

aroma of the luscious pork-stew. To them the hard bread, that would defy the teeth and puzzle the digestion of many people here, is like candy to our children; and the "black-strap" molasses which is fed to "poor Jack" is ambrosial nectar to them when mixed with the sailors' barley-coffee, or even with hot water, composing that time-honored beverage, "swankey." So was it around our tent at Camp Daly, but for a short time only, as the season for killing reindeer with the fur of suitable quality for winter clothing was rapidly passing, and it became necessary for the settlement to break camp and scatter through the game country, as is their custom in the summer and fall. Indeed, it is not until midwinter is upon them that they re-assemble at some convenient point on the coast, where they can hunt for seals and walrus, and get the much-needed blubber for food and fuel.

Their life in their hunting-camps is one of constant exercise. The game is roaming over the country, and the tent of the hunter remains in one place but a few days. Before leaving the shore for the hunting-grounds, most of the dogs are put upon the islands near the main-land, where they feed upon the little fish found in the sea-weed when the tide recedes. A few dogs only are taken into the country to assist in moving camp, but otherwise their presence is a nuisance, for, to prevent them from chasing the game, they are kept tied near their master's tent, and make existence in the neighborhood a burden by their constant whining and shouting for freedom. Day and night they keep up this terrible uproar with sleepless industry, so that, when the noise ceases, the hunter knows that his dog has burst his bonds and is probably already in mischief.

During the latter part of the month of August, I visited one of these hunting-camps on the southern bank of Connery River, above the gate-way through which the search party passed on the return from King William's Land, in February, 1880. In this camp were three *tupics*, containing four families, and when moving camp, which occurred every other day while I was with them, every one, old and young, men and women, had his load, and the dogs staggered under burdens that would fill with sadness the heart of a member of the S. P. C. A. Even a palsied old crone had upon her back the skins that comprised her bed. It was a comparatively light load, but she had to keep up with the line of march as

best she could, or fall behind and come along at her leisure. Only when we forded the river, which was accomplished at a portage over and through the stones of which the water dashed with great violence, did any one go to the assistance of the old woman. Then two young men took her light frame in their brawny arms and carried her safely through the torrent, landing her upon the opposite shore, where she was again left to follow or not as she pleased. It is astonishing what burdens these people will carry upon their backs, by means of a thong which passes across the breast and just below the shoulders, sometimes supported by an additional thong over the forehead. Besides their share of the load, the women have the youngest child in their hoods or sitting upon the back-load, with their feet around the mother's neck. The men seldom offer to relieve their partners of the infant, unless it be the heir, in which case the father will sometimes deign to take him upon his own bundle. But it always seemed to me as if the fathers would rather see their daughters left behind to become food for wolves than lower their dignity by carrying a female child.

Arrived at the spot selected for the new camp, bundles are laid aside, and all, throwing themselves upon the ground, enjoy a few moments of peaceful rest. Then pipes are filled and passed from mouth to mouth, and conversation upon the prospect of reindeer being seen is entered into by the men, while the women erect the tents, unload the dogs, and put down the bedding. If there is any meat in camp, moss is gathered by the women, and a fire is started in the doorway of the tent to cook a potful of meat, while the men lounge about and smoke, or roam over the hills to look for traces of reindeer. During the day-time, while the men are hunting, the women and children generally repair to the nearest lake, and fish for the fine salmon which abound in all the waters of that locality, and which are eaten either raw or cooked.

The rivers and lakes around Camp Daly are not only filled with salmon, but flocks of ducks inhabit the waters, laying their eggs among the rocks that bound their shores, and rearing their young upon the placid waters of the tributaries of Hudson Bay. The eider-duck, which is known to the Esquimaux as *me-ah-tuk*, or duck proper, is seen in great abundance wherever water can be found in the vicinity. Even at Franklin Point, on King William's Land, in June, 1878, we found it of great value to us to