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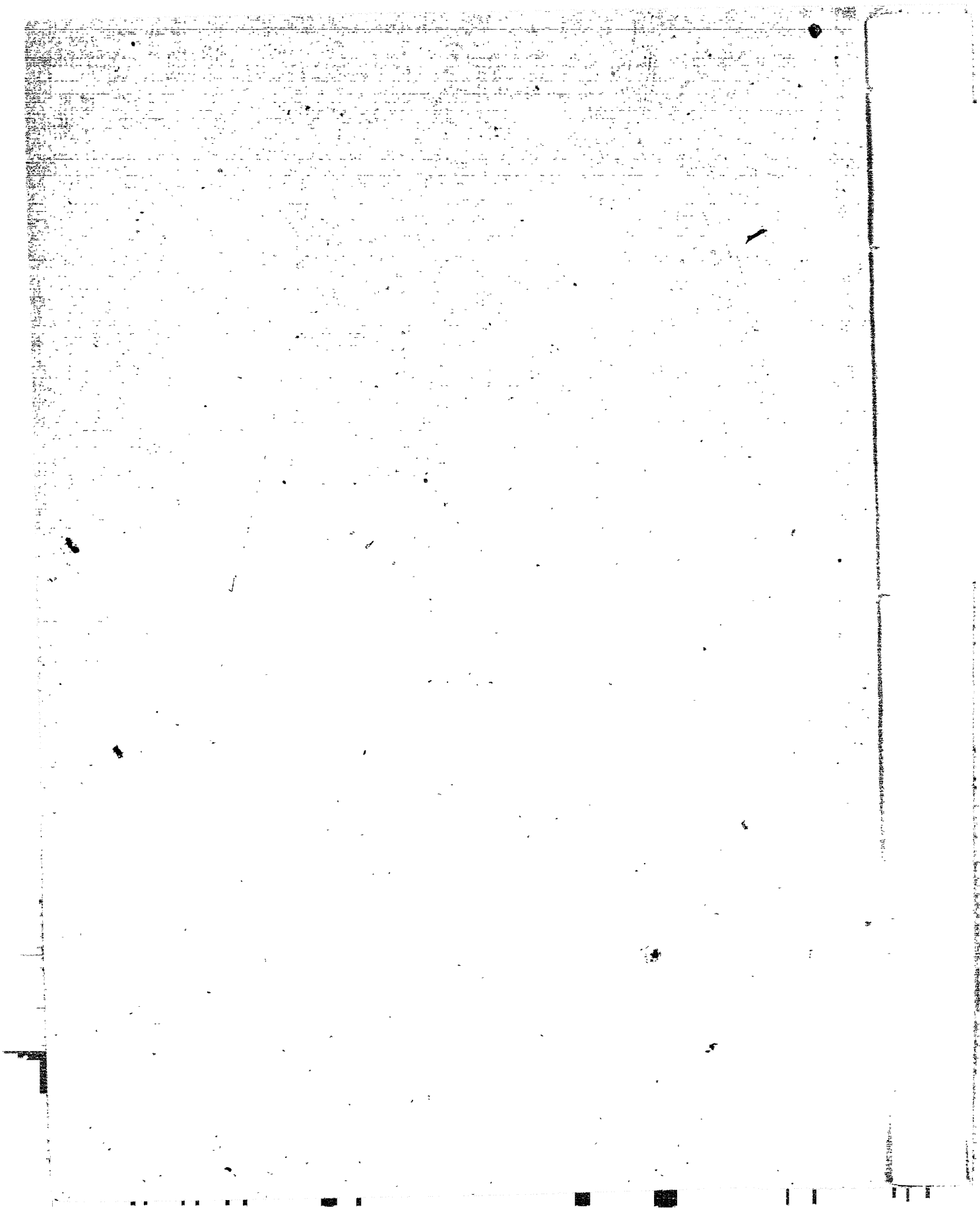
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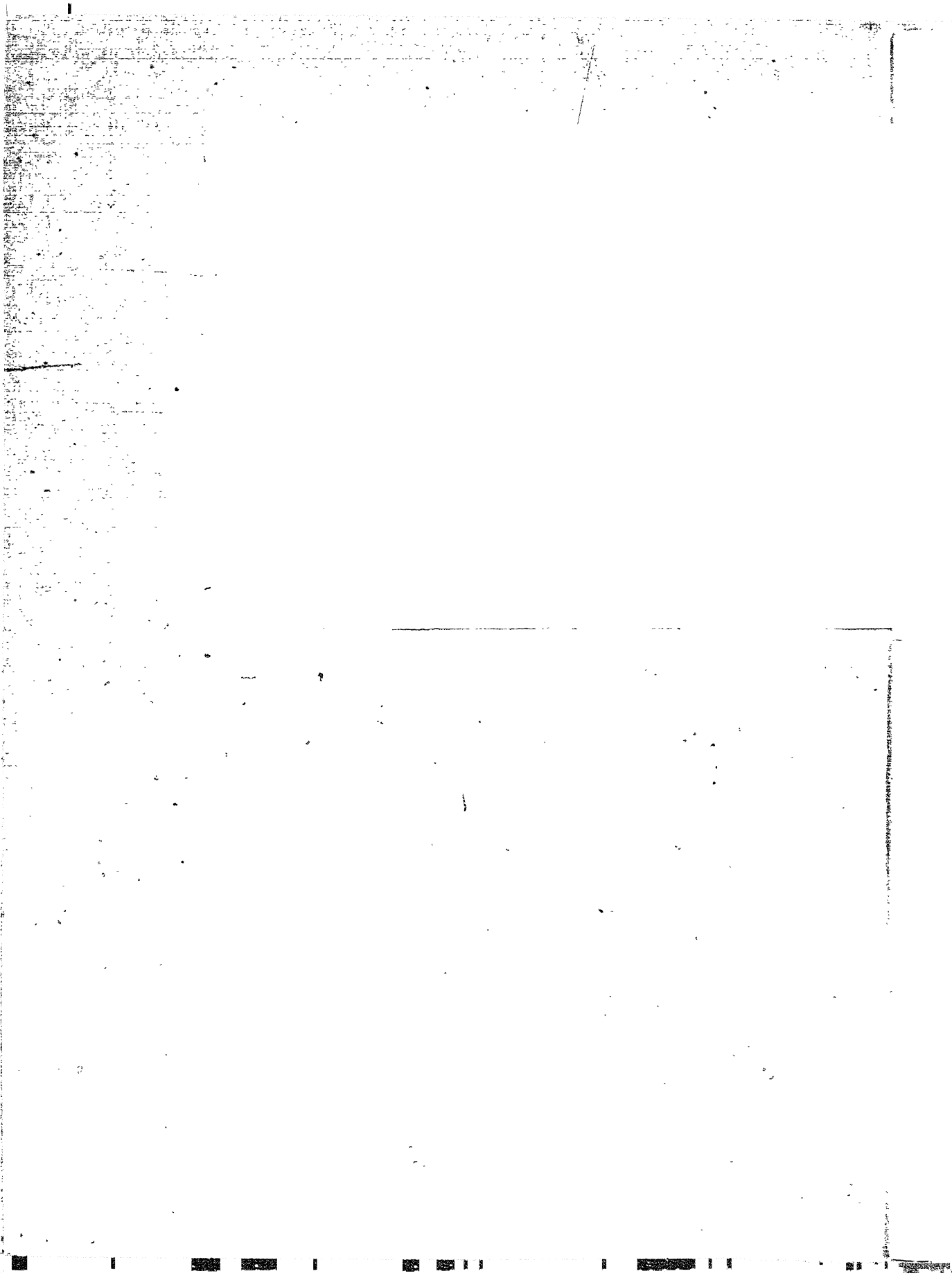
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AMONG THE ESQUIMAUX WITH SCHWATKA.

