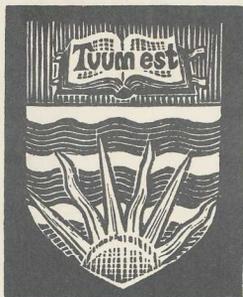




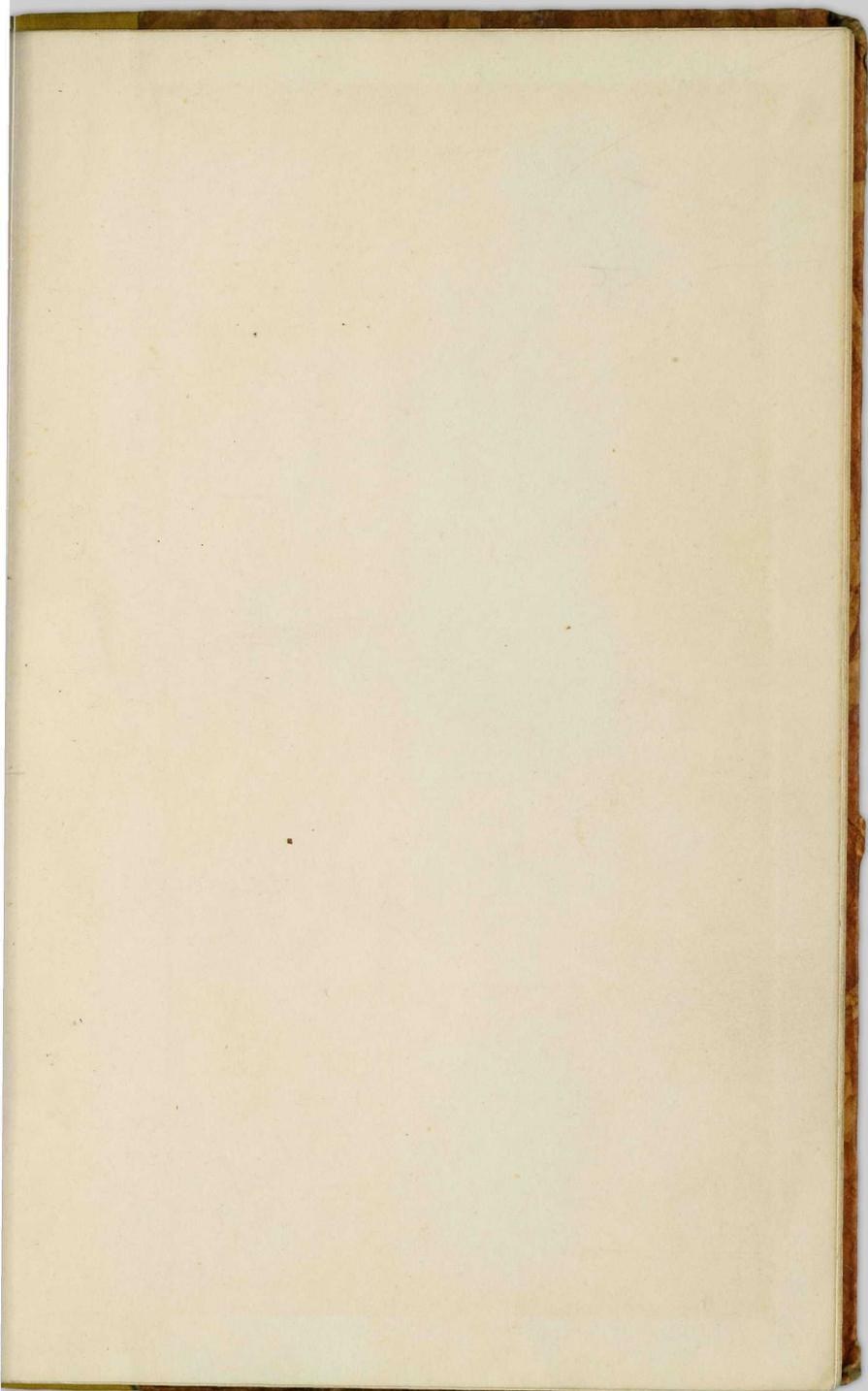
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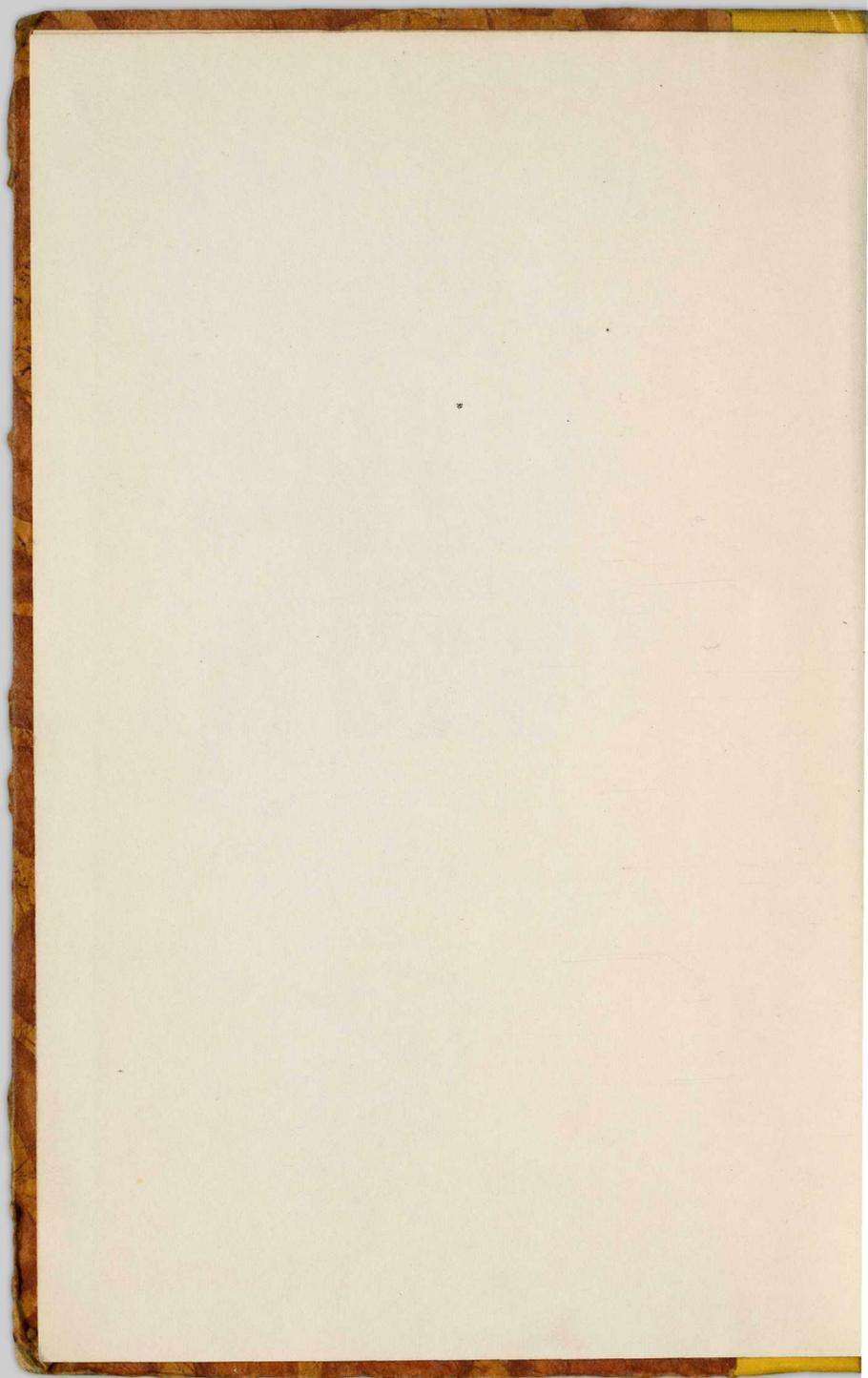


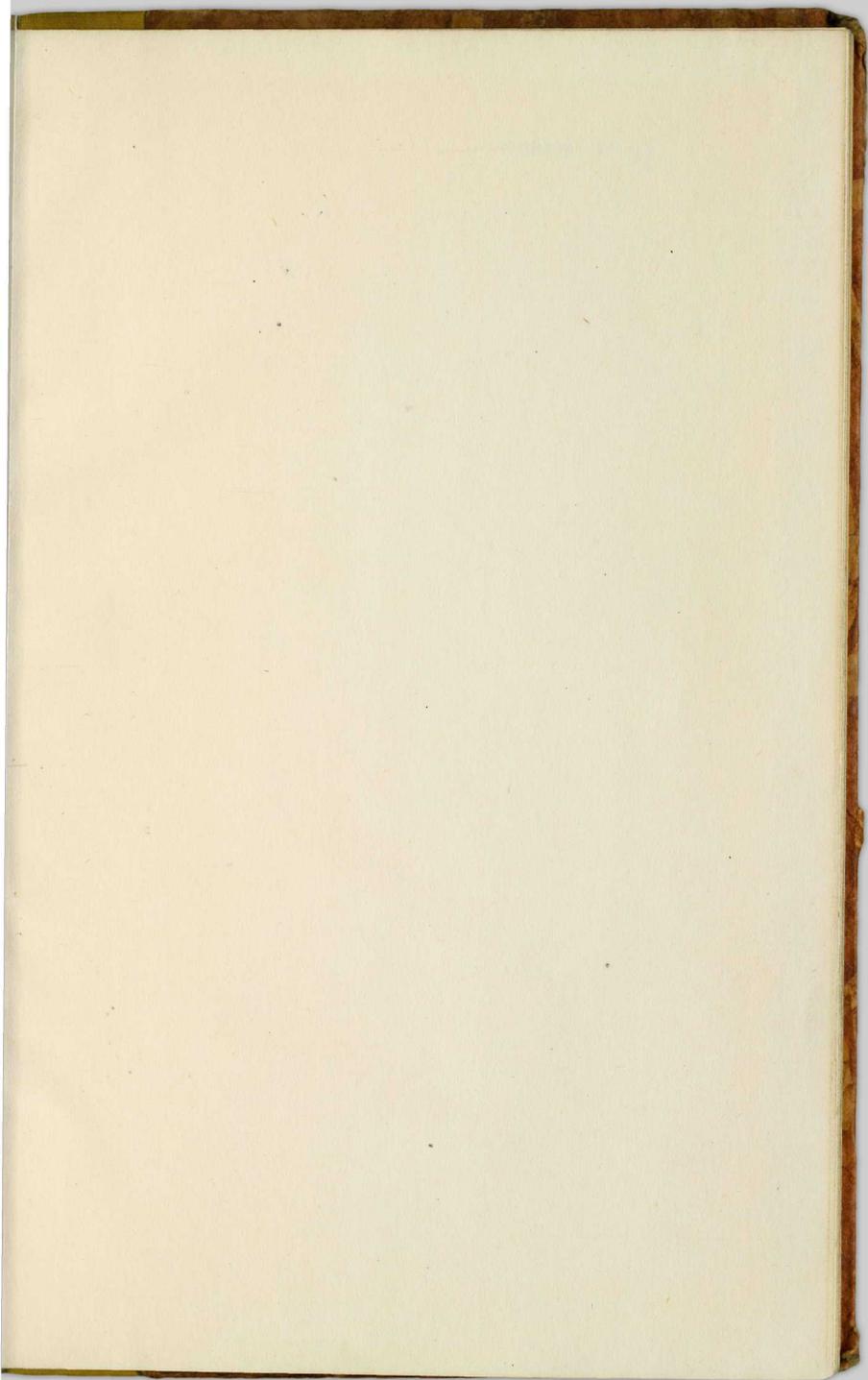
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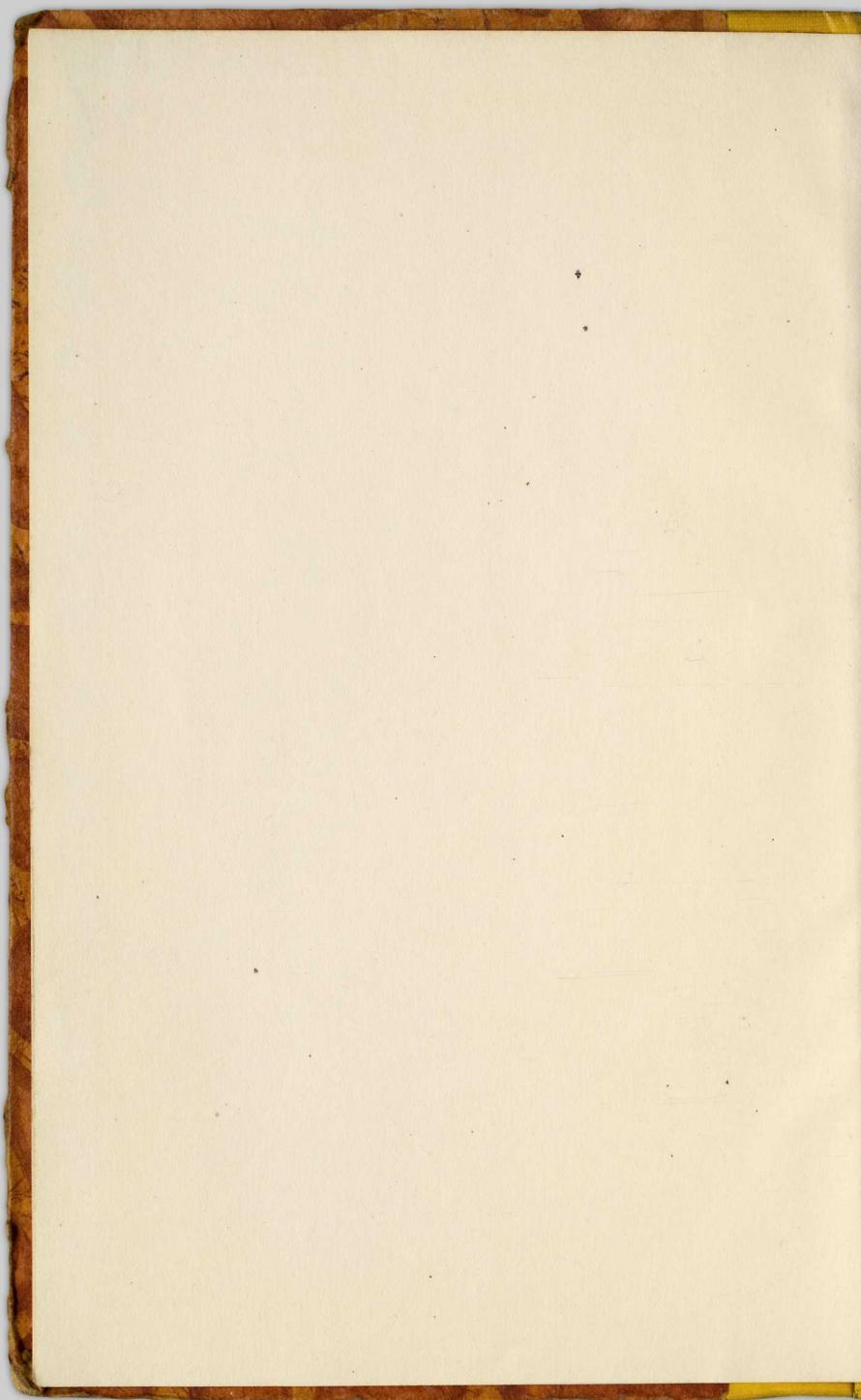
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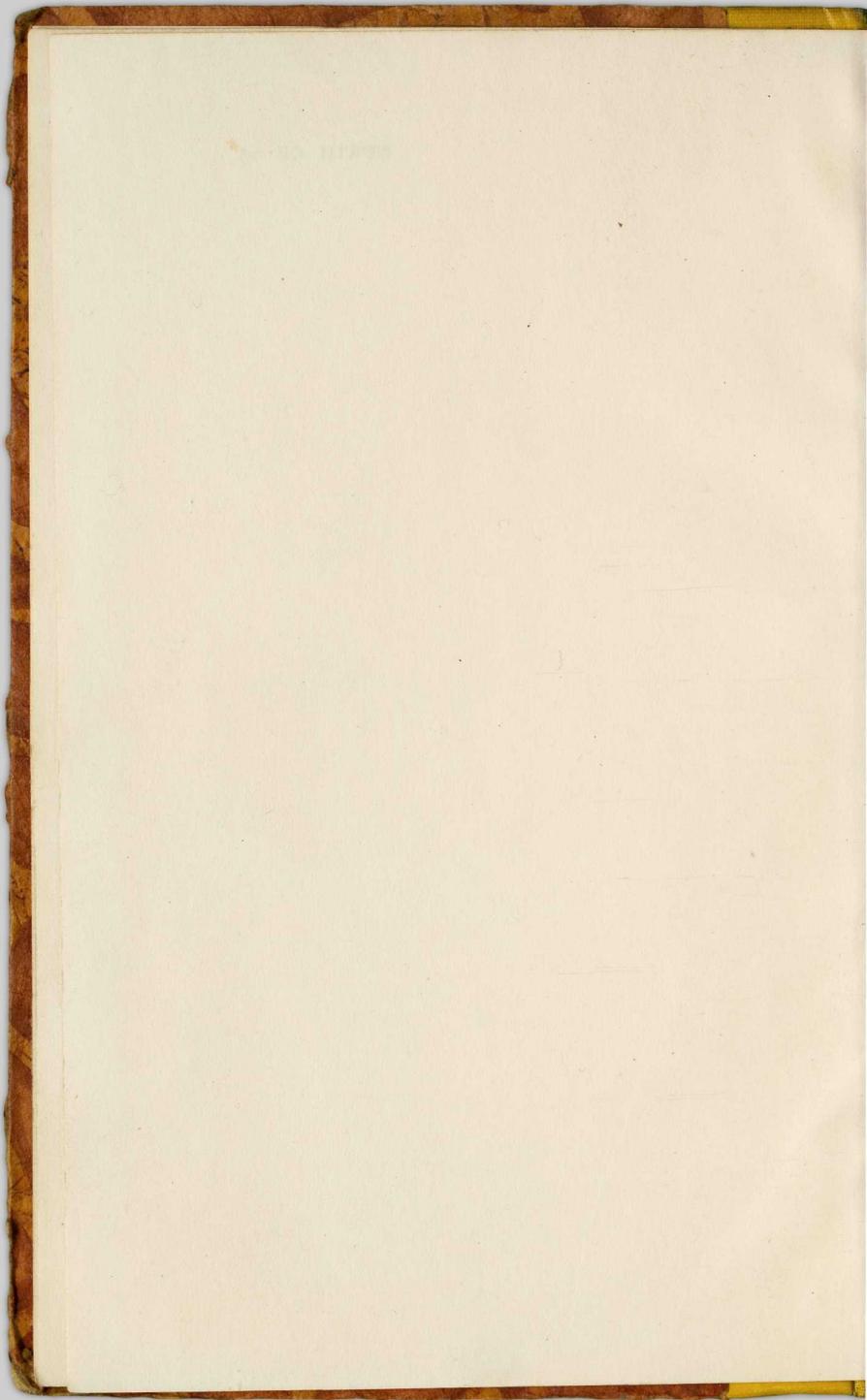


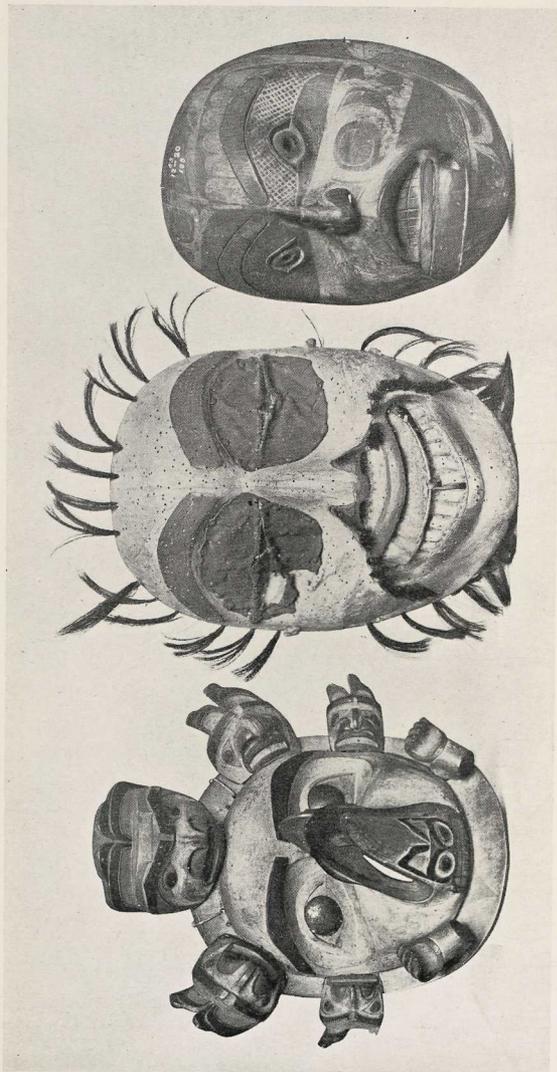






NORTH OF 53





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Painted wooden masks, worn at winter ceremonies.

Left to right—1. The Raven.

2. The mask's tongue is moveable, being worked by strings.

3. The mask is of a woman wearing a labret in lower lip.

NORTH OF 53
AN ALASKAN JOURNEY

by

ELLEN S. BLOUNT F.R.G.S. F.R.C.I.

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

BY THE AUTHOR

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NORTH OF
AN ALPS IN JOURNEY

WALKS IN SWITZERLAND
AND ITALY

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GENERAL IMPRESSIONS

NOW and then it happens, by some rare and happy chance, that we enter unwittingly into a stretch of life which is to afford us a new breadth of experience, and provide fuller and richer memories than any that have hitherto come from the fulfilment of pre-arranged plans, and I must attribute this Alaskan journey of mine to the promptings of a generous spirit at large in the air, urging me to grasp an unexpected opportunity; for my journey was originally intended to end at Quebec. But so quickly did I respond to the influence of this benign spirit, that it was with feelings almost of surprise that I found myself about to start on a journey through Canada and Alaska.

The initial charm wrought for me by the magic of the unexpected was maintained throughout my travels by the marvellous character of the country, and continually stimulated from day to day by the inexhaustible interest of the various races who live and work in this land of contrasts and surprises to the tenderfoot or newtimer—"cheechako"—as the Indians call him. Besides, I found everywhere the desire to welcome extended into a large hospitality, a quality seemingly best nurtured by wide spaces and hard conditions of life; and it is with gratitude that I look back upon the throng of Swedes, Indians, Americans, Danes, Eskimos, English, Scots, Belgians, French and Russians, who jostle one another happily in my memory. I must except, however, the majority of hotel-keepers, who, doubtless on account of numerous and unexpected visitors, lead very harried lives, and consequently often display a somewhat disconcerting lack of enthusiasm for fresh guests.

The first thing that strikes one in Alaska is the magnificent and adjective-impossible scenery, for this no words can express; it is useless to exclaim words of admiration; the marvels of land and seascape are viewed with awe and silent wonderment at their greatness, as in turn are revealed the mountains and rivers; the glaciers and hot springs; and the great wealth of minerals locked in the hills and valleys. Next, one is astonished by the

brilliance and variety of berries and wild flowers, and their very rapid growth in soil (covered with snow and ice for eight to ten months of the year, according to the position of the place) which the summer sun has rendered workable for a depth of a few inches, below which the ground is always a solidly frozen mass which defies the strongest pick-axe, and goes deep down into the earth. And again, one is amazed by the numberless dogs, and the extraordinary quantity of fish. I am sure the salmon can never be computed; the amount taken out of the rivers may be known, but it must be impossible to estimate the quantity left in.

Everything is on a gigantic scale: immense glaciers, one of them, the Malespina, being the largest known in the world; lofty mountains, some of them overtopping Switzerland's biggest giants; deep seas; a mighty river; vast wealth of gold, coal, copper, and other minerals waiting to be wrested from the land by the ingenuity and industry of man; valuable stores of food in sea, river, and also on land, in those districts where live the moose, the caribou, reindeer, bear, and other smaller animals.

It is a land of contrasts and contradictions, with its summer sun at midnight, and sunless mid-day in winter; the Arctic Ocean on the one side, the warm Japanese current on the other; lovely flowers blossoming on the edge of a glacier; hot springs in an ice-bound land. The contrasts are in the lives of the people also, for here are to be found the bravest of men, and the lowest of outcasts. A reckless spirit of adventure is rife,—every earthly possession is perhaps gambled away in a night; and one hears of men, rich one day, poor the next; and sometimes happily, with a lucky gold find, it is the other way round. There is no law, they say, north of fifty-three, and consequently those addicted to little sins have often found it desirable to seek these latitudes; for as Kipling says,

“Never a law of God or man,
Runs north of ‘fifty-three.’”

I used to ask the people I met up there, “Well, and what have you done?” No one would own up to anything, and they would rightly retort with the same question to myself. I used to tell them I could not recall anything of moment, but had little doubt I should follow the fashion ere long. One never knows what one may come to. We, in England, find it useful

GENERAL IMPRESSIONS

to have laws a little further north than fifty-three; our Boston, Stoke-on-Trent, Ffestiniog and Beddgelert are all on the fifty-three line, while the northern counties of England and the whole of Scotland are above it.

All the white inhabitants of Alaska, especially towards the far west, show in their fine faces that they have struggled with nature. Kindly and hospitable, their gaiety is extraordinary, considering the hard lives most of them lead; and the dark long winters, with often only two hours of daylight, rarely more than three, for about two-thirds of the year. They are great gamblers, dancers, and card-players; and bridge is as much the rage there as it is in other and more developed societies.

During the brief summer, the heat in some places is overpowering; nevertheless, the ice is still just below the surface, and as soon as sun-down sets in, one feels the "ice in the air" as they say, and it is necessary to put on warm wraps. This was particularly noticeable at Dawson City, and in the Klondike.

While summer lasts, work goes on night and day, so that none of the short precious season of sun and warmth may be wasted, for winter darkness soon closes in, industry practically ceases, and snow and ice cut off the inhabitants, especially in the interior, from the outer world. All the workers leave the outlying parts of the Yukon in the last boat going down before winter sets in. Communication with the outer world is then so restricted that letters for Alaska, posted in Canada or the United States, take from two to two and a half months to reach their destination by dog team, and only first class letters are carried. Parcels and books, even if registered, are not delivered at all during winter, to save weight on the sledges.

Among the settlers in districts isolated by difficulties of transport, the women especially suffer from the lonely conditions, intensified when their men-folk are away hunting and trapping, and cases of madness arising from the terrible isolation are sometimes heard of. It must be a very strong woman to stand the rigours of the climate out there: two-thirds of the population are men.

The natives are of Mongolian type, and presumably crossed over from Asia, which is within seventy-five miles of Alaska from East Cape, Siberia, to Cape Prince of Wales in Alaska. In summer, small boats cross the Bering Straits; in winter, one can

cross over with sleighs or snow-shoes. It has been suggested that, for bad sailors, this might be made an all-land route from the United States to Europe, through Asia. Midway in Bering Straits are two islands called Diomedes, and when standing on either of them, both coasts can be clearly seen. An officer told me he could never be quite sure—from the aspect—which side he was on, the Asian and Alaskan coasts are so exactly alike, and this makes one wonder when the wrench of nature occurred which made this strait. It must have been at a period beyond any memory or record of man, as no account whatever is to be found to give information on this point. I have searched in many noted libraries in various countries without success.

Having seen that vast and unget-at-able land of Alaska, as I did, in summer, with everything green and rivers flowing, it is difficult to picture it with frozen streams, and the whole country a huge expanse of ice and snow, with a temperature varying anywhere between thirty and ninety degrees below zero. In Dawson City, when I asked how they got across country in winter, the reply was, "Well, when the thermometer is forty below zero, we think it too cold to drive about in an open motor."

Everywhere in Alaska (and in Canada, too) the inhabitants tear about in Ford cars, and marvellous feats they perform on those awful corduroy roads. I use the word "road" for lack of any other to express my meaning, but it is a mere courtesy term to indicate the appalling, shattering surface that has to be got over.

In all the vast expanse of Alaska (its area nearly equals that of Germany, France, and Spain), the traveller is little helped by railroads; the great thoroughfare is the mighty Yukon river, which is navigable in summer for well over 2,000 miles. It opens for steamboat traffic about the beginning of June, and closes up with ice any time between the end of September and middle of October. In winter, travel is by sledge or sleigh, drawn by dog teams. In some places, such as on the well-established route from White Horse to Dawson, horses are used, but dog teams are much more usual. Sometimes the winter mail service encounters great difficulties and dangers from rotten ice which at times gives way, and from the trail getting snow-covered and lost. A typical story of the dangers incurred on Alaskan journeys was told me concerning a party of travellers

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who were making their way over the ice in a sled drawn by a team of horses. It was near the end of the winter, and the route lay along the course of the river, sometimes on it, sometimes alongside the course. When travelling fast, and all around is white, it is impossible to see the dangers that may lie hidden just ahead. Suddenly the leaders plunged through a hole in the ice, and sank into the watery depths; all the party were in imminent danger of being dragged down, when the driver, with great presence of mind, slithered along the pole with a knife and cut the rough thongs of leather that formed the traces. The unfortunate horses disappeared from sight, but the travellers and their belongings were saved by the prompt action of the plucky driver.

Many are the stories told of tragic disasters on the "long, lone trail," for there is also the danger of getting lost and frozen to death.

It is this difficulty of transport that has hitherto retarded the development of the country, but the Americans are fully alive to the possibilities of the future, and have voted many millions for opening up the land with railroads. A complete system has been worked out in detail, and I have seen the plan.

Alaskan history begins about the year 1728, when Vitus Bering, the first white man to visit the country, landed on St. Lawrence, an island in the northern part of the sea which now bears his name. He was a Danish navigator in Russian employ. After collecting furs and making some observations, he returned to Russia, but again visited Alaska in 1741, this time discovering the mainland. On this expedition he died of scurvy, and was buried on Bering Island. The cross placed over his grave was the first mark of the Russian discovery and possession of Alaska.

Two years later, Siberian fur hunters, while searching for sea otter, discovered the Aleutian Islands and the mainland, and the first Russian settlement was made on Kodiak Island.

Captain Cook was the next explorer, in 1783. He named the land Alaska, from an aboriginal word "al-ak-shak," meaning "great land." He made surveys of the North-West Pacific, the Bering Sea, and Arctic Ocean. Ten years later, one of his officers, George Vancouver, was commissioned by England to survey the Pacific coast from 35 to 60 degrees north. This was finished in a year, and was so well done that navigators to this

day use Vancouver's charts. I saw them used on the boats that carried me on my journey, and it is said that if he could have surveyed the bottom of the inside passage from Seattle to Skagway, there would be fewer wrecks. The underlying rocks are a great danger.

