

and surprise of our inquisitive companions, we paid a visit to the next valley, where we found a small village situated close upon a fine stream of fresh water flowing from a large bed of thawing snow. The banks of the brook were fertile, but vegetation was more diminutive here than in Kotzebue Sound; notwithstanding which, several plants were found which did not exist there. The tents were constructed of skins loosely stretched over a few spars of drift-wood, and were neither wind nor water tight. They were, as usual, filthy, but suitable to the taste of their inhabitants, who no doubt saw nothing in them that was revolting. The natives testified much pleasure at our visit, and placed before us several dishes, among which were two of their choicest—the entrails of a fine seal, and a bowl of coagulated blood. But, desirous as we were to oblige them, there was not one of our party that could be induced to partake of their hospitality. Seeing our reluctance, they tried us with another dish, consisting of the raw flesh of the narwhal nicely cut into lumps, with an equal distribution of black and white fat; but they were not more successful here than at first.

An old man then braced a skin upon a tambourine frame, and striking it with a bone gave the signal for a dance, which was immediately performed to a chorus of Angna aya! angna aya! the tambourine marking time by being flourished and twirled about against a short stick instead of being struck. The musician, who was also the principal dancer, jumped into the ring, and threw his body into different attitudes until quite exhausted, and then resigned his office to another, from whom it passed to a lad who

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