THE writer, as an officer of Lieutenant Schwatka's Franklin Search Party, of 1878-80, had unusual opportunities for studying the Esquimaux character and habits, and proposes to record in this article a few observations derived from his experience.

It was early in the month of August, 1878, that Lieutenant Schwatka's party left the whaling schooner upon which they had taken passage to North Hudson Bay, and established themselves with the natives of that section of the country. Around them had clustered a village of from fifteen to

twenty *tupics* (tents made of seal-skin), and comprising about eighty or ninety people, old and young. It is the friendly custom of the Esquimaux to gather around the white visitors in their country, in order to supply them with the much-needed anti-scorbutic—fresh meat, and to eat of the crumbs that fall from the rich men's table. Surrounding the whalers in their winter quarters are the snow-huts of the natives, and in convenient proximity to the galley at meal times may be seen the inhabitants themselves, gazing with wistful eyes at the "barge" of hard-tack, and sniffing the



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

know that we could subsist on ducks while, temporarily, other game appeared exhausted, and, for about two weeks, they formed our only diet. We ate a great many geese and swans, besides eggs of various weights and measures, from the snow-bunting to the *cokejoke*, by which name the arctic swan is known. Its egg is about the size of a pint cup, and one would afford a solid meal to at least two persons. During the first few weeks of our occupancy of Camp Daly, we frequently sought the neighboring ponds and lakes to bring fresh game to our larder, and found the ducklings and goslings most delightful food. Our incursions did not seem to affect the quantity displayed, and not until the day came when all the waters were frozen did we recognize the fact that our geese had wandered. An amusing incident occurred shortly after our arrival at this camp, and after the natives had nearly all departed to their hunting-grounds. Lieutenant Schwatka desired to establish north and south points by a culmination of the planet Jupiter, and had stationed Henry at the farther point with a pan of oil and moss to show as a light, while he himself made the observations, and, in order to distinguish his signals from all the ordinary sounds of camp-life, chose a duck call, which happened to remain in his shot-gun case, by which to indicate the direction. One "quack" meant to the left, two, to the right, and three, to remain as you were. Presently came the signal "quack," and Henry stepped to the right, a little too far. "Quack, quack," sounded the lieutenant's call, and Henry started to the left with his pan of oil, but at the same time the sound smote the ears of the ducks on North Hudson Bay and adjacent waters, and quickly came the responsive cry: "Quack, quack," "Quack, quack," until the whole department of ducks responded to the call, and Henry, in his confusion running from point to point, at last asked relief, while in the meantime the planet culminated, and the desired opportunity was lost.

One of the greatest discomforts of arctic travel is the enforced uncleanness. It is often asked, How could you associate, and maintain such intimate relations with those dirty savages, living in the same tent or snow-hut with them? To this the answer very naturally assumes the form of another question: How could they live with us? For certainly we were about as dirty as they could be. In winter, water is too scarce and too precious an article to waste in washing.

