeying its behests. It has its principles and purposes. But these are above mere party success. To these it will devote itself. Whenever and wherever the success of men or of parties can advance those principles and purposes, the 'Republican' will boldly advocate such success; whenever men and parties are stumbling blocks to the triumph of those principles, they will be as boldly opposed and denounced."

To one who knows the character of the New York press, and the American press in general, during most of the thirty years since this was written, this description of its impartial character reads like a sarcasm. The era of journalistic independence was as brief as that of the disintegration of parties. When the new lines had been drawn the newspapers fell into place on one side or the other,—not upon the whole with the old subservience, yet with a degree of partisan fidelity which grew with the growth of party discipline as the Republican party matured and the Democratic party recovered from its successive disruptions; so that in 1872 "independent journalism" was greeted by the general public as a new phenomenon. There were, of course, exceptions among the press, to trace which would belong to a general history of journalism. But through the intervening period, whether heartily favoring or criticising or opposing the general course of the Republican party, Mr. Bowles's paper never hesitated to pronounce a frank, independent judgment on the measures and men of that party and of all parties. Its political news was honest. Its readers could always find the views of its opponents fairly quoted and ungarbled. Its regular correspondents at Washington and elsewhere were always under instructions to give the facts as they were, whether they suited the editorial views or not. In the correspondents' galleries in the Capitol one may sometimes hear such remarks as this: "The situation looks to me so and so—but the old man at home will not let me say so in my dispatches." The "Republican" correspondents had no occasion to say that. They were chosen with due regard to their general agreement with the paper's views, but the instructions given them were to tell the truth. They were allowed, too, to tell it largely from the stand-point of their personal convictions. It was often the case that the paper's own Washington dispatches were considerably more radical in their tone than the editorial columns; while the biting criticisms of "Warrington," the

Boston correspondent, fell often on the measures and men that the "Republican" editorially approved.

To trace even in outline the relation of the "Republican" to the political events of the period in which its chief's life fell, is foreign to the scope of this article. It is designed here only to show the broad ideas out of which were developed the principle and the practice of independent journalism. An instance has been given of the application of that principle to politics, but it has a far wider application than to questions of civil government. Something further may be added on the spirit in which Mr. Bowles dealt with a subject as to which a courageous and wise independence is quite as essential as in politics, and even more difficult for the American journalist.

Nothing was more characteristic of the "Republican" than its attitude toward the churches and the questions connected with them. The half-century of Mr. Bowles's life witnessed immense changes in the social life of the Connecticut Valley. The multiplying of interests, the new forms of industry, the quickening of pace, the widened range of thought, the change in the whole aspect of the community were such as volumes could not describe. The church organizations necessarily partook of the general changes; but, as is generally the case with religious institutions, they showed a tenacity and conservatism beyond most other departments of social life. They continued to include in their membership a preponderance of the social respectability, the intelligence, and the virtue of the community. In their formal creeds there was little change; but their preaching showed a growing indisposition to emphasize the harsher elements of the old creed, and a growing insistence on ethical rather than dogmatic themes. The thought and research which within that period had unsettled the foundations of the ancient creed of Christendom were, of course, felt throughout the intelligent part of the community — or rather through the whole community; no social stratum has any longer a belief or a doubt peculiar to itself. But whatever of radical doubt or dissent existed lay largely beneath the surface. The ministry were as a body very conservative of the substance and most of the form of the ancient faith. Of the earnest and sober-minded laity, a larger proportion held more or less closely to the same faith, which offered an assurance of human salvation, of God, of immortality, while no equally clear and authoritative utterance seemed to come from any other quarter. The churches fostered an atmosphere throughout the community which made open dissent unpleasant for most men who

wished to live on good terms with their neighbors. They assumed to offer the only way to a right life in this world, and to something better beyond this world. Those who did not in their hearts admit the assumption, seldom cared to openly deny, still less to defy it.

