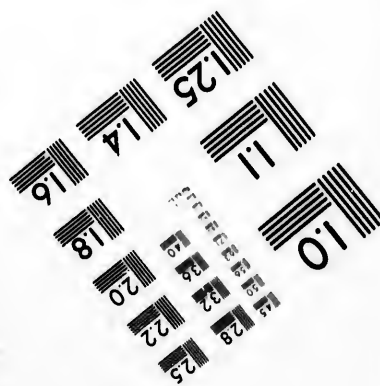
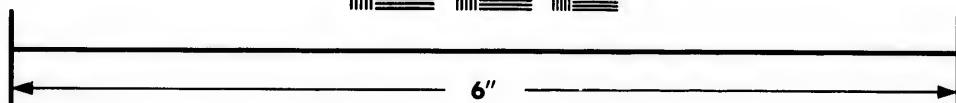
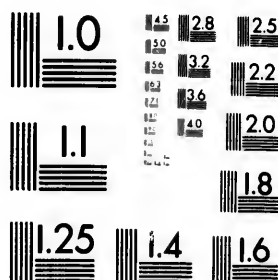


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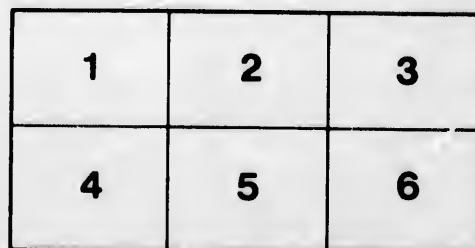
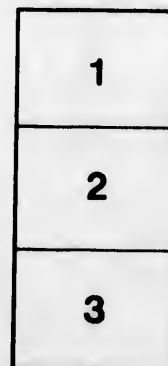
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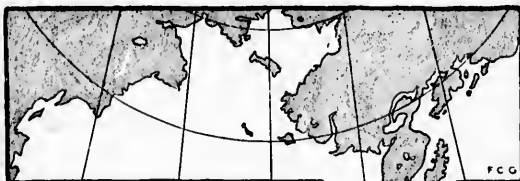
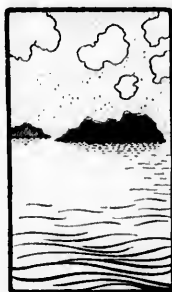
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**H. I. M. THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.**

FROM THE MINIATURE BY  
AMALIA KÜSSNER.

PAINTED AT THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERS-  
BURG, IN APRIL, 1899, BY ORDER, AND PRESENTED  
TO H.I.M. THE CZARINA.



## A SUMMER HOLIDAY IN BERING SEA

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

### THE SEAL ISLANDS.

IT was the 8th of July, 1899, when the *George W. Elder*, bearing the Harriman expedition,<sup>1</sup> steamed out of Dutch Harbor. The first hour or two we sailed past high, rolling green hills, cut squarely off by the sea, presenting cliffs seven or eight hundred feet high, of soft, reddish, crumbling rock, a kind of clay porphyry of volcanic origin, touched here and there on the face with the tenderest green. It was as if some green fluid had been poured upon the tops of the hills, and had run down and dripped off the rock eaves and been caught upon every shelf and projection. The color was deepest in all the wrinkles and folds of the slopes and in the valley bottoms. At one point we looked into a deep, smooth valley, or trough, opening upon the sea, its shore-line a complete half-circle. Its bottom was nearly at the water-level, and was as fresh and vivid as the

<sup>1</sup> For a narrative by the same writer of the preceding portion of the cruise, with map, see the August CENTURY.

greenest lawn. Some one suggested that it looked like a huge dry-dock, if dry-docks were ever carpeted with grass. The effect was extremely strange and beautiful. The clouds rested low across the hills and formed a dense canopy over the vast, verdant cradle. Under this canopy we looked along a soft green vista for miles back into the hills, where patches of snow were visible. At another point a similar trough had been carved down to within a hundred or more feet of the sea, and upon its rocky face hung a beautiful waterfall. Then followed other lesser valleys that did not show the same glacial erosion; they were V-shaped instead of U-shaped, each with a waterfall tumbling into the sea. There were three of these in succession, cutting the rocky sea-front into pyramidal forms. Often the talus at the foot of the cliffs was touched by the same magic green. Then opened up larger valleys, into which we looked under a rolled-up drop-curtain of cloud. One of them was lighted up by the sun, and we saw an irregularly shaped



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THE WATERS OF DUTCH HARBOR, WITH KULAK VILLAGE TO THE LEFT.

