

which he had been received everywhere. But after all, home was home, and he was glad to be back once more in his accustomed place and to his accustomed work. He had realized on his return the rapid expansion of the Company's business by the large addition to the head office staff, which had had to be made during the year he had been absent. To many of them, therefore, he was a stranger as yet, and so were they to him, but he hoped soon to become better acquainted. He had constantly sought to know those under his charge, to take a personal interest in them, and to seek to imbue them with a spirit of living, active interest in the Company, that they should work heartily and loyally together, with the object of maintaining its good name and reputation, and of advancing its interests in every possible way.

An Arctic Vision.....BRET HARTE (1897)

[It will surprise many to find so clear a prediction of the value of Alaska as is drawn in this poem of more than a generation ago.—Editor.]

Where the short-legged Esquimaux
Waddle in the ice and snow,
And the playful polar bear
Nips the hunter unaware ;
Where by day they track the ermine,
And by night another vermin,—
Segment of the frigid zone,
Where the temperature alone
Warms on St. Elias' cone ;
Polar dock, where Nature slips
From the ways her icy ships ;
Land of fox and deer and sable,
Shore end of our western cable,—
Let the news that flying goes
Thrill through all your arctic flocks,
And reverberate the boast
From the cliffs of Beechey's coast,
Till the tidings, circling round
Every bay of Norton Sound,
Throw the vocal tide-wave back
To the Isles of Kodiak.
Let the stately polar bears
Waltz around the pole in pairs,
And the walrus in his glee,
Bare his tusks of ivory ;
While the bold sea unicorn
Calmly takes an extra horn ;

All ye polar skies, reveal your
Very rarest of parhelia ;
Trip it, all ye merry dancers,
In the airiest of lancers ;
Slide, ye solemn glaciers, slide,
One inch farther to the tide,
Nor in rash precipitation,
Upset Tyndall's calculation
Know you not what fate awaits you.
Or to whom the future mates you ?
All ye icebergs make salaam,—
You belong to Uncle Sam !
On the spot where Eugene Sue
Led the wretched Wandering Jew,
Stands a form whose features strike
Russ and Esquimaux alike.
He it is whom Skalds of old
In their Runic rhymes foretold ;
Lean of flank and lank of jaw,
See the real Northern Thor !
See the awful Yankee leering
Just across the Straits of Behring ;
On the drifted snow, too plain,
Sinks his fresh tobacco stain
Just behind the deep inden-
Tation of his number 10.
Leaning on his icy hammer
Stands the hero of the drama,
And above the wild-duck's clamor,
In his own peculiar grammar
With its linguistic disguises,
Lo, the Arctic prologue rises :
" Wall, I reckon 't ain't so bad,
Seen' ez 'twas all they had ;
True, the Springs are rather late
And early Falls predominate ;
But the ice crop's pretty sure,
And the air is kind o' pure ;
'Tain't so very mean a trade,
When the land is all surveyed,
There's a right smart chance for fur-chase,
All along this recent purchase
And, unless the stories fall,
Every fish from cod to whale ;
Rocks, too ; mebbe quarrz ; let's see,—
'Twould be strange if there should be,—
Seems I've heerd such stories told ;
Eh ! Why, bless us ; yes, it's gold !"
While the blows are falling thick
From his California pick,
You may recognize the Thor
Of the vision that I saw.
Freed from legendary glamour,
See the real magician's hammer.

"There is only one thing I ever do for policy's sake." "What's that?" "Pay my premium."—(Ex.)