SNOWLAND FOLK

By ROBERT E. PEARY

SNOWLAND FOLK

A Bear Hunter of the Future

SNOWLAND FOLK

THE ESKIMOS, THE BEARS, THE DOGS THE MUSK OXEN, AND OTHER DWELLERS IN THE FROZEN NORTH

By ROBERT E. PEARY

AUTHOR OF "NORTHWARD OVER THE GREAT ICE"

and THE SNOW BABY

AUTHOR OF "CHILDREN OF THE ARCTIC"

ILLUSTRATED BY ENGRAVINGS OF PHOTOGRAPHS BY COMMANDER PEARY AND OF DRAWINGS BY ALBERT OPERTI

LONDON · WELLS GARDNER, DARTON & CO. *3, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, E.C.*

University Press:
John Wilson and Son, Cambridge, U.S.A.

SNOWLAND FOLK

NALEGAKSOAK THE KING

One April in the distant Snowland, while the ground was still covered deep with snow, and the thick ice covering the sea showed no sign of breaking up, though the great yellow sun was rolling constantly round the horizon, never setting in the twenty-four hours, a dark little dog with white paws was born. The little dog had numbers of brothers and sisters, and after a while, on pleasant days, they played with one another in the snow, and when it was stormy and the wind blew fiercely, they crowded close to one another against their mother's thick warm fur in a little snow-house that their Eskimo master made for them.

From the first our little dog was stronger than the others and less clumsy in their puppy play. Later, when they began to eat meat, he was always able to get his share — and sometimes

Nalegaksoak the King

Nalegaksoak the Puppy

more, — and so grew larger and stronger than the rest.

Before the snow disappeared and the ice broke up, leaving the black water in its place, two or three of the little dog's brothers died; but he and the others lived and played in the warm sunshine, in and out among the tupics (tents) all through the long summer, with plenty of seal and walrus meat to eat, and when the dark winter night came, they were all good-sized little dogs.

Fortunately all through that winter, at this Eskimo village, there was enough to eat, and

although at times our little dogs were hungry, still neither they, nor their master, nor his family were in danger of starving to death.

Terrible as it may seem, such things did happen in that country, and years before, every person in this same village had starved to death, because their food gave out, and they were unable to get to another village.

When spring came, Nalegah, as he was now called, was taught with his brothers and sisters to drag a sledge, and a year later, Nalegah was the most powerful dog in the village, ruling his comrades like a savage king. Then his master took him far out to the westward over the ice-covered sea hunting the great white polar bear. Young as he was, Nalegah held his own in the death struggle with the savage bear; and there was never a prouder dog than he, as he came bounding home at the head of his master's team, dragging his master and the body of the bear upon the sledge.

After this Nalegah had numerous battles with the bears, always coming off victorious,

and every year growing stronger and more experienced, until "soak" (big) was added to his name, and the fame of Nalegaksoak the King spread through all the tribe.

Just at this time his master brought him on a visit to the Kapitansoak, or white man, who had come for a year to that country to make long journeys across the ice, and to give the natives wonderful presents.

At his first sight of the Kapitansoak, Nalegah came bounding up to him, rubbing his big shaggy head and shoulders against him, and showing his friendliness in every possible way. This so pleased the Kapitansoak that he immediately offered Nalegah's master a glistening hatchet and a bright new knife and saw for him. And so Nalegaksoak the King became mine.

Tall, long-limbed, steel-muscled, with sharp, gleaming teeth, and movements like a flash, Nalegaksoak was the most affectionate of all my dogs. Scarcely had I fed and petted him two or three times before my approach was always greeted by a deep bass growl of satisfac-

Pau

tion, and the great head and shoulders would come crowding against my legs, while an encouraging word or touch of the hand was sufficient to bring the big paws upon my shoulders, and the fierce yet intelligent face on a level with my own.

Poor Nalegaksoak! I often think of him with his companions, Pau and Miss Tahwanah, following my snowshoe tracks across the "Great Ice" in the brilliant Arctic sunlight, his ears alert to catch my voice, and his eyes intent upon the little flag in my hand. I mourned the loss of a friend and noble dog when, in the

great white journey to the far north, a bite in the leg received in one of his frequent battles lamed him, and after limping along two or three days by my side, he fell behind, and a storm coming up, I never saw him again.

But I had many other dogs besides Nalegaksoak.

Pau, Nalegaksoak's coal-black companion, was also an affectionate dog, a little smaller than Nalegaksoak, but like him a born fighter. Nalegaksoak seemed to regard him as a younger brother, and in all his fights stood by, and if Pau seemed to be getting the worst of it, a shake of Nalegah's massive jaws would turn the tables in his favour. Pau was an expert at slipping his harness, and more than once I have seen him, when he thought no one was watching, go through the operation as methodically as one would take off a coat. Then for a forage for something to eat, but Pau would never get many yards away before Nalegaksoak's deep voice would give notice of the fact, and with two or three jumps he would break some portion

of his harness, and would be at the side of his friend. I nearly lost Pau also from sickness, but the reviving effect of fresh musk-ox meat, raw, warm, and bloody, such food as he had not tasted for many a weary day, brought back to his keen eyes their former brilliancy, and to his limbs their old strength and agility.

Another favourite was Miss Tahwanah, my dog mascot. Early in the winter I had bought her of a good-natured, pigeon-toed Eskimo for a jack-knife, and when, after he had gone, I went to feed her, I found she had but one good eye. At first she was as wild as a hunted fox, and whenever I went near her would disappear in the burrow in the snow which formed her shelter from the biting winds.

After a time she became less timid, would take food from my hand, and when, early in the spring, she became the mother of nine little puppies, and was brought with her babies into the enclosure about the house, where they would be better sheltered, she became as gentle as any pet dog.

In a Storm on the "Great Ice"
Miss Tahzwanah, Nalegaksoak, Lion, and Pau

Her affection for me in particular seemed unbounded. Day after day during the march across the "Great Ice" no motion of mine escaped her one eye, and when, after a rest, I picked up the little guidon and started forward again, her sharp yelp and vigorous struggles to follow me were the signal that brought every other dog to his feet and down to his work.

Poor Tahwanah! It was one of the bluest days of the white journey when, after eating one of the harnesses, she sickened, and the bright eye no longer recognized me, and her tongue no longer had strength to reach my hand.

Lion, the long-maned white leader of my team before I bought Nalegaksoak, was always the veteran sledge-dog and team leader when at work. He was, I think, the toughest of all my dogs. Never did he get tangled in his traces; never did I know him to attempt to eat his harness; never but once did I know him to be out of his harness, and that single instance was over the body of a musk-ox; but his bump of affection was not largely developed.

Another favourite was Panikpa, or "the good little boy," as we called him, from the bright, expectant, good-little-boy-and-just-had-his-face-washed attitude in which he used to sit up and wait for his lump of meat or pemmican.

THE STORY OF A GUIDON

I am a guidon, a silken guidon with a blazing golden star. I am frayed and faded by furious winds and blinding sunlight, but I have seen sights that eyes never saw before. I have seen the bright stars glitter through the freezing darkness day and night for months, with never a ray of blessed sunlight to dim their lustre, and I have seen the glorious sun roll round the white horizon night and day for weeks without ever hiding his yellow face. All this and more have I seen in the far North.

