

OFF TO THE POLE.

Departure of the Steamer Jeannette from San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA'S HEARTY "GOODBY."

Ten Thousand People Cheer the Gallant Explorers.

THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE.

Sketches of the Officers and Men of the American Expedition.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

SAN FRANCISCO, July 8, 1879.

For several days past the weather here has been extremely boisterous and unpleasant. On Sunday it blew a gale from the west and travel anywhere in or around San Francisco was disagreeable from the blinding clouds of dust. Nautical sharps predicted a season of "dirty weather." Yesterday, however, the wind moderated somewhat, but toward night a heavy black cloud came rolling from the sea and a drizzling rain began to fall. "A nasty time the Jeannette will have to start to-morrow," was the general judgment of skippers around the Merchants' Exchange, and some were unpleasantly free in predicting that "she was going to have it devilishly thick all the way up the coast." This morning the sky was still overcast, but as the hours toward noon wore on there were signs of improvement, and the sun began to take occasional glimpses through murky clouds. A light breeze from the southwest was reported outside, which was fair wind for the Jeannette. With the wish as father to the thought, Nature was interpreted as having relented and to have hid the elements cheer the departure of the expedition.

GAZING UPON THE ARCTIC CRAFT.

The Bay of San Francisco, so magnificent in its proportions, is unequalled by any harbor in the world in the bold and picturesque character of its surroundings. Looking from the storied heights of Telegraph Hill (an eminence dear to the Californian of early years) upon the bay below, the observer to-day beheld a sight which will not soon be forgotten. Lying at anchor midway between the mainland and Yerba Buena Island was the Jeannette, her yards squared, her crew on board, sauntering listlessly about the deck or leaning over the bulwark gazing at the city of wealth and luxury, whose streets they may never tread again. But few words were spoken. That silence which precedes the bustle and hurry of farewell pervaded the whole vessel. All was in readiness for departure and only the arrival of the commander was awaited. Around the silent Jeannette was the fleet of the San Francisco Yacht Club, dashing here and there under easy sail, accompanied by crafts of all sizes and rigs, from the trim fore-and-aft schooner to the saucy little plunger. I did expect to see quite a number of persons along the wharf to witness the departure of the Jeannette, but I had no idea of meeting such an enthusiastic gathering as was there to see Captain DeLong leave the shore. His appointed hour for sailing was three o'clock, and to the moment he was at the wharf, if not at the ship.

"GOODBY" FROM A THOUSAND THROATS.

