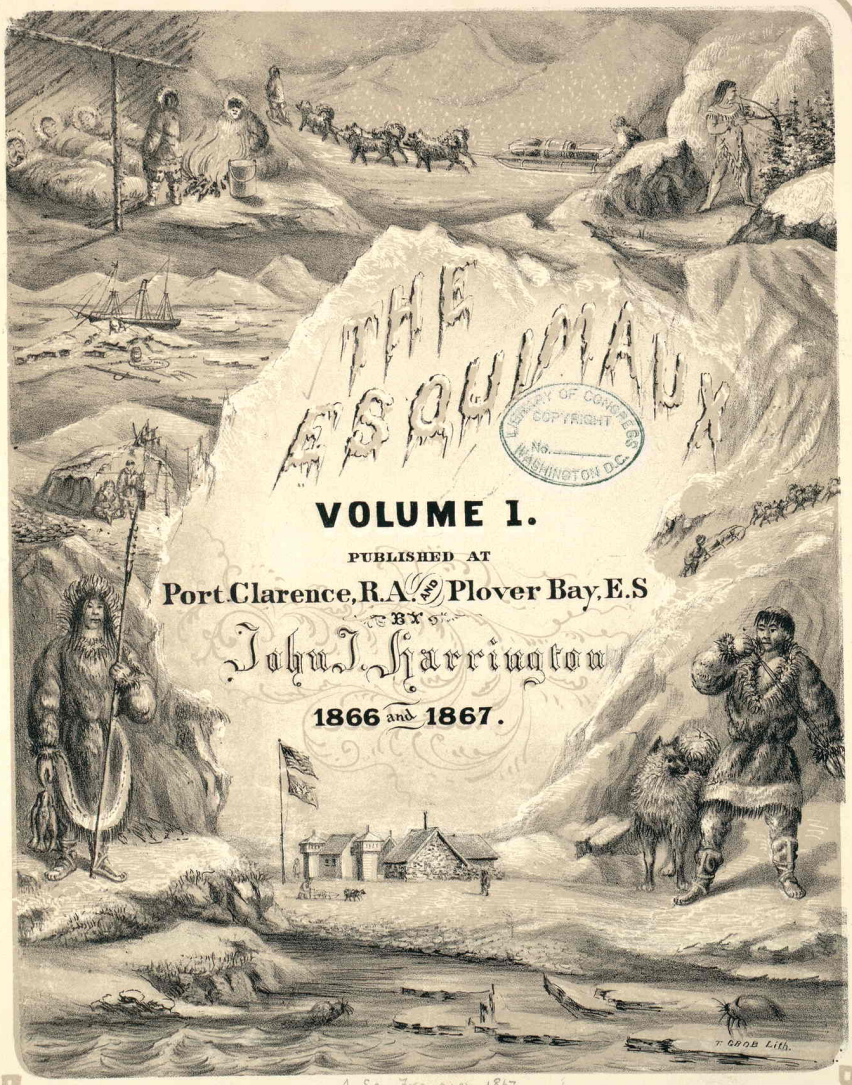
No pages

1 Broadsides

Filed November 30th 1867
per Geo. L. Whitney Clk
A. D. Smith D.C.

44

THE ESQUIMAUX.



A. San Francisco - 1867

Editor's Preface.

In re-publishing this volume in San Francisco, I am not actuated by the feelings which impel the poet or novelist, who, in presenting their works before the public, wish, yet fear, their readers' criticism. I do not publish it with this object, because I know it has many discrepancies, and to criticise them would not be just, as I am not blessed, neither in age or experience, with the faculty of making this volume what it should be, to meet the approbation of an educated public. The Esquimaux, as will be seen, is a monthly journal, published in the ice-bound North among a party of whites, whose time, for the most part, was necessarily idle. There, shut out from the great civilized world, everybody looked to his neighbor, as a source of knowledge and amusement, and this was one of the means employed to make the hours pass swiftly by; therefore, the construction of its articles may not be such as would recommend it to the literary man, or the well-read general public. All that I claim for it is, that it contains facts relative to that heretofore unknown country, and tales of actual experience among a people who have had little or no intercourse with the Caucasian race. All of which will prove of interest to the general reader, and a reminiscence to those who participated in the scenes which it has been the object of this humble volume to relate. It is simply a journal which endeavored to fill up the void made by the want of a newspaper, and mentions such events and experiences which a life in that almost desolate region is constantly presenting. These are all I depend on to make it acceptable, and with this recommendation leave it to a generous public.

The Editor.

San Francisco, Oct., 31st, 1867.

TURNBULL & SMITH, Printers,
San Francisco, Cal.

INTRODUCTION.

THE first publication of the papers contained in this volume having occurred at a point but little known to the public, and, as one might say, almost beyond the pale of civilization, it is deemed not inappropriate to give a brief account of the rise and progress of the expedition which gave birth to these productions.

The enterprise of connecting the two continents by telegraph, *via* the Amoor River, and Behrings Straits, had long occupied the minds of scientific and commercial men, but it was not until under the administration of President Pierce, when Perry McDonough Collins, Esq., was appointed Commercial Agent at the mouth of the Amoor River, that any definite steps were taken in regard to it. Mr. Collins succeeded in obtaining proper authority and suitable franchises from the Russian and English Governments. The former Government agreed to connect St. Petersburg with Nicolaefsk, at the mouth of the Amoor River, and to afford all possible facilities to the American Company in the prosecution of the work through Siberia. Mr. Collins transferred his interest in the matter to the Western Union Telegraph Co., who commenced active operations in 1864–1865.

The work was placed under the charge of Col. Chas. S. Bulkley, a man eminently qualified, both as a business man, and one of the most distinguished electricians in the world, for the management of so gigantic an enterprise. In the spring of 1865, Col. Bulkley made a preliminary trip to New Archangel, to make necessary arrangements with the Russian American Commercial Co., for the successful prosecution of the business, and the bark *Clara Bell*, and the schooner *Milton Badger* were dispatched from New York, to Sitka, laden with material and stores. In July, 1865, Col. Bulkley sailed from San Francisco with about 50 employees designed for the work of exploration. These parties left for Sitka on the steamer *Geo. S. Wright*, and the bark *Golden Gate*. Arriving at this port, they met the vessels previously ordered thither, from New York. From Sitka a small party were sent to the Anadyr River, N. E. S. while the main portion of the party rendezvoused at Plover Bay. The work of the first year was confined entirely to explorations; parties were distributed at various points over the entire route, extending from New Westminister, B. C., to Nicolaefsk, at the mouth of the Amoor River. From the result of the explorations then made, it was determined to prosecute the work more vigorously, and in 1866, the fleet was augmented by the purchase of three vessels, and the land force increased to some 300 men, including those employed in British Columbia. Among the forces thus brought together, a party numbering about 40, were left at Grantley Harbor, or Port Clarence, on the eastern side of Behring's Straits, in lat. 65° 30' N., long. 166° 17' W., under the immediate command of Mr. D. B. Libby, though included as the district under charge of W. H. Ennis. Here, amid the Arctic snows, when daylight was only visible for an hour or two, and it was therefore almost impossible to prosecute our labors, to while away some tedious hours, this little paper was produced.

Upon the abandonment of the enterprise, the bark *Clara Bell*, under command of Capt. John O. Norton, was despatched to collect the various parties. On this vessel they were brought together, at the old rendezvous —Plover Bay, N. E. S. This place also borders on the Straits, but on its western shore, and is but one degree further south, from where THE ESQUIMAUX first made its appearance. Three numbers were issued there, completing the first volume, which contains all the numbers published. At the earnest solicitation of many, who witnessed the inception, and close of the work, it is now presented in this form to the public. Pretending to no literary excellence, it is simply offered as a memorial, and to place upon record the first newspaper ever published in our new territory of Alaska.

It would be unfair to close, without a word regarding those, who labored for the mighty enterprise; through all the rigors of an Arctic climate, through more privations than Kane, or Pym, ever dreamed of, these faithful men have carried on a work which, though not successful, financially, has yet added more to the world's knowledge, scientifically, and geographically, of this *ultima thule*, than was ever furnished by Wrangel, Moore, or the many whalers who have for years visited its barren shores.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCT. 31st, 1867.

PROSPECTUS.

HAVING inaugurated civilization, and built ourselves a city in this far-off country, it next becomes our duty as American citizens to establish a medium through which our thoughts can be expressed, our opinions heard, and by the co-mingling of ideas, advance ourselves in sociability, and as much as can be, make us forget that we are so far distant from our country, where the Press is a cherished institution. To this end is the publication of THE ESQUIMAUX, about to be inaugurated. It will be issued monthly, on the first Sunday thereof.

The hearty co-operation of *every one* is requested in the enterprise, and correspondence and contributions are earnestly solicited. The tone of the paper will be light and amusing, keeping clear of the filthy pool of politics "having no friends to reward; no enemies to punish."

It will contain the latest news by telegraph, or otherwise, from all parts of Libbysville and vicinity. A corner will be reserved for the Poet. The Funny Department will give a chance for the many wits among us; and conundrums, enigmas and such like, will have a conspicuous place. The introductory number will make its appearance on Sunday, October 14, 1866, and communications will be thankfully received by the Editor.

Office, Main Building, Libbysville, R. A.

J. J. HARRINGTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

OCTOBER 4, 1866.

The Esquimaux.

VOL. 1. LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1866. NO. 1.

The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A., Sunday, Oct. 14, '66.

THE ESQUIMAUX will be published on the first Sunday in each month, and is devoted to the interests of the foreign population in and around Libbysville. It will contain a summary of passing events, and all intelligence of interest to the denizens of this neighborhood. Original and selected miscellany, correspondence, &c., will form a prominent feature. The terms of subscription will be nothing for the first year, and if the enterprise meets with encouragement, this price will be increased double after the expiration of its first anniversary.

OFFICE :—Main Building, Libbysville, R. A.

J. J. HARRINGTON,.....*Editor and Proprietor.*

Poetry.

Sleighing Song.

Oh, swift we go, o'er the fleecy snow,
When moonbeams sparkle round ;
When hoofs keep time to the music's chime
As merrily we bound.

On a winter's night, when hearts are light,
And health is in the wind,
We loose the rein and sweep the plain
And leave our cares behind.

With a laugh and a song we glide along
Across the fleeting snow ;
With friends beside how swift we ride
On the beautiful track below !

Oh, the raging sea has a joy for me
When gales and tempests roar ;
But give me the speed of a foaming steed
And I'll ask for waves no more.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

A Few Statistics About Population.

China has a population of 402,000,000, and Pekin, its principal city contains 2,000,000 ; England and Wales number 20,061,000, and the population of London is 2,803,034 ; France 36,700,000 souls. Paris has 1,500,000 of this number. The population of the United States amounts to 31,445,080. The city of New York 805,000 ; California 384,770, and San Francisco contains 120,000 ; These are computed up to 1861.

WHY is an old bachelor like an over-done loaf? Because he is apt to be crusty.

WHAT is the difference between a Saw-mill tender and a Sailor? One goes to sea, (see) and the other goes to saw.

The Western Union Telegraph—Russian Extension.

EDITOR ESQUIMAUX:—As this is a subject in which we all are interested, I think the following will be acceptable to your readers.

The Western Union Telegraph, or Russian Extension, has a capital of Thirty Millions of Dollars ($30,000,000). It embraces a line of telegraph from San Francisco to New Westminster, British Columbia (the northern terminus of the State Telegraph, California), through British Columbia to Cape Prince of Wales, and thence across Behrings Straits to East Cape, or if found more practicable from Remanzoff to St. Lawrence Island, and from thence to Cape Tchuktchi, and thence inland around the Sea of Okhotsk to the mouth of the Amoor River. At this point we will be joined by a line of telegraph now constructing by the Russian Government. It will connect with Irkoutsk where a line begins which stretches through Tomsk and Omsk in Western Siberia, and Kathrinberg on the Asiatic frontier—Permkasan, Nijui Novogorod and Moscow, to St. Petersburg.

The Telegraph Line was first projected by Perry McDonough Collins, Esq., United States Commission Agent at the Amoor River.

The chief difficulty is the extent of country to be traversed, it being a wild, rugged surface, and very mountainous. The distance to be traveled in British Columbia is from six to eight hundred miles, in Russia about nineteen hundred. The length of cables to be used in the work is four hundred miles. The distance from East Cape by inland passage around the settlements of Okhotsk, Ayran, and Shavters Bay to the mouth of the Amoor river, is about twenty-five hundred (2500) miles. The entire length of the Telegraph Line will be about fifty-four hundred miles.

T. J. RODGERS.

OBSERVATION is the best teacher.

DOINGS OF ROMAN BRIGANDS.—A letter from Rome states that a band of brigands, a short time back, entered the village of Acuto, in the territory of Anagni, and seized upon five persons belonging to the principal families of the place. They carried them off to the mountains, and gave them to understand that they must pay a large ransom, giving one a sealed box to be handed to the mayor of the village. The box arrived at its destination, and on being opened was found to contain the ears of four other prisoners, and a letter saying if the whole sum demanded was not remitted, the heads would shortly be sent to their friends.

☞ *Our readers and the public generally will at once perceive the benefits of extending to The Esquimaux their patronage. It is the only journal circulated in this territory, and none other is published north of Victoria, B. C., on this continent, or China in the Western Hemisphere, between the parallels of longitude 130° east and 120° west of Greenwich, nearly half the globe. It is the official organ for all matters connected with the Western Union Telegraph, Russian Extension, in the vast extent of country to be traversed by this gigantic enterprise of the 19th century, and it therefore is a better medium for advertisers, than any paper published in the world.*

The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14th, 1866.

OUR GREETING.

With this number we present for your kind indulgence the first issue of THE ESQUIMAUX. We know you won't find it as interesting as we would wish, but then this is but the commencement.

"Great Oaks from little acorns grow," and we hope that this small beginning will have a like growth. It will be our object to make it acceptable to all, and an earnestly looked for visitor in every home circle. We shall endeavor to make the pages interesting, and keep them clear of all matters which would not be presentable in the homes we came from.

Our columns will always be open for the reception of contributions, correspondence and the discussion of topics of interest to all. The current events will be mentioned in every issue, and the progress of our portion of the Telegraph construction recorded. No trouble or expense will be saved to gain possession of the latest intelligence from all parts of the globe, having special correspondents in the principal cities of Europe, Asia and America, who will forward us an account of the passing events in their sections. In promising this, we take into consideration the serious opposition we will meet from the leading papers of the world, and the efforts they will make to intercept our dispatches, being jealous of the fastly increasing popularity and the position we are sure to attain in the literary world. Opposition, however, is the life of trade, and time will tell who has won the battle.

Our position in politics has not yet been decided, our recent arrival in the country making it impossible to ascertain which party is popular with the people. As soon as this is published, however, we expect a call from the leading men, when we will be better able to judge.

Hoping our project will meet with your approval, we launch forth upon the broad sea of newspaperdom, and trust to the public's indulgence for our life.

Our Foreign Population.

Like all new enterprises, the Western Union Telegraph Company has brought together men from all parts of the globe, to help build that mighty line whose belt will connect their several countries, and bind them closer together, fulfiling the prophecy of *Puck*, who said "I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."

All nations have their representatives. The United States, which we may all call our country, has sent some of her best sons to help along the work. From the North, South, East and West of her immense domain, they have come here to assist in the advancement of civilization. Then England has given some of her burly yeomen to take a hand in the enterprise, and well they do it. Ould Ireland is represented here, and "a fine set of gassoons they are entirely." The German States come next, with her fun loving Dutchmen, and Russia, that large territory of the Eastern Hemisphere, contributes her portion of willing hands to the establishment of the enterprise.

We are, we might say, a whole world within ourselves having the ideas and eccentricities of all nations. By the commingling of our several thoughts, we each gain something, for the old saying comes true, that "two heads are better than one, if one is a sheep's head." We are all depending, more or less, one upon the other, and should propigate and encourage that brotherly feeling which will make the remembrance, in after life, of our dwelling here a pleasant recurrence.

A BUSTER.—"Landlord," said Jonathan, the other day, stepping up to the bar in a public house, "jest give us a cent's worth of New England, and put it into two tumblers. Here, Jim, take hold; away with the expense, I say, when a fellow is on a bust."

A NEGRO preacher, while holding forth to the colored soldiers located at Fort Hudson, said:

"De whole of God's relation to us, am like de wheel. De Lord am de hub, de Christians am de spokes, and de tire am de grace of God binding all togedder."

REASONING BY ANALOGY.—Cissy (who has lamed her doll) to mamma (who has sprained her ankle)—"Why do you talk like that, mamma?"

Mamma—"Because I have hurt my foot, Cissy."

Cissy—"And did all the sawdust come out?"

AN AUNT-ICLIMAX.—Husband—"Well, Mary, your aunt Tabitha's gone at last, poor soul."

Wife—"Poor thing; of course you'll go to the funeral, George, as a mark of respect, besides, the scarf and hatband will make up for baby."

MANY a girl thinks she can do nothing without a husband, and when she gets one finds she can do nothing with him.

(*For The Esquimaux.*)

An Open Camp in the Arctic.

BY PIONEER TELEGRAPH EXPLORER.

Leaving our cozy quarters of *Idglutalik-mute*, at the head of Norton Bay, we directed our steps towards Unalakhlit to enter our winter quarters, having completed part of our first exploration. It was on one of those dreary December days, with heavy snow on the ice, and our worn out and half starved dogs lifting one foot before the other, as though they had lead tied to their toes. Of course our progress was slow. The thermometer stood at some 20 degrees below zero, and towards sunset, about 3 P.M., it began to blow quite fresh, which added much to our discomfort. Arriving at a place on the beach, which looked likely to afford the best camp for a night's rest; having traveled all day on the sea ice. We accordingly pushed and pulled until we got our sleigh upon the bank, and then chose the lea side of a small hillock to build camp. This consisted of putting the sleighs so as to form two sides of a square, then taking all the dogs out of harness—a fire was built, during which occupation we all began to feel rather cold about our feet. It was now dark, but the blaze of a large fire soon cheered us. The tea was made and the dogs fed on their rations of three frozen fish, the harness and tow lines all secured from their wolfish voracity, and our bedding hung on each man's shoulders to dry. We found, however, that no matter where we would stand, the smoke (that unwelcome guest to the weary traveler), would enter our eyes in spite of all we could do. On this occasion I was even more unfortunate than the rest, as the reader will see by and by. Sitting down on logs arranged around the fire, we began to eat our supper, consisting of hard bread, and bacon, and tea. No sooner would a cup of tea be set down by one's side to give an opportunity to eat a morsel, than taking it up again, the tea would be frozen, the cups getting in that state as it was poured in. However, we managed to get through. Then came the operation of drying boots — our last pairs — and they on our feet. As one boot would be half dry, the other foot would nearly freeze and so went the changing until at last we seemed to consider them fit for next day's tramp. I had made my bed down on the outer edge of the camp, banked snow and brush as a wall against one side, and was covered up, dressed in fur clothes and hood of wolfskin over my head, but sweet delusion! as I was just going to sleep, I was haunted by two powerful enemies. First, the wind would whistle through the sides of my coverings, making me shiver with cold; then came the other fiend, *Smoke*. Our guide had put on several logs to burn for the night, the fire was at our feet, and the wind shifting, sent volumes of thick smoke into my face (it seemed to have chosen that direction), so that my eyes began to cry and I was sitting up in utter despair. Such a night! Putting the fire out, or rather taking off the logs, I thought this would better it, but not so,—smoke! smoke!—nothing but smoke! so that in the morning my face, hands and bedding looked as though they had passed the night hanging in the chimney. Morning came at last, but how tired I was, and in such a charming mood. However, we started at last and found good ice and a spanking breeze, before which our sleighs sailed, as it were, and on we sped, on broad, icy Norton Bay.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—The English bark *Evelyn Wood* with dates from San Francisco to Aug 7, and which arrived at Plover Bay previous to the sailing of the *Nightingale*, brings news of the working of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable. It was completed on the 24th of July and was in operation up to the date of the bark's departure. This statement cannot be relied upon as being positively true. We give it for what it is worth.

FROST BITE AND FROZEN LIMBS.—No heating or stimulating liquors must be given. Rub the parts affected with ice, cold or snow-water, and lay the patient on a cold bed.

☞ Plain words make the most ornamental sentences.

WHEN a joker dies, what kind of a vehicle does he make? A wag-gone.

IT is tolerably safe to give alms to the armless, and legacies to the legless.

THE most unprofitable consignment that can be made is to ship a sea.

"WHY does father call mother honey?" asked a boy of his older brother. "Can't tell, 'cept it's because she's got a large comb in her head."

"I THINK you have a sty in your eye," said a green youth, to a girl he was going to court.

"No," said she, looking straight at him, "I have a hog in it, but no sty for him."

A WIDOW out West, married a man to whom she refused her daughter, because, she said, her first husband was an ugly "critter" and she had learned how to manage such cattle.

"DON'T be after making fun of the bird," said a newly imported Hibernian, to a lad whom he discovered annoying a laud terrapin with a bulrush; "how do you know but he has blessed fine feathers under his overcoat?"

PARTLY MARRIED.—The San Francisco *Flag* is responsible for the following:—At a spiritual seance, held at Congress Hall, last week, the medium explained that one rap in reply to a question signified no, two raps, partly, and three raps, yes. A spirit having announced his readiness to answer questions, was queried as follows: "Where did you die?" Answer.—"In New York." "Were you married?" Two raps—"Partly," sung out an unspiritual wag in the audience. Convulsions of laughter ensued.

THE late Mr. Bushe used to tell this story of a brother barrister:

As the coach was about starting before breakfast, the modest limb of the law approached the landlady, a pretty Quakeress, who was near the fire, and said he could not think of going without giving her a kiss.

"Friend," said she, "thee must not do it."

"Oh, by heavens I will!" replied the barrister.

"Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, thee may do it, but thee must not make a practice of it."

The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1866.

(*For The Esquimaux.*)

Live and Learn.

"Live and Learn" is an adage old, yet excellent, which like old wine improves with age, and its truthfulness becomes more and more forcibly impressed upon our minds as life advances, frequently springing up among our thoughts in the attitude of sad, wrinkled, hoary-headed experience, upon whose furrowed brow are imprinted each successive precept taught in life's toilsome school by the most indomitable of masters. Task after task is imposed upon us which we must inevitably receive and we profit not by its teaching!

