

NOTHIN' TO SAY.

NOTHIN' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!—
Girls that's in love, I've noticed, ginerly has their way!
Yer mother did, afore you, when her folks objected to *me*—
Yit here *I* am, and here *you* air! and yer mother— where is she?

You look lots like yer mother: Purty much same in size;
And about the same complected; and favor about the eyes.
Like her, too, about *livin'* here, because *she* couldn't stay;
It'll 'most seem like you was dead like her!— but I hain't got nothin' to say!

She left you her little Bible— writ yer name acrost the page—
And left her ear-bobs fer you, ef ever you come of age.
I've allus kep' 'em and gyaarded 'em, but ef yer agoin' away—
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

You don't rickollect her, I reckon? No; you wasn't a year old then!
And *now* yer— how old air you? Why, child, *not* "twenty!" When?
And yer nex' birthday's in Aprile? and you want to get married that day?
. . . I wisht yer mother was livin'!— but— I hain't got nothin' to say!

Twenty year! and as good a gyrl as parent ever found!
There's a straw ketched onto yer dress there— *I'll* bresh it off— turn round.
(Her mother was jest twenty when us two run away!)
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

James Whitcomb Riley.

OUR KIVIGTOK.

AN EPISODE OF THE LADY FRANKLIN BAY EXPEDITION.



HIS name was Jens Edwards, and he was an Innuvit, that is to say, a man; for with more than Saxon pride the Eskimo has always claimed his own to be the race of the world. He was born in 1843. He died in his kayak at sea, as had his father before him. That he met his death while striving for game to feed his starving comrades, slowly dying on the bleak, barren bluff of Sabine, is why I tell you the story of his life, and how he was our Kivigtok.

The incidents of early years were gathered partly from his own words, but the general outlines came from my surgeon and from the Danish officials at Upernivik.

His birthplace was on the little island of Proven, one of the small outposts of the Royal Danish Trade, around which cluster the Eskimos of the West Greenland coast. The long arctic night, which at Proven is unbroken by

sun for over ten weeks, gives ample time for improvement; and beside a knowledge of printed text, the gentle Danish priest had taught Jens the doctrines of the catechism, and had attuned his voice to the fervent Eskimo hymns, weird chants of praise which seem very outbursts of the soul, and which make such a strong impression on European minds.

It may be that religious feeling is largely a part of the Eskimo nature, or perhaps that school and church are as much diversion as duty, and so are welcomed as glad and happy breaks in the monotony of continual darkness or eternal sunshine. In such manner, at all events, were the winters of Jens Edwards' childhood passed.

The lavish care and affection always shown by the Greenlanders to their children had been peculiarly his. His father rehearsed to him the old Innuvit tales and traditions, which ever turned on those sports and labors that were to be the end and aim of his life, the



OUR LAST SIGHT OF THE "PROTEUS."

hunt of the bear and seal, and the journeys to the fabled inland country, habited by reindeer and conjurers. In early spring, when want came and famine threatened, he had with unbroken fast followed in stealthy tread his father from his sledge to the seal-net, and when skill and fortune gave a *Neitsik*, had learned how to flay deftly its skin and separate from the rich, dark meat the thick creamy layers of solid blubber, which with the hairy pelt could be bartered with the *Coloni-bestyrev* for scant supplies of bread and coffee.

In summer days, when plenty reigns and strength abides, when the polar sun for many weeks gives life and vigor to all nature, he had learned while yet a mere child the rudiments of *kayaking*.

This dangerous craft is gradually dying out in Greenland, and only the brighter and more ambitious boys acquire it. Practice must commence at a tender age, and must be continued assiduously. Jens had a pride and delight in the art, such as was unusual in his settlement. For those who have never seen a kayak I will imperfectly describe it as a shuttle-shaped boat, consisting of a wooden frame-work, which is fastened together generally by seal-skin thongs, and over which is stretched a

covering of tanned seal-skin as neatly and tightly as in the sheep-skin of a drum-head. The skin covering is so well tanned, and it is so deftly sewn together with sinew thread by the Eskimo women, that no drop of water finds its way through skin or seam. The use of seal thong in uniting the stanchions gives great strength and equal elasticity, allowing with impunity great shocks which otherwise would destroy so frail a structure. The boat is usually some fifteen feet long, and from its central point gently curves upward — from a width of twenty and a depth of ten inches — to pointed ends. Both prow and stern are carefully armed with a thin molding of walrus ivory, which is a protection to the skin covering when the hunter, spinning through the water, strikes small ice, or, in landing, so throws forward and upward his kayak that boat and man slide easily and safely up the edge on to the level surface of a floe. The only opening is a circular hole with a bone or wooden ring, its size being strictly limited to the circumference of the hips of the largest hunter who is to use it.

A waterproof combination jacket and mitten of oil-tanned seal-skin is worn by the hunter, who tightly laces the bottom to the

ring, so that no water can enter the kayak. Thus equipped, the Inuit hunter faces seas which would swamp any other craft, and plunges safely through the heaviest surf. A single oar, with a blade at each end, in skillful and trained hands propels this unballasted, unsteady craft with great rapidity, and it moves through the water at a rate varying from five to ten miles an hour, according to the character of the sea and the exigency of the occasion. The oar properly handled enables an expert to rise to the surface, if, as happens at times, the boat is overturned.