My first recollection is one Christmas, in a tiny room lined with warm red blankets, far up in the land of eternal ice and snow. I was a Christmas present from a woman to her husband, and I with a good dinner was all the Christmas there was at the little house; for old Santa Claus had gone south several days before

The Maker of the Guidon

to call on the little folks at home. Then I heard that Santa was not on very good terms with the people in the little house; for the man while out hunting had shot one of the reindeer of Santa's team, and though he was very sorry and his wife offered to give Santa her big Newfoundland dog, Jack — who had been trained to pull a sleigh — to take the deer's place, Santa would n't have him, and never quite forgave the accident.

After the Christmas dinner, I was hung up in the opening between two silken flags which curtained off a bed at one end of the little room, and there I hung for weeks.

During all this time no ray of daylight ever came through the windows. Sometimes I saw a star twinkling through the window, and sometimes great snow-covered mountains bathed in bright moonlight. At other times the little house trembled with the fury of the storms, and for days at a time I heard the muffled roar of the wind and snow whirling in blinding drifts over the roof. In the little room it was warm;

but that it was bitter cold outside I knew, because when the man and his wife came in from their snowshoe tramps their eyebrows and eyelashes would have little icicles on them, and his beard would be such a solid mass of ice that he would have to hold his face in a basin of hot water to thaw it off.

One day I heard a strange chattering in the other room of the house, and then a wild dark face in a fur hood looked through the door; then its owner came in, and two or three others followed. At first I was afraid of these strange creatures with their black eyes, long hair, and clothes of the skins of reindeer and foxes and shaggy bears, which made them look as broad as they were tall; but I soon got over this when I saw how merry they were.

It must have been at least six weeks after Christmas that I noticed through the window at noon a sort of twilight, and then I heard them saying that the sun was coming back.

Then one May day I was taken down, and there were tears in the woman's eyes as the

"I waved and rustled in the Wind"

Kapitansoak put me in his bosom; for he was going away to be gone for months on the long white journey to the north about which he had talked so much.

It must have been several days after this that he took me out and fastened me to a bamboo staff which he planted in the snow. I found myself on the great ice-cap. No mountain-tops could be seen, only an unbroken white snow-plain in every direction. The sun shone brightly, and near me were sixteen great dogs fastened to stakes driven in the snow, and four sledges, and

"Day after Day we journeyed Northward"

three men, besides the Kapitansoak, all dressed in furs. I saw that it was a camp, and that preparations were being made for the evening meal. When this was cooked and eaten each of the men fastened his clothes tightly about him, and lay down behind his sledge to sleep. The Kapitansoak lay down beneath me, and all the time while they slept, I waved and rustled in the wind and watched the weather, to warn them by a louder whisper of coming storms.

From that time on for nearly a hundred days I never slept, and the great sun moved ceaselessly around the sky, never once hiding his face below the horizon.

Day after day we journeyed northward over the white desert, he and I always in advance, travelling straight as the flight of an arrow, and the dog-sledges following in our tracks. At first I was afraid of the dogs, and feared that if I should fall down or the wind blow me over some of them would eat me. They were such big savage brutes, with such long white teeth, and they fought with one another like wolves. But they all loved the Kapitansoak, because he always fed them himself, and fixed their harnesses if they did not fit, and I used to like to see them crowd around him and rub against his legs when he came in the morning to untangle them. Then he would pat their heads and rub their chins till they would jump up on him, with low growls of dog satisfaction, until I could hardly believe that these same dogs had fought and killed many a fierce white bear, — "the tiger of the north."

After a time I got to know them all: Nalegaksoak the King, Pau, Lion, Miss Tahwanah, Panickpa, Merktoshar, Arngodoblaho, and the

rest; but I liked his team the best — partly because I knew they were the biggest and nicest, partly because they knew me. There was big Nalegaksoak the King, and Pau his black brother, Miss Tahwanah, a dog with one eye (but that eye was always on the lookout for him), and the two Panickpas. They soon got acquainted with me, and learned to know me. When the Kapitansoak took me in his hand and started off, they tugged at their traces until the sledge started; then they pulled steadily along at his heels. Sometimes after a long march they would get a little tired; but when he stood me in the snow, and turning round would call, "Come on, boys; huk, huk, huk, nannook, nannook," how they would yelp and growl and come hurrying up until they could lick his hands, and then lie down about me! Nalegaksoak and Pau used to jump up at me, and try to play with me as I fluttered in the wind; and after a time I learned a little of their language, and used to hear them talking about their bear fights, and wondering where he was taking them.

"Nalegaksoak and Pau used to play with me"

Sometimes I could just see the tops of great mountains, miles and miles away, and sometimes there were huge blue chasms in the ice, around which we had to go.

Sometimes there were terrible storms, when for two or three days neither the Kapitansoak nor his companion could get out of their burrow in the snow, and the furious wind shook me

till I ached, and the rushing white river of snow below me made me dizzy.

At last we came to a strange northern land, and if I should tell you all the wonderful things I saw there, it would take a book. How the Kapitansoak shot the black musk-oxen, and how the brave dogs feasted on their meat till they could eat no more; how we saw birds and flowers and butterflies; and how at last we came out on a high cliff far up the east coast of Greenland; and how he put me up on a pile of stones and let me look out over the frozen Arctic Ocean, which no eyes had ever seen before; then how we returned across the desert of snow; and at last he gave me back into the hands of the woman who made me, and here I am. But I shall never forget how for weeks I laughed and whispered at the yellow sun across the frozen waves of the "Great Ice."

KOODLOOKTOO *and the* WHITE OWL

My acquaintance with Koodlooktoo began when he was two years old.

One stormy November day he and his mother and step-father came to Redcliffe house from their solitary stone hut up towards wild Cape Alexander, where they were living nearer to the Pole than any other human beings.

A hungry white bear had visited them, eaten much of their meat, and killed one of their dogs, and they were afraid he would come back after them.

It was a bitter cold day; the sun had been gone for weeks; the wind was blowing and the snow flying, and Nipsangwah (that was his name then) was just a round ball in his fur clothes.

He was very much afraid of the white man's strange house; but the warm stove to which his mother held his little cold hands seemed good to him, and he made no outcry.

His mother told me that, only a few months before, his father had speared a walrus on the

Opiksoak, the Great White Owl

After a drawing by Albert Operti

ice, and the wounded animal had dragged him into the water and drowned him.

Megipsu, his mother, was a very good seamstress, and I gave her a thimble and needle, and she stayed with us to make our fur clothing.

So I got to know Nipsangwah very well.

Two years later, when I came back with my ship, Nipsangwah's mother was dying, and when they carried her all wrapped in skins up the hillside and covered her with stones, Nipsangwah, sobbing till it seemed his little heart would break, became Koodlooktoo, which is Eskimo for orphan. I pitied the little fellow, and kept him as much as I could about my house and on my ship, where I knew he would have enough to eat. I remember how at Anniversary Lodge one day he was dressed up in some of the white men's clothes, and made the most comical little figure of the effect of civilization upon the Eskimo. So it was that he was on the ship when we went to get the great meteorite, or "star-stone," and here he became great friends with AH-NI-GHI'-TO.