Generally all the water you have is ice or snow melted over an oil-lamp—a very tedious process. Another obstacle is the fact that you must wipe your hands and face pretty soon after washing, or they will soon be frozen; and when a towel has once been used, its future usefulness is seriously impaired. It then becomes frozen as stiff as a board, and about as available as that for wiping one's hands and face. When in permanent quarters, it is, of course, different, and a certain degree of cleanliness can be observed. Then when a towel is used it can be hung near the lamp, and will eventually get dry; but in the meantime it catches the particles of soot from the lamp, and after using it the second time it is hard to tell whether your face has been washed or not. The natives never wash, and, as they are a healthy race, suffering only from pulmonary diseases and disorders of the stomach, occasioned by overloading with rancid meat, it becomes an open question whether cleanliness is necessary to health. They have no cloth, and consequently no towels, and it is amusing to see the devices to which they are forced to provide substitutes. The men eat while sitting or standing in a circle, and pass a large piece of meat, either cooked or raw and bloody, from one to another, each in turn seizing a morsel in his teeth and cutting it off with a large knife, to the imminent peril of his nose. At the end of the meal, their hands and faces look as if they had been eating out of a trough. They don't mind the dirt, but they hate to waste the blood or gravy, so they scrape their hands, fingers, and cheeks very carefully with their knives, and then lick the knives clean with their tongues. If either the men or the women get their hands covered with oil by handling blubber, they first lick off the oil and then wipe their hands upon a napkin improvised from the skin of a bird. When a duck, goose, dovekie, or any other large bird has been killed, they skin it, gnaw the fat from the skin, and then dry it in the sun. Then these skins are put carefully away, to do service as napkins and towels.

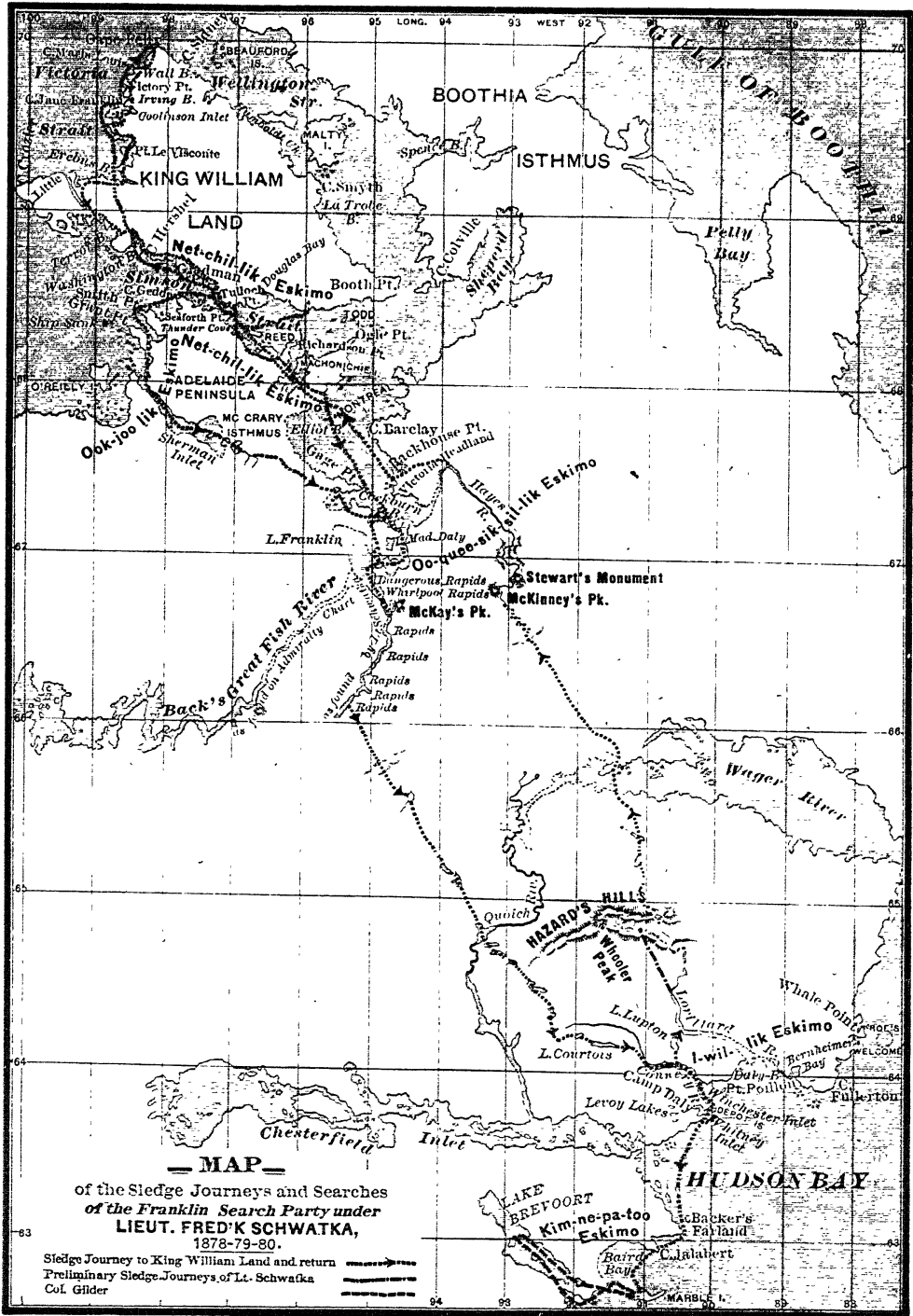
While the spring snows are on the ground the natives suffer greatly with snow-blindness, and even after the snow has disappeared, their eyes are often terribly inflamed. There is a constant desire to rub them while in this condition, but their hands are always so dirty that to do so increases rather than diminishes their suffering. I once saw a most charming substitute, when Koo-pah came

into my tent with a rabbit's foot in his hand, which he occasionally drew across his eyelids, to remove the perspiration that would otherwise have caused him great annoyance. I was surprised to see the "hare's foot," which has for so long been the favorite paint and powder puff of the green-room, put to a kindred use in the hands of a savage.