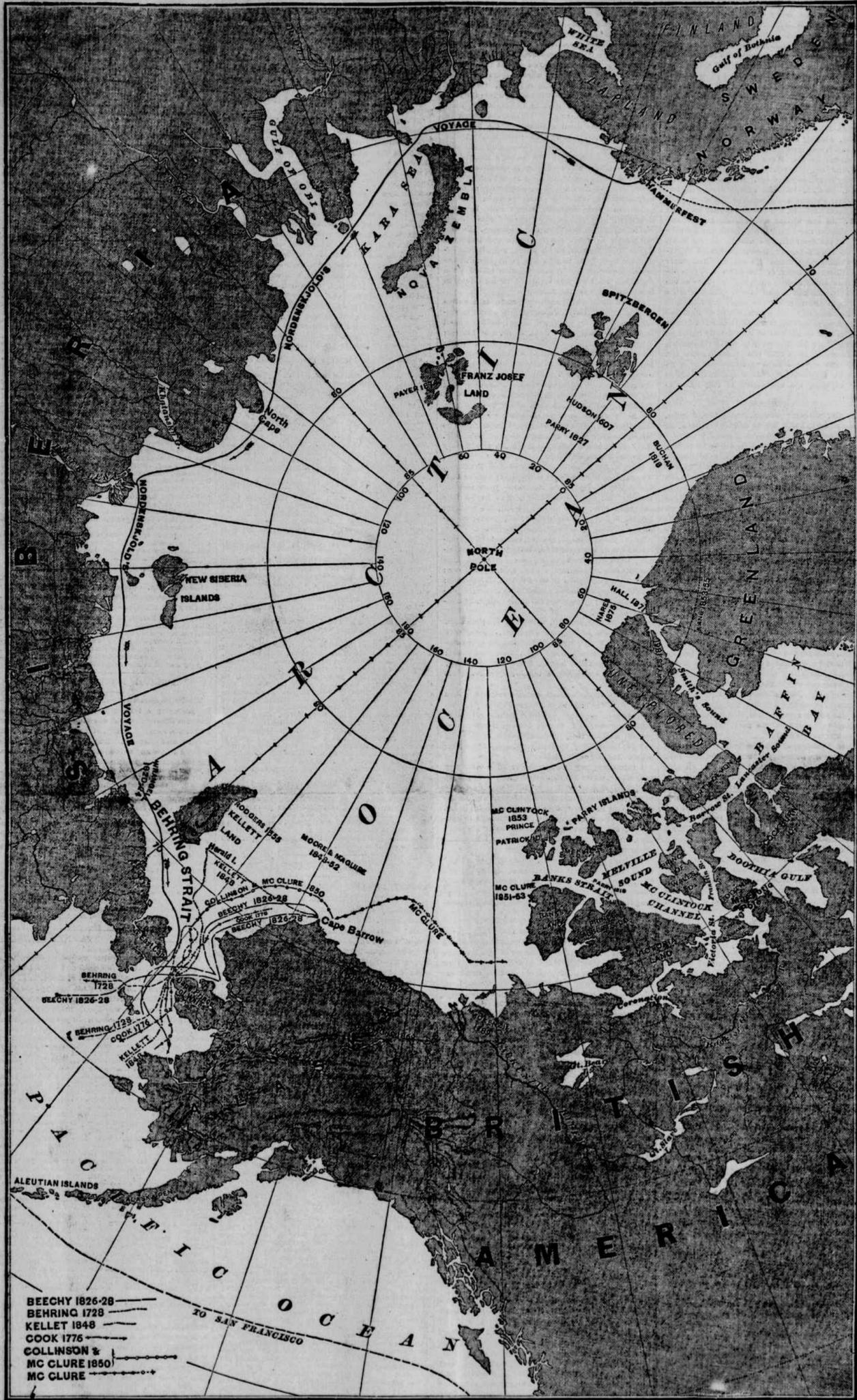
What a cheer and "goodby" went up from the citizens on shore! The Captain was accompanied by Mrs. DeLong and Mr. Jerome J. Collins. The gentlemen raised their hats and acknowledged the compliment. The enthusiasm was unbounded and was an honest outburst. All who witnessed it, from the boatman on the pier to the intelligent millionaire, came to do honor to brains and pluck. All along the wharves, where a glimpse of the Jeannette could be had, and away up on Telegraph Hill, where everything could be seen, there were great masses of citizens who had been waiting hours before the departure. Meigs' wharf, north of the city, had a vastly larger crowd than was safe for that dilapidated structure. The police could not keep the citizens back. A vast number of carriages were prohibited from advancing to the shore point of observation, but their occupants alighted and travelled forward to where they could get the best and last sight of the Jeannette while the steamer was "cutting" her anchor and preparing to start, the scene on the bay seemed more like an enchanted vision than a reality. The white sails of the San Francisco Yacht Club were everywhere, and as a stiff breeze prevailed the yachts went dashing through the waters like things of life. Even with the aid of a glass and the station master's eye I could not discern the same of every craft, but prominent on the waters were Commodore Harrison's Frolic, the Consuelo, Cornelius O'Connor, Isabela, Startled Fawn, Clara, Magic, Ida, Iappho, Lively, Virgin, Laura, Mollie, Queen of the Bay, Twilight, Mayflower, Jennie Griffin and Emerald."

CONVOYED TO THE GOLDEN GATE.

As the Jeannette left the city boundaries and went toward the Golden Gate she was convoyed by the steamtugs Governor Irwin, Millen, Griffith and Raboni. These tugs were crowded with spectators, among whom I saw Governor Irwin, Senators, Congressmen, capitalists, merchants and many of our best citizens of every title and position. It has been truly a gala day. Over ten thousand people watched the departing vessel—the spontaneous expression of the people's appreciation of a daring expedition in the aid of science and

THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

Map Illustrating Previous Expeditions to the North Pole via Behring Strait, the Voyage of Nordenskjold and the Highest Points Reached by Explorers Since 1728.