Koodlooktoo

On this ship was a party of gentlemen who came to study and learn about the Eskimo, the glaciers, and the animals and birds of the Snow-land. One of them wanted to get a White or Arctic owl. Koodlooktoo, who knew the feeding places of the Arctic fox and hare, and the nesting places of the eider ducks and other birds, was promised a jack-knife if he would bring an Arctic owl to the professor. Among the tribe was a good-natured Eskimo, Kessuh, nicknamed the "smiler," whose little boy Mene afterwards came to the United States. Mene and Koodlooktoo were chums. Mene, like Koodlooktoo, had lost his mother. The promise of the jack-knife to Koodlooktoo made volunteers of many of the other boys to go with him. They started up the steep slope of the mountain on Meteorite Island, along the glacier-top, up and down ravines, over masses of beautiful blue ice, winding in and about the gray lichen-covered rocks. A gerfalcon flew over their heads in the direction of the mountain which marks the centre of the island, on which

fell the star-stone that in ages gone by furnished the natives with iron for their knives and spears and arrow-heads. Onward the Eskimos moved, Koodlooktoo leading. Many were their tumbles and slides in their efforts to reach the mountain before them, towards which the falcon had flown.

"Kessuh the Smiler"

While Koodlooktoo and his companions are nearing the mountain, you must know that among the gentlemen on the ship was an artist, who came to paint pictures of the Eskimo, the icebergs, and other things. The artist was a funny little bald-headed man with a very long nose. He knew some funny tricks, danced and sang songs for the Eskimos, and was always painting and sketching them, and he and Kessuh had

A Tupic

become great friends. Koodlooktoo had reached the patch of red snow which lay almost at the base of the high peak, when on the shore near the mountain he saw a group of men, women, and children, who were dancing up and down and shouting, "Opiksoak, Opiksoak!" (the big white owl), bursting with laughter and pointing towards a white "tupic," which is a tent shaped like a cone. Koodlooktoo and the youngsters with him, hearing the cry, were bubbling over with joy at the prospect of securing the owl. They soon joined the merry crowd which was running up to the tupic, peeping through the seams, and screaming with

laughter. Koodlooktoo reached the tent first, but instead of the wished-for owl, he saw a little bald-headed man with a very long nose, in a long white shirt down to his heels, a white stocking drawn over his head, and a pair of goggles on his long nose. In the centre of the tent stood Kessuh up to his arms in plaster of Paris, while another man in white overalls was mixing up the soft white powder in pails. The little bald-headed man, who was the artist of the ship, was taking a plaster cast of the native. While this was going on Kessuh, who was oiled over with vaseline, was howling to be let loose, for the heat was beginning to be felt as the plaster set. His companions would look in at the tent every little while and simply roar at the funny sight as he was fast disappearing from view. As the fine white powder filled the interior of the tent, each man slowly became whitened till he looked like a miller, and the little artist looked for all the world like a white owl. The resemblance to the bird impressed itself so decidedly upon the natives that they at once

christened him "Opiksoak," the name of the Arctic owl. Poor Koodlooktoo, after his long tramp, with only a couple of ship's biscuits to eat, was too tired and disappointed to attempt to climb the mountain, so he lay down behind a big rock and went to sleep.

Mene

Now little Mene had meanwhile heard of the promised knife, and started up the cliff to see if he could capture a real Opiksoak. He had climbed some distance when he saw far above him a gerfalcon, which he knew was waiting for his prey. Mene had with him his little bow and arrows, which he could use with much skill. Climbing still nearer, and moving cautiously so as to not frighten the bird, he drew his bow and sent the arrow flying

to the mark and killed the falcon, which tumbled almost at his feet, and proved a very large specimen of its kind. He then found the owl's nest, and hiding himself, awaited the coming of the owl. After a long wait he saw her flying towards him with a bird in her claws, and it was not long before she reached the nest and received the arrow that was sent from Mene's bow. Mene came down the cliff with the two birds, and found Koodlooktoo still fast asleep behind the rock. He laid the white owl by the side of sleeping Koodlooktoo, and then sat down behind the corner of the rock to see what would happen.

In a little while Koodlooktoo awoke and could not believe his eyes when he saw the white owl lying beside him.

Only after he had picked it up was he sure he was not dreaming.

But turning away a moment to look for his mitten, Mene laid the falcon beside the owl, and when Koodlooktoo looked back and saw it there, his joy was changed to fright. "Tor-

narsoak," the Eskimo devil, must be close by! and jumping to his feet he ran with all his might, till Mene's shouts of laughter stopped him and brought him back.

Back to the ship came the two boys, Koodlooktoo with his owl, and Mene with his falcon, and each received a knife and a piece of board; but Koodlooktoo never heard the last of how he ran away from a dead white owl.

Still later Koodlooktoo drove dogs for AH-NI-GHI'-TO, the winter that she and her mother were caught with the ship in the ice at Cape Sabine, and the next year, after they had gone south, he was assistant to Charlie the steward, and brought ice, washed dishes, and slept under the table, and after "Daisy" the musk calf came, went every day to gather grass and willow for her, as you can read in "Children of the Arctic."

AN ARCTIC HOME

It was the latter part of July, and the wild yet beautiful landscape about McCormick Bay lay soft and dreamy in weather such as only the brilliant Arctic summer can produce. The sun was just rising from the lowest part of its nearly horizontal course above the cliffs. The dark brown and red cliffs on the south shore of the bay shimmered in the yellow light. Down every valley ran the silver ribbon of a murmuring brook; a deer or two browsed leisurely; and flocks of snow-buntings twittered and chirped over the moss-carpeted, flower-besprinkled slopes between the shore and the cliffs, while millions of little auks kept the air alive with their querulous cries and the rapid beat of their whirring wings.

All was warmth and light and exuberant life. Only the surface of the bay was still held in the icy fetters of the long winter night. Even it, however, was soon to be free. A broad river

The Arctic Home in Summer

of gleaming water ran close to the shore; every glistening berg floated in an open lake in which sported seals, narwhals, and schools of white whales; and narrow lanes of water ran in every direction through the rotten ice, cutting it into great floes which floated slowly back and forth with the tide. You would never believe that this glowing summer scene was thirty miles farther north than the place where the unfortunate *Jeannette* was crushed in the ice.

Suddenly a strange apparition came into view around the cape which terminated the line of red cliffs. This apparition floated higher out of the water than the ice-cakes, and was black. A great black cloud trailed from it, and it moved slowly through the rotten ice. It was the steamer *Kite*, bearing a little party in search of an Arctic home. Never before had such an apparition appeared in McCormick Bay, though perhaps the great rocks on top of the cliffs three hundred years ago, when their eyes were younger and stronger, might have seen the glint of Baffin's sail as he lay at anchor that

The Arctic Home in Winter

4th of July off "Hakluyt's Isle," and they might have seen the ships of Kane and Hayes beating northward, far out under the western sun.