It may be of interest to add that George Vancouver's grave is in Petersham Churchyard. And in the Moravian Churchyard, World's End, Chelsea, in a corner under a drooping tree, is a flat tombstone, with an inscription recording that a little Eskimo, aged 13, lies buried there, that he was brought to England by Captain Cook, and soon after died of consumption. Some difficulty was experienced in finding a last resting place for the poor little body, owing to religious prejudices, and it was left to the Moravians to give it a corner in their burying ground.

Russian rule in Alaska was established by Catherine II. who, hearing from returning fur hunters of the great commercial value of the country, sent an expedition to establish colonisation and foster trade. Thus Muscovite dominion existed until 1867, when the territory was sold to the United States for \$7,200,000. Sitka was the Russian headquarters, on a beautiful island with tragic memories, for the first Russian settlers were massacred by Indians. There is still a Russian section in the town, forming about one-third of the community.

From time to time, various Governors held sway: one of the most remarkable was Baranoff, who ruled for twenty-five years. He was clever and cruel, making laws which much disturbed the natives, who had never been controlled. His method of disposing of enemies, or other offenders, was to have ten men shot every morning before breakfast. On one occasion, by some oversight, nine men only were brought into the courtyard, and the officer who was responsible for the carrying out of the Governor's orders was much upset by having to shoot the tenth man after breakfast.

With these bloodthirsty proclivities Baranoff combined some kind of piety, for he encouraged religion, and through his intervention, Russian Catholic missionaries came to Alaska, and to this day a number of Indians and a few Eskimos belong to the Russo-Greek Catholic Church. Many other missionaries have since followed in their footsteps, and it is said that if you like variety in matters theological you can change your religion

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at every stopping place on the Yukon River steamer route.

Baranoff also organised the trade of the country, inaugurated ship-building, and the making of rude agricultural implements; but his chief interest was the fur trade. He attached no importance to gold, and the first Indian who dared to bring it in was killed by his order. His successor Rezanof reversed this policy, took much interest in the gold producers, and hired men to bring in the precious metal.

There is no doubt that in buying Alaska from Russia the Americans made a shrewd and far-sighted deal, although one which, at the time, provoked a great deal of adverse criticism in the United States, owing to the ignorance that prevailed regarding the climate and character of the newly acquired territory. Secretary Seward, the well-informed, far-seeing statesman who was responsible for the purchase of this vast land, did not live to see his policy vindicated by the wealth which, in the course of a few years, was derived from "Seward's Ice-box," as it was contemptuously called. The Treadwell mine alone yielded more gold than was paid for the whole of Alaska. Their investment of \$7,200,000, the amount of the purchase money, brought them, between the years of 1867 and 1912, a return of \$470,337,265, in gold, silver, copper, coal, fisheries, and furs, the greater part of this wealth being obtained since 1899. For the year 1912, the products of the country were valued at over forty-one million dollars, and the commerce of the country per head of the white population worked out at over two thousand dollars, a result which, it is claimed, can be shown by no other country in the world. It is quite certain that when the country has been opened up with railroads, very much greater results will be obtained, for fresh discoveries are continually being made, and will be made. It is said that there is enough coal in Alaska to supply the world for five hundred years. I am sure that unknown and untold treasures still lie in that land and will some day be discovered. It may be that whole mountains will have to be blasted to bits in order to get at this wealth, but American enterprise will not be daunted by the magnitude of the task. The natural obstacles are great, but marvels of engineering have already been achieved, and fresh marvels will have to be planned and executed in order to provide suitable transport in such a very difficult land with a violent climate.

Much has been written about the rigours of the Alaskan winter. The romance attached to the gold finds has been made the subject of many tales of adventure, in which the dangers and hardships of the land are described by writers who know them well. Nevertheless the Alaskan climate does not lack enthusiastic defenders, who claim that the general impression regarding its severity is exaggerated. They point out that it is impossible to judge of a country's climatic conditions by a glance at the map to discover its latitude. That the warm Japanese current has much to do with the widely varying temperatures is generally accepted; but by some authorities, the cause of South-Eastern Alaska's mild climate is now held to be the general eastward drift of the waters of the North Pacific in the direction of the prevalent winds.

The winter temperature of S.E. Alaska is similar to that of New York and Boston, and its ports for 900 miles are open all the year round. Taking the daily report of the U.S.A. weather bureau, and picking out one day for purposes of comparison, it showed that on January 6th, 1912, Denver, Huron and Winnipeg were colder than any place in Alaska on that particular date.

The central area of Alaska, which includes the great valleys of the Yukon and Tanana, is much colder than the coast. Inland, the Chinook winds are cruel; and I was told that it is better to have a temperature of 70, or even 80 degrees below zero without a wind, than a temperature of zero *with* a wind. One hears of men working in the open, chopping wood for instance, in their shirt sleeves, with the thermometer standing at seventy below zero, and some have been known to live the whole winter through in a tent.

One of the most extraordinary variations of temperature, within the limit of a few days, occurred in 1907, when the official records show that on February 14th the thermometer stood at 1 degree below zero; on the 15th, at 45 above; and on the 18th, at 45 below, a difference of 90 degrees within three days.

Tanana has an average winter temperature of 13 degrees below zero, the minimum recorded being 76 below: nevertheless, oats, barley, and rye are successfully grown by farmers at the experimental farms around Fairbanks in the valley of the Tanana. This flourishing town, with its electric light, banks, club,

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churches, five newspapers, two hospitals, excellent school, and all the comforts of modern life, is in a latitude 1,500 miles north of New York, and 300 miles north of the southernmost point of Greenland.

Rainfall varies as widely as temperature, total precipitation (including snowfall) varying from 142 inches at Valdez, to 7 inches at Point Barrow and Point Hope ; another very dry spot being at the top of the White Pass on the border between Canadian and American territory.

Whether we shall ever see fulfilled the enthusiasts' vision of a future when thriving cities will spring up along the banks of the mighty Yukon, peopled by prosperous citizens, busily garnering riches as yet untouched, cannot be foretold : another generation may see it. Certain it is that the wealth is there ; it remains for human ingenuity to conquer the climatic ramparts that have for so long held men at bay.

VANCOUVER TO SKAGWAY

BEFORE starting on my journey through Alaska, I luckily had time, before the steamer left, to spend a few days in Vancouver, a city of fine white buildings, many churches, splendid shops, and wide shady roads bordered with trees.

The vast number of banks of ornate architecture impressed me greatly, but Vancouver's air of prosperity is not of the offensive kind. That wealth is not an end in itself, but a means by which an end may be obtained, is partly shown by the importance attached to education. In the atmosphere of the place there is a happy blending of financial success with culture and romance; and the spirit that animates the people has a visible embodiment in the many fine buildings they have built.

The University College of British Columbia is in this city; there is a large and interesting public library, magnificent Law Courts, a handsome Opera House, and a fine Anglican Cathedral. It seemed impossible, as I walked and drove through its miles of streets bordered by handsome buildings, to believe the astonishing fact that, until 1885, the site now occupied by this splendid city was covered by a dense forest. The town is lit by gas and electricity, and electric trams make transit from one part of the city to another easy. It is the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and one can take ship here for San Francisco, China, Japan and Australasia. The first settlement, amidst a tangle of forest and underbrush, was called Granville, and consisted merely of about two dozen shacks, inhabited by about fifty persons. In 1873, the highest bid for a Government lot in Granville was one hundred dollars; the very same that in the modern city of Vancouver commands \$20,000.

I loved, too, that most striking and essential feature of Vancouver, the beautiful Stanley Park, with its Douglas pines, and Siwash Rock, and its Zoo, where animals roam in a large enclosed ground, almost as free as in their homes in the wilderness. The Park covers 960 acres, and is a place of wonderful and mighty trees: the biggest spruce in it has a girth of 44 feet, while a cedar measures 47 feet in circumference; and there is a gigantic

Douglas pine, 250 feet in height, an Olympian to be wondered at with craning neck.

I stayed in Vancouver at the Glencoe Hotel, kept by two dear Scotch ladies, and I felt quite at home in the city because of the nationality and great kindness of my hostesses, and the large Scotch element in the town. Indeed, on the afternoon before my departure, had it not been for the heat, I might have fancied myself in Scotland. For I went to see the Caledonian Sports, *the event of the year to the Scottish residents who thronged the Sports field.* Their motor cars were ranged round the ground, and some were used as pavilions by their owners. Three bagpipe bands were playing; it was a most spirited entertainment, and a vigorously enthusiastic audience. Scottish accents, Scottish music, and Scottish sports, everything combined to effect an illusion; one felt that here was really a little bit of Scotland, and it required an effort to recall that not far distant, in the same city, was a vast conglomeration of Americans, Canadians, and representatives of nearly all European nations; and in addition, a great many coloured people—Indians, who carried on their own trades of basket-making, bead-work, and leather-work; besides Chinese, with a whole quarter to themselves, their occupation being mostly that of servants and laundrymen to the white people.

It was typical of Vancouver establishments that, at the hotel where I stayed, all the servants were Chinese. The head waiter gorgeously arrayed in mauve silk pyjamas, of beautiful texture, embroidered with white, padded about noiselessly in heelless slippers. The other waiters, some of them tiny little men, were equally silent, but a degree less magnificent; they wore white silk pyjamas embroidered with mauve.

At 9-30 in the evening, after the sports, I went on board the comfortable C.P.R. steamer, the *Princess Sophie*, which was to take me up to Skagway, on the first 900 miles of my journey. We were very fortunate in our stewardess, Miss Browning, a very pleasant woman much liked by all. As the result of her personal experience, she considered it essential to keep a pillow-case handy, to use as treasure-bag in case of ship-wreck. She herself did this, and emphatically advised all of us to follow her example, so as to be prepared for the dangers awaiting us from the numerous hidden rocks and sudden squalls which imperil the

course. All the Alaskan coast is badly in need of charting; it is very rugged and dangerous, and more lighthouses are much needed.

Miss Browning had been a nurse, and although we only spent two hours on the open sea between the north of Vancouver Island and Queen Charlotte Islands, her services were required by several patients. Fortunately for us all, the treasure bags were not needed, but the warning of danger was only too well founded, for not long afterwards, the *Princess Sophie* was wrecked, and all the passengers and crew, including Miss Browning, numbering over 300 persons, were drowned. Everyone acquainted with her charming personality still grieves about her loss.

We left Vancouver at midnight, and I was unfortunately asleep when we passed through Hecate Strait. The next day was warm—whenever we escaped from the cold wind—and we could enjoy sunning ourselves on deck. Through the blue smooth water the *Princess Sophie* threaded her way between rocks that rose precipitously out of the depths and islands covered with fir trees. Sometimes it was difficult to distinguish whether the land nearest to us was the mainland, or merely an island. Bold crags edged the coast, and far away, snow ranges framed the visible world. There was little animal life, except a few water-fowl here and there on the jagged ledges; and once I chanced to see a deadly fight between a thresher shark and a monster enemy of his. What I witnessed can scarcely be described as a sight—it was rather a whizzing panorama of detached wild details, a terrible leap, an attack with an enormous spike, glimpses of a huge writhing body, a shimmering tail, and splashes of blood that tinged the sea.

I sat on deck all the morning, reading the "Legends of Vancouver," by Pauline Johnson, an Indian woman of European education; and the stories were to me an enchanting mental borderland of quaint charm through which I passed into the Totem world itself.

At 3 p.m., we landed at Alert Bay in the pouring rain, and here I got my first sight of Totem poles, that most interesting characteristic of Alaska. Unfortunately, the rapid alternation of rain and strong sunshine made it difficult to obtain good photographs, but I succeeded in getting some snap-shots

of extraordinary Totem poles, and queer native shanties.

The village is on an island at the north end of Vancouver Island. It is a neglected, rough-looking little place with only one narrow street, barely one-eighth of a mile long. On one side are dilapidated wooden shacks which stand out—white, grey, and red, against a background of firs and larches. By the side of each shack are one or two Totem poles; some of them are 60 feet high or more, and are said to be as deeply sunk into the earth. They are mostly so ancient that no one knows their age. In olden times, the carving on them was done with stone axes, and originally they were highly coloured, although now they are so weather beaten that the vivid shades have become dull. One white shack had painted across its door in green, a spread-eagle totem, and an enormous carved beak stuck out over the doorway, so that people had to stoop on going in or out.

Facing the row of Indian dwellings lies the flat shore, where a few spreading trees grow on this sandy strip of ground, and rough wooden shelters have been put up as a protection from sun and rain. Lolling under these were some women and children, who nodded at us as we floundered through the muddy street, struggling to maintain a precarious foothold on the planks and logs which the inhabitants had strewn about to save themselves from sinking in the mire on the occasions when they do chance to walk about. Drawn up on the stretch of shore edging the street, or near the shelters, were a number of flat Indian boats, high at the prow, and some of them ornamented with fantastic painted designs of impossible creatures. One boat flourished the antlers of a reindeer.

It was Sunday morning and very quiet. The cannery was closed and the Indians who work there during the week had lapsed into a kind of happy coma. The team dogs were enjoying a lazy afternoon, and lay about looking as if nothing would ever induce them to bestir themselves again. All the inhabitants were dirty, and uglier—if possible—than inland Indians. I wanted to photograph some of them, but they were very shy and bolted into their houses. At the entry to one of the shacks sat an old hag with a corrugated face; she was smoking a long and large pipe, and making a fine and intricate basket, which she sold to one of the steamer people. When she saw me approaching with my camera, she defeated my intention by hiding her face behind

her large string-coloured basket-work hat, with high pointed crown, which expressed to perfection the witch-like personality of the owner.

The interior of the Indian dwellings presented the same quaint jumble as the street. The "store" which I entered was merely a renamed living shack, and was littered with a confusion of packets, tinned goods, a sack or two of flour, cases marked "Fruit and Vegetable Union from Okanagau Centre"; a thick, ill-shapen and rubbishy fisherman's jersey; one or two pairs of awful-looking woollen socks, destined I should think to lame anyone who might have the courage to wear them; old boots, tins of sardines, and beautiful baskets, some round and some oblong in shape, worked with patterns of wonderful colour and design. An old woman, the store-keeper, was doing a good trade in these. All her wares were lying on the earthen floor in a higgledy-piggledy muddle.

Peeping into another shack, I found it consisted, as was apparently the case with all of them, of one large room. The floor was just the earth, with a few loose planks placed here and there. All round the wooden walls were bunk-like sleeping places, one above the other. Along one wall were three bunks, left just as the owners had got out of them, the rags, which served them as bedclothes, in an untidy heap. There was also a narrow seat like a wooden platform built against the wall, and a battered old chest of drawers. In the centre of the room was the fire, the smoke escaping by a hole in the roof. Except for a few women who were making baskets, the Indian inhabitants sat on the ground and appeared to be lost in day-dreams. The men wore loose cotton shirts, and the women were huddled up in striped blankets. They were smoking long pipes amidst a confusion of old rags, split canes, and bamboos coloured bright red or blue, and a few cooking pots and pans.

In another shack, salmon was being dried by the central fire burning on the ground; here, there was no outlet for the smoke, and the smell was appalling. In fact, half an hour's stay in this village was better than an hour, for a longer time spent there would only have emphasised the squalor to such a degree as to efface the first impression of quaint charm. To my mind, a European's visit to Indian villages should be so short that they are mere peep-holes into a picturesque unknown world; or so

long, that the traveller can acquire enough local philosophy to forget the household rites and customs to which he has been born and bred.

From Alert Bay to Skagway was a little more than three days' voyage, mostly through scenery like Norway built on a large scale, a land of glaciers, fiords, inlets, and far-away snow-capped mountains. Sometimes our course lay through such narrow channels, between rocky islands, that one felt it only required an out-stretched arm to touch the crags on either side. At the edge of some parts of the coast, slabs of black cliff towered upwards, their height seemingly doubled by the shadow cast in the still water. And here and there—as though to soothe an incipient dread of bleakness—green things insisted on growing, wherever there was any scrap of soil to give them root-hold. Copses of fir trees creep along the lower slopes of the hills and over the islands, and occasionally clumps of a brighter foliage assert themselves. Large gay harebells wave in the breeze, and flowers of varied brilliant colouring make a cheerful patchwork. Even at the foot of a glacier I rested surrounded by a carpet of blossoms.

This persistence of plant life where the ice is only a few inches below the surface is characteristic of the entire Yukon district, and is one of the happiest contrasts of this country of surprises. But the courageous growth of vegetation, and the attempted settlements of men, have to pay the price of exposure to devastating storms; and there were evidences along the route, of woods and farms that had been burnt down by lightning. And yet, wherever the effort to live has seemingly been rewarded with ruin, here it is that the bright pink fireweed springs up most abundantly to transform the charred waste, as if smiling at the divine jest of a pretended desolation.

The surroundings for some hours after we left Alert Bay gave no presage of the beauties to come. The scenery, until we got into the intricate windings between islands and mainland, was neither grand nor interesting. Perhaps the cold and foggy damp affected our spirits. I worked on deck in a moist silence until it was too wet to stay there, and I was forced to take shelter. Below, there was a dreadful confusion of noises; a man tum-tummed on a piano for hours—a hideous din. Cooped up by the soaking rain, the passengers were all restless, and oh! how they yarned in rasping voices about nothing at all. A Methodist minister, a

terrible windbag, was discoursing to the assemblage in general, and presently entered into a wearisome conversation with me, from which I only escaped after many vain attempts.

In the afternoon, about two o'clock, after a morning of intermittent heavy showers, we paid a visit to Prince Rupert, which was then a dismal half-made place. However, it boasted a wireless telegraphy station, and gave promise of becoming a fine town on the completion of the terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway. They were just beginning to make the terminus at the time of my visit. Considerable difficulties had evidently been encountered in making the roads, for some of them were hewn out between sandstone rocks that intermingle with the houses, and now and then confront pedestrians in the streets.

These "streets" were mere ways of mire, only to be crossed hazardingly on rotten planks so shaky and wobbly that the other side of the road loomed afar off like a distant promised land, only to be reached after much danger and tribulation. Except for a few children, there were scarcely any inhabitants (mostly Chinese and Indian) to be seen, but their existence, needs and desires, were betokened by dwelling places, stores, and a picture palace.

The shelter afforded by the natural harbour, open all the year round, is extensive enough to accommodate the navies of the world in deep water, with an easy approach, and conveniently placed wharves.

It was in Prince Rupert that we got newspapers telling of the war, which had just begun. We gathered from a confused report that Germany had four countries fighting against her on her own territory.

At 9 p.m. of this same day, while it was still quite light, we arrived and landed at Port Simpson, the boundary between Canada and Alaska. Port Simpson was for many years the chief place on the west coast, north of Victoria, and for some time had hopes of being the western terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. Prince Rupert was chosen instead, but some residents still believe the town will yet be a great city, and pin their faith to the Canadian Northern Railway making it their northern ocean port. The town gives a queer general impression, probably owing to the incongruity of finding civilised institutions in a rough unfinished setting.

There are two churches, Protestant and Roman Catholic; a

large and well-equipped school, attended by both white and Indian children ; and an interesting old house built of wood with some of its timbers carved, and a big wooden carved gate. It once belonged to the Hudson Bay Company, and was put up in 1831. The various buildings of the town occur in a promiscuous kind of manner amidst the medley of American, Canadian, and Indian shacks ranged along the side of roadways which are just rough tracks in the grass, studded with tree roots, and broken up in places in holes, as if foxes and other wild beasts still considered the domain their own. Yet the place had a certain green prettiness : small trees and shrubs grew here and there, creepers covered the buildings, and the district all around was well wooded.

About three-fourths of the population are Tsimpsian Indians : they are intelligent and industrious, and live in comfortable frame houses, painted white and numbered. In some cases these dwellings are well and even handsomely furnished. The Chief's furniture is said to have cost several thousand dollars. The affairs of the community are managed by a sort of town council with the chief as president.

Outside the town are the garden plots to which the families who own them repair in summer, and spend the warm season cultivating vegetables, which they store up for the winter. Some travel further afield, and go off to southern British Columbia or Washington State, to earn money by helping in the hop-fields. Others go fishing, and supply the Canneries with their catch. Their prosperity is thus very considerable, and many have substantial deposits in the banks at Victoria and Vancouver.

They build their own fishing boats, which are of sufficient strength and size to sail in the heavy seas and tidal currents of the coast. Some of the big Vancouver dug-outs are as much as 70 feet long, made from giant forest trees. They are so deep, that a man standing in the centre cannot be seen over the gunwale. In them, whole families cross the gulf every year to take part in the salmon fishery on the Frazer River. The paddling is done by women and children, even babies of four and five assist. The easy balance and graceful rhythmic action of these paddlers are so perfect that they seem as one with their craft, which is always adorned with quaint carvings of bear, beaver, or eagle, weird creatures picked out in red and blue stain.

A very interesting and useful individual who lives in this part of the world is the oulchan or candle-fish. He is found in the Nass River, and in the spring time the Tsimpsean Indians turn out *en masse* to capture him, for he is so full of oil that, when dried, he burns like a candle: this oil is extracted by the natives and stored for winter use. When important evening festivals take place, the oulchan provides the illuminations, for he merely has to be stuck in the ground and lighted. He is much sought after by other tribes, and every year there is a great fair, when the Tsimpseans barter their surplus catch for goods offered in exchange. The Haidas bring canoe loads of potatoes; the Tinvehs come with skins and horns from which spoons are made; and the Thlingits trade with mats and baskets woven out of cedar bark and grasses. It is said that as many as 40,000 Indians assemble at the Nass River fairs. Restlessness is a great feature of the Alaskan character: they are nomadic in tendency, and their household goods being few, they will pack up their rubbish in an hour, and be off to some other sojourning place.

Seventeen miles from Port Simpson, we passed Metlakahtla, "the inlet of the open sea," where for twenty-five years Father Duncan lived with a colony of Indians, to whom he was leader and guide in all things spiritual and temporal. It is owing to his personal magnetism, fearlessness, and self-sacrifice, that so much progress has been made in taming the ferocity and abolishing the barbarous customs of the Indian tribes living in or near Queen Charlotte Islands.

The first plea for a mission to be sent to them came in 1856 from a Captain Prevošt, a British Naval officer who had been cruising in that region, endeavouring to quell the turbulence of the fierce Indian tribes. Beneath their native savagery, this officer perceived the great possibilities in these men of much natural intelligence who, knowing nothing better, spent their lives in a state of sheer brutality, inflicting tortures, and burning witches.

In response to the call for help, William Duncan was sent out from England to Port Simpson, then a settlement of dwellings, workshops, store-houses and trading stores, enclosed by a stockade 100 yards square, and 20 feet high. There were only twenty persons in the garrison, and several thousand Indians in the neighbourhood. To this dangerous region the young missionary insisted on going, despite the protests of the Hudson

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Bay Company, asking only for the protection of the Fort until he could speak the native language. This he studied for eight months with the help of an old Indian, who could speak no English, and who became his faithful friend and helper. As soon as possible, he began to teach, addressing the Indians in each of the chief's houses in turn. He at once made a favourable impression, and he was soon able to establish a school, teaching the children in the morning, and men and women in the afternoon and evening.

After six years' successful work, a new problem presented itself. The children whom Father Duncan had been teaching, were now growing up, and there was the possibility that when removed from his daily influence, they might slip back into the disgusting customs still practised by a great number of the natives. Entreated by those Indians who valued his teaching, and encouraged by the authorities, he formed a colony at Metlakahla. Here he enforced certain laws, including one against the use of intoxicating drinks, established a school for children, and gave lectures to adults. The colony increased to one thousand persons, and the fact that it possessed a church, school-house and mission, a store, cannery, saw-mill, and soap-factory, shows that the members had plenty of employment.

For twenty-five years the settlement prospered and grew, but then difficulties arose in a quarter whence trouble might least have been expected, and Metlakahla was abandoned owing to a difference of opinion between Father Duncan and a Missionary Bishop, newly appointed to oversee the work in that part of the world. The Bishop wanted more attention paid to ritual, and to insist on the use of wine in the Communion Service. Father Duncan opposed these changes. He felt that the use of wine was dangerous, as drunkenness had been one of the greatest vices of the Indians against which he had had to fight. Besides, the law of Canada forbade Indians to touch liquor in any circumstances. Thus there was no possibility of compromise between these conflicting views, and as the Bishop was supported by the Canadian Government, a new home was sought and found by Father Duncan in the island of Annette, some distance to the north of Metlakahla. This was out of Canadian control, and as the Alaskan Administration gave permission for a settlement to be made on any of the Alaskan islands, the work went on in a new home.

It is impossible to tell whether one man, however strong his will and his energies, can make a lasting impression on a people only too prone to slip back to old customs—having lost even such restraints as were imposed by a barbaric tradition, and ready to acquire the superficialities of a civilisation represented mainly by white men on the make. Wherever I went, however, the memory of Father Duncan was loved and his work respected. Mr. Corser, a clergyman living among the Tsimpsean Indians, has written of them: "When Father Duncan first met them they were the wildest of the wild. To-day, they are the farthest advanced in civilisation. In music they are wonderfully successful. Their labour is sought for in canneries and saw-mills by those who are looking for reliable men."

Early one morning, our steamer called at Ketchikan, which is the port of entry for south eastern Alaska, and has steamship connection with various mining camps. It is a characteristic town of this country, a bustling, thriving place, in a beautiful setting of wooded islands and distant mountains. The usual visible signs of so-called progress—churches, schools, electricity, newspapers, and a water-supply were forthcoming, and there was no lack of the audible manifestations of a busy fishing, canning, and lumbering centre.

The activities of the Hydrogenators Company, an enterprise started within recent years, have added very considerably to the salubrity of the district. The canneries, in dealing with the fish, necessarily discard a great deal of offal which, being left to rot, was naturally productive of unpleasant and insanitary conditions. Then, in stepped the Hydrogenators Company, and transformed foulness into cleanliness, waste into profit. They send boats round to all the canneries, and collect from them the discarded fish and offal before it has time to go bad. From this, by a wonderful chemical process, they produce fertilisers, and a beautifully clear and pure oil, which is sent all over the world for various manufacturing purposes. Thus all the rubbish of the canneries is profitably disposed of, and the land and water, especially the latter, is preserved from pollution. Before the Hydrogenators Company started operations, an enormous amount of offal, weighing some 30,000,000 lbs., was yearly thrown off or under the docks. Now, every ton of offal produces about 400 lbs. of fertilisers, as well as some twenty gallons of oil.

In the canneries a very high standard of cleanliness is maintained. Wonderful machines take the place of hand workers. Directly the fish arrive, they are topped and tailed and sliced by machinery, and automatically put into cans, which are then sealed and cooked in steam retorts. Thus the salmon is scarcely touched at all by human hands. Only at a few canneries is the packing done by hand, and then the packers wear gloves. Government inspection takes place as often as circumstances permit.

It was early morning, and we were still in our bunks, when we arrived to an accompaniment of quay noises, and instead of personally visiting the town, *we* were personally inspected by an American doctor. (We had crossed the border at Port Simpson, and this was the first opportunity.) His catechism was thorough, and from his unnecessary questions, he gave me the impression of being the twin soul of the sergeant-at-law who always "seemed busier than he was." I admitted that I had been christened and vaccinated, and repudiated the suggestion of consumption in the family, but when he asked my age, I replied: "Look at me, and remember that those whom the gods love, die young!" The look was all-convincing, and he and his three assistants went away laughing heartily, each carrying the sheaf of notes which he had been scribbling.

The rain and fog that day were beyond description. I spent the morning working in the saloon, and later walked about on deck, and chatted with a man about our respective travels. At two o'clock we arrived at Wrangell, one of the oldest coast towns in Alaska, established by the Russians in 1831, and named after a Russian baron who governed Alaska. The town, constructed mostly on piles, is said to be situated on a sliding moraine or glacier; anyway, I found it a place of water and mire. Rocks, fallen trees, and planks were laid down occasionally to save the wayfarer from being swallowed up in the quagmire, and they squelched and tottered alarmingly with every movement, as one jumped precariously from point to point of doubtful safety. Yet the town is advanced enough to possess a picture palace and a rink. Gold was discovered there some years ago, but when it ceased to be of workable value, the place fell into a state of desolation. Only a string of decrepit shacks remain, inhabited by untidy, unkempt-looking Indians. There are about 800 inhabitants, mostly of the Thlingit tribe. The girls put ivory

discs or plugs called labrets in their lower lips, and blacken their faces, to preserve the complexion, they say, but as their skins cannot be seen one is left in doubt about that statement.

Opposite the town is the mouth of the Stikine River, which is said to receive 300 glaciers. It was along this river, a few miles inland, that the Shakes tribe were camping, when the events happened that gave rise to the Bear Legend, which is told in another chapter. Later they emigrated to old Wrangell, about 20 miles below the site of the present town, choosing their place of abode because they found there a clump of trees like those along the Stikine River. Afterwards many of them came to the new Wrangell, and in 1832 their totems and curios were removed from the old and brought to the present town.

We were lucky enough to meet Mr. Corser, the Episcopal Minister, who took some of us to look at the Indian graves, including that of Chief Shakes, which was enclosed by a palisade, and ornamented with two quaint totems of great size. Unfortunately it was impossible to get near the grave, as it was on a mound on the other side of a "street" so wet and boggy that desire for a closer view was quenched by a strong conviction that it was undesirable to get any wetter than we already were. Soon afterwards, the steamer crowd seemed to melt away, as it has a habit of doing, and I found myself alone further along the street, and outside an Indian shack with the Raven totem beside it. This totem is exceedingly curious. I have in my possession a small replica of it.

At the top of the totem is seen the hat of Tyhee the Creator, who is sitting on a box; this is the Chief's box, often used at potlatch feasts, and considered to have some mysterious spiritual power. The eyes with which it is adorned are the usual native symbol indicating intelligence. Below this box, the carving represents the father of "the son of the Raven" with the ugly little son sitting on his knee. The son is portrayed in human form, because the Raven can assume at will either the shape of a bird or a human being. Below this again is represented the god of Thunder, who lives on the tops of the mountains, and always carries a lake on his back. When he feels uneasy, he tips up the lake; and then mortals experience a storm. Under this god is the mother of the "son of the Raven." She is the daughter of the Creator Tyhee.

Each tribe makes its own Tyhee in the shape of the animal it has for its totem : thus the Raven tribe has a Raven Tyhee ; the Bear tribe has a Bear Tyhee, and so on. The Raven is one of the most ancient totems and very well known at Wrangell.

At one shack in Wrangell, by paying a small coin, visitors are allowed to inspect Tyhee's hat, and its custodian relates that " the hat was found in the shack when the son of the Raven was born." The date of this birth is hidden in mythical mist, but the hat looks extremely modern, though somewhat battered.

Whilst I was taking a photograph of the Raven totem, the Indian came out of his shack to tell me the Raven legend in his own language, and Mr. Corser, who chanced to come up at that moment, translated it for me. It will be found in the chapter on legends. Mr. Corser then plodded round with me in the pouring rain (he being used to it) telling me endless stories of the mythical beings connected with this region. By half-past three I was tired out, and not sorry to escape from the mud and rain of Wrangell back to our comfortable boat, where I got off my wet garments and rested in my cabin. In the evening there was an excellent concert on board ; I was too tired to go to it, but enjoyed it from a distance in my bunk. We steamed away from Wrangell that same evening about 9 p.m.