The above map of the Arctic circle, illustrating particularly the efforts at explorations made by the way of Behring Strait, gives a very clear idea of the limited progress made northward from that gateway to the Pole. A map showing in detail the voyages Poleward on the other side of the circle—namely, from Smith's Sound to the Norway coast—would be crowded indeed. As a result of this continuous effort it may be noticed from the map that, while on that side explorers have reached points well inside the eightieth parallel of latitude, on the side of Behring Strait no sailor has ascended at any point as high as the seventy-eighth parallel, and on the direct route

the Pacific flows into the Arctic Ocean at Behring Strait. It must, however, be recalled that since the age of steam no worthy effort Poleward has been made on the Behring Strait side. It will be seen that the majority of explorers on that side followed more or less the trend of the American coast. Kellet in 1848, in the search for Sir John Franklin, and Rodgers in 1855, however, sailed northward, and the discovery of Herald Island and Kellet Land, whose coast, trending northward, has not been followed further since, showed that there should be promise of better results in that direction. It is indubitable that a warm current of water from

the Pacific flows into the Arctic Ocean at Behring Strait. All these things point to the desirability of making a determined effort with the best modern appliances toward solving this problem, and it is by this Behring Strait route that the Arctic steamer Jeannette will make the attempt so long foiled on every side. The success of Nordenskjold's voyage from Hammerfest, in Norway, to Behring Strait proving the reality of the northeast passage and demonstrating that open water is to be found along the entire Siberian coast at the proper time of the year; the "open sea" seen by Wrangell in his sledge expedition in 1829

and the testimony of the whalers also encourage the belief that a well managed expedition in the hands of a fearless commander must add greatly to our geographical knowledge of the Arctic region and hold forth solid encouragement that the Pole itself may be reached on such a voyage. Some idea of the distances yet to be covered to the great goal may be gleaned from the fact that Captain Nares' highest point—83 deg. 10 min. 26 sec. north latitude—left him 410 miles from the Pole. The highest point via Kellet Land attained was not quite 75 degrees north, or 490 miles further from the Pole than Nares' highest and 900 miles from the Pole itself.

the advancement of human knowledge. When about to pass through the Golden Gate the Jeannette was greeted by a salute of ten guns, fired from Fort Point, the yachts dipping their colors, and the accompanying tugs fairly whistled themselves hoarse in token of their appreciation of the courtesy to the Jeannette. When about midway between the North and South Heads, and when upon the bosom of the broad Pacific, Captain DeLong signalled to Commodore Harrison to come alongside and take Mrs. DeLong and friends on board. The Frolic stood under the stern of the

Jeannette and a boat was slowly lowered into the water. The hour of parting had arrived. The saddest of words were to be said. Husband and wife were to bid farewell to one another, and it was no ordinary adieu. Most women would have faltered at the last moment. Mrs. DeLong, with a fortitude that was fairly heroic, took each of the officers by the hand and bade them "Goodby" with a cheering word for all. A spectator would have supposed she had little more than an ordinary interest in the farewell, yet in the good ship she was about leaving

sailed away to a region of unknown danger he who was more than life to her. There were few dry eyes upon the quarter deck of the Jeannette. Here, after handing her upon the deck of the little yacht, the husband took the wife affectionately in his arms. Their lips met. Another instant and the gallant seaman, who was leaving all behind, was on his way back alone. As the cutter passed the several yachts and tugs those on board greeted the commander with vociferous cheers. The last words from the expedition were from Mr. Collins, who said to our correspondent.

"The anchor is up and the propeller is slowly revolving, giving the Jeannette just enough motion through the water to make us feel that we are off at last. The friendly waving of hats and handkerchiefs from the wharves, the shipping and even from the distant points of vantage in San Francisco tell us that the good people of the city as well as the men of the sea are giving us a hearty send-off, although we cannot hear the cheers. Our captain and first lieutenant are on the bridge. The word is given, 'All hands give three cheers.'

"Up into the port rigging scramble the crew, the steam whistle marks time, 'Hurrah, hurrah.' Now we are off in earnest. The yacht club of San Francisco, under the command of Commodore Harrison, accompany us. How gracefully these pretty craft skim about our vessel, like white winged seagulls, as she solemnly moves toward the Narrows. We will leave them at the bar. One of them will take off from us a lady whom we have all learned to respect. It is Mrs. DeLong, the wife of our gallant captain, who is now spending with him the last sacred moments before parting. This amiable and charming lady has been the life of our Jeannette family since it was organized. If we wanted to buy anything for any purpose we went for advice to Mrs. De Long. The steamers, crowded with well wishers are now closing about us as we wave caps and handkerchiefs to friends on board them. The Jeannette ploughs onward in the teeth of a smart breeze. Hill tops and wharves in San Francisco are crowded. It is a pleasant farewell scene on the Jeannette.

"Now we are approaching the Narrows. The final leave taking will soon be given in cheers, then away to the great Pacific on our voyage to the Arctic seas.

A HAPPY COMPANY.