It was not such an easy thing to select the place for the house, because there were so many things to be provided for, and then the one with whom the decision rested was obliged to see with the eyes of others, as he lay in the cabin a prisoner with a broken leg.

The house must not be too far from the shore; it must be where no landslide or falling rocks from the cliffs could crush it; where the torrents from the melting snow of early summer

could not sweep it away; and yet it should be sheltered from the furious blasts of winter, and be so placed as to get all the sunlight possible. Finally, a little knoll between two brooks, about a hundred feet from the shore, was selected. The soft earth of this little grass-and-flower-covered eminence gave an opportunity to set the house level with but very little digging, while the slope in every direction insured dryness, and the slight elevation gave a good outlook over the bay.

The construction of the little house had been the subject of a great deal of thought and study, the great object being to have it as light and yet as strong and warm as possible. The general idea of its construction was to make it a series of light, tight shells, enclosing several air-spaces between the innermost and outermost coverings. The frames were made of thick boards, ten inches wide. They rested on plank sills, and were spaced three feet apart lengthwise of the house. The floor was of two thicknesses of boards with tarred paper between to make

The Arctic Home in Spring

it tight, and the roof and walls were of boards with tarred paper on each side, and the joints all carefully nailed.

Then came the lining. First thick sheets of pasteboard, called trunk-boards, were nailed on the inside of the frames, all up the sides and overhead, and the joints were carefully pasted over with strips of thick brown paper.

This kept out the wind, but did not look very well, and the next thing was to line the house with heavy red Indian blankets.

These made it as warm and cosey as could be wished.

The house was now ready to stand all the buffeting of summer or even autumn weather, but it was still not enough to protect us from the terrible fury of the winter storms and temperatures of half a hundred degrees below zero.

To enable it to stand these sieges, a thick wall of stones, moss, and turf was built entirely around the house, four feet away from its sides. On top of this the wooden boxes of provisions, with their covers removed and the open sides facing inward, were piled in regular courses, like blocks of stone.

The boxes raised the wall two feet higher, and then a canvas roof was stretched from the top of the wall to the side of the house, forming a covered corridor four feet wide round the house. This arrangement of the boxes served the double purpose of protection and storehouse, and greatly economized room, while at the same time it allowed free access to everything as if it was in an open cupboard.

The house itself was now finished, and there was nothing more to be done outside until the

snow should come and enable us to add its warm white blanket to our covering. There was still a good deal to be done in the fitting and furnishing of the interior.

The inside of the house, which was twenty-one feet long by twelve feet wide and seven and one-half feet high, was first divided into two rooms, one large and one small. Then came the question of the best way to fix the stove and pipe so that there could be no possible chance of setting the little house on fire. Think of the horror of having one's house and provisions burned, and being driven out into the deadly cold of the Arctic winter night to perish in the snow! After some study, the stove was set on a bed of gravel at the bottom of a square hole cut in the floor, and the stove-pipe, instead of being put through the roof or side of the house, was carried through a window, and a piece of tin was carefully fitted round it.

Across one end of the small room, one wide bunk was made from the remains of the house lumber, and on the side of the large room four

The Arctic Library

single bunks in two tiers were put up. Then a table and a number of chairs were made, and with the help of some boxes of books the house was furnished. By this time plenty of snow had fallen, and with it the walls were heavily banked, and the canvas roof of the corridor and the main roof covered to the depth of a foot or more. Then, with blocks and slabs of hard snow, a thick wall was built to protect the gables, and with more blocks and slabs a long, narrow, low snow entrance made to the corridor, and the fortress to resist the fiercest sieges of King Winter was complete.

AHNGOODLOO AND THE MUSK-CALF

How can I make you understand what a man Ahngoodloo is? I say is; but it may be that I should say was, for I have not heard of him for two years now, and perhaps he has already gone to the happy hunting grounds of his ancestors.

I know you will think, even if you do not say it, "He is only an Eskimo." But look at his picture and see the breadth between the keen eyes, which saw more game than any other two eyes in the entire tribe; notice the kindly look in those eyes; and remember that he is just as much a human being, and in his way just as intelligent as you, even if his clothes are made of the skins of animals, and he does not wash his face sometimes for a month!

It was Ahngoodloo who killed the big two-horned narwhal at Cape Sabine; Ahngoodloo who first saw the two big polar bears in Princess Marie Bay; Ahngoodloo who was always first to see the musk-oxen, the reindeer, and the seals;

Ahngoodloo

Ahngoodloo who could build a snow-house quicker, and a sledge better, than any other Eskimo; Ahngoodloo whose experienced eyes could pick the best road for the sledges through rough ice, and when a road had to be made, could cut ice faster than any one else.

And it was Ahngoodloo who, during that dismal sledge-journey from Conger to the *Windward*, — two hundred and fifty miles in the darkness and bitter cold of the Arctic night, before the sun returned, — steadied and carefully guided the sledge on which I was lashed down, with both my feet frozen. When I remember that eleven-days' journey, and Ahngoodloo's efforts to reduce as much as possible my pain and discomfort, I feel towards him as I would towards a brother, if I had one.

You remember that Lion, the big, white, long-maned sledge-dog whom I bought in 1892, was Ahngoodloo's dog; but I did not see Ahngoodloo himself until a year or two later, and it was not till 1898, when I took him and his wife, "Miss Bill," in my party — where he

soon became my chief hunter — that I began to know him intimately.

As I have already said, he was one of the best hunters in the tribe, if not the best; one of the two left-handed men in the entire tribe, though he could use his right hand almost as well as his left. Strong, courageous, yet kind-hearted, as such men usually are, Ahngoodloo always had a fine team of dogs who felt the greatest affection for him; for he treated them well and was never brutal to them, as I am sorry to say some of the tribe are.

Once I sent him from the ship with a number of sledges and natives and dogs to establish some depots of provisions along the coast to the northward. Several days after leaving the ship a severe storm overtook the party, and they were obliged to seek shelter behind some big rocks, where they built their igloos, or snow-houses. After feeding the dogs and eating their supper all went to sleep. All that night the wind blew and the snow fell and drifted over them until by morning they were com-

pletely covered up. When Ahngoodloo awoke the first work was to clear away the snow that closed the entrance to the hut. Then he found that his dogs were buried in the drift. Rousing his companions they set to work to dig out the dogs. This they did after a long time, for it was very cold, and the snow was still drifting before the wind. None of the dogs were the worse for this occurrence, as they are very tough, their coats are thick and warm, and they are used to such experiences. After this they were fed, and all hands ate their breakfast of ship's biscuit and coffee, and began to pack and lash the sledges to resume the journey.

Ahngoodloo cutting up the two-horned Narwhal

The snow had formed a slanting surface back to some high cliffs, while along shore the hummocks piled up and were joined together by the heavy snow which had fallen. When ready to start, the sledges took the shore route. Ahngoodloo, with a boat hook only, tramped on snowshoes up the face of the slope. He had not gone far when he heard a strange noise, which seemed to come from the cliffs: first it was like the voice of a human being, then like the bellowing of a walrus, yet it sounded very strange, weak, and small. He listened, but was unable to make out where it came from or what caused it. It was so different from anything he had ever heard before that he was perplexed, but resolved to find out at all hazards.