The Esquimaux women are exceedingly expert in the use of the needle, and make many ornamental pieces of clothing, as well as bags for various purposes. They have not yet reached that degree of civilization that makes pockets a necessity, and so each man carries a bag, more or less ornamental according to the taste or skill of his wife. Some are very pretty indeed, exhibiting agreeable contrasts of color by using the skin of several animals, or the skin from different parts of the same animal. Since the advent of the whalers in the northern waters, cloth can occasionally be obtained for the purpose of bag-making, and some made of that material show excellent taste and judgment in the choice of beads of various colors, with which they are often profusely adorned. Reindeers' teeth also are used for ornament, and dangle from the fringe that decorates the hunter's pouch or adorns the bead-work breast-plate upon his wife's coat; as may be imagined, these present a ghastly appearance, owing to their resemblance to human teeth. The hunter does not usually wear the pouch or bag hanging in front of him, by passing the string over the back of his neck, but passes the string around the front of his neck and lets the bag dangle behind. In this receptacle he carries his pipe and tobacco, his matches or flint and steel, his box of caps and the little box containing *et-tu-mó-yér*—the leaves of a small running vine dried and chopped fine to mix with his tobacco. It is only when hunting or traveling alone that he carries the bag at all. When his wife is with him she must carry whatever is necessary, and for this purpose she uses her hood, which is unnecessarily long, or puts the articles in her loose stocking. When the lord and master wants his pipe, he turns to his obedient slave, and says: "*Pay-ú-let-e-now?*" (where is the pipe?)—whereupon she cuts the tobacco, fills and lights the pipe, and, after a few puffs as reward, hands it to her majestic ruler. He would, perhaps, find the cold wind disagreeable to his hands should he remove his mittens to prepare the pipe, so the wife must suffer. When building their

snow-huts, the men wear long mittens of reindeer fur, made, like gauntlets, to cover the end of the coat-sleeve, where they are tied down to keep out the snow while they are cutting and handling the blocks. These are carried on the sled during a march, and, of course, through the day are frozen stiff. Shortly before halting, the wife has to put these frozen mittens inside the bosom of her dress, and next to her bare skin, that they may be thawed out and warm by the time her husband wants to wear them. Or, if this precaution be neglected, she must put them upon her own hands first, and thaw them in that way. While the men cut the snow-blocks and build the house, the women chink the cracks, and, if it is very cold or windy weather, cover the building with snow by means of a wooden snow-shovel. When it is completed, the women arrange the beds, light the lamps, and make the habitation as comfortable as possible. The husband's frozen shoes and stockings are passed over to the wife, to beat off the snow and ice, and place them over the lamp to dry. This duty often keeps the weary woman awake nearly all night, while the husband sleeps away his fatigue and arises to put on dry stockings in the morning. No wonder that the Esquimaux seldom travel without their women.

In my correspondence with the "New York Herald," a full account was given of seal and walrus hunting, but nothing was there said concerning the method of killing ducks and geese by spearing. In hunting the seal during the winter and spring, while the air is too cold for him to find comfort in sunning himself on the surface of the ice, the hungry Esquimaux has to look for his prey through ice of from two to twenty feet in thickness. Here, again, are shown the excellent qualities possessed by his much-abused dog. The little hole through which the seal inhales his fresh air communicates directly with the well-like hole by which he approaches the surface of the water. The dog's keen instinct scents the blow-hole, though, as is often the case, it be covered with snow, and conducts his master to the spot. A shelter is then built by erecting a few blocks of snow to break the force of the wind, and the patient hunter takes his place for a long and dreary watch for the return of the seal to breathe. He cannot walk around, for that would frighten away the animal, and sometimes his vigil has been known to extend over two days at one sitting. When the long spring days







ESQUIMAUX ENTERTAINMENT.

have begun to pour their incessant sunshine upon the frozen sea, the seal comes out upon the ice to enjoy a sun-bath, and then is approached and slain by the treacherous hunter, who has succeeded in convincing him that he is only another seal.

Walrus are approached in a similar manner on the ice, and are sometimes struck in the water from the edge of the ice-pack.