The kayak of the Eskimo is probably unsurpassed in ingenuity by the boating devices of any other savage people of the globe. Its essential points of lightness, buoyancy, and structural strength are marvelously well adapted to the varying and dangerous conditions under which an Eskimo provider seeks his sea game. This tiny craft with all hunting gear weighs scarcely 50 pounds, and will carry a load of some 200 pounds besides its occupant.

In a few short summers Jens became one of the most expert kayakers of his settlement, and as years rolled on he timidly passed from the quiet water of the adjoining inlet to the broader expanses of Salmon Fiord, and later boldly ventured in search of seal into the open sea, which beats, often with turbulent and furious force, against the battling crags stretching northward from Proven to meet the majestic cliff of Sanderson's Hope. Before he was fifteen, a proud and happy boy, he brought from the sea, trailing after his kayak, a seal caught by harpoon and bladder, and was received with feast and ceremony as a hunter among hunters. In such wise was he trained and grew to manhood, and it was known that a more active and clever youth could not be found in Proven. His obliging disposition and his expertness in various kinds of handicraft made him a useful man to the colony, and as an underworkman he could easily have had a place in the Royal Trade, the dream and crown of many a Greenlander's life. But Jens was made of better stuff. His father just then perished, as does many an Eskimo hunter, while chasing the seal in the treacherous waters and among the arctic ice of Baffin's Bay. It may be that, unable to turn his frail kayak in heavy seas and strong winds, he strove against them until he became completely exhausted, and the elements prevailed and he perished. Perchance, having struck a large seal or lanced a white whale, the excited hunter failed to throw the bladder, and with his kayak caught by the encircling coils of seal thong, was dragged to death by the game he had struck. At all events, the father, fasting, as do all good

hunters in Greenland when seeking the seal at sea, went forth and never returned.

Jens then determined to assume that place in the settlement which is upheld by force of custom as the most honorable for a Greenlander, and so became a provider.

This term in Greenland means that a man, to the best of his ability, shall follow the profession of a hunter in the sea, until physically disabled or succeeded by an able-bodied son. All Eskimos are land hunters, but hunting on the sea, from its great dangers, demands sound judgment, great physical strength, marked activity, and continuous practice. The death of his father, as it occurred at sea, was not without its influence as to his decision. It may be that in those children of the ice there is a touch of that same fatalism which is found among the sons of the desert, for in Greenland the son is bound to brave and defy the powers which have caused his father's death; and if in storm or ice that father has perished at sea, so much more the reason that the son by his skill as a kayaker should well acquit himself in the same calling. As years passed by, Jens took to himself a wife—not after the old Greenlandic fashion of infant betrothal and forced marriage, but by the Christian law which was more in keeping with his gentle spirit and early training.

In all these years he was the same helpful, industrious Jens who sought with earnest zeal to do his duty to his family and the village. No matter how late the spring, how early the autumn, or how hard the winter, his hut was never found without its oil or meat, brought from the sea by Jens's patient skill and unerring lance. When famine threatened in hard seasons, he of all never sought aid from the Trade. Only at such times he denied bread and coffee to his own, for his great, warm heart, touched by the misery around, gave to his starving fellows the blubber which would have bought these luxuries.

In these years he heard much of Hans Hendrik, who had written in Eskimo text his life, telling of his travels into the far north with Kane, Hayes, and Nares to lands where the inland ice was scarcely known, where reindeer were plentiful, and where even the musk-ox, the famous and traditional umimak, was to be found straying down to the sea from the fertile valleys of the interior.

These travels of Hans served long as winter talk for all Greenland, as in the gossip of its long arctic night is told and retold all that has been done or said in years throughout its thousand miles of inhabited coast. So the seed sown by his father's tales was fructified by the adventures of Hans. Then came to the country the forerunner of our

expedition, a skillful doctor, who spent much time with the natives, who learned to drive a dog-team, and like an Innuït ran after the sledge, who talked of the far north and promised game and adventures for Jens and good Danish coin for the family if he would go with him and his, the coming year. So it was that Jens Edwards, with tears in his eyes but courage in his heart, came one day to our little launch, in Proven, and, saying farewell to weeping wife and babes, sailed up the ice-bound coast to Upernivik and us.

As he came on board the *Proteus*, he stood before me a true Greenlander,— alert, active, and nimble in kayak or boat, in handling the oar, in throwing the lance, or using the gun; yet in other movements he showed that awkwardness which always comes in the use of untrained muscles. He was short, even for an Eskimo, being scarcely five feet in height. His complexion and general physiognomy struck me as distinctly Mongolian, of a shade between the Chinese and the Japanese. His coal-black hair was coarse and plentiful, and his black eyes were set in almond-shaped orifices. His face was broad and beardless, his nose flat, and his head very large, with neck short and thick. To a broad, full chest, stout arms and legs, were united small, well-formed hands and feet, the latter diminutive and shapely enough for a lady. He brought his fateful kayak and all needful weapons for sea-chase, which received his unceasing care and attention. His agreement bound him for duty as dog-driver and hunter and for such other cheerful service as I might exact, and in return he or his family was to receive twenty-five dollars in American gold each month. He was further to receive good and sufficient food and clothing, and in case of death in service I was to attempt to procure a pension for his family. He was pledged by the Royal Inspector to be honest, truthful, industrious, and faithful. I found him always busy and helpful, the most truthful being I have ever known, honest to the core, and faithful unto death.