The storm had abated, and the sun appeared over the coast on the other side of the straits, throwing a welcome light among the cliffs. Ahngoodloo looked back, but could see none of his companions. He shouted long and loud, but could get no response to his calls. The only sound that he could hear was that strange and

peculiar low wailing that had reached his ears when he began to ascend the cliff, and which appeared to come from some red rocks standing up out of the snow. It was impossible to locate the thing that made the noise, and for a long time the poor fellow was at his wits' end; but he was determined to solve the mystery, and pushing forward, he soon came to an opening in the cliff of towering rocks, and found himself so suddenly on an abrupt edge of the snow slope that he came very near going over, and would have been precipitated into the ravine below but for his quickness and the friendly aid of his boat hook. It was a narrow escape, but he was still resolved that he would find out what was making the strange noise. He crawled to the edge of the slope, and looking down saw a strange black object. It was near the base of the Rocky Cliff, and a little further on another smaller object caught his keen eyes. It was very black and curled up like a ball. From this thing, whatever it might be, came the noise that had first greeted his ears.

It did not look like a dog, and certainly it was not a man, woman, or child. It was a mystery to Ahngoodloo, and he was beginning to feel uneasy, for the Eskimos are very superstitious. But he remembered that he was an "Innuit" (a man), and it did not take him a moment to decide that he would go down the slope even if it was "Tornarsoak" the Eskimo devil.

Ahngoodloo cutting a Road

With the aid of his boat hook he began the perilous descent. He had not gone far before he discovered that the larger object was a dead musk-cow and the smaller one, from which the strange noise came, the motherless calf. The cow and the calf had evidently been

overtaken by the storm of the night before, had missed their footing, and fallen over the cliff, killing the mother, but only bruising and frightening the calf.

That its wailings seemed so strange to Ahngoodloo can be accounted for because the perpendicular sides of the cliff acted like a sounding board, and the calf's feeble moanings were echoed and re-echoed until they were unlike anything he had ever heard before. Had the sounds come to Ahngoodloo in a direct line, he would have recognized them at once. The prevailing thought now in the mind of Ahngoodloo was how to rescue the calf, and he pushed forward with this object in view, but met another difficulty. The ledges down which he must climb with the calf upon his back were very steep and dangerous, even to an unencumbered man; but he made up his mind to do it, and when Ahngoodloo set about to do anything it was sure to be done. The cold was now intense, but he did not mind that, and was slowly and cautiously working along the rocks, when a harpoon came hurling

over the cliff and struck the calf, killing it instantly. The poor little thing was half frozen when it was hit with the spear, and in the intense cold soon became a rigid form.

Quickly following the killing of the calf were heard the shouts of Ahngoodloo's companions, one of whom had thrown the weapon. They had not heard Ahngoodloo's call, and when they missed him they searched for him, and at last found his snowshoe tracks and followed them to the edge of the cliff. Seeing the dead musk-ox, they thought that he had killed it. A moment later, seeing the moving object, and Ahngoodloo being hidden by the rocks and the body of the calf, they thought it another musk-ox and threw the harpoon at it.

With his companions' assistance Ahngoodloo soon reached the sledges, where he told the story of his adventure: — the following of the mysterious noise, his climb down the cliff side, his finding the calf, and the solution of the mystery that had led him into such peril. The skin was quickly removed from the little calf

Ahngoodloo and the Musk-calf

to bring to me, and the body placed on one of the sledges to make a fine supper for the party at their next camp.

The little skin was afterwards given to me, and I often think when I look at it of Ahn-goodloo's unsuccessful effort to rescue the orphaned musk-calf.

POLARIS AND CASSIOPEIA

THE STORY OF TWO YOUNG BEARS

The region in which the polar bear, the tiger of the north, is to be found in greatest numbers to-day, is the east coast of Greenland and the Franz-Josef-Land neighbourhood.

Years ago, in the days of the Scotch whale-fishery in Baffin Bay and Lancaster Sound, they were quite numerous in those places where the most whales were captured, attracted thither by the "krang," or bodies of the whales, which, after being stripped of the bone and blubber, were cast adrift to become embedded in the ice floes or washed up on the shore, furnishing plenty of food to numbers of bears for months. But many were shot by the whalers, and every year fewer whales were killed, and there was less food for the bears, until at present I doubt if there is any portion of the Arctic seas or coasts about Davis Strait or Baffin Bay where they can be said to be numerous.

Putting Polaris in a Hogshead

In the latter part of July, 1896, the *Hope* had been fighting her way northward, close to the wild, island-guarded coast of Labrador, from Belle Isle to Cape Chidley, through streams of ice of steadily increasing thickness.

The weather throughout this time was clear, with the exception of a few showers and fog-banks, and gave us an opportunity to view this interesting coast along its entire extent.

The first day north of Belle Isle was one of much mirage, and we steamed through an enchanted sea. Eastward the ice and bergs were lifted and distorted until they formed a range of crystal castles of beautiful blue and green. Westward the many islands seemed like fantastic battlements of reds and browns and grays.

At noon of the third day we were off Cape Mugford, its bold front flanked by the masses of Table Mountain and the Bishop's Mitre, with rugged Nannuktak rising sharp and clear. We were nearing the borderland of the Arctic regions, and even at midnight the sky was bright with

Head of Polar Bear

the twilight of the "great day" of the northern summer, which lay ahead of us.

At noon of the fourth day the sharp profile of the Four Peaks, the highest land on the Labrador coast, was just abreast. The next day, bright, clear, and calm, found us off the savage snow-streaked rocks of Cape Chidley.

This extreme northern point of Labrador showed a very great contrast to the green fields

of Sydney, which we had left a week before. From here the cliffs of Resolution Island were plainly seen across the ice-filled breadth of Hudson Strait. While boring through the heavy ice, in an effort to enter the strait, a polar bear and her two cubs were seen, and the *Hope* was headed in their direction. It was a beautiful trio of unusually white animals. A few moments after the rifles began to crack, the old bear was floating lifeless in the water between two pans of ice, and the cubs swimming lustily away from the ship, among the pools and lanes of water which ran through the floes in every direction.

Quickly the dory was lowered and with five men started in pursuit, while others of the party and crew scattered over the ice to head the cubs off if they left the water. Soon one of them was lassoed and turned over to the care of Bonesteel, who had followed the dory over the ice, and the chase continued after the other. Mr. Bonesteel at once found all of his college athletics called into active play, as, with the line

Polaris and Cassiopeia on the Ice

about the cub's neck in one hand and a boat hook in the other, he endeavoured to maintain his balance. He was almost dragged into the water by the sturdy little fellow's efforts to swim away. The next moment he was doing his best to keep the vicious youngster from climbing up on the ice-pan with him, where he would have been able to make sharp use of teeth and claws.