A most novel and interesting method of bird-catching is practiced during the spring and early summer, while the ducks and geese are molting and unable to fly. The Esquimaux puts his *kyack*—that is, his

seal-skin canoe—on his head, like an immense hat, and repairs to the big lake, or the sea-side, where he has seen the helpless birds swimming and feeding in the water. Here he launches his frail bark, and, when seated, which is not always accomplished without a ducking, takes his double-bladed oar in his hands, and at once starts in pursuit of the game. Before him, on his *kyack*, where he can seize it at the proper moment, lies his duck-spear, together with other implements of the chase. Cautiously approaching the featherless flock, he sometimes gets quite near before his presence is



BREAKING CAMP.

observed, but even then, before he is within striking distance, there is a great spluttering in the water, as the band scatters in every direction, vainly beating the water with the curious-looking stumps that soon will wear their plumage and once more do duty as wings. Some dive below the surface and come up a great way off, and always just where you are not looking for them; but as the flock takes alarm, the hunter dashes forward, feeling the necessity for speed rather than for caution. He is soon within fifteen or twenty feet of the struggling mass, and, seizing a curious-looking spear, with three barbs of unequal length, he poises it for a moment in the air, and then hurls it with unerring aim at the devoted bird, impaling it with a sharpened iron or bone spike in the center of the barbs. The handle of the spear is of wood, and floats on the surface of the water, so that the hunter can recover his weapon and the game at his leisure.

In some sections of the Arctic, the game thus captured forms a great staple of food; for winter use the birds are packed in bales of about three feet in length and two feet square on the ends, looking very much like small bales of cotton that have been tarred and feathered, for it must be remembered that the inside and outside of the birds remain intact when packed away. It is no objection to an Esquimaux palate that they decay before winter freezes the bale as solid as a rock.

While traveling through the Ookjoolik country, on the west coast of Adelaide Peninsula, we found the natives well supplied with this delicacy, and did not hesitate to accept some of the many cordial invitations to game dinners that we received from these hospitable savages. We found here, also, that the natives were supplied with goose-grease preserved in bags for winter use, and a most seasonable and dainty fare it proved to be. Salmon-oil is also similarly preserved, and is equally palatable. In a temperate climate it would probably seem objectionable, but in the Arctic winter everything of that character is demanded by the system, and, fortunately, instead of proving nauseous, is really delicious. The roe—called by the natives *shu-way*—of the salmon is kept in bags, and only needs pickling to rival the famous Russian caviare.

Nearly all the rivers and lakes that empty into the Arctic seas are filled with fish, usually salmon and trout of unusual size. Paphah, an aged Inuit from Amitkoke,

which is about half-way up the Melville Peninsula, on the Fox Channel side, told me that in an immense lake near his old home were salmon "as large as a man," and so strong, that, in capturing them, occasionally the fishermen were drawn into the lake. They sometimes caught them by striking them with a seal spear, the head of which separates from the shaft and turns in the wound like a harpoon. These, however, were larger than the usual salmon, though I saw some, while on Back's Great Fish River, that would measure more than twelve inches across. As a general thing, they are speared while passing the rapids; their bodies are then piled upon the ground, and stones are built around and over them to protect them from the ravages of wolves and wolverine. Like the ducks and geese, they are "cachéd" without cleaning, and the summer sun soon reduces them to a condition that would seriously impair their value at a Fulton Market stand. Around the numerous rapids in the vicinity of our *igloos*, at the point on the river which is marked as the Dangerous Rapids, and is known to the natives as *E-tam Nartz-zook*, we found a great many caches, covering several tons of fish. The rapids occur at intervals of a mile or two for a distance of about ten miles, and it was here that Lieutenant Back, upon the voyage in which he discovered the river, was compelled to disembark and convey his boats and material by portages, a task in which he was materially assisted by the natives.

It is more the position than the nature of the animal hunted which gives the spice of danger to the sport, and adds the excitement of action to the chase. Seal-hunting through the ice is intensely monotonous and dull, while, on the contrary, when the seal is lying upon the ice, half dreaming and half awake, on the slippery edge of his hole, the question as to whether or not the devices to deceive and ensnare him will prove successful adds great interest to the work, which increases in proportion as the distance between the sportsman and his game diminishes. It is no unusual experience to see the provoking animal slip swiftly into his hole just as the hunter is about to pose himself for a shot or to throw his spear. This occurs, perhaps, after about an hour's work in sliding closer and closer to the seal, while he is lying upon one side,—the hunter hitching himself along during the occasional naps indulged in by the unsuspecting animal. But so accus-

tomed is he to such a termination of the chase that he merely arises from his recumbent position, says, "*Mar-me-an-nar*," and, lighting his pipe, strolls off to look for another opportunity.

So is it with bear-hunting. While the bear is in the water, and the hunter follows him in a boat, there is little excitement in the sport; but when upon the ice, and the bear is seen before he knows that danger is near, then there is something feverish in the hasty and whispered preparations for the chase. The load is unceremoniously dumped upon the ice, and the hunters, seating themselves upon the sled, drive off in the direction of the bear. The dogs, relieved of the weighty load, imagine that something is about to happen, and dash ahead, their ears erect and turned forward, their eyes eagerly scanning their limited horizon. Presently they see the huge beast before them, or the wind brings a sniff of bear's grease to their hungry nostrils, and then they are off with a will. Nothing can exceed the impetuosity with which they now fly along, each one straining every nerve to reach the distant foe, the sled swinging from side to side, splashing through shallow pools in the ice, or bridging an ice-crack that tries the mettle of the best jumpers in the team, and compels the others to swim. Once in a while, the best efforts of the driver cannot prevent the front end of the sled coming in contact with a hummock that brings the vehicle to an abrupt stand, and sends the team sprawling in every direction. Again released from its arrest, the excitement increases when the majestic animal is seen more distinctly, as the sled draws nigher. It is not long now before instinct warns him of approaching danger, and, pausing in his leisurely walk in search of a sleeping seal, he turns around to survey the surface of the level ice. He soon recognizes an enemy, and away he goes at full speed, with a rocking, lumbering canter that impresses you more with his size and strength than with his grace.