Had we but possessed the knowledge which experience strives to impart before embarking upon this expedition, many are the improvements and conveniences with which we might have provided ourselves and which we are now unable to obtain. Yet we must live and learn. Learn that to acclimate hot-blooded Americans to frigid zones, a rigid lob-scouse diet and a short sail on the bark *H. L. Rutgers* is indespensible. That Captain Anderson is the most estimable commander in the fleet; that the high-headed bark sets before its passengers the most sumptuous of repasts, and that her officers rank among the most popular, we know no one will deny. From this we must "live and learn;" something from each epoch that will benefit us in the future. Study nature in this wild and almost wholly unexplored polar region, and convey to our posterity a most valuable stock of knowledge which could only be learned by experience.

WILL.

HELP US!—Readers, during your spare moments write a small contribution for our paper. No matter how small, it will be acceptable, and receive a place in our succeeding issue. We depend upon you for this.

SNOOKS says the reason he does not get married is that his house is not large enough to contain the consequences.

A PERSON who was famous for arriving just at dinner-time, upon going to a friend's (where he was a frequent visitor), was asked by a lady of the house if he would do as they did. On his replying he should be happy to have the pleasure—she replied, "Dine at home, then." He, of course, received his *quietus* for some time at least.

KING CHARLES II., paying a visit to Dr. Busby, the doctor is said to have strutted through the room with his hat on, while his majesty walked complacently behind him with his hat under his arm; but when he was taking his leave at the door the doctor thus addressed the king:

"I hope your majesty will pardon my want of respect hitherto; but if my boys were to imagine there was a greater man in the kingdom than myself, I should never be able to rule them."

City Intelligence.

THE THERMOMETER during our residence here has varied from 13° to 40° above zero and is decreasing daily. The weather has, as a general thing, been very fine, though cold. The face of the water has been calm, and a landing could be made with safety at any point. We wish that such weather could have been "honswogelled" prior to the leaving of the beautiful bark *H. L. Rutgers*.

THE FIRST DISPATCH over our portion of the line, which is erected for the distance of 2½ miles was received at this office on Wednesday the 10th inst., connection being made readily and the first click of the magnetic talker sounded in Russian America. How soon will it be 'ere 'tis answered from 'Frisco?

OUR DISTINGUISHED VISITORS, Mr. and Mrs. Kupola are the observed of all the native population. Their dwelling among us will be of short duration, and none should fail to see the beautiful savages and give them a "chaw tabaccer."

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE is in good order and "*Nakurok*" rules the roost.

YATES PALACE keeps the even tenor of its way, and Indians are at a discount.

AS A PROOF that civilization is advancing, we found, the other day, an Indian in our sanctum with his feet placed on our table and his head and body reclining back in the most approved "Melican" style. Our devil has taught another savage to say "bully for you." Publishing a newspaper and running for Congress, will be the next move towards Americanism.

Deaths.

KENNICOTT.—Died at Nulato, R. A. May 13th, 1866, Maj. Rob't Kennicott, aged 32 years, a native of Louisiana, U. S.

O'CALLAHAN.—Died at sea on board bk. *H. L. Rutgers*, Sept. 14th 1866. Geo. O'Callahan, a native of Ireland.

WHY are Sots and Misers like an ancient race of giants? Because they are Titans (tight 'uns).

VERY curious statements sometimes appear in print. A Pittsfield Journal says: "A man fell dead in this town last week, and before assistance could reach him his life was nearly extinct."

AN acquaintance showed me a most portentous-looking bill that had been sent to him. "Gad!" said I, "its a precious long one." "It is," said my acquaintance, "but he'll find the time a precious deal longer before he gets it." He went abroad a day or two afterward.

A PERSON asked a Grecian philosopher what was the proper time to dine?

"Sir," says the ancient, "the proper time of dinner with the opulent is, when they choose; with the poor man, when he can."

WHY is the early grass like a penknife? Because the spring brings out the blades.

A MAN attempted to spell crockery, and thus proceeded: kraughkerrighe. He expired in a spasm before he could make a y, with which he intended to end the word.

WHAT metamorphosis does a washer-woman undergo in the night? She goes to bed a washer-woman and gets up fine linen.

SMART MAN.—Titsworth, Chicago Commissioner of Police, has had a silver service of plate presented to him as a reward of merit for arriving at the age of fifty years—in Chicago.

The Esquimaux.

VOL. 1. LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1866. NO. 2.

The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A., Sunday, Nov. 4, '66.

THE ESQUIMAUX will be published on the first Sunday in each month, and is devoted to the interests of the foreign population in and around Libbysville. It will contain a summary of passing events, and all intelligence of interest to the denizens of this neighborhood. Original and selected miscellany, correspondence, &c., will form a prominent feature. The terms of subscription will be nothing for the first year, and if the enterprise meets with encouragement, this price will be increased double after the expiration of its first anniversary.

OFFICE:—Main Building, Libbysville, R. A.

J. J. HARRINGTON,.....*Editor and Proprietor.*

Poetry.

The Brave and the True!

Here's a health to the heart that loves a friend
And the heart that loves a foe!
Here's a health to the man who will not unbend
His honor, for weal or woe!
For I hate the man who fights for wrong
And who knows his error too!
Therefore for the brave I sing my song,
And I drink to the Brave and True.

God bless the man who will not forego
To resent an injury!
God bless the man who will spare a foe
That is not afraid to die!
For the truly brave and the bravely true
Is the man who fears the right,
And a steady arm and a will to do,
And a man whose right is might.

Then here's a health to the friends of mine,
And a health to my cherished foes!
For my wishes flow with the ruddy wine
And I wish them all repose.
Here's a health to the heart that loves a friend
And the heart that loves a foe;
And a health to the man who will not unbend
His honor for weal or woe!

End of a Good Life!

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To those mysterious realms where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of Death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

☞ When is snow like truth? When it does not lie.

(For The Esquimaux.)

Memoir of the late Major Robert Kennicott.

The subject of these memoirs was born in Louisiana, but his father—a prominent physician and surgeon—moved to Chicago, Illinois, where the family still continue to reside, at a beautiful country seat called the "Grove." Here the late Major Kennicott passed his childhood. Some few years ago he founded the Chicago Academy of Sciences and Natural History, of which he was Director at the time of his death. Some four years ago he started on a scientific collecting tour through the North Western Hudson Bay Territory, and went as far as the Arctic Ocean, and into Russian America. Here he remained three and a half years, and had a great deal of Arctic winter-life experience. Major K. visited all the ports of the H. B. Company, from Fort Pellybanks to Fort Yukon. Returning East, the Collins Overland Telegraph project being on foot, he was desired by the Directors, in the year 1865, to take charge of the explorations in Russian America, with a view of penetrating easterly into the H. B. Co's Territory, and thence to the Stekkeen River to meet Major Pope's party, coming up from British Columbia. Major Kennicott's party landed in September, 1865, at the R. A. Fur Co's Post of Saint Michael, which place he left with a party of twelve men. The same month he established his Head Quarters *pro tem.* at the post of Unalakhlit, R. A. This place he left in November of the same year, and arrived after nine days travel, at the northermost post of the Russian Company, Nulato, on the river Kvichpak. Here he remained over winter. Another party, under Lieut. Ennis, meanwhile successfully exploring the country between Behrings Straits. Major Kennicott could not penetrate beyond the post of Nulato, and had to give up sled and dog travel on account of scarcity of provisions on the road, and to wait for the breaking up of the ice. While waiting for open water, he very suddenly died on the morning of the 13th of May, 1866. His body was found on the river bank, with his face turned to his favorite point, the north, his compass lying at his side. And thus died a very promising and worthy man in the bloom of manhood, aged 32 years, and in the scientific world an indefatigable champion. His kindness of heart could not be excelled, and his high sense of duty, coupled with the slow progress he was making, weighed heavily on his mind, and no doubt accelerated his untimely end. Major K. had brought out with him a fine scientific outfit, and some of his friends who accompanied him, succeeded in collecting birds, &c., of which two boxes were sent to the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, by the W. U. T. Co's Ship *Nightingale*. His memory will ever be dear to every one of the pioneers in his party. *Requiescat in pace!*

O. DEB.

☞ *Our readers and the public generally will at once perceive the benefits of extending to The Esquimaux their patronage. It is the only journal circulated in this territory, and none other is published north of Victoria, B. C., on this continent, or China in the Western Hemisphere, between the parallels of longitude* 130° *east and* 120° *west of Greenwich, nearly half the globe. It is the official organ for all matters connected with the Western Union Telegraph, Russian Extension, in the vast extent of country to be traversed by this gigantic enterprise of the* 19*th century, and it therefore is a better medium for advertisers, than any paper published in the world.*

The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, SUNDAY, NOV. 4th, 1866.

Our First Number.

The kindness with which our first number was received was far beyond our expectation, and we gratefully thank the public for their appreciation. It shall be our endeavor to merit a continuance of like favor, with which help we hope to make the establishment of THE ESQUIMAUX a permanency.

We return thanks to those gentlemen who contributed *original* articles for the first issue; its successful appearance was due to their kind co-operation. We would here ask from you all a like favor. A small article, expressing your views on the country, its natives, the objects of the expedition, or any subject agreeable to yourselves, will be thankfully received, and interesting to our readers. The talent is here, and it only needs a slight effort to bring it forth in all its strength. If the exertion is made, we can have here a literary world, which will astonish the older countries, and become a source of amusement to ourselves, of whose variety we will never tire.

The next number of this paper will make its appearance on December 2d, four weeks from date, and as the intervening time will have long nights, we expect to find our Devil in the highest glee, and his eternal cry for "more copy" stopped for the time.

OUR FIRST DISPATCHES.—As will be seen by the columns of this issue, we are in receipt of special telegrams from all parts of the globe. We have saved no trouble or expense in obtaining these to lay before our readers. They contain the very latest intelligence, and are exclusively to this paper.

ENLARGEMENT.*—We to-day present to our readers THE ESQUIMAUX with an addition of four columns of solid reading matter. It now consists of six pages, and contains twelve closely printed columns, being the largest newspaper in Russian America.

*NOTE.—The original numbers were written on letter-sheets. The first issue consisted of four pages, and the remainder six, which accounts for the publication of the above item.—[EDITOR.

Immodest Speech.

In all gatherings of the "lords of creation," when isolated from companionship with the female sex, a certain careless mode of speech will gradually show itself, which, if not checked, will permanently become attached to each individual, and one day bring the blush of shame to his cheek. It is a vice that quietly twines itself around us, and ere we know its evil effects, has bound us hand and foot, a slave to its infatuation.

> "Immodest words admit of no defense;
> A want of decency is a want of sense."

To stop this evil we must nip it in the bud, each within himself resolving to abstain from the utterance of such words and slang expressions as would shock the feelings of those who nurtured our youth, for we must remember that though distance intervenes between us and our homes, still there is a sympathetic feeling which carries our daily thoughts to that beloved spot, and should keep us clear of contamination.

Of all evils, this is the most degrading; it places the man lower than the brute, and makes the power of speech, as given him, rather a curse than as was the intent of the Almighty, who transmitted it as his greatest blessing. The gift of conversation, which gives man the great privilege of making his wants known to the Creator, should not be converted into such disgusting uses, which if persevered in, will bring the truth of the following home to us:

> "Vice is a monster of so huge a mien,
> As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

THANKSGIVING DAY.—Although distant from the scenes of civilization, where the reccurence of this day is a happy celebration, we must not be backward in its observance. Thursday, November 22nd will, by order of Capt. Libby, be observed as thanksgiving day, and all work will be suspended on that date. It is expected that preparations will be made by all for the "hornswogling" of all stray turkeys, which will be sure to be gobbled by the participants of that day's dinner.

THE QUESTION SETTLED.—"Whar," asked a renowned Stump Orator, who was running for the office of Constable, "Whar, my enlightened friends of the 66th Militia District, was Andrew Jackson in the Battle of New Orleans? Wur he there? He wur. He wur a ridin' up and down on a bobtail Arabian, a wavin' of a crooked saber, and up to his armpits in blood and mud, and a givin' the British thunder, the genius of his country a holding of her ægis over his head. Cotton bales paveneering in front to protect him from danger, and the American Eagle, with the stars and stripes in his beak, a soarin' aloft in the blue empyrean, crying Hail Columbia!"

CLEANLINESS.—Every one should have a love for cleanliness, for it is the greatest prevention of disease. Water everywhere is a plentiful commodity, and its frequent use, both on our body and clothing will keep us from all disorders, and clear of all creeping vermin.

(From our own correspondent.)

TOWER COTTAGE,

LIBBYSVILLE, OCT. 31, 1866.

MR. EDITOR :—

Dear Sir :—The first edition of THE ESQUIMAUX was received by me the day it came from the press, damp and new, and I assure you it was a welcome visitor, and may it continue to come monthly, until the W. U. T. C's. line is finished, and we (its readers) leave for warmer climes. You requested our citizens to send you articles of news, and all items that transpire in our flourishing little town which would be of any interest to your readers. Well, the fact is, we are an easy set, and it is very seldom that anything happens which could be called a news item, besides if we cut up ever so many *di-does*, I would be a poor hand to picture doings on paper, so that your readers could see the *p'int*. But I will do my best, and if you see fit to give this humble attempt to your readers, well and good, but don't for a moment suppose that I would feel badly if it should not make its appearance in your next issue, for to tell the truth, I think you would show your good sound sense if you would take this sheet for a pipe-lighter, as I understand matches are very scarce, unless one could be consummated with a fair native, but your humble servant is of the opinion that he will remain short of a rib for some time, 'ere he takes one of the greasy things to his heart and arms, or bosom, as I suppose a high-toned poet would word it, and with her jog to the matrimonial altar. Neverthless, one of our learned men, the Doctor says they [the moon-eyed sylphs] are the only lady's society we have to enjoy in this country, and we will have to make the best of it. It is my opinion that he [the Doctor] is prejudiced and a little selfish, for he is young and just starting in business, and who can blame him if he tries all sorts of means and arguments to get up a practice.

There are not many public improvements going on here at present. Every one is about ready for a long dreary winter, and we are setting back waiting for cold weather to come. The Telegraph line is still progressing. We see from our window [we have one] sleighs loaded with poles and wire, drawn by fine large teams, constantly crossing the ice toward the head of Grantly Harbor, where *Tentopolis* is situated. Captain Libby tells me the line will be finished to that point in a few days, and we will soon hear the pleasant "click" of the instrument, and receive news from that suburban village.

I intended to give you some of the fashions for your lady readers, but I fear I have already taken up too much time and space, so I will leave it for my next letter, when I hope to give you a description of a grand party which is to take place at *Zingaramute*, as well as the costumes of some of the most distinguished participants. Till then *au revoir*.

OUTSIDE BARBARIAN.

[BY UNDERGROUND TELEGRAPH LINE EXCLUSIVELY TO THE ESQUIMAUX.]

THE LATEST INTELLIGENCE !

THE TAKING OF HOLLAND.

DEFEAT OF CORNWALLIS !!

PROGRESS OF THE FLOOD !

THE SCHLESWIG HOLSTEIN QUESTION !

INTENDED MARRIAGE OF EMPEROR NORTON.

SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE ! !

LATER FROM KAVAIHAZAKMUTE !!

&c. &c. &c.

LONDON, NOV. 2nd, 1866.

A private despatch to the Associated Press, brings the startling intelligence that an intelligent contraband who had escaped from without the walls of Amsterdam, and whose authority can be relied upon, reports the capture of Holland by the Dutch. This news has taken the country by surprise, and the greatest excitement prevails.

YORKTOWN, VA., OCT. 19th, 1781.

Lord Cornwallis, together with the whole of the English forces at this point, have surrendered to General Washington of the American army. Hurrah!

NOAH'S ARK, AT SEA, lat. 46° 08' N. long. 136° 12' E. }
Dec. 26, 2348 B. C. }

We are still afloat. I have sent a dove on a foraging expedition, and its early return is looked for. Myself and family, beasts and beastesses, fouls and foulesses, fish and fishesses, are anxiously awaiting a return to our proper elements. Greenbacks, 85 : Confed. scrip worthless.

[Signed,] NOAH.

FEJEE ISLANDS, NOV. 1st, 1900.

The Schleswig Holstein difficulty is agitating the political world here. A motion was passed unanimously,

The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, SUNDAY, NOV. 4, 1866.

in the circle of Cannibals yesterday, to have all Schleswigers and Holsteiners gathered together, and cooked a la fricasse. Hans Von Dunder has escaped, via the Balloon Line, to save his bacon.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 7th, 1866.

It is reported in official circles, that Emperor Norton I, has proposed to the Princess of Goat Island, and that their nuptials will shortly take place. The whole country is in an uproar in consequence of the coming event, and shop-keepers are importing dry goods, etc., for the blushing bride.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April, 1866.

General Lee, C. S. A., has surrendered to the Union troops, thus squashing the Confederacy. Jeff. Davis has been captured, dressed a la female. Marching through Georgia did this.

KAVAIHAZAKMUTE, R. A., Nov. 1, 1866.

Melican Aseruck. Cow Cow soulé soulé Okechuck. Supoon, capse, pozer, pesuck, Cummuck, Anezeruck Emetna. Bully for you. Ruh'g chew Ogia.

NACORUK.

Unalackleit was at last accounts in the same place. Tea, $1 per pound and plenty. White Drilling rising.

All members of the Native Kymugen Society in Russian America, are in a state of excitement, in consequence of the arrival of Carlo in that country. They swear eternal vengeance to the outside barbarian. But from what we can hear, he will be the winning *Dorg!* Bird is his backer to any amount of *to-backer*.

A RUMOR.—We hear it stated on the streets that a newspaper is about to make its appearance here. Its object, we hope, will be for the benefit of the people, and we will extend to it a hearty welcome. Who its editors will be we are not informed.

THE TRIP TO KAVIARAZKH-MUTE.—We have an interesting account of this journey, but on account of its late receipt, we are compelled to defer its appearance until our next issue. Our thanks are due to the writer, who has before furnished several article of interest to our readers.

ESQUIMAUX MEANNESS.—One of our party who was on the late trip to Kaviarazkh-Mute, relates an incident of the journey which would put to shame some of our miserly *christians*. While stopping at Kupola's hut, he was invited by that worthy to a day's shooting, he furnishing him with a gun and ammunition. While out, Kupola espied a flock of birds, and desired his guest to *rise* them, which he did, by discharging both barrels of his piece. The host then fired at the flying game, but failed to kill any. On his return home the first thing he did was to ask an equivalent for the two charges used by his guest. We lay the cause of this act of civilization to the fact of Kupola having made a passage on a whale ship to several Anglo Saxon ports.

City Intelligence.

WE NOTICE with pleasure the fast progressing improvements in our city, which give the promise of the establishment of a metropolis at this place, which will ere long rival London, New York, or Paris, both as regards beauty and commercial importance. At the present time, there is in process of erection, two beautiful residences on Front street. One at the corner of Nacoruk Avenue, and the other to the north of Hunky Dora Court, on the same thoroughfare. The first building is to be a grand hotel on the European plan, and will be the guest house for the numerous distinguished native visitors, whose presence is looked for during our stay here. The other one is built by private citizens as a dwelling place for themselves, and such of the guests as they desire to entertain.

THE WEATHER since our last issue, has been very irregular. It rained and snowed on several occasions, with the winds prevailing from the east and south. The sea has been covered with floating ice, which seems to have come from the head of Grantly Harbor. The thermometer has varied from 4° to 32° above zero.

THE TELEGRAPH LINE is now built a distance of fifteen miles from this point. The way station, where the greater number of the party camped a week, was named Tentopolis, and from the trouble some had in keeping out of the wet and wind one night, we consider *Tent-o-pol(i)s* a very appropriate title.

OUR TOWN is at present filled with visitors from the surrounding country. They all gathered in the Town Hall on Sunday night, and treated us to one of their characteristic dances. Negougin, Utuano, Mayounak, Kupola, and several others participated and pow-wowed in the most approved style. *Hung-hia-ha!* was the prevailing tune. The gentlemen wore gloves, and with their sleeves rolled up, jumped around in the greatest excitement, putting one in mind of the howlings of an escaped pack of hungry wolves. The ladies, with their graceful appearance, sylph-like in their motion, as a "Bull in a China Shop," added much to the entertainment. After a while the heat became so intense that the Chiefs had to take off their parka's, and thus danced in their shirts and skin breeches. It was comical to see one little *piccaninny*, the son of a Utuano, imitating the action of the elders in the dance, even going so far as to commence stripping his parka, which was however prevented by his Maa. When they had quieted down, they desired us to give them "Marching thro' Georgia," which we did, they joining in the chorus. A leaf of tobacco was then given to the men and women, and *Queama* was their universal cry. They then reluctantly retired and left us in possession of our habitation.

WE ARE glad to see the appearance of the following order. The desecration of the dead, whether savage or civilized, is an act which should not be permitted by heathen or Christian:

LIBBYSVILLE, R. A., Nov. 1, 1866.

Special Order No. 1. All persons employed by the Western Union T. Co., in Grantly Harbor Division, are expressly forbidden to molest or take away any relic from any Indian grave or graveyard. II. Foremen in charge of working parties at this station or along the line, will see that this order is strictly enforced.

DANIEL B. LIBBY,
Comd'g Grantly Harbor Div., W. U. T. Co.

A DOWN-EAST editor says he has seen the contrivance our lawyers use when "they warm up with the subject." He says it is a glass concern, and holds about a pint.

The Esquimaux.

VOL. 1. LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A., SUNDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1866. NO. 3.

The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A., Sunday, Dec. 9, '66.

THE ESQUIMAUX will be published on the first Sunday in each month, and is devoted to the interests of the foreign population in and around Libbysville. It will contain a summary of passing events, and all intelligence of interest to the denizens of this neighborhood. Original and selected miscellany, correspondence, &c., will form a prominent feature. The terms of subscription will be nothing for the first year, and if the enterprise meets with encouragement, this price will be increased double after the expiration of its first anniversary.

OFFICE:—Main Building, Libbysville, R. A.

J. J. HARRINGTON,... .....*Editor and Proprietor.*

Poetry.