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valley landscape, suggesting endless possibilities of flocks and herds and rural homes; here again the green fluid seemed to have found its way down the creases and runnels, and was deepest there.

Everywhere there was a sweep of green skirts, such as these Alaska hills and moun-

of myriads of murres, a species of diver. With our glasses we could see the murres, when we were several miles away, making the air almost thick about the rocks as with clouds of black specks. We could see the sea-lions, too, great windrows of them upon the beach. We dropped anchor about two



DRAWN BY BRUCE HORSFALL, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS MADE ON THE EXPEDITION. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY W. G. WAIT.

FUR-SEALS, ST. PAUL ISLAND.

tains present, often trailing to the sea. I never tired of them, and if I dwell upon them unduly, let the reader remember that a thousand miles of this kind of scenery, passing slowly before one on a succession of summer days, makes an impression not easily thrown off.

Before many hours we ran into lowering, misty weather in Bering Sea, and about seven o'clock were off the Bogoslof Islands, two abrupt volcanic mounds, one of them thrown up in recent years, and the breeding-grounds of innumerable sea-lions, yes, and

miles away, and a party of eight went ashore in a boat. It was a hazardous proceeding, our captain thought, as the fog seemed likely to drop at any moment and obliterate islands and ship alike: but it did not drop; only the top of the islands was obliterated. We could see the sea-lions lift themselves up and gather in groups as the boat approached them.

After the landing was effected, they disappeared, and we could see the spray rise up as the monsters plunged into the water. Hundreds of them were in a small lake a



DRAWN BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

A WINTER TOPEK, PLOVER BAY, SIBERIA.

few rods back from the shore, and the spectacle which the procession of huge creatures made rushing across the beach to the sea was described as something most extraordinary. Those who were so fortunate as to witness it placed it among the three or four most memorable events of their lives.

On the afternoon of Sunday, July 9, we dropped anchor off St. Paul Island, one of the Pribilofs, the famous resort of the fur-seals. A special permit from the Secretary of the Treasury gave us this privilege. There is no harbor here, and the landing, even in calm weather, requires to be carefully managed. The island is low, with a fringe of loose boulders around it, which in places looks almost like an artificial wall. The government agent conducted us a mile or more, through wild meadows starred with flowers and covered with grass nearly knee-high, to the boulder-paved shore where the seals were congregated. Those of our party who had been there before, not many years back, were astonished at the diminished numbers of the animals—hardly one tenth of the earlier myriads. We visited eight or ten harems, as they are called, groups of a dozen or more females, each presided over by a bull seal, whose position was usually upon a kind of throne or higher boulder in the midst of his wives. Every few minutes this male, who was much larger and darker in color than the females, would lift himself

up and glance about over his circle, as if counting his flock, then snarl at some rival a few yards away, or turn and threaten us. We gazed upon them and trained our cameras upon them from the ground fifty or a hundred feet above them. Often a young male, witless, and crowded back by the older bulls, threatened us, near the edge of the grass, with continued demonstrations of anger. These unmated males were in a bad humor, and our appearance seemed to furnish them with a good excuse for giving vent to their feelings. In this market the females belong to the strong. We saw several forlorn old males hovering about who had played the game and lost. They looked like bankrupt gamblers at a watering-place. The females are much smaller and lighter in color than their lords and masters. They lay very quietly upon the rocks, now and then casting uneasy glances at us. The seal's head is small and his jaws are slender, and his snarls and threats are not very terrifying.

Lying there in masses, or wriggling about upon the rocks, all their lines soft and flowing, all their motions hampered, they suggested a huge kind of larva, or something between the grub and the mature insect. They appeared to be yet in a kind of sack or envelop. The males wriggle about like a man in a bag, but once in the water they are a part of the wave, as fleet and nimble as a fish, or as a bird in the air. In the

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sounds which they continually emitted they did not remind one of bulls or cows, but of sheep. We seemed to be in some vast sheepfold. The hoarse staccato bleating of the males was precisely like that of old rams, while the shriller calls of the females and the finer treble of the pups were equally like those of ewes and lambs. Some belated females were still arriving while we looked on. They came in timidly, lifted themselves upon the edge of the rocks, and looked about

about over the flowery meads. On a big windrow of boulders along the beach near where we landed were swarms of the little auk.