Our way was now through still deep waters like fiords, surrounded by dark mountains with snow-capped summits. The temperature in the day time was 70 degrees in the shade, but the atmosphere was thick and misty, which made it difficult to obtain photographs. Slipping through the quiet waters in a northerly direction, the snow-filled crater of Mount Edgcombe, a lofty extinct volcano with sides furrowed by the lava of former years, first comes in sight ; and then the beautifully coloured islands of the Sitkan archipelago begin to reveal themselves. There are very many of them, so close together, that deer swim from island to island. On Baranof, the largest island of the group, is the little town of Sitka, the former capital of Alaska, founded in 1802 by the Russians. As we approached, we could see the pointed roofs of white and yellow shacks closely set together round the edge of a semi-circular island-dotted bay, and here and there buildings obviously of more importance.

High up on Castle Hill stands the dwelling of Professor Georgeson, special agent in charge of agricultural experiments in

Alaska. He was unfortunately away from home at the time of my visit, but I met him later in Dawson City. His abode—very much like any ordinary simple country house—is approached by a long stairway of about 100 steps, and there is a fine view from it. Up on this rocky promontory formerly stood Baranof Castle, built by the cruel Russian Governor of that name, who began his career with the knout and ended with the axe. Its interior was fitted up with an eye to comfort and warmth in winter, for its walls and floors were covered with the richest furs. In later years it was taken over by the Hudson Bay Company, under whose régime matters were more humanely managed, and finally, it was burnt down some dozen years ago.

Other prominent buildings are the Barracks, the Sitka Trading building, and the Greek Cathedral of St. Michael, with its tall steeple culminating in a gold cross and towering above everything else. Built between seventy and eighty years ago, it astonishes one by its magnificence. Here, in this tiny town, on an island of far-away Alaska, is a beautiful cathedral which, by its extravagance of adornment and gorgeous colouring, recalls the splendours of the far East; outside, its green tower and Greek gold cross; inside, silver censers, many valuable pictures, and ikons with gold and silver overlaying, and innumerable candles; while the bishop and officiating priests wear vestments of corresponding magnificence, made of cloth of gold and silver.

There is another Greek Church in Sitka,—St. Peter by the Sea—a small building with big massive doors. And there is a Russian orphanage under the control of a priest. One-third of the population is Russian.

Round about the wharf are a number of dilapidated shacks and warehouses, and all along the main street a number of women were sitting, wrapped in bright coloured garments. Some of them, like the women at Wrangell, wore in the lower lip the wooden or ivory button called the labret, which has a shank that pierces the flesh.

The arrival of a steamer is always announced by the yells of the native boys as soon as they descry its smoke, and soon a stream of Indians emerges from the Siwash Rancherie, carrying their wares which they spread on the ground for sale—baskets, and miniature carved totems for which they ask outrageous prices. Unfortunately, their beautiful basket work is fast losing its

charm, for they are abandoning the quaint old Indian designs, coloured with native dyes, and are replacing them with patterns copied from European dress materials, curtains, or carpets, and using aniline dyes. They were also offering for sale sealskin moccasins (reeking of fish, oil, and smoke), beaded moccasins of soft white skin, wooden salad spoons and forks, carved with weird faces similar to those on the totem poles, bracelets and spoons of hammered silver, beautifully carved ivories, and tom-toms painted with the all-seeing eye. One of their most interesting wares was a curious carved piece of wood which Indians use when painting their faces for some great gathering, such as a burial or a potlatch. They fill the crevices of the implement with paint, and press it against the cheek and forehead.

The wooden shacks of the Siwash Rancherie are closely ranged side by side along the water's rocky edge. In front of them lay in heaps every kind of filth, including decaying fish and vegetables and dead dogs; every possible horror was thrown there. All the able-bodied men go fishing, or are employed in canneries; the younger women run about bare-legged, and the elders crouch round fires in their huts. Their bedsteads are rude planks covered with hay or sea-weed; and perhaps alongside the bed there will be a clothes line, with moist and smelly clothes on it. Dirty and decayed garments hang around anywhere amidst a confusion of cans of oil and paint, baskets of potatoes, nets and ropes reeking of rotten fish, flour barrels, soap boxes, and pots and kettles, all mixed up.

Some of the native inhabitants, however, live very much more civilised lives, and even possess phonographs, pianos, and sewing machines. The old war hat of Katleean, a chief still living at the time of my visit, is now relegated to a museum, but it is not so very many years since it was worn in an attack made by Indians.

Educational opportunities for the people are not lacking, for there is a training and industrial school under Presbyterian control, with a staff of twenty teachers, and an average attendance of 150 native children who, among other things, are taught cooking, sewing, shoemaking, blacksmithing, and plumbing. Many of the natives speak English with fluency, and nearly all speak well enough to bargain over the selling of their goods.

After leaving Sitka, the steamer threaded her way through the

Sitkan Archipelago, and several gloriously beautiful straits to Glacier Bay. We passed numerous picturesque little islands which spangle the waters, while in the distance, grand mountains dominate the view. Among them we could pick out Mount Crillon (16,000 feet high), and Mount Fairweather (15,000 feet), with a particularly beautiful snowy peak. Further on, little icebergs floated by, and presently became so numerous that the steamer could only creep along. The cold damp mists grew overwhelming, and the air chilled us more and more as we neared Muir Glacier.

Muir Glacier and Muir Inlet are named after Professor Muir, State Geologist of California, who discovered the glacier in 1899. Previous to that date, it was only known to the natives. It has beautiful turquoise caverns, and furrows of aquamarine; little bergs are constantly breaking off with a crash, and now and then a noise like a cannon announces that the ice far back has cracked and parted; rumblings and echoes follow, and then a huge mass crashes down. The glacier, which moves 70 feet a day, lies 500 feet above sea level, and can be followed for 40 miles. There are signs of the existence of a buried forest, which must have grown when the glacier was much smaller. To ascend it is difficult and disappointing; crevasses and other horrors lame one, and the top is not beautiful, as the stones and gravel with which the ice is mixed give the surface a dirty appearance. I came to the conclusion after weighing these considerations that it was better to stay on board and view it at a distance.

We reached Juneau on a mild soaking morning. The town is the capital of Alaska, and the residence of the Governor. It boasts the usual collection of stores—more especially for fishing tackle and other marine necessities, machine shops, wireless and cable telegraph stations, schools, churches, etc., but the chief impression it made on me was the prevalence of mud and rain. What it may look like under more favourable circumstances I do not know, but it seemed to me a muddy, dirty town, and I felt inclined to endorse the unflattering description of some unappreciative visitor who remarked that "it looked as if it had been built late on a Saturday night and never finished." Its rainfall averages 81 inches per annum. It is one of the oldest coast towns, and was first settled about 1880, when gold was

discovered. The deepest copper mine in the world is here, but gold is, or was, the great feature of Juneau, which, with Treadwell Mine and Douglass Island, practically forms one community of four to five thousand inhabitants. The quartz mines employed 100 stamps, with a crushing capacity of 5,000 tons daily; of these, ninety belonged to the Treadwell mine on Douglass island, the biggest mine in the world, but since my visit, the sea has worn its way in, and the mine is hopelessly flooded.

We stayed in Juneau only long enough to get postcards and papers, and then hurried back to the ship. A number of new passengers now joined us, including a group of Italians with several children, the youngest only two weeks old. One attractive passenger was an Indian squaw of very powerful build, who was on her way to the hospital at Skagway. She had a broken leg, and lay upon a stretcher, evidently in great pain. I felt so sorry for the poor thing travelling alone in such a helpless condition, and she was pathetically grateful for my attempts to amuse her by showing her a picture book, and for some chocolate and eau-de-cologne that I gave her. When anyone came along, she waved a filthy scented rag in her enormous hands, smacked her lips, and uttered a long-drawn out "A-a-a-ah," endeavouring thus to catch their attention and make her gratitude understood, for she could only speak her soft and pretty Indian language. The harmonious sound of her words and the amiability of the smile in her eyes were the only graces that helped to soften the general repulsive effect of her typically Mongolian appearance. She had a bronzed flat face with high cheek bones, dark beady eyes, unkempt hair, rather like black wire, and occasional monolithic teeth stood out like slabs when she opened her thick-lipped mouth. From a distance she seemed a mere bundle of bright green and red rags that gleamed here and there with the sparkle of tawdry Indian jewellery.

That same day, the first stage of my journey was completed. After steaming through the Lynn Canal, a natural waterway providing such an entrancing panorama of mountains, glaciers, flowers, and sudden baby icebergs, that the 110 miles seemed all too short. We arrived at 9 p.m. at Skagway, where I put up at Mrs. Pullen's hotel. Going to an hotel in these regions is a matter which requires determination as well as money. I met the proprietress on the quay: she was a short, thick-set, ruddy-

faced woman with a brisk, capable manner. When I demanded accommodation her response was characteristic of most Alaskan landlords and landladies.

"I'm coming to your hotel, Mrs. Pullen," I said.

"Oh, there's not an inch of room anywhere,—people are sleeping on the floor."

"I can't help that, I'm coming." I went.

There was actually a special bus to go by, and I planted myself in it with a fixed intent to acquire, at least, connection with the hotel, even though I should be turned from the doorstep. When I arrived, however, the difficulties vanished. A dance was in progress. I chatted and made friends with some of the people staying in the place, and finally retired to a beautiful spacious bedroom where I dropped off to sleep, wondering what had become of the banished former occupants.



1. Alert Bay Street and Totems.
2. Raven Totem, Wrangell.
3. Ketchikan canning fish industries.



4. Leaving Skagway with Mount Dewey in the distance.
5 White Pass Railway and Skagway River.

SKAGWAY TO DAWSON CITY

SKAGWAY is a place of departed glory. In the feverish days of the gold rush, its population leapt in a few months to 15,000. In 1910, according to the United States Census, there were only 872 inhabitants. Possibly it may be in reality rather more than this ; much depends on the time of the year at which the census is taken, for at some seasons most of the men are in camp, engaged in placer mining, or away fishing ; and in winter they leave the frozen world for some milder region.

Four long piers stretch outwards through the shallow waters, each reserved for the landing of some particular kind of merchandise, the fourth being the one at which passengers disembark. Broken-down shacks and shops, evidently abandoned at a moment's notice by men crazed with the haste to be rich, still testify to the suddenness of the gold epidemic that swept over the country. I peeped through the dirty and broken windows of some of the forsaken houses, and could see the bits of clothing, old collar studs, and general debris of household goods, which still remain as a witness to the frantic haste of the former occupants to be among the foremost in the scramble for wealth—a quest from which many never returned.

Amidst these deserted homes, modern enterprise holds steadily on its forward way. In the main street I found some excellent fur, book and other stores. There were two hotels besides the one I stayed in ; a bank, gambling and dancing saloons (the inhabitants are very fond of dancing) ; churches of every denomination, and a splendid up-to-date hospital with every modern scientific appliance. It was to this fine hospital that my Indian friend with the broken leg was travelling, and a wonderful boon it must be to the town and surrounding district.

Water for the town is brought from an icy lake 5,000 feet above it, and is delivered to consumers through wooden pipes. The townfolk are very proud of their water system, which is declared to be the "best ever." There is also an excellent public school, staffed by most highly qualified teachers.

Skagway is the ocean terminus which connects with the Yukon

river by means of the White Pass and Yukon Railway, which now takes passengers safely over the terrible stretch of awe-inspiring mountain passes and canyons where so many lost their lives in the desperate effort to reach the Klondike. The train passes up the main street, where passengers board it for the journey of 111 miles to White Horse, where the Yukon becomes navigable, and where a steamer awaits the train to take them down the 460 miles to Dawson City.

The name Skagway—or Skaguay—is a corruption of an Indian word “Skagua” meaning “Home of the North Wind,” but they say the north wind is not at home in summer. When it does come tearing down the mountains and through the gulleys, it sometimes brings with it disaster and death, hurling down from the mountain heights the dreaded avalanche, sometimes of snow and ice, sometimes a slide of rocks and stones. No wonder the native Indian, when he travels up the dreaded pass, prays as he goes: “Skagua estran—oo—tran” —“O Skagua, have mercy upon us.”

Skagway itself, situated at the end of the Lynn Canal, seems to nestle among the mountains that rise five and six thousand feet above it as though trying to express gratitude for protection. Warmed by the proximity of the Japanese current, vegetation here is marvellously luxuriant. The gardens were full of all the well-known English flowers; stocks, pansies, violas, asters, and great hedges nine feet high of the loveliest sweet peas, which could compete with the finest to be seen at our British horticultural shows. Skagway well merits its name—the flower-garden of Alaska. In the district all round about, too, were wild flowers growing in rampant confusion; tall harebells, aquilegia, tansy, and fireweed.

At the end of the last chapter, I recorded my successful installation in Mrs. Pullen's hotel. This I found to be a neat wooden building surrounded by fir trees at the base of a well-wooded mountain. Perhaps the opposition I met with on arriving at Skagway was a sign of my landlady's force of character. At any rate, she was an extremely enterprising woman; with the money she had earned, she had given a splendid education to her sons, who had graduated with distinction and achieved good positions. Notwithstanding this, and all the years of hard work she must have put in, she showed no sign of relaxing her efforts. Her

great pride was a dairy about the size of a hearth-rug, which she made everyone visit; and so as to remove any possible chance of it being overlooked, she had hung up in the garden a large, bold placard announcing "This way to the Dairy."

Every morning we found great bowls of delicious cream awaiting us on the breakfast table—an ample supply for the greediest person—and when we had helped ourselves liberally, and were contemplating the remainder, perhaps regretting the limitations imposed by capacity and discretion, our hostess would enter with a triumphant air, bringing a fresh supply in an enormous glass carafe, which she expected us to consume.

Where the cows were kept I never discovered, but in the garden I made friends with a poor starved cat with five kittens. The poor thing was not allowed to come into the house, and apparently no one fed it, or cared whether it got anything to eat. Whenever anyone went in or out, it would make frantic efforts to squeeze its way in, but it was always thrown out. I used to save half my breakfast for it, and popped the pieces on to a newspaper which I kept on my lap. It was most pathetic to see the poor thing's excitement when I took out the food; she would sit near and let her kittens have it nearly all, and hardly ate a crumb herself.

Wonderful to relate, the day after my arrival was fine, and I realised the difference between the atmospheric conditions of Skagway with its average annual rainfall of only 23 inches, and those of Juneau with 81 inches, and Wrangell, 74 inches.

In the morning I made a round of the shops, which are mostly kept by Americans. The most interesting thing I saw offered for sale was the chest of a deceased Indian medicine man. It was a wooden box about two feet square with copper clamps and two big locks, and how it came there was a mystery of which I could discover no explanation. A medicine-man's chest is an immensely sacred thing, so sacred that no Indian will ever touch one, and when the "Shaman" dies, they seek out a white man and beseech him to bury it. For an Indian to handle it would be regarded as a terribly evil omen, certain to bring disaster on the perpetrator of such an act of sacrilege. I longed to buy the chest, but if I had done so, I should never have been able to get it out of the country. It was very cumbersome, and I had a long journey before me; besides, nothing would have induced any

Indian porter to lay as much as a finger on it, and I might have got into very serious ecclesiastical difficulties with some of the much wilder and fiercer Indians I encountered later on. I have often wondered what was in it.

I bought instead a wooden spoon used by certain tribes as a challenge to war. The warrior chief brandishes the spoon above his head, and the enemy chief replies to the challenge in the same way; then their respective adherents place themselves beside their leader, armed with killing implements, and thus the battle is ranged.

Soon after leaving the shop, I met an old friend. I was walking down the main street, when I heard someone shouting my name, and looking round I saw, tearing in breathless haste down a side street, the Methodist preacher who had been a fellow passenger on the *Princess Sophie*.

"Oh, Mrs. Blount," he gasped, "we think it would be so delightful if you would preach to-morrow in Chapel."

"I couldn't possibly preach to anybody," I protested, "I shouldn't know in the least what to say."

"But if you would only get into the pulpit you could say anything you like," he declared.

Even on these terms I did not feel equal to pulpit oratory, and as he would take no refusal, I simply walked on, and next day I went out, and took good care not to return in time for the service. As I pursued my way back to my hotel, I met a little milk-cart drawn by a three-dog team, and passed several Indians in European dress, an unusual sight. They looked rather worse in the conventional garb of civilisation that they do in their customary dirty rags.

My plans for the railway journey to White Horse were now very pleasantly arranged, for I had this morning received and accepted an invitation to be one of a party travelling on the private train of the president of the line; and that evening I dined at another hotel with the people who were to be my fellow travellers, among them an American specialist and his wife, from Ohio, very delightful people, and a party of four men, one of them a clever engineer, who were going to the Fairbanks district gold prospecting, accompanied by a lawyer to attend to the legal part of their enterprise.

Next day it was again fine and very hot. In the afternoon I

made an expedition to see an ancient cemetery, no longer used, situated high up on the mountain side. For some time I followed the railway line ; many of the disused sidings were a tangle of growth, and people were busy picking wild raspberries there. Presently I branched off from the railway line, and the way became very rough and steep. For about two miles I clambered over stones and boulders, clutching at bushes to pull myself up. Finally, I reached the cemetery overhanging a surging torrent which has worn a narrow gorge in the mountain side, sundering it from a rocky crag on which the graves were made ; they looked as if they must slip over the edge some day into the stream below.

In this cemetery is the burial place of the celebrated bandit "Soapy Smith" and his opponent Reid, the chief actors in a thrilling drama of real life in the exciting times of '97-'98. It is a story which forms an essential part of the early history of Skagway. For some considerable time previous to the final act of the drama, Soapy Smith and his gang of lawless followers had terrorised the neighbourhood, a wild enough district in itself. They held up banks ; waylaid, robbed, and murdered miners ; travellers were ambushed and ruthlessly killed for the sake of any valuables they might have on them. No act of pitiless savagery was too barbarous to give pause to Soapy Smith in his career of crime.

At last the townsfolk determined to combine and make a desperate effort to overthrow the bandit and his men. A meeting was called, and held on one of the jetties, to consider a plan of action, when suddenly Soapy Smith, who had got wind of the proceedings, swooped down on the gathering with some of his fiercest adherents. The townsfolk were armed, and a desperate fight ensued. Soapy Smith, and Reid, the leader of the townsfolk, fired at each other simultaneously. Both fell : the bandit was killed instantaneously, but Reid lingered for twenty days in agony. The rest of the marauders were overpowered and imprisoned, and thus the district was freed from an intolerable state of affairs. Robert W. Service, the well-known Alaskan romance writer, described Soapy Smith as "a pleasant appearing sociable man, whom no one would have taken for a desperado and a killer of men," but the photographs I have seen of him were, to my mind, far from prepossessing.

After strolling round the little cemetery and resting awhile I wandered on, enjoying the view of the Skagway river and valley that stretched below me. In and out of the boulders I threaded my way, my thoughts pleasantly occupied, until suddenly, as I turned the corner of a big rock, I stopped short, transfixed with horror by the sight which confronted me. Out of the ground, in which it was buried almost up to the armpits, rose the head and shoulders of a corpse—the body of an Indian, buried in an upright position. Something must have been done to preserve it, for the parchment-like skin was still intact and drawn tightly over the fleshless bones; and the open eyes, though shrunken back in the head, still glistened glassily in their sockets. It was horrible. I am not very easily upset, but I turned, feeling horrible jim-jams within me, and fled from the spot, picking my way with difficulty among holes, and rocks that were often loose, and stumbling through coarse long grass and shrubs. I was very glad to get back to the hotel and contact with living human beings, and all the incidents of every-day life.

I was very tired after my climb, so in the evening I rested in my room, and read the *Daily Alaskan*. This is the newspaper of Skagway: it is printed just when the publishers feel inclined, and costs twenty-five cents a copy, a price to which, happily, newspapers have not yet soared in England. There is no smaller coin in Alaska than a twenty-five cent bit, so that if a five- or ten-cent stamp is wanted, the change is given in stamps, and one may as well ask for five five-cent stamps to start with.

Next morning I left Skagway, as arranged, on the president's private train, which started at 9 a.m., half an hour ahead of the ordinary train. On it was a party of two ladies and nine men, among the latter the four gold-seekers and their lawyer, a very jolly party who enlivened the journey by singing part-songs,—nigger melodies, and other well-known airs. At the back of the train was a small open semi-circular platform, like a verandah, from which we got splendid views, and where I could take photographs of the magnificent scenery.

There is one northward and one southward ordinary train daily, and there has never been an accident. In winter, a snow plough goes in front of the train to clear the way, and when it arrives at White Horse, it is often covered with icicles, even the engine!

SKAGWAY TO DAWSON CITY

The White Pass and Yukon Railway, constructed with a 3-foot gauge, is a marvellous piece of engineering. Formerly it used to be said that a balloon was the only feasible way of conveying passengers and freight over the almost impassable stretch of precipitous mountains, deep rocky canyons, raging torrents, and dangerous rapids, that lie between Skagway and White Horse; but Henny and Hawkins, the American engineer and contractor of the W.P. and Y. Railway, have demonstrated in Alaska that difficulties exist only to be overcome.

I was told of another extraordinary achievement of theirs on the Copper River, across which they threw a bridge which is the most wonderful, as well as the most costly, in Alaska, \$1,500,000 having been spent on it. The work was done in winter, and the false work, or scaffolding, was erected on the frozen river: consequently it was absolutely necessary to complete the work before the break-up of the ice in spring. Men worked at it night and day in double shifts, and so marvellously were the operations timed, that the last span of the bridge was completed just one hour before the ice broke up!

The distance from Skagway to the top of the White Pass is 20½ miles, and the train (the ordinary public train requires three engines to drag it) reaches there a height of 2,885 feet above sea level. It climbs up dizzy slopes, clinging closely to narrow ledges that jut out from the walls of precipices and overhang deep chasms and raging torrents. In a few miles, we had reached a height of hundreds of feet, and looked down on the Skagway river, now a rushing mountain stream. On the other side is the old White Pass trail, and about twelve miles from Skagway we could see below us the few log cabins which are all that remains of White Pass City, a short-lived township where once 3,000 people found shelter.

The train stopped to let me get out and take some photographs, and I watched the ordinary passenger train following us, struggling like some insignificant living thing on the long climb up the Pass. Below, the Skagway river, now very small, wound in and out like a twisted ribbon, and the valleys were coloured by a lavish display of wild flowers; marguerites, large harebells, tansies, and the brilliant fireweed. Above, the mountain tops were hidden in mist, and where in places the hovering clouds dispersed, a patch of mountain would stand out like a

floating island, or assume a fantastic shape that seemed like some living entity, trying to cut loose from the rocks that held it from below and would not give it freedom.

Glacier Station is on the rocky mountain side, a thousand feet above Glacier Gorge, and as we climbed Tunnel Mountain, where presently the train passes through the only tunnel on the line, we looked down on a region of awe-inspiring grandeur, where had been enacted terrible tragedies of balked ambition, misery, hatred, strife and cruelty, as the exhausted and maddened gold-seekers realised the magnitude of the task they had set themselves. Below us lay Dead Horse Gulch, where thousands of horses struggling over the terrible trail, goaded and over-driven by their gold-crazed owners, perished miserably. Sometimes they sank with broken legs in the slushy ground between the boulders, and were left to die by their pitiless masters; others, more fortunate, were shot by men whose feelings of compassion had not been entirely eradicated by the frantic greed for gold. Many, roaming masterless in search for food, conscious of their desperate plight, threw themselves over the canyon.

Looking back from Inspiration Point, Skagway, twelve miles distant as the crow flies but seventeen by rail, could be seen through a cleft in the mountains lying at the head of the ocean arm of which one gets but a small peep, making it look like nothing more than a small lake or pond. Another lovely view stretched beneath us as the train passed over the fragile-looking steel cantilever bridge, 215 feet above the canyon.

As we mounted higher and higher, trees and bushes became scarcer, until presently we got above the tree line, and by the time we had reached the top of the White Pass, the scene was one of rocky desolation. A monument stands here to mark the boundary between British and American territory, and on it fly together the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack. A little further on, at Log cabin, 2,916 feet above sea level, we reached the highest point of the railway.

At the top of the White Pass is the watershed for the surrounding region: here is Summit Lake, the waters of which flowing southward for twenty miles, reach an arm of the Pacific Ocean; but northward merge into a chain of lakes, and feed the Yukon river, travelling westward 2,500 miles from their source before they reach the Bering Sea.

Bennet Town at the head of Lake Bennet is another reminder of the gold stampede : it has dwindled from a city of several thousand people to a few dwellers in a small group of shacks, which include a lunch place for tourists who, having journeyed as far as Skagway, make the short trip up to Bennet, where they get out to feed, and then take the southward bound train back to Skagway, fully satisfied that they have "done Alaska," I fear I offended some visitors by telling them that where they came out, I went in ; as Bennet is only on the fringe of Alaska.

We lucky people of the President's private party were quite independent of wayside refreshment huts ; we had lunch and dinner on the train, sumptuous meals prepared by a wonderful Chinese cook, an artist who was master of his craft. Dinner was a banquet, finishing up with a delicious ice pudding.

Lake Bennet is 27 miles long, and varies from half a mile to 5 miles in width. It must be a paradise for anglers, as I was told it contains millions of trout. Many of the gold-seekers of '98 turned back before they reached this point, and many perished on the way, but the hardier and more experienced adventurers who had surmounted the hardships and dangers of the trail paused here to prepare for the next stage of the journey, and formed an encampment of tents and shacks which grew in number until they sheltered thousands of people, all working feverishly on the construction of boats and rafts to carry them and their outfits on the last lap of the race.

There were two routes by which the gold-seekers in those days reached Lake Bennet : by the White Pass from Skagway ; and by the Chilkoot Pass, from Dyea ; and it would be difficult to say which was the more dangerous and arduous. The terrors of the Chilkoot Pass were tragically demonstrated by the disaster of 1897, when a great mass of snow suddenly slid down the precipitous Pass up which hundreds of travellers were toiling. About sixty or more were buried under the avalanche, and although their companions on the trail set to work with desperate haste to rescue them, very few were extricated.

On the eastern side of Lake Bennet is a very narrow strip of level ground along which the railway winds ; on the opposite side of the lake, glacial mountains rise sheer from the water to a height of 5,000 feet. We had now descended somewhat from the highest point of the railway, and a few stunted firs and berry

bushes became visible, struggling for existence in these high altitudes. Presently we arrived at Caribou Crossing, so called because the caribou, before the trains frightened them away, used to pass this way twice a year on their journey north for the summer, and south for the winter. Here a milder climate was apparent, and a form of growth that was not so harsh. The chief industry here is lumbering, and the place consists of a store, and a few shacks inhabited mostly by the lumber men. A telephone message had been sent to say that an English lady was coming on the train of the president of the line, and inhabitants had run up the Union Jack, and a gramophone played "Rule Britannia" and "God save the King" in my honour.

From Caribou a delightful excursion can be made by steamer to Lake Atlin, but unfortunately I could not spare the time to deviate from my route, and visit that beautiful region. I was due back in Vancouver for some lectures for which I had been booked, and the dates fixed; besides, any delay would probably have resulted in my missing the last steamer of the season from Nome to Seattle. I much regretted missing Lake Atlin, especially as August, I was told, is the best month to see it, for then the trees on its shores and islands are assuming their glorious autumn tints. There are several large islands on the lake with high mountains and snowy peaks, and the steamer passes through channels which at times are only just wide enough to give it space to glide through, with precipitous rocks and glaciers rising sheer above the water. The reflections cast in the glassy surface of the lake are marvellously sharp and clear: looking at photographs of Atlin's beauties, it is difficult to know which is the right way up of the picture, so distinct is the shadow in the water. The great Llewellyn glacier is a striking feature of the exquisite scenery, and a good view of it is obtained from the steamer.

Leaving Caribou, the train ran along the Watson river till we reached Lewis Lake, which the engineers have almost completely drained. Then, after passing a chain of many other little lakes, we were taken safely past the famous Miles Canyon and White Horse Rapids, those last terrible obstacles which in former days confronted the desperate toilers of the trail. Here came the crucial ordeal which was to test the craft which the sanguine

survivors, who had overcome every preceding danger, hoped would carry them over the final perils of the long journey. It is improbable that many of the gold stampedeers had any practical experience of building boats, especially of a kind capable of living in the swift whirling waters of Miles Canyon and White Horse Rapids. Many an ill-conceived and hurriedly thrown together craft was launched and came safely enough down the stretch of lake and river from Bennet Town, only to be dashed to pieces on the rocks in a mad attempt to traverse the rapids. What chance had these men with their inexperience and their crazy tubs in an enterprise requiring a skilful pilot and iron nerves?

Miles Canyon has a length of about five-eighths of a mile, a width of 100 yards, and a current of 15 miles an hour. Many outfits and many lives were lost in these swift rushing waters. Just a little further on, the White Horse Rapids, a stretch of water seething with whirlpools, was another scene of disaster. The rapids are about three-eighths of a mile long, shut in by steep basaltic rocks which suddenly close in, narrowing the channel to a width of only 30 yards. The waters, forced into this narrow passage, gather terrific violence, and rush furiously through the gap in a foaming cataract, rising to a great crest in the centre, like the apex of a gabled roof. The boat which would successfully shoot the rapids must keep on this crest. One man, who had lost his boat and outfit in an attempt to navigate the rushing waters, but escaped with his life and an undiminished sense of humour, put up a finger-post here: one arm, pointing up the trail over the mountains in the direction of Dawson, bears the legend: "This way two weeks": the other, pointing to the rapids, announces, "This way, two minutes."

Just before the train reaches White Horse, the line forks, the western portion diverging to the Puebla Copper Mine; and the president's train ran us up there to have a look round before proceeding to the terminus of the railway. When we arrived, a grand dance was in progress to which people had come from many miles round—mostly engineers and their wives. A very spirited band was playing, and a regal dinner was in store. The ball-room was a large bare room built among the houses and shacks that form the home of an isolated little community. There are wonderful stockyards of wood here, used to work the

copper mine, which some of our party went off to explore. I, meantime, was invited to take tea just outside the manager's shack. I had been sitting there some time chatting, when I felt something furry rubbing against the back of my neck, and turning round hurriedly, I found to my astonishment that a moose was inviting attention from the visitor. My hosts told me that they had two tame moose, which they had domesticated as babies, but which were becoming rather inconveniently large pets. When quite tiny, they used to go in and out of the shack; but when their horns grew, ornaments were knocked down, and pictures swept off the walls in their progress through the little dwelling, so they had to be excluded from the domestic circle indoors.

Near this lonely little settlement were numerous fox farms, an industry which is proving very profitable. I was told of one very lucrative fox farm further north that paid 300 per cent! The fox fur is brown in summer and white, like the all-surrounding snow, in winter. Some birds, such as ptarmigan and others, also change their colouring in winter. Foxes will not breed in captivity, and here an enclosure is made in the wilds, so that the foxes remain in their natural surroundings, and are allowed so much space that they experience no sense of imprisonment. The ground is enclosed by wire netting, and this is also sunk in the ground to prevent escape by burrowing.