Now the hunter leans forward, and with his knife severs the traces of the team, and follows them as fast as his sinewy legs can carry him, reckless of water-holes and ice-cracks, his whole soul bent upon coming up with the bear at bay, in time to get the first bullet into the body, in which case the carcass belongs to him. The dogs have now come up with Bruin, and, snapping at his heels, compel him to halt and defend himself. Turning around and growling angrily, he lowers his head, and with opened mouth

rushes at the most importunate of his foes, who eludes him with true canine dexterity. Occasionally he rises upon his haunches and strikes out furiously with his fore paws. Woe to the dog within reach of that terrible blow, for his fate is sealed. Sometimes an unfortunate brute comes near enough to be caught and squeezed in an embrace that nothing but death can loosen. And now the hunters come panting upon the scene of action, and have to use great care to avoid killing their faithful dogs, as I have known them to be killed, by the bullet passing entirely through the bear and striking the dog on the other side. A rifle, or pistol, is the favorite weapon in these days, when most of the hunters have fire-arms, but a few years ago they were not so well supplied, and relied upon the spear, with an iron barb, or one made of walrus tusk, worked to the proper shape and sharpened to the greatest possible extent. With such miserable weapons these brave Esquimaux do not hesitate to attack the polar bear, the largest and one of the most ferocious of his species. They rely upon the dogs engaging the attention of the animal while they come in to their support, but often the enraged beast turns from his little tormenters and attacks his still more dangerous foe, the hunter, who now needs all his coolness and skill to overcome his adversary. At Depot Island, in North Hudson Bay, during the summer of 1880, I met an old man named Noo-loo, the top of whose head had been bitten off in a contest with a bear. Few people can boast of such an experience as this. Had it been dragged off with a ponderous claw it would have seemed strange enough, but to have had it bitten off seems to indicate a proximity that must needs be decidedly unpleasant.

On the 3d of July,—the day we reached Cape Felix, the most northerly part of King William's Land,—Too-loo-ah, one of the best men I ever met in any land, chased a polar bear about ten miles out on the ice of Victoria Straits, in a nearly northerly direction. The chase is described in the foregoing paragraph, but when Too-loo-ah came up, and before he could get a chance for a shot, the bear, disregarding the dogs, made a rush for the active young hunter that almost brought his heart into his mouth. Recovering his composure in good season, he sent three bullets from his Winchester rifle, backed by a charge of seventy-five grains of powder behind each,

right into the animal's skull, and the huge beast lay dead almost at his feet.

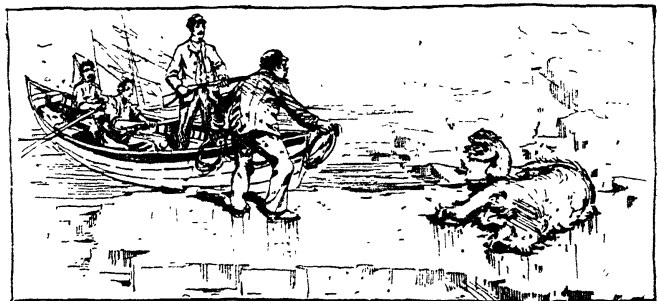
Not so exciting as this was a chase we had in a whale-boat in Hudson Bay, in August of 1880, when two bears were killed. We first saw them asleep on a cake of ice—a mother and cub—and lowered a boat to capture them. Lieutenant Schwatka, the mate of the vessel, and the writer, got into the boat, armed with rifles; but the bears had an impression that danger was brooding, for they lowered themselves into the water and swam for dear life. The cub kept close to his mother, and occasionally rested himself by riding on her back. Closer and closer came the boat, and no amount of exertion on their part seemed sufficient to draw them away from their pursuers. When within about forty yards of them, they clambered out on a cake of ice and stood at bay. The mother crouched upon her haunches, swinging her head from side to side, growling all the while, and bidding defiance to her enemies. Lieutenant Schwatka, who was seated in the bow of the boat, sent a bullet from his magazine gun through the old bear's backbone; he had aimed at the heart and the motion of the boat had thrown him out that much. It was an effective shot, nevertheless, and the huge animal was rendered powerless by it. Just then the mate, who sat beside Lieutenant Schwatka in the bow, got a good chance, and shot her through

clung to his mother's body with the most touching fidelity, vainly endeavoring to cover her with his little body, and protect her from her adversaries. Occasionally he would pause from licking her wounds, and, rising on his hind legs, would growl defiance at us, and smite the air with his little paws. He was not a foe to be despised, for already he was nearly as large as a Newfoundland dog, and had teeth like a wolf, which we had occasion to notice when he opened his mouth so as to display them all. The boat was rowed to the opposite side of the cake of ice, and Lieutenant Schwatka, recalling his experiences on the plains, landed, holding in his hand a lance-warp, with a slip-noose in the end, and, after several ineffectual attempts, finally succeeded in throwing the noose over the cub's head, whereby he was dragged into the water and towed, with his mother's lifeless body, alongside of the ship, where he was hoisted on deck. To say that he was angry would scarcely indicate the fury he expressed. He bit at the rope that held him in bondage, and growled most terrifically and incessantly, and, when on deck, flew at everybody that came near him. Two ropes were attached to him—one around his neck and the other around his hind leg—and, tied to opposite sides of the ship, kept him reasonably safe. The captain, however, when he came on deck, ordered him killed, and the mate put him out of the way with a bullet from his pistol. I could not bear to see the cunning little rascal shot, and went below before the tragedy.

