

good deal nearer the Eskimo's home than the State of Maine.

The Eskimo generally eats raw flesh; nature has instructed him to know that the more fat he eats the more readily can he keep warm, so he prefers the fat or blubber of the seal. Having a knife he cuts a strip of the flesh and blubber off; one end of this he puts into his mouth, holding the strip distended with one hand, the other with the knife severing the mouthfuls as required close off to his mouth. It is astonishing how fast an Eskimo will absorb a given quantity of food, which he does generally without any mastication; and, like the Indian, he will eat till he cannot stand, when, lying down, his wife will complete the operation by dropping "tit bits," as he lays, into his mouth. They sometimes cook the blood, heart and other portions of the seal and reindeer over their fires or lamps; it is an operation requiring a good deal of time. They christen this concoction "Ko-fee," from a fancied resemblance in its taste and colour to coffee, which they have seen and probably occasionally tasted. They did their utmost to get me to taste this compound, assuring me it was on record that a shipwrecked mariner had wintered with them once and had survived this particular form of diet, which he had seemed to prefer to the raw one. Whilst perfectly willing to believe all they had to say on this subject, I positively refused to try it, pleading having but recently breakfasted. After this I always made my visits to this igloo immediately after meal time.

The Eskimos tell one that they never quarrel amongst themselves. I have never seen an approach to a quarrel, which I largely attribute to want of opportunity. Their traditions speak of their encounters with the Indians, in that struggle, or series of struggles which has resulted in their

occupying their present isolated position; this may have been merely a struggle for existence, without passion. On the other hand, I have seen a mother lose her temper with her offspring, and thump it—yes, thump it—in just such a civilized and hearty way as is a familiar sight where passions are admitted, though perhaps unnecessary part of the disposition. Of baby-hood, I saw a great deal; mothers, in that rush which I have spoken of, to save their very house from the dogs, would thrust their babies into my hands, gather up their skirts, so to speak, and leave me the sole charge of their treasures. In these intervals, with man's awful dread of a crying anything, worst of all a baby, opportunity was afforded for mutual investigation, and huge concessions on my part. It often had my watch, which never satisfied it till it had opened and had made several attempts at rearranging the works with a greasy finger. It should have had the lamp if it had shewn any attempt at crying for it, rather than that the mother should return and find it in tears, apparently the effect of my having pinched it. As elsewhere, nothing seemed too large for them to attempt to get into their mouths, nothing that they got in that they did not swallow, if not prevented. Girlhood, in which they aped being grown up, and kept house for an imaginary household. Boyhood, that performed the most extraordinary feats of stalking imaginary game, or that went on long voyages in an imaginary kyack, and performed unheard of feats on unheard animals. Manhood, with the realities of life and the struggle for existence. Womanhood, with its household duties, and the part of a beast of burden as with other uncivilized nations; yes, and the moments of entire enjoyment, when, like the rest of her sex elsewhere, she took such an interest in