## SIBERIA.

ACCORDING to our original program, our outward journey should have ended here; but Mrs. Harriman expressed a wish to see Siberia, and, if all went well, the midnight sun. "Very well," replied Mr. Harriman, "we will go to Siberia"; and toward that



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**ESKIMO SUMMER TOPEK, PLOVER BAY, SIBERIA.**

as if to find a vacant place or to receive a welcome. Much threatening and sparring was going on among the males, but I saw none actually come to blows; a firm stand on the part of each seemed all that was necessary to preserve his household intact. Others, however, reported having seen bloody encounters.

By careful movements and low tones, we went about without much exciting them.

On this island we first saw the yellow poppy. It was scattered everywhere in the grass like the crimson poppy of Europe. A wonderful display of other wild flowers was about our feet as we walked. Here also the Lapland longspur was in song, and a few snow-buntings in white plumage drifted

barren shore our prow was turned. It was about eight o'clock in the evening when we left St. Paul's; a dense fog was prevailing, hiding the shore. We had not been half an hour under way when a raking blow from some source made the ship tremble from stem to stern; then another, and another still more severe. Many of the company were at dinner; all sprang to their feet and looked the surprise and alarm they did not speak. The engines were quickly reversed, and in a few moments the ship's prow swung off to the right, and the danger was past. The stern of the ship, which sat two feet deeper in the water than the bow, had raked across the rocks. No damage was done, and we had had a novel sensation, something



DRAWN BY W. J. BURNS, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE ON THE EXPEDITION.

ESKIMOS IN SKIN BOATS, PORT CLARENCE, BERING STRAIT.

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DRAWN BY P. BAIN GIFFORD. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

#### THE WHALING FLEET AT PORT CLARENCE.

analogous, I fancy, to the feeling one has upon land during a slight earthquake.

Some of us hoped this incident would cause Mr. Harriman to turn back. Bering Sea is a treacherous sea; it is shallow, it has many

islands, and in summer it is nearly always draped in fog. But our host was a man not easy to turn back; in five minutes he was romping with his children again as if nothing had happened. But the ship's course was



DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. H. HARRIMAN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. LINNEY.

#### INNUIT BOYS AT PORT CLARENCE.



DRAWN BY MAL .M. FRASER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. H. HARRIMAN.

#### BIRD-ROOKERY, HALL ISLAND.

changed to southeast around Walrus Island. It did, indeed, look for a while as if we had more than half a mind to turn back. But in a few hours we were headed toward Siberia again, and went plunging through the fog and obscurity, with our "ferocious whistle," as Professor Emerson characterized it, tearing the silence, and with it our sleep, to tatters. The next day, the 10th, we hoped to touch at the island of St. Matthew; but we missed it in the thick obscurity, and searching for it was considered hazardous, so we continued our way northward. The fog continued on the 11th till nearly noon, when we ran into clear air and finally into sunshine, and in the early afternoon the coast of Siberia lay there like a cloud upon the horizon. Asia at last, crushed down there on the rim of the world as if with the weight of centuries of wrong. As we drew near, her gray, crumbling, decrepit granite bluffs and mountains, streaked with snow, helped the illusion. This was the Old World indeed. Our destination was Plover Bay, in which, at 6 P.M., we dropped anchor behind a long, crescent-shaped sand-spit that put out from the eastern shore. On this sand-spit was an Eskimo encampment of skin and canvas tents, which was soon active with moving forms.