Owing to this visit to Puebla, and divergence from our direct route, it was quite late when we arrived at White Horse, and in the dark, semi-lighted streets we heard sounds of rowdy joviality. I went straight to the quay and boarded the *Casca* which had been specially detained for us, and was waiting to take passengers down the Yukon river to Dawson City.

I slept on board, and after having breakfast on the steamer I went ashore to explore White Horse, which is the centre of a copper mining district. It is a sandy, rather desolate looking place, with long grass growing in the streets, and many waste spaces interspersed among the shacks. It has a large, up-to-date hospital; a grand post-office with a cupola; a free library, and a little church which is the smallest building in the place—except some of the shacks. The town is 2,079 feet above sea level, and stands on the western bank of the Lewis or Fifty Mile river, which is here about half a mile wide. The Lewis river is

SKAGWAY TO DAWSON CITY

sometimes called the Upper Yukon, but the Yukon really does not begin until Selkirk, where the Lewis and Pelley rivers join. There are two ways of arriving at the Yukon river; for the down-stream route one starts, as I did, from Skagway, travelling up the White Pass and Yukon railway to White Horse, where the river becomes navigable. For the up-stream route, one starts from Seattle to Nome, Nome to St. Michael's, an island near the mouth of the river, and then up the stream. Unless compelled by business or trading, no one would take the latter way, for the current is so strong (never less, often more, than 5 miles an hour), that steamers take double time to get up the river, and it is very slow and tedious.

Besides being the terminus of the White Pass and Yukon railway, White Horse is the starting point for the journey down the Yukon. Steamers leave about every other day for Dawson City, and cover the 460 miles down the river in 48 hours. Upstream from Dawson to White Horse takes $4\frac{1}{2}$ days. The steamers are flat-bottomed, with stern wheel, and are lighted by electricity. They can accommodate 100 first-class passengers, and carry 300 tons of cargo, on a four-foot draught of water. Without cargo, they draw 18 inches only. Their speed is 18 knots. Owing to the strength of the current, occasional backing of the engine has to be done going down stream in narrow turns, and in order to get alongside some of the wharves, to prevent a movement rather like a motor car skidding, in which emergency the rudder alone is useless. The "swift-water" pilots do the steering, and the first swift-water pilots were borrowed from the Mississippi to teach the Alaskan pilots how to manage their craft in swift currents. The rudder is controlled by steam-steering gear designed by one of the captains named Turner: it works so rapidly that the wheel spins round too fast for the spokes to be seen. The ordinary hand-steering gear is always kept connected in case of accidents. For this information I am indebted to Mr. Graves in his interesting book, "On the White Pass Pay Roll."

The lower deck of the steamer which one steps on to from the quay, is given up to the engines, stalls for cattle, and storage of the cargo. On the deck above, reached by an exceedingly narrow companion, are two or three saloons, and some cabins which open on to the central or dining saloon. Above is the hurricane deck, some more cabins, the captain's quarters, and a

bridge room. I hear that now the Yukon steam-boats are greatly improved by the Americans, and can boast of bath-rooms and elegant state-rooms. It was all very rough when I journeyed on them.

I returned to the *Casca* for lunch, and at two p.m. we started for Dawson. We steamed first of all through Upper Lake Labarge, and then through the lower lake, which is a beautiful sheet of water 31 miles long, with huge red rocks on the western shore, and grey limestone hills on the east. The only place we touched at on Lake Labarge was an Indian village where we stopped to land a man and his fine, very white horse, which needed a good deal of persuasion before it would step across the rough boards placed between the boat and the shore. One wondered what possible use a horse could be at such a steep, rocky, forested, roadless and pathless place. At the back of the village was a collection of half-dead larches, and in the foreground little pink flowers peeped out of the scrubby growth. As usual, split salmon was being dried and smoked ready to feed the dogs in winter. At many places that we passed, one saw curious little log huts built on piles, and I was told the Indians kept their meat, fish, and babies up there, to protect them from the dogs and wild animals. At this Indian village, a rag seen hanging up to air (an unusual proceeding) was of a brilliant blue colour patched with pink, and on inspection I found that the patch was kept in position by enormous stitches, one and a half inches long, and more in some places.

There are heavy gales and stormy "seas" at times on this large lake; sometimes boats stick on bars, and wrecks are talked of, but fortunately we did not meet with any of these untoward happenings. I still had for fellow travellers the couple from Ohio, and the Colonel and his "boys," the gold-seeking party. One of the latter, having discovered my fondness for animals, told me there were some young foxes on board, and took me down to the lower deck to see them. Part of this lower deck corresponds to our "steerage," and the foxes, eight of them, very valuable silver-greys, were in a hutch there in charge of a man who was taking them to a fox-farm. Further on, a batch of little brown foxes was brought on board, all very snappy and frightened. They were fed on raw meat and milk, and at meal times fought viciously for the tit-bits.

SKAGWAY TO DAWSON CITY

In the evening I sat on deck in the moonlight chatting with my fellow passengers till 9 o'clock ; by that time it was getting very cold, so I went off to bed.

Next day it was wet until quite late, and I amused myself in the morning by sewing, and reading Service's " Cheechako Poems " lent to me by one of the " boys," and later on I packed up my belongings preparatory to arriving at Dawson. In the afternoon we stopped at Selkirk, where the Pelley and Lewis rivers meet. Indians were sitting about looking on while crowds of dogs rushed to the river bank. One of the sights on the Yukon, repeated at nearly every stopping place, is the stampede of dogs from hamlet or town, rushing to meet the steamer, knowing that the cook will throw out portions of food and bones, for which they scramble and fight, to get the best bits.

None of them come out of the fray quite whole. In the winter, when the dogs are doing hard work on the trail, they are fed on dried salmon, but in summer they are often tied up or left to fend for themselves, and the poor animals fare none too well. I was dreadfully distressed to see their starving condition in some places.

Throughout Alaska, the dogs are nearly all " huskies " or " malamutes," and are half dog, half wolf. The huskies hold their ears erect, and the malamutes' ears hang down. They howl like wolves, and look like wolves with their great white fangs : they are savage too, like wolves, which is scarcely to be wondered at, considering the hard lives they lead, and the harsh way they are often treated. I was told that the driver of a fierce team dare not turn his back on his dogs lest they spring on him, when he would stand little chance against the whole pack. They fight a great deal among themselves, and sometimes kill one another.

On a long journey, the load is 50 lbs. to each dog : if they are going only a short distance, they pull as much as 125 lbs. each. A team of seven to nine dogs will take a load of 500 to 700 lbs. a distance of 600 miles in 15 days. At the beginning of the season when they are fresh, and have been well fed, they will bolt with a load of tremendous weight. At night, after they have been fed, they curl up in the snow, turning round and round in the well-known dog fashion to make a little nest ; soon the drifting snow covers them up entirely, and thus they sleep soundly till

morning. When their masters shout to waken them, up pops each head from under the snow with a howl. The meal they get at the end of the day's work is one-and-a-half pounds of dried dog salmon or tom cod. They are only fed once in the day. The winter's supplies are prepared during the summer: the fish are split and hung up on a line to dry. We saw quantities of the coppery-brown strips swinging on lines at the various villages we passed, and we were constantly taking on board large quantities of it to be carried further down the river. Every now and then we passed men fishing for salmon, with large fish-wheels placed at each side of the river. There are strict laws about the distance to be observed between the fishing-wheels, so that one man may not interfere with and spoil his neighbour's catch. Inspectors travel up and down the various streams to see that there is no infringement of the fishing regulations. The trap generally employed is a skeleton frame square wooden wheel. When the salmon approach it, the wheel is revolved, turning the salmon into a little enclosure beyond.

The Indians who catch the fish reserve the heads for themselves: they cut them off and bury them for several months until the daintiness has acquired sufficient flavour to satisfy the peculiarities of the fastidious Indian palate. They call this savoury comestible "cheeko." Apparently they suffer no ill effects; but how about ptomaine poisoning? Apparently they are immune from it.

Every now and then we took on loads of wood to fire the engines. Great stacks are kept all along the river to supply the steamers with fuel. The villages along the shores consist of the usual untidy log shacks, with a sea of sloppy mud around them, putrid matter lying about, the refuse of the hamlet thrown down just anywhere. Some of the shacks were ornamented with moose or caribou horns placed on the point of the roof, which is of rich bark, and often forms a bed for flowers and grasses, as in Norway.

The weather continued unpleasant until late in the afternoon: the humid damp by day, and the intense cold at night were very trying, but there was a lovely sunset, which gave us hopes for the next day when we were due to arrive at Dawson City.

DAWSON CITY

NEXT morning I was awakened by the steward going round shouting "Dah'son City, Dah'son City." His accent and the twang with which he gave forth his announcement were so marvellous, that I longed to hear him say it again and again, so I shouted out from my cabin: "I really cannot hear, I re-ally cannot hear!" Incited thus to further strenuous effort by my unscrupulous mendacity, he went round yelling louder than ever: "Dah'son City!" My friends in the other cabins all round were screaming with laughter.

Looking at Dawson from the water, one almost hoped for a suggestion of apology in its appearance, a hint of shame for the way in which it grows up at the foot of the hills it exists to shatter. But there was no conscious air about it of any need for self-justification: it seemed to recognise no world apart from the business of getting gold, and went on its way, wasting no time in reveries about the precious metal hidden away safely for so long, or in spinning dreams about the future and the lives which its influence might be destined to shape and direct. Rather did it seem to thrive with the prosperity of the worker who rarely listens to anything but the sound of his own tools, and finds his happiness in the skill and energy he expends in using them. Dawson, in fact, minds its own business, and minds it very profitably indeed. The purse of the visitor, venturing into the home of the gold with which in 1914 he still paid his way, is not spared. Perhaps the sight of it is so common, that it seems of little value when weighed in the balance with the labour that extracts it from the ground. Any way, my first experience of the cost of living in Dawson was somewhat intimidating. My small packages were carried ashore by a steamer friend, but the transport of a couple of trunks across the road from the wharf to the hotel cost me a dollar and a half. To make the bargain seem fairer, I could only hope the porter had taken the mud into consideration in fixing the charge.

Dawson City, it is scarcely necessary to explain, is the centre of the great Klondike district, the most wonderful placer-mining

region that has ever been discovered. The first store established in the Dawson-Klondike district was a shanty put up by Joseph Ladue in September, 1896. He had no idea of the extraordinary events which were so soon to astonish Alaska and all the world, and merely erected the shanty to form a branch of his store at Sixty-Mile, which supplied the few miners who then frequented that part of the country. By 1897, town lots were fetching anything from £20 to £2,000, and Mr. Ladue, who was the lucky holder of 178 acres, found himself famous as "the Klondike Millionaire."

The discoveries that started the rush were made by Robert Henderson and George Cormack, in 1896. The news stampeded all the miners out of the Forty-Mile district, and the old-timers had a year in which to scratch wealth out of the ground before the rush from "outside" began.

Many are the sensational stories told of the splendid fortunes that were wrested from this icy land by those hardy adventurers who had the luck to get there ahead of the big rush. Mr. Clarence Berry and his newly married wife were among the first to arrive at Klondike: they were at Forty-Mile when the news came, and it is recorded that Mrs. Berry herself lifted £10,000 in her spare moments. Only a few days after her arrival, merely by poking about with a stick amidst the "dirt," she picked up gold to the value of £1,200.

A stoker who had been earning £10 a month on a river steamer staked a claim, and was soon worth £30,000. Another man who had been gaining a precarious livelihood as a day labourer, acquired claims which yielded wealth running into hundreds of thousands of pounds.

By 1899 all the creeks of any importance had been staked. Between 1898 and 1905 gold to the value of one hundred million dollars was taken from the placers of Bonanza, Eldorado, Hunker, Dominion, Sulphur, and their tributaries.

Dawson City was named after Dr. Dawson, who first established the boundary line between Alaska and the North West territory. Considerable progress has been made since the days of the gold rush, when Dawson, like other gold cities of the period, began its career in tents, with a very rough, wild population, much given to fighting and gambling. It is now a quiet, orderly town, and the gambling houses and dance halls, which were such a

DAWSON CITY AND THE KLONDIKE

prominent feature in the rough and reckless days when the gold fever was at its height, have mostly disappeared. There is, however, still plenty of dancing and card-playing; the inhabitants are very gay and hospitable, and the town is up-to-date and efficient in most respects. I say "most," and not "all" because of the lasting impression made on me by the mud. The mire was so remarkable that I thought it worth photographing, and I fear gave offence by suggesting that the appearance of the town was not as perfect as it might be.

It was a damp, humid morning when we landed at Dawson, and we mooched about the streets until I was tired and sat down to rest on the edge of the side-walk, which is like a raised platform in front of the shops and hotels. I had an introduction to Government House, and presently the Commissioner's wife arrived at the Alexandra Hotel to call on me, and motored six of us to see the first of the three great gold dredgers at work on the Klondike river, three-quarters of a mile from Dawson. The noise of it was terrific, and a short visit was quite enough to satisfy our curiosity. The vast machinery was overpowering. We saw the dredging process, and the scuttles creeping up and up from the river bed filled with stones and gravel, the gold nuggets shining out among them. I was told that when the dredging is finished it means the end of the gold. The greatest amount that has been got out in a day was \$30,000 worth.

We motored back to Government House for lunch, and in the afternoon, after spending some time in the garden admiring the luxuriant flowers, we made another trip by car to Bonanza Creek, to see another kind of mining—by hydraulic pressure. By this method, a strong volume is projected from a big pipe which looks almost like a cannon; the water spouts out with tremendous force on to the frozen ground, which is thawed by the violence with which the stream dashes on it; the quartz is carried along down deep gullies to the river, the gold, which is heavier, being left behind. By this process, the mountains containing the gold are being crumbled down. In some places the ground has to be thawed by steam driven through pipes. The water for the hydraulic process comes from the Rockies, 70 miles away: the pipes, crawling over hill and dale, look like huge iron snakes, and one can trace their course for a great distance

The shining white quartz is almost blinding to the eyes. The glare of the white cliff of the gorge and the white road is so trying that one is glad to turn and look at the restful green of the hills with big rocks standing out here and there.

Bonanza is the richest creek yet discovered in the Klondike. The most productive period of its existence was from 1898 to 1905, and the total value of the output of those years amounted to nearly 98,000,000 dollars. Gradually the rich claims on the Bonanza and Eldorado were worked out as far as placer mining was concerned, and the mining population, dissatisfied with the small return they were getting for their labour, migrated to other placer diggings further north. Capitalists took over the abandoned mines, and worked them on a big scale by power machinery, transforming the ground which had become unprofitable for hand-mining into a paying enterprise. But for machinery, the Klondike would now be a deserted district. Dredgers, such as I had seen in the morning, easily scoop up the soft mica schist along the streams which contain a fair percentage of gold. Great ugly dumps of stones are left by these dredgers in the river, and are continually changing the course of the swift current. The contours of the mountains and valleys suffer too, and have been entirely changed by the shattering violence of the hydraulic system, and great tracts of wooded country have been stripped of timber to provide fuel for power, and material for building.

Gold is not the only metal found in this district. Copper is very plentiful, so much so that it is used for all sorts of purposes. All the telegraph appliances were made of it, and while I was rambling about, I came across a gate made of the shining metal, and an enclosure wired in with it.

Seven of us dined together at the "Yukonia" that evening, and had a very excellent meal, specially cooked for us. After it, we all went for a walk by the river with the "boys," but it soon became bitterly cold, and for the first time I experienced the meaning of the expression I had heard so often used, about feeling "the ice in the air."

We were all up early next morning to give a parting "send-off" to the American couple from Ohio, for their holiday journey ended at Dawson, and they were turning homewards. We were all very sorry to lose them, for we had had a very happy time

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together. Farewell, in my case at all events, was happily *au revoir*, for they had most kindly invited me to stay with them at Cleveland City on my return journey, and later on I spent some delightful days with them in their beautiful home in Ohio.

The rest of the morning I spent in taking photographs, and when at last I paused to consider the question of lunch, I found it was too late to get any, so I contrived a meal in my room, which was not at all a bad plan, as lunch in any of the hotels or restaurants cost \$1.75 and even then the chances were one would not get enough to eat. The hotel I chanced to fix upon to stay in proved to be a rather unfortunate choice, as no meals were served in it, and visitors had to go out to restaurants or other hotels, or else feed in their own rooms as I often did. There was no attendance: daily servants came in to do the housework, and that was all. To have a bath was an achievement that cost three dollars, and the way to the bathroom led through a corridor which was a public washing place, fitted up with a dozen basins, where men visitors cleaned themselves up, standing in a row.

In the afternoon, I walked to the back part of the town to see the Roman Catholic hospital, which has a section set apart for Indians only. It has an excellent operating theatre, and a beautiful little chapel, the finest building in Dawson. The way thither lay through the Judge Avenue district, a neighbourhood of wee dwellings looking very much like doll's houses, very neat and pretty, and all with a gay profusion of flowers in their little garden plots. Some had grass and flowers growing on the roof. This neat attractive little quarter was in marked contrast with the rest of the town, which has a rather neglected, uncared-for appearance. The stores were dismal-looking places; what their resources might be was left to the imagination of passers by, for nothing was displayed in the windows, many of which were painted half way up. The only windows which had any attraction to offer to the curious observer were the hotel windows which, as in other Alaskan hotels, were like shop windows through which one could gaze at the visitors lounging in luxurious chairs placed in a row just behind a great expanse of plate glass.

In the middle of the day, the town assumes a still more uninteresting appearance, for it is the custom for everyone to take a

mid-day rest ; every place is closed, and the streets wear a desolate forsaken air. The wooden shacks of Dawson are very often burnt down, and it is another drawback to the general aspect of the town that the charred and ruined remains are usually left untouched, giving an impression of pervading untidiness, everywhere enhanced by the all-prevailing mud. I was told that hundreds of pounds had been spent on constructing thoroughfares, but no matter how good the road is, the thaw, following the winter's hard frost, undoes all the work carried out the previous summer. Consequently traffic has to take its chance, lurching and bumping over planks of wood laid across the street. At important crossings the planks are rather more numerous and solid, but in many places, when ventured upon by the unwary, they sink with a horrible squelch in the mud, engulfing the feet of the pedestrian in a rising flood of watery bog. Vehicles pursuing their miry way along the roads churn the river of mud into a stiff kind of wave, and the wheels often sink in as far as the axles. Along the platform side-walks there are lines for trolleys, and when one of these comes along pedestrians have to jump from the elevated side-walk into the horrible tundra, thereby disturbing various biting flies and insects, which become actively vindictive. As a natural consequence of this state of affairs, the boots of the wayfarer are in constant need of attention, and "Shoe-shine parlours" are numerous and flourishing. The customers mount into high seats, not unlike exaggerated baby chairs, and wait their turn, which is expensive. It is a very costly business to be clean in Dawson. There was one "shoe-shine" installation on the edge of the side-walk in Front Street, and one day I saw an old gentleman perched up there, looking very quaint, and very much in the way. I could not help telling him that he looked like a potentate on a throne, and he smiled amiably and took off his cap—he was a very simple old gentleman who had been on the White Pass train with us.

After I got back from my visit to the Roman Catholic hospital, I thought I would try a little café near the hotel for dinner, and it proved a most successful experiment. I was introduced for the first time to moose steak. It was delicious, much nicer than either caribou or reindeer.

It was still light after dinner, so I went for a stroll with one of

the boys, and walked as far as the dredger, which was all lit up by electricity, and looked like some wicked fiery monster with innumerable glittering eyes. Returning to the hotel, we sat till eleven o'clock in front of the large window, talking about Panama and other parts of the world which we had both visited. The only public sitting-room in the hotel was an uncomfortable lounge, with a bar at the back where men drank and smoked. As usual, the armchairs were arranged in a row before a large plate-glass window, and when sitting in them one felt rather like goods exhibited for sale, for the passers by often stopped and flattened their faces against the window, staring in at us.

Later on, when I had gone up to my room, one of the boys brought a dear cat to visit me, but it was too affectionate, and would insist on licking me, so that I could do nothing, and as it seemed to be quite untiring in its attentions, and I wanted to go to sleep, I had to eject it. It reminded me of my own two darling cats at home, whose surnames are "With" and "Without"—meaning tails—for though Mamma puss has a splendid Persian tail, her son, half Tibetan, half Persian, has only a knob for a tail.

The next day was horrible; showery and cold. I called at Government House in the morning. The Commissioner and his wife were away from home, but her parents were staying there, and asked me to stay to lunch. In the afternoon, they took me to see the Good Samaritan Hospital; and then the Public Administrator, who also lunched at Government House, offered to take me into the Law Courts. We found a very dull survey case in progress. One counsel, who looked rather like a walrus, was so inanimate that his utterance was nothing but an unintelligible mumbling behind a heavy moustache; no movement of lips or chin was visible, and his questions were so muddled and inaudible that one witness answered him quite inappropriately no less than five times. Even this did not spur him to any greater exertion. We only stayed about half an hour, as there was nothing interesting to be heard. The Law Courts are not always so dull; sometimes there are curious incidents and extraordinary characters among accused criminals. The indifference of murderers is frequent; on one occasion the prisoner in a murder trial yawned three times in the presence of a judge of whom all were afraid. When asked why he was so indifferent

to his position and the dreadful crime of which he was accused, he replied : " Please hurry up, sir. I ate no breakfast, and I want my luncheon. I'm hungry."

After making a round of the Government offices and library, all in the same building, we went off to the chief jeweller of the town to see some beautiful carved ivories and jewellery made from mammoth tusks, centuries and centuries old, which have been excavated from the mines. One beautiful necklace was made of alternate plain gold and carved ivory beads. The great drawback to ornaments made from this ages-old ivory is the smell : if it is shut up in a box or jewel-case for a short time, the odour when it is taken out is quite too horrible, and suggests a combination of decayed flesh and rotten eggs.

The next item in our afternoon's round was a visit to the fine Carnegie Library, an institution which is much appreciated by the townfolk and miners from camps in the vicinity, who turn in there whenever they have an hour or two off, to devour the books and periodicals. The Dawson Debating Society hold its meetings there, and a very animated scene it is.

On my way back to the hotel, I saw a man wrapped up in a fur parka trying to thaw a hole in the street, in order to lay a pipe in connection with a shop. This is always a difficult and lengthy process in these regions, as the ground immediately below the few inches of workable surface is a solid frozen mass, and has to be thawed by lighting a fire, and then getting out by degrees the slush that has been thawed. A pickaxe is useless for this kind of work, as it is immediately blunted by ice hard as rock. A lamp is left in the hole at night to prevent the thawed ice from freezing solid in the night. Work of this description is rather risky for the man who undertakes it. The cold in the hole he works in is intense, and he is apt to get a chill severe enough to bring on a serious illness. The man I saw was still struggling with his job when I left Dawson after seven days' stay, so I don't know how long it took him to get the pipe connected. The thickness of the frozen stratum varies, but in a task of this kind, all the work would have to be done in frozen ground, for the ice goes down very deep. The depth is less on ridges than in valleys, and on southern than on northern slopes. A shaft sunk on a ridge of Eldorado Creek reached unfrozen ground at a depth of 60 feet, while one in the valley of the Eldorado was stopped

by running water at a little over 200 feet. Another shaft sunk through frozen gravel on the plateau between Bonanza Creek and the Klondike river passed through the frost line at a depth of 175 feet. Summer heat has little effect on the frozen layer, except in the few places where the surface is unprotected by moss.

In the evening I went with one of the boys to see the public swimming bath, a very fine place, fitted up with every contraption for the activity of the summer swimmers; There were hanging rings to swing upon, a long slide down into the water, and fine spring boards to dive from. Men, women, and children were splashing about evidently enjoying themselves immensely, and some were performing wonderful acrobatic feats. In winter the swimming bath is used as a skating rink.

There was more rain next day, so I spent the morning in my room writing letters, and then sallied forth for lunch at the Regina Hotel, where excellent meals were obtainable, nicely served. All the tables had flowers on them, and I was waited on by a charming English lady with whom I enjoyed a chat. I betook myself next to the Public Library where I read until the rain became less heavy, when the proprietor of my hotel and his wife motored me out to Bear Creek, a flat sandy valley of the Klondike, shut in by low hills. We only went out there for the drive, and did not stay to explore on this occasion.

In the evening I found the "boys" in one of their rooms, trying to solace themselves for a dull wet day by a game of bridge, so I brewed cocoa for them, and we had some pears and biscuits.

I got up next morning to find that another rainy day had set in, really too wet to do anything, or go out except for necessary meals. Once I was lured into the street by a report that there was a little bear to be seen. I found it sitting in the mud, surrounded by a group of admirers, and I was told that its home was a hole under the side-walk. Nearly all the towns on the Yukon have their pet bears, some in dens, some on chains.

Sunday was another pouring day, but in spite of the rain, I motored out with a party, three car-loads, to North Forks, a distance of thirty miles, to see the power plant for lighting Dawson and the dredgers. The road—if anything so unstable can be described as a road—was composed of larch trees which had been cut down and laid cross-wise on it, and over this

corduroy track we bounced and bumped. At one point we bounced and bumped to such purpose that the larches laid across a slough or narrow creek, gave way, and the car which was leading, and in which I unluckily was seated, sank into the slough, and I was submerged up to my chin in icy water! No one in the foremost car escaped a ducking: those following drew up in good time, and came to our assistance. I scrambled and was dragged out of my chilly bath, and surveyed with dismay the car, which to my eyes, unaccustomed to the daily adventures of Alaskan life, seemed hopelessly foundered. However, my companions seemed in no wise despondent, and directed me to walk on to the nearest shack to get myself dried, and told me to give warning that they were all going to follow me for the same purpose, as soon as they had hauled up the car. So on I trudged alone in my dripping garments, and luckily found a woman in a shack about a mile along the road. She received me without astonishment, and very kindly gave me some of her own clothes to wear, and when at last my companions arrived, my own garments were hanging up round the fire.

Wonderful to relate, they had extricated the Ford, and after they had tinkered it up a bit, it went as well as ever. The other two cars had to make a detour to get across the creek, as we had effectually smashed up the rough structure of larches that served as a bridge. When all the party were dried, and had eaten bread and biscuits given us by the owner of the shack—we must have nearly cleared her out of food—on we went, away up into the mountains, and eventually and miraculously reached North Forks, a settlement of scattered shacks in which the workers and their families are housed, and a big log building for the plant. We had lunch in the men's cook-house; the chauffeurs came in too, so we were quite a happy family, thirteen in all, gathered together. The meal was not exactly calculated to raise one's spirits on a damp day: it consisted of horrible raw steak, and an open fruit tart of which there was not nearly enough to go round.

When we turned homewards I firmly declined to be a passenger in the leading car. "No," I said, "this time you won't try it on the dog"! Of course, it was impossible to get any photographs on this occasion, as my camera was drenched and the films all spoilt. On the way home we stopped at Bear Creek and called

on the manager and his wife, and they invited me to lunch next day.

The rain still persisted on Monday, but I motored out with a Dawson acquaintance to Bear Creek as arranged, in a car sent for us by the manager. It is rather difficult in this land of unconventionality to know what attitude to adopt with a chauffeur. Should I tip him? It is unpleasant to be considered stingy: on the other hand, it is a little awkward to offer a piece of silver to a man who very likely belongs to some county family at home.

Bear Creek is the centre of very extensive mining operations, and hundreds of men are employed on the dredgers, working in four-hour shifts. Their quarters consist of a big dormitory, and a long wooden hut where meals are served on long tables, the serving being done by women. A huge cooking range, smothered in pots and pans, occupied nearly the whole of one side of the room. There were also a few shanties for men with families, a house for the manager, and the Gold Concession office. Anyone who wishes to take up land comes to this office to make application.

There was some time to spare before lunch, so we went for a ramble to explore the valley and search for mushrooms. The search was not a difficult one, for the warm humid atmosphere had produced a plentiful crop, and the ground was generously dotted with them. We set to work with a will, and returned with a pony laden. There were plenty of wild berries also, to be had for the picking, and lower down the valley, wild rhubarb was growing luxuriantly, and quantities of wild flowers. High up on the mountains, I was told, there were very fine cranberries, but we did not get so far. We returned triumphantly with our mushrooms to the cookhouse, and prepared them as a treat for the men when they came in for their mid-day meal. Four hundred men can sit down at a time, but there are always some at work, while the other shifts are eating or sleeping. At lunch the manager presented me with a lovely gold nugget; it looks like two little mountains with a valley between.

Notwithstanding the noise of the dredgers, and the invasion of their domain by so many disturbers of the peace, a good many bears still linger in the vicinity of Bear Creek, and the manager had adopted a little cub, three months old, called Fuzzy. The

little cubs are born about March, before the mother leaves the den. I was introduced to her in the drawing-room after lunch ; also to five lovely little lynx kittens, very attractive, but rather scratchy playfellows. "Fuzzy" was very funny and playful ; her antics were so human, she really seemed to grin with enjoyment. She sprawled on her back, and the kittens ran all over her, or jumped across her, burrowing in her thick hair. When she tired of the kittens and their rather pointed attentions, she got on to my lap and went to sleep sucking her paw. Presently her master decided that it was time for her to retire to her own quarters, much to her annoyance : she was very loth to go, and was led out of the room, toddling on her hind legs whilst he held one paw, and casting backward glances, just as an unwilling child might do, and making funny, grumpy noises to express her injured feelings. Her own abode, a cask, to which she was attached by chain and collar, was naturally not so interesting as the drawing-room and the society of admiring visitors. One night she had slipped her collar, and set forth by herself on a little tour of inspection. An open window in the men's dormitory looked tempting, so she climbed through it, and got on to a bed where a man was so fast asleep that he never felt her creep in and cuddle down beside him. When she was missed, a search was made, and there on the bed she was discovered, with her head on the man's shoulder, both of them wrapped in peaceful slumber.

Another story was about a full-grown bear, which was harnessed as leader to a team of dogs dragging a sled ; they were running along when suddenly the bear heard the humming of the telephone wires overhead : humming, he argued to himself, means bees ; and bees mean honey ; and forthwith he swarmed up the telephone post in search of the honey which he thought must be up there, dragging the team of dogs and the sled after him !

Bidding farewell to Bear Creek and its friendly inhabitants, we splashed and bumped back to Dawson, and after a rest I dressed and went for a short time to the Discovery Pioneer Ball, a function organised to commemorate the discovery of the Klondike goldfields. The room was full of the townfolk, dancing with extreme energy. The dresses were as widely different as the dancers, and varied from really beautiful New York confections to noisy garments of brilliant colours of such glaring hues that they almost hurt the eyes.

DAWSON CITY AND THE KLONDIKE

Tuesday's weather was an improvement on the preceding day, but there were still occasional showers of rain. I went by ferry across the river, which is three-quarters of a mile wide here, and took some photographs of Dawson from the other side. In the afternoon I went out to tea, and afterwards to an exciting baseball match.

I packed up that night, as the *Yukonia* was due to start next day down the Yukon. Lots of people came to see me off. The Dawson folk are very friendly, and during my brief stay in the town I had made quite a large circle of friends. The four "boys" were still my travelling companions, and we were joined by Mr. Georgeson, the American special agent in charge of agricultural experiments in Alaska, who was on his way to the experimental farms at Fairbanks and Ramparts.