Lieutenant Schwatka felt especially grieved at his fate, for he had hoped to bring him home, a living witness to his prowess. It



the head, ending her career then and there. It would have been easy enough to have shot her at any time, but there was a risk of killing the cub, which we were very anxious to capture alive. Now that the mother was *hors du combat*, all our energies were devoted toward securing the little fellow, who



BEAR-HUNTING: THE ROMANCE AND THE REALITY.



LIEUTENANT FREDERICK SCHWATKA, U. S. N.

does not fall to the lot of every man to lasso a polar bear, and a picture of the affair would make such a startling illustration for the pictorial press! I could already see the event spread before the public with two immense polar bears standing erect, their mouths opened to the fullest capacity, and paws extended to seize the intrepid Schwatka as he advanced to the attack, swinging his lasso around his head. To show him what a fine subject it was, I made a rough sketch of it. But on the other page I sketched the occurrence as

it really was, and presented the contrast: the big bear dead upon the ice and the little cub standing over the body, while the brave lieutenant held on to the gunwale of the boat with his left hand, to keep from falling on the slippery ice as he threw the rope with his right.

If it were not for the inconvenience they put you to, and the fact that carrying a heavy load upon your back has the effect of quieting any tendency to inordinate mirth, a pack of dogs loaded for the march would afford no end of amusement. In

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addition to their usual back-loads, the tent-poles are fastened to the dogs, sometimes one on each side, and the inextricable confusion they get into at times is perfectly irresistible. They go prowling around, smelling of different stones and places just as if they had nothing on their backs, until, at last, one pole still dragging behind, the other sticks out in front, and the dog is as firmly planted as if in the stocks. He can neither go ahead nor back out. Your attention is called by his yelling, for they do not like to be left far behind the marching column—they have too wholesome a fear of wolves. Sometimes they indulge in fighting even when loaded, for they are the most savage dogs in the world, though they seldom bite people. In their tussles a dog will get knocked completely over, and then he is anchored, for when the load is beneath, the dog cannot rise; it keeps him there. Occasionally they get involved in each other's sticks so that they have to be unloaded before they can be extricated. At each halt while on the march, some of the dogs require attention. There are some in almost every pack that never are at ease until they get their loads down under their bodies and dangling between their hind legs. Then they are perfectly happy, and they trail along the stony places and wade through the marshes until whatever has been assigned them to carry is totally ruined—unless, perchance, it be meat, which is never unfit for use. They are most affectionate creatures, too, and when you sit down to rest your weary limbs they gather around, pant their warm breath into your ear and slobber down your neck, and when you drive one away he immediately pitches into the dog nearest him out of revenge, and, others joining in, there is a general row. Lines are broken, loads dropped, meat-bags burst open, and then for a moment attention is diverted from fighting to eating all the provisions you had counted on for supper for the night. They take the deepest interest in everything you do, and watch every movement you make, evidently imagining that you might be eating, and will throw them a morsel if they only watch long enough. They never rest. Should a reindeer or a rabbit come in sight, they are off at once, handicapped though they may be, and it requires the united exertions of the men, women, and children to bring them back again. They generally obey the women better than the men—that is, they will come to the women when they call,

more quickly than they will to their masters. I have read that the dogs are allowed to sleep in the *igloo* and *tupics* to help keep the occupants warm, but such has not been my experience. In fact, I have seen every energy exerted to keep them out. It seems to be the one great aim of the Esquimaux dog to get inside of his master's house, and the master seems to live for nothing except to keep the dogs out. Sometimes a favorite leader is allowed to occupy the door-way of an *igloo*, which is so small that he acts as a plug to keep the others out. But you will see his shaggy body framed with noses sniffing the warm air with evident delight, and scenting the luscious blubber that fills the large stone lamp. The leader understands his privilege and will seldom molest anything; he patiently waits until something is dropped upon the snow floor, then if his nose recommends it he eats it, and resumes his position near the door. If you halloo at him to clear out, he immediately turns upon the dogs in his rear with a growl, as much as to say, "Don't you hear what master says? \* Keep back there!"

There is always one bully in every team, who gets all the choice bits that are stolen by the others, and generally manages to keep fat, no matter how short they are of provisions. He waits for the others to make the raid, and then stands on the outside to take it away from them. These bullies are in several grades. There is the chief, of whom all are afraid, and then there is the next in rank, of whom all are afraid but the chief; a third, of whom all are afraid but two, and so on down. Sometimes the food is cut into small pieces and thrown out upon the ice for all to help themselves, and then there is a rough-and-tumble fight, and snarling and growling, as if a whole cage of hyenas had broken loose. But here the bullies have no advantage; indeed, the advantage is with the small, lively fellows that slip in and get the meat while the big ones are fighting. When a dog manages to steal a piece of meat he has a lively time of it, for soon every other dog in camp is after him, and he has to eat it on the run, if at all, headed off at every turn by one of the bullies, and whining and choking at the same time. It certainly is one of the most comical exhibitions ever witnessed.

Nothing can exceed the energy of the Esquimaux dog, and no animal will do the same amount of work with as little food. Upon our return trip, during the winter of 1879-80, it was no unusual thing

for our dogs to go eight days without food, working in harness every day. During the summer, when not working, they are fed only about once in twenty days, if at all. The consequence is that they always have good appetites. They are always looking around for something to eat, and they have the most irresistible curiosity.