Presently eight or ten figures were seen coming down to the beach. A boat was launched and filled, and came rapidly to the

ship's side. It was made of walrus-skin stretched over a wooden frame, and was strong and shapely. Its occupants were also clad in skins. There were three women and nine men in the boat, but one had to look very closely to tell which was which. The men's crowns were shaved, leaving a heavy fringe of coarse black hair around their heads. One of them stood up in the bow of the boat, and, with his cloak of reddish-gray fur, was really a handsome man. He had a thin black beard and regular, clear-cut features, and he looked as one fancies an old Roman of his age might have looked. They were evidently drawn to us partly by curiosity and partly by the hope of gifts of tobacco and whisky. The tobacco was freely showed upon them by Mr. Harriman, and was as eagerly seized, but the whisky was not forthcoming. Our own boats were rapidly lowered, and we were soon upon Asiatic soil, gathering flowers, observing the birds, and strolling about among the tents and huts of the natives. We bought skins and curios of them, or bartered knives, cloth, and flour for such things as they had to dispose of. They were not shy of our cameras, and freely admitted us to the greasy and smoky interiors of their dwellings. Seals and seal-oil, reindeer-skins, walrus-hides, and blubber were to be seen in quantities. Back of one tent I saw a deep, partly covered pit in the ground, nearly filled


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with oil. The bones of whales served them instead of timbers in most of their rude structures. Their winter houses were built by standing whale-ribs up in a circle about two feet apart, and filling the interstices with turf, making a wall two feet thick. For roof they used walrus-hides resting upon poles. In my walk over this crescent of land I came here and there upon the huge vertebrae of whales, scattered about and looking like the gray, weather-worn granite boulders of a New England farm. Beyond the present site of the encampment I saw the ruins of an older or earlier village, the foundations of whalebones partly overgrown by the turf.

The skin costumes of the people gave them a singular stuffed appearance. One was reminded of grotesque dolls filled with bran or sawdust. This effect was partly given by the awkward cut of their garments, and by the skins being made up with the hair side in. In many of them a strain of European blood was evident. Whalers bound for the Arctic Ocean sometimes stop here, and corrupt the natives with bad morals and villainous whisky. They would take our silver dollar, but much preferred to barter for some useful article.

As we came in one end of the encampment most of the dogs went out at the other end. They had never seen such creatures, and they fled off toward the mountain and sat down and howled their mournful protest. Some of the children were frightened, too. One youngster of five or six years, riding astride of its mother's neck and stuffed like a small scarecrow, cried and yelled vigorously as we approached.

The sun was bright, but the air was very chilly, the mercury standing at about 38°. We were within one hundred and twenty miles of the Arctic Circle. As the Eskimos stood regarding us, they would draw their hands into their sleeves, after the manner of children on a cold day. The slender peninsula we were on was several hundred feet wide, marshy in places, but for the most part dry and covered with herbage. We found the yellow poppy blooming, and two species of saxifrage. In my walk I came upon a large patch of ground covered with a small, low, pink primrose; the ground was painted with it. But the prettiest flower we found was a low forget-me-not, scarcely an inch high, of deep ultramarine blue—the deepest, most intense blue that I ever saw in a wild flower. Here we also saw and heard the Lapland longspur and the yellow wagtail. A flock of male eider-ducks were seen in the bay.

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#### PORT CLARENCE.

WE traveled two hours in Asia. I am tempted to write a book on the country, but forbear. At eight o'clock we steamed away along the coast toward Indian Point in an unending twilight. We reached the Point at one o'clock, but the surf was running so high that no landing was attempted. Then we stood off across the straits for Port Clarence in Alaska, where we hoped to take on water, and about noon again dropped our anchor behind a long, sickle-shaped sand-spit which curves out from the southern headland, ten or twelve miles away. In the great basin behind this sand-bar a whaling-fleet of a dozen vessels or more was anchored and making ready to enter the Arctic Ocean, where some of the vessels expected to spend the winter. The presence of the fleet had drawn together upon the sand-bar over two hundred Eskimos for trade and barter with the whalers. Their shapely skin boats, filled with men, women, children, and dogs, often to the number of twenty, soon swarmed about our ship. They had all manner of furs, garments, baskets, ornaments, and curios for sale or for barter. They presented an animated and picturesque scene, and dozens of cameras were turned upon them. In dress they presented a much more trim and shapely appearance than the people we had just left in Siberia, though much the same in other respects. Some of the younger women were fairly good-looking, and their fur hoods and fur cloaks became them well. I noticed that the babies cried very much, as at home. Most of the women wore fur "parkas," but some wore an outer garment of colored cotton cloth, hanging loosely to their knees. It was interesting to see them tuck their babies under this garment from the rear. The mother would bend forward very low, thrust the child under the garment at her hips, and by a dexterous wriggling movement of her body propel it forward till its head protruded in its place above her shoulder. One marked its course along her back as he does a big morsel down a chicken's gullet. Some of the captains of the whalers came aboard our ship to advise us about taking on water. They were large, powerful, resolute-looking men, quite equal, one would say, to the task before them. Water was to be had from a stream that came in from the tundra on the southern shore of the bay, about a dozen miles distant. Leaving part of our company to visit the whalers and the Eskimos, the ship steamed away with

the rest of us for water, and in due course anchored off the mouth of the little stream.