Before I say farewell to Dawson, there is one big fact to be recorded, which must always be remembered to the honour and glory of this little Yukon territory town. When war broke out the population was 3,500. Six hundred men joined up at once, and when conscription came, there were only seven men whom it affected. The townsfolk also promptly gave large sums for the cause.

DAWSON TO TANANA

I LEFT Dawson on the ss. *Yukonia*. There were a great many passengers on board, all sorts and conditions of men, among them two rugged old Norwegians, who were very quaint and interesting, and quite the romantic heroes of the day, for the lucky find that fills the dreams, and generally eludes the grasp of the dwellers in this northern land, had suddenly come to these two simple old men. After a long life of poverty, they had suddenly struck a rich pocket of ore, and had taken out gold to the value of about \$30,000, which they were now carrying with them to a bank at Seattle. The sudden change in their fortunes had been rather too much for one of them, who was almost off his head with the excitement of his unexpected riches. The other brother was quiet and shy, and kept very much in the background, but the loquacious one was chatting to everyone, or throwing money about profusely, exclaiming again and again, with almost delirious joyfulness: "I've plenty of money, I've plenty of money!" He showed me with great pride and delight, a newspaper containing an account of the way in which they had found their wealth. He was very fond of music, and his excitement knew no bounds when I played on a derelict piano a Norwegian March of Grieg's, which I had learnt from the composer himself. Afterwards, at midnight lunch, he suddenly threw across the table to me two five-dollar bills, to reward me for the pleasure my playing had given him, and offered to present me with five times that amount if I would play to him again. I was somewhat disconcerted by his ardour, and did not want to take his money, but one of the boys persuaded me to accept it, as otherwise the old man's feelings would be hurt. He evidently had a very real love and appreciation of music, and an extraordinary memory for what he had heard long ago: he had been out in the wilds since boyhood, but he still remembered the operas he had heard in bygone years, and every now and then he would begin to hum favourite airs from them with a wonderful lilt and in good style. I know Norway, having a hut there, and could speak a little Norwegian,

which greatly delighted both the brothers. From appearance, they might have been mountain guides ; they wore rough woolly clothes, and the talkative one had a funny pointed hat over shaggy unkempt hair, and looked like a rustic gnome.

Forty-Mile was the first stopping place after we left Dawson. It is an insignificant little place which derives its name from the Forty-Mile River which at this point joins the Yukon. Before the discovery of the Klondike gold-fields, it was the most important mining centre of the Yukon district. No uproar of dogs greeted us here, although there must have been plenty of them in the place somewhere, for I was told that the police team dogs of Dawson so disturbed that city with their howls that forty couple had been banished to Forty Mile. I hope their absence from the river's edge betokened a more liberal commissariat than that which prevails in many of the dog communities of Alaska.

Eagle City, about 1,500 miles from the river mouth, was our next stopping place. It was formerly a military station, and the centre of a great placer mining district where the first discovery of gold was made on the Alaskan mainland. It stands on a plateau surrounded by low mountains, bare, dark, and rocky ; and the little town, which lies at the foot of Eagle Mountain (3,000 feet high), gives an impression of having seen better, or at any rate, busier days. Some of the shacks had gardens, but many which had formerly been occupied by the military were untenanted. Here and there one encountered rocks obstructing the rough roadways, the surface of which was a mixture of sand, grass, and the usual all-prevailing mud. One walk I took with Mr. Georgeson led along the edge of the river, and I discovered a beautiful dell with a wealth of brilliant wild flowers growing luxuriantly ; I returned to the ship laden, and with flowers tucked in all round my belt.

Here, at Eagle City, we once more entered the United States territory of Alaska, which we had quitted at the top of the White Pass. The custom-house is here, and when the steamer comes alongside the wharf there is much business to be gone through. Just before we arrived, we had seen on a rocky mountain a white line marking the boundary, the British flag painted on the rocks on one side, and the Stars and Stripes on the other.

The next day after leaving Dawson, the weather was fine, and

I was able to enjoy sitting on deck. I had a very interesting talk with Mr. Georgeson, who told me about the agricultural experiments he was then carrying out at the Government farms. He has been wonderfully successful in the results he has obtained. He procured wheat from the Himalaya Mountains, and crossed it with other wheat, which is now doing well at the Fairbanks farms. Oats do not ripen in these regions: they are cut green and dried like hay, and are considered to be very nutritious.

At Circle I went ashore with the "boys." The town was so called because, when it was built, it was supposed to be just within the Arctic circle, but subsequently it was discovered that a mistake had been made, the Arctic circle being really another 80 miles to the north. There were very good wharves here, with enclosed sheds for merchandise, and the town had a more prosperous appearance than most of the other places we stopped at. It possesses some fine buildings and good houses, and looked clean and tidy in spite of the factories. The inhabitants, a mixture of Indians and Alaskans, pursue the usual occupations of hunting and fishing, and a number work in the factories. I strolled about the place, and discovered that behind the more substantial-looking houses was a quarter of little shacks, which spread themselves out to the back of the town. Near a sort of farm shack, we made the acquaintance of a little baby moose; the poor little thing was penned in a fenced enclosure, and looked very terrified and lonely. An old Indian woman, presumably the owner, seemed to be very suspicious of our movements, and came out of her shack to watch us, and make sure that we did not trespass on her domain. She had a padlock on the gate of the enclosure, the only one I saw on the whole of my travels through Alaska and Yukon territory. Most people leave everything quite open.

Late in the afternoon, in great heat, we reached Fort Yukon, which is eight miles above the Arctic circle, and the most northerly point on the river. It is a dry district here, with an average annual precipitation of only 11 inches. The average summer temperature is 55°, but as much as 90° have, on a few occasions, been recorded. The winter temperature is 23° below zero (mean), with a minimum of 68° below. For one month of the year the sun never sets, and it is possible to take photographs at midnight.

The town consists of one grassy street—if any stretch of ground between two rows of houses can ever, in Alaska, be termed a street; and this is composed of the usual amount of mud, not produced as we should expect it to be, by rain, but by the surface of the frozen ground thawing in the sun. The shacks were built very close together in this thoroughfare, most of them ornamented with antlers, probably of moose or caribou, placed on the roof. A great many Indians were sitting in picturesque groups and wonderful garments at the doors of their dwellings, luxuriating in the warmth of the sun. The more industrious were working at bead or leather work. They are clever too, at making up furs, which they know how to blend very skilfully. I did not come across any of their finished products here, but I saw some of them in the towns to which they send their handiwork. It is a very profitable industry. I was told here that an old Indian trapper had recently sold a silver fox skin for \$600. He thereupon bought two sewing-machines and eight large clocks, all of which adorned his one-room shack, and he was still wondering what to do with the rest of the money.

As usual, the Indians were very shy of being photographed, and when they saw my camera they threw down their work and hid themselves inside the shacks.

There is a well-established Mission here, with a little chapel for services; and, strange to say, there is a totem just outside the missionary's shack. The missionary and his wife came on board the *Yukonia*, and travelled with us as far as Ruby. This devoted man, as well as being a missionary, is also a very clever doctor and surgeon, and has performed wonderful operations on injured miners. He is much loved by the people all around, who evidently cannot bear to part from him, as he had not had a holiday for seven years.

An Indian princess, accompanied by a child, was another travelling companion, and made a gaudy splash of colour among the passengers. She was small and under-sized, but very smartly arrayed in European clothes, and adorned with a great deal of jewellery. Her toilettes were really beautiful, but quite unsuitable for any kind of travelling. For a journey through the wilds of Alaska, her silken gown and valuable jewels were absurdly inappropriate.

Another passenger was a young man, who, from the fullness of

his Alaskan experiences, gave me a timely warning about the possibilities and eccentricities of hotel accommodation further along the river, which aroused in me some lively apprehensions. At St. Michael's I knew I might have to wait for a boat to take me on to Nome, and my informant waxed eloquent on the subject of the hotel customs prevailing there. They had a way, he said, of giving the visitor a key and allotting him a room, but it was by no means certain that the key would secure to him the privacy which he would naturally expect. The hotel-keeper always had a master-key, and thought nothing of letting in other visitors to occupy the vacant beds (there are always several in a room), and when these were tenanted, he might even add a family to fill up the floor space! My new friend related to me his own personal experience at St. Michael's. He retired to his room at night, knowing nothing of the existence of a master-key, and the uses to which it might be put, and locked his door. In the middle of the night he woke and found "something" in bed with him. He was considerably surprised, but was so exhausted with travelling, that he fell asleep again, to find in the early morning that his bed-fellow was a filthy Indian pedlar with all his horrible clothes on. This made him sit up and look at the other beds. In the one opposite his were three damsels, also with their clothes on; when they saw him looking at them, they got up and wriggled out of the room.

After hearing this thrilling tale, I resolved to follow my friend's advice, and barricade my door at night, if forced to stay at St. Michael's. I believe that these conditions no longer exist, for more and more travellers, especially from America, visit these out of the way regions every year, and necessarily a more civilized state of things has come about.

The weather continued fine, and the warmth of the day lasted until quite late. It was delightful to sit on deck, and enjoy the beauties of a lovely sunset. There was a dance for the passengers, and I played for the latter part of it. There were not enough ladies, but some of the boys danced with each other. We finished up with a midnight lunch as it is always called.

The next day was bright but windy, and I found it pleasanter to sit in the observation saloon, which is in the stern part of the vessel, and has windows all round which give a fine view of the surrounding country. Soon after Eagle City begin the flats, a

wide stretch of shallow waters, extending for 600 miles, and sometimes as much as 60 miles in width. Through this spreading waste of water, the real course of the river is shown by the rapid flow of the current, while the rest of the great flood is smooth like glass. Towards the mouth, frequent soundings are taken, for the bottom is continually silting, so much so that the steamer has to change its course three or four times during a single season. A skilful pilot is very necessary, as the vessel has to wind in and out through the intricacies of the course to avoid getting stuck on shoals. As far as the eye can reach, the shore is fringed by countless islands, some flat and sandy, and covered with sage-coloured reeds and grass; while on others, which are swampy, tamarac bushes like spruce firs show themselves slim and pointed against the sky. At some parts of the river, where the steamer took us near enough to the land to distinguish the wild flowers which abound, we noted a wonderful variety: wild roses, forget-me-nots, irises, daisies, poppies, buttercups, tansy, saxifrages, etc.

Mr. Georgeson joined me in the observation saloon, where we again had a pleasant and interesting conversation in which some of the "boys" joined.

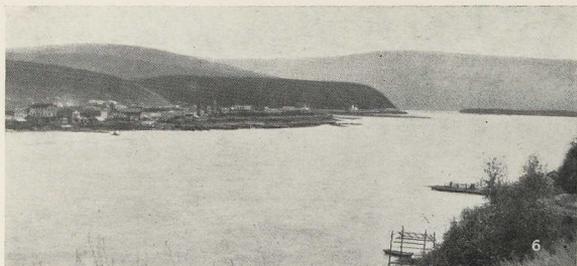
At Beaver I went ashore escorted by the "boys," and took some photographs. It is an entirely Indian village, and I do not know why the steamer stopped, but I suppose there must have been some merchandise to deliver or collect. There were no totems to be seen; it was just a collection of untidy shacks, dumped down everywhere. The tribes here are nomadic in their habits; they move from place to place, and when they fancy some particular spot to sojourn in, they cut down fir trees, and throw up a rough shack in half a day.

After leaving Beaver, the flats—at this point from 7 to 12 miles wide—were very dull and uninteresting. Ramparts, a very rough, half-made looking place, was reached in the afternoon. It was here that Rex Beach, the Alaskan novelist, wrote "The Spoilers" and other books, and worked at carpentering. We saw the shack in which he wrote his novels: it had on it a notice that "Visitors are requested not to remove bits of the roof." Apparently too enthusiastic tourists have the habit of climbing up and breaking off pieces to take away as mementoes.

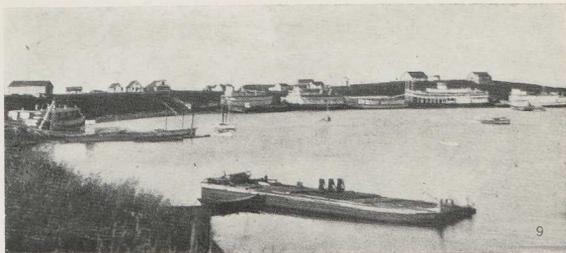
Professor Georgeson left the steamer here to visit the experimental farms which are under his charge.

Between Eagle and Ramparts we passed Striped Mountain, looking just like a striped petticoat: the different coloured stripes circle the mountain, and were quite clearly distinguishable from the steamer. The effect was most curious.

At 7 p.m. we arrived at Tanana, and here I parted with much regret from the "boys," who were going on another steamer up the Tanana river to the Fairbanks district, while I changed on to the ss. *Washburn* for Holy Cross.



6. *Yukon River—South end of Dawson City.
Klondike River round first point.
Bonanza Creek round second point.*
7. *Front Street, Dawson City.*
8. *Hydraulic Mining in the Klondike.*



9. *St. Michael's Island.*
10. *Mails arrive at St. Michael's.*
11. *A Kazhem at St. Michael's.*

TANANA TO HOLY CROSS

TANANA is a sort of Clapham Junction of the Yukon : everyone changes steamers here. When I arrived, there were actually three steamers at the wharves, an unusual concurrence of events, for very often travellers are held up for days, waiting for their connection. One of the three vessels was the *Yukonia*, on which I arrived from Dawson ; one was waiting to take passengers for Fairbanks up the Tanana river ; and the third was the *Wasburn*, in which, for my sins, I was destined to make the next lap of my journey to St. Michael's.

I was very thankful to effect the change of steamers without having to stay in the town : it is a godforsaken place, entirely destitute of any kind of attraction—except the steamers which enable one to get away from it. It is a military station, and the chief trade seemed to be that of supplying drink to the soldiers who crowded the saloons. Of course, now this must all be changed. So evil was its reputation, that the simple old man who had been a fellow passenger from Skagway, warned me when I was going on shore to be back on the steamer before dark. There was certainly nothing to make me wish to linger.

Front Street is a jumble of shacks extending along the high grassy bank of the river : among them may be found the post-office, wireless station, and a book-store. Behind this "street" were a number of rough unmade roads containing a few more stores of an equally depressing description, and some squalid drinking places. I went into one of the stores which professed to sell photographic materials and bought some films, which subsequently proved to be stale and utterly useless. They do not mind in the least how they overcharge and what they palm off on the unwary traveller in many of these townlets.

I walked round the place, and at the back of the town came upon a miserable fox of mixed colour, penned in an enclosure. It had evidently been caught in a trap : the poor animal had a crushed foot, and was howling with pain and rage at being imprisoned : his cry seemed a fitting accompaniment to the whole dismal ensemble.

I left the place with relief, and went on board the *Washburn*. By the next day, I had come to the conclusion that the satisfaction with which I had come on board the previous evening was premature. If anything could be worse than the horror of being held up in enforced idleness at Tanana, it was the discomfort of the journey thence to Holy Cross. The *Washburn* was evidently very much over-engined, for the little steamer shook as if it had the palsy. The vibration was so violent that I found it almost impossible to write, or even convey food to my mouth. Not that I could feel much inclination to eat; and soon I began to get quite thin from sheer inability to swallow the nauseating meals provided. For 7 o'clock breakfast we had stale bread and so-called butter, which was only fit for lubricating train axles, and porky stuff made hot and dished up with oily-looking potatoes. I could scarcely bear to look at it, much less swallow it, so breakfasted on some exceedingly dry bread, and then retreated to my cabin to fortify myself with a little more sleep.

Lunch was at 12-30, and I braved the odours that belched forth from the dining-saloon, only to find that the chief dishes were composed of organs—ugh! There was kidney soup, some dried fish-roe that looked like parched mummy, and a culminating horror, said to be liver and onions. There was no doubt about the onions, but the "liver" was coarse and acid. The reek of it all was indescribable, and I was conscious of a wild impulse to jump overboard and cleanse myself from the smothering odours. But I was also feeling a distinct cavity in my equator, so I tried to ram in a compound called "German fritters." I felt sure that the German element would disagree with me, and it did. The oiliness of it was unspeakable. I lunched on potatoes, dry bread, and a cup of coffee, and I must confess that I failed to derive any kind of vicarious pleasure, or even consolation, from a contemplation of the gusto with which my companions, the great unwashed, lapped up the fearsome provender. I could not even enjoy the baby who ate his bread and butter upside down, mingling tears and other dribblings with the butter, all unheeded by his mother, who made no attempt to mop him up. These two got off at the next stop.

Needing an object to distract my attention from the surrounding discomfort, and direct it instead to a concentrated hatred, I felt

a sort of maleficent gratitude to a booby of a passenger with sloping shoulders and no chin, who made idiotic remarks, and inspired me with an energetic desire to hit him. However, that soon palled. I could not go on indefinitely relieving my feelings by nursing warlike inclinations, and there was always the danger that the impulse would become action!

Conditions on the Yukon steamers are now very different: there are much better boats running, with fine state-rooms, bath-rooms, and excellent catering, and soon Alaska will become a favourite summer tourist resort.

During the afternoon we paused several times near tiny trading stations to throw the mails ashore. The steamer would slow down, and while still gliding through the water, the letters and newspapers attached to a piece of wood to keep them afloat in case of accident were pitched on to the river bank. Sometimes they fell short, and a boat would put off from the shore to retrieve them from the river. Traders visit these remote little river villages to get furs which are procured by the Indian trappers and hunters, and they travel about from place to place in little boats, or in winter by dog-team.

One of the places we passed was Ruby, the most recent "boom" town, but it is now very desolate looking, with many deserted shacks. The inhabitants are mostly hunters and trappers.

The most interesting place on this part of the river is Nulato, where we stopped in the afternoon. We were now quite in the wilds, and the Indians who inhabit these regions are a very fierce and cruel tribe. Many years ago, there was a great massacre here by an inland tribe, and the district is still far from safe. Nulato is an old trading centre, and the victims of the massacre were the Russian settlers, and an Englishman, Lieutenant Barnard, R.N., member of a Franklin Search Expedition who, hearing rumours of white men having been seen in the far interior, had come to the district to make enquiries. While he was staying with the Russians, the little party was surprised by a sudden attack of Indians, and although they put up a desperate defence, they were overcome by numbers; and all, including Lieut. Barnard, were savagely killed. A number of natives who lived near the Russian stockade shared the same fate.

The town now boasts a school, and a store; and the Roman Catholic Mission of St. Peter is trying to civilise the 300 Indian

inhabitants. Many of the fierce tribes that inhabit the interior are cannibals ; the eating of human flesh is part of their initiation ceremonies, and they have been known to volunteer the information that it is very much easier to eat dried corpse than freshly killed human flesh.

I went ashore as usual, and wandered about taking photographs. Presently, two of the *Wasburn's* officers, knowing the character of the place, and suddenly realising that I had gone ashore alone, hurried after me in considerable anxiety for my safety. Quite unconscious of danger, I was engrossed in securing a snap-shot, when suddenly I found myself seized from behind by the purser and whirled round, to my very great astonishment. At the very moment they succeeded in tracking me down, they saw an evil-looking Indian creeping up behind me, with a heavy weapon raised, preparing to strike me down ! These Indians very much resent strangers intruding in their domain ; and photography, I suppose, is an added offence.

After the two *Wasburn* officers took me under their protection, I had an opportunity of seeing the Indian who so nearly succeeded in felling me to the ground : he was an under-sized, horrible looking creature of marked Mongolian type, and gave the impression of some noxious wild beast standing upright.

The insects that pervade these regions are like the human beings, extremely fierce and unpleasant. Mosquito hawks abound, and make savage onslaughts on the unprotected visitor at certain times of the year. They are large venomous-looking flying things about an inch and a half long, black and orange in colour, and they seemed to me to possess two waists. All about the surrounding country are also fierce animals ; timber wolves infest the woods and prey upon the moose and caribou.

On one of the mountain crags on which Nulato is set, there is an interesting Indian cemetery, which is the most picturesque on the Yukon. The steamer captains speak of it with a kind of proprietary pride, and point it out to passengers as one of the most striking features of the river.

Indians never bury their dead ; the bodies are just left on the ground on this high craggy platform, with a cross of wood, or sometimes of metal, placed beside them. Some of the bodies are placed so close to the precipitous edge of the rocky ridge, that sometimes they slip over into the river. From the steamer's deck

TANANA TO HOLY CROSS

I could see two mummy-like bundles, and one of the officers remarked that the heads were hanging over the edge of the precipice the last time he passed that way, and that they had evidently dropped off since then!

When a chief or person of importance dies, his pet animals are killed, too, and placed around him; and over the body is put a wooden structure something like a rabbit hutch, which is often painted a brilliant colour—red, yellow, or blue. The Indians think that the dead arise at night and require sustenance, so food is placed beside the bodies, and new cooking utensils to cook it in; and all their clothes are hung around. Over the body of a princess in this cemetery was placed one of these queer hutch-like structures, and on it was hung a small looking-glass, together with her brushes, jewellery, and some dresses. They were convinced that she arose every night to adorn herself and dress her hair with the aid of the mirror.

As may be imagined, the odour that emanates from the cemetery is appalling: even dogs will not go there to get the food placed beside the bodies for the returning spirits.

My visit to Nulato having been cut short by the inhospitable nature of the inhabitants, I returned to the steamer, and went early to bed: and the next day we arrived at Holy Cross.

HOLY CROSS TO ST. MICHAEL'S

I LANDED at Holy Cross on a Sunday, a pouring wet day, which added to the depressing influence of an extremely unattractive settlement which seemed full of Indians, Jesuits, and starving dogs. The only accommodation to be had was on an old tub of a boat, a former Yukon steamer, moored to the landing place, and used as an hotel. It looked far from inviting, but I was obliged to take a room—really a cabin—on it, as the boat for St. Michael's had not yet arrived. I had my belongings transferred to it with many misgivings which proved to be only too well founded. The saloon was very stuffy, and on each side of it were doors that led into sleeping places which had all the appearance of cells for condemned criminals. Some dreadful looking men came on board and took possession of the saloon; their conversation was so disgusting, and they were so filthy, it was quite impossible to remain in their society, and I retired to my cabin and slept all the afternoon. I did not venture forth to get a meal, but about 7 o'clock I brewed some cocoa for myself.

When it began to get dusk, everybody but myself went ashore. The agent of the steamship line, who was supposed to act as a sort of hotel manager, and look after the comfort of passengers, took a very sketchy view of his responsibilities; there was no superior official to take note of his proceedings, and as it suited him to go ashore, he went. The waiter, a dreadful person in shirt sleeves, who whistled and hummed while he tossed about the dishes, also went; the cook likewise had business on shore, and I was left absolutely alone on the floating hotel. No doubt there were watching eyes near by, for a few minutes after the place was abandoned by the staff, a band of about thirty Mongolian Indians, old and young, rushed on board, and swarmed all over the boat. Soon my presence was discovered, and they crowded round my cabin, muttering and jabbering, and calling out in a menacing way. They flattened their evil-looking faces on the cabin windows and glass-topped door, rattled the handle, and tried with much banging and thumping to get in. It was an extremely unpleasant situation: I had no means whatever of

summoning assistance, for I knew there was no white man within call, and I had no idea where the "hotel" staff had gone, or how long it would be before there was any chance of help coming to me. My only protection lay in the strength of the cabin door, a very uncertain quantity, to resist their onslaughts. I was determined to hold out as long as possible and I piled up a barricade of luggage and furniture, and hung a cloak over the small window. I had heard so many horrible tales about the fierce character of the natives of this region, that I was prepared to throw myself into the river rather than fall into their hands.

Possibly they feared the consequences to themselves if they damaged the white man's property and broke the door, for it could not possibly have stood against a combined attack; but at any rate, after what seemed to me an interminable period of rattling and banging, they tired of the amusement, and departed back to the shore, to my very great relief.

It was not until 2 a.m. that the white agent returned, and it was very evident what the nature of his business on shore had been, for he stumbled up the little companion, lurching about till he seemed to fall into his bed or some other resting place, for quietness ensued.

Later on, when I arrived at Vancouver, I complained to the president of the line, describing the way I had been treated. He immediately ordered an enquiry to be made as to the manner in which the business of the Company was carried on, on this part of the river, and it was found that the agent had been guilty of many misdemeanours, and he was dismissed. He had been in the habit of giving drink to the Indians, which is forbidden by law, for it soon makes them behave like maniacs. In addition, many other misdeeds came to light, of which I knew nothing.

The next day after this exciting night was showery, and I spent the morning sewing in my cabin. I did not attempt to partake of the lunch that was served, but went ashore to explore Holy Cross. There is an unusually large community of Indians here, and the most extensive Jesuit Mission on the Yukon. There is a big monastery, and a rather fine church, the large cemetery almost empty of graves. The Nunnery is large and airy, but what can be the lives of these heroines of nuns who stay in such a place, subject to many months of winter and darkness with icy temperature? They were all French or Belgians, and were

very bright, and most kind. There must be plenty of scope for their work and rather difficult material to deal with, judging from the specimens who paid me such an unwelcome visit the evening before. The "missionised" Indians, I discovered, live on one side of the river, and the "unmissionised" on the other. From which quarter did my visitors come, I wonder?

The Siwash, or unmissionised Indians, I was told, are thrifty in their habits, and the previous summer had worked industriously at the catching and drying of fish so as to store up a plentiful supply for the long winter months. The other Indians across the river took no thought for the morrow, and spent their summer in idleness, saying the Lord would provide. When the winter came, there was, unfortunately, no miraculous draught of fishes to stay the hunger of the Church Indians, and they proceeded to raid the stores of the unregenerate on the other side of the river. Naturally much strife and ill-feeling resulted.

I called at the Nunnery, and spent a delightful afternoon with the nuns. Sister Thekla, a pretty little Belgian woman, fed me with excellent cake and milk, for which I was most thankful after my recent fasting. The nuns have schools for about 120 boys and girls, and it is in training the children in civilised ways that hope for the future lies. The sisters possess a fine garden, well stocked with vegetables and flowers. I was taken to see the dormitories where the cradle beds, home-made, of larches and other trees cut down in the vicinity, were placed one above the other, like bunks. I did not see the children, as they were all away on the Mission steamer on a two days' expedition, to gather berries on some islands on the Yukon. Some of these children are little derelicts, abandoned, not always willingly, by their parents. When winter approaches, the miners, prospectors, and their families clear out of the country before the ice makes navigation impossible, and there is a stampede from the surrounding country to catch the last boat. Sometimes the children stray while the parents are busy making preparations for departure, and cannot be found in time; possibly the parents think they have got on board somehow, for the youngsters are very independent in their ways; but in some cases they are quite ruthlessly left behind. After the departure of the boat, the missionaries go forth and scour the mountains where the

settlers have been, in the hope of finding the little ones before they come to serious harm, getting any lost child they may discover into the Mission Home.

Holy Cross was the only place throughout my journey where I found mosquitoes really troublesome. Fortunately for me my journey fell in August. Had it been earlier in the year, I should have had a different story to tell, for these troublesome insects can be, and are, a very serious discomfort in June. Some explorers record terrible sufferings from their attacks, especially when the trail has led them through swampy forests where progress was impeded by clouds of mosquitoes which blackened the air, and inflicted torments which almost maddened the unhappy victims.

The Sisters gave me a beautiful bunch of flowers when I bid them farewell, and hopefully went on board the ss. *Alice*, which arrived at 4-30 p.m., and left again at 6 p.m. for St. Michael's.

The *Alice* was in charge of Captain Crowley who, by the special instructions of the President of the Line, had come from St. Michael's on purpose to fetch me. He was a very clever pilot, and steered wonderfully, so as not to stick on the sand bars. I spent a good deal of time in the pilot-house, talking to him: it was the most comfortable place to sit in, as he had a little stove there which warmed it pleasantly.

At lunch I sat between a cross-fire of contradictions that flowed from a Jesuit brother on one side of me, and a very dirty, unkempt-looking Russian priest on the other: they were at daggers drawn, and argued fiercely, flatly contradicting each other at every utterance. Brother Williams, the Jesuit, was a clever, cultivated Englishman, and had the greatest contempt for the Russian's uncivilised ways, and especially for his evil influence on the natives, up and down that part of the river. He remarked to me that it was a good thing I sat between him and his adversary or he would certainly have punched the Russian's head at every meal! The long, straggly, and very unclean-looking beard which the Russian ecclesiastic wore, flowing untidily to his waist, and which proved a capacious receptacle for morsels of food, was an additional offence; the Jesuit, and I, jokingly debated as to which of us should undertake the task of pulling it out.

We were now very near the mouth of the river, and presently we tied up at Andreafski, an old Russian settlement. A good

deal of cargo was unloaded here, and quantities—it seemed like tons—of dried salmon, to feed the dogs in winter. The buildings look like long-shaped out-houses painted dark red, and are the structures put up by the early Russian settlers. Originally substantially made, they have been kept in good repair and are still used. Further on, moored to the banks of the Andreafski river, is a fleet of derelict Yukon river steamers—they call it the river hospital. The town is situated at the point where the muddy Yukon is joined by the Andreafski river which flows through a rocky bed, and a distinct line of demarcation can be seen where the clear waters of the latter come in contact with the turbid Yukon, and presently blend with it. Away on the hills we could see herds of reindeer, but the atmosphere was damp and misty, and it was impossible to photograph them.

The reindeer is an important and increasing industry. The enormous destruction of game in the past had so seriously depleted the food resources of the natives, that in 1891 and 1902, the United States imported reindeer from Siberia to the number of about twelve hundred, and by 1913 the descendants of the imported animals had increased to forty-six herds and 46,000 head. Their commercial value has been proved in Norway and Sweden, the northern parts of which, are very similar in climatic conditions to the northern parts of Alaska. They are accommodating in the matter of food, for they thrive on Iceland moss, lichens, grass, and willow sprouts, which grow on the poorest soils.

In the afternoon, we arrived at Old Hamilton, and I went ashore with Captain Crowley, who guided me round the Indian village to the few points of interest, the most striking of which proved to be extremely unsavoury. A few weeks previously, an Indian chief had died here, and his last resting-place, and the manner of disposal, had been chosen with the usual disregard of sanitation. On a little plot of palisaded ground, with dilapidated dwellings all around and quite close by it, lay the body, attired still in the dirty garments he had worn in life, uncoffined and unburied. Beside the dead chief lay the corpses of his two pet dogs: small wooden totems, looking very much like toys, were grouped around, while on the palisade hung his guns, and some rags of clothing which constituted his wardrobe. The usual sort of rabbit-hutch structure was missing, the body

lay uncovered on the ground. The smell was perfectly appalling, but I suppose it was regarded as the odour of sanctity. Anyway, the inhabitants of the closely surrounding shacks seemed quite unmoved, and continued to dwell in them entirely unconcerned by the proximity of corruption.