I remember one day, during our journey from Terror Bay to Tulloch Point, on King William's Land, during the fall of 1879, we had halted for a rest during the afternoon, and some one imagined he saw a tent on the crest of a distant hill. Toolloo-ah immediately got out the long spy-glass, and, lying flat upon his stomach, rested the instrument upon the bundle he had just dropped from his shoulders. But as his eye was placed at the eyepiece, he jumped back, evidently startled, for he said he could see nothing, which was very likely, since at the same moment one of the dogs, with an investigating turn of mind, had approached the other end of the glass and was looking at him with his mild eye through the object-glass of the telescope.

After three months of weary marching with dogs and sledges, most of the way over unexplored territory, the Franklin Search Party found itself, on the 3d of July, 1879, at Cape Felix, the most northerly point of King William's Land, and there commenced the summer search for the history of Sir John Franklin's fated expedition. Already, while upon their journey up the coast, they had found the opened grave of Lieutenant John Irving, third officer of H. M. S. *Terror*, with the few remaining bones, together with some rotting clothing lying within the rude tomb and scattered among the rocks near by. A prize medal, awarded to that officer while a pupil at the Royal Naval College, established the identity of the remains, which was further confirmed by fragments of astronomical instruments found in the grave, evidently indicating it to be that of one of the scientific officers of the expedition. This grave was discovered near Cape Jane Franklin, and near by lay scattered, in utter confusion, many interesting relics of the lost crews. Here, also, we found a copy, in the handwriting of Sir Leopold McClintock, of the record found by him twenty years previously, and showing the spot to be the place where the retreating crews first encamped after abandoning their ships, in the spring of 1848. Here commenced that terrible march where

the brave adventurers, already wasted by disease, at last were compelled to succumb in the unequal contest with hunger, cold, and fatigue. As we followed their line of march down the coast, we found evidences that they had been unable to make better marches than from two to four miles a day, and nearly every camping-place was marked by the tombs of the dead, or the bleached bones of those who perished beyond the reach of their comrades. Finally, at a point on the main-land about five or six miles west of Richardson Point, were found the remains of those who, through superior physical resources, had succeeded in reaching the farthest point on their route to Back's Great Fish River, where they soon would have met with relief from the natives, who live the year round at the Dangerous Rapids, on that river, and subsist chiefly upon fish, which they catch in immense quantities from the never-failing stock existing in this famous tributary of the Polar Sea. Where these men perished, the natives had found, many years ago, a boat, with skeletons, and a sealed tin box, two feet long and a foot square upon the ends, which, upon being broken open, was found to contain books and a piece of magnetized iron. There seems little doubt that the books, so carefully preserved by the famished explorers, were their more important records, and that the piece of magnetized iron was the dip-needle employed by them in establishing the position of the north magnetic pole, near which they had been beset for nearly two years, affording a most valuable opportunity for ascertaining, with great accuracy, the position of that interesting point on the globe. The bravery of these poor fellows was indicated in an unusually marked degree by the affectionate care bestowed upon the remains of their comrades who fell during the march, all of whom received decent burial until the point was reached where the last few finally starved to death. The waning strength of the party was indicated, as we traced their line of retreat, in the diminished size of the stones that composed the graves, until, at the last one, on King William's Land, they were scarcely larger than pebbles. The tenacity with which they clung to their precious records, and only perished with them when the last man died, was most noble, and to doubt that the books that they guarded with such heroic devotion were any other than the history of their labors and discoveries in the interest of science and geography,



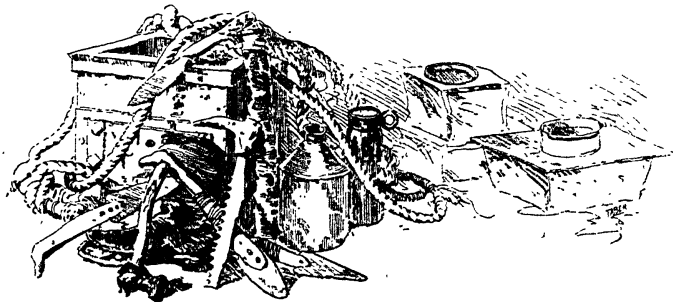
GRAVE OF LIEUTENANT JOHN IRVING.

would be a most unworthy imputation upon their good sense.

All the bones of these poor fellows which were found by our party were carefully collected and entombed, with the exception of those of Lieutenant Irving, which, having been identified, were brought home to be delivered to his friends, and have already been transmitted to the British Admiralty, together with the relics collected and brought away to illustrate the history of our search.

The sledge journey and search made by Lieutenant Schwatka's expedition constitute one of the most remarkable trips ever achieved. To start upon a year's journey, through an entirely unknown territory, with only one month's rations, required no little

resolution; and that they would necessarily be compelled to live as do the natives, dependent entirely upon the game of the country through which they passed, seemed, in comparison with other contingencies, scarcely worthy of consideration. Upon their return they safely encountered the rigors of an unusually cold winter, even for that latitude, and during one month (January, 1880), whose mean temperature was  $-53.2^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit, once observed the thermometer at  $-71^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit. And yet, so thoroughly were the white men of the party acclimated that they experienced no more suffering from the extraordinarily low temperatures than did their native allies, thereby affording another illustration of the superior endurance of the Caucasian race.



RELICS OF THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION



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