So he sailed northward, and stood as one of us at Conger that eventful August day, watching the *Proteus*, as departing she forced her way slowly through the grinding pack and, vanishing from sight, left us isolated dwellers on the utmost verge of the world. The sun left us at Conger the middle of October, but the monotonous routine of arctic life had long before been entered on. The continued darkness, the utter solitude of external nature, the unvarying round of duties, the constant sight of the same faces and the sound of the same voices, had their effect on even the least impressionable man, and called for unusual strength of will to meet them undisturbed.

But to our emotional Eskimos the trial was greater. It is true they had from childhood undergone the hardships of an arctic winter, but in that northern hamlet of Proven, on the darkest day the noonday sun yet came within five degrees of the horizon, and gave such twilight as permitted regular labor and exercise at midday.

In early December Jens had varying spells of marked cheerfulness and of moody depression. At times he came to see and talk with me, a liberty I always encouraged, though it seemed to him a great one, from an idea, ever present in those simple minds, as to the exalted station of a governor or inspector. In plain, simple phrases, a quaint broken mixture of English and Eskimo, he talked of wife and children, whom he had left, who were so dear to his heart, so far from his sight. His wish to see, to know of them, was so strong that I repented at times of having ever offered the shining gold which influenced at least the Danish governor to favor his coming.

December 13th came, a dull morning, the sky hidden by dense masses of low, leaden clouds, which with the rising temperature gave sure signs of coming snow. The air, though fairly warm for Grinnell Land, at a temperature below zero thirty degrees, was yet raw and chilling, being full of little spiculæ of falling frost, which fast fills the beard, covers the face and eyebrows, and glues together the eyelids. At such times a faint breath of air is only needed to cover you, from chin to forehead, with a mask of ice, which thickens with incredible rapidity. The dry, cold air of yesterday, which, inhaled, excites the inner membranes like sparkling wine, had given place to-day to a moist, damp medium, which benumbed and stupefied, instead of vivifying. A taste of the coming storm, a mere glance at the leaden sky, had been quite enough for the officers on rising, and they quickly gathered around our cheerful oak table, whose bright silver and snowy linen gave some zest to our morning meal. As we somberly ate, for the hundredth time we looked askant at each other, and wondered if the pallid tint of yellowish white came from the bleaching, impending darkness, or from illness, and if our own was like to other faces.

We had hardly finished our meal when the orderly, Sergeant Brainard, knocked at the door and told me that Jens was gone.

"Gone where?" I asked.

"No one knows, sir, but Eskimo Frederik says he has gone."

I found that the cook had heard him rise and wash at seven o'clock, but no one had since seen him.

Sergeants Rice and Brainard were at once ordered to search for tracks near the house.

In order that no chance should fail, and before the general parties should start, the trail must be found. To that end I directed them, each with a man, to take torches, and going east a quarter of a mile, to separate and travel in opposite half-circles until they met west of the stations or found Jens's footsteps. If all had gone at one time or in an ordinary manner, the faint trail would have been obscured, and could have been picked up only with great difficulty.

As it was, Sergeant Rice found triple tracks on the Dutch Island path, two of which were yet clear in the recent-fallen frost, and of a person traveling toward the straits. Following them, he found that one turned back, evidently the trail of Frederik, who had before looked for Jens, but who, being without torch or lantern, could not see the footprints. Rice, sending back word that the trail had been found, and requesting a dog-sledge, continued on the track, accompanied by Private Whistler, whose zeal had led him to go without orders or even proper clothing. The dog-sledge left at once, under charge of the surgeon, with Sergeant Brainard and Eskimo Frederik. Rice found a good road for about two miles,—the beaten track over the paleocrystic floes, which daily was trodden by us, and which somehow intuitively in the beginning had been marked out toward home and friends — to the sunny and much-loved south.

By the time Dutch Island was reached the flaming turpentine torch was nearly empty, and at the end of the beaten path, where Jens had turned to the tortuous, winding maze of tangled ice-foot, it cast its glaring light only long enough to show that our Eskimo had turned toward the north and darkness, rather than toward the south and Proven. The course to the northeast led to Cape Beechy, the nearest point to Greenland, and he doubtless thought some time and in some unknown way he might pass the wild waste of rough ice, and with the rising coast of his native land find too, through its magic inland country, his home and loved ones.

How should the trail be farther followed? To return for a lantern was to lose time and perhaps lose the man, who might even then be perishing from cold. To go on without light was almost impossible, for so utter the darkness, so dense the falling haze of frost, that even the active, quick-eyed Jens had often fallen in the good road. As they turned back it occurred to Rice that in his outer pocket was a bit of candle which at times he used when noting the tide, his daily duty.

Lighting the candle, they found the tracks and went slowly on, experiencing many a fall in the chaotic masses of rough broken ice. In

a mile's travel the candle was relighted a dozen times, and as Rice was about waiting for the sledge he got a bad fall, by which he discovered, to his dismay, that he had not only lost the candle but had also disabled his right arm.

While they were searching for the candle, the dog-sledge with fresh torches came up, and the surgeon, finding that Rice could walk, sent him back to the station under the care of the ill-clad Whistler.

The doctor hurried on after Brainard and the sledge, and finally, near St. Patrick Bay, the party overtook Jens walking moodily on, heeding no cries, and turning no glance backward until he was reached and touched. Even then he would not talk, but silently took what was offered and fell into his wonted place behind the upstanders, at the rear of the sledge. Jens had gone nearly a dozen miles before he was caught. Clothed only for the warm quarters he had left, he had gone into the darkness and cold bare-handed and without a taste of food, and now took, as "good the gods provided," the fur mittens and plain bread his captors had brought with them.