Look Aloft.

In the tempest of life when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy floating should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
"Look aloft" and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee, when sorrows like clouds are arrayed,
"Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light, to thine eye
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret
"Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest—the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,
"Look aloft" from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil, where "affection is ever in bloom."

And oh! when death comes in his terrors to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft" and depart!

THE LATENESS OF OUR ISSUE.—We owe an apology to our readers for the non-appearance of the ESQUIMAUX on Sunday last. Our absence from town on that date was the cause of the delay. An account of the trip to Kingeghn, which was visited by us will be found in another column.

WORSE FOR CORRECTION.—An editor, in a complimentary notice of a vigilant general, was made, by the omission of a single letter, to call him a "battle-scared" veteran. The poor man hastened to make amends in his next issue, by saying he meant "battle-scarred," but the compositor put it "bottle-scarred."

Russian America.

We find the following in relation to "the place we dwell in," in the "Treasury of Geography," by William Hughs, F. R. G. S., 1866: The Russian Territory in America, comprehends the north-western corner of the continent, with several adjacent islands, both on the coast of the Pacific ocean, and within the area of Behring's sea. The superficial extent of this territory is probably upwards of 400,000 square miles.

Those parts of the coast which border on Behring's sea and the Pacific, are high and rocky, with bold and steep promontories, but the Arctic coast to the north and east of Behring's straits, and thence, nearly to the mouth of the Mackenzie, are low, flat, and often swampy. Several rivers discharge themselves into the sea, along the latter tract, one of then named [by its English discoverers] the Colville, is two miles wide at its mouth, and freshens the waters for a considerable distance.

A large river called the Yukon [or Kwichpack], which rises on the western side of the Rocky Mountains, north of the parallel of 60°, flows through Russian America in a north-westerly and westerly direction, and enters Behring's sea, in the neighborhood of Norton Sound. The Yukon is a broad and rapid river, with a powerful current, the country through which it runs is low, marshy, and sparingly wooded. The interior of all this portion of the territory is very little known.

The seal fishery, is prosecuted by the Russians, along the coast, and adjacent islands. They have also established forts, where the natives barter, or sell to them, their furs. The principal of these stations, is New Arkangel, on Sitka Island, [lat. 57° 3']. It has a population of about 1,000 inhabitants, and contains the warehouses of the Russian Fur Company. Michaelovsky, upon the coast of Norton Sound, [lat. 63° 30'] is another of the Russian trading ports.

The teeth and bones of the mammoth are found upon the coasts of Russian America, [like similar fossil remains, upon the Siberian coasts], though none have been discovered to the eastward of the Rocky Mountains.

THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.—"The King's English" is alluded to as the standard of our vernacular; but the Queen's English is not King's English by any manner of means. For instance, in her late book, Victoria talks about Prince Albert's "last fatal illness," as if he had several fatal illnesses before.

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The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A., SUNDAY, DEC. 9, 1866.

How we Should Treat the Natives.

Being for some time to come, permanently located in this country, among people who have had very little intercourse with the Anglo-Saxon, it behoves us to study some plan of action in our dealings with them, which will be beneficial to ourselves, as well as acceptable in the eyes of our neighborly Esquimaux.

An Indian, we all know, has ideas and customs which seem strange and unaccountable to the civilized, and in our transactions with them, we should take these things into consideration. The natives here are no exception to this rule; their idea of an American is, that he is abundantly supplied with everything, and, not understanding the cost of goods, think he should be liberal in his disbursement. What intercourse they have had with whalers, and others, has not served to give them a very exalted idea of the white man's character; the traders generally showing a grasping nature, and using their power for imposing on their semi-civilized customers to such an extent, that is it to be wondered at, that, now the natives knowing our position here, should retaliate upon us Americans, and make what profit they can out of our stay. It is therefore, necessary that we should adopt a concerted mode of action, for our guidance in connection with them, so that they will perfectly understand our position as regards themselves.

In buying goods of them, there should be no two prices paid, for nothing looks worse than to see white men over-bidding each other, while purchasing of an Indian. The articles they have for sale should be bought by some one man, agreeable to all, and who will work for the mutual interest of everyone; he to establish a scale of prices, within the reach of all, by which means, goods can be purchased cheaper and better than heretofore.

When they visit our houses, we should not roughly eject them, but in a kindly manner, explain to them the largeness of our numbers, and the cooped-up state of our dwellings, giving them to understand that we have built a house for their especial accomodation. This should be especially so, as regards strangers, who come from a distance, with materials for trading. If we have any refuse victuals, they should be given to them, and not to those daily pests, whose only object here, is the getting of American *cow-cow*.

If we do all this, and not interfere with their sacred relations, we will always be acceptable guests in their villages, and remain free from all acts of animosity, on their part. Let the practice of civilization, be our motto, and the white man's advent here, will be a blessing to the now unenlightened Esquimaux.

Winter.

Old grizzled Winter, with all his cheerless family have arrived, and pitched their tents among us, for a long stay. Of all our numerous visitors, he is the most unwelcome; no matter how anxious you are for him to keep his distance, he will intrude, and press his acquaintance, even going so far, as to send his children to dwell with you, and be the companions of your every moment, contesting with your shadow, for the prominent position. Snow is the purest of the old fellow's piciniies, and has carpeted the surrounding country, with its soft white flakes, entirely hiding the green moss, which gave a cheerful aspect to the eye, on our first arival here. His brother, the ice, too, has made his presence manifest, and shown his power; the adjacent lakes, and lagoons, are locked by his embrace: the bay, where but a short time since, the waters rolled and frothed, in their anger, is now spell-bound by his presence, and the canoe of the Indian, which once glided on the waters, is now replaced by their dogs and sleds. Of all old winter's family, Jack Frost is the most persistent, stealing in at the windows, and painting fantastic figures on the panes in his entry. He pokes his glistening white face in through the most minute places, where you thought he would have no chance to creep, and seems to laugh to scorn your efforts to keep him out. Little Jack will also nip your nose, and punish your fingers and toes, if the opportunity offers, and you may be sure, he is always on the lookout for such chances. Winter's family has a large number of attendants, among which, the winds and lowering clouds, strive to excel in homage to their grim master. The Indians, learning from the animals of nature, now build, or burrow in the ground, knowing, that there they are most safe from the season's perils. The birds of the air have flown to a more congenial clime, and all nature seems to know of the coming time. To us, who have lived in more southern lands, amid the scenes of civilization, where the winter presents numerous enjoyments, both indoor and out, the present season looks dreary, but we must remember, that with ourselves rests the solution of the question, as to what effect it will have upon us. By promoting bodily exercises, and attending to nature's rules, and placing our trust in the all-seeing God of calms and storms, the coming spring will find us all as healthy and happy as we are to-day.

Congratulatory Letter.

The following has been placed in our hands for publication, and we know its sentiments will be appreciated by those to whom it is addressed:

PORT CLARENCE, R. A., Dec. 1, 1866.

To the employees of the W. U. T. Co., Grantly Harbor Division:—

GENTLEMEN:—Our campaign for the year 1866 is about drawing to a close. Since our landing here, on the 16th day of September, the work before us has advanced in progression, far better than I had even anticipated. Our winter quarters were constructed in almost an incredibly short time, and so far as we have been able to judge from experience, have proved warm and comfortable. We have not yet had any extreme cold weather, such as we may expect in such a high latitude as this, but when it does make its appearance, and blasts of December come, let us hope that our quarters will still prove as convenient as heretofore.

The construction of the line from Port Clarence to the head of Grantly Harbor, though but fifteen miles distance, was a part of the work I did not hope to see completed this fall, nor under such favorable circumstances, and I dare say it will exceed the most sanguine expectations, and even surprise the "Engineer-in-Chief" of this expedition.

It has been my wish and aim to construct as much line as possible in the least possible time, and to that end you seem to be animated with the same good feelings, having taken an interest in the work, and labored with much energy, for which I most sincerely thank you.

Our party, I believe, is larger than any other left by the Company this year, either on the Siberian or Russian American coasts, consequently it is justly expected that we will do the largest amount of work. The party at Unalakleet does not fall much short of ours in numbers, and the country (from what I have learned from what I believe to be authentic reports), affords them much better facilities for constructing, than this. Having such advantages over us, their progress in the work may very nearly equal ours, but I hope will never exceed.

Probably we can commence operations again early in March or April of the coming year, and I hope, ere another winter sets in, to have the largest portion of this Division completed, which extends from Port Clarence to Golovnine Sound, a distance of about 200 miles. I doubt not but every one of you will take hold of the work with heart and hand, and with me strive to accomplish all we can. It would be pleasing to hear it said that we did the most and best work of any party attached to this expedition. Let us hope to win the praise of so doing.

DANIEL B. LIBBY.

OUR TRIP TO KINGEGHN.—As this journey was to a part of the country not before visited by any of our party, a short account of the trip may prove interesting to our readers. Capt. Libby and ourself left here on Monday, November 26th, and arrived at the village of Kingeghn on Friday evening following. The journey thither was for the most part through a mountainous country, which disappointed us, as we expected at the set out to have good ice travel the whole distance.

We got good stopping places each night both going and coming, at one of which, Polaraskh-mute, about 65 miles from here, on the coast; we laid over one day on the up trip, in consequence of the bad weather.

The last day's travel was the worst, being among the hills, and the wind blowing snow in our eyes to such an extent that it was with difficulty we could see our guide in advance of the dogs. Kingeghn was a welcome sight to us that night, and when we arrived, the natives, seeming to understand our condition, hustled us into their warm houses, and quickly disrobed us of our wet clothing; we soon enjoyed a nice, hot supper. After a rest we were invited to the *Paloly*, or dance house, by the Chief at whose residence we were stopping. To give a correct description of this exhibition, is beyond our power. The house was about twenty feet square, built with an underground entrance; around the walls were placed seats or shelves for the spectators, one side of which was occupied by the musicians; two raised platforms at the side served as galleries for the youth, who laid on all fours, and thus looked at the performance; the center of the room was piled with all kinds of conceivable Esquimaux dishes, from the tiny fish to the oily Walrus stew, which gave us the idea that it was to a feast we had been invited. After some delay the show commenced, the crowd in the meantime flocking in; men, women and children, until there must have been no less than 150 Indians present, who gazed at us outside barbarians as if we had dropped from the moon. The music, vocal and instrumental, soon got the dancers excited, and stripped to the waist, with their fancy knee-breeches and decorated boots, their heads set off with beads and feathers, they pow-wowed in a frantic manner. At one time we counted 14 stalwart men on the floor, twisting their bodies in all conceivable shapes, and deafening ears with their demoniac screeching.

The seats we occupied were on the side shelf, underneath which was placed an oil lamp for purposes of light and warmth. The Captain's position was immediately over the center flame, and his frequent attempt at change of base, told too plainly what effect the blaze had on him. At last, forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and he soon expressed a wish to leave, when we bid our friends good night, and retired to rest, but alas! not to sleep! The heat was intolerable, and our bed, also on a side shelf scarcely five feet long, laying with our heads outwards, and when Morpheus would bless us with a nod, we would awake to find our heads sliding over the edge of the beds, —and so we passed the night.

Next morning we had a chance to view the place. The village is situated on Point Cape Prince of Wales, about 85 miles north of here; is built partly on a side hill, and consists of some 90 houses, with a population, as near as we could compute during our stay, of 900 *Innuits*. The sight that met our gaze on the first morning, from the top of our house, was a strange one to us. We were on the side hill, which was covered with women intently gazing on an immense crowd, assembled on raised ground about one-fourth of a mile distant, and who seemed to be attending a mass meeting, or listening to a stump oration. On enquiry we learned that the gathering was on account of bad weather and lack of *cow-cow*, and for the purposes of making offerings and prayers for more food and temperate *selami*. During the day we visited two more dance houses, where the same performance was carried on as on the previous night. At all the halls they presented us with some rope and a few pieces of bone, and at one place a few broken crackers; a strange thing to receive from the Esquimaux. They, of

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course, expected a return, which we gave them in the shape of tobacco, and every one expecting a piece, the amount of weed thus dispensed was not inconsiderable.

On the third and last night of our stay here, a small incident happened which showed what effect whisky has over the savage. While eating our supper, one of the chiefs who we had seen here, rushed frantically into our host's house, his eyes bloodshot and staring, and having in his hand a bottle containing a little fire water, which showed that but a short time since it had been dimished to its present quantity; at his heels were some twenty-five or thirty others, who seemed to be his attendants. He jabbered about in an excited manner, to the effect that the Americans were bad and talked *as-eruckk* about them; that the house we had for them here was cold, while theirs was *alapa-pesuck*. All this he learned from the Indians who had just arrived from here. For a time we could not well understand our position, or what would be the next movement. We pacified him after a while, however, and peace reigned once more.

The next morning we left for Libbysville, and arrived here after four days' travel. The whole journey consisted of eleven days, and our appearance at this station was, to say the least, not as presentable as on our set out. The cold weather on the trip peeling our faces, and Jack Frost leaving his mark on our own ears. Thus ended our journey to Kingeghn, the largest village in Russian America.

A Home of Lang Syne.

My father planted the China tree,
That shadows its old roof o'er;
And brothers and sisters played in the breeze,
That wandered by its door.

But some are gone far over the seas,
And some will play no more;
They're laving their well tired feet in the waves,
That wash eternity's shore.

Well I remember the creeping vines
With their blossoms purpling through,
And the roses that laughed to the summer's wind,
And the violets sweet, that grew.

And the little white door with its clear white panes
That charmed the sunlight through,
On the pine floor, in shadowy stains,
With many a varying hue.

And the dim old loft, with its books galore,
That many an hour beguiled,
With their pictures of grim old kings of yore,
And many a legend wild.

And then, the charm of the other old loft,
All sweet, with its new-mown hay,
That tempted my wandering feet, so oft
To find where the hens would lay.

And the wild, mild songs we used to sing
Coming from school, in the field;
Oh! the joy that in their tones did ring,
No music on earth will yield.

And the old oak trees, that grew in a clump,
That we were afraid to pass,
Where the ghost who reigned might be only a stump,
And the sounds, the waving of grass.

And don't you remember, dear S——e, the night
That we had to pass it by;
All the prayers we said—and the fright
We suffered—you and I?

And how close together we pressed,
And walked as fast as we could;
And how happy we were, and blessed
When we got past the wood.

How many woods as dark and drear
We meet in the journey of life,
With no clasping hand to quiet our fear,
But all alone, in the strife.

But, we may remember the prayers we said,
And keep straight on to the right,
Until we come to the edge of the wood,
And enter eternity's light.

City Intelligence.

"The Hornswoggler."—This is the title of the newspaper, mentioned in our last, which made its appearance on the date of our last issue. The title, we must confess, is incomprehensible to us, and its introductory is a dead letter. Sufficient is it to say, that its object seems to be the bringing to light all private acts of citizens, which, for the public good, had better not be known to the outside world. The proprietor is O. B. Joyful.

The Leaving of Kupola and Family.—The old stand-by Domaquatsahak, or Kupola, has at last been driven to a warmer house, and we no more see the beautiful countenances of his two wives, or hear the squalling of his piccininies, in our vicinity. He has gone from our gaze, like a beautiful dream, of a lazy, dirty *Innuit*.

Thanksgiving Day.—The 22d of Nov., was observed here, as a general holiday. and the Yankee Jim's party spent the day with us. 'Twas truly a festive day, and our artists of the victualing department, spread themselves on the good things. To give a description of this dinner, is far beyond our power, the stews, the roasts, the vegetables, and the pies, disappeared in such rapid order, that the only thing we could do, was to appreciate it. Everybody felt jolly, and when night came, songs and dances whiled away the long hours. It was a day, long to be remembered by those of us gathered in this far-off clime.

Christmas.—'Ere again we salute our readers, this day will have passed. What a happy train of recollections crowd upon us as it approaches. It is the time, of all the year, when those we love will think of us most, and "Do they miss me at home," will be sure to meet with an affectionate response from every heart. "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year," is our sincere wish to the readers of The Esquimaux.

Fox Chase.—Last Wednesday morning, the denizens of this burg, were alarmed by the cry of a fox, a fox! A great many rushed to the doors in their shirt sleeves, [the thermometer at 28° below zero] while those who were clad in *ah-te-gahs*, joined in the chase. followed by our *Omahlikh Kymugoon* "Carlo" who kept quite close to Mister Reynard, for the distance of about three miles. He might have caught the rascal, but exhausted nature, made him relinquish the sport. It was exciting, and afforded us all great pleasure. We ardently wish that more of our foxy friends would show themselves. it would add to driving dull care away.

All Home.—Nearly four months of our dwelling here. are passed, and we are all blessed with health; every chair is occupied, and during the long dreary months to come, when labor will be impossible, we must strive to do everything for each other, to make us comfortable.

Big Thing on Ice.—A foot race came off last week, between two of the sporting men of our town. It was very exciting, and afforded a great deal of amusement. The winning man kept well ahead during the race, causing his tall competitor to come down to his knitting. We trust our friends C. and S. will not let this be the last time we will witness their pedestrian ability.

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VOL. 1. LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A, SUNDAY, JANUARY 6, 1867. NO. 4.

The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A., Sunday, Jan. 6, '67.

THE ESQUIMAUX will be published on the first Sunday in each month, and is devoted to the interests of the foreign population in and around Libbysville. It will contain a summary of passing events, and all intelligence of interest to the denizens of this neighborhood. Original and selected miscellany, correspondence, &c., will form a prominent feature. The terms of subscription will be nothing for the first year, and if the enterprise meets with encouragement, this price will be increased double after the expiration of its first anniversary.

OFFICE:—Main Building, Libbysville, R. A.

J. J. HARRINGTON,.....*Editor and Proprietor.*

Poetry.

A Ballad of Sir John Franklin.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around."
—[COLERIDGE.

"Oh, whither sail you, Sir John Franklin,"
Cried a Whaler in Baffin s Bay,
"To know if between the land and the pole
I might find a broad seaway."

"I charge you back, Sir John Franklin,
As you would live and thrive,
For between the land and the frozen pole
No man may sail alive."

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And spoke unto his men.
"Half England is wrong if he is right,
Bear off to the westward, then."

"Oh, whither sail you, brave Englishman?"
Cried the little Esquimaux.
"Between your land and the polar star
My goodly vessels go."

"Come down, if you would journey there,"
The little Indian said,
"And change your cloth for fur clothing,
Your vessel for a sled."

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And the crew laughed with him, too:
"A sailor to change from ship to sled
I ween were something new."

All through the long, long polar day
The vessels westward sped,
And wherever the sail of Sir John was blown
The ice gave way and fled —
Gave way with many a hollow groan,
And with many a surly roar.
But it murmured and threatened on every side,
And closed where he sailed before.

"Ho! see ye not, my merry men,
The broad and open sea?
Bethink ye what the whaler said;
Think of the little Indian's sled!"
The crew laughed out in glee,
"Sir John, Sir John, 'tis bitter cold,
The scud drives on the breeze,
The ice comes looming from the south,
The very sunbeams freeze."

"Bright summer goes, dark winter comes,
We cannot rule the year.
But long 'ere summer's sun goes down,
On yonder sea we'll steer."

The dripping icebergs dipped and rose
And floundered down the gale;
The ships were stayed, the yards were manned,
And furled the useless sail."

"The summer's gone, the winter's come,
We sail not on yonder sea;
Why sail we not Sir John Franklin?"
A silent man was he.

"The summer's gone, the winter's come,
We cannot rule the year;
I ween we cannot rule the ways,
Sir John, wherein we'd steer."

The cruel ice came floating on
And closed beneath the lee,
Till the thickening waters dashed no more;
'Twas ice around, behind, before,
My God! there is no sea!"

"What think you of the whaler now?
What of the Esquimaux?
A sled were better than a ship
To cruise through ice and snow."

Down sank the baleful, crimson sun,
The Northern Light came out,
And glared upon the ice-bound ships,
And shook its spears about.

The snow came down, storm breeding storm
And on the decks were laid,
Till the weary sailor, sick at heart,
Sank down beside his spade.

"Sir John the night is black and long
The hissing wind is bleak,
The hard, green ice is strong as death;
I prithee, Captain, speak."

"The night is neither bright nor short,
The singing breeze is cold,
The ice is not so strong as hope,
The heart of man is bold!"

"What hope can scale this icy wall
High over the main flagstaff?
Above the ridges, the wolf and bear
Look down with a patient, settled stare,
Look down on us and laugh."

"The summer went, the winter came —
We could not rule the year.
But the summer will melt the ice again,
And open a path to the sunny main,
Whereon our ships shall steer."

The winter went, the summer went,
The winter came around,
But the hard, green ice was strong as death,
And the voice of hope sank to a breath,
Yet caught at every sound.

"Hark! heard ye not the voice of guns?
And there, and there, again?"
"'Tis some uneasy iceberg's roar
As he turns in his frozen main."

"Hurrah! Hurrah! the Esquimaux
Across the icefields steal,
God gives them grace for their charity."
Ye pray for the silly seal.

"Sir John, where are the English fields,
And where are the English trees,
And where are the little English flowers
That open in the breeze?"

"Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
You shall see the fields again,
And smell the scent of the opening flowers,
The grass and the waving grain."

"Oh, when shall I see my orphan child?
My Mary waits for me."
"Oh, when shall I see my old mother,
And pray at her trembling knee?"

"Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
Think not such thoughts again."
But a tear froze slowly on his cheek,
He thought of Lady Jane.

Ah! bitter, bitter, grows the cold,
The ice grows more and more;
More settled stare the wolf and bear,
More patient than before.

"Oh, think you, good Sir John Franklin,
We'll never see the land?
'Twas cruel to send us here to starve
Without a helping hand."

"'Twas cruel, Sir John, to send us here
So far from help or home,
To starve and freeze on this lonely sea.
I ween the Lords of Admiralty
Would rather send than come."

"Oh, whether we starve to death alone,
Or sail to our own country,
We have done what man has never done,
The truth is founded, the secret won,
We have passed the Northern sea."

The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A., SUNDAY, JAN. 6, 1867.

The Blank in our News from the Outside World.