This gave us an opportunity to spend several hours upon a real tundra many miles in extent. Cape Nome was on the other side of the peninsula, fifty miles away, but the fame of the gold-fields had not then reached us. As we approached the land it looked as smooth as if it had just been gone over with a mowing-machine. My first thought was, "Well, the people are done haying here." The tundra was of a greenish-brown color, and rose from a long, crescent-shaped beach in a very gentle ascent to low cones and bare volcanic peaks many miles away. It had the appearance of a vast meadow, lifted up but a few degrees above the level. This, then, was the tundra that covers so much of the northern part of North America, where the ground remains perpetually frozen to an unknown depth, thawing out for only a foot or so on the surface during the summer. How eagerly we set foot upon it; how quickly we dispersed in all directions, lured on by the strangeness, the solitude, and the beauty! In a few moments our hands were full of wild flowers, which we kept dropping to gather others still more beautiful, to be in turn discarded as still more novel ones appeared. I found myself very soon treading upon a large pink *Claytonia*, or spring-beauty, many times larger than our delicate April flower. Then I came upon a bank by the little creek covered with a low, nodding purple primrose; the masses of the shooting-star attracted me, then several species of pedicularis, then a yellow anemone and many saxifrages. A complete list of flowers blooming here within sixty miles of the Arctic Circle, in a thin coat of soil resting upon perpetual frost, would be a long one. There were wild bees here, too, to cross-fertilize the flowers; bumblebees boomed by very much as at home. And mosquitos, how they swarmed up out of the grass upon me when, in my vain efforts to reach a little volcanic cone that stood there before me like a haystack in a meadow, I sat down to rest! I could not seem to get any nearer the haystack, though I sometimes ran to get away from the mosquitos. The tundra proved far less smooth to the foot than the eye had promised. It was wet and boggy. A tundra is always wet in summer, as the frost prevents any underground drainage. But it was very uniform, and the walking not difficult. Moss, bogs, grass, and flowering plants covered it everywhere. The savanna-sparrow and the longspur started up

before me as I walked, till, as I descended toward a branch of the little creek after an hour's tramp, a new note caught my ear. Presently I saw some kind of plover skimming over the ground in advance of me, or alighting upon some tussock of moss and uttering a soft, warbling call. It proved to be a golden plover. I had evidently invaded the breeding-grounds of the birds, and they were uttering their musical protest. At times the males, as they circled about me, warbled in the most delightful manner—truly a rich, golden warble. There was in it a tone of soft, pleading entreaty, underneath its bright joyousness, that was very moving—the voice of the tundra, soft, alluring, plaintive, beautiful. The golden plover is mottled black and white, with a rich, golden tinge to its back. It is a wonderful flier. We found it near the Arctic Circle; six months later probably the same birds might have been found near the Antarctic in Patagonia.

In a patch of low alders along the creek the gray-cheeked thrush, Townsend's lunting, and the Canada tree-sparrow were in song. I saw one of the thrushes do what I never saw any of the thrush kind do before: it hovered in the air fifty or more feet above the moor, and repeated its song three times very rapidly. As there were no trees to give it a lofty perch, it perched upon the air.

It was a novel experience, this walking over the tundra. Its vastness, its uniformity, its solitude, its gentleness, even softness, of contour, its truly boreal character; the truncated hills and peaks on the near horizon, that suggested huge earthworks; farther off the rounded and creased elevations, like the curves of prostrate giants turned up to the sun, and the high, serrated, snow-streaked ranges on the remote horizon to the north—all made up a curious and unfamiliar picture.