The march in, which would have been slow and tedious from the roughness of the ice alone, was prolonged by the failing torch, which drove them to shore, where the high land and steep cliff had to be followed to insure their safe return. It had been, to begin with, the darkest of our two months of sunless days, but to add to their trouble a thick snow commenced falling, blinding and delaying them further. By good fortune no wind came, or they would have perished to a man. Two hours or more steady work brought them to the grounded floebergs and broken ice-foot at Dutch Island, huge masses of polar ice, at first forced high on the shelving shore in compact shape, and then broken and twisted into endless confusion by the heavy tides. It was no easy task, in utter darkness and falling snow, to wind a way through yawning clefts, or to climb the crests which must be scaled to reach the inner harbor.

The island passed, they struck the beaten path, where the eager dogs, with keen instinct keeping the trail on their wonted road, took up their best pace for home.

The station was but a scant half-mile distant, when loud calls from the side of the road caused a halt. It seemed that Rice, under Whistler's charge, had made slow progress homeward, and that after a time Whistler had begun talking extravagantly. At first Rice thought it was done to distract his mind from pain and to lessen the distance of travel. Soon, however, he found that Whistler was light-headed, a state evidently resulting from the extremely benumbing influence of the damp,

chilly air. Whistler had left the station too thinly clad, without orders, having been animated by excessive zeal for the search, which he did not realize would entail so long an absence. Rice soon found that in place of having help from Whistler he must extend aid to him. Suffering great pain from his shoulder and entirely unable to use one arm, he hardly knew what course to pursue. It had commenced snowing, and he felt if he left Whistler and made his way for help to the station, the man would wander from the way, and certainly perish before help could come. By coaxing and by force, now asking aid which Whistler could not give but which would keep him by his side, and again sharply ordering him to move on when he inclined to stop and stray, Rice managed to bring him within a mile of the station. From that point he could get him along only by pushing and pulling, and with great difficulty could he restrain him from rushing wildly into the outer rough ice, which lined the road.

The doctor and Brainard soon brought the freezing man to the sledge, and were placing him on it, when Jens's brooding heart, which had driven himself out into darkness and death, was moved by a touch of nature, and he at once said, "If he rides, he freezes; he must run behind the sledge."

Only this speech came from his lips during his inward journey, and his wise advice brought Whistler safely to the house, though wild in words and actions, and numb near to death. Eager hands took off the stiff garments, melted the masses of ice which bound fast beard and hair, and chafed the chilled limbs till new life and vigor filled his veins. Rice's shoulder was soon cared for, a bad sprain, but no fracture, being found on examination.

As soon as quiet and order were restored, I at once had Jens brought to my room. It seemed to me that in dealing with a savage, simple nature it was well to avoid delay, which could but end in bad results by giving him time to conjure up false ideas as to what harm would come to him. I had no idea of using threats or blame. The affair had already given much physical pain to two of my men, temporarily disabling both and nearly causing the death of one; but what was that to a man who deliberately turned his back on light, warmth, plenty, and comfort, to risk darkness, cold, want, and death?

I had known how Eskimo Peter had left Hayes, and, wandering from his brig in Foulke Fiord, had perished near the inland ice along the barren shores of Prudhoe Land. The tricks of wily Hans Hendrik were then thought to have caused this desertion, marked by fatal results.

The same Hans, a dog-driver of Captain

Stephenson's, in our very harbor had gone forth to quit his party; but, as he said, not to give pain to his good captain, he dug a hole in the snow a short mile from the ship and let himself be found.

The harsh treatment which Peter feared and Hans feigned to fear could not be in question with us. Jens and his fellow had been treated with great kindness and marked consideration. Mindful of the advice given by the Royal Inspector of North Greenland, I had charged all the men to avoid any jesting or even the semblance of fun with these Eskimos, but to try and show that naught save gentle words and kind thoughts could come from us to them. These orders the men had rigidly obeyed.

I allowed no one to remain in the room with us, so as to spare Jens's feelings, and in the hope that being man to man I might thus the better gain his heart and confidence.

I gave him a glass of brandy—the great favor in Greenland, where *schnapps* cannot be sold to the natives. He drank it, as by order from the "Governor." I gave him some figs—a great delicacy among Greenlanders: he did not wish to take them. Tears sprang to his eyes as he told me he was bad and I was good, and he asked me to take them again. He at length ate one or two, after his simple, hearty, "dank you," which he had ever used as an acknowledgment of the least favor.

Slowly could I draw from him any word as to why he had gone, as to what of good could come to him, and what other than harm to us who had ever done that which was right and good to him and his. I gained little from him that day other than that he sought the inland country of Greenland and wanted to be a Kivigtok.

Day by day he visited me, coming always when I was alone, seating himself in his humble, timid, deprecating way, and telling me in a touching, hesitating manner of his home and wishes, of his wife and tiny babes, on the little island far to the south, whom he was destined never again to see. In the mean time I, fearful of another flight, had put a quiet guard over him by telling the hourly observers to ask his aid always when he was not at the table or in his bed. He was always glad to do a favor, and in this way his whereabouts was known hourly. I had learned, too, from Crantz and Rink what a Kivigtok was.

Among the beliefs germane to Greenlanders is one which a century and a half of christianizing influences has been unable to eradicate. The cause of this failure is not far to find, for in this civilized country of ours exists a similar belief, which is openly admitted by some, and a strain of which is to be found in nearly all—that of clairvoyance. This sense the Eskimos usually call *na-lus-sa-er-u-neck*, and

the individual possessing it is called *na-lus-sa-er-u-tok*, which signifies that there exists nothing of which the possessor is not conscious. This gift, through an intuitive knowledge of nature's hidden laws, enables them to accomplish their will by methods unknown to common minds.