The "Republican" acquiesced neither openly nor tacitly in the churches' assumption of an infallible way of salvation; but it neither made war upon the churches nor ignored them. It always assumed that they were a great and useful instrumentality in improving the community. It recognized them as associations for helping men in right living. It discussed their practical methods as freely as it discussed questions of politics. It did not discuss the dogmas of theology, just as it did not discuss the fundamental principles of philosophy or of science. Not even the broad realm of the daily newspaper includes the settlement of the ultimate principles of special departments of thought. But, just as the "Republican" reported as a matter of news the progress of opinion among scientists concerning Darwinism or among philosophers concerning evolution, so it took note of the theological movements and controversies. Whenever questions of church administration had a direct bearing on the practical interests of the community, the paper not only reported them as news, but took part in the debate as an advocate. A contributor once offered an editorial in regard to the ostracism of the Liberal sects by the Orthodox; the form of expression being, "The world, looking on at the conduct of the church which seeks to convert it, is inclined in a friendly way to suggest, etc." Mr. Bowles sent back the article with the answer: "There is a fault of construction in your article for the 'Republican.' We have always discussed these questions as insiders, and not as outsiders. I have no idea of giving up the churches to the ministers and deacons." As to all questions of dogma, the "Republican's" habitual ground was not that some particular doctrine was true or false, but that all doctrine should be held and used with reference to the moral advancement of men; that no question of intellectual belief should stand in the way of anything which could make men stronger, sweeter, more useful to the community. Its independence of creeds was distasteful to the professional guardians of orthodoxy; its free criticism of churches and ministers often drew on it the wrath, not only of the immediate object of criticism, but of the ecclesiastical body in general, sensitive at seeing its dignitaries so summarily dealt with. Yet the paper had nowhere warmer friends than among the most intelligent and earnest of the clergy, orthodox as well as

liberal. It was in strong sympathy with the most vital elements in church life. It appealed to the clergy as the natural leaders of moral reforms. It was unfriendly to destructive methods in theology and religion. Its principles were just those on which the American churches have found their best growth depends,—the exaltation of spiritual life above dogma and ritual; the widening of fellowship beyond the limits of sect, to "the blessed company of all faithful people"; the conception of religion not as a particular set of opinions but as the spirit of duty, love, and faith. The church as an institution is saved by the men who reform it.

As to Mr. Bowles's ideas of the church and of the newspaper, a few sentences may be borrowed from a private letter in 1861 to Dr. Frederick D. Huntington, with whom the "Republican" had had some controversy, and who was a personal friend of the editor.

"The 'Republican' has assumed a ground to which you hardly do justice. It is greater than the practice or position of its Editors — higher than denominations or sects, as life is greater than thought, practice than profession, Christianity than theology, piety than prayer. It seems to me to stand above the strife of sects, above the 'bandying of phrases,' and to reach to the truest and purest ideas of the Divine purpose. . . . We are content to say [of the various Christian denominations], they are all alike — to put them in one great plan, or scheme, each having excellences, each defects, each having its field, its work, its mission, and all seeking the glory of God and the purification and elevation of men.

"Individually, each of us may have our choice and preference; but is not the idea of the journal worthy of respect? . . . It would be presumption in me to pretend to discuss theology as thoroughly as politics, but I have made no such pretense. The 'Republican' has, and has the right to, because it can command and does command talent and learning equally in both sciences. It has on its regular editorial staff one man\* as learned in all the dry and disgusting lore of the theological schools as ninety-nine out of one hundred clergymen, and another whose fervor and unction as a lay preacher are hardly less than the rector of Emanuel's himself† in the pulpit. Pray make the distinction. . . .

"The 'Republican's' sympathies and its hopes are in the right direction. In the quick judgments and rough, direct diction of daily journalism, it must assuredly often mistake, often wound; and wanton doubtless is it in its freedom of utterance; but I know that its heart is right and that you and such as you ought never long or seriously have reason to complain of it. I shall send you the 'Republican,' for I wish you to see that its pretensions to being a religious, as well as a political paper — 'to discuss religious questions' (not theology purely or mainly) 'and distribute religious intelligence' — these being our words, — are not mere pretensions. Our idea of a public journal covers all life — life in its deepest and highest significance, as well as the superficialities of food and raiment, business and government."

One quotation may here be given from the "Republican's" later utterances as illustrating the spirit in which it treated religious

\*Joseph E. Hood. †Dr. Holland. ‡Dr. Huntington.

subjects. It is from an editorial of December 3, 1874, on "John Stuart Mill as a theologian"; the occasion being the publication of his posthumous essays. The article does not bear the mark of Mr. Bowles's hand, but is in full harmony with the larger personality of the "Republican" itself.