We were fortunate in having clear, bright skies during our stay in these high latitudes. But the nights were starless, for the sun was so near, and gave so much light in the sky, that the stars were blotted out. The sun set about ten, and rose after two, dipping down only a little way below the horizon.

Port Clarence was the northernmost point that we reached. An excursion into the Arctic Ocean and to the midnight sun did not hold out inducements enough to offset the dangers. In the early morning of July 13 we steamed away on the return trip. Before noon we were again in the thick veil of fog with which Bering Sea always seems to cover her face. Near nightfall, with a stiff

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wind blowing, we anchored off St. Lawrence Island, and two boat-loads of our people went ashore. St. Lawrence is a large island at the gateway of the Arctic Ocean, and in the spring the ice-floes from the north often strand polar bears upon it. Our hunters still dreamed of bears. The shore was low and marshy, and the high land was miles away, with the canopy of fog resting upon it. In his walk one of our doctors saw the backs of two large white objects showing above a little swell in the land beside an inlet. Here, evidently, were the polar bears they were in quest of. The doctor began to stalk them, replacing the shells in his gun with heavier ones as he crept along. Now he had another glimpse of the white backs, and was certain that they could be nothing but bears. A few moments more and he would be within close range, when, lo! the heads and long necks of two white swans came up above the bank. The doctor said he never felt so much like a goose before in his life. The birds and flowers found were about the same as those we had already seen.

Not many years ago there were numerous encampments of Eskimos on St. Lawrence Island, embracing several hundred people. Late one autumn some whalers stopped there with the worst kind of whisky, with which they wrought the ruin of the natives, persuading them to exchange most of their furs and other valuables for it, and leaving them so debauched and demoralized that they perished of cold and hunger the following winter. Village after village was found quite depopulated, the people lying dead in their houses.

#### ST. MATTHEW ISLAND.

FROM here our course was again through fog and mist to St. Matthew Island, which we missed on our way up, and now found late in the afternoon of the next day. Our first stop was at Hall Island, which once probably formed a part of St. Matthew, and which is now separated from it by only a narrow strait. This was our first visit to uninhabited land, and to a land of such unique grace and beauty that the impression it made can never be forgotten—a thick carpet of moss and many-colored flowers covering an open, smooth, undulating surface of country that faced the sea in dark basaltic cliffs, some of them a thousand feet high. The first thing that attracted our attention were the swarms of mures about the cliffs. Here were their rookeries, and their numbers darkened the air. As we ap-

proached, the faces of the rocks seemed paved with them, with a sprinkling of gulls, puffins, black cormorants, and auklets. On landing at a break in the cliffs where a little creek came down to the sea, our first impulse was to walk along the brink and look down upon the mures and see them swarm out from beneath our feet. On the discharge of a gun, the air would be black with them, while the cliffs apparently remained as populous as ever. They sat upon little shelves or niches in the rocks, with their black backs to the sea, each bird covering one egg. In places one could have reached down and seized them by the neck, they were so tame and so near the top of the rocks. I believe one of our party did actually procure a specimen in this way. It was a strange spectacle, and we lingered long looking upon it. To behold sea-fowls like flies in uncounted millions was a new experience. Everywhere upon Bering Sea the mures swarm like vermin. It seemed as if there was a murre to every square yard of surface. They were at all times flying about our ship or flapping away over the water from her bow. I noticed that they could not get up from the water except against the wind; the wind lifted them as it does a kite. With the wind or in a calm they skimmed along on the surface, their heads bent forward, their wings beating the water impotently. Unable to rise, they would glance behind them in a frightened manner, and then plunge beneath the wave till they thought the danger had passed. At all hours of the night and day one could hear this impotent flapping of the frightened mures. The bird is a species of diver, nearly as large as a black duck. They are apparently tailless, and in flying their two red feet, stretched straight behind them, do the duty of a tail. It was amusing to see them spread or contract them in turning or changing their course, as the case required.