The village was full of Indians, wild-looking creatures who crowded round us, but unfortunately it was too late in the evening to photograph them. I was dreadfully distressed by the sad starved dogs I saw here, a usual thing, I was told, in the summer. Tied up to the stumps of trees, the poor, gaunt, helpless creatures seemed, many of them, to be in the last stages of exhaustion, for naturally they cannot fend for themselves under such conditions. When winter approaches, and dogs are in demand for work on the trail, the survivors are fed up on meat and strengthened by good food, and sold for high prices. So that it would seem to be bad business, as well as the most heartless cruelty, to tie the poor creatures up and let them die of slow starvation. The Agent, the only white man there, told me that he sometimes shot them, to save them from a miserable death. When I got back to the United States, I appealed to the various societies for the protection of animals, and told everyone I met about the unhappy plight of the poor dogs away out in Alaska.

We arrived at St. Michael's at 6-30 next morning, and I went ashore with Captain Crowley, and proceeded first to the office of the Steamship Company, for although I had a through ticket, I had to book my berth on the *Senator* for the final stage of the journey. I found a very pleasant and polite old gentleman in the office, and having settled matters with him satisfactorily, I made my way to the Northern Commercial Company's Hotel, and made application to the clerk for a room. My reception was not encouraging: at first he refused to contemplate the possibility of taking me in at all—there were three steamers in and not a single room was vacant. In any case, a room to myself was impossible. I suggested sleeping on the floor of one of the downstairs rooms wrapped up in my rugs, but he would not hear of this, and said it would not be safe, as the doors were always left open all night, and people might come in at any time, and would be coming in at all hours of the night and morning. I could not see, as matters stood, that the bedrooms upstairs would be any

safer than the public rooms below, but it was useless to try and combat his assertions. After much parleying, he deigned to consider the possibility of giving me half a room, and hinted at half a bed. As there were no women travelling, the prospect held out was not alluring, and in uncontrollable exasperation, I asked :

“ With whom, then, do you propose that I should share a room ? ”

“ Really, madam, at this hour of the morning I cannot possibly say ” ; was the reply which at last drove me out of the place in despair, haunted by visions of dirty Indian pedlars, and recalling every repulsive detail of the warnings given by my acquaintance on the *Washburn*, whose stories of his experiences at St. Michael's. extravagantly lurid as they had seemed, now proved to be not in the least exaggerated, I wandered about the town, feeling very miserable, and hurling maledictions on my own folly for having come to such an uncivilised, god-forsaken place. This was the worst moment of dismal uneasiness I ever remember on all my journeys. I seemed to be up against a dead wall of opposition, and I could see no way out of it. Then suddenly I bethought me of the nice old gentleman in the steamship office whom I had interviewed that morning ; he was a kindly, civilised being ; perhaps he would be willing to help and advise me. The hope revived my doleful spirits, and I hurried off to his office. I found him most sympathetic, and I poured out my woes. After discussing the possibilities of the situation, and the effect that might be produced by brandishing the names of some of the highly-placed persons who had interested themselves in my journey, he accompanied me back to the hotel, and reasoned with the clerk in a forcible manner, suggesting skilfully the undesirable results that might be produced by inattention to the comfort of one who was a favoured friend of the big powers of Alaska.

Eventually I got the promise of a room. Somebody, I suppose, was turned out, but I am afraid that reflection did not cause me much remorse, and I parted gratefully from my kind friend, who advised me to take early possession of the room, and barricade myself in.

Although greatly relieved in mind, I felt very tired after this agitating morning, and I was glad to rest for a while before

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going to a restaurant near the hotel to get some lunch. It was a huge room with long dining tables, where were congregated a motley crowd of about seventy men, Alaskans, Swedes, Danes and I know not what other nationalities besides. They were eating, drinking, and spitting in an atmosphere that reeked of rank tobacco. One or two of them stand out in my memory ; in particular a polite American who was on his way home after many years in the wilds. He was much tidier than the others, and I much appreciated his good manners in offering me a chair, for I felt rather lost in the big roomful of men. So far as I could see, I was the only woman present, but I discovered afterwards that an American woman journalist was hidden somewhere in the crowd. The food was quite good, and there was a nice waiter—such a relief !

After lunch, a good many people adjourned to the jail, which seems to be a sort of general meeting place. It is a queer little wooden structure, very small, and quite inadequate as a place of detention. Any hefty prisoner could easily batter himself out of it. The jailor was a wizened little man, evidently a strong character with plenty of natural intelligence. He was very polite, and begged me to come and read in the library, or write letters, any time I liked. It was certainly a much more attractive place than the hotel, and by the time I left St. Michael's, the jailor and I had become great friends, and we agreed that the next time I visited the town I should take up my quarters in the jail. I could at any rate be sure of a cell to myself !

Meantime, we were invited to enter and hear him read the war telegrams (all of them afterwards contradicted), and we did so in relays, as the tiny room would only hold a few people at a time. So in we crowded, in batches, all amongst the handcuffs and prison implements. It was a quaint experience. So far away from home, it was difficult to realise the terrible events in Belgium and France, or grasp the magnitude of the effort—if any—to be made by our own country. One never knew what to believe, because what was read out one day would be contradicted the next, or some fresh news given out which would render the former telegrams incredible. We had no clear idea as to the countries involved in the fight : Germany, we were told, was gaining everywhere : Lord Kitchener was War Minister ; and boy scouts were to be policemen ; but the why and wherefore

of all this I did not understand, not knowing England was mixed up in the war. The jailor, though intelligent, was very illiterate, and read the scanty news rather incoherently, so that we came away with a very confused idea of the course of events.

Afterwards I had a talk with a clever man who had re-built St. Michael's in 1903. The town is on a small island in Norton Sound, 2,487 miles from Seattle by the open water service; by the river route, *via* Skagway, 3,275 miles. It is an extraordinary little place: there are no roads, only wooden sidewalks bordering the tundra, and it is a superhuman feat to cross from one side to the other. Here and there between the sidewalks are boats, turned upside down; one encounters them in the most unexpected places. Being an island, one would expect they would be wanted on the coast: but no! There they were right up in a "street" away from the water.

There are no cows or sheep on the island, and no draught animals with the exception of husky and malamute dogs, and one mule for the haulage of the mail and the soldiers' goods from the quay. Evidently this mule is an animal of some importance; he wears one great coat in summer, and three in winter. There are a few good stores where furs, groceries, and post-cards are the most prominently displayed wares, but the principal shopping centre is the barracks; there is a large military station, and people go to the barracks stores for nearly all their requirements. I went there that afternoon to buy some films, and was guided thither by a quaint little prattling girl who was evidently delighted to find some new person to talk to.

On my way back, I came across the town bear on a chain. Nearly all the stores have one, living either in dens or on chains. This particular one was eight years old, and I was told was noted for his powerful hugs, and for his skill in drinking beer out of bottles, and the amount he could put away. I wanted to see an exhibition of his prowess, so I bought a pint bottle for him, and got the store-keeper to open it for me. I then handed it to the expectant bear who had been watching the preparations with interest, and he took it from me like a perfect gentleman. He drank every drop while I photographed him, and then he threw the bottle on one side, where there was a heap of "empties" that testified to his capacity and the generosity of his friends. I was told he could easily dispose of twenty bottles

a day ; but to offer him milk, or water, I was assured was an outrage that threw him into a violent rage, and I thought it wise to accept the statement without experimentation.

There are thirteen kinds of Alaskan bears recognized by scientists, but roughly speaking they are of four types : brown bears, black bears, grizzlies, and polar bears. The polar bears are few in number, and are seldom seen in the Bering Sea region : even on the Arctic coast they are infrequent. Black bears are found all over Alaska, south and east of the Yukon. The largest and fiercest bears are those found on Kodiak Island, the grizzlies.

That evening the ocean steamer arrived, bringing newspapers from Seattle, and there was a tremendous rush for them. I managed to secure one dated August 16th, which I searched eagerly for war news. One has to be very wary when buying a newspaper in these far off regions, and look carefully at the date before buying it. If they can manage to "do" you with an ancient sheet, months, or perhaps a year old, they will do so without scruple. It is for the buyer to look after himself. In the shops they have piles of papers from various countries, and of ancient dates.

I found in exploring St. Michael's that of the old Russian settlement there remain only a few store-houses and the redoubt, a queer little place, octagon in shape, with tiny apertures for the cannon that still remain, absurd little brass things about 2 feet long, rather suggestive of toys to the modern mind. There is a Russian Church, which astonishes one by the ornate elaboration of its interior. It seemed very incongruous in that far-away outpost in the wilds, where everything else was of the roughest, and there are so few people ever to enter it, that so much should have been spent on the embellishment of the church.

The hotel, to which by force of circumstance I had been so eager to gain admittance, was a most comfortless place, bare and carpetless ; the sitting-rooms very inferior to our third-class railway waiting-rooms at home ; and at that time of the year, when so many men leave the Yukon for the winter, and the place was crowded with visitors waiting for the boat, there were not enough chairs to go round.

In the hall hung a notice : " Hot tub baths here at fifty cents. Tickets away down street at Traeger's stores." This announcement was really exciting : a hot bath is a luxury not easily obtained

in Alaska, and as I was passing Traeger's stores that evening on my way to the post, I thought I would secure my ticket for next morning at once. But I found it was not to be obtained for the mere asking. I must conform to custom, and satisfy the clerk that my intentions were such as he could sanction.

"When do you wish to have the bath?" he asked.

"To-morrow morning," I replied.

"Oh! Then I can't sell you a ticket to-night."

"Why," I expostulated, "do you expect me to die in the night? Are you afraid the ticket will be wasted?"

"Oh no, but we never sell them overnight."

And I had to give in. The refusal was quite stolid and unalterable; it had never been done, and was therefore impossible. The result was, I had to dress in the morning and sally forth to buy a ticket before I could have a bath. Being somewhat distrustful by this time of local manners and customs, I was rather afraid the bath-room might be communal, so I presented my ticket and ordered a bath in my room. When it came, it was a large pie-dish, and the hot water I had to fetch myself from the nearest radiator in the corridor. But how I did enjoy it! It was an event, no mere incident, and no words can express the joy of it.

I need hardly say that the previous evening I retired early to my room, with the determination to exclude any possible intruder. I spent quite a long time barricading the door. First I put my luggage against it; then I dragged all the furniture I could move and wedged it against the trunks, and across that structure I placed the bed. I retired to rest feeling pretty secure, but a key was turned in the door to my knowledge three times during the night!

At breakfast, which I had at the eating-place round the corner, I made the acquaintance of a dentist from Buffalo, who operated on patients in his bedroom while he was in St. Michael's. He was collecting mammoth teeth, and afterwards showed me a huge mastodon specimen.

I wandered about taking photographs all the morning, and after lunch I returned to the barracks to change the films I had bought there the previous day, as I had in the interval discovered by the date on them that they were more than two years old!

After leaving the barracks, a violent thunderstorm came on, and

finding myself near a substantial-looking shack which I guessed to be a school, I hurried to it and took shelter in the porch. Very soon the American school-mistress discovered my presence, and joyfully invited me into her house. She was so amazed to find an Englishwoman on her doorstep! She and her husband are both highly degreed American teachers, and it was astonishing to find such clever cultured people in this desolate spot, devoting their lives to teaching little Indians, and a few white children. In these regions, a servant is, of course, an unheard-of luxury, and in addition to all her educational work in the school, the school-mistress had to do her own cooking and washing, scrubbing, and cleaning, and it is a marvel how any one woman can do so much. One could not help wondering what can be the inducement that keeps two highly qualified teachers in a place which no steamer from the outside world can reach for many months of the year, with no society but that of the rough miners and trappers, most of whom "go outside" when the short summer season of hard work is over. The answer is difficult to find: it may be they are animated by the same spirit that draws the Arctic explorer back again and again to the vast solitudes of ice—the fascination of the limitless expanse—the freedom from the narrow conventionalities of city life; and the realisation of the light they are bringing into the lives of the native Indians.

The exiled school-mistress seemed absolutely entranced with delight to meet someone who could tell her about England, and talk with her on subjects which she had no chance of discussing, except with her husband. She quickly prepared tea for me, and could not do enough to express the warmth of her welcome, giving me sandwiches and cake, which she had put on plates decorated with nasturtiums. Afterwards she showed me her kennels and dog-sled, which is her only means of getting about in winter to pay an occasional visit to her few neighbours. I took a photograph of her in her furs, with her favourite dog, a very beautiful animal. We went for a walk together, and as I was anxious to see something of the natives, she took me to see some Eskimos. The Indian and Eskimo villages lie at opposite ends of St. Michael's, and we chose the Eskimo village for our walk, as it was the easiest to get to.

The village consisted of a little collection of hovels, some made

of mud, and some of wood : the chief's shack was much better than the others, and quite the nicest I was in anywhere in Alaska. It was beautifully clean and tidy, and had a wooden floor on which were spread rugs of skins : the largest and most beautiful was that of a timber wolf. A fire was burning in the centre, with the usual hole in the roof for the smoke to escape. Progress through the village "street" required care, as one encountered mud-pools galore, with just an occasional plank to assist the wayfarer. Some of the Eskimo women were very pretty, and many of them carried babies on their backs, cuddled in amongst the furs which they wear all the year round. Everywhere were innumerable dogs tied up.

I was very much interested in the Kazhem, which is the Eskimo bathing-place, or it might be described as a sort of primitive Turkish bath. It is a large mound made of earth and sticks : in the middle of the interior a wide deep hole is dug, in which they burn wood (whole trees sometimes) and sea-weed, and there is a tiny opening at the top to let out smoke. The Eskimos sit round this hole on the earth above it and on wooden shelves, and there they steam themselves in a atmosphere which must be beyond description, for the heat is terrific. In winter, when they are thoroughly heated and streaming with perspiration, they rush outside, and roll themselves in the ice and snow. This, they say, makes them strong.

On New Year's eve, I was told, it is the custom for the finest young man in the village to pay a round of calls in an absolutely nude condition. This, presumably, is a piece of bravado, to show off his strength and vigour, for the temperature at that time of the year may very possibly be forty or fifty, or even more degrees below zero ! It must be a little startling, one would think, to open the door on an icy night, and find a naked figure on the doorstep. Fortunately, perhaps, there is not much light at any hour in the winter, and the chilly vision is probably discreetly veiled in darkness. His visit is to wish his friends well for the coming year ; then they give him a present, and he goes off to the next shack.

The "turkish bath" was not working on the occasion of my visit, and at such times the Kazhem is apparently used as a sort of club-room to which the Eskimos retreat to obtain shelter from the powerful sun. One would have thought that after the

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dismal Arctic winter, they could not have had too much of the summer warmth, but apparently they are so inured to the cold and darkness that prevail for much the greater part of the year, that they find the brilliant sun of summer too overwhelming and seek relief in the semi-gloom of the Kazhem. In some Kazhems, a club for men holds sway on certain occasions, and sacred dances are held there. Only very rarely are women admitted to these entertainments.

Lifting up the dirty sheepskin which formed a portiere to the queer sort of rabbit-hutch door that led down a sloping pitch into the Kazhem, I crawled through the entrance, and found the old chief and his brother sitting there, netting fishing-nets and chatting. I wish I could have known what they were talking about! The sun was streaming through the hole in the roof, and this enabled me to take a photograph, and somehow I made them understand that I wanted to take a time exposure, with the result now shown. The chief is on the left, holding up the netting shuttle.

But the moments flew quickly, and it was soon time for me to think of getting back to the hotel. My new friend accompanied me to my room, and I gave her the flowers I had brought from the Nuns' garden at Holy Cross. The sight of the familiar English blossoms seemed to give her great pleasure: she nearly cried over them. I was loth to say good-bye to this brave woman, but it was getting late, and she had to get back to her home. We parted with much regret that our intercourse had perforce been so brief. I often think of her, and wonder what she is doing, and how she is faring in her devoted and unselfish work, away out there in that lonely island in an ice-bound sea. I wrote to her afterwards and sent the photographs I took when with her, but I never heard from her, and perhaps my letter never reached St. Michael's.

ST. MICHAEL'S TO NOME

AT eight o'clock that evening, Captain Crowley took us off in the tug *Klondike* to the ocean-going steamer which lay a little way out. Getting on board was not a very pleasant experience: we could not get alongside, as the ship was surrounded by lighters, two or three deep, and we had to scramble across them in the darkness, lighted only by the flickering flare of the torches held by the men. Great obstacles consisting of bales and boxes of merchandise of every size and shape had to be climbed over, and everything seemed to wobble or give way as one stepped on it, for it was impossible to see in the gloom what was likely to give secure foothold. Rough seamen dragged us from lighter to lighter, and the final gymnastic we were called upon to perform was the ascent of a rope ladder which dangled over the ship's side. The rungs were not like the rungs of an ordinary ladder, but more like yielding steps, on which it was far more difficult to maintain foothold; and my arms were nearly dragged out of their sockets before I reached the top and was finally seized by some unseen being and dumped into safety, feeling very shaken and breathless.

I was just beginning to pull myself together, and look about me with a pleasant feeling of relief at the safe conclusion of the adventure, when my satisfaction was rudely disturbed. In a moment of horror, just as we were off, I saw—illuminated by the sudden flare of a torch—all my luggage (a holdall, leather bag and tin case) still lying on the lighter. In despair I screamed frantically to Captain Crowley, and I can never be sufficiently grateful for the quickness with which he issued orders, and had my belongings retrieved just in the nick of time. After all these fatigues, I was glad to get to my cabin and to bed, for by now it was 2 a.m. It had taken hours to get out to, and on board that ship.

Next day I was able to take stock of my fellow travellers; there were a great many passengers, mostly of the miner type. The clever Jesuit from Holy Cross was there, bound for Seattle; the dentist I had recently met at St. Michael's had

joined us, and there was also a pleasant American who came and chatted with me. There were seven women on board I was told, but five of them must have been travelling steerage, for I only saw two : an Indian girl called Laura, in charge of a woman missionary, who was taking her to the States to be trained as a teacher. This, I suppose, is all part of the scheme for civilising the natives, but I could not help feeling sorry for the girl, and wondering whether it was a wise move, and one that would prove to be in her own interest.

Higher up the river, I had come across a young Indian school-mistress, who had gone through the training, and come back to teach the children of her own land. But her education and life in the United States had unfitted her for intercourse on equal terms with her own kinsfolk, and cut her off from her own people in manners, habits, and outlook ; and she felt utterly lonely in her home-country. Education could not make her one of the white people with whom she had associated during the period of her training, and yet that training had estranged her from her old associations, so that she seemed to belong to no race, no land. Raised by education above her own clan, whom could she marry ? She bemoaned that she could not return to the manners and customs of the Indians and wed a native : the white man whose equal she was in culture would not, she fully realised, think of marrying her : and she said ; " The white man who would marry me is of a type I would not look at." So she was cut off equally from full participation of the new life, and a resumption of natural relations in the old ; and she was full of regrets.

Possibly in the years to come, when education is more widespread among the natives, problems such as this of the native-born school-mistress may gradually disappear : meanwhile the difficulty exists, and it seems probable that these Indians who are chosen to be the pioneers of education among their own kith and kin will find their lot is not an easy one.

Next morning, we stopped early at Golovin, where they started unloading the cargo—the last stores that could be brought in for the winter. The steamer was surrounded by lighters into which the cargo was transferred, a lengthy process which went on all day. Provisions and machinery, etc., were being unloaded by the crew with the aid of some Eskimos who had come in kyaks

from the neighbouring village to help in the work. Boxes of soap, matches, tinned things, bags of flour and rice, all were pitched recklessly into the lighters, as though the toilers were in a sort of fury to be rid of them. Sometimes cases smashed and bags burst ; tins rolled about, and rice streamed over the deck.

There were occasional heavy showers, and it was very rough, but the sun shone at intervals, and I was lucky enough to get a stool, and for a while sat on deck sewing. Whenever I passed the dentist's cabin, I noticed that the pleasant American was taking advantage of his presence on the ship. The cabin door was wide open, so the passers by got full benefit of the interesting sight of the dental operations, in which the dentist was assisted by Laura, the Indian girl, who was handing him his instruments as he required them. A new set of teeth was being provided.

Golovin and the surrounding country looked flat, sandy, and uninteresting, in fact, the whole 150 miles from St. Michael's to Nome is the same—and we just had to sit and wait more or less patiently while the unloading process went on, making the ship dirtier every minute, the tedium being broken only by meals. Being now in an ocean steamer, the food was quite good ; tea and coffee, as usual throughout Canada and Alaska, were served at every meal ; iced water was always given too. No one drinks wine or beer except when dining out.

The weather did not improve, and I went early to bed. Next day the elements were still more unpleasant. A soaking rain was pouring steadily down, and such high seas were rolling that it was impossible to continue discharging the cargo, and we tossed and heaved on the waves all day, waiting for matters to improve. It was a dull and boring day, and for bad sailors must have been a good deal worse than dull. Fortunately by the next morning there was a complete change : the sea was calm, and once more our spirits rose as we rejoiced in the glorious sunshine. Cargo shifting was resumed with renewed energy and finished by noon ; and then at last we started for Nome, which we reached about two hours later.

Landing was quite an adventure. First of all, a small, rolling gasoline launch transferred us to a sort of cement platform or tiny artificial islet, which was situated in mid-ocean. From this islet, a wire, looking alarmingly thin, was stretched high up above the water to the land ; and from this wire was suspended

a kind of wooden cage or basket, worked by some sort of pulley. This was the only means of transferring passengers to Nome, over the heavy rollers and strong surf that break upon the beach. No big boat can go near the shore because of the tremendous breakers.

With twenty-two others, I was packed into the dangling box, and a swaying and swinging journey began, as we were whisked along the wire a distance of 400 yards to the shore. The passengers (male) clutched hold of me—to reassure me, I was given to understand—but I was not alarmed, and rather suspected that their own terrors accounted for the graspings, for they were all quite frightened, and some were ill. Once over the land, we were lowered violently, and deposited on solid ground with a dump that shook the teeth in one's head, and produced in the anatomy a feeling of disintegration. I had to sit on the ground and rest for about half an hour to recover from the feeling of dislocation in every joint.

Nome is a mining town, and the headquarters of all the mining camps on the Nome peninsula, with rich deposits of gold, workable on the placer-mining method. At the height of the gold boom, it had a population of about 18,000, which has now diminished to about 8,000 in the busy season, and 4,000 in winter. In summer, Nome is reached in eight days by steamer from Seattle, but for about seven months of the year, ice makes navigation impossible, and the mails have to come by dog-teams from Seward in southern Alaska, letters from the States taking about six weeks, or more for delivery.

The impression Nome made on me was one of desolation, but perhaps the jolting and jarring of my arrival had produced a mood that indisposed me to look favourably on my surroundings. Possibly I saw it through a mist of resentment, which inclined me to cavil at Greely's statement that it "possesses all the modern comforts and most of the luxuries for physical well-being, with amusements and social pleasures pertaining to a wealthy, intelligent community." It is certainly a busy town, and possesses clubs, libraries, churches, theatres, assay offices, hotels and restaurants; but having already written a good deal on the subject of food, I will try to restrain the comments that spring to the point of my pen, and will merely say that in my opinion the sustenance available in the town did not by any means

comprise "modern comfort," or any of the "luxuries" which one associates with a wealthy community.

There are excellent schools, and the town boasts three newspapers well supplied with local and foreign news. The telephonic system extends for hundreds of miles, even to America; and as well as wireless, there are land lines and cable telegraphic communication with the outer world. Ford cars abound: everyone rushes about in them. Front Street is a mile long and all wood-paved on account of the prevailing mud. Wharves extend along the coast, and facing these, with the road running between, are the hotels, custom-house, churches, land-office, and several good stores. The furs were particularly beautiful and cheap.

Life is very strenuous in and round about Nome during the summer months, when the stars are never visible because of the midnight sun. People go on working and working, for dusk never comes, and they forget to go to bed. I did not see any, but I was told that chickens have to be blind-folded, otherwise they go on scratching and scratching as long as it is light, and die as the result of never taking any rest. A story is told of a man who, on arriving in Nome, was promised that his luggage would be brought to the hotel before dark, and feeling satisfied with this arrangement, settled down, and retired to his room. Next morning his luggage had not arrived, and he awoke to the realisation that it would not be dark for two months.

For those who remain in the country all the year round, the constant gloom of winter, succeeded by two to three months of incessant daylight, is very trying, and is said to produce a considerable amount of insanity. On the *Senator* on my homeward journey, there was a mad Indian woman in charge of two women and a man, who were taking her to Seattle. There are always three guardians provided to escort an insane person.

When the season of hard work is over, and thousands have deserted Nome and gone "outside," the remaining "sour-doughs" settle down to a life of sociability and pleasure. Theatres, dancing clubs, card-playing, ski parties, and other amusements enliven the long period of Arctic darkness. Incessant gaiety is no doubt the only way of keeping up the spirits when all around is gloom and ice, though I noticed that no one

spoke of the gloom and darkness, nor had they the appearance of ever being down-hearted or crushed by the violence of the elements.

The Dog Derby, which takes place on April 12th, is the most important event of the year, when everybody talks "dog" just as everybody talks "horse" at home when Derby Day draws near. All dogs are registered at the start, and must be brought back, dead or alive, and shown to the judges. This rule is made to prevent the substitution of one animal for another. The dogs share in the general excitement, and as the thrilling moment of the start approaches, their excitement and anxiety to be off is so intense, that it is beyond the strength of one man to hold in two dogs until the signal for departure is given by the firing of a revolver.

They run in teams of nine dogs, starting from Nome at intervals of a quarter of an hour. The course extends out on to the frozen Bering Sea to Candle Creek and back, a distance of 412 miles, and is marked out by posts placed at certain intervals, the return being partly over land and through the little town of Council. Meanwhile Nome is tense with excitement: telegrams are sent back to the town from the posts on the course, announcing the whereabouts of the racing teams to an animated crowd who sit watching the tapes in the large room where the telegraphic news is received. People sit up all night, and no one rests till the final result is known. Betting is brisk, and thousands of dollars are staked. Racing dogs are much sought after by sportsmen, and command prices varying from 250 to 1,200 dollars each. A good leader is very valuable.

I visited the dogs that had won the "Derby" three years in succession. They were splendid and very beautiful creatures, and had a special groom who brushed and combed them every day. Their kennels were magnificent, and kept to a certain heat in winter. They were well fed on raw steaks, and the greatest care taken of them. I was warned not to go near them as they were very savage towards strangers: the raw meat makes them very fierce. The puppies were quite lovely little fluffy playful balls, and very tame.

The district surrounding Nome, and the town itself, has wonderful deposits of gold. It is no unusual thing for a man who is putting in a cellar, or laying a pipe through his garden,

to find gold in the soil. The gold does not necessarily belong to the man on whose ground it is found, unless he registers his claim to it before anyone else. The workman, or any other person who discovers it, or whoever first registers a "claim" to it, is entitled to mine the gold, and in that process may even pull down another man's house, if it is on the claim to which he has established his right by legal registration: but in this case, the man whose house is demolished is entitled to compensation, the amount of which is settled by arbitration.

Prospectors working with Nome as their base have pushed up northwards, proving that the gold area extends beyond the Arctic circle. These discoveries have been made by a mere handful of men who have penetrated in the distant wilds, sometimes in pairs, sometimes one solitary man all by himself; the early pioneers in this region coming from the overflow of the Klondike rush.

In the course of a walk from Nome to a small mountain village, I came across a man who was placer-mining in the street. When he left his work for more than an hour at mid-day to have his meal and a sleep, he left the gold he had separated in the trough, quite unprotected from passers by. There were several people and children about, but nobody went near it: the miner knew it was perfectly safe. Anyone of so desperate a character as to touch another man's gold would speedily find the country too unhealthy for life in it to be possible.

Placer-mining is the process of separating particles of gold from the sand or gravel with which they are mixed, by washing the gravel in running water: the lighter material is carried away by the water, and the gold, or any heavy mineral remains behind in the trough. The simplest kind of placer-mining outfit comprises a pick, a shovel, and a large flat pan made of sheet iron: but perhaps the most necessary requisites are unflinching perseverance and patience, combined with a constitution of iron. A slightly more elaborate outfit includes a rocker, which is merely a tray-like screen placed on top of a box: the gravel is shovelled on to the tray, and by pouring water on to it, the coarser gravel is separated from the finer material, which drops on to a sloping board or "apron" beneath; when by rocking the box sideways, the gravel passes over a "lip" at the open end of the apron, which retains the particles of gold. In larger surface

operations, the gravel is shovelled into long sluice boxes on a slope and treated with abundance of water. In all these hand operations, only the cream of the gold deposit can be recovered, and large quantities of low grade gravel are necessarily left untouched. Mining in the Nome district is by no means confined to the placer-mining system; hydraulic plant is in use here also.

The Jesuit priest from Holy Cross was anxious for me to see the schools of the Jesuit Mission in Nome, and escorted me thither the first afternoon of my stay in the town. They were, as usual, well-equipped, and the pupils well cared for. One of them, an intelligent little boy, was told off to guide me to the "sights," and he took me to see an Eskimo encampment on a long sand-spit which is their summer resort.

The temporary village was a collection of rather unstable-looking tents, with numerous lines of drying fish and clothes, many dogs, and kyaks drawn up on the sand. The kyak is the Eskimo canoe, constructed for one occupant only. It consists of a framework of bent birch wood, over which walrus hide is stretched when fresh, and left to dry. The stitching of the necessary joints in the hide is done with marvellous skill by the women, who take great pride in the work. The absolute evenness of the long lines of stitching is remarkable. The framework of the boat is entirely covered in, except for a small round aperture in the centre to admit the body of the paddler. Each Eskimo has his own particular kyak, with the hole made to fit his body exactly, so that when he is fixed in his place, his garment of hide (head-gear and coat combined) fastens so closely round the edge of the aperture that the canoe is quite water-tight. Thus fixed in, the Eskimo performs the most wonderful acrobatic feats, turning over and over and diving below the surface of the water, boat and all, coming up every time quite serene from his extraordinary evolutions. The best performer gave me an exhibition of his marvellous feats, and stayed so long under water that I felt anxious lest he should never come up alive. But up he came, absolutely dry.

The bidarka or bidarra is a larger boat which can be made to carry two or more persons, and in one part of the encampment they had made a shelter of one of these boats: turned upside down, it was mounted on posts, and underneath in the shade

were tethered their dogs. These particular Eskimos are quite wealthy, for they gather up the gold particles which are thrown up on their sand-spit by storms. It seems as if the Bering Sea must be full of gold. They apparently lived on fresh and dried fish and walrus oil, but doubtless they supplemented this somewhat monotonous fare with food obtained from the Nome stores. Pots and pans littered the ground, and as far as I could see appeared to be communal. If any one of the women wanted a pan, she seized it, took it into the family tent, and after an interval threw it out again; so they could not all have meals at the same time, for there were not enough pots to go round.