"The misconception which runs through the two essays of Mill on 'The Utility of Religion' and on 'Theism' is indeed that which lies at the bottom of the whole utilitarian philosophy; namely, that the human soul acts only or chiefly upon selfish motives, and that human life in this world and the next is an affair of logic and comprehensible by the understanding. However high the point of cultivation reached, however noble the morality which rests upon reasoning, there is always a beyond where the divine powers, the supernatural attitudes of the soul, range free and direct our activity. In that realm the hope of pleasure and the fear of pain are equally indifferent to the enlightened spirit, and all the ordinary sanctions and promoting causes of religion shrink out of sight. The oriental legend of the believer who was met on the road with a torch in one hand and a pitcher of water in the other, conveys a meaning which seems almost beyond the apprehension of Mr. Mill. 'With this fire,' said the mystic, 'I go to burn up the palaces of Heaven, and with this water to quench the flames of Hell, so that man hereafter may worship God truly, and no longer serve Him for hope or for fear.'

"The sadness of the book is neither depressing nor likely to infect others; its warnings and encouragements are all of a high mood, and its errors are such as throw no blame upon its author. To this great man, lingering upon the confines of the two worlds and sharpening his vision with love and regret toward the world unseen and almost despaired of, the life of mankind assumed a serious and tender aspect, not devoid of a melancholy hope, and rich in virtuous manly endeavors and accomplished deeds. The truly devout alone have the right to censure him, for he stands, like the Stoics and the highest of the followers of Epicurus, far above the plane of the ordinary religions of the world. Such souls need the teachings of Christ himself, not the discourses of Paul or of the ecclesiastics."

The church and its ministry have high functions which the press cannot share. The personal cure of souls; the spoken word of inspiration, sent home with the impact which only figure and face and voice can impart; the organization for direct mutual help in the conduct of life; the supplying of a visible basis and stronghold for the moral forces of the community, — these are still the church's province. But men no longer look to the church's pulpit as they used to look for guidance in thought and opinion. That scepter has passed to the journalist. He, in a broader sense than any other, is the teacher of the community, or rather the official teacher; for the highest leadership is not an office, but a personal endowment. The transfer of authority has been going on for centuries, but it was consummated in that same third of a century in which Mr. Bowles built up the "Republican." In the beginning of that period it might have been fair to take Mr. Peabody, pastor of the Uni-

tarian church in Springfield, as the type of the public teacher in New England,— a dignified personage, speaking his weekly word from the pulpit, clad in gown of solemn black; dwelling much on the transitoriness and woe of this present life, urging an ideal of character which was pure and lofty, but had few points of contact with the matter-of-fact world in which his hearers must needs live. Against this figure thirty years later we may set the journalist at his desk, alert, high-strung, the telegraph pouring upon him the news of the whole planet, with now and then an item from the solar system beyond, his swift pen touching every interest of politics, trade,

society, conduct, faith, every phase of the great world's teeming activity. He is now the King,— well for him if he be also the Saint and Prophet! "You see in me only a fraction of the king," Mr. Bowles would have said; "here is the sovereign, the paper itself— with world-wide agencies at its command; fed by the life-juices of many workers; governed by an ideal which is a birth of the age-spirit, and which unstinted labor and love have built up. The life I have planted in the paper is as distinct from my own as the life which a father transmits to his son, and it shall live when I and my sons have passed away."

*George S. Merriam.*

## A POET'S SOLILOQUY.

On a time, not of old,  
When a poet had sent out his soul, and no welcome had found  
Where the heart of the nation in prose stood fettered and bound  
In fold upon fold —  
He called back his soul who had pined for some answer afloat;  
And thus in the silence of night and the pride of his spirit he wrote:

Come back, poet-thought!  
For they honor thee not in thy vesture of verse and of song.  
Come back — thou hast hovered about in the markets too long.  
In vain thou hast sought  
To stem the strong current that swells from the Philistine lands;  
Thou hast failed to deliver the message the practical public demands.

Come back to the heights  
Of thy vision, thy love, thy Parnassus of beauty and truth —  
From the valleys below where the labor of age and of youth  
Has no need of thy lights; —  
For Science has marshaled the way with a lamp of its own.  
Till they woo thee with wakening love, thou must follow thy pathway alone.