'Tis 1867, and the events passing in this great universe, since, we may say, July 11th of its predecessor, are unknown to us. We are actually outside of the world. The great enterprise which we are laboring to complete, and which would place us as near to the great cities of the earth, as though we saw them with our own eyes, has not yet progressed sufficiently to give us the every day occurences in the big world, and the lumbering ship is our only medium for receiving such tidings.

Our latest dates from San Francisco, are to the 7th of August, by the bark *Evelyn Wood*, which arrived at Plover Bay, after we left, and hence, the news was transmitted to us by the steamer *Wright*. The intelligence brought by her, is however, to be doubted. She reports the completion of the Atlantic cable, an unlooked for event, at the time of our leaving San Francisco, July 11th, 1866.

At that date a war was progressing between Austria and Prussia, which 'ere now has caused a large amount of bloodshed, with what results, we of course are unable to determine. Austria, would of necessity need the troops which she sent to protect Maximilian, on his upstart throne, in Mexico, and our friend Napoleon, whose protegé Maxy is, was getting a little frightened about the talk of his subjects as regards supporting this royal duke, and has doubtless, 'ere this, recalled his soldiers. With these protections gone, what is to become of poor Maximilian, and his paper sceptre? If it is not imagining too much, may not some of our Monroe doctrine upholders, have made him skedaddle before this time, and who knows, but the American flag now waves on the halls of Montezuma! There is one thing we do know, and that is, the United States, has by this time, reconstructed the once rebellious states and, with all her inhabitants living in harmony, is now one of the greatest powers on the face of the globe. The fate of Jeff Davis is a mystery, and whether he has been brought to trial, and if so, what was the result, is a matter that we will be anxious to hear about, on the arrival of the next news in our city. The Fenians had made an extensive failure of their invasion of Canada, but the Irishmen will try again, and may yet make England feel their power. There is one thing that interests us all, and especially those who have friends and relatives in the United States and Canadas, and that is: what effect has that dread destroyer cholera, made in our country? Rumors of his appearance in New York were rife, at latest accounts. Let us hope that preparations had been sufficiently made in all the cities and towns, for its approach, and that it has passed without leaving a mark of its grim shadow.

Another six months will pass away, 'ere we receive news and periodicals from the commercial and political points of the world, and during that time, and what has already passed, since our last dates, we can only anticipate what has and will occur. Friends whom we love, will have travelled to their last homes. Revolutions may happen, and overturn thrones, and improvements and inventions will be made which will astonish us. Time will tell, and let us hope—

That when the white sailed ship appears,
'Twill bring us joys and quell our fears.

Christmas and New Year.

The Holidays are over, and again we relapse into our old ways, with better resolutions for the future. We are sorry to say that the dawning of each year has seen many make the same good promises, and very seldom have they fulfilled their good intentions throughout the months which carried each year to its grave.

The days which helped the tottering '66 out of existence were drear and stormy, and it seemed as if the dying year was concentrating all his final efforts for a noisy exit. His successor, however, was ushered into this world of ours with a clear sky, and Old Sol smiled his beaming face amid the light of its first day. With the old poet we may say that last year "went out like a lion" and the present "came in like a lamb."

About these times we, so far away from our homes, are able to recall pictures which these days in the past have pressed upon our memory. The Christmas gathering at the old house; the smiling father; the happy mother and the cooing little ones, wondering how Santa Claus looked; the neighbors dropping in with a "God bless you," and "A Merry Christmas." Then the dinner with its soups, roast beef, the plum puddings, mince pies and other delicacies. After that, the party and the merry dancers in the holly decorated rooms; the sweet words spoken and sly glances at the dear little creature whom we were going to see home, when the "wee small hours appear." Such scenes we have all witnessed and participated in, and every return of the Saviour's natal day will bring them to our memory.

The week following, and the New Year's first day, was spent in festivities of all kinds, among which the sleigh ride held prominence, with its jingling bells and swiftly

gliding cutter, and the merry laughter of the occupants, as they sped along the white, silvery snow, all came before our eyes, as if it was but yesterday. They are pleasant to think of, and as we can never enjoy them again, let us, at least, hope for a glimmering of their happiness in the future.

The next approach of this happy season may not find us all together, but we know that wher'er we are, the remembrance of the faces with whom we spent the Christmas of 1866, and the First of January 1867, will be a joyful recurrence.

A Word or Two about our Native Neighbors.

As regards the industrial pursuits of the Esquimaux, we find the following, in a lecture read before the Ethnological Society, of London, by R. M. King, M. D., as far back as 1846 :

Habitations.—In Greenland the permanent house is built of stone, and turf as a substitute for mortar ; it is about three feet high, and is divided into several apartments, each occupied by different families. A shelf, or bench is raised at one side of the room, for sleeping on, and is used as a seat during the day. Along the northern coast of America, the houses are principally constructed of drift-wood, and built much like the above. At Norton Sound, a sloping roof, without any side walls, characterizes the buildings. The floor is formed of logs, (the entrance being at one end), with a fireplace within it, and a small hole for the escape of smoke. From Norton Sound to Point Barrow, the houses vary, according to the nature of the ground. Some, are wholly above ground ; some have the roof scarcely raised above it, and others resemble those of Norton Sound, and vicinity. They all agree in being built of drift-wood, covered with peat, and in having the light admitted through a parchment window in the roof. The most extraordinary houses are those constructed of the bones of whales, walrus, and other animals. Sir Martin Forbisher mentions them as existing in Labrador ; they are built circular, and of dome-like form, the foundation being of stones, and the rest of bones, inclining inwards, and meeting at the top ; they are about 18 feet at the base, and 9 feet high. The entrance, like the majority of Esquimaux dwellings, consists of a passage ten feet long, and not more than two feet in height and breadth, and covered like the hut with turf. Franklin's account of his first trip, mentions the snow house, which shows the ingenuity of the native, in using the materials at hand, for his protection against the weather. He says : "having selected a spot, the workmen commence by tracing out a circular line, in size proportioned to the number of people who are to occupy the premises, and then prepare a number of oblong slabs of snow, six inches, by two feet long. These slabs are piled one upon the other, care being taken to make them fit nicely, by running a knife under each block. Tier after tier is thus laid by one man, within the wall, who is supplied with building material by outside assistants. When the wall has attained a height of five or six feet, he cuts a hole on the south side, near the ground, which is to answer for a door. The hut is finished by inclining the snow slabs inwards until they meet, and then snow is shoveled on the outside, making the house air-tight. A passage way is then built, and covered in the same manner as the dwelling. For light a round hole is cut in the side, and a circular plate of fresh water ice let into it. The natives can generally finish one of these houses in forty-five minutes to an hour. They also build ice dwellings in the above manner, and very beautiful they look in their transparency. The summer houses or huts are built of skins, and being portable, are moved wherever the whim of the occupant chooses. 'Folding their tents like the Arabs, and as quietly steal away."

Sleds.—Their manufacture of these means of ice travel, display an ingenuity which would put to shame some of our premium mechanics.

Those in use along the coast are generally manufactured of drift wood, joined with thongs of walrus hide, and are shod with pieces of whalebone which makes them slide easily over the snow. Where wood is not obtainable, a novel article is used in its stead, as will be seen by the following description : "At Regent Inlet, a number of salmon are packed in walrus hide, and being pressed into the shape of runners, are tied with thongs, and then left to freeze, after which they are joined by crossbars of deer or musk-ox legs, the bottom of the runner is then covered with a mixture of moss, earth, and water, which freezes some two inches in thickness ; it is then ready for the final process ; the operator taking some water in his mouth, which after being sufficiently mixed with saliva, is deposited on a bear skin, and then rubbed over the runners by a brush, until the thickness of half an inch more is acquired, they are then ready for use, and are much lighter than the wooden sled. When the thermometer rises above freezing, they of course, thaw out, and the fish is then eaten by the not over delicate Esquimaux."

Our space forbids of further extracts, but we shall endeavor on another occasion to continue the subject.

Courtship, Marriage and Divorce.—Among our Indian friends, as well as among the more civilized, there frequently happens these little episodes in life. The first we mention is a case of courtship. A rather good looking young buck from Kavairazkh-mute paid our town a visit during the last month, and while here he saw (we know not was it the first time or not), as fine an Esquimaux damsel as we have in our vicinity. "He came, he saw," and as the sequel will show, "he conquered." They did their love-making in front of our office, and he whispering in her ear, and she blushing acquiescence; the sinking sun seemed to smile golden beams on their love-making. The Esquimaux rules of marriage were fulfilled, and the next day the happy bride and bridegroom left for their mountain home.

The divorce case comes next : the victims being the Flying Dutchman and his *nuleaka*. The husband is a doctor in the tribes, and the Indians say he is a useless individual, having no permanent abode, and failing to take care of his wife. On the other hand, he states that she is not true to him, and has already threatened to shoot an Esquimaux whom he thought was too deep in her affections. They met at Yankee Jims, and dividing their goods, each left in a different way. The Flying Dutchman placed his hand upon his heart, and looking pitifully into the face of one of our boys said, "me feel very bad." Such is life!

For Unalakleet.—John E. Globe and H. F. Dyer left this place on Wednesday last, to be absent some fifty days. On their return we will give our readers on account of the trip.

The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, SUNDAY, JAN. 6, 1867.

EDITOR ESQUIMAUX:—Should you deem such nonsense as this worthy of publication, and interesting to your readers, you may give it a place in your paper when it makes its next appearance:

Yours, L.

A DREAM.

Good night! I said, and went to bed,
And soon I fell asleep.
I had a dream, and it does seem
Too good for me to keep.

I dreamed, how well I love to tell,
That I was in a bus,
Which off did start past dray and cart,
And drew up at the Russ.

I booked my name, just as the same
I always used to do,
And very soon secured a room,
I think 'twas number two.

My toilet done, a simple one,
I hummed a merry song,
Soon in the hall I heard the call,
'Twas the thundering gong.

Away I ran, like a hungry man,
Into the dining hall.
It never pays to make delays
In answering that call.

How very fine, thought I, to dine
On viands all so rare.
I'll now begin and will pitch in,
I'm going to have a *square*.

The bill of fare was laying there,
I ordered all the best
That I could think, to eat and drink,
Until I couldn't rest.

Quite late at night, I thought it right
That I should then retire.
I had a dream, and it did seem
The Russ House was on fire.

I heard a noise of men and boys,
I wondered what 'twas for?
But then I woke, my sleep was broke,
I was in Esquimaux.

[We should say it was rather disagreeable awakening from feasting on viands at the Russ, to the reality of feeding on pork and beans in Russian America. We hope our friend "L" will come again.—ED.]

OUR CHRISTMAS DINNER.—As some of our friends at home may suppose that we do not enjoy any of the luxuries in the eating line, we publish this bill of fare of our big meal on the 25th of December:

First Course,.....Stewed Grouse (luscious).
Second do .....Roast Venison, Cranberry Sauce.
Third do Vegetables: Peas, Tomatoes, String Beans.
Fourth do .....Blackberry and Peach Pies.
Tea and Coffee with sugar, sweet bread and butter, etc.

Was not this a feast fit for any country? And you may be sure it was appreciated by those who sat down to their Christmas dinner in Libbysville, R. A.

☞ Economy is the easy chair of old age!

[ESPECIALLY TO THE ESQUIMAUX—NOT BY W. U. T. Co's. LINE.]

YANKEE JIMS, HEAD OF GRANTLY HARBOR,
January 5th, 1867.

Line out of order between here and Tucksukmute, the only connection being through natives, who carry portions of the wire under their *ahteghs*. They report every thing quiet at Kaviarazkhmute, and fish and reindeer are still living in their native elements.

OPERATOR YANKEE JIMS.

City Intelligence.

THE WEATHER since our last, has been so very disagreeable, that local items have suffered thereby, the temperature keeping our citizens within doors nearly the whole time.

The thermometer, during the month has varied from 10° above zero, to 26° below. The wind prevailing from the north, and its howling and snow-drifts, have given us a taste of an Arctic winter.

"CARLO" our *Kymughen*, has left for Unalakleet, and we expect, not having before visited that part of the country he will have to fight his way through the troops of Esquimaux dogs he will meet on the route. Judging by his success here, we have no doubt but it will go hard with any pup that has the hardihood to attack him.

"NOCORUCK," our youthful specimen of the canine race, has a very curious mode of enjoying himself, sometimes. A few days since, he was seen to climb upon the poles which cover the coal pile, and thence jump to the roof of the West End, up which he crept until he reached the peak, where, poising himself for balance, he placed his fore feet in advance and with head erect, slid to the bottom of the roof, and off to the ground. He repeated this feat several times, seemingly much to his own enjoyment, and the no little amusement of the spectators.

WE are glad to see that the recent changes in the position of the stoves in the Smithsonian Institute, and West End, have tended so much to making these houses comfortable. We have undoubtedly seen as bad weather as will be witnessed by us this winter, and the quarters will therefore stand the test of the storms.

WE have had very few native visitors during the past month, and therefore *okeekucking* has been at discount. The only party who were here, with trading goods, were a few Kingeghn Indians, who failed to do a thriving business, because of the lack of soldier's overcoats in camp. They, wanting such a coat for most every article offered by them for sale.

TRAVELLING IN RUSSIAN AMERICA.—Two of our party who recently returned from Kavairazkhmute, report the thermometer on their trip at from 10° above zero at their start from here, to 53° below when they left that place. Considerable of a change for four days.

FIRE AND WATER.—This translated into Esquimaux, reads Icknic and Emuck, which were the names of two dogs whose growth we have watched, and whose future as *nacoruck kingmucks* we have looked to with interest. But alas for expectation; alas for the bright dreams of our *anazuruck* captain, whose pride Emuck was, and whose youth he watched over with fatherly care, and the happy castles built by Web for his great leader (that was to be), Icknic. They were all doomed to disappointment. Quiet reigned in camp, till one night about the dreadful hour of twelve, a terrible howling was heard, and the inhabitants of our peaceful city roused from their slumbers, rushed forth into the midnight, expecting an immediate attack upon them by the Indians, but 'twas nothing but a mad dog, who running wild, had grasped Emuck, and instilled the deadly poison in his veins. Emuck afterwards bit Icknic and thus water keeping up its reputation, destroyed fire. The pups are dead, and K. and W. are disconsolate.

The Esquimaux.

VOL. 1. LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A., SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1867. NO. 5.

The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A.,
Sunday, Feb. 3, '67.

THE ESQUIMAUX will be published on the first Sunday in each month, and is devoted to the interests of the foreign population in and around Libbysville. It will contain a summary of passing events, and all intelligence of interest to the denizens of this neighborhood. Original and selected miscellany, correspondence, &c., will form a prominent feature. The terms of subscription will be nothing for the first year, and if the enterprise meets with encouragement, this price will be increased double after the expiration of its first anniversary.

OFFICE:—Main Building, Libbysville, R. A.

J. J. HARRINGTON.... .....*Editor and Proprietor.*

Poetry.

The Tropic Sea.

There, far below in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold fish rove;
There the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.

There, with a yellow and easy motion,
The fan coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea,
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea.

And life in rare and beautiful forms
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the waves his own.

WHO SAYS THIS IS A HARD COUNTRY?—When with the thermometer at 20° below zero, the willows at the back of our house have sprouted fresh shoots, some two to two and a half inches in length. This is indeed very early vegetation.

RODGER'S ARCTIC LIBRARY.—This is the title of a new enterprise for the advancement of knowledge, just established in our city by the gentleman whose name appears on the heading. The object is for the purpose of obtaining sufficient funds, to forward to San Francisco by Capt. Libby, to purchase books and periodicals, for the use of this station. The library at present consists of fifty volumes, twenty-six of which were contributed by the originator, and the rest, by other gentlemen in this division. The enterprise is worthy of support, for while it brings knowledge and amusement to ourselves at present, it will have the effect of improving and employing the minds of those who may be stationed at this post hereafter.

The Frost Flower.

We find the following account of this curious freak of nature in a late paper, and also that it has been successfully grown in Boston, through the means of artificial cold:

This wonderful plant or flower was discovered in '63, by Count Swinskoff, in the northern boundaries of Siberia amid eternal snow. The discoverer is an eminent Russian botanist, and was ennobled by the Czar for his discovery. Bursting from frozen ground, it grows to the hight of three feet, and flowers on the third day, remains in flower twenty-four hours, and then dissolves itself into its original element—stems, leaves and flowers being of the finest snow. The leaves are three in number, and grew only on that side of the stalk which faces the north. When expanded, the flower is in the shape of a single star. The petals are interlaced, one with the other, in a beautiful manner, forming the most delicate basket of frost work that the eye ever beheld. The seeds of this beautiful flower are about the size of a pin's head, and glitter like diamonds. The discoverer obtained a few of these, and carrying them to St. Petersburg, they were placed in snow, and came forth in all their beauty the following winter.

The writer of the above article must surely have been troubled with the cold, and with benummed fingers, and frozen toes; it was no wonder that he endeavored to make other people see beauties in an element which was sure to give the same misfortune he himself possessed.—[ED.

A COMPLAINT—We always wish to keep on good terms with our readers, but if they don't have more consideration for us, we must certainly talk to them in a way that will not be pleasant. Our paper has now been published five months, and during that time we have received very few original articles for publication. Why is this? The talent is surely here, and it needs only a little application to bring it forth. Try it, and don't let us have to complain any more. To those few contributers who have helped us, we return thanks. We hope they will continue to favor us, and thereby receive an Editor's blessing.

A SIGN OF PROSPERITY.—In walking through our city we cannot find a single house with "To let" staring us in the face. As the spring approaches, we expect an influx of population from the surrounding country, who will have to erect their own residences. Where are our capitalists?

WHAT ladies are best to go fishing with? An-nette, and Caro-line.

☞ *Our readers and the public generally will at once perceive the benefits of extending to The Esquimaux their patronage. It is the only journal circulated in this territory, and none other is published north of Victoria, B. C., on this continent, or China in the Western Hemisphere, between the parallels of longitude* 130° *east and* 120° *west of Greenwich, nearly half the globe. It is the official organ for all matters connected with the Western Union Telegraph, Russian Extension, in the vast extent of country to be traversed by this gigantic enterprise of the* 19*th century, and it therefore is a better medium for advertisers, than any paper published in the world.*

The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A., SUNDAY, FEB. 3, 1867.

The Employment of our Spare Hours.

In a country like this, so far isolated from the busy world, amid snows and ice, where nature has assumed her most dreary mantle, we have times when the stormy weather keeps us in doors, and the long nights make the hours hang heavy on our hands. This time is precious, and if well employed, will in after life be useful. Nothing tends so much to the improvement of the mind as reading. No matter how low a man's station, it will elevate him, or to what height he has already attained, it will still serve to advance him in civilization. The mind is an immense machine, which if not greased by the oil of cultivation, will lie dormant and rust for want of use. Study improves us; it presents to us new facts; explains to us modern inventions, and shows to our wondering eyes the scientific principles whose power moves the universe, all teaching us what was; what is; and what is wanting in this world of ours. These lessons, if well studied, will make us pause and think what we can do towards the advancement of the human race. Each in our station have the opportunity of doing something which will serve to lighten a task which some of our brothers bear, a word or act which if kindly done will turn a gall to pleasure. All nature teaches us this; the trees and flowers are wafted into the bloom by the cool breezes, and clothed in verdure by the dewy fall. The planets, too, are dependant one upon the other; our own globe looks for its light by day to the sun, and borrows from the moon its pale reflection at night, while the other heavenly objects revolve within their spheres, never encroaching on another, but by their light and motion helping their companions' transit.

We here behold nature in her most dreary aspect, but still grand in its presentment. Here we meet a people of whom we had heard marvellous tales in our youth, and wondered what they were like, and how they could live in these regions of the far north. We see them now, and our position gives us time to study their habits. Let us observe minutely all we see of them and their country, and our experience in the Arctic will add another phaze to our knowledge of human nature, and with the poet let us say

"To know a just God is all we can,
The proper study of mankind is man."

Take Time by the Forelock.—The spring will soon be upon us, and according to the sayings of the oldest inhabitant, it will be a season of snows and thaws. By a little forethought we may escape its most damaging effects. A necessary article to obtain is the *Izgark*, made and used by the natives here for the protection of their eyes from snow blindness. It is manufactured of wood, hollowed and ground to fit the face, and has s small slit to admit the vision, with a protection above, to shade the eyes from the sun's rays. They are indispensable in this country. For wet and thawy weather seal clothing is admitted to be the most useful, and we should not fail to secure boots, etc., made from this animal's hide, when opportunity offers. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

A Good Trait.—We have had, during the past week, a little Esquimaux boy stopping with us. We call him George and he is the son of an indian at whose house our party generally stop on their way to Kaviarzkhmute. It was his first visit here, and although wondering at the new things he saw, and pleased with the attention shown him, still he had been with us scarce a day, when he got homesick and cried to see his mother and father. He saved from his first meal some pieces of bread and had them put in a paper to take home to his little sister. When the time came to leave, his face brightened with the prospect of seeing those who nurtured him. This shows that filial affection is as largely developed in the Esquimaux as it is in the native of more Christian climes. The poet was right when he said,

"There is no place like home."

A Fishy question.—The wise men of our city have lately had a scaly subject for discussion, caused by the receipt of a cargo of fish from Kaviarzkhmute. Were they pollywogs or were they not pollywags? that is the question! The pros and cons of the case have been well weighed, although the subject presented few scales for the purpose. Some of the objections raised were that they gave one the scurvy—a scurvy tale on the innocent fin back; another made no bones of the matter by saying that they were some of the serpents which a renowned saint drove out of Ireland, while a third finished this side of the story by stating that he expected the critter to bark when it was thawed out. For the defence we have only the proof of the pudding, which made the fish or pollywog to our taste a nice dish, and not being afraid of the bark in a country where we can see no trees, and having a high respect for a descendant of the *ould sod* we will bid defiance to the scurvy and go our pile on the finny luxury.

Reconciliation.—We mentioned a short time ago the parting of the Flying Dutchman and his wife, Izabrook. We learned last week that they have once more become reconciled, and are now living in happy union. May they continue to do so, both for their own good and as an example to the rest of the Esquimaux race.

(*Original.*)

The Maid of Plover Bay.

I call to mind the Indian girl,
But many a weary day
Has passed, since last I looked upon
The maid of Plover Bay.