"Not a man on board has the shadow of a melancholy thought on his face. People remark, 'What a good humored lot of fellows.' We are happy in the knowledge that millions bear us friendly wishes. The sky ahead looks foggy. We will make off the coast to avoid the prevailing nor'wester and get into fair weather about five hundred miles westward. Then our good ship will point her prow to Ounlasaka. Now we are abreast of the fortifications. We now see the old flag waving high on its mast over the stronghold of Uncle Sam. We salute it.

"A very interesting meeting is taking place in the cabin between Mrs. De Long, Mr. William Bradford, the Arctic artist, and Mr. Brooks, of the Academy of Science. We discuss the future. Mrs. De Long is enthusiastic. She says we must succeed, and offers some sensible advice on the subject of temperature.

UNCLE SAM'S SALUTE.

"Puff! Bang! There's a salute from Fort Point. The Barbette battery is belching away and fat looking lumps of white smoke are rolling down to the sea below. Our gallant friend, Major Hasbrouck, of the Fourth artillery, is on the ramparts. We hear the cheers and return them heartily. It is a handsome compliment. Blood is thicker than water. The army salutes the navy. Farewell, brave boys, may your guns always salute friends and terrify enemies. The yachts are now passing astern. As each passes she salutes with dipping flags and cheers. They then send off to come round again. The little tugs feel the motion of the sea and begin to put back. The people on them cheer vigorously and the tugs blow their whistles. These scenes occur every few minutes as our ship passes through the craft around her. We are now opposite the Cliff House and Seal Rocks. The sea is calming down, and we bob along pretty steadily. Captain DeLong just now asked me to give his love to all of you I know you will accept the offering of a gallant seaman, who goes out to win honor for the flag. The hour is at hand when we must part from our shore friends. Leave taking is the duty of the moment. We shake hands with noble friends. We send our warmest wishes for the welfare of those we leave behind. Time's up. We part company with civilization for the present."

OFFICERS OF THE EXPEDITION.

It will interest the readers of the HERALD to know some particulars regarding the men who are to man the Jeannette during her Arctic voyaging, and on whose efficiency so much depends. Of the officers of the ship, including the scientific individuals and the ice pilot, who occupy the cabin, there are seven native Americans and one Irishman. These are, respectively:—Captain DeLong, commanding the expedition; Lieutenant Chipp, executive officer; Lieutenant Daneshower, navigating and ordnance officer; Dr. Ambler, surgeon; Chief Engineer Melville, Ice Pilot Dunbar and Mr. Newcomb, collector of specimens of natural history and taxidermist; Mr. Collins, meteorologist and scientific observer, also HERALD special correspondent.

LIEUTENANT GEORGE W. DE LONG, U. S. N.

The gallant gentleman who sails in command of the Jeannette has already an Arctic experience which will be of service to him in his present cheerfully undertaken task. He was connected with the Polar search expedition in 1874, as navigator of the United States steamer Junia, commanded by Captain D. L. Braine. Lieutenant DeLong on that cruise accomplished a most perilous undertaking. At Upernivik, Greenland, he superintended the fitting out of the steam launch Little Junia, a boat about thirty-five feet long, and with a picked crew clad in walrus, and with provisions and coal, started further north in search of the missing vessel Polar and Captain Buddington's party. He attempted to cross Melville Bay as far as Cape York by hugging the coast, but finding himself obstructed by ice he was obliged to put back several times. He finally struck a "true lead" (a channel way through the ice) and laid his course for Cape York. The fifth day out from the vessel a terrific gale sprang up while the boat was under sail, which had been resorted to the day previous to save fuel. For thirty hours they battled with this Arctic gale, more terrible than anything in the lower latitudes, and were threatened with destruction by the hundreds of toppling and crashing icebergs around them. When the gale subsided they found themselves in sight of Cape York, which was only eight miles distant. DeLong desired to push on to further search, but as it was impossible to get over the ice to the land, and having imperative orders from Captain Braine to return when the fuel was half consumed there was no alternative, and he reluctantly returned. The day before his arrival back at Upernivik the Tigress was sighted, and Lieutenant DeLong begged that his party might be taken on board, but Captain Greer would not accede to a proposition which might mean a division of any resultant glory. The Tigress, which, as a merchantman had rescued Tyson's party after its miraculous journey on the ice floe, and which was now proceeding north as a government vessel, found the camp of Buddington's party at Littleton Island, and the Polar sunk, with two icebergs stranded over her, near by. DeLong wanted to fit out the launch for a second attempt, but the supply of coal being short