We have striven, have toiled —  
Have pressed with the foremost to sing to the men of our time  
The thought that was deepest, the lay that was lightest in rhyme.  
We are baffled and foiled.  
The crowd hurries on, intent upon traffic and pay.  
They have ears, but they hear not. What chance to be heard has the poet to-day?

So we turn from the crowd,  
And we sing as we please — like the thrush far away in the woods;  
They may listen or not, as they choose, to our fancies and moods  
Chanted low, chanted loud  
In the sunshine or storm — 'mid the hearts that are tender or hard.  
What need of applause from the world when art is its own reward?

*Christopher P. Cranch.*

## "LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT."

A DOUBTFUL day of mingled snow and rain, such as we often have in New York in February, had been followed, as night fell, by a hard frost; and as Robert White mounted the broad brown-stone steps of Mrs. Martin's house and, after ringing the bell, looked across Washington Square to the pseudo-picturesque University building, he felt that form of gratitude toward his hostess which has been defined as a lively sense of benefits to come. His ten-minute walk through the hard slush of the pavements had given an edge to his appetite, and he knew of old that the little dinners of the Duchess of Washington Square were everything that little dinners should be. He anticipated confidently a warm reception by his hospitable hostess; an introduction to a pretty girl, probably as clever as she was good-looking; a dignified procession into the spacious dining-room; a bountiful dinner, neither too long nor too short, as well served as it was well cooked; and at the end a good cup of coffee and a good cigar, and a pleasant quarter of an hour's chat with four or five agreeable men, not the least agreeable of them being Mr. Martin, who was known to most people only as Mrs. Martin's husband, but whom White had discovered to be as shrewd and sharp as he was reserved and retiring.

And so it came to pass, except that the state of the streets had made White a little late, wherefore the Duchess was slightly hurried and peremptory. She took him at once under her wing and led him up to a very pretty girl. "Phyllis," she said, "this is Mr. White, to whom I confide you for the evening."

As White bowed before the young lady whom Mrs. Martin had called Phyllis, he wished that the Duchess had kindly added her patronymic, as it is most embarrassing not to know to whom one is talking. But there was no time for inquiry; the rich velvet curtains which masked the open doorway leading from the parlor into the hall were pushed aside, and the venerable colored butler announced that dinner was served. White offered his arm to Miss Phyllis, and they filed into the dining-room in the wake of Mr. Martin and Mrs. Sutton; the Duchess, on the arm of Judge Gillespie, brought up the rear.

There were fourteen at table,—a number too large for general conversation, and therefore conducive to confidential talks between any two congenial spirits who might be sitting side by side. White had at his left Mrs. Sutton,

but she was a great favorite with Mr. Martin, and White had scarcely a word with her throughout the dinner. On the other side of Miss Phyllis was a thin, short, dyspeptic little man, Mr. C. Mather Hitchcock, whom White knew slightly, and whom Miss Phyllis evidently did not like, as White saw at a glance. So it happened that White and Miss Phyllis were wholly dependent on each other for entertainment, as long as they might sit side by side at the Duchess's table.

"A mean day like this makes the comfortable luxury of a house like Mrs. Martin's all the more grateful," began White, by way of breaking the ice; "don't you think so?"

"It has been a day to make one understand what weather-prophets have in mind when they talk about the average mean temperature of New York," she answered, smiling.

"I hope you do not wish to insinuate that the average temperature of New York is mean. I have lived here only a few years, but I am prepared to defend the climate of New York to the bitter end."

"Then you must defend the weather of to-day," she retorted gayly, "for it had a very bitter end. I felt like the maid in the garden hanging out the clothes, for down came a black wind to bite off my nose."