On either side the mountains rise,
Rugged and bare are they,
And deathly cold are the limpid waves
That ripple Plover Bay.

No verdant shrubs or grassy slopes
Adorn the hillside gray,
But lichens and the wiry sedge
Grow all around the Bay.

A sandspit breaks the rustling tide
Where breakers leap and play,
And here in huts the Chuckchies dwell
The indians of the Bay

And here, I recollect it well,
Where her *bidarka* lay
'Twas first I saw the Chuckchie girl,
The maid of Plover Bay.

In deerskin *parka* she was dressed,
Trimmed in a curious way,
Her leggins from some hapless seal
She'd speared in Plover Bay.

Her raven locks were bright with *kard*
And many a bead display,
Her olive bosom's heaving charms
Half sheltered from the day.

Well she could guide the seal skin boat,
Nor feared the splashing spray;
Could hunt the seal or spear the fish
That roamed within the Bay.

Her light brown cheek, her pearly teeth
Would steal one's heart away.
Take your pale dames, give me my choice,
The maid of Plover Bay.

L.....

Letter from 10der Phelinx Ward.

NUMBER ONE.

MISTER EDITOR ESKUMAW:—

Az yu have ingaged mi valuable services tu rite fur yure paper i expect the 1st inquiry of yure reders wuld bee as tu who wer the antsisters of yure korrespondent, so i will give yu an akkount of the relasions who hav preseded me as per the analls of mi familie: 1st yu must kno that mi most illustrious antsister was in the vegitable bisiness, been a gardner named Adam. Been like awl the rest of the mail speshis he got stuck after a femail cawled Eve, and yeldin one day to her fascinatin powers, he eat an apple which she offered him and they both got kicked out of their sitovation in konsiquenc. O woman! woman, if it hadn't ben fur yu and the rest of the feminane rase i wuld too day have been the hair of Adam and ben diggin potatose in his garden. 2dly mi next distinguished relativ was a respectabel man by the name of Noah who invintid ships. He bilt himself a vessil Kompared with which the grate esturn is a smal bote; he awlso wint into the show bisiness on a larg Skale gettin a sampil of awl the kretures on the erth & in the C & tuck them on bord of his Kraft. He saled for 40 days and thin run ashore on a place named mount Airyrat. None of the passengers were lost exsept a dov who flu away & never came back tu tell what bekame of her. 3dly & lastly—The last of whom I hav any rekollection is mi paturnal father, whose name was Ward. He was of the maskuline persuasion. He married mi mother be4 i knew him, and i and an older brother wer the results of the happi younin. Tha wer poor but onest parenze.

Now for somthin of mi own histori; mi yuth was spint in Pike Kounti Misoori in takin kare of mi father floks which konsisted of a blind kow & 1 oxen Artemus mi elder brother us't tu driv the ox teme while I milked the femail kow. Our father spint most of his time in beatin us boys and we were so ust to bein waxed that when we run away from home, mi brother wint intu the show bisiness, as our illustrious antsester Noah did be4 him & xhibited wax figgers & i tuck 2 Wax ends by apprintising miself to a kobbler, but reciprokation, wax ends tuk to mi bak in such a maner that i 1 day tuk to mi heels & left kobbler & awl. The next sitooasion i okkupide was in partnership with a feminin from ireland tu whom i was hitched for better or wors, by a minister who charged $5 for the job. Her & I tuk in washin & irning & it was at this time in my eventful Kareer that i met Kol. Bukle, whose akkwaintance changed mi futur prospec. Mirses Ward did his washin and irnin & 1 day he saw me erectin lines in the yard for hangin klose on & immediately offered me a sitovation as 1st Assistant Ingineer in the Konstruktion of the Western Yunin Telegraf line sayin i should bee his Kounseller and friend; i told him how ever that mi present okkopasion pade better, but at the same time slitely hinted that i wood aksept the responsible position of Assistant Konstructor in the work of konnectin the 2 Kontinents bi elecktrisity. Bein jelous of mi abilities he first refused, but the perswasion of mi wife (who had such a winin way about her that the dear Kurnal kud not resist) maid him sukkum & placing an unparaleled degree of konfidence in me he appointed me to that hi stasion. Thus it was i left mi better ½ & 3 yung babies to morne my loss besides newmerous Kreditors of whom we had bote sope & so 4th and saled on board a ship for this porte, & here i am & will remain untill the stemer Rite arrives when i shall have a long talk with the Kurnal & i know he will give me his Konfidence & akt akkordin to mi advise. Bi keping on the rite side of me mister Editur and advisin yure reders to du likewise ill have yu promoted to mi posision. This offis will of kours be empty as i expect (between yu and me) to have the kommand of stasion pressed on me by mi friend the Kurnal.

from yurs with the Kurnal,

10DER PHELINX WARD.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.—This day, so sacred to lovers the world over, falls on the 14th of the present month, and we look for its due observance in Libbysville. We have heard of several fair damsels among our neighborly Esquimaux who anxiously look forward to the celebration of the old Saint's birthday in our city, and as Cupid has his shafts ready, we hope he will receive many orders, both from the native and foreigner, for speeding them to the dear one's heart, and thereby make happy the Indian maiden. Love's express will leave Heart's Ease Corner every hour during the day and evening of the 14th inst

The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, SUNDAY, FEB. 3rd, 1867.

(*Original.*)

I Cave.

BY JEEMS, THE POET.

My rhyme 'twill be short, and in it I'll tell
About a late traveller, and what him befell.
His boast 'twas of walking, but of course didn't know
'Twas easier travel on land than o'er snow.

'67 has just dawned, and a top o' the ground,
Smooth ice, and soft snow did thickly abound.
Then my hero decided his first trip to make,
And the Kaviarazkh route took over the lake.

The Kingmucks growing lazy, the belt of the sleigh
Presented grim prospect of work all the way;
"Hornswoggling" like this didn't suit him a bit,
And "slightly getting excited," he stopped at the spit.

At the station again, laughing friends did him greet,
But he answered, "Tho' failing, I know not defeat."
So next week again started, determined to go
The journey this time, or be laid in the snow.

Alas! for those visions, his boasting, or talk,
His legs they grew weak 'ere half an hour's walk,
And ride he could not; 'twould break down the sleigh,
So he gave up the trip at the head of the Bay.

An Indian courier, he without delay
Dispatched with a letter, and thus did it say:
"I'll no further go, my life were't to save."
And he furthermore added, "I cave! I cave!"

Next day, at the camp, the boys turned out
And the *Cow-cow Umahlik* received with a shout.
Half way to the mast head a gut shirt did wave,
And the winds made it whisper "I cave! I cave!"

I'll Have none of That.

While connected with the Twenty-seventh New York State volunteers, there was in the Company, of which I was a member, an Irishman, known to nearly every man in the brigade, as the best man to find whiskey. No matter how tired Jimmy was after a long day's march, as soon as the order "break ranks" was given, off Jimmy would start, and as surely as he did start, so sure would he be to come back with a full canteen. He would crawl into the tent which his mess had set up during his absence, drink himself drunk, go to the guard-house, and sleep off the effect of his potations, and start for more of the "crayther." Well, one day, on his way back to camp, he got tired, and sitting down on a stump, proceeded to take "a horn." It happened that the Colonel was on his way to Alexandria, and knowing Jim as well as any of us did, he thought to surprise the little Irishman. So going up silently behind him—at the time Jimmy was intent on some astronomical observation—he spoke out suddenly:

"Here, Jimmy! I'll have none of that."

Jim looked round, and drawing in his breath for a new attack on the whiskey, said cooly:

"Bedad thin, there's none for yer." And finished his bottle.

City Intelligence.

We have received tidings from the Unalakleet voyagers through an Indian who arrived here on the 15th of January. He brought a letter from them dated the 8th proximo, fifteen miles beyond Kaviarazkhmute. They had been delayed by bad weather, but had then five dogs and expected to make good time to their destination. Since that time the weather has been very stormy, but we hope that our friends Bob and Neb are all safe at their journey's end.

A Dead specimen of the feathered race has of late been hanging near our office. It is white, sprinkled with a few black specks, and measures some eighteen to twenty inches in length, from top of the head to tip of tail: There is difference of opinion as regards the species to which the bird belongs. Some persist in saying it is what the Irishman called a "broad faced turkey,"—an owl, but others, ourselves among the number, have the opinion that it is a species of Arctic hawk. The head and bill seem to favor this opinion as they are not any larger, in proportion, than the common hawk of California. Where is the ornithologist who will decide according to natural history?

The Weather has been during the past month, as changeable as a maiden's temper; one day, calm and pleasant, with beautiful sunshine, and the next, dark and lowering, with snow-drifts from the north, sometimes to such an extent, that it was impossible to see a distance of fifty yards The thermometer changed as suddenly, at one time rising from 20° below zero to 12° above, in twenty-four hours. The lowest that we have seen it since our last, has been 35° below zero, and the highest 22° above. This country presents as many varying features as California, but to a greater extent.

Our friends at the West End were disagreeably surprised yesterday morning to find that the exit from their domicile was banked up with snow. With the help of outside friends, they were finally shovelled out, and they can now relate as a portion of their Arctic experience, that they were snowed in. The house presented the appearance of a snow hill, the stove pipe above the top being the only thing to distinguish it from the surrounding piles.

Our City has, during the past month, been the temporary residence of numerous neighborly Esquimaux. Capt. Cuttle and his *Nuleaka* with their pretty daughter, and her husband have stopped with us repeatedly and we have been honored with a visit from two Kingeghn citizens who did a good trading business. "*Ituk*" is the universal cry of them all.

Facts and Fancies.

☞ Here is a caution to those who send comic valentines. "On the 14th of February last, I sent to a gay and festive youth, in Ohio, a life-like and highly colored picture of a donkey's head. Under the picture was written. "Thou art beside thyself." I thought, of course he would see the point, and it would be a good joke on him. Alas! he saw beyond the point, and placed the shoe on the other foot, as the following copy of a letter, received by return mail, will show:

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 14th is at hand: also the photograph so long expected; on comparing it with the pictures of you already in my possession. I unhesitatingly pronounce it an excellent likeness, and as a work of art, one that reflects great credit on the executor. Yet I am surprised that with all your impudence, you are unable to stand before the machine without a touch of what is called the photograph grin.

☞ An old colored preacher at Port Gibson, Miss., recently baptised thirty colored converts, and charged them a dollar a piece. On the following Sunday he succeeded in inducing two to present themselves, who were willing to pay. Becoming indignant at the parsimony of his congregation, he refused to baptize the two candidates for glory, saying: "He warn't given to slosh himself up for no two dollars."

☞ A man out West petitioned the Legislature for a change of name, his present one being Aaron Bedbug. His sweetheart Olivia, desired it, as she was unwilling that he should be called A. Bedbug, herself O. Bedbug, and the future generation little bedbugs.

☞ No more this month.

The Esquimaux.

VOL. 1. LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A., SUNDAY, MARCH 3, 1867. NO. 6.

The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A., Sunday, Mar. 3, '67.

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OFFICE:—Main Building, Libbysville, R. A.

J. J. HARRINGTON,... .....*Editor and Proprietor.*

Poetry.

The Story of Life.

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born
A helpless babe, to greet the light
With a sharp wail, as if the morn
Foretold a cloudy noon and night;
To weep and sleep, and weep again
With sunny smiles between; and then?

And then apace the infant grows
To be a laughing, puling boy;
Happy, despite his bitter woes,
Were he but conscious of his joy;
To be in short, from two to ten,
A merry, moody child; and then?

And then, in coat and trowsers clad,
To learn to say the decalogue,
And break it; an unthinking lad,
With mirth and mischief all agog;
A truant oft by field and fen
To capture butterflies; and then?

And then, increased in strength and size,
To be anon a youth full grown,
A hero in his mother's eyes,
A young Apollo in his own;
To imitate the ways of men
In fashionable sins; and then?

And then, at last to be a man;
To fall in love; to woo and wed
With seething brain to scheme and plan,
To gather gold or toil for bread,
To sue for fame with tongue or pen,
To gain or lose the prize; *and then?*

☞ The Boston Post says that the English, in grappling for the cable, were so indelicate as to search the bosom of the ocean.

☞ A Naples letter-writer says that several Roman Catholic priests have declared their intention to marry, under the new law which makes marriage a civil right, and one has already been united to a lady of Naples.

EATERS, ATTENTION!—On and after Monday, February 4th, we understand that three meals a day will be served in the Tower Cottage, Smithsonian Institute, and West End Hotels, and that the superintendents of the several victualing departments will, without extra charge, keep their stoves constantly fired for the accommodation of those who lunch on toast, &c., at all hours of the day and night. This will be good news for those who love to encourage their stomachs.

A CATCH.—A fast young nobleman of Vienna, over head and ears in debt, and famous for his success with the fair sex, received, recently, a perfumed rose-colored note, whose contents ran:—"Sir, your agreeable face and figure have made such an impression on me, I earnestly desire to make your acquaintance. Come this evening to the Vienna Theater. I have taken stall No. 78 in the parquette, and I have asked the ticket seller to keep No. 79 for a gentleman who would ask for it, saying 'No. 79 forever.' I trust I may have the pleasure of seeing you. EMMA." The dandy dressed himself in a most elegant manner, and as soon as the doors were opened, he applied for "No. 79 forever" and received it. As the curtain rose, a gentleman came into the theater and took the seat. As soon as he was at his ease, he bent over and whispered in the dandy's ear, "I am a constable; I have been hunting you these fifteen days gone, unsuccessfully. Don't make a scandalous scene here, for I tell you I have a warrant for your arrest in my pocket. If you will be quiet you may hear the opera out." The fast man stared wildly enough for a few minutes, and then, seeing resistance utterly hopeless, he remained quiet until the end of the opera, when he followed the constable to the debtor's jail.

A GENEROUS ACT.—At a recent fire in Auch, France, a woman with her child was in the burning house; the Archbishop offered 2,000 francs, then 6,000 francs, then an annuity 1,200 francs to any body who would rescue them. Nobody budged. Thereupon he threw off his cassock, ran into the flames, rescued them and gave them the 1,200 francs annuity he had won for himself.

ROUGH ON THE M. C'S.—A western editor says that Heaven will not permit the cholera and Congress to prevail at once in the same suffering community.

TRUTHS.—GRATITUDE.—He who receives a good turn, should never forget it; he who does one, should never remember it.

GAMBLING.—It is possible that a wise and good man may be prevailed upon to game, but it is impossible that a professed gamester should be a wise and good man.

GREATNESS.—The greatest truths are the simplest; so are the greatest men.

☞ *Our readers and the public generally will at once perceive the benefits of extending to The Esquimaux their patronage. It is the only journal circulated in this territory, and none other is published north of Victoria, B. C., on this continent, or China in the Eastern Hemisphere, between the parallels of longitude* 130° *east and* 120° *west of Greenwich, nearly half the globe. It is the official organ for all matters connected with the Western Union Telegraph, Russian Extension, in the vast extent of country to be traversed by this gigantic enterprise of the* 19*th century, and it therefore is a better medium for advertisers, than any paper published in the world.*

The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A., SUNDAY, MAR. 3, 1867.

Spiritualism.

We are sorry to see that this doctrine has obtained believers in our midst, and that some pretend to be possessed of the power to call back to earth, those poor souls who have passed from all worldly cares. To think for a moment, that those who have once departed, would again visit us, making their presence manifest by such mountebank tricks as tipping tables, and indulging in promiscuous raps, is the heighth of absurdity, and we think that *men* ought to have more respect for dead relatives, than to call upon them to do so.

Spiritualism has made more inmates for the lunatic asylums than any humbug which has arisen during the last century, and the less we let our thoughts ponder on such a subject, the better it will be for us. That it is a humbug, has been proven beyond a doubt, we only need to refer to such charlatans as the Davenport Brothers, who by all kinds of mysterious performances, pulled the wool over the eyes of many intelligent men, until they were at length exposed, and then what was claimed to be the work of spirits from the other world, was nothing more nor less than the slight of hand performances of two clever tricksters. They were great lights among their brother mediums, making numerous converts to their faith, and thereby candidates for the lunatic asylums.

Let us again look at what most of the leaders of this evil advocate. They favor the soul destroying doctrine of Freeloveism, and the false idea of encouraging strong-minded women in their masculine and affinity opinions. All who are led astray by the infatuation of Spiritualism, will as surely fall into the other detestable absurdities attending it, and we leave to their own sober thoughts the contemplation of the consequences.

Let us see no more of it; leave the dead alone, their troubles in this world should make the remembrance of them sacred. That God has seen fit to keep from mortal eyes the vision of the world to come, should be a check against our impulse of seeking to pry into the mystery, and our greatest object in life should be, to so live, that when we are called beyond the grave, the veil will be lifted from our eyes and all made plain to our wondering senses.

Distinguished Guests.

Our town has, during the past month, been honored with the presence of two distinguished visitors, Capt. Ennis, commanding Norton Bay and Behring's Straits Division, W. U. T. Co., and Lieut. W. W. Smith, of the same division. They arrived here on the 16th of February, making the journey in twenty days from head-quarters, Unalakleet, to this station. Their stay in our city was shorter than we would wish, but business demanded their presence at home. They left for the return trip on Friday, the 22d ult., and carry with them the best wishes of all in our camp, to whom they had endeared themselves by the many acts of gentlemanly kindness and courtesy. This was Capt. Ennis' second visit to this part of the country; the first being in the spring of '66, when he made a trip of exploration, for the purpose of discovering a route for the line to pass through. Civilization has, since then, been established here, and the Captain was much pleased with its appearance.

Letter from Capt. Ennis.

The party at this post must feel highly flattered at the receipt of the following compliment from such a gentleman as Capt. W. H. Ennis. It speaks for itself:

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, Feb. 21, '67.

MR. EDITOR:—To travellers journeying through a country as desolate as the one we now inhabit, it is refreshing to witness the footprints of civilization, marked on the barren shores of Behring's Straits. Your little village, looming in the distance, was the haven for which we had steered for twenty long days. What little inconveniences and hardships we may have encountered in our trip were soon forgotten by the kindness with which we were received by the Commander, Capt. Libby, and his gentlemanly officers. We take the opportunity to trespass upon a small space in your valuable journal, to return our thanks for the kind manner in which we have been treated by all, and trust that we may have an opportunity to reciprocate at some future day. Taking a glance at the work that has been accomplished in your division in so short a time, too much credit cannot be awarded to Capt. Libby, his officers and men, for the energetic manner in which they have built their quarters, and pushed forward the work of construction to such a distance, in the face of the very many obstacles that encompassed them. From my knowledge of this country, and what I have heard of other portions through which the line will be built, I am safe in stating that your division is the most difficult on the entire route, but with such an able commander, and good men to second him, the Engineer-

in-Chief can safely rely upon the successful completion of the line in this district. I sincerely trust that to you will be awarded the credit of building the greatest number of miles, as none deserve it more, owing, as I have before stated, to the many difficulties under which you labor. In conclusion, Mr. Editor, believe us that we leave your village with sincere regrets, and trust that the career of all may be prosperous, and their sojourn in the Arctic have advantages, both as regards health and pocket.

W. H. Ennis.

Tidings from our Friends.—Through Capt. Ennis we have received the welcome news of the safe arrival at Unalakleet of J. E. Goble and H. F. Dyer, who left here on the 2d of January. They were twenty-six days on the trip, and had a hard time of it. We expect them back during the present month.

The Ne-Plus Ultra of Growlerism.—As we all know, grouse have been plentiful at our tables during the past two months, and what luscious eating they are. But still there are some who will complain about such food, saying "such food is not fit to eat, &c." We heard one the other day, who said that "he didn't want to eat birds which the indians found starved to death, and brought here to sell to the Americans." This is something like the sailors, who having been fed with fresh meats and vegetables, threatened to mutiny unless they were given their salt-horse and hard tack. We like a good growler, but this suits us too well.

The Very Worst.—We must give to Wednesday, February 20th, the credit of being the worst of the numerous bad days we have had the past winter. To describe it would be impossible; it is only necessary to say that all the elements must have gone into co-partnership, and celebrated the event by a grand "bust" on the above occasion. We sincerely hope they will be more decent in the future.

Lively Times in Libbysville.—The advent of strangers in our town, made everything, during their stay, look like a 4th of July celebration, and exercised as great an influence on our citizens as if the ships had arrived and brought news from home. Some, indeed, did receive such tidings, getting letters and newspapers from their friends, of later date than heretofore. The large number of dogs with Capt. Ennis' party, their noise while eating, and the cracking of their masters' whips, together with the jingle of the sleigh bells, made a great change in our monotonous camp life. We hope that this will not be the last time our city will be honored with visitors from Unalakleet.

☞ No one learns to think by getting rules for thinking, but by getting materials for thought.

Later from the East.

DATES FROM "FRISCO" TO THE 29TH OF JULY, 1866.

The steamer *Saginaw*, which left San Francisco on the above date, brought the following intelligence to Victoria, from whence the *Evelyn Wood* with the telegraph cable sailed for Plover Bay. She arrived there before the departure of the *Nightingale*. We now receive them through the kindness of Capt. Ennis, to whose station the latter vessel carried supplies, etc.

San Francisco, July 29, 1866.—News from Europe to the 12th inst., states the issuing of a manifesto by the Emperor of Austria, in which he expresses sorrow at the heavy misfortune which has befallen the army of the north; but will carry the war to the bitter end, rather than the great power of Austria shall be shaken by a disgraceful peace. [By this we see that the tide of war has gone against the nation, and that though they are anxious for peace, they still stick to the principles for which they commenced the battle.]

The Paris *Presse* says the following are the terms of the negotiations proposed by the representatives of the belligerents: "The German Confederation to be dissolved, and another to be established, of which neither Russia nor Austria should form a part; the abandonment by the latter of her claim on the Duchies, and in place of the war indemnity at first demanded by Prussia, to incorporate Schleswig-Holstein, Hesse-Cassel, Hesse-Darmstadt, and Brunswick, with Prussia—the population of the Prussian Kingdom would thereby be raised to seventy-five millions; the Rhine to constitute the western frontier of Prussia, and the provinces between the Rhine and Ems to serve as indemnity to the sovereigns dispossessed by the war; an exchange of territory to take place between Baden and Bavaria, which would give the former nearly the whole of the Rhenish Palatinate; Saxony, Hanover, and the Duchies of Saxony to conclude military conventions with Prussia, the inhabitants of Luden choosing whether they shall belong to France or Baden, and the population of the Valley of the Sarnen to choose between France and the Rhenish Sovereigns."