A Kivigtok is a man who has fled mankind and through a solitary life amid nature's surroundings has acquired this gift of clairvoyance,—learned to understand the speech of birds and animals, and acquired information as to the foundation of the world. Men usually become Kivigtoks owing to unjust treatment by others or owing to a tongue-lashing by kindred or home-mates which leads them to desire revenge. As Jens had no fear of us nor any fault with his treatment, I could not think the usual causes could be identical with that which drove him away, and after a time my idea was confirmed.

It seemed that the simple, natural man did not—as indeed who of us does?—know himself. He came north, not so much that he might keep the wolf from his humble door as that he might have a glimpse of that beautiful country which his father had told him could be found inland, where reindeer and musk-oxen were plentiful, where meat and skins were in abundance, and the willow and the birch grew to giant trees. He had never before left wife or child for more than a few short days, and he knew not how strongly entwined around his heart were the tendrils of love which bound him to them. The going of the ship had in a way awakened him, but an active life, running after the sledge or hunting game, had saved him from himself until the long arctic night with little work and idle hours had given him time for thought and caused in his heart irrepressible longings.

Twenty years earlier, in the days of the great war, I had seen cold, stern men from the hard, harsh north, who blanched not in battle's heat, feared no foe, and stood at no fatigue, in strange wise waste slowly away, falling sick unto death for lack of face and voice that had been left behind in their burning zeal for our country's cause. In a manner it seemed wonderful then, but to see this child of the ice thus pine away was a new revelation to me. Savage or civilized, Eskimo or Caucasian, in arctic snows or torrid sands, where Love's true flame has once burned the heart ever yields obedience to its master touch.

But as to his reason for choosing this way of returning home, as to what end he hoped to gain by seeking cold and darkness, hunger and desolation, I did not at that time know. The cause was learned later from a narration of one bright experience of his tender years

that he recalled with great delight. The episode had made a deep impression on him not only through the pleasure of that season, but from its after-effect upon his mind and heart. The dull life of a hard, arctic winter always gives way to a certain joy and merriment as the sun comes north, and Nature replaces by a garb of green her winter shroud of white.

The providers of Proven, among whom Jens's father stood high, found it good that they should go that spring into the adjoining fiord to hunt reindeer. The skillful women of the hamlet had done their best with needle and sinew, with thong and skin, so that the *umiaks*, or women's boats, were stanch and water-tight. The tents and household goods were duly collected and piled into large boats. The old people and young children, exempt from hard work, arranged themselves comfortably between the benches, while the young women, lusty and strong, plied busily their oars and followed at a more leisurely pace after the slender kayaks, which far in advance skimmed over the calm waters of the inlet with great speed.

The fiord, at first open to the sea, by a gentle curve changed into a broad land-locked sheet of smooth water, studded with small isles. Its gray crags rose as sheer precipices on each side, fringed and bordered with banks and drifts of the winter's snow. Far away to the eastward the vanishing point of the steep cliffs seemed ever to meet the blue waters, but as they rowed on the bordering land on each side yet rose abrupt and stern. At places, as they passed along, the air resounded with screams and cries of wild sea-fowl that nesting on the high ledges resented this intrusion on their native haunts. As the midnight sun, in its circling course, just dipped to kiss the sharp, gray crest of the barren crags, there rose far to the southeast, illumined by its rays, a faint white line which severed the blue of the sky from its sister color of the sea. It was the first glimpse of the inland ice, that mysterious barrier which the old men said stood only between the hard barren peninsula of Svarte Huk and the land of the Inlanders, the *Tuneks* and the mountain elves.

With Innuït patience they rowed on, and a few hours later pitched their seal-skin tents on the shelving ground which led up from the sea into the inland valleys. Here, to Jens's delight, he saw the famous green trees of which he had heard,—dense copses of willow as thick as his thumb and as high as his head. If nature has denied fair woodlands and green trees to Greenland, and contents herself with casting scant stores of dead drift-wood along its rocky shores, none the less has God implanted in the Innuït strong feelings of delight and pleasure in the tiny shrubs which form its native forests.

Their summer encampment was made beside the clear, cold stream which winter and summer flows from the glacier's front down to the fiord. The main valley was a finely sheltered one, and in many places willow copses were sufficiently abundant to afford ample fuel for cooking their simple repast.

The upturned umiaks, supported at either end by low rock walls, sheltered some of the party, while others were better provided with skin tents, which, stretched over poles, were kept in place by large stones rolled on the outer edge of the tent itself.

These tents were pitched on the same spot, and were secured by the same lichen-covered stones as had been those of their ancestors for many ages. And of one circle Jens's father said to him, "Here my father and my father's father have stood up their tents, as now I place mine." For many weeks these summer tents stood near the head of the fiord, serving as a general encampment. In small parties the hunters, with women and boys, took long journeys into the deep, extensive valleys, up toward the inland ice and westward into Svarte Huk Peninsula. Scant luggage had they, only such as was needful to secure and dress the game. The glacial lakes and streams gave water, and when reindeer failed, an occasional ptarmigan served as food, or under dire stress of hunger the arctic hare was eaten.