After we had taken our fill of gazing upon the mures came the ramble away from the cliffs, in the long twilight, through that mossy and flowery solitude. Such patterns and suggestions for rugs and carpets as we walked over for hours! Such a blending of grays, drabs, browns, greens, and all delicate neutral tints, all dashed with masses of many-colored flowers, it had never before been my fortune to witness, much less to walk upon. And drifting over this marvelous carpet, or dropping down upon it from the air above, was the hyperborean snow-bird, as white as a snowflake, and with a

song of great sweetness and power. With lifted wings the bird would drop through the air to the earth, pouring out its joyous, ecstatic strain. Out of the deep twilight also came the song of the longspur, delivered on the wing, and touching the wild solitude as with the voices of children at play. Then there was the large Aleutian sandpiper, that ran before me and uttered its wild, curious plaint. The robber jaeger was there, too, a very beautiful bird, sitting quietly upon the moss and eying our movements. On the top of the grassy bank, near the sea, some of the party found the nest and young of the snowy owl. Fragments of the bodies of murrees and ducks lay upon the ground beside it.

The most novel and striking of the wild flowers was a species of large white Claytonia, growing in rings the size of a tea-plate—floral rings dropped here and there upon this carpet of moss. In the center was a rosette of pointed green leaves pressed close to the ground; around this grew the ring of flowers, made up of thirty or forty specimens, all springing from the same root, their faces turned out in all directions from the parent center. In places one could have stepped from one circle to another.

The forenoon of the next day, the 15th, we spent upon St. Matthew, and repeated our experience of walking over ground covered with nature's matchless tapestry. Here, too, a thick, heavy carpet of variegated mosses and lichens had been stretched to the very edge of the cliffs, with mats and rugs of many-colored flowers—white, violet, yellow, pink; saxifrage, chickweed, astragalus, Claytonia—dropped here and there upon it. Sometimes the flowers seemed worked into the carpet itself. A species of creeping willow spread its leaves out as if stitched upon it. Scattered here and there were the yellow poppies, a yellow and a red pedicularis, and a rare and curious blue flower in heads, the name of which I have forgotten. On the highest point, more than one thousand feet above the sea, the blue-and-purple astragalus colored large areas. The most novel of all the flowers was a little species of silene with a bluish ribbed flower precisely like a miniature Chinese lantern.

The highest point of the island was enveloped most of the time in fog and cloud. While groping my way upon one of these level summits, probably fifteen hundred feet above the sea which flowed at its base, I came suddenly upon a deep cleft, or chasm, which opened in the moss and flowers at my feet and led down between crumbling rocky

walls at a fearful incline to the beach. It gave one a sense of peril that made him pause quickly. The wraiths of fog and mist whirling through and over it enhanced its dreadful mystery and depth. Yet I hovered about it, retreating and returning, quite fascinated by the contrast between the smooth, flowery carpet upon which I stood and the terrible yawning chasm. When the fog lifted a little and the sun gleamed out, I looked down this groove into the ocean, and Tennyson's line in "The Eagle" came to mind as accurately descriptive of the scene:

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls.

Another curious effect was the bottom of the sea visible a long way out from shore. The water seemed suddenly to become shallow, or else to take on a strange transparency; the color and conformation of the rocky floor were surprisingly distinct.

A species of small blue fox was found and killed upon the island; and a sorry apology for a fox it was. It looked as if it might have been singed or else skinned once, and this was the second growth of fur. The polar bears which our sportsmen had hoped for were not found, though the deep, broad, unused trails leading back from the cliffs had doubtless been made by them. Nothing is plainer than that one cannot go to Alaska, or probably to any other country, and say, "Come, now, we will kill a bear," and kill it, except as a rare streak of luck. It is a game at which two can play, and the bear plays extremely well. All large game has its beat or range. The first thing to be done is to find this beat, which may take days or weeks; then the trial of strategy begins. If you out-general the bear you may carry off his pelt.

We found the snow-bunting nesting in the crevices of the rocks. It was probably compelled to this course to escape the foxes. This was the type locality for this bird, and it was very abundant. The rosy finch was also seen along the cliffs. There were snowbanks on the beach by the sea, and piles of driftwood, much of it large tree-trunks doubtless brought down by the Yukon, and many hewn and sawed timbers from wrecked vessels.

From this point our homeward voyage to Seattle was unmarked by any noteworthy incident, save the view of the St. Elias and Fairweather ranges of mountains, which we had under clear skies, and which left an impression upon our minds not likely to be effaced. Deeply wrapped in snow, under the July sun they shone like great orbs, and actually lighted up the shady side of the ship.