They appeared to be very happy and thriving, and it so happened that I chanced upon them at a time when events had brought to the surface the child-like nature so much emphasized by writers on this race. During the previous spring, a great wave had swept over the sand-spit, carrying away their tents and such property as an Eskimo can be said to possess. News of this disaster reached Seattle, and aroused the sympathy of some benevolent society. Funds were collected, and fresh supplies of suitable goods, including new tents and sheepskin parkas, were sent out to Nome to replace the losses of the little community. At the time of my visit, these gifts were still somewhat of a novelty: the Eskimos were, of course, delighted with the nice new clean garments, and one man was rapturously wearing his sheepskin parka with the wool outside, to show off the beauty of its whiteness. A parka is a loose garment worn by Indians and Eskimos: it is something like an overall or smock with a hood, made of some kind of skin, the fur side being worn next the body for the sake of warmth. The whole encampment seemed very prosperous and contented, and to complete the family party, dogs and puppies were roving about. Two little girls were playing a string game, something like cat's cradle on a large scale, and others were kicking a ball about. Football of a kind is a favourite game of the Eskimos.

I was interested, during my visit to the sand-spit, in watching the operations by which a small shack was being moved bodily to a new position by means of logs placed under it as rollers on which the shack was pushed along. It is only in summer that these Eskimos live on the shore in tents and shacks: in winter, they move into warmer quarters and live in igloos. The igloo

is a dug-out dwelling made in the side of a hill or bank, with a roof of rough wood, which supports a covering of earth, no light and no air.

As to the personal appearance of the Eskimo, Nansen's description is incomparably the best I have ever read, and I will therefore quote it in full.

"The pure-bred Eskimo has a round, broad face with large coarse features; small, dark, sometimes rather oblique eyes; a flat nose, narrow between the eyes and broad at the base; round cheeks bursting with fat; a broad mouth; heavy broad jaws which, together with the round cheeks, give the lower part of the face a great preponderance in physiognomy. When the mouth is drawn up in an oleaginous smile, two rows of strong white teeth reveal themselves. One received the impression on the whole of an admirable chewing apparatus conveying pleasant suggestions of much good eating."

While at Nome, chance gave me yet another and still better opportunity of closely observing the customs and habits of the Eskimo. I was taking a walk towards the coast, when I came upon a family party, consisting of a man and his wife, who was carrying a baby, two boys about eleven and thirteen, and an old woman, probably the grandmother, who was carrying a heavy bundle. They were on their way to their camping place, and had evidently been marching some distance, for the old woman was tired out, so I went up to her and made signs that I would help her to carry the bundle. She was quite willing to let me do so, and I trudged along with them. She looked at me sometimes and made a curious guttural sound that might have been a word of thanks. Of course, it would have been impossible for me to fraternise in this way with a party of Indians: I might have been murdered, and certainly would have been robbed. The Eskimos are quite different in disposition—docile and friendly.

On and on we went, till at last they halted near a creek, and began to put up a tent. Food was the next question: their boat, or bidarra, lay close by, and the man and the two boys began to make preparations to go fishing, and by signs—for we did not know each other's language—invited me to go with them. They were very polite and indicated that I was to enter the boat first. I sat down in the pointed bow on a heap of coarse canvas which they placed there for my comfort, and as by this time I was

thoroughly tired out, I was thankful to rest, and was very soon fast asleep. I must have slept for hours, judging by the quantity of fish there was in the boat when I woke up.

It was quite late when we got back to the encampment, where the rest of the community gave me a smiling welcome. The curious thing was the demeanour of the two boys.

On reaching the camp, they immediately set to work collecting sticks, going through all their duties, in which they were evidently well-trained, like automata. It was evidently their job to collect fire-wood, and to see to the boat and fishing tackle. They never smiled, or gave the slightest indication of any disposition to frolic, but just went on with their work in stolid, phlegmatic silence. I never saw a muscle of their faces move: their expression was somewhat morose and sullen, without a gleam of intelligence, and I wondered what could possibly have damped so effectually the exuberance one naturally looks for in boys of that age. They were like creatures that had been hunted and downtrodden, and had all the *joie-de-vivre* knocked out of them: but I could see nothing to account for it. The baby was a darling, and I nursed it while its mother was busy; it was a delightful pet, except for its horrible smell; it was swaddled round and round with old rags that seemed never to have been changed, and its poor little limbs had no possibility of movement. When played with, it laughed, which amused the elders, but not the two boys.

Added to the party were now another older man and his wife. They also had evidently come from Nome, and had brought with them some vegetables and some enamel cooking utensils, and I helped them to cook some of the fish we had brought ashore. I do not know what kind of fish it was: their guttural sounds conveyed nothing to me. In itself it was excellent, but quite spoiled by the Eskimo habit of smothering it in seal or walrus oil after it is cooked.

I spent the night on the ground of the family tent, rolled up in a bearskin lent to me by my hosts. My failure to return to Nome mattered not, and would pass quite unnoticed, for there was no one there to know or care about my absence.

All the Eskimos slept in their clothes, and I did so too, in case anyone should go off with them in the night, and leave me defenceless and unable to return to civilization! My

observations during my journey led me to the conclusion that most people in Alaska sleep fully clothed. I do not, of course, refer to the more civilized townfolk.

Next day I made some cooking experiments of my own over the wood fire for which the two boys collected sticks in a solemn and business-like manner, and succeeded in preparing for myself quite an appetising meal. The fish was delicious when not ruined by the addition of the oils so much beloved by the Eskimos.

Afterwards we again went fishing, this time up a creek that flowed between low, sharp-pointed rocks. It was a glorious day, and from this little stream we could look out to the sea of deep indigo blue, glittering with diamond flecks which sparkled in the dazzling sunshine. Contrasted with the deep blue of the sea was the lighter blue of the ice-floes with their crust of white frost, against which stood out distinctly the dark bodies of walrus lying there in the sun. They looked like inanimate lumps incapable of moving.

I conversed with the Eskimos by means of nods and gesticulations. It was late when we got back, and they were so friendly and hospitable, that I stayed with them another night. I was so interested in the novel experience and my Eskimo hosts, that I had become quite callous about time. I had left my watch behind in the hotel, and my camera also, which was a great pity. I much regretted being unable to make photographic records of my two days' sojourn with an Eskimo family. It had its drawbacks I must admit; the dirt was prodigious, and for several days afterwards, I had to institute periodical hunts about my person and clothes.

Next morning, I woke up to the fact that time was passing, and I began to grow a little anxious about getting back to Nome to catch the boat to Seattle, and I had somehow to communicate what I wanted to my Eskimo friends. Pointing to the sea, I said several times, "*Senator*" and "Nome." Both words were familiar to them: they knew the steamer would shortly be starting on its last trip for the season, and that great numbers of people left the country for the winter; so they quickly grasped my meaning, and I soon found they were going to help me by rowing me part of the way in their bidarra, which was quite a relief, as I was beginning to conjure up pictures of the *Senator*

departing without me, leaving me stranded in Nome until the break-up of the ice next June.

The Eskimos landed me at a point whence it was easy to find my way back to Front Street, and I mooched about rather aimlessly, wondering what to do with myself, and feeling a certain cavity within. The restaurants looked poisonous and dirty, and I could not bring myself to enter any of them. Presently I noticed a building which looked rather more comfortable than the others; it had an inscription on it in a foreign language, and I came to the conclusion it must be something like a Board of Trade. Anyway, intent on rest and food, I decided to investigate. Opening a door a tiny bit, I peeped in and saw several young men at work. "Please may I come in?" I asked; "I am from England. Can you give me some tea? I'm frightfully hungry."

They all threw down their pens and rushed forward with astonished faces.

"Why, it's a white woman! How on earth did you get here? Come in, come in!" they exclaimed, and then poured forth a torrent of eager questions about England, about my journey, why I had come, and so on, with many exclamations of astonishment and delight at such an unexpected arrival in their midst. They gave me what was then, to me, a sumptuous meal: a small chicken was cooked, and I ate the whole of it, whilst they sat round and talked. Finally they escorted me to the hotel to join the other passengers who had gathered there preparatory to going on board the *Senator*.

The hotel was a most extraordinary place, bare and comfortless, with endless passages and up-and-down little staircases, some of which led to only one room; and I lost my way in them, trying to find some place in which I could sit and wait the hour of departure. At last the polite American saw me wandering about, and came to my assistance, insisting on the manager providing a room where I could rest till it was time to go on board.

About eight o'clock, we all went down to the shore in a crowd, and were taken out to the ship in detachments, again venturing ourselves in the swinging cage.



12. *A leader dog with mistress in parka.*
13. *Bear drinking beer, St. Michael's.*
14. *Nulato Cemetery.*



15. Nome, Alaska. 1 mile Front Street.

16. Eskimo Village, Nome.

17. Eskimo Village, Nome. Natives wearing parkas and mukluks.

MEN FROM THE ICE

THERE was a stiff wind blowing, and when the *Senator* finally did make a start, our progress was very slow, for we had to battle against the gale, and we only made four knots.

Just as we were off, twenty-one more passengers were added to our number in a thrilling and dramatic manner, which seemed to bring us very close to the scene of those oft-recurring tragedies which are enacted away up North, never heard of by the world at large, because the actors therein are obscure but adventurous men, and not explorers with far-famed names, whose exploits are cabled in detail to every part of the globe. There are little parties of bold and enterprising men, whose expeditions and experiences are never recorded, who push their boats into the far North during the open season and then, failing to get back before the ice closes in, are imprisoned in the frozen waste, with very slender chances of ever returning alive.

If an expedition which is known to have set forth does not return, the Government sends out the cutter *King and Raven* the next summer to search for the missing men. It was the *Bear*, a whaleboat sent from the Revenue cutter stationed near Nome, that hailed us this stormy night, bringing the surviving members of several expeditions, who had been rescued just in the nick of time from the ice.

Government regulations, which cannot be relaxed, no matter what the urgency of the circumstances, prevented these unfortunate men from being put ashore at Nome: the laws about immigration are very strict, and these men had no money, no identification papers, nor any means of giving an account of themselves. So, hungry and weakened as they were by many months of terrible stress and privation, they were put on board the *Senator* which, notwithstanding the tossing waves we encountered, must have seemed a perfect haven of refuge to them after all they had gone through. Just exactly what would have happened to them if they had not caught the *Senator* at the very last moment, I cannot say.

Eleven of these men were from the lost *Karluk*; seven were the survivors of various ice expeditions; and three were from latitude 71, the Point Barrow region, the most northerly point in Alaska. These three had been rescued by the *King and Raven* after they had been lost for more than a year. Two of them were Americans, the other a Swede, and originally they had started with five others on a summer outing in a small yacht, sailing far north into the Arctic region, fishing and shooting. For a few weeks they had very good sport, and were all in splendid condition, when one day, on returning to the yacht from a long excursion, they found their vessel in the grip of the ice, and gradually being crushed down and down.

They were helpless, and could do nothing to save their boat: everything was lost except the clothes they were wearing, and the guns and fishing tackle they had with them. From this moment their hardships were of the most terrible description. For food they had only what they caught, and had to eat it mostly uncooked. For clothes they used the skins of the animals they had eaten, making their own parkas and mukluks (foot-wear) sewing them together with needles made of fish-bones, and using long strings of intestines pulled out to a very fine thread.

For months and months—more than a year altogether—they were lost in a frozen world, all the time struggling to get to the edge of the barrier ice, hoping to be picked up by some boat, which was at last the good fortune of the three survivors. Originally a party of eight, five of the number died from want and exposure, three of them being first driven mad by the intensity of their sufferings. All the rescued men looked like stage marauders, clothed in extraordinary fur garments fashioned by themselves. They were dreadfully emaciated, and seemed more like pegs to hang clothes on than human beings: all three were very feeble, physically and mentally, and said they could not have lived much longer, as their vitality was very low, and they had no strength left to fend for themselves. One of the three, the Swede, was quite childish: he squatted on deck all day, playing like a small boy with a bad-tempered little lemming that he had in a wooden cage. He teased it unmercifully just for the pleasure of hearing it squeal with rage; lemmings are noted for their nasty temper. One of the sailors had given him the animal to keep him quiet.

MEN FROM THE ICE

Another man, an American, had formerly been a sea captain, and he was able to tell us many interesting stories, and gave thrilling accounts of their adventures on the ice ; how they made snow houses to live in ; and how they kept a keen watch at ice holes when needing food, waiting patiently in the hope that a walrus, or some other Arctic creature, might appear.

The third, also an American, and the most remarkable man of the three, had been a very clever engineer, but his mind was somewhat dulled by privation. It was interesting to observe his intelligence gradually awakening as day after day passed of that tempestuous voyage, prolonged three days beyond the ordinary duration by storms and adverse winds. I heard some of his history from his friend the sea captain, who had known him and his family for years, and spoke of him as a fine character, with plenty of brains. At the age of 12, he began to support himself. His father, a sea-captain, was drowned, and the mother left very poor with eleven children. So he took himself off and went to sea before the mast on a small craft on which he was very cruelly treated. He ran away at some port and joined another ship, eventually reaching Australia. Such was the beginning of his life. He was over 6 feet in height, fair, ruddy, and thinner than ordinary thinness ; with a long oval face, very pointed chin, and deep blue eyes ; and like all people who have been in the ice regions, and who have constantly kept a keen and distant look-out, he had a curious straightness of brow, and his eyes seemed to be looking far away into vague distance. I should know anywhere in the world a person who had ever lived among the ice-fields by this cast of countenance. It is quite unmistakable.

This American was painfully weak, and his sufferings had apparently obliterated knowledge even of ordinary things from his conscious memory, and it was with difficulty that he could read the simplest words. Each day I gave him reading and writing lessons : he thirsted for instruction, so as to get back quickly to his former state of learning. His conversation was most unusual and interesting : his similes, all drawn from icy nature, were very original ; and his description of the madness culminating in death of five of his companions, was more vividly graphic and harrowing than anything I have ever heard or read.

Of course, after those barren months, conventionality was not

his portion : on account of this, and his extreme simplicity, his introduction to me was rather startling, and I feel I must make some sort of apology for him. After gazing silently for two days, evidently wishing to make himself known, a trifling circumstance served to break down his shyness. Suddenly darting across the small deck, he said in a sonorous, deep voice :

“ Dear me, I’m so sorry you’ve changed your stockings to-day. I admired them so much yesterday ! ”

He was right, for they were pretty ; red and blue silk and wool, giving a shot effect ; and the sight of them had aroused the aesthetic side of him, which had so long lain dormant for lack of anything of an artistic nature to feast his eyes upon. After a while we found much to talk about, and became friendly.

A day or two later, I saw advancing towards me with friendly, smiling face, a well-dressed man who was quite unknown to me : he wore a good overcoat, blue serge cap, a spotlessly white collar and exquisite tie. I stared at him, puzzled by his manner which seemed to assume that I was a friend of his.

Suddenly illumination flashed upon me : it was my American friend from the ice, transformed beyond recognition by the outfit of good clothes he had borrowed, and the meticulous care he had bestowed on his toilet. He was delighted by the impression he made on me.

He told me one day he had given up eating with his knife since he had known me, and expressed a wish that he might sit nearer to me at meals, so that he might learn by watching me how to help himself better. “ The flat things,” he said, for he had forgotten the word ‘ dish,’—“ that food is put on, and the things to take it with, worry me horribly.”

He made me try to guess what he wanted most in all the world : I suggested it must be a wife, but no ! he vigorously rejected that idea. At last, when I had to give it up, he owned that it was a real, unset diamond that he coveted, just to toss in his hands, to see the brilliant lights in it. He explained that the salary owing to him during all the time he had been away would be given to him on his arrival at San Diego, and then he would be able to afford it. This desire for a thing of beauty again showed the strong aesthetic sense that lay beneath that rough exterior. All through his wanderings on the ice, he had carried with him a little, much stained photograph of his mother with two babies,

and showed it to me with pride. He begged me to call on his mother "somewhere in Maine" when I went to America.

On Sunday, the Captain wished me to play some hymns, but the poor piano was disorganised from sea-damp, and only gave out a few sounds irregularly, so I suggested that its key-board should be taken out, and put near the galley stove to air it while we were at dinner. This proved very effective, and afterwards I managed to play some Chopin preludes with sufficient feeling to cause these ice-men to sob with emotion. They put their fists in their eyes, and booed like babies, blurting out between their sobs: "We didn't know anything was so lovely." They begged for the Raindrop Prelude (No. 15) to be played several times. When the hymns began, they were far too overcome even to stand up, and singing was out of the question.

Next morning some of the men came to me with heads on one side, looking timid and shy, and asked so humbly if I would let them give me a few things they had made to pass the time away during the long monotonous months while they were lost on the ice. They carried them everywhere with them in the huge pockets of their parkas, and they offered these gifts in gratitude for the pleasure given them by the music. These articles are now among my most treasured possessions.

In case it should interest any reader to know what these things were, I add a list.

1. A wild Arctic swan's foot, scooped out, dried, and then lined and made into a sort of bag, useful as a purse, for gold-dust, or tobacco. It is of coarse black skin, with white skin top, and an ornament of white skin roughly sewn on somewhere near the centre, but artistically not so.
2. A pair of mukluks large enough for an ordinary-sized foot to travel round within them, made of inside and outside baby sealskin, lined and edged with Arctic fox fur. The "inside skin" is one of the skins that seals grow under the top outside one.
3. A long narrow bag for gold-dust, made of ermine fur, partly brown and partly white, blending the animal's winter white fur with the summer brown.
4. Two wide hanging pockets, sewn on to a back of Arctic eelskins, wonderfully stitched together, so very even and straight is the work. The pockets are made of patches of the

breasts and backs of Arctic birds, edged with narrow grey Arctic fox fur; a useful and most artistic production.

5. A large ring of walrus tusk, carved and inlaid with black whalebone: the carving was done with the roughest large common pocket-knife which was shown to me.

My chief regret at that moment was that I had no films left, as it was impossible to get any in the wild North-West, so I was unable to take photographs of these remarkable men. On leaving Nome, I had only two films left, and these I kept for the Unimak Pass in the Aleutian Islands.

Arriving at our destination, Seattle, we all melted away in the curious manner that every one seems to vanish at the end of a voyage, but later in the day I met the three men of the ice at the railway station, going home to San Diego. My tall thin friend was still obsessed with the idea of possessing a diamond, and his last words to me were:

“May I meet you again; you have revived life in me—and then I may have many diamonds to play with.”

I sent him some books at Christmas, and received a letter of thanks. He was then trying to get back to his engineering work, for his place had long since been filled, as he was given up as dead.

ON THE *SENATOR* TO SEATTLE

OUT in the Bering Sea lie the Pribilof group of islands, of which the two largest are called "St. George" and "St. Paul." They are situated about 200 miles to the west of the Alaskan mainland, and the same distance to the north of Unalaska in the Aleutian Islands.

I was unable to visit them, for no one is allowed to land on the Pribilof Islands without a Government permit, so jealously is the seal-fishery guarded. I had applied for a permit before starting on my journey through Alaska, but in spite of much writing and telephoning, the necessary document did not arrive in time, and perhaps it is just as well it did not, otherwise I might still be there! The *Senator* did not touch there, and the visits of steamers are rare; the difficulties of bad weather and violent seas make embarkation and disembarkation dangerous and often impossible.

Wrapped almost continually in persistent sea-mist, the existence of these islands was overlooked by explorers until 1786, when they were discovered by a persistent fur hunter, Gerassim Pribilof. They cannot be a very pleasant place of residence, with their rainy, foggy summers, and cold, stormy, wind-swept winters. The only trees which can support life there are a few stunted willows; but bushes here and there provide the inhabitants with salmon berries in good seasons. Mushrooms grow in abundance, and wild flowers, mosses, and ferns make the short summer beautiful.

On St. George and St. Paul are very large seal rookeries, carefully guarded, the seals being branded to mark their ownership. The industry has suffered from the pelagic or open-sea hunting, which for a time threatened the extinction of the seal. By an Act of Congress, the Pribilof Islands were made a fur seal reservation; they are leased, with certain restrictions, to a commercial company, which is allowed to take not more than a certain number of seal-skins every year.

The natives are Aleuts of a low type, who live in dilapidated shacks, in degrading moral and physical conditions. The lack

of occupation for men and women at certain seasons of the year, when everything is iced and snowed up, naturally gives rise to unfortunate results, and presents a problem which, it is to be hoped, may be speedily solved. Drinking became so excessive among the inhabitants of these islands, that the manufacture of the native beer called "quass" had to be forbidden. Some of the men make ornaments of walrus ivory, and the women make various articles of sea-lion gut and skin, but they get little encouragement: it is only occasionally that a Government or any kind of boat visits their isolated shores.

Unfortunately on the Pribilof Islands there is no grass such as is found on the Aleutian Islands, where the natives, especially the Attu Indians, are adepts in the production of baskets. But it is interesting to know that the authorities are now encouraging efforts to get this particular kind of grass to grow on the Pribilof Islands, and it is to be hoped that the attempt to provide these poor people with a useful industry may meet with the success it deserves.

The population of the islands has declined, and there are now about 200 on St. Paul, and 100 on St. George. A lack of doctors renders the condition of the natives very pitiable in illness; but an attempt is being made to start a house to which sick persons can be removed from the squalid homes, and obtain proper treatment when ill, or injured. There are no regular schools established as yet, but the United States Government is not unmindful of education, and the elder children are sent to the Indian school at Chemawa, Oregon. On St. Paul there is a Russian Greek Church with a rather elaborate interior.

Supplies are difficult to convey to these out-of-the-way islands. Everything has to be unloaded from the large vessel lying a mile or more out from the shore into small bidarras or skin boats tugged by a slow launch. The natives live largely on seal-steak, and supplies of it are iced and stored to last them from one season's killing till the next. It is not strongly flavoured or unpleasant in taste and appearance. Herds of reindeer have been established and do well. Foxes are numerous, and are valuable for their fur, but the Arctic lemming is found only on St. George. It is something between a rat and a guinea-pig, and lives chiefly up on the mountains in desolate places.

Bird life is a striking and interesting feature of the islands:

a human being may walk unheeded amidst a countless crowd of screaming waterfowl—cormorants, gulls, sea-parrots, and auks in hundreds of thousands. Immense numbers of them roost together in dense masses, packed as closely as sardines.

For two days after leaving Nome the weather continued stormy and rough: the *Senator* is a good sea boat, but the incessant rolling was very trying, and we made slow progress; but later, on going southwards, the elements became kinder, and the sun shone upon us again.

We approached the Aleutian Islands in the early morning, and I got up at 3 a.m. to see the Unimak Pass and the smoking crater of Shishaldin. The twin volcanoes, Pogromni (6,500 feet) and Shishaldin (9,387 feet) were violently active at intervals from 1825 to 1829. In 1900 Greely saw the overhanging clouds of Shishaldin aflame from volcanic action, but the next day after he witnessed the spectacle, it was as I saw it, a graceful pointed cone, with a peaceful column of smoke for its one sign of activity. I took two photographs at 3-45 a.m., and after about an hour on deck, four of us had coffee, and then went back to bed for more sleep, of which we had had but little since leaving Nome, for the noise of the waves and the flapping of canvas kept one awake. As we steamed through the islands, little baby seals popped up here and there and squealed for their mothers; and three great eagles came off the land and followed us a long way out to sea.

The Aleutian Islands, so called from a Russian word meaning "a bold rock," are of volcanic origin. Bold rocky peaks and rugged precipitous cliffs rising sheer from the the sea, are dominating features of the chain, which extends 800 miles westward from the Alaskan Peninsula. Hot springs are found in proximity to extinct craters, of which there are many; and round about these, mosses and grasses abound, besides berry-bearing bushes which provide the natives with fruit. In bygone days, the islands were thickly populated, the natives finding plentiful food in the sea otter and other sea game, but they diminished in numbers with the increasing arrivals of fur hunters, whose reckless greed destroyed their food, and all but exterminated the seals. Thus in 1885, in the 800 miles of islands stretching from Unalaska to the western boundary, there were only three small native settlements, containing less than 500

inhabitants, including six or seven white men. Unalaska is the only port of call in the long stretch of stormy waters that lie between Nome and Seattle. The little township is on Unalaska Island, the largest of the Fox group, the most picturesque of the Aleutian Islands.

Basketry is the great industry of the Aleutian natives. The best, and also the most expensive, comes from Attu at the eastern extremity of the island chain. The Aleuts, though dirty themselves, and insanitary in their habits, nevertheless keep the baskets clean during the process of making, by covering them with cloths. The particular kind of grass used will not grow anywhere but on Attu Island; its striking peculiarity is that it swells after being woven, thus rendering the baskets watertight. They are very dear to buy: the small one I possess, $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter, cost £2. The large ones, valued at hundreds of dollars, have become heirlooms, and are handed down in families from generation to generation. The designs, contrived in different coloured grasses (some are dyed) nearly always run round the basket, which is almost invariably circular in form; only twice did I see one cone-shaped. The patterns have names, such as the "tying pattern"; the "cross pattern," used since the coming of Christianity to the natives; the "tattoo pattern"; the "butterfly pattern"; the "sea waves" is the oldest pattern; the "woodworm"; the "blanket border," "fireweed"; "salmon berry"; "bear tracks"; "jaw of whale-killer"; "arrowhead"; and dozens of others. One of the most important patterns is the "flying geese."

As the days passed slowly, we travelled into warmer regions, and whenever the sun shone I stayed on the top deck. There were no comfortable deck chairs on the steamer, and we had to content ourselves with wobbly camp-stools, which proved somewhat precarious supports when the steamer rolled. It is always a stormy trip, and on this occasion it was prolonged three days beyond the ordinary length by rough weather and adverse winds. We had a whole week of raging seas. At last we came within sight of the beautiful mountainous scenery of Vancouver, and finally entered Puget Sound. Here we had quite a little excitement, for news flew round the ship that a German cruiser had been sighted in the distance, and some misgivings arose as to the meaning of her presence in these waters.

ON THE *Senator* TO SEATTLE

However, it soon became evident that she was taking no notice of the *Senator*; interest died down and we soon forgot all about her.

On the shores of Puget Sound, a land-locked arm of the Pacific Ocean, dominated by fine mountains with fir trees clothing their lower slopes, I saw few signs of habitation, but I was told that forty years ago the Indians of this district were numerous, and very fierce and murderous in their habits. It is a wild stormy coast outlined with bold and cruel-looking rocks: this, added to the unpleasing character of its inhabitants, caused it to be much dreaded by mariners. Ships that were wrecked on the rocks incurred a double danger; for the sailors that escaped drowning were frequently cruelly plundered and murdered by the merciless savages, and it was seldom that the delinquents were caught and punished. Notorious murderers made notches on their revolvers to record the number of their victims: and one of them was known to boast of no less than twenty-nine murders.

I landed at Seattle very early in the morning, and made my way to the Grand Hotel. I was waiting for breakfast, when a man came in and asked the clerk for a newspaper, but none had yet arrived. He then inquired if there were any fresh news of the war. This woke me up. I had been so far away from all knowledge of European events, that I had not yet realised the momentous happenings in France and Belgium. Some news had reached me, but the rumours of one day were always contradicted by the statements of the next. All I knew was that the Germans and French were in it, but the reports I had heard were so confusing that I had almost got to believe there was no war at all.

Now I was thoroughly roused, and rushed at the clerk, asking: "What war is going on? Where is it? What is happening?"

"Oh," said he, in an offhand way: "Germany is at war with England, France, and Belgium. They have taken London, and are swarming all over England. Nearly everyone is killed or taken prisoner."

Of course, the wretch, seeing I was English, and a greenhorn from the wilds, gave a free rein to his lively powers of imagination; it was a horrible shock, and I fell into a chair and tried to collect my bewildered thoughts. Then, hearing that a mail

would go out that day, I seized some notepaper, and wrote a desperate letter to my man of business in London, imploring him to get my money out of the bank, and to meet me at Liverpool and take care of me, all of which would, of course, have been quite impossible had the Germans been in London. The poor man might himself have been a prisoner!

How they laughed when my letter arrived! It is treasured.

Presently a party of Americans, and with them a Dutchman, came into the hotel, all talking loudly about the war. The Dutchman, who spoke very bad English, was discoursing noisily with an air of great authority.

"The Germans will smash up the French," he asserted: "and the Belgians, and the English; but what about those d——d Allies, I don't know!"

This was so ridiculous that it quite cheered me. The man evidently did not know who the Allies were, and seemed to regard them as some nation, or combination of nations whose connection with Great Britain, France, and Belgium was plainly quite nebulous and vague in his foggy but self-complacent brain. I began to perceive that I had arrived in a land which was well primed with sensational rumours: my faith in my own country and her valour revived with a bound, and I immediately felt more hopeful. I was really grateful to the bumptious Dutchman.

After breakfast the newspapers came, and I got the latest news (weeks old) it was possible to obtain so far west: but I had not much time to study them, for I was soon hurrying off to bid farewell to some steamer friends, who were leaving by an early train.

Later, I took a drive in a small charabanc round the city and lovely lake where the distant views of fine mountains made a fitting frame to the landscape. Seattle appeared to be built in rectangular blocks as in New York; straight hilly streets mounting upwards from the lake, the intersecting thoroughfares dividing the groups of buildings up into large blocks. One of the things that pleased me most in the town was the number of gardens in which I saw growing the flowers we are familiar with in England—roses, carnations, paeonies, etc.

I called on several people to whom I had introductions, but they were all away, and I subsided into the hotel to write letters, and

get some tea before catching a late afternoon train to Vancouver. I was obliged to hurry on by train, although I had a steamer ticket, in order to get to Vancouver in time for the lectures I was booked to give, the stormy passage having delayed me at sea.

So long as daylight lasted, I was interested in the scenery through which I was speeding. Soon after leaving Seattle, we passed very large ship-building yards with vessels on the stocks : then a gigantic saw-mill came in sight, and quantities of logs, some in great stacks and some still lying in the water by which means they had been floated down from the forests. The scenery all around was very fine.

I arrived at Vancouver in the dead of night : there were no porters, nor anyone to help, and I had to leave my luggage locked up in the van, and proceed on foot to find my way entirely alone (no one seemed to have left the train at Vancouver) in a part of the city quite unknown to me. Eventually I reached the hotel, where I was welcomed back by my Scotch friends. Tired out with the long fatiguing day—for I had been on the go since 7 a.m., I soon fell asleep, my last thoughts being of all I had seen, learned, and gone through which made up this unique and most interesting bit of my life.

When remembering what was done in the White Pass making that wonderful railway, one feels sure the difficulties of transport will be overcome. Folks will soon be flying there, and I should like to be on the first airship that makes the journey.

To finish, perhaps I may quote some apt lines from Service's poem, "The Spell of the Yukon," for they show how bewitching is this "Great lone Land" of the Yukon :

*The summer—no sweeter was ever ;
 The sunshiny woods all atbrill ;
 The greyling aleap in the river,
 The big horn asleep on the hill.
 The strong life that never knows harness,
 The wilds where the caribou call ;
 The freshness, the freedom, the farness—
 O ! God ! how I'm stuck on it all.
 It's the great big broad land way up yonder,
 It's the forests where silence has lease ;*

*It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder,
It's the stillness that fills me with peace.
There are hardships that nobody reckons ;
There are valleys unpeopled and still ;
There's a land—oh ; it beckons and beckons,
And I want to go back—and I will.*



Ready for the Trail.



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Ancient carved box, believed to be a medicine man's chest.