When good fortune came and one or more deer were killed, camp was at once made at the first fit place, until hunger was satisfied and rest enjoyed. The women with their skuning-knives soon separated the hide from the meat. Some stretched deftly out the raw hides, that they might be scraped and thus quickly dry in the constant sun, while others gathered scanty fuel from the nearest copses, and soon over a cheery fire their slices of reindeer meat were broiling on flat, heated stones, which answered equally for cooking and serving dishes.

When all were filled with food the pipe came forth, solace to savage as to civilized men, and then were told tales of the reindeer and seal hunt, and traditions of the fair inland country peopled by wizards. When the hour for sleep came a pile of rocks broke the wind which swept downward from the ice to the sea, and with no shelter but the sky they slept until well rested for the next day's hunt. The morrow saw the men and boys searching other valleys, while the patient women, broad belt over forehead, carried large loads of meat and skin to their summer camp.

One day they followed up a broad valley which reached to the very edge of the inland

ice. On each side the gentle slopes of green led up to high, precipitous crags, inaccessible to man or beast. At the head of the valley a projecting spur of the glacial ice-cap rose, a sheer wall of solid ice, hundreds of feet above a fertile nook of grass, mosses, and willows, where a herd of reindeer was feeding. Hemmed in by crag and ice, the whole band fell into their hands. The hunters had walked far, and throwing up a low wall of sod and stones, they camped by their game. The glacial brooks gave purest water, and dead bits of willow mixed with dry turf served for fuel. Their simple meal soon done, they lay down, warm and content, on the fresh reindeer skins, under the shadow of the towering ice cliffs. To the sky above them, like a frozen Niagara, rose the glacial front, a sheer precipice of opaque white marked only in spots with a delicate rosy tinge. Its snowy purity was greatly intensified, as one looked upward, by the bright sunlight, and by its contrast with the perfect blue of the arching sky.

At the glacier's base five small streams, one from a deep cave of cobalt blue, bubbled forth, finding their way over the piles of polished stones and through the masses of reddish moss and green turf plowed up by the advancing ice. Then Jens's father talked with them of the inland ice and the country beyond.

"When my father was a boy," he said, "where now yonder solid wall of ice rises high above us was a fertile valley. Leading far to the south over a gentle slope, it united to the great broad vale which leads down to the sea and looks on the fiord of Omenak where the neitsik leaps and white whales sport and play. Other green valleys stretched to this one from the east, through which the fat reindeer in our long summer day came down from the fair inland country to snuff the air of the sea and taste its brine. Here in those days of yore from far and near the Innuits came for game, and the hunters of Proven and Omenak, from southern and northern fiords, met there in a friendly way. Where then a hundred reindeer roamed, we search in vain for one."

"But how is it," said Jens, "that this broad valley has been filled in and covered with these mountains of ice, which cut us off from the eastern vales and southern seas?"

"It is that Tornarsuk* wanted these green valleys as pasture for the reindeer and great umimak (musk-ox), fit game for his friends."

"But there is naught here save snow and ice," answered Jens. "The deer and umimak cannot feed on ice."

"You see only the outer wall, and not the inner valleys," said his father. "This lofty

* The Supreme Being of the ancient Greenlanders was Tornarsuk, but after the advent of Christianity

he was degraded to the position of devil. Many yet cling secretly to the old belief.

ice is but a narrow barrier which separates the fertile hunting-grounds from our barren peninsula. When Tornarsuk needs more ground he spreads outward this inland ice, leaving the fertile valleys behind it, where roam and feed his game."* What Tornarsuk once takes never comes back to us. The reindeer long since were of the coast, but now they stay in those valleys, and those we kill are only small bands which stray downward through the ice fiords. As now the umimak, so in time the reindeer will be his, and to us at last will remain only the barren coast and the icy sea with its game. To his friends those good things, to us that which remains."

"And who are his friends?" said the boy.

"Since remote ages, from Innuut father to son, has been handed down this legend,—and as my father told it to me, so I tell it again to you,—that whosoever boldly lays down his goods and weapons and bravely turning his back on the outer world flees fasting into waste and desert places, to him as a friend shall Tornarsuk come. He shall become a Kivigtok. The strongest bear, the largest whale, the most ferocious walrus shall fall victim to his lance. The reindeer shall not distance him in speed, and even the great umimak that once roamed over these valleys shall fall an easy prey to him. He shall swim like the seal, he shall run as the deer, he shall climb as the umimak, and no harm shall come to him. He shall live to such age that even a Greenlander cannot count the generations which shall come and go in his time. And more, he shall know all things both on sea and land, in the fair inland country and on the barren coast. He shall know the speech of birds, and beast, and fish, and that which they can do he also shall be able to do. And the coming and going of his enemy he shall know, so that he can scare the seal which he would strike or the deer he would shoot. That which he can do against his enemy, the same can he do for his friend. But to see these wonders, to have these powers, it is needful with brave heart, telling none and speaking no word, for the Innuut hunter to go forth fasting and fearing not. In this way only can one be a Kivigtok."

All too soon for young Jens the sun sank at midnight below the level sky, and with coming darkness and cold the return to home and Proven was begun. The heavy loads of dried meat and skins of the slaughtered deer were packed by the women at the encampment,

* This idea of grassy valleys within the precincts of the inland ice and frequented by reindeer, has not only taken firm hold on the Eskimo mind, but has been advocated by distinguished men. Nordenskiöld, in his remarkable journeys over the inland ice, hoped to find such spots. The theory was first advanced, I

and the umiaks, carefully examined, were once more launched and loaded. Two days later the deeply laden boats were drawn up on the island rocks amid yelping dogs and excited natives, who crowded around to welcome the hunters and learn what game had come to Proven and them. The reindeer hunt was ended, but never did the youth forget the green ravines with willow copses, the fertile valleys, and the active deer, and then sprang up in his heart a growing longing to look beyond the edge of the shining ice into the beautiful inland country and its fabled people. So my simple-hearted native had hoped to reach the inland country and become a Kivigtok, sacrificing himself that his heart might be made glad by visions of wife and babes, whom he so longed for.