No armistice has as yet been agreed upon; but negotiations continue, with a report that Prussia, flushed with victory, had declined all the terms proposed.

It is stated that the Prussians were marching on Frankfort, the Austrians evacuating the ground, but leaving the fortresses well garrisoned.

The *Globe* believes that the whole Continent is on the brink of war. Prussia continued firm in her demands, and the armies of Italy are advancing, in spite of French orders. A French iron-clad squadron was ordered to Venice on the night of the 11th. Another squadron was also ordered to sail, but the whereabouts is not known.

The cholera continued to rage at Stettin, and was rapidly increasing at Berlin. Of one hundred and forty-eight cases in Berlin, on the 8th, seventy-one proved fatal.

The evening papers announce that private dispatches have been received, stating that peace had been declared on the European Continent, but the "Call" which mentions it, seems to doubt its authenticity.

Congress has passed the bill admitting Tennessee to its former position in the Union.

The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, SUNDAY, MAR. 3, 1867.

Official reports from New York show that the cholera is making rapid headway through the Metropolitan District. It broke out among the troops on Hart Island, yesterday, and nine deaths are reported, and ten on Governor's Island. Several cases have also been reported in the city.

Five deaths by cholera are reported in the city, and seven in Brooklyn, to-day, out of twenty cases.

A small shock of an earthquake scared the citizens of San Francisco a short time after the departure of the W. U. T. Co.'s vessels. [Did their leaving have anything to do with it?—Ed.]

News from Unalakleet.

The arrival of Capt. Ennis' party brought us the following tidings from Unalakleet.

The party at that place had erected three miles of poles, and were progressing with the work. No wire was landed for them in consequence of the bad weather at the time of the arrival of the *Nightingale*.

The *Nightingale* had a narrow escape from wreck while anchored off St. Michaels. The weather was very stormy, and the wind blew a gale towards the shore. Her keel grated with violence on the sandy bottom, and it was with difficulty she was hauled off. The storm was so severe that the vessel had to get out to open sea with a large amount of her cargo undischarged.

The stern-wheel steamer *Wilder* had a rough passage from Plover Bay to St. Michaels, plunging and rolling in the most approved style of larger vessels. From the latter place to Unalakleet, her sea-going qualities did not improve, and those who took passage on her imagined that they were sailing in a tub.

The party at Unalakleet are 35 in number, and have all enjoyed good health since their arrival.

During the winter they have had theatrical and minstrel performances. Among the pieces given were "Roderick Dhu," and an original burlesque on this celebrated play entitled "Roderick Doo," which, from what we hear, met with immense success. Original songs were also given, and a good time enjoyed. We did not receive the bill, or we would publish the programme. We hail the advent of the drama in Russian America as another soldier in the advance guard of civilization.

Captain Ketchum and party are at Nulato, about 200 miles from Unlakleet in the Yukon district. Two of this party go to meet Conway's division, supposed to be at the Steekeen River ere this.

Both divisions have to draw their supplies from St. Michaels.

Scratch not each other's Eyes.—There is an old nursery rhyme which says, "that children were not made to tear each other's eyes," but we are afraid that some of our men-grown youngsters have forgotten the proverb, and take unnecessary occasion to show their ignorance. Where there are so few of us isolated in these frozen regions, and each depending one upon the other, a spirit of harmony should exist as strong as among the children of one family. A dead dog and a wash pan are surely things which could be settled about without resorting to blows. Learn to hold your tongue if you can not use it without the aid of muscular argument.

Local Intelligence.

It is expected that the cable to cross Behring's Straits will be laid during the coming summer, and that the Governor-General of Sitka, and many other notable men will be present to witness it.

Capt. Libby, T. J. Rodgers and J. Palmer, left with Capt. Ennis' party, and accompanied them as far as St. Golovnine Bay, about 200 miles from this place, and to which point Capt. Libby's division extends.

We have received an addition to our Kymuken stock, Capt. Ennis bringing nine dogs and a beautiful sleigh and harness to Capt. Libby from Unalakleet.

Our old friend Illiac, chief among the Kingeghn Indians paid us a visit week before last, and seemed much pleased with the hospitality of our camp.

The appearance of spring has brought scissors and razors into requisition, and we notice that the greater part of our citizens have been shaved, and appear minus a large lot of cumbersome hair, which kept their ears warm during the winter months.

The 22d Ult.—Washington's Birthday was recognized by hoisting the American and Company's flag at sunrise. The sight of our country's banner obliterated the thought of distance, and carried us to that land where the name of Washington is held sacred.

Mr. O. deBendleben has resigned his position as Pioneer 1st Lieut. in the Western Union Telegraph Company. Capt. Libby has accepted it, and Mr. Bendleben will retire to the shades of private life at St. Michaels, there to rest from the very arduous duties which his position in the above capacity made necessary.

The Weather, since our last issue, has been undivinable; storms and sunshine seeming to run opposition, and when either succeeded in gaining the position it triumphantly made use of its power. The thermometer has shown a like change, at one time being 20° below zero, and on a later occasion rising to the freezing point, melting the snow and ice on the roofs, and making them slide in the good old fashioned thawing style.

The Schooner Kimoken, 60 tons burden, which is being built in San Francisco this winter, is expected to arrive here with supplies, as soon as the ice breaks and makes an entry into this harbor practicable. She is named after the great chief of Kaviarzakhmute. Doubtless she will receive a hearty welcome, as supplies of all kinds will be much needed about that time. We may all look for a mail and news.

On the 22d ult., no less than four sleds left this station. Capt. Ennis and Capt. Libby's party, with two sleds and eighteen dogs, Mr. McClure's, with five Kingmucks, and the Kingeghn indians, with their six dogs. The excitement of getting 28 specimens of the canine race started, made things look lively for a time. A passenger with the first trip was "Diddler," whose doggish dignity we are well acquainted with. He seemed loath to leave, and his short legs came near being the death of him, ere he had gone ten yards, the Russian dogs of Capt. Libby being too fast for our friend, and he fell in front of the sleigh, which passed over his body. He was then put on the sleigh, and by risking his life, got the benefit of a ride.

Facts and Fancies.

☞ A short time since a novel incident occurred in the vicinity of St. Domingo. It seems that at a ball lately given, the Governor of that city entered the saloon on horseback, and just then an enemy of his fired a revolver at him, the horse raising his head at that moment received the contents and fell dead in the middle of the room.

☞ "Pa," said a little charming to his paternal ancestor, holding up a Sunday-school book, "What is that?" pointing to a picture. "That, my son," gravely replied the father, "is Jacob wrestling with the angel." "And which licked, pa?" innocently continued the young hopeful.

☞ A picture is said to have been offered for the forthcoming exhibition in New York, entitled, "Dead Game, by A. J. Washington." Kind a rough on Forney.

☞ When was beef the highest? When the cow jumped over the moon. (Old but good.)

The Esquimaux.

VOL. 1. LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A, SUNDAY, APRIL 7, 1867. NO. 7.

The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A.,
Sunday, April 7, '67.

THE ESQUIMAUX will be published on the first Sunday in each month, and is devoted to the interests of the foreign population in and around Libbysville. It will contain a summary of passing events, and all intelligence of interest to the denizens of this neighborhood. Original and selected miscellany, correspondence, &c., will form a prominent feature. The terms of subscription will be nothing for the first year, and if the enterprise meets with encouragement, this price will be increased double after the expiration of its first anniversary.

OFFICE:—Main Building, Libbysville, R. A.

J. J. HARRINGTON,.....*Editor and Proprietor.*

Poetry.

Two Sons.

I have two sons, wife,
Two, and yet the same;
Both are only one, wife,
Bearing but one name;
The one is bearded, sunburnt, grim, and fights across the sea!
The other is a little child that sits upon your knee.

Only one is here, wife,
Free from scathe and harm;
I can hear his voice, wife,
All about the farm;
The other is a great strong man, wherever he may be,
But this one, shadowy and dim. is sitting on your knee.

One is fierce and cold, wife,
With a wayward will;
He has passed through fire, wife,
Knowing good and ill.
He has tried our hearts for many a year—not broken them; for he
Is still the stainless little one, that sits upon your knee.

One did wilful wrong, wife,
Bringing us to shame,
Darkened all the farm, wife,
Blotted our good name.
And when our hearts were big with grief, he sailed across the sea,
But still we kept the little son that sits upon your knee.

One was rash and dark, wife,
Would have say for say;
Furious when chid, wife,
He went his wilful way;
His voice in sinful rage was loud within the farm, but he—
Remained, the crowing little one who sat upon your knee.

One may fall in fight, wife—
Is he not our son?
Pray with all your heart, wife,
For the wayward one;
Pray for the dark, rough soldier who fights across the sea;
Because you love the little one that smiles upon your knee.

One in sinful fight, wife,
As I speak, may fall;
But this one at home, wife,
Cannot die at all;
The both are only one, and how thankful we should be
That we cannot lose the darling son who sits upon your knee.

—*Temple Bar Mag.*

☞ One of the finest qualities in a human being is that nice sense of delicacy which renders it impossible for him ever to become a bore or intruder.

Trip to Cape Douglas.

On the morning of the 22d, immediately after the departure of Captain Ennis and Captain Libby's parties, Mr. McClure and myself, started with dogs and sledge for Amilrokmuit, an Indian village, situated about midway between Point Spencer and Cape Douglas, on the spit which separates Port Clarence from the sea, about twenty miles distant from Libbysville; our object being to trade for seal for dog-feed. We determined upon extending our trip to Cape Douglas, if we could not load four sled at Amilrokmuit. Upon our arrival at this point about 4 P. M., we were informed that the wind, blowing from the south, for the past few days, had blockaded their seal grounds with field ice, and therefore *muskkluks* were scarce. We were however, entertained with that cordial hospitality, customary with the Esquimaux, our host and hostess willingly giving up their corner for us to spread our blankets in. Meeting with no success in the purchasing line, at this place, the following morning we started with a strong north wind in our backs, which, drifting the snow furiously, obstructed our vision at a greater distance than a few yards; our guide however, being well acquainted with the road, conducted us on the most direct route, across spits, along the sea coast, over lakes, and around the coast again, until we reached the Cape just before dark. On this Cape is situated the Indian village called Kalulingmuit, consisting of two deserted and dilapidated *topeks*, and one occupied by our friend Utamanna, and his relations, eighteen in number, who heartily welcomed us, and offered to trade us seal for ammunition and tobacco. We remained here one day to allow the Indians to haul in from their coches a load of seal. This delay afforded us ample time for rest, and an opportunity to view the sea and surrounding country. Viewed from this point, the sea presents a cold blue aspect, dotted with an occasional white-capped floe. King's Island is seen very plainly from here, and is about twenty miles distant. The coast, as far as can be seen is lined with a continuous ice belt, the width of which changes according to the direction of the wind. The mountains east of here, are low and not as precipitous as those towards Kingeghn, and directly opposite the cape they are about six and eight miles distant. The intervening land is marshy, and dotted with small lakes. One day's travel below here is another large village, called Singigungmuit, at present nearly deserted by its inhabitants, who are now about thirty miles below, on the coast, at a place called Aiyakh, hunting *mukkluks*. On the 25th we loaded our sledge, and took leave of Utamanna, who said he was sorry we were going, as he liked us very much. He had heard from some source, that the Americans were going to shoot all the Esquimaux, when the ships arrived next summer. This idea we assured him was wrong, and told him we were friends of the Esquimaux, and would always treat them kindly if they would not steal or break our telegraph. This assurance pleased him, and he expressed his pleasure in

an affectionate smile upon his bright eyed children. He is a model Indian, honest and industrious, and has considerable influence with the natives. We hope that all Americans will treat him friendly. We arrived at camp about 9 P. M., after travelling amid soft snow for a distance of thirty-five miles, when a good supper refreshed us and the glow of the warm fire, made a cheerful home of Libby's Station.

W. A. W.

The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, SUNDAY, APRIL 7, 1867.

This Country's Weather.

To write about the weather we have seen in Russian America is a task which would take abler talent than we possess, and we will only attempt to give a faint description. The past month in other countries is supposed to be the first month of spring, but in this it is not yet the last of winter, for during its presence we have seen days which the dead time of that cold season would put to blush, and force to hide their heads in shame. It has been winter indeed, ever since our arrival here, in September of last year, and at what earlier date it commenced, or to what a future time it will continue, are questions which the future will only show. It is plain, the natives, even the best informed of them, are not unanimous as to what we may expect. We only know what has passed, and hope that March was the breaking up of a hard winter. A small summary of the season will not be here out of place.

The second day after our arrival it commenced snowing, with rain at intervals, and so with a few exceptions the balance of September, making it very disagreeable for those on shore. The next month was boisterous; for the most part snow and rain predominating with strong S. E. winds. Ice then made its appearance. It was about this time that the party were in tents up Grantley Harbor, where they experienced some rough times. November was an improvement as regards tempestuous weather, having some very fine days, but cold. The bay froze for the first time during the season on the tenth of this month. December came in with drifting snow, and continued with all kinds of weather until about Christmas, when all the furies seemed bent on having a grand finale for the year, and during the last week it stormed in a way which was a credit to the participants. In December the days were dark and gloomy, giving us but about three hours of sun. The first of the present year was fine, but January had not far advanced before the old style was again resumed. Drifting snow and N. E. winds prevailing, making some days so thick and gloomy that it was impossible, we might say, to see one's hand before him. The first of February was a terrible day, and the 20th of the same month must have been its elder brother, it seeming to possess contributions from the very worst elements to be found, and concentrating them for one grand effort which it most assuredly accomplished; it blew a tremendous gale from the east, with blinding snow which completely filled the air, making it a day to be remembered for its severity, by all who witnessed it. The balance of February we were blessed with such quiet weather as they enjoy during a mild eastern winter. March, until the commencement of the equinoctial storms, was very fine, and gave good promise for the future weather, but when those began on the 21st, they made up for the time lost, and gave a specimen of how long and terrible bad weather could be. On the 28th the thermometer was 43° below zero at 8 A.M.; lower than it has yet been since our advent here.

Yet with all this it was not as bad as we expected, being a mild winter in comparison with what our ideas of how rigid this grim season would be in the Arctic, where it was prophesied we would all freeze to death; but thanks to the Giver of all Good, we have come forth unscathed, and what hardships we have endured will make us tougher for the time to come.

Return of the Voyagers.

Messrs. J. E. Goble and H. F. Dyer, who left here on the 2d of January last, for Unalakleet, returned from there on the 5th ult. The trip they undertook was a dangerous one, travelling through an almost unknown country in the dead of winter, short of those accomodations which at best make Arctic travelling perilous. The journey was one which in its accomplishment says a great deal for the hardiness of these gentlemen. For a portion of the down trip they were out of food, and an occasional fish was all that satisfied their appetites until they arrived at Unalakleet. Mr. Dyer has furnished us with an interesting account of the journey before reaching that place, which the press of reading matter compels us to defer until our next issue.

Letter from Yankee Jims.

(Special correspondence to The Esquimaux.)

YANKEE JIMS, APRIL 3d, 1867.

EDITOR ESQUIMAUX :—

Our camp was pitched at this point, and work commenced under the most propitious weather, on the 14th of March, and all looked forward to the speedy completion of that portion of the line extending to lake Marizuk; scarce five days had elapsed however, ere we were reminded of the fickleness of the weather, and forced to the cabin. The thermometer suddenly changed from four degrees above zero, to twenty below, and a furious storm of cutting wind and snow from the north, proclaimed the elements at war with everything perishable. Its influence was most severely felt by those of our party who sleep in tents. These tents are poor things for this region; they may do very well as mosquito nets next summer, but this wind whistles through them, with but slight resistance, spreading a robe of Arctic whiteness over all within, presenting rather a cold couch in which to wrap one's self, to be howled to sleep by boisterous and drifting winds. The storm continued unabatingly for seven days, when it suddenly hushed to a calm with

the thermometer 55° below zero. It lulled however, only seemingly, for a rest, for on the second day, Æolus in his equinoctial fury, again opened his heaviest artillery, and from the chilly north hurled his penetrating blasts in fearful gusts, testing the pregnability of all before it, drifting the snow in dense clouds through the atmosphere, entirely obstructing vision, and piercing every aperture in cabin and tent.

Two of the party who were engaged in hauling poles with dogs and sled over the hills, about five miles from camp, were caught in this storm and narrowly escaped with their lives. Their dogs became unmanageable and refused to be guided, they rushed blindly forward, precipitating themselves and sledge over the face of a cliff into the snow beneath, yelping piteously in their descent. The men released their hold just in time to prevent their being carried with them. The dogs arrived in camp an hour before their masters, without the sledge, but unhurt. After losing their dogs, the men made their way to camp as best they could, guiding themselves by a compass, occasionally rubbing each other's faces to keep from freezing. Twice they dug a hole in the snow drifts with their snow shoes, and crawled in, intending to remain there until the storm would subside, but, being so thoroughly chilled, thought it better to make another attempt to reach camp, which they did, after battling with the elements for about five hours. Considerable anxiety was felt in camp during their protracted absence, and several attempted to go to their assistance, but were driven back by the fierce and blinding storm.

During such weather as we have had for a number of days, all are crammed into our ten by twelve cabin or hut, as it affords the only protection from the intense cold. Into every little space not occupied by the cook, and his utensils, is jammed a person ; ten are curled up in the cock-loft, and eighteen tumbled in below; some sing at the top of their voice, for a few moments, then burst forth in venomous growls against the weather, the country, the company, and everything connected with their existence. Between smoking, growling, singing, and sleeping, the time is worn away, with only a slight interruption to these amusements at meal times. Pleasant weather, and hard work will again be a relief to such campaigning.

Our telegraph line to your city still holds true, and as a medium of communication, withstanding the storms quite beyond our expectations ; it is found most valuable in the conduction of operations, and supplying a camp at such a distance from headquarters.

Ex Pioneer Lieutenant Bendeleben, passed through our camp a few days since, *en route* for Tuksukmute, to protect his growing interests in that section. We hope he will soon call upon us again, and cheer us with his sprightly and logical conversation. A little coasting was done by one of our parties the other day, while returning from their work ; a steep hill was before them, down which it was easier to ride than to walk. All piled on to the sledge, and were soon furiously flying down the descent, skipping from drift to drift with fearful rapidity, the men shouting, and enjoying the ride as gleefully as schoolboys, when suddenly she made her grandest leap from an abrupt snow peak, plunged through the air, and was crushed to atoms on the hard crust beneath, piling and tumbling her jocund riders in the most ludicrous confusion. Uncle Dave, one of the passengers, picked himself up and said "'twas his first sleigh ride in Russian America, and it would be his last." The captain of this heroic band felt himself all over, and found he was still all there gazed upon the remnants, counted his men, considered the vehicle a complete wreck and total loss, saying : "Let her rest boys, she's made her last trip." Before you go to press I will forward by telegraph such intelligence as may become existent to that date. Yours,

WILL.

Sketches of First Telegraph Explorations in Russian America.

BY O. DE'B.

On September 14th '65, the W. U. T. Co's. steamer *G. S. Wright*, Captain Marston commanding, arrived after an unusual prosperous voyage, for the lateness of the season, off the Russian American Fur Co's. post, St. Michaels, or Michaelaffsky Redoubt. On board was Colonel Charles S. Bulkley, engineer-in-chief, the writer of this being then attached to the marine service, but acting as occasion required, as Col. Bulkley's secretary. The officer in charge of the division about being established, was the late Major Robert Kennicott, so well known in the scientific world, and at that time holding the directorship of the Chicago Academy of Science. He had spent some four years in the Arctic regions, in the Hudson Bay Co's. district of the north-west of America and penetrated as far north as the boundary of the Russian territory. This gentleman, and Mr. Thomas Dennison were the only passengers we had on board for the Russian American Exploring Expedition, adding a Finlander, in the person of stout old Gronberg, who was engaged by Major Kennicott at Sitka. The Major at once took the necessary steps for landing his party, the Colonel deciding to leave St. Michaels for Emma Harbor, at Plover Bay, before the lateness of the season or the equinoctial storms should expose the steamer in the treacherous trough of Behring's Sea.

The writer of the present owes his stay in this part of the world to an excursion taken with Major Kennicott while at Ounga Island, after which, at St. Michaels, he obtained the necessary leave from Col. Bulkley, and joined the party. The steamer sailed, and the long looked for *Golden Gate*, flagship, at last arrived. Our winter quarters were to be at St. Michaels, where my esteemed friend Mr. J. M. Bean, filled the responsible position of storekeeper for this department, which he still holds. The goods were immediately unloaded from the ship, and landed as the tides would admit, promiscuously on the beach. A few boat loads only landing at the steps in consequence of the nature of the bottom and beach. One boat, containing all the guns, part of the scientific outfit, ammunition, and Indian trading goods, listed over in its attempt to reach the rocky, treacherous east beach, making a great portion of the cargo useless. Trouble never comes singly ; our steamer the *Lizzy Horner* proved a failure, being unfit for service as a river boat, to run on such a stream as the Kvichpak, or Yukon. At last, everything arranged, we were—myself included — off for the Russian American Fur Company's post, Unalakaleet, the central point from which all explorations were to take their beginning and end. A rough September sea, and gales kept us on the spit N. E. of the redoubt, for three days and nights, during which time large camp fires were all the go, the party in tents encamped ; looking with the head-quarter tent, and floating telegraph flag like a company in camp before action. Add to this, the large tent of the Russian chief factor of

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this district, Mr. Sergie Stepanoff, who had accompanied the Major thus far in his three hole *baidarka*, (skin canoe). His hunter furnished us with game, Arctic hares, and grouse, also, our Mr. J. B. Chapelle laid a fine grouse low, while trying one of our double-barrelled shotguns.

On the third day we made Unalakaleet, weathering a bad squall which drifted us on the sandy beach near Tulpanikha, twenty miles S. E. of the former place. Here we had to send the Russian crew of fourteen men on shore, to tow us along the beach, in preference to pulling against the tide with our oars as it was. The party in that boat, a large fore and aft rig, rendered assistance to those on shore with willing and strong arms, and one o'clock at night saw us safely in the hospitable mansion of the factor of the snug little post.