After an hour's chase, during which the dory was helped by a whaleboat and then by the *Hope* herself, the second cub was finally headed off, cornered, and lassoed. Then the body of the old bear and the growling and snapping youngsters were hoisted on board, the former to receive the attention of Mr. Figgins, the naturalist, and the latter to be tied to a ring-bolt, until a couple of hogsheads could be prepared for their quarters.

The little brutes were possessed of marvellous strength. While putting them in their hogsheads, one succeeded in freeing himself from the ropes, trotted away, and was on the point of jumping overboard when I saw him, just in time to jerk him back on to the deck, where Professor Burton fell upon him bodily in a close embrace; and the youngster was again securely bound and placed in his hogshead. It was quickly seen that the hogsheads would hold the cubs but a short time, so a strong cage was made from heavy planks by the ship's carpenter. In this they were placed, and their house was lashed to the rail.

Mr. Figgins skinning the Mother Bear

They were fed with meat, and soon went to sleep like innocent kittens, with their heads resting upon their paws. During their first nap on board ship they were named Polaris and Cassiopeia, after the two blazing constellations which, circling about the pole-star, light the gloom of the "great night" of the Arctic regions. In this cage they lived and throve during the rest of the voyage, now and then taking a mouthful out of the boot of a bold

"*The Mother Bear*"

sailor, or snapping up a careless mitten — and once getting a bit of finger with the mitten.

The fur of the mother bear was so spotlessly white and unstained, that I had her skinned on a bed of clean straw, and the beautiful pelt rolled up and packed away still unsullied.

Polaris and Cassiopeia, in their cage on the quarter-deck, ate large quantities of meat, increased in size and viciousness of temper, and proved a source of great amusement for the

Eskimos, who went through all the pantomime of a bear-fight with them.

On the voyage home they added greatly to the excitement, during one wild night of storm in crossing Davis Strait, and on their arrival at Sydney aroused the intense but distant admiration of all the small boys of the town. From Sydney they were shipped to Washington, D. C., where, their dispositions soured by their life on ship-board, they fought almost incessantly, till finally they were started on their travels again, and shipped to a far western State, where perhaps already some of my young readers have seen them.

KYOAHPADU THE ANGAKOK

It was long past the twilight hours of a late November day when my hunter, Ikwa, returning from a trip across Whale Sound to the village of Netiulume, and thence southward along the iron-bound coast of the Eskimo metropolis of Akpane, brought with him from Omanui a short, powerfully built Eskimo, whom he presented as his brother Kyoahpadu.

To my surprise Kyoahpadu was the first native to object to being photographed, and he declined to enter Redcliffe until Dr. Cook went out and insisted upon it. Once in the house, he seemed to regard the preparations for taking his picture — that is, placing the screen and the chair and bringing out the cameras — much as a condemned man would view the building of the scaffold; and when he was finally seated in the chair before the strange instruments, and was told to fix his eyes on me as I removed the caps from the cameras, his teeth chattered in spite of his best efforts to assume an

Kyoahpadu the Angakok

air of braggadocio. The word "tima," which told him that the operation was over, seemed to relieve him of a great weight of fear. Yet the great angakok (medicine-man), as we afterward knew him to be, never lost the idea that those strange machines which had glared at him for an instant in the dazzling blaze of the flashlight had placed him, soul and body, forever in my power.

After this, "Kyo," as we called him, worked himself day by day into our good graces. He insisted upon giving Mrs. Peary an old clasp-knife, his greatest earthly possession, and a really wonderful little ivory needle-case, which he said had been his wife's. He also took upon himself the care of the room, jumping up a dozen times a day to seize the broom and sweep up any little litter of shavings or fur that might have gathered, and he taught the other natives as to the care they should use in keeping dirt out of the palace of the "Great White Man."

A little later his brother Ikwa's hut was uncomfortable for him; it was too small, and

his brother had too big a tongue, which he allowed to run beyond the bounds of reason, and he, Kyo, had to sleep on the stone floor, where it was cold; but the floor of the white man's igloo was "peudiak-soak" (very good), and could n't he "sinnipah" (sleep) there? And, sure enough, he got the permission, and with it a pair of blankets, which every morning he carefully folded up and carried outside, placing them in one of the empty boxes in the wall.

Ikwa, Kyoahpadu's Brother

So Kyo slept contentedly upon the floor at Redcliffe, until one day there came, from a little village to the north of us, a widow with three children, the husband and father having but recently been dragged under the ice by a walrus and drowned. The same day two Eskimo youths in brand-new winter costumes, and with a powerful team of six dogs, dashed over the

ice-foot in front of Redcliffe from their far-away home at Cape York. By a strange coincidence one of these young men was a nephew of the widow, and it was arranged that when they started home again the widow and her children should go with them to her parents. But in the few days of their stay at Redcliffe, Kyo fell in love with the widow, and when she and the young men turned their faces southward one starlit December noon, Kyo went with them, in order, he said, to bring me some deer-skins and narwhal horns. He also told me that he should return after ten "sinnipahs" (sleeps).

Nearly ten times ten "sinnipahs" passed before I saw his oily face again. Then one bright windy March day, two heavily fur-clad figures came in sight down the shore, and soon Kyo and the nephew, Kishu, were once more within the walls of Redcliffe. Kyo seemed ill at ease, and uncertain as to the manner of his reception. Both he and the nephew had little to say, and after staying a few hours they went away.

Off for Cape York

The next day they returned with a party. In the party were the widow, now the wife of Kyo, and her daughters. Kyo and his wife immediately settled down near Redcliffe, and remained with us until we sailed for home the next August, but he never again seemed the same as he did on his first visit.

I had learned much of him from the natives who visited Redcliffe during his absence, and though some of them spoke well of him, most of the reports were bad, and I could see that,

with one or two exceptions, he was both hated and feared. There were dark hints of the murder of a man, and also that two wives had been killed by him, and that he was an angakok, or medicine-man, of great power. Whether Kyo knew that I had heard these reports, or whether he felt that he had lost my confidence by remaining away so long, I never could tell. But certain it was that he was not the same man, and at times I felt slightly suspicious of him, especially in regard to tampering with my dogs, and even made up my mind on one occasion that if, in disregard of my command he should attempt to harness up one of my finest teams of dogs for a journey to the south, I should shoot him. The matter never came to this crisis, however, and we soon found that Kyo was subject to fits of insane anger, and on one or two occasions had stabbed his wife while in these fits. Yet, as my driver on the sledge trip around Inglefield Gulf, he was most obedient and attentive to the wants of Mrs. Peary and myself, and was the proudest of the proud in having to

manage the finest team of powerful dogs that ever galloped through that frozen region.

During the absence of Astrup and myself on the inland ice, Kyo, as became a mighty angakok, indulged in frequent seances, or trances, during which he came in spirit upon the inland ice. He saw stretching before him all the white expanse of the great frozen desert, and then, recovering from his trance, would tell Mrs. Peary that far away to the north he had seen a single "innuit" (man) staggering weakly homeward, and that the man was not the kapitansoak. Just before my return, in one of his fits, he threatened to kill his wife and her nearly grown daughter, and these threats so completely terrified the poor women that, seizing the opportunity when Kyo was out in his kyak on a seal-hunt, they slipped away from the village and disappeared.