As soon as a knowledge of the real grief came to me, I told him he should go to wife and babes, but it would be better to wait the sun and a ship than to try again the perilous way across ice and snow, in cold and darkness. Though I had rightful claim to a service of two years, yet I would send him to Proven by the coming ship.

The slow days came and went, and he was again bright, cheery, and busy, and long before the returning sun gave a crimson color at noon to the southern sky, he was roaming over the snow-clad hills, hunting the arctic hare and the snowy ptarmigan.

March and the sun came to us together in that arctic land, and life and work were ours anew. It was then Jens's lot to go northward and strive to force a way through and over that ancient ice which covers the Polar Sea, and holds within it, well guarded, the secrets of the utmost north.

In the great danger which came there to his party, when, adrift on a floating pack in the Polar Sea, a fierce storm drove them northward, he was cool, calm, and helpful. But once he saw a curious neitsik raising his head above the water. He ran to the edge of the ice, and, calling the pet name "Poesie, Poesie," stood trembling with tears in his eyes till the seal sank. The common seal of Proven, it recalled to him in that dark hour his distant wife and children.

The ensuing year passed quickly and pleasantly at Conger. In quarters amiable, docile, and obliging, he was as sociable as his broken English would permit, and made himself a general favorite. He was always ready for all field-work, whether far or near. His rifle was his constant companion, and many a musk-ox, believe, by Mr. Whymper some twenty years since. My own discoveries of such valleys in Grinnell Land show the probability of similar places in Greenland, at points where the physical conditions are favorable, say in the great fiords of the east coast.

seal, or hare came to us as the fruit of his chase. He delighted to slay the musk-ox, the famous umimak, extinct in Danish Greenland, but the more talked of that it lives only in tradition.

The missing ship of the second year gave him no apparent uneasiness. Although he had counted on its coming and his going, his face showed no sorrow as it failed to come. That he remained so quietly and contentedly would have seemed ominous to me, had not my faith in him rested on a sure and sound basis. He had said to me that he would wait the coming of the ship, and his word once given, his actions were beyond the shadow of a doubt. When once he had promised to bide the time, his great loyalty to truth and duty bade him never to show by face or feature that he repented his word. With us at Conger he watched and waited for a ship already at the bottom of the sea. The hour of our retreat came, and we struggled fully four hundred miles along that barren, desolate coast. To-day the fierce north wind, massing the heavy pack, drove us to shore; to-morrow the strong southwest gale made a narrow lane for our passage, in which contending floes, crowding, made movement perilous; fog stopped, and fast-forming ice embayed; strong currents and heavy tides alternately beached us or dashed our boats, caught in the pitiless pack, against the dangerous ice-foot. But still we strove on, facing all, enduring all, overcoming all.

At last we reached Cape Hawks, and from the opposing headland, looking southward to Sabine, saw alternate floes and wide water lanes affording easy passage for any arctic ship. Then doubts and fateful forebodings came to us, but none the less we pressed on.

Another day saw us beset, fast bound by heavy floes cemented by new ice. In due time, dropping useless gear, with boat and sledge we tried the southern shore. Vain effort, for when by patient toil and great dangers we were at the very shore, the heavy gales, as if in mockery of man's power, drove us again and again far seaward. For over thirty days we struggled over the floating pack before persistent efforts landed us with scant food upon a rocky headland.

During all this trying season our Kivigtok was always cheerful, ever ready with oar or pike, with gun or kayak, to do that which he could. On ancient floes his sounding-pike always found the ice which, cut through, gave needful water from the lakes. On our darkest days his patient efforts with gun and kayak brought many pounds of meat to strengthen and encourage us.

Through the dreary autumn, ill-fed and shivering with cold, he and his fellow-native,

with Long, our hunter, spent long, cheerless days of feeble arctic twilight watching and hunting the seal which might save us. He was the same brave Jens through the terrible arctic night when for over five months no ray of sun entered our wretched hut. On Christmas day, when others sang songs of praise, he too raised his voice in an Eskimo hymn, learned in his boyhood days from the good priest. When, after five days' travel through storm and cold and darkness, he and Rice were driven exhausted back from the icy channel that cut them off from the eastern shore, for the first time his heart failed and courage deserted him. But with rest, again came hope and courage, and he followed the daily, but too often fruitless, hunt. What if with growing bodily weakness his hand trembled, knowing that a score of lives depended on his aim? His was the ball which checked at the water's edge the polar bear till Long's unerring aim sent a bullet through his head. When later, scarce able to walk, he missed the *oo-sook*, he feebly said his heart was broken. Yet still he hunted, and with a bright smile he knelt by me that eventful morn, and clasping my hand warmly said with gentle voice, "Good-bye, commander! I will do the best I can."

