

are each made of a thin board of the breadth required, bent into the form of a hoop, and the ends sewed together neatly with strips of whalebone, the bottom being retained in its place by a score like the end of an ordinary cask.

The oil-burner, or lamp, is an article deserving mention. This lamp is a flat stone of a peculiar shape, three to four and a half feet long, and four inches thick, pointed at the ends by the union of the two unequally convex sides, somewhat like the gibbous moon. The upper surface is hollowed to the depth of three-quarters of an inch, to contain the oil, leaving merely a thin lip all round, and several narrow ridges dividing the hollow part, both lengthwise and transversely. It is placed on two horizontal pieces of wood, fixed in the side of the hut, about a foot from the floor. Not only a good light, but a great degree of heat, is produced by these lamps, and it is seldom that the temperature of the room is under 70° Fah. Great care is taken to keep it trimmed, and no offensive degree of smoke arises, though the olfactory nerves are generally saluted by other scents anything but agreeable.

Captain Trollope, when describing the dwelling-places of the Esquimaux he encountered during a journey to Kingaghee, says: "The interior was really clean and cheerful. It was a spacious room, twenty feet square, with brilliant lights in troughs of seal oil, the wicks, formed of moss, placed in a row at the edge, and fed by a piece of blubber hanging within reach of the flame. The light was excellent. I was reminded of the jets of gas often seen in shop windows; and the heat was far more than I could have believed."

The Esquimaux seem to be particularly fond of dancing; and the tambourine is, apparently, their only approach to what we should call music. It is a thin skin (intestine of a seal), well stretched on a circular frame of wood, and beat against a stick. On one occasion, when several of the natives were on board the Plover, a flute was played by an officer. This greatly astonished them. They could not comprehend how the sounds were pro-

duced, and it was highly amusing to the sailors to see one of the most intelligent of the Esquimaux, who fancied there was some trick practised, examine the fingers and lips of the musician to find out the deceit. On another occasion, Captain Maguire permitted several of the natives, who had evinced a friendly disposition, to enter the vessel, and witness some of the amusements going on amongst the crew. "Being made," says the Captain, "to seat themselves round the deck, the entertainment commenced by serving each native with a little tobacco; then our musical instruments (a violin, cornopean, drum, and triangle) played a lively air, which caused a general exclamation of wonder and pleasure, most of the party now hearing them for the first time. This was followed by a request for them to dance, and, being supplied with a drum, they willingly complied. Our seamen danced in their turn, and, in a little time, the natives entered fully into the spirit of the amusement, stripping off their skin-coats, and danced naked to the waist, with the temperature at 6°, showing the state of excitement they work themselves into, as the male performers shout in a wild, triumphant manner, and all the lookers-on join in a chorus, and become as much excited as the performers. Their appearance makes a scene as savage as can well be imagined."

The Esquimaux generally show great ingenuity in making sundry models of canoes, representations of themselves, or imitations of birds, animals, etc. The late Lieutenant Hooper (a most amiable, zealous, enterprising, and highly-talented young officer, who published an account of his residence amongst the Tuski, when belonging to H. M. S. Plover, under the title of "Ten Months in the Tents of the Tuski"), thus describes some of these clever artificers: "At Wootair dwelt a cunning artist, a very Tuski Cellini, whose skill in sculpturing ivory was the theme of praise throughout the country. One man made whip-handles well; another produced the best thongs; and so in all things we saw, as I believe must inevitably be, *chacun a son métier*. A fine