NATIVES AND THEIR CUSTOMS

IT is almost impossible to convey in this book any adequate idea of the innumerable ceremonies and festivals held by the Indians yearly, and it would require many volumes to describe in detail the secret societies, social organizations, taboos, initiation ceremonies, winter ceremonials, funeral customs and so forth, that form an essential part of a native's life. Delving into their intricacies one is led into an endless maze of elaborate ritual: for every tribe has its own particular tradition and manner of conducting these festivals, each differing from the others, and all so interesting. I spent weeks at Oxford reading at the Bodleian and Anthropological libraries with the result that, from the knowledge I gained of the complexity of the subject, I came to the conclusion that only in a very general and cursory way could its wonders and mysteries be even insinuated in a book of this compass. For further knowledge, I beg of my readers who are interested in such matters, to search through the great classic that deals with them, "The Golden Bough," by Sir J. G. Frazer.

As to the languages spoken in Alaska, I do not believe there is anyone who can possibly know them all, for they are innumerable. Even members of the same tribe do not necessarily speak the same language. There may be a small community of perhaps a dozen Indians living near another small settlement, both of the same tribe, but each speaking a different language.

The Indians of South Eastern Alaska are obviously of a different race from the Indian of the plains: their Mongolian origin can be read in their features, and there can be little doubt that their original progenitors crossed over from Asia to the westernmost portion of the North American continent at some period of the past; the date of which, so far as I know, has never been definitely established. Their personal appearance, their habits, and their handicrafts are all more Asiatic than Indian, and their language is entirely different in character from that of the Indians of the interior: speaking is done in the throat, with the mouth almost closed.

The designation "Indian" for the aborigines of America is, of course, more colloquial than accurate, and originated in the mistake of Columbus who, when he first landed in America, thought it was part of Asia, and called the dark-coloured inhabitants "Indians." A conference of lexicographers has adopted the term "Amerind," a term suggested, I believe, by Mr. J. W. Powell to describe the aboriginal tribes familiarly known as Indians.

Some people think the American Indians are the lost tribes of Israel; a belief which has arisen through certain resemblances which exist between the ideas of the ancient Hebrews and Alaskan Indians.

The Eskimos, who inhabit the coastal regions of the North West, are of a different race, and are never found more than twenty miles, or thirty at the very most, from the sea.

Aboriginal Alaskans fall into four main divisions: Aleuts, so called from the Russian word signifying "a bold rock," referring to their rocky island home; Western Athabascans, the Indians of the interior; Thlingits, or Koloshes, the latter being the name given to them by the Russians; and Eskimos, or to call them by the native name, Innuits.

There is a good deal of evidence which would seem to indicate that the present system of tribes is of comparatively recent growth, and has passed through considerable changes. Each clan derives its origin from a mythical ancestor, who built his house at a certain place, and whose descendants continued to live in the same locality. Clans drift apart from various causes, but tradition has it that long ago they were divided up by the flood, regarding which various legends are told. In all cases where the clan or tribal name is the collective form of the name of an ancestor—such as bear, wolf, or salmon, it may be assumed that this group or clan at one time formed a single community.

Tribal life among the Amerinds is chiefly communal: Pauline Johnson, the daughter of Onwanonsyshon, head chief of the Six Nations Indians, and his English wife, tells us in her charming book on the Legends of Vancouver, that the Indian regards it as disgraceful to have food if his neighbour has none; and though the coast Indians are not so fierce in their abhorrence of sharp contrasts of riches and poverty, as are the eastern tribes, yet the same idea pervades them all in a more or less degree.

Among the Eskimos, if a man borrows some article and fails to return it, public opinion does not require that he shall be made to do so. The view is that if a person has enough to lend, he has more than he needs. But if a man steals from a member of his own tribe or village, he is held up to shame in the Kazhem before all his fellows, and compelled to return the stolen goods. Thieving from a stranger, or from another tribe, is not considered any crime so long as the delinquent's own community is not injured by his act.

Indians believe in a Supreme Being, and the survival of the spirit of both human beings and animals. Their faith in a spirit world is shown in many ways, and especially in the ceremonials of death. None of the villagers may do any work on the day that a death occurs in the community; and the immediate relatives of the departed must refrain from work for three days. During the period of mourning, it is forbidden to make use of any sharp-edged or pointed tool, such as an axe, knife, or even a needle; for the spirit of the dead person hovers in the vicinity for three days, and might be injured, in which case the shade of the departed would be very angry, and vent its wrath by punishing the people with sickness, and perhaps death. Sir J. G. Frazer in "The Golden Bough," mentions the curious fact that a similar idea prevails among the Roumanians of Transylvania, who are careful not to leave a knife lying about with the sharp edge uppermost so long as a corpse remains in the house, or "the soul will be forced to ride on the blade."

Care must also be taken not to disturb the spirit by any loud noise. If the death takes place during the day-time, the bereaved family wail loudly (for apparently this kind of noise is not disagreeable to the spirit) and at once they dress the body in his or her best clothing—if possible, in garments never worn before. If death occurs at night-time, the body is not dressed till sun-rise. The body lies all night on the usual sleeping place, a kind of shelf or platform which edges the walls of the shack; and an oil lamp is kept burning all night. If a coffin is to be used, the male relatives prepare it. It is simply a rough box of driftwood logs; when it is ready, the body is put in a sitting position, wrapped up in deerskins or grass mats, which are secured by cords of raw hide: it is then hoisted up by the cord through a hole in the roof, never taken out by the door, for such carelessness would have

terrible results—the spirit would always be coming back and entering.

The “cemetery” is usually at the back of the village. If the deceased is a man, his tobacco-pouch, pipe, and flint and steel are placed with him in the box; his snow shoes, spears, tools, etc., are put near by, and his paddle, blade upwards, is planted in the ground. If the departed is a woman, her metal bracelets, deer-tooth belt, work-bag and needles are put with her in the box—and in both cases, if the box is made of planks, the family totem is painted on it in red or black. Food is placed near by, to appease the hunger of the returning spirit, and wooden dishes and cooking utensils hung on a post. Some natives cremate their dead, and this, if properly done, is certainly a more sanitary method of disposal, for the hard frozen ground makes a “grave” in the ordinary sense of the word almost impossible. The ashes are often placed in a cavity at the back of the family totem pole, and as the cremation is frequently very imperfectly performed, the resulting whiff, if one goes near the pole to examine the carving, is far from fragrant.

A great feature of the cremation ceremonies of the Thlingit Indians is the fervour with which they resort to self-flagellation, to mark the solemnity of the occasion. The greatest pride is taken by the participants in the severity of the tortures which they inflict upon themselves. The assembled kinsfolk gather round the funeral pyre, and demonstrate their grief and respect for the departed by slashing their arms, and striking stones against their faces. Some thrust their heads into the fire and singe their hair; others, whose religious ardour or affection for the deceased does not carry them to inconvenient lengths, merely cut their hair, and smear their faces with the ashes of their relative.

There is always a chosen place—under the shade of trees if possible—where the tribal ceremonies and festivals take place. Here men are promoted or deposed, and feasts with merry-making and dances are held. Here also the Shaman edifies the people with his orations; men do their weaving and women their basket-work. Among primitive peoples there is always a men’s house—a sort of club—where women and children never enter except on very special occasions. Among the Eskimos of the Bering Straits, the Kazhem is the club, used as a sort of Turkish bath in winter, as I have already described.

The totems of Alaska are most curious and interesting, with their brilliant colouring and grotesque carvings, on the poles which stand near the dwellings of chiefs, testifying to the curious beliefs and quaint legends which play so important a part in the social and religious life of the Amerind. Totemism is a vast subject of absorbing interest, and the various forms of it which exist in many parts of the world have been studied, and theories thereon expounded by writers who have made a close study of its mysteries. In this chapter I can only hope to give a brief outline of the enormous amount of information available, and to pass on some of the ancient lore I collected during my journey, together with some description of the every-day life of the Alaskan native, as related to me by sourdoughs (old-timers), who in the course of long residence in this northern land, have become steeped in knowledge of Indian customs, religion, and thought.

A totem has both a religious and a social meaning. On the social side, it may be described as a sort of heraldic system, the clans or families being distinguished by various birds, beasts, and fishes, from which the old legends declare them to be descended. The pole which stands close to the family abode bears on it carved representations of the family totem: bear, raven, wolf, or whale, etc., as the case may be, the emblem being a sort of family crest. The possession by a family of a totem is a mark of aristocracy, and the totem pole is an evidence of family property. Thus if the "bear" or "salmon" family put up a lofty pole, carved and coloured on all sides with the emblem of the family, it is much the same as the display made by an English family of a fine house and park.

The relations between a man and his totem are very important: for the totem protects the members of his clan, who in return show him great respect and consideration. The man may not kill the living representatives of his totem species, or the spirit of his ancestor will show his displeasure, which is greatly dreaded. A story is told of an Ojibway Indian who, by some misadventure, killed his totem—a bear. On his way home after the disaster, he met another large bear, who angrily attacked him, and asked him why he had killed his totem. Fortunately for the offender, after explanations and humble apologies, he was let off with a caution!

And here one naturally reflects on the difficulty that must arise when his totem animal is necessary to the man for food. This point has been elucidated by Sir J. G. Frazer, who explains that the primitive worship of animals has two forms, which though seemingly inconsistent, are in some cases practised by the same people. In the one form, animals are so revered that they are neither killed nor eaten; in the other, they are worshipped because, when killed, they provide the means of life. Benefit is derived from the animals—so it is believed—in both forms of worship: in the one, it is the rather shadowy one of protection and advice; in the other, it is a material benefit in the shape of flesh and skins. The two forms are a matter of necessity, for the Amerind could not spare the lives of all animals; for he could not at the same time preserve life in himself. And so he gets out of the difficulty by apologies and wiles and makes every effort to appease the animal and all its kinsfolk. He resorts to guile when killing it, trying to put the blame on someone else, testifying all the while to his deep respect, and endeavouring to conceal his participation in procuring the animal's death by protestations which must put a severe strain on the victim's credulity!

Among the Thlingitis, the first halibut of the season is reverentially handled, and addressed as a chief, a festival being held in its honour before the fishery proceeds. Some tribes try to avert blame for killing animals by ascribing the wicked deed to the Russians. The Ostiaks, when they have hunted and killed a bear, pretend to lament its death, and address it sorrowfully with the enquiry:

“Who killed you? It was the Russians.”

“Who cut off your head? It was a Russian axe.”

By these cunning suggestions, they hope to appease the wandering spirit of the slain animal, which they fear may attack them in revenge for its death. Evidently the spirit is easily hoodwinked by the guileful Indian.

The practice of reverence paid by the hunter to the hunted animal is found all along the regions of the North from Bering Strait to Lapland.

Among the Amerinds, elaborate ceremonies precede the bear hunt, for which they prepare themselves by a long fast, and expiatory sacrifices to the souls of bears killed in previous hunts.

When men of the Bear clan killed a bear, they made a feast and supplicated the dead animal saying : " Cherish no grudge because we have killed you : you have sense, you see that our children are hungry. They love you and wish to take you into their bodies. Is it not glorious to be eaten by the children of a chief ? "

Alaskan hunters preserve the bones of sables and beavers which they kill for a year, and then bury them with reverent care : for if the spirits who have beavers and sables in their care should see their bones contemptuously treated, they might show their displeasure by allowing no more to be trapped or killed. In Canada, the spirits are supposed to be satisfied if the bones are burnt or thrown into a river ; whereas if they were given to dogs, the spirits would let other beavers know, and they would not allow themselves to be caught.

Amongst the Eskimos, no water must be boiled in the house while the salmon fishing is in progress. Boiling water might convey unpleasant suggestions to the salmon and a poor catch would result. Although the Eskimos usually cook their food by boiling it, they do not hesitate to eat it raw on occasion.

The most extraordinary intricacy is the predominating feature of the rules that regulate marriage ; of the laws of inheritance ; and the etiquette of every-day life.

It is not considered good form for members of the same clan to intermarry : thus, a scion of the " bear " family may not wed another " bear " ; " raven " may not marry " raven " ; neither may " frog " wed " frog. " Further complications arise from the consideration that bear and wolf being both carnivorous, it is therefore forbidden for " bear " to marry " wolf. " " Frog " may seek alliance with the " whale " family, but " whale " must not cast an amorous eye on " halibut. " Bold spirits who dared to transgress this law would be ostracised, and in some tribes the offence was punished by death.

If difficulties in securing a wife arise through a preponderance of males in the class it is permissible to marry into, then the bride must be captured. It is done in a friendly kind of way by a struggle between several suitors, fighting hand to hand without weapons. Polygamy is permitted, and in some tribes a man is entitled to wed each of his wife's younger sisters as she grows up. I was told, however, that more than one wife is now unusual. Nevertheless, in many parts of my journey, when I came in

contact with the natives, a little conversation such as the following would frequently ensue.

After a long and careful scrutiny :

“ Can you cook ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Come and share my shack.”

“ No, thank you.”

One Indian more persistent than the others tried to persuade me to share his shack. I replied : “ I want to go back to my own home : why do you wish me to stay ? ”

After more deep thought and looking at me up and down, my admirer exclaimed with great gusto :

“ You’re white ! ”

I might have retorted “ You’re tinted ” ; for he was certainly dyed. In course of time I became somewhat wearied by the monotony of these oft-repeated proposals, so whenever I heard the preliminary question : “ Can you cook ? ” I would answer hurriedly, “ Yes, but no thank you.”

Descent is reckoned through females : the husband is only the guest of his wife, and the mother owns the children. It is she who is considered the head of the family ; while the head of the clan is the grandmother’s brother. Very complicated ! A man’s heir is not his son, but his sister’s son. If children lose their parents, they must be adopted by some other family, and in that case would change the name of their clan and totem.

Although life is for the most part communal, age gives superiority ; and any work or hunting is directed by the oldest man of the clan. In addressing one another, they use terms expressing the deference that is paid by the younger to the elder. An English boy may call his elder brother “ John ”—or possibly some very irreverent nickname ! But an Amerind boy of the backwoods must be much more ceremonious, and use a term showing that his brother is older, or younger, as the case may be. If a lad is particularly skilful in hunting or fishing, or has displayed great boldness in fighting, he may be promoted over the heads of his contemporaries, who thus become younger than he, and must address him with the title given to seniority. By some, such promotion is called “ adding a spike to a man’s horns ” : some tribes express it by saying “ another stripe has been added to his paint ” : others again talk of “ adding a

feather to the bonnet." On the other hand, cowardice may be stigmatised by deposition, and a craven may have to accord the title of seniority to his contemporaries or juniors. A prisoner captured in warfare might be adopted into a clan, and this adoption was considered as new birth, and his official age was reckoned from the date of it.

Loyalty to his clan is the duty of every member. If the recognised laws are transgressed by any one member, the whole clan must shoulder responsibility for the crime. Injury must be avenged: this is well known by the offender who lives in perpetual dread of retribution, and can never get a moment's respite from watching for the moment when vengeance will fall upon him.

The Indian gives freely and accepts freely. The great giving festivals—the Potlatch—when the man who holds it gives away gifts of blankets, guns, etc., until he has reduced himself to poverty, have had to be restrained by Government regulations, as being against the welfare of the people generally. This reckless distribution of his substance was considered to confer very great honour on the donor, who would deprive himself for years, working strenuously all the time for the sole purpose of giving away all that he gained. When at last he had accumulated what he considered sufficient wealth for distribution, the Potlatch would be announced, and his neighbours and friends would gather together to receive gifts. The names of those selected for endowment would be called out, and it was *de rigueur* for each one to assume an air of indifference as he came forward to receive his share of the spoil.

There is another form of the Potlatch festival in which the gifts are not the offering of one man, but are collected by all who are able to do so, and brought to the chief, who distributes them to the poorer members of the clan.

An Indian never forgets kindness bestowed upon him. He does not thank the donor, or say he is grateful: he simply says: "You have a good heart."

Religious ceremonies are controlled by the Shamans, who are priests as well as medicine-men; and are credited with the powers of divination, though it is doubtful if faith in them is as strong nowadays as it used to be. They were supposed to thwart sorcery and witchcraft, and to cure disease. They direct hunting

expeditions, fishing, and the gathering of fruits, and it is their duty to ensure plentiful harvests, and regulate climatic conditions. Societies are organised with the aim of obtaining the help of ghostly powers, and preserving traditions and spiritual lore. These societies or brotherhoods invoke the aid of spirits in all the important events of the year ; and ceremonies, arranged by the Shaman, who is the leader of the society or phratry, are held in honour of the ghosts whose benevolence is sought.

When fishing tribes are anxiously hoping for an abundant catch, everything depends on obtaining the favour of the spirits : if rain is required, the Shaman must invoke aid from the inhabitants of the unseen world, who must be propitiated if an abundant crop is to be obtained. For this Kiva worship, a special place is set apart, where the Shamans practise their arts of divination, and signs are sought as to whether certain enterprises will be successful or not. There also, trials for witchcraft are held.

Belief in Shamanism was formerly prevalent among all the aboriginal tribes. Superstitions live long, but with the spread of education aiding the exercise of natural intelligence, the native cannot fail to observe that the arts of the Shaman have not always produced the desired results ; and the veneration in which the medicine-man was held is probably on the decline.

A marked predilection is shown by the natives for the remedies of the white man : he loves medicine, and the nastier it is the more he revels in it. There is no noxious draught that he will not swallow with apparent relish.

The Eskimos believe that the Shaman can summon spirits from their under-world place of abode and obtain information from them : so powerful is the medicine-man that he can command the presence of the spirits by stamping his foot, and when he has conversed with them, and discovered all that he requires to know, he sends them away again by another stamp of his foot. Meanwhile the anxious enquirer is blind-folded, but can hear the conversation, or at all events the questions of the Shaman ; possibly the answers can only be heard by professional ears. Sometimes it is the case of a man who has gone out to sea and has not returned at the expected time. The wizard will then undertake to ascertain by means of a magic mirror whether the missing man is alive or dead. The ceremony requires the

presence of the absentee's nearest relative, and the magic mirror is provided by a tub of water. Gazing into the water, the wizard professes to see the image of the missing man, either sitting upright in his canoe and using his paddle, or capsized in the water. How the wizard extricates himself from the difficulty when he makes a mistake I do not know, but no doubt there is some way of ascribing error to the malevolence of some evilly disposed spirit. It is apparently possible for a Shaman to err, for the Indians of the Nass river in British Columbia think that the doctor may swallow his patient's soul by mistake.

The welfare of the soul or shade is a matter of great concern to both Eskimo and Indian, and they are ever on their guard against the machinations of enemies who may have evil designs against the spirit. It is the fear of some mysterious and magical influence that gives rise to their dread of photography. An explorer was once about to take a photograph of a group of natives, when the chief insisted on putting his head under the black cloth which was once an essential part of the operation. No sooner had he caught sight of the figures on the screen than he yelled in horror to his friends: "All your shades are in that box!" Whereupon they all fled in terror and hid themselves in their shacks; and the explorer got no picture.

Greely expresses the opinion that the results on Indians of contact with white is depressing, and says that even the missionaries with whom he discussed the future were despondent. Two things only, he says, are certain as regards the Athabascans: the decrease of numbers and the increase of misery, owing to the great destruction of the animals that supplied them with food. It is to be hoped that this estimate of the native situation in Alaska may prove to be unduly pessimistic. American methods and enterprise are doing much: excellent hospitals have been established and efficient medical aid provided: education is extraordinarily good; the food resources of the country are being safeguarded and replenished, and industrial methods are being introduced. The United States will have the good wishes of all in their efforts on behalf of the native Indian and Eskimo.

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THE wonderful carved symbols on the totems of Alaska which may be described, in one sense, as the family crest, are in another sense tokens of the religious beliefs of the native Indians, and represent the mythical beings from whom they believe themselves to have sprung. Around these fabulous beings a great number of legends have been woven into the intricate web of their religion, and handed down from one generation to another.

The most important of these myths is the Raven, regarding whose remarkable doings some very interesting stories are related, showing him to have been a god-like being in bird form, with supernatural powers at his command, to meet the exigencies of the most unpromising situations, although he seems occasionally to have met with little mishaps, as for instance the unfortunate little contretemps which rendered his plumage black for all time.

Among the Thlingits, the place of Yehl the Raven is a very important one: he is the chief emblem and forms the subject of the principal legend of their phratry, for he is regarded not only as an ancestor, but as the creator of man. His might it was that set the sun and moon and stars in their appointed places, and caused growing things to spring up out of the ground. Notwithstanding these remarkable powers, he had considerable trouble with enemies, more especially with a wicked uncle, whose animosity was stimulated by jealousy; for he had a young wife, and the thought that his sister's sons would inherit his widow was very bitter, and goaded him on to plan the destruction of the unfortunate youths. Accordingly he set to work, and achieved the death of all Yehl's ten elder brothers, which he brought about either by drowning them, or cutting off their heads with knife. Still there remained Yehl to be dealt with. He, however, was not an ordinary child: his mother had conceived him by swallowing a pebble; and by means of another pebble, she had contrived to render him invulnerable. Thus, when the wicked uncle endeavoured to decapitate him also,

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he found that the knife made no impression whatever, and Yehl could not be disposed of in that way. This made him still more angry and in a great rage he exclaimed: "Let there be a flood!" And immediately the waters rose, and covered the mountains. From which it would appear that the uncle also possessed supernatural powers to some very considerable extent. Still, he could not make an end of his nephew. Yehl, who could put his feathers and wings on and off at will, simply assumed his bird form, and flew up into the sky, where he remained hanging by the beak for ten days, while the waters rose and rose, until they lapped his wings. When at last the flood abated, he dropped into the sea, and fell upon a bank of seaweed, whence he was rescued by the sea-otter, who brought him safe to land. It is disappointing that the story does not enlighten us as to the fate of the wicked uncle and his young wife, and we are left uncertain as to whether both perished in the disaster planned for the removal of Yehl.

There are various versions of the story of the flood, an event which is found among the traditions of every land. According to another Indian legend, it was caused by the all-powerful Raven, who had placed a woman under the world, to regulate the rise and fall of the tides. But he wished to know himself what went on under the depths of the sea, and he therefore commanded the woman to heave up the waters, so that he should not get wet while making his investigations. With careful forethought, he ordered her to lift the waters slowly, so that the people had time to get ready their canoes, and provision them. As the waters rose and rose, bearing them in their boats up to the mountain tops, they could see bears and other wild animals moving about on the summits that still remained unsubmerged. Many of these animals, when they saw the canoes, tried to swim out to them, and those who had saved their dogs and brought them with them in their boats, were very thankful for the protection they afforded against the wild beasts. Some of the people landed on the mountain tops, and presently the waters began to subside. But their troubles were not over, for the mountain sides had been stripped of trees: no firewood could be obtained, and the unfortunate people perished of cold. When the Raven returned from under the sea, and saw fish lying high and dry on the land, he said: "Stay there, and be turned

to stones"; and to the people descending from the mountain tops he said the same: which one cannot but feel was a little inconsiderate, after the way he had sacrificed them to his curiosity. Then, says the legend, when all mankind had been destroyed, the Raven created them anew out of leaves.

Mr. H. P. Corser, whom I was fortunate enough to meet at Wrangell, is a great authority on the old Indian legends, and unfolded to me quite a number from the vast stores of his memory. He has published a collection of them in a little book entitled "Totem Lore of the Alaskan Indians," in which he records the traditions and legends that have been confided to him by various chiefs of South Eastern Alaska.

From his account, it seems to have been the grandson of the Raven who obtained for mankind the light of the sun and moon.

Long ago there was darkness all over the earth, for the Creator, the Great Raven, kept these luminaries hidden away in boxes; or according to some accounts he had three bags, one containing the sun, one the moon, and the third the stars. One of the mortals of that remote period wanted to obtain the contents of the bags for mankind, so with great cunning he changed his form, and became a needle of the hemlock tree which hung over a pool of water where he knew the daughter of the Creator was wont to drink. The hemlock needle artfully dropped into the water and was swallowed by the lady. Thus he was born again, and presently grew into a clever boy. Craftily he set to work to get into the good graces of the Raven and Creator; and after a while persuaded his grandfather to let him have the bag of stars as a plaything. No sooner did he obtain them, than he threw the whole bagful up into the sky, and there they remained. But the light they gave did not satisfy the persevering youth, and he induced the Creator to give him the moon; and this also he threw up into the sky. Still he was dissatisfied, and cried till his grandfather gave him the sun also. This he rolled along the floor, and threw it up into the sky. Then apparently he was frightened by the brilliant rays that shone down, and fled from his ancestral home. The mortals also were frightened; some jumped into the sea and were turned into fishes, and others roamed away to the mountains and became wild beasts.

The young Raven's next exploit was in connection with the

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provision of water, for up to this time there was no fresh water. Hearing that there was a spring on Forrester Island out in the Pacific Ocean, he flew thither, but found it was guarded by an old man called Ganook, who would not allow the Raven to have any of the water. But the Raven was full of resource, and he contrived to make it necessary for Ganook to leave the spring and go down to the salt water for a wash. While he was away, the Raven rushed to the fresh water and drank as much as he could and then returned to the house. Suddenly Ganook appeared at the door, and taking fright, the Raven tried to escape hurriedly by the hole which is always in the middle of the roof to let out smoke from the fire. But Ganook called upon the spirits which are connected with such holes for help, and they held the Raven there till he was covered with soot: and though he finally escaped, he was never able to remove the black from his plumage.

However, he had managed to swallow a good deal of water, and he began to fly over the country, dropping it on the land. Each little drop became a salmon creek, and where he dropped a larger supply, there sprang up a river.

Then the Raven turned his attention to the creation of man. First he tried to make them out of stones, but they turned into men that were slow, and he threw them down in disgust, and tried making them out of the leaves of trees. These pleased him better, and he allowed them to live.

The Raven figures also in the legend of the flood as told by the Haidas of Queen Charlotte's Islands. As usual, he is described as being a supernatural creature, who could become a bird or a human being at will, and he was the sole survivor of a great flood. After the waters in which all the people had been swept away subsided, the Raven felt lonely, so he took a cockle from the beach and married it. Still he continued to feel lonely. Presently the cockle gave birth to a female child. When this child grew up, the Raven married her, and from them sprang the Indians that people the land.

The Thlingit tribe is considered one of the oldest on record. Long before the flood, they fled north of the Nass River, and they have yet another version of this event, in which the people saved themselves in an ark. When the flood subsided, and the ark rested on dry land, it split in two, and this, they say, accounts

for the different languages of the world. The Thlingits, they claim, are the representatives of one half of the occupants of the ark; and all the other races of the earth are descended from the other half.

The Eskimos of the Bering Sea tell a quaint story of the Raven's marriage, from which it appears that the Raven was getting on in life, when he bethought him it was time he took to himself a wife. So he flew whither the birds were winging on a southern flight. Appealing to a goose, he exclaimed: "Who will marry me? I am a very nice man." But the goose flew away: so did the black brant, when the Raven repeated his words of self-commendation. The duck also treated his blandishments in the same way. "What kind of people are these?" complained the Raven, "they do not even stop to listen." Later on a family of white geese appeared, and the Raven called them to stop, asking, "Who wants to marry me? I am a fine hunter—I am so young (which he was not) and handsome." The geese paused, and the Raven thought hopefully, "Now I will get a wife." Near by was a white stone with a hole in it, which he strung on a long piece of grass and hung round his neck. Then he pushed up his beak, and became a dark man. The Raven could always change his form, and the bird-beak shape just fitted on to the top of his head. After he had talked to the geese, they all followed his example and pushed up their bills, and appeared as nice-looking people. The Raven gave the girl the white stone which hung round his neck, and this made her his wife. Then they all pushed down their bills, and becoming birds again, flew away south where summer prevailed.

The story of the mythical Bear is another important legend. According to the Tsimpsean version, an Indian went on a goat-hunting expedition, and when he had reached a remote mountain range, he met a black bear which took him home, and taught him how to catch salmon and build canoes. The man stayed two years with the bear and then he returned to his own village, where he found that everyone was afraid of him for he had taken on the aspect of a bear. One man took him into his shack, but he had lost the power of speech, and bear-like, could only eat raw flesh. So they seized him and rubbed him with magic herbs until he gradually resumed the form of a man. After this, whenever he required help, he sought the aid of his bear friend, and then he

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was always able to catch salmon, even when the rivers were frozen. When he put up his shack, he painted a bear on it, and used the design for his "crest." Also, his sister made a blanket with a bear design on it, and her descendants for all time used a bear as their crest.

It is observed that legends of this character correspond with the story regarding the acquisition of manitous among Eastern Indians; and there is again an analogy with the legends of the Malay peninsula, which tell of human beings turning into ferocious beasts at night. This analogy becomes the more striking when we find that each man among these tribes acquires a guardian spirit, but that he can acquire such only as belong to his clan. Thus a person may have the general crest of his clan, and besides use as his personal crest, such guardian spirits as he has acquired.

The Grizzly Bear legend belongs to the Shakes tribe. At the time of the flood, the Shakes tribe went up a mountain and met with two grizzly bears who were quite friendly. When the flood lessened, they killed one of the bears and made for themselves a mask. This mask, the Shakes people kept to wear at a potlatch when a slave was to be sacrificed. A dance would be proceeding, when a Shakes tribesman would don the bear mask, and creep from a cave and strangle the slave, who had been tied down to the ground on his back. Some of the older Indians of the present day can remember this cruel act being perpetrated.

The origin of the mosquito, which is such an unpleasant disturber of the peace in the early Alaskan summer, is explained by a quaint legend of mythical times. In these days, we learn, there were giants in the land, and one of them was a noted man eater. A certain young man of that period was addicted to the killing of giants, and had a great desire to kill this particular one, who was such an enemy to men; but often though he tried, he could not compass the death of the giant. At last, the youth found out from the son of the giant, that a wound in the heel was the only means of killing him, and it was not long before the young man succeeded in shooting an arrow into the giant's heel. Then the dying giant declared: "Though you burn me, I will bite you." The youth burned the body of the giant and threw the ashes up into the air, whereupon each fragment turned into a mosquito, and thus the giant has been biting man ever

since. It may not be generally known that it is the female mosquito that does the biting, the male, being a vegetarian, has no desire for human blood.

The legendary lore, which is symbolised by totems, enters also into the history of the Chilcat blanket, which is always a prominent feature at ceremonial dances, and funerals; and when a feud broke out, it went with the warrior to the fight. The mythical origin of the blanket is ascribed to the Thlingits; although it was previously made by the Tsimpseans, who had forgotten the art when the first white people visited the country. It was then made by the Chilcats. The Thlingit name for the blanket is "Naxin" which means "fringe about the body." It is made of goat's wool, the inner bark of the yellow cedar, and sinew. The cedar bark forms the warp, and is covered with goat's wool, which is the woof. Sinews are used to sew the ornamental parts. The blanket is made by hand on a simple wooden frame, and it takes the wool of three to ten mountain goats to make a blanket. The colouring is black, yellow and bluish green. Eyes, a symbol of totem origin, signifying intelligence, form part of the design. The pattern board is handed down from generation to generation.

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