A thousand times they had looked out across those barren floes, across that icy sea for food and help, and a thousand times had they been disappointed. Now both Jens and Long called out *oo-sook* at the same moment, for far out on a floe, slow-moving to the south, lay a huge mass, the bearded seal of Greenland. He was basking on the floe in the bright sunlight. The seal's slumber broke now and then, and he raised his head with a quick, startled look, which died slowly away as he fell again into his troubled sleep. For a long time the two men, — Caucasian and Innuít, — well concealed behind a hummock, patiently watched the sleeping seal on the drifting floe, which between tides and currents took a devious course. Again and again it seemed about touching the outer fringe of slush and young ice, so that the hunters could reach the floe and secure the game. This was the safe, indeed the only prudent course. At last the floe seemed to be starting south, and Jens's patient prudence was ended. He would try the kayak. It was dangerous beyond doubt. Young ice abounded, and its touch meant death.

If his father perished at sea, was it not by storm and stress of weather? Why should he fear, with this calm, smooth water, this blue sky, and the bright sunlight? Had he not risked young ice before, — was he not a kayaker, an Innuít, and a provider? Were not his comrades starving and dying a few scant miles to the westward, and had he not told the com-



OUR KIVIGTOK.

mander that he would do his best? The oo-sook meant life and health for them all, those starving men, who, if not Innuits, might well be so. If Sergeant Long thought best not, it was that Long, though a hunter, was no kayaker. He would go, and his comrades should be saved. Deftly and noiselessly the kayak was launched, and skillfully he seated himself in the frail craft. The first pool was passed, the first floe gained, and, as silently he drew up his

kayak, he turned and smiling waved a farewell message to his comrade, the white hunter, who stood anxious and silent marking his progress.

With equal skill he again launched the kayak, and a few strokes carried him within a few rods of the longed-for floe. But suddenly the prow sinks and the stern rises — the fatal ice cuts the skin! In vain he plies the double-ended oar, for the filled kayak springs forward

only to turn and sink with its inert hunter, within a dozen yards of life and safety.

The sun shone yet brightly, the smooth waters sparkled, the seal slipped into the sea, and then — the only sign of life to the white

hunter was a dusky raven, which silently and swiftly sped toward Sabine.

The sea had claimed its own, and as his father before him, so went to rest and peace the Innuite, our Kivigtok.

A. W. Greely.

NOTES OF A PROFESSIONAL EXILE.



Tsurprises Americans to see how youthful men of advanced years often are in Europe. It is not uncommon to find two or three generations of beaux who are to every intent and purpose contemporaries.

There is here at this time a handsome young gentleman; his father, Lord R——, a brilliant person, also handsome; and his grandfather, who is not disposed to hide his light under a bushel. It puts one in mind of the state of society described in the Old Testament when Lamech, Cush, Phut, and Ramah were about the world at the same time. Cush, in this case Lord R——, is at the Springs at eight in the morning, dressed very bravely and floridly, bunching the girls, and walking the length of the shaded avenue with one or another pretty woman full of gay laughter and conversation. He is much more bent on amusement than either of his contemporaries, Phut, his son, or Lamech, his father.

But I have just met with the most extreme instance that I have ever known of a sprightly man of advanced years. I should not have expected such an exhibition would have been pleasant, but it was truly delightful. It was at tea with my English friends across the street. I observed in the corner an old gentleman whom I heard say to somebody—in jest, as it afterward appeared—that he was sixty-five. He looked older. He was presently made to sing a song. It was about the light that is in woman's eyes. He seemed to know all about these eyes, and to have been himself a considerable sufferer from their ravages. He sang with an uncertain quaver, but with a vivacity of expression truly surprising, in which was apparent his exultation in his present freedom from this source of disturbance, together with a lively appreciation of the enthrallment and subjection of the rest of us. I said, "That is an uncommonly sprightly man of sixty-five." They told me he was ninety. It was a novel and delightful performance. He addressed himself personally to the males who had been asked to this tea, shaking his head with a rather dreadful vivacity, and with a rollicking humor warbling at us his convic-

tion that the light above mentioned would be our "undo-o-ing."

... Some friends who have lived a great deal in France have an apartment in the Louisen Strasse. One sits about so much here in gardens and on piazzas, having coffee and listening to music, that one is rather bored with outdoors, and is surprised to find how pleasant it is to be inclosed by four walls and a ceiling. I feel as if I had just discovered what nice things lamps are. But the drawing-room of these friends of mine would be a particularly attractive one anywhere; it has the bright hospitality of good society on the continent; it is easy to fall into, and hard to keep out of.

They are Americans, of a family which has performed for the callow infancy of our giant State much honorable service. But they live very little in America; they prefer France. Their daughter, a convent-bred young thing, has scarcely even seen America. She is elegant, hoiden, and charming. She asks if you will have tea. You say "No," with the decision of a man who has little confidence in his firmness of purpose. To which she answers: "Well, don't be cross!" and, running to the side-board, returns, and (with her dog under her arm) holds out some bonbons, and tells you to take such a one. She then resumes some piece of superior needlework, at which she is evidently clever. She is on terms of perfect equality with her mother, of whom she seems the younger sister, and appropriates the larger share of the talk, running on all the while with pert sallies. Her opinions, which are shrewd and sound enough, she advances smartly. She has an attractive figure. But what pleases you most about her is that she is so completely a product of the old world, and has to such a degree the impress of the elegant and perfect life of good society on the continent. She is the child of the convent, and has caught from her little playmates the essence of their young natures. And yet, I believe that the success she will no doubt have at home (the family are on their way to America) will be for her pretty face rather than her fine manners. My impression is that the graces communicated by the best European society are not appreciated, or are, at any rate, overlooked in the United States. One might have thought that the rarity of these qualities would