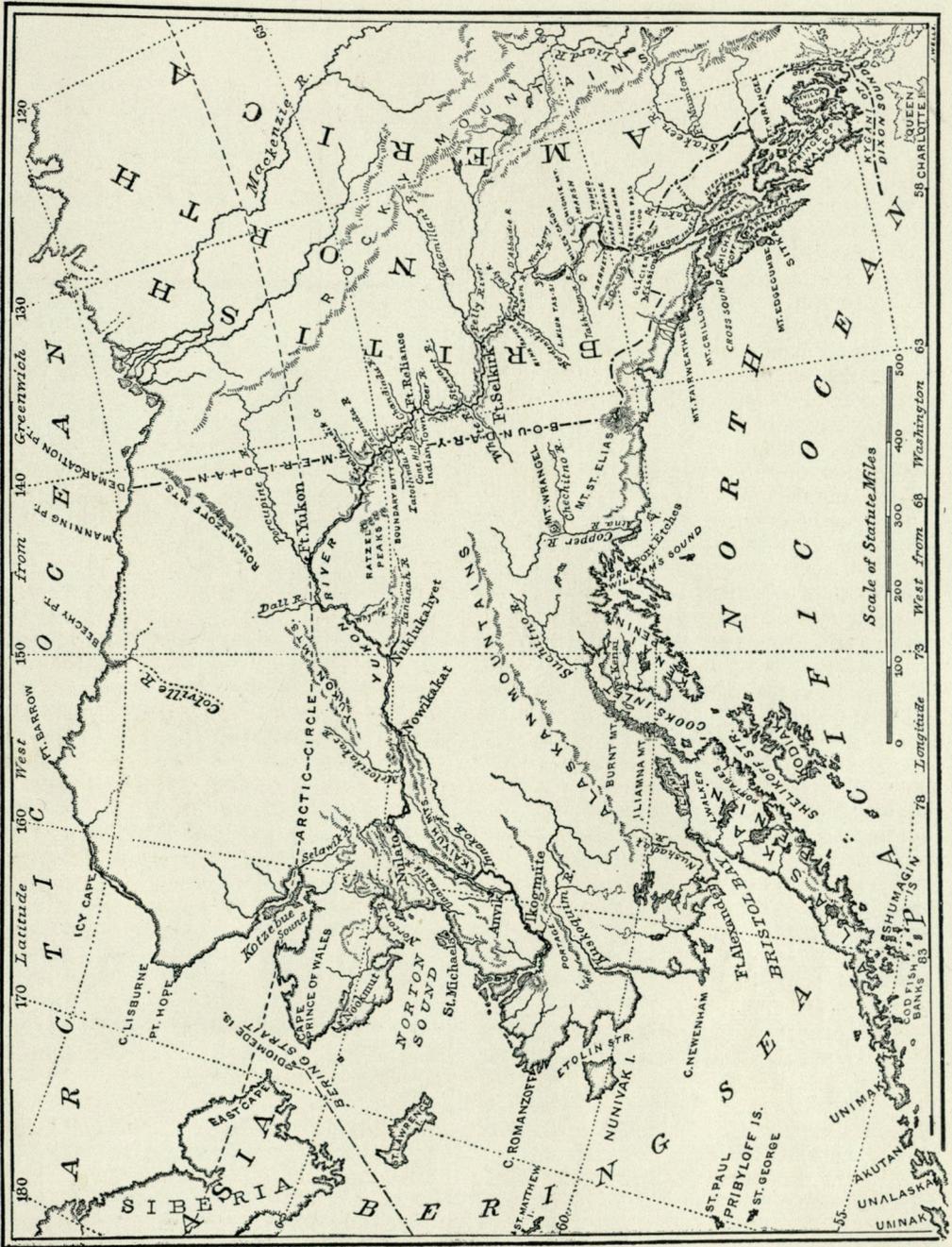
"Just now you remind me rather of the queen in the parlor eating bread and honey."

"I have an easy retort," she laughed back. "I can say you are like the king in his chamber counting out his money; for that is how most New York men seem to spend their days."

"But I am not a business man," explained White, thinking that Miss Phyllis was a ready young lady with her wits about her, and regretting again that he had not learnt her name.

"They say that there are only two classes who scorn business and never work—the aristocrats and the tramps," she rejoined mischievously. "Am I to infer that you are an aristocrat or a tramp?"

"I regret to say that I am neither the one nor the other. A tramp is often a philosopher—of the peripatetic school of course; and an aristocrat is generally a gentleman, and often a good fellow. No, I am afraid your inference was based on a false premise. I am not a business man, but, all the same, I earn my living by my daily work. I am a journalist, and I am on the staff of the 'Gotham Gazette.'"



MAP OF ALASKA AND PART OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, SHOWING THE YUKON RIVER FROM ITS SOURCE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA TO ITS MOUTH IN ALASKA, BEING THE COURSE OF LIEUTENANT SCHWATKA'S RAFT-JOURNEY IN 1883.



"I COME TO CLAIM MY DEAD."