Our party was, of course, divided in its order of arrival, the *baidarka* with Messrs. Ennis and Dennison coming in first, at least three or four hours before us, while Major Kennicott and Mr. Stepanoff in their three holed skin canoes, did not make their appearance until the following morning at a late hour, having camped on shore during the night. We, of the large boat, feasted on Russian Tea, with the ever welcome Russian Bread made of graham flour, and so palatable with good Siberian butter, together with the salt fish, all of which we ate of in profusion. It was highly appreciated, especially the tea, which the saltness of the fish made us partake of in large quantities. That night we made up our beds in the bath room of the post, where we soon fell into that deep sleep which nature grants to the weary traveller.

(No 2 in our next. Contents: Sundry expeditions and explorations, both by water and land, with Baidarka sledge and dogs.)

The Gunpowder Plot.

BY JEEMES, THE POET.

Once more I've a theme and nigh a lesson 'tis dire
To warn all others 'gainst playing with fire.
My hero I'm sure you must very well know
For to ask what he sees he's not at all slow.
While rough March was with us, here at the Nook,
W'as my subject still uttering his begging *Ituk*.
Some powder he asked for, which scattered did lay,
And getting the same, safely stowed it away.
Where? You'll ask! So his memory 'd not fag.
He made the receptacle his tobacco bag.
Not thinking it then a fool-hardy deed,
And forgetting that powder would mix with the weed.
That night, after supper, to laugh and to joke
With others, he took out his pipe for a smoke
And filled up the bowl from this very same bag
Then applied the match like a delicate wag
One puff from his *Dudheen* he serenely enjoys
Then—Whiz! Bang! jewhillikins! Oh, what a noise
A form in mid-air we soon quickly descry,
And a voice loudly uttering, my eye! oh, my eye!
Cold water he rushed for, and applied with all might;
Thus easing the pain of his self-given fright.
Then all loudly laughed, his expense was the joke,
Which, lucky for him, all ended in smoke.

ENTERPRISE,—Our readers are to-day furnished with dispatches from Yankee Jims up to yesterday afternoon. They are especially to THE ESQUIMAUX, and we have the honor of being the first newspaper in Russian America to publish tidings received over the W. U. T. Co's Overland Line.

[SPECIAL DESPATCHES TO THE ESQUIMAUX, BY THE W. U. T. LINE, RUSSIAN EXTENSION.]

LATER FROM YANKEE JIMS!

PROGRESS OF THE LINE!

STATE OF THE WEATHER.

SNOW BLINDNESS.

Tidings of the Voyagers, Etc., Etc.

YANKEE JIMS, April 6th, '67, 7:30 P.M.

Four days of comparatively moderate weather afforded an opportunity for the resumption of operations here, and already traces of progress are visible. Three miles of poles, capped with insulators, ready to receive the wire, have been erected across the hills beyond here, presenting in bold relief, a strange contrast with the barren monotony of this snow clad country. Construction is hard in this country; snow from one to seven feet has to be shoveled away before the earth is reached, which is frozen, and of a flinty hardness to an unknown depth, making post hole digging extremely difficult.

Weather has been rough for the last two days. Strong winds and drift snow being prevalent, have kept all in doors.

Snow blindness has attacked nearly our whole party, five of whom are at present completely in the dark. This affliction is for a while intensely painful, the eyes getting blood shot, with a constant effusion of scalding tears. A few are recovering.

An intelligent Esquimaux, just arrived, reports the departure of O. DeBendelben and a train from Tuksuk for Kushmapaga.

City Intelligence.

TIMES are very dull about here for the present, the majority of the party being at Yankee Jims, head of Grantly Harbor, some fifteen miles distant from these headquarters. The line has been working without interruption to that point, since the date of encampment, 14th ult. The dogs have made daily trips when the weather permitted, between here and that station, carrying provisions, &c.

ONE of the bad days during last month the snow clogged up the windows and doors of the ground floors of our Topec to such an extent as to darken all within doors, and make an exit from the house in the usual way impossible. About this time the *small* man of our party found it necessary to visit the store house, but the doorway being blocked up, he tried to get through the window of the top story, but found that it was not sufficient for his capacity. In this predicament the doctor came to his rescue, and was let down out of this same opening by ropes, to the ground, when he cleared away the snow from the door, and made an exit for the *little* man practicable. Oh the blessings of being *small!*

BEFORE a certain bridge was built in Lancashire, England, passengers were ferried over by an eccentric boatman living near the bank. A nobleman who used to cross frequently was accustomed to give the boatman a shilling, although the regular fare was only a penny. One day, when crossing he determined to surprise the boatman, and accordingly, on reaching the opposite shore, he stepped out of the boat without even putting his hand in his pocket. The ferryman, in great astonishment, looked after him a moment, and then called out, "My lord, if ye have lost yer purse, remember it was not in my boat." The nobleman immediately rewarded his wit with double the usual fare.

The Esquimaux.

VOL. 1. LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A., SUNDAY, MAY 5, 1867. NO. 8.

The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A., Sunday, May 5, '67.

THE ESQUIMAUX will be published on the first Sunday in each month, and is devoted to the interests of the foreign population in and around Libbysville. It will contain a summary of passing events, and all intelligence of interest to the denizens of this neighborhood. Original and selected miscellany, correspondence, &c., will form a prominent feature. The terms of subscription will be nothing for the first year, and if the enterprise meets with encouragement, this price will be increased double after the expiration of its first anniversary.

OFFICE:—Main Building, Libbysville, R. A.

J. J. HARRINGTON.... .....*Editor and Proprietor.*

Poetry.

Easter Sunday.

Sweetly through the vernal air,
O'er the quiet waters stealing,
Calling to the house of prayer,
Hark! the Easter bells are pealing
In their silvery tones repeating,
To the heart with rapture beating
Joyfully the Christmas greeting,
Christ is risen!

As they ring they seem to say,
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day;
Mourning ones forget your gloom,
He hath triumphed o'er the tomb—
Christ is risen!

Gloriously the Easter hymn,
Round ten thousand altars swelling
Like a chant of seraphine,
All the church's joy is telling;
And the bell whose soft refrain
Mingles with the fervid strain,
Joyfully repeat again,
Christ is risen!

He is risen! weep no more,
For the reign of death is o'er;
Let His resurrection be
Pledge of life and peace to thee—
Christ is risen!

Dying to redeem from sin,
From its curse and dire oppression,
Rising, endless life to win
As His people's sure possession;
On the cross in anguish bleeding,
Through the grave in mercy leading,
Now in glory interceding—
Christ is risen!

☞ "How are you, John? I'm deuced glad to see you." "Very well, Charley; come and take a drink, old fellow. 'Tain't often we meet." "That's a fact, John; and when we do, its meet and drink."

Sketches of First Telegraph Explorations in Russian America.

BY O. DE'B.

NUMBER TWO.

EXPLORATION OF NORTON SOUND.

Our party, after building the headquarters (two log cabins) were compelled to await the tedious and prolonged purchasing of dogs and sleds through the R. Fur Company's Factor at Unalakleet. The Major had double duties to perform: to organize both his and our party, and do the trading with the Russians and native Esquimaux for supplies and necessary wearing apparel.

At last, on December 2d, 1865, we parted company with him and command. Our party, composed of four 2d Lieutenants, with Mr. W. H. Ennis, (now Captain in command of the Behring's Straits and Norton Sound Division) at our head. By his good management we got two sleds and thirteen dogs, with the prospect of hiring more. Of course, the first day we made but slow progress—about 18 miles up the coast on good ice. We had been detained, by open water, at a point between here and Unalakleet for over a month, it being one of the worst places on the coast. We had quite a train of Esquimaux in our front and rear—the old *Malemute* chief Alluyanak, his men, wives and children. The display of so many sleds and moving figures in the distance formed quite an interesting spectacle, and all of the Esquimaux vied with each other in showing us attention. They were all going with us as far as Inglutalikmute, the chief village on Norton Sound, and situate at its head about 150 miles distant from Unalakleet north-west, but in winter, travel being shortened by portages across long points on the coast and sound. Our next day we spent at the large village Shaktolikmute, where we were all received with due ceremonies and singing. Then commenced the dancing and distribution of presents in the large dance-house or *Kashima*, where whale blubber and frozen fish were given us, together with dried reindeer meat and scallines. Our host, (the greatest hunter on the coast, and rich man of the village, displaying his munificence by making his wife open a whole grampus skin filled with blubber, and distributing it to all around him, in profusion. It was our turn now, and presenting them with tobacco, and through our interpreters, made a speech to the crowd, promising them good treatment as long as they behaved themselves towards us. The large hut was crowded to suffication, and we had to strip ourselves, as usual, of all fur clothing. Nothing would do but we must give them a song; so we all struck up the much admired "Marching through Georgia," so well known and so well liked by the natives of the whole territory. We were of course the first Americans that had ever been in that part of the globe, and were not a little scrutinized, but to do justice to our Esquimaux friends, we had, during our whole journey and stay in the different settlements, not one complaint to make against these inoffensive people, who seemed rather to feel a relief at having us among them as mediators between the different tribes.

Our progress was slow, owing to the ceremonies and dancing at every point on our way up. Taly-juk Nikefor, a Russa-Californian, thirty-seven years in the employ of the R. Fur Co., proved the best man we could have had, he having been among all these natives some fifteen years previous with the English Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, and much liked by the indians.

From Inglutalik we made for Kwik-mute, along the eastern shore of Norton Sound, where we laid over a day and found a Kaviarzkhmute Esquimaux who spoke a little English and informed us that he had been at San Francisco and Sandwich Islands with Capt. Fish, well known on this coast. This fellow seemed intelligent; he is well known to all Americans in Russian America as Kupola, who with his pretty wife Nanjhariayak, were always, ever afterwards the guests of the American posts. Here at Kwikmute, Capt. Ennis, after consulting the interpreter about the best road to pursue, decided to go back with the whole party as far as head of Norton Sound, west to a deserted village called Konyukmute, a very romantic spot, and to my idea the prettiest part of the country I had yet seen, for to reach Behring's Straits with our whole force, little provisions, heavy pulling, bad dogs (coyotes), and short of dog feed was an idea which did not strike Capt. E. and myself as feasible then, yet we however resolved to make a desperate effort, and with one sled and our two interpreters, (leaving the rest of our small party and indians behind), we started, and halted not until driven back by snow storms and break downs. We then retraced our steps towards Unalakleet, where we met

Major Kennicott, who had returned from St. Michaels with my friend W. H. Bannister.

Thus ended, without mischief, our first expedition and exploration. We then made maps of the journey, after which I returned to my Beaver's retreat in St. Michael's redoubt, to ponder in peace over past fatigues and annoyances.

(Number three in our next. Contents: The Expedition to Behring's Straits.)

The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, SUNDAY, MAY 5, 1867.

The Situation.

In a country like this, ice-bound from the outer world, we may expect trials, which in a more southern clime would be easily remedied; but here, meeting such, we must look them boldly in the face and take advantage of whatever preventative nature has cast around us, bearing with such until more permanent ones are presented.

The word starvation has a terrible meaning, and some among us have talked of this ever since our arrival, predicting what the future would bring forth, making miserable thoughts for themselves and disagreeable prospects for those around them. But with all such croakings want has not yet appeared, nor is it likely to show itself to such an extent as predicted. 'Tis true our varieties have given out, and we do not now subsist on as many different dishes as would be our portion in civilization, but the prospect of the intervening time until the vessels' arrival, give promise of a quantity of nutritious food which, with what we have, will make a healthy subsistence.

During this month we may look for open water in the surrounding lakes and lagoons; with that comes fowl in large numbers, and from what we know of the same variety in our own country, they are both relishing and nourishing. With open water, too, comes fish in myriads and various kinds, which are good and palatable. During the whole season grouse have been plentiful at our tables, and the spring winds are fast bringing them in flocks to our neighborhood. This season causes the hares and squirrels to leave their holes where they have laid dormant during the long winter, and the natives are making preparations for their capture.

The Esquimaux have caught all the grouse and fish consumed by us, nearly four thousand in all, and if their future supplies of animals, fish and fowls are as plenty, we will live on as healthy, if not as varied a quality of food, as if we were at home.

At all events, starvation will be a thing unknown, and our appreciation of the luxuries of civilization will be made more keen when we have a chance to enjoy their blessings. During the ensuing two months the vessels may be looked for, bearing us tidings to cheer the heart, and nourish the inner man. Until that time let us be contented, for the constant thoughts of foreboding evil casts a gloom o'er ourselves, and darkens the prospect of those around us. That the best will be done we have only to trust in those who will spare no means or exertions to keep us supplied with whatever can be made conducive to our health and happiness, and remember that, though far from the Christian world, still

"God is here!"

Our Paper.

Several of our readers have expressed a wish to obtain a copy of the editions of THE ESQUIMAUX. This is very flattering to ourselves, and we would much like to satisfy their desire, but as we all know, the means are not at present at hand. We would suggest, however, that those who are anxious to be supplied with copies of the past and future numbers, to hold a consultation among themselves, and devise such means as they think will be advisable. We would, in this connection, beg to offer a suggestion, that, as it would be desirable to have the copies like the original, the best method of so doing is to have them photographed in San Francisco, which can be done at a trifling expense, and then they will be possessed of a copy showing the primitive, if not ornamental style of our paper, and which we hope will, in after life, bring to their recollection some pleasant reminiscence of their stay in Russian America. If it does this, our hopes are fulfilled, and the establishment of THE ESQUIMAUX will be repaid to the fullest extent.

SPRING PIC-NICS.—The slackness of provisions have given some of our number the excursion fever, and three parties have already left, and several more are on the eve of departure, for food-hunting trips through this beautifully barren country. Messrs. Shea and Webster were the first to leave, and Sledge Island having been once visited by the last named gentleman, they left for that place, called by the natives *Aiyakamute*, where they expect to luxuriate, for a time, on crabs and other fish, which abound in large quantities about the island. The second party consisted of Messrs. Goble and Walker, who are now living on "the best the country affords" at the suburban city of *Kingeghn*, Cape Prince of Wales, where, about this time, *okabuk* and *mucluck* are supposed to be plentiful. Messrs. Smith, Tourtillot and Buck, with their assistants Dick and his amazonian mamma, were the last to leave in a northern direction, with no permanent idea as to where they would fetch up; but, trusting to luck, expect to live on the fat of the land. We wish them all joy, and hope they will not be hungry while away, nor come home empty-handed.

☞ Sir Isaac Newton's nephew was a clergyman. When he had performed the marriage ceremony for a couple he always refused the fee, saying: "Go your way, poor wretches, I have done you mischief enough already."

The Journey to Unalakleet

EDITOR ESQUIMAUX.—On the second day of the new year, I started, in company with Foreman John E. Goble, to visit the long talked of Unalakleet. The first night out, we slept at the head of the harbor, and next morning started early, with the expectation of reaching that day, an Indian house five miles this side of Kaviarazakhmute, but night came on ere we were aware of its darkening shadows, and we had to sleep in the snow. It was very cold; so cold that I dreamt of the "Nook" and its warm stove. The severity of the weather, too, acted upon our dog "Carlo" and he could pull but little the next day, when we only made about ten miles. Here we obtained an Indian guide to go with us. He said his wife had gone for oil, and if we would await her return he would furnish us with another dog and then it would not be so hard on us. We laid over one day, when his wife returned with two dogs.

That night "Carlo" acted very strangely, and we thought we were going to lose him. He would run in the house and lay by me, and pant and groan as if he was suffering terribly. We thought, at first, that it was the effect of the cold he had experienced the night we slept in the snow, until I remembered seeing him, during the day, eating his harness, which I attempted to take from him when only a foot obtruded from his mouth, but it was no use; poor, hungry brute, he gave one gulp and swallowed it all. He soon became thoroughly acclimated, to such an extent that if we left the oil burning and went out of sight for five minutes he would switch the light out with his tail and lick up the greasy oil and blubber. We had to keep everything eatable out of his reach or else good bye to it. Our next day's journey brought us to Kaviarazakhmute, where we laid over to give our guide an opportunity to receive the blessings of the celebrated Indian doctor "Noozark," before he started with us. At night the doctor held a consultation with his Satanic Majesty, and the result was that we would have a plesant trip and get back all safe. At our next stopping place we laid over two days to obtain another Indian and dog. Near here we met Mr. Bendeleben on his return from a fish and grouse purchasing expedition. He was very glad to see us, but was afraid we would have a rough trip, and get out of food. He gave us some flour and tea which did us good service afterwards. The next day we continued on our way and slept in the snow on a river called the "Cook." Nothing of any consequence occured for the next five days; travelling over land all day and sleeping in the snow at night. It was very cold indeed, and I often thought it was much more comfortable sitting by a good fire at the "Nook," than travelling to a place we had only heard of. On the 14th of January, we arrived at Erathlicmute, expecting to find Indians, but we were disappointed, they had all gone to Unalakleet. Here we were out of dog-feed, and nearly out of our own food; our blankets wet, our dogs tired and hungry, and ourselves tired and foot-sore. We went in one of the houses and built a large fire, and then sent our Indian to look for dog-feed. He returned in about a half an hour with ten large fish (speckled trout) which he said he had stolen from an Indian Cache, in the neighborhood, but added he would pay for them as soon as he saw the owner. We told him "*Nacoruk*" and had a square meal, dogs and all. The Indian said we would take one day's dog-feed, and by that time we would reach an Indian village where we would be further supplied. Alas for these hopes! We travelled and slept in the snow for two days more, and then instead of reaching an Indian village, we only came to two old deserted houses filled with snow. Here we were reduced to the last bite of fish, a fruit can of flour, and a little tea. My companion then displayed his ingenuity, and made an old fashioned stew out of the materials on hand and it made "*cow-cow*" for four of us, and left enough for the dogs. It was a small fish, but it went a great ways. We next reached Ocnocamute where we commenced living on fish, our American grub being *non est*. From thence we proceeded to Queencogamute, then to Queekmute and there crossed over on the ice and soon arrived at Shocktolic, where I got a square meal on beaver. Since leaving Ocnocamute we rushed through, traveling all day and nearly all night, getting up early and feeding on fish. After leaving Shocktolic, we arrived at Garwick, where the Indians told us the Americans would arrive the next day on the way to the "Nook." We thought to reach Unalakleet before they started, and so left for that place about 12 P.M., where we arrived before daylight. Capt. Ennis was then preparing for the journey to Libbysville. We appreciated a square meal, you may be sure, having lived on fish for the past nine days.

H. F. DYER.

PORT CLARENCE, R. A., April 30, 1867.

EDITOR ESQUIMAUX.—Old winter, with all its storms and cold, piercing winds, has swept away into the gulf of the past, and spring gladdens our hearts with its presence. Only a short time ago the wind howled and whistled like an evil spirit ill at ease, whirling the snow through the air, and depositing it in tremendous drifts before our doors; but now, the rays of the warm spring sun strike upon it, and it is fast disappearing, exposing to view *terra firma* in many places. A little while ago, the sun scarcely showed itself above the horizon, rising at 10:30 A. M., and setting at 1:30 P. M., coming out of and going down into, almost instant darkness, bringing lights into continual requisition; but now it rises about 3:30 A. M. in the north-east, reaches nearly the zenith, and sets in the north-west about 8:30 P. M. It gives seventeen hours sun-light, and long after it has disappeared beneath the horizon, one can read the finest print by twilight, and lights are dispensed with. If one went by the rule of rising with the sun in this country, at this time of the year, he would have to get up very early in the morning.

We have had indications of an early season, and anticipate an early breaking up of the ice; in these let us hope not to be disappointed. Six weeks hence, doubtless, we will be straining our eyes over the broad bay, and beyond on the blue expanse of ocean, to catch a glimpse of that white-winged messenger which will most assuredly bring joy and gladness to our hearts. Already it thrills with joy, and beats with happy expectations of receiving news from the outside world, and letters traced by the hand of some kind friend in that far-off land which we call home. It is impossible to guess what meaning these letters may convey; for another year has passed away down the swift-flowing stream of time, and

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how many changes it may have wrought! Those we left behind us in the bloom of life, with prospects of enjoying a long, bright future, may have been laid low by the hand of disease, and carried "to that home from whence no weary traveler ever returns," or tidings ever come. Those that shared our heart's purest affections, may have passed away forever from earth! This is a world of change, of ups and downs, of joy and sorrow, trials and tribulations. We should expect such things, and should nerve ourselves to bear all with fortitude and contentment, knowing that "God doeth all things well."

Perhaps many of our loved ones have gone out over the threshold of the parental home to struggle with the world, and to grapple with the realities of life; perhaps they may have left that home to return no more to gladden the hearts of anxious parents; some may have been led to the altar of connubial bliss, and are now enjoying all the blessings showered upon mortals by an all-wise Providence. If so, let us wish them much joy and a long life of happiness and prosperity.

Some of us are expecting to return home this year, and are anxiously looking forward for the time to come when we are to take our departure from the bleak, dreary land of the North, and retire to a far more genial clime, where we will be welcomed by warm-hearted friends. Some, again, may prolong our stay here, and pass another winter of comparative quiet and seclusion in the company of a set of fine jolly fellows. We also wish them a pleasant time while here, and a long, glorious future. Whatever we do, let us consult well our interests, and act accordingly.

We are under many obligations to you, Mr. Editor, for furnishing us a paper so very interesting and instructive free of charge. It is well worthy that name, and is everywhere hailed with joy by its readers. Long live THE ESQUIMAUX!

Night.

Mysterious night! when our first parents knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for his lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of white and blue?

Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came
And lo! creation widened to man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find
Whilst fruit and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou madst us blind?
Why do we, then shun death, with anxious strife?
If life conceals so much—wherefore not Life?

TEARS AND LAUGHTER.—God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes, for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to breathe patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness, and laughter is one of the privileges of reason, being confined alone to the human species.

City Intelligence.

