

in a future existence, with plenty as the reward; and bury with the deceased his knife, and, once upon a time, his gun. To-day, they no longer supply him with his gun, as the experience has been that it is not reserved for his future use, as the modern skeptic amongst the Eskimo, probably reasoning that if game is as plentiful as represented, there would be no use for the article, and takes it to himself. They bury nothing with their womenkind, arguing that some happy hunter will look after their welfare in the happy hunting-ground. They have the very highest respect for the white man's medicines, but depend entirely on incantations for their own treatment in emergencies. When one of my party was laid up with scurvy, being anxious to see their treatment, we called in one of the leaders in the art, who, after assuring us that the subject was under the influence of the wicked spells of an opposition doctor, said, that with proper precautions he would be brought around; this was very interesting information to me as I was the patient.

I will not give you a further description of the *modus operandi* of this enchantress (the learned professions, or profession, being filled by those of the less stern sex) than by saying that they consisted of a series of grotesque movements and incantations, in which a somewhat numerous chorus took part to the solo of the doctress. At different stages in the proceedings we were asked if we felt better. In answer to which the only assurance that could with truth be given was that we felt no worse. Then the suggestion was made that we should double the chorus and the doctors, a proceeding that we did not agree to, as, having seen all of the operations which were necessary for our information, we did not see the object of it. The enmity of this op-

position doctress was earned in the most simple way; her name had been Ick-tu-ad-de-lo, "The Prophetess," and we thought we were showing our appreciation of the changes to which the language may be put by altering it to Ictu-we-awee-ah, "The wooden-man"—an attempt at a pun—which seemed to be fully appreciated by her fellows and lost on herself. They protect themselves from infectious disease and other ills by sewing one or more strips of seal skin about their outer garment, somewhat in the form of a maze, so that the spirit of the ill, approaching by way of this outer garment and following along these strips, may get lost before he can enter the body. Then they eat certain portions of the body of the seal, walrus and reindeer, as cures for certain lesser ills, and bind the body into all sorts of positions with thongs of raw hide for pains and aches.

The Eskimos have a large amount of admiration to bestow on the white man and his ways; they are the most satisfactory audience I ever had to exhibit conjuring tricks before, showing the most hearty appreciation for one's feeblest endeavours. But of all things which pleased them, were the mysteries, to them, of writing and telegraphy. Write a message to one of your men, at a distance from your house, give it to an Eskimo, explaining to him what the import of the message is and that it will be understood from those few insignificant looking lines, and he is lost in astonishment and admiration for the art. Tell him that you will, by a series of rappings, in accordance with the system of telegraphy, give any message he may dictate to you to your man at the other end of the room, which he feels is being delivered in his own tongue as he has given it, and you have him in a condition capable of believing the impossible possible. I do not think that there was anything