"The Widow," Kyo's Wife

Kyo searched the shores in every direction, but it was not until two weeks later that they reached a distant settlement, having traversed mountains and glaciers for that time, living entirely upon such birds as they were able to catch.

Kyo

Kyo was absent, searching for them, when I returned from the inland ice, and when I next saw him he had regained his wife and daughter. But this good fortune was, perhaps, more than balanced by the fact that my return (in spite of his predictions to the contrary) had seriously injured his reputation as an angakok.

Kyo was one of the few natives in the tribe who had seen the tattooed people of the West, and as a result of this he had seen perhaps more human blood shed than any other member of his tribe. As a boy, accompanying his father

upon a bear-hunt which led them to the distant western shore of Smith Sound, he saw his father killed in a struggle with a party of the tattooed men. Years after, as a young man, he had the pleasure of killing his father's murderer, and then, by some chance which I never could get quite clear, the wife of this murdered man, with her young son, became a resident of the Whale Sound region. That son, now grown to be a stalwart young man, is the only one in the tribe whom the great angakok fears, and it is quite possible that he may have already paid the debt of the blood feud at his hands.

MY ARCTIC BUNNY

By AH-NI-GHI'-TO

Early on the 5th of July, 1901, I heard some one call my name, and looking up, half asleep, I found Ahngoodloo and Billybah standing by my berth with something alive. I reached for it, and found it was the dearest little bunny I had ever seen. They had caught it on shore and brought it to me. Ahngoodloo said he thought it would live if I took care of it and fed it regularly. I hurried into my clothing and went forward to see if "Jack" would have time to make a house for him. Mother said I might keep him in the cabin at night — I mean while we were asleep, — where the dogs could not hurt him. Jack took a box and nailed slats across one end of it and filled it with fresh, sweet grass, which the Eskimo boys had gathered.

An Arctic Bunny Family

After a drawing by Albert Operti

Bunny was all gray, except the tips of his ears, his tail, and a spot under his chin; these were pure white. I was surprised at this, because the Arctic hares I had seen were entirely white, but father told me young bunnies were always gray. This is to protect them from the foxes and dogs. They are almost the colour of the rocks and ground near which they are born, and if they keep still one can scarcely see them. Then as the summer fades and snows begin to whiten everything, they change their coats to white, and again it is difficult to find them, unless they are moving. Father said in about three months my bunny would be almost white, and I thought how nice it would be to watch him change his summer coat for his winter one. His eyes were not pink like those of the white bunnies at home, but brown.

At first my bunny was very wild, being frightened if I only came near his box. But every day I put fresh grass into his house, talking to him all the time; and after a few days he would come very near me, but when I reached out he

Bunny's Home on Northumberland Island

would run off. Then one day he let me put my hand on him and stroke him, and he liked it. The Eskimos told me that the hares are very fond of pussy-willows, so the next time I went ashore I hunted until I found some young shoots clinging to the rocks — for the willow grows like a vine in this cold country.

I took it into the cabin and knelt down on the floor with some of it in my hand, calling "Bunny." He came running out of his box, but just before he reached me he stopped, looked

at me, and then went back again; the next instant he came out and ran nearly to me, but decided he had better go back; but at last his curiosity was too much for him, and he ran to me and nibbled the willow. When the first leaf had been eaten, he looked at me as if to say, "This is the very best I have ever eaten." After this he always came to me when I called him. I went ashore every day with the Eskimo boys to gather grass and willow for him.

He grew quite tame, following us whenever we walked across the floor. When he heard steps on the stairs, he would run to the door and sit up on his hind legs, waiting for people to enter; and when they did he hopped along beside them, on his hind legs, until they gave him some grass or willow. I learned from him that the rabbits eat only one blade of grass at a time, and this is why they are eating all the time. He knew the difference between fresh grass and grass gathered a few days before, and would always leave what he had in the box and eat that which we brought him from the shore

first, and then go back to his box and eat the dry grass.

Every morning as soon as I hopped out of bed I ran into the cabin and opened Bunny's box. He was always waiting, and as soon as the bars were down he would run all over me, and in and out of the cabin, into the berth with mother, and back into his box, where he began eating grass as though he had had nothing to eat for ever so long. Sometimes when I overslept myself he would grow impatient and begin to thump on his floor with his hind foot, making a noise like the pounding of a hammer, until he woke us all up and I would have to hurry and let him out.

One day, about three weeks after Bunny came to me, Billybah came to tell me that the Eskimos had seen another baby hare on Northumberland Island, and were going to catch it for me. After a couple of hours, Ahngoodloo brought the little brown ball in his pocket. It was not as pretty as my bunny. It had less white about it, and father said that was because

it was so much younger. Mr. Bunny the First looked at his new sister for nearly an hour before he would go near her. Then he rubbed his little nose over her head and face and scampered back and forth between her and his box. He was inviting her to come into his house, but she only huddled up in the corner. Nothing would tempt her to come out, so we left her, thinking she would get better acquainted with Bunny and with her new home if she were alone. But I don't believe she did, for when I returned she was still in the corner, and Bunny had given up trying to coax her into his house. I brought him some fresh willow shoots, and after he had eaten a number of them, he bit off a leaf and hopped on two legs across the cabin to his sister, and dropped the leaf; but she did n't pick it up, and I began to fear she must be homesick for the rocks and moss and brooks which she had seen on the island.

Father looked her over carefully the next day and said he feared she had been hurt. Anyway, neither Bunny nor I could make her eat

or drink, and the morning of the second day we found her dead. The sailors wanted to throw her overboard, but I thought she ought to be buried on the shore, where she had been so happy and so free. So Jack made a box for her, and put her in it. I tied a piece of ribbon round her neck and we buried her. I even took Bunny in my arms to the funeral.

From a Photograph of the Arctic Hare

When I had had Bunny about five weeks, we moved from the *Windward* to the *Erik*. The *Erik* had just come from home, and brought us fresh fruits and vegetables, which we had not tasted for over a year. Among the vegetables was cabbage, and Bunny was very fond of this. I used to give him a leaf of this every day. One morning he was found dead just outside his box. I never knew what killed him, but thought some one gave

him too much of the cabbage. He had grown so pretty and was so tame, I felt almost as if a person had died, and I declared I would never have a pet again.

Poor little Bunny, of course he had a funeral on shore, and even the sailors were sorry to lose him.

FAREWELL TO THE ARCTIC

OR GOOD-BYE TO THE

SNOWLAND FOLK

The fifth of August was a busy day for every one at the camp in the shadow of Cape Sabine. Soon after midnight my Eskimos saw the smoke of a distant steamer away toward Cape Alexander, and at five o'clock, when I climbed the rocks to the flagstaff, she was to be seen dimly to the southward off Erik Head, making her way through the ice towards us. As soon as the ship was anchored in the harbour near the rocks, the work of loading began, a steady stream of perspiring Eskimos and sailors began carrying boxes of provisions, skeletons, specimens, skins, their own tents, and belongings aboard. Fortunately the day was a very fine one for Payer Harbor, so the work went on without a stop.

So quickly was the work done that before five o'clock, the deck-house, which had been our

Kangerdlooksoah

home for almost a year, stood empty and deserted, the storehouse was taken down, the many little tents perched about the rocks had disappeared, the many dogs usually wandering about the place had been caught and put into the *Windward's* hold, and the place, a day before so lively, now lay lifeless and deserted in the brilliant August sunshine. At five o'clock the *Windward*, with her decks piled with all kinds of things, and swarming with Eskimos, started out of the harbour. There was no time to be lost. The edge of the heavy ice had already reached and closed up the northern entrance to the harbour, and large pieces of ice were rapidly floating in upon the incoming tide. Only one narrow passage lay open to the south, and while the *Windward*, at full speed, made her way through this, the floating fields of ice swept her very close to the rocks. A few minutes later she was past the danger and out of the harbour. Then she went south, past the well known places of the coast, Port Foulke, Crystal Palace Glacier, the crouch-

The Camp in the Shadow of Cape Sabine

ing headland of Cape Alexander, Sonntag Bay, and so on around Cape Chalon (Peterahwik of the natives), and into Whale Sound, on our way to Kangerdlooksoah, far up at the head of the Sound, where my Eskimos wanted me to leave them.

When we arrived, the women, children, dogs, tents, and their belongings were hustled ashore, and when the last boat-load left, the *Windward* was washed down from stem to stern with the fire hose.

By noon my party of some fifty souls was ashore, and the tents of a considerable village dotted the banks of the noisy Arctic brook.

This place, Kangerdlooksoah, where my Eskimos had asked that I should leave them for the coming year, is a favourite spot of the natives. It lies on the edge of the great deer-grazing plateau of Kangerdlooksoah, between Inglefield Gulf and Olrik's Bay. Only a few miles back from the village is a large lake, where the salmon trout are found, and in front of the village, from the time the ice breaks up in early July until it forms again in late September, schools of narwhal pass every day. Then in November, May, and June, lots of seals lie upon the glistening surface of the thick ice which covers the gulf.

There are other strange and interesting things about Kangerdlooksoah. There are the great icebergs that float so lazily past the shore, the glistening glaciers which dot the shores of the gulf to the east and north, the gleaming surface of the great ice-cap rising to a steel blue

Icebergs that float lazily past the Shore

sky line, and just across the gulf the lofty peaks — Mount Daly and Mount Adams.

The afternoon of the same day I sent my three best hunters — Ahngoodloo, Ahngmaloktok, and Sipsu — out after deer. The next day I distributed supplies of tea, coffee, biscuit, etc., to my faithful Eskimos, to help them through the coming winter.

Soon after midnight of Saturday the hunters returned, each with two deer, and Sunday evening the fog which had been hanging over the gulf for two days lifted, and the *Windward* steamed away for a walrus hunt, with all the kayaks, hunting gear, and able-bodied men on board. Several days were devoted to walrus hunting, but raw, windy weather, during which the walrus do not come out to bask on the ice, made our success very slight, till the last day or two, when many were killed.

In the intervals of our cruising for the big game, I touched in to visit the native settlements in Whale Sound. Almost without exception these visits were not cheerful, each one telling the story of the death of some of my friends among the natives from the terrible disease which during the past year had made such sorrow in the little tribe.

At one place as I neared the shore in my boat, no one came down as usual to meet me, and I found a widow, with five children, entirely cut off from the other settlements. Soon I had

heard her sad story. Her husband had died about a month before, since the breaking up of the ice, so she could not reach the other natives, and she and her children had nothing to eat but the little auks, which they caught from day to day, and nothing to cook their food with but the oily skins of the birds. The outlook for them when the cold days came would have been terrible had I not dropped in on them. The meat and blubber of a walrus killed that day were landed for her, and a white whale killed while the *Windward* lay at anchor was also given her.

Distributing Supplies and Presents

But it was very mournful to me. Instead of the shouts and laughter, and crowding about of children which usually greeted me when I

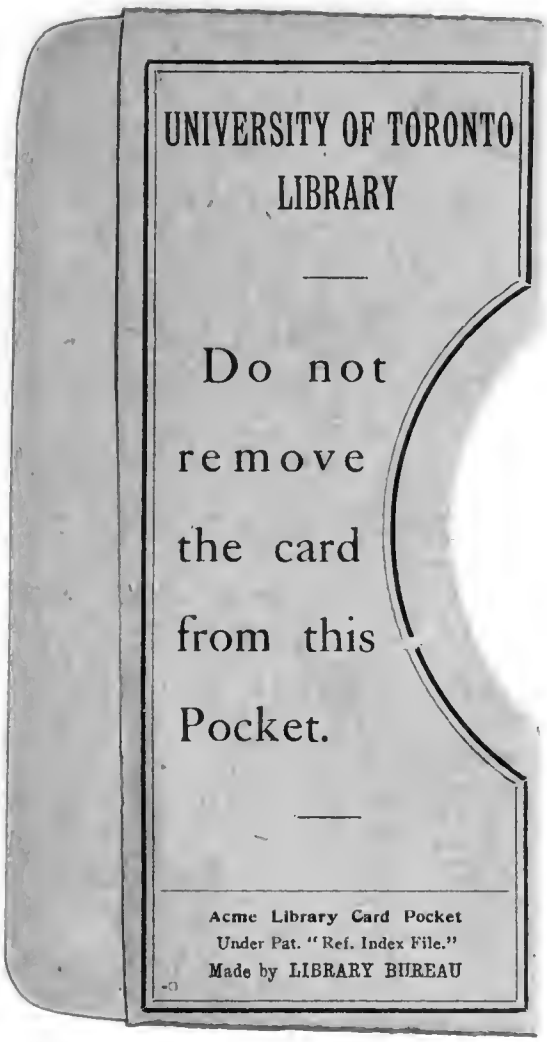
went ashore, there was now only silence and tear-stained faces. I hurried on board and did not return, though I sent tea, biscuit, and sugar ashore for the lonely widow.

One night we ran aground, and were compelled to remain hard and fast for twenty-four hours, till another high tide lifted us off. The *Windward* slowly heeled over as the water fell away from her, until at last she rested on her bottom, with her deck slanted at an angle of twenty-three degrees. At last, on the rising tide we pulled her off and steamed to an anchorage, and every one but the watch turned in.

At last, with the number of walrus that was needed to carry my faithful people through the winter in plenty, and with deck piled high with rich dark meat and yellow blubber, and the ship's sides dripping blood, the *Windward* for the last time headed for Kangerdlooksoah. For the last time the anchor went down, and two or three days were devoted to landing the meat, cleaning ship, overhauling boilers, etc. Then in the early sunshine of a brilliant morning the

anchor was hauled up, good-bye said to the little tribe, and the *Windward's* engines began their pulsations for home.

A final good-bye to faithful ones who for years had worked and travelled and slept and hunted and lived with me, and now would never follow the northward trail with me again. God grant that the Arctic demons, cold and hunger, may never crowd too closely upon them.


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
LIBRARY
Do not
remove
the card
from this
Pocket.
Acme Library Card Pocket
Under Pat. "Ref. Index File."
Made by LIBRARY BUREAU