SINCE the writing of our articles on Spring Picnics, several of the excursionists have returned, and two other parties left to seek their fortune. Messrs. Goble and Walker arrived from Kingeglu on Wednesday last with a sleigh-load of walrus meat, which may come in handy by-and-by. On the following day, Messrs. Smith, Tourtillot and Buck returned from the same place with goods enough to start a curiosity shop, which were all immediately sold at auction to the highest bidder—a few articles, a live Esquimaux among the rest, being the only things reserved. The pleasure-seekers who left us this week were: J. C. McClure and T. J. Rodgers, who took an eastern direction towards the grouse country; and Messrs. Berry and Brooke, who, armed *cap-a-pié*, accompanied old Darby Gougan to where the deer are supposed to graze at present. We hope they will realize their expectations, and return home overloaded with the results of the chase.

"THEY HAVE GONE FROM OUR GAZE."—Those old inhabitants, Darby Gougan and family, whose presence we have had so long in our vicinity, have at last packed up their bag and baggage and left for a long absence in the deer country, and their beautiful features and lovely manners we will gaze on no more.

HUNKY DORA, the Esquimaux maiden, whose beauty was admired by all among us when we saw her on the vessel last year, is at present in Libbysville for a protracted stay. She is admired alike by the Indians for her fine clothes and good looks.

SEVERAL among us have, during the past month, become earnest disciples of Isaac Walton, and brought home a number of messes as the results of their labor. This is a good sign, as it shows how soon we adapt ourselves to the habits of the natives, as far as regards our dependence in the food line.

THE WEATHER for the past month has been unusually mild, and we begin to think that spring has really come. The sun has considerably diminished the snow on the surrounding hills, and it is fast melting in the valleys. The piles of it which we have in the vicinity of our houses make things very sloppy, and there are as many ditches to carry the water off as one would see in a California mining town. The prevailing winds have been from the S. S. E., and the thermometer has averaged from 30° to 40° above zero. All we want now is to see the waves beating upon the shore, and the long spell of winter will be but as a dream.

LIBBYSVILLE is again as lively as of yore, the parties at Yankee Jim's having returned, as work from that point is suspended for the present.

OUR PRIZE KINGMUCK, Diddler, has been, for the past month, boarding out, with the exception of a few days, when he paid us a visit, and was received by his poor, near master with "tears in his eyes," and whose opinion is that "he is such a gentlemanly dog."

AS WE are about closing our edition for this month, another party of May excursionists have arrived—Messrs. Shea and Webster—who have been enjoying the sight of the open sea and luxuriating on crabs at Sledge Island, upon which they and their dogs grew fat.

STRAW HATS.—The leaders of fashion in our burg have introduced hats of native manufacture which are styled the "Hunkydori." They have been generally adopted by our citizens, and display great taste in manufacture.

FAILED TO CONNECT.—The expedition which left on the 7th ult., to receive bread supplies from Unalakleet, which were to be at Ekathlicmute on the 12th following, failed in their object. Our party arrived there previous to that date, and waited four days afterwards, in expectation of the arrival of Capt. Ennis' teams, but for some reason or other they failed to come to hand, and our two sleds came back without that luxury upon which so much depended.

The Esquimaux.

VOL. 1. LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A, SUNDAY, JUNE 2, 1867. NO. 9.

The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A., Sunday, June 2, '67.

THE ESQUIMAUX will be published on the first Sunday in each month, and is devoted to the interests of the foreign population in and around Libbysville. It will contain a summary of passing events, and all intelligence of interest to the denizens of this neighborhood. Original and selected miscellany, correspondence, &c., will form a prominent feature. The terms of subscription will be nothing for the first year, and if the enterprise meets with encouragement, this price will be increased double after the expiration of its first anniversary.

OFFICE:—Main Building, Libbysville, R. A.

J. J. HARRINGTON,.....*Editor and Proprietor.*

Poetry.

Sunbeams.

A baby sat on his mother's knee,
On the golden morn of a summer's day,
Clapping his tiny hands in glee.
As he watched the shifting sunbeams play.

A sunbeam glanced through the open door,
With its simmering web of atoms, fine,
And crept along on the sanded floor
In a glittering, glimmering, golden line.

The baby laughed, in his wild delight,
And clutched at the quivering, golden band:
But the sunbeam fled from his eager sight,
And naught remained in his dimpled hand.

For a cloud had swept o'er the summer sky
And gathered the beam to its bosom gray,
And wrapped, in a mantle of sombre dye,
The glory and pride of the summer day.

Thus cheated sore in his eager quest;
With a puzzled look, that was sad to see,
He laid his head on his mother's breast,
And gazed in the dear face wistfully.

The cloud swept by, and the beam returned,
But the weary child was slumbering now,
And heeded it not, though it glowed and burned,
Like a crown of fame, on his baby brow.

And I thought: ah! babe, thou art not alone
In thy bootless quest for a fleeting toy;
For we all are babies, little wiser grown,
In our chase for some idle and transient joy.

We are grasping at sunbeams, day by day,
And get but our tail for our weary pains;
For ever some cloudlet obscures the ray,
And naught in the sordid grasp remains.

But when the lures of youth depart,
And our empty strivings are all forgot;
Then down in some nook of the peaceful heart,
The sunbeams glow, when we seek it not.

Sketches of First Telegraph Explorations in Russian America.

BY O. DE'B.

NUMBER THREE.

THE TRIP TO BEHRING'S STRAIT.

After organizing our party—to be divided at the head of Norton Sound—we left Unalakleet (Lieut. W. H. Ennis' headquarters) on the 2d day of April, 1866. Lieut. Ennis had charge of the Norton Sound and Grantley Harbor Division, and Maj. Kennicott's headquarters were at the Russian Fur Company's Post, Nulato, on the mysterious river Kwikhpak, the upper portion of which (some 250 miles from Nulato) being called both by the Hudson Bay Company and the Indians, Youkon.

Our party consisted of the following gentlemen: Lieut. W. H. Ennis, Commanding, and Lieuts. J. B. Chappel, Jos. F. Dyer, R. D. Cotter, and myself. Besides ourselves, there were V. Hanson, Russian Indian Interpreter, and our two Esquimaux boys, Nuchang-ea-ik and Kakh-e-nakh, or as we had named them respectively, MacGoffin and Sunchy.

The first camp we made was at a deserted Indian village called Ighauvik, some fifteen miles north-west from Unalakleet. Here we had been before on our first trip, and I shall skip over this portion of our journey until we reach Kwikhmute, merely mentioning that at Shokhtalik we were four days in a snow-storm, the like of which we had never seen before; and also that, on reaching a high bluff on the N.E. extremity of Norton Sound, we camped; and next day, instead of separating at Inglutalik, as was first intended, Mr. Ennis thought best to go straight across the Sound on the ice, and send messrs. Dyer and Cotter with their Malamute guide and their outfit to the latter place, from whence they were ordered to explore for a route and pass up to the Koyoukon river, and thence down that stream until its confluence with the Kwik-kak, when they would be within easy reach of their ultimate destination—Nulato. We, therefore, took leave of those gentlemen on the next morning, and called the bluff where we had camped "Point Separation." The same evening we arrived at Kwikhmute, and remained there two nights. Mr. Chappel was here ordered to remain in quarters (an esquimaux hut) and take charge of the provisions which Lieut. Ennis left here, also to purchase supplies of grouse and fish, so that we would have enough on hand for our return to headquarters, and save as much of the staple food as possible.

On the morning of the third day, we left Kwikhmute, our course being along the coast. At night we camped at another deserted village, called by ourselves the "Two Huts Camp," 30 miles distance. Here are arctic firs in profusion, and the scenery is very refreshing to the eye. Some natives came in at night from above, who informed us that the village was to be inhabited again in a few days. These visitors brought us some species of sea crawfish, which we ate at our evening meal. Next day we made the large village of Att-nagha-mute. Here we met with a good reception, and distributed the usual presents of leaf-tobacco. This is a very old village, and at one time was densely populated; but some fifteen years ago, a disease caused great mortality among the natives. Up to this point we found no impediment along our route against building a telegraph line. From here, however, the timber ceased until reaching the head of Sound Goloonine, where, again, we saw firs as far as 60 miles up the river Irath-luik. After leaving Att-nagha-mute, we proceeded to a village on the S.W. shore of Sound Goloonine, which is called Igkh-nik-toghe-mute. Here we bought an extra dog, having lost one from madness, a disease prevalent in this country. This is more a species of lunacy produced by colics and spasms. The women of this village excelled in looks any that I had yet seen among the Esquimaux; and I can safely venture to say, that I have seen none since that would even come up to those in point of regularity of features. The Chief of this village is Aya-paua, who trades much with the Russians. He was absent, however, at the time of our arrival; but, on returning, expressed his sorrow that we had put up at another hut. We, however, promised to stop with him in our homeward journey, which we did. From here we started for a village, the real name of which I never distinctly learned; but there are only two huts here, and the old chief is Itak-tak, a very jolly old man. Here we were to have Kamokin's son as guide to Port Clarence; but he complained of very great lameness, and would not go. In fact, the natives thought that provisions would be very low, and no dog feed to be had. Then it was that the well-known chief of Irathluikmute, Attzik, on the next day, made up his mind to go with us and take us through to Port Clarence and back for a single-barreled shot-gun that Lieut. Ennis then carried, and which we had offered him. It was indeed well that we had this man, who proved himself one of the best

natives in the country; on one occasion he killed us a deer, half of which we *cached* on a lake near the grand divide E. and W. He was never tired of helping or doing anything that could in the least contribute to our comfort, and fully deserved his pay, which was increased on our return by presents of cotton-drilling, ammunition and tobacco. We met no more natives in the villages until we reached Tuk-suk-mute, in the channel leading from Grantley Harbor to the inland bay called Irmaghe-zuk. Here I feasted on delicious fish, of which I am very fond. Next day we arrived at Nook, the spot which divides Grantley Harbor from Port Clarence. Here were many natives fishing, and Mr. Ennis went out on the ice to take soundings. I was unable to stir about much, having been more or less affected with snow-blindness ever since leaving Sound Golooninе. After a two days' stay, we retraced our steps homeward, having been eleven travelling days from Kwikhmute to Port Clarence and back. On our way back, however, we had little fair weather, snow-drifting and gales nearly every day. On these occasions, we were obliged to lay over at different places for two and three days at a time. Then, water between Att-naghe-mute and Kwikhmute gave us the sight of the trans-shipping dogs and sleds into a *baidara*, or skin-canoe; dogs and sleds being put in and all hands embarking in this light craft. We reached Kwikhmute in safety, and met Mr. Chappel, who was not sorry to see us after an absence of twenty-eight days, he being the only white man there during all that time.

The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A., SUNDAY, JUNE 2, 1867.

A Word with Our People.

That our supply of civilized food is almost *non-est* the diminished state of our table for the past month will show. Still under the circumstances it will not do to give way to gloomy forebodings. Grumbling will avail us nothing; all that we have to do is to make the most of our predicament, and patiently await the remedy. The worst time has past, and the future looks bright with promise.

The fishing season has now set in, and the quantity and variety is steadily increasing. Before another two weeks has passed we look for a large supply at our doors, where we will then have open water.

The natives will come to our immediate vicinity immediately on the departure of the ice, and experience teaches us that where an Esquimaux can subsist a white man can live. In the meantime we must look things boldly in the face, and by harmonizing and helping each other make the short intervening period as bearable and bright as possible. We are glad to see that the greater portion of our community are possessed of this feeling; assisting and dividing with their brothers the fruits of their labors. Some among us are not as lucky at fishing, or as expert in hunting as others, but although lacking in these particulars, still there are other ways in which they can make themselves useful for the public good. Let every man in his regular turn perform such duty as is necessary, and give all his energies to its fulfilment, then we may be sure that the time will come when we will each be glad that, during our stay in the Arctic we were working out the teaching, of

"One for all, and all for one."

☞ It is said that the latest styles among the ladies of Paris, is to wear diamond buckles on their gerters. An eastern editor says he can't inform the public of their adoption in his vicinity, but states that they can see well enough for themselves.

His First Sight of Himself.—A strange indian happened in our sanctum the other day, and gazing round saw his own likeness and the surrounding room reflected in a mirror which hangs near the door. Thinking he had met another Esquimaux he at once hailed him, supposing him to be in another house, of which the mirror was the connecting door. The more he looked, the more astonished he became, and finally seeing it was himself thoughts of the devil came o'er him, but when we convinced him of his satanic majesty's non-connection, he smiled, and took a great deal of pleasure in seeing himself.

Death of Negougin.—We are pained to hear of the decease of this celebrated Esquimaux. It occurred while on the journey homeward from Unalakleet, and was caused by falling rocks from a precipice under which he was travelling. The weather was very warm at the time, and the heat thawing the ground had loosened the stones on the bluff, and they fell at the moment of his passing, crushing him beneath their weight. He was a good *innuit* and had shown himself on many occasions a friend of the whites, and is much regretted alike by them and the natives. He belonged to the Kaviarazkh tribe, and was looked up to by that nation as a leader, both in the business of trade and amid the excitement of the thankful dance. His body was interred near the scene of the accident, but will, we understand, be removed to Kaviarazakhmute as soon as the open water permits, there to repose along with the bones of that nation's patriarchs.

A Strange Custom.—With the body of Negougin, whose death we mention in another column, was interred a bag of flour which Capt. Ennis gave under his charge to bring to this post, and also the letter accompanying the same. All his own goods, among which he had a large number of valuable furs, together with his dogs and sleigh were deposited in his grave. No inducements would prevail on his mother to allow the flour and letter to be taken from among them, and Kupola, who brings the intelligence, says she would surely go crazy if it was insisted on.

Still They Go.—There have been more trains left our town during the past month than ever departed in the same length of time from a western city during the early influx of settlers to California. The experiences of the several parties have been varied, only agreeing in one result; the scarcity of food and indians. The natives are at present scattered all over the mountains hunting squiracls, which they seek for their food and skin, the latter of which they make their *Ahteghas*. The following is a list of the pleasure seekers:

Messrs. Goble and Bird took another trip to Kingeghn, and came home loaded with whale and walrus meat. Messrs. Webster and Kilpatrick started for Alyakamute but returned after a short absence, being unable to reach their destination, in consequence of open water beyond the spit. Mr. Webster has since left, accompanied by Mr. Hewston, for Irapak Creek. Messrs. Brooke and Berry, whom we mentioned last month as having accompanied Darby Gongon, came back as lucky as the rest. They saw deer, but could not get a shot at them. Messrs. Shea and Brooke decided on returning to Darby's vicinity, but after being five days hunting this migatory family, their sled gave out, and letting the dogs loose, they gave up the search and packed their load home, where they arrived wiser, if not better men, thoroughly satisfied that it was easier "to find a needle in a hay stack" than the natives of this country at this season of the year. The next day, however, the *nuleuka* of old Darby, accompanied by her boy, arrived in camp, bringing with them a lot of venison which they had killed in the meantime, and the following morning Messrs. Goble and Berry left for their *topee*, accompanied by these members of the family, and will, we hope, bring us a load of deer carcasses on their return. Messrs. McClure, Walker and Rodgers are at present at Kingeghn where they will await the passage of a whaler through the straits, from whom we may expect a supply of food. Messrs. Smith, Shea and Dyer left with Utamana's family, to reside with them wherever they would pitch their tent, but Mr. Shea soon got tired of his stay, and came home once more, with the opinion that Libbysville was the only place in Russian America where a white man could live. Messrs. West, McMahon Watson, Palmer and Connor, are now camping between here and Zingaramute, where they subsist by fishing and on what game they can obtain. Immediately after the publication of our last number, in company with Messrs. Walker and Bendleben, we started for a tour, having the same object in view as those who preceded us, and met with a like result—no food and a scarcity of indians. We returned convinced that our own resources were the only sure thing to depend on in this dilemma, and we have since seen the truth of this conjecture. The natives are too much busied with their own pursuits to give heed to our wants, and we have to learn and practice the same means which they employ to keep ourselves in food.

Letter from Unalakleet Division.

BEAVER CAMP, R. A., March 18th 1867.

EDITOR ESQUIMAUX :—

Hearing that Kupalo is going up to your neighborhood I take the opportunity of sending a few lines to you, although I doubt whether you will be able to read them or not, as my writing desk is my knees, and my position alongside of a smoky fire ; not exactly a comfortable place for inditing a letter, but good will is everything. I have become an inveterate smoker, but do not exactly appreciate it in this shape. The fact is, I do not know what else to do to pass away time, but to be roaming over the hills on my snowshoes, with my artificial horizon box on my back, a sextant under my arm, and my pipe in my mouth. Just imagine me coming along, both hands full and my snowshoes catching a twig, and per consequences, over I go, making a beautiful imprint of my nose in the snow. Sometimes, when I have a long distance to walk, I generally bring a little sled along, whereupon I make fast my traps. When I come to a little slope I take a ride, and then everything seems pleasant in life until I bring up, all of a sudden, in a snowbank, smashing the sled and scattering the contents, if my descent happens to be rapid. But this cannot be of any interest to your readers, so I will give you an account of our present situation and how we spend our time.

The 4th of February we started from Unalakleet, (when I say we, I mean Lieut. Smith and command, to which I belong,) to camp five miles to the northward. We had calculated to find shelter in some Indian house there, but found them too full of natives to allow us room. Not that they were in anyway hostile, but it would be rather hard to put a man out of his own house, even if he were an esquimaux. So we built a little barricade of driftwood, about two or three foot high to protect us against the North-east wind, and made a large fire in front, and there we slept, the thermometer varying between 30° and 40° below zero. The first two days it was very pleasant and novel to most of us, but on the third it commenced to blow very hard, the snow drifting accordingly. Then we began to see the dark side of life, waking up with one to two feet of snow over our blankets. Having nothing further to do, outside, I was appointed commissary, but when the storm commenced my first assistant cook, who, by the by, is a very noted character and glories in the name of Captain Lunchi, was taken sick, and I had to do the cooking myself. Just imagine me sitting close to a smoky fire, stirring up flour and water for making flapjacks, and putting in more and more water, but finding that the mixture was getting thicker and thicker, at last it dawns upon my mind that the water is freezing all the time, which made it almost a doomsday job to get it to a proper consistency. This is a specimen of my first attempt at cooking in Camp *A'apah* as it was universally named by the party. After nine days miserably spent in this place, we had advanced so far with the line that we had to move camp three miles further, in the middle of a wood where we were comparatively comfortable. This was called Camp Adams after the gentleman who located the place and built the encampment. Our next was Camp Comfort, on Igouick Creek, then Camp Clark, and now Beaver Camp, so called because of the large number of these animals to be found in the small rivulet that flows past. This camp is situated twenty-two miles Northward of headquarters, about three miles from the coast. To-day we set up the twentieth mile pole from Unalakleet, and hope to continue the work until there is a continuous chain between Port Clarence and Unalakleet. F. W.

THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF WINTER.—While it is true that man is a free agent, it is equally true that he is acted upon by causes so slight that he is unwilling to acknowledge them, almost unconscious of their influence. Hence in different society and amid different influences the same individual seems essentially altered.

Although to every one marked characteristics are given, who does not know that a thousand avenues of feeling, from all about reach out and educate the heart.

Among the most powerful, perhaps, of outward means, the seasons possess a mighty energy, in making, so to speak, the human heart. In this connection let us contemplate for a moment the peculiar aspect and teaching of winter. Full as its name is of rigor, sufferings and privations, there is yet many of the finest evergreens of feeling piercing its cold snows. There is a sort of selfishness induced by the relaxation of summer, which is counteracted by the healthy activities of winter, and man, brought into closer proximity with the wants and feelings of his kind, grows a kinder being, while contrast in thousands of homes of "fireside enjoyment" with the bleakness without, awakens a species of pious gratitude in every rightly directed mind. The duties, relinquished for a time in summer, are resumed with fresh vigor, and favor the feelings of responsibility which should ever accompany life, while the longing of the mind for spring nourishes and strengthens that faith which is demanded of us, and without which we cannot be happy.

NATURAL CLOTHING.—The clothing which grows from the bodies of animals is always suitable in quality and quantity to the climate and season under which they live. In hot climates the coats of the quadruped is short and thin, but it thickens with increasing latitudes, and yields soft and abundant fleeces. At the poles it is externally shaggy and coarse, internally shorter and finer as in the skin of the Arctic bear. How defensive is the fur of the amphibious animals ; the beaver, for example ! How abundant upon birds are feathers, shutting up the heat of their warm blood, and opposing no resistance to the air in which they fly ! The birds of very cold regions have plumage almost as bulky as their bodies ; and those which live much in the water have additional both a defense of oil on the surface of the feathers, and the interstices of the ordinary plumage filled with delicate down—a bad conductor—which abounds particularly on the breast, as it in swiming first meets and divides the cold wave. Then there are animals with warm blood, which live in the water, for example, the whale, walrus and seal ; but neither hair nor feathers oiled would have been fit clothing for them, they accordingly derive protection from the cold water by the enormous amount of blubber or fat which surrounds their bodies ; it is a non-conductor.—*Arnot.*

EGGS.—Several of our party have discovered nests among the neighboring brush, a few of which were filled with eggs. They will keep watch on the others, from which they expect a further supply.

The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, SUNDAY, JUNE 2, 1867.

City Intelligence.

THANKFULLY RECEIVED.—Kupalo brought us, on his recent trip from Unalakleet, two bags of Graham flour, forwarded by Capt. Ennis, and he states that two more left in charge of Negouzin, whose death is mentioned elsewhere, but that they consumed one on the road, and the other, as already related, was buried with his body.

BOBBING.—Our people have, of late, become professional fishers, and can sit by an ice hole, bobbing for a bite, with as much energy as an Esquimaux. It requires considerable patience, more, we confess, than we are possessed of to sit for hours endeavoring to entice an innocent *a-rad-luk* to nibble at the shining bait, but perseverance is a virtue, and the reward comes when the shiny fellows are cooked and placed before you for a substantial repast. We have but once had this gratification, being lucky enough at one time to catch sufficient for breakfast. We have since tried in vain to obtain another mess, but always came home blessed with a large quantity of fisherman's luck: "Wet feet and a voracious appetite." But we trust it will not always be thus, and that we may yet have our share in the slaughter of the innocents.

WILD ONIONS.—One of our party, while out the other day, discovered a large lot of wild onions which, in a short time, will be fit for the table. They taste very much like the leeks we have at home.

THE WEATHER.—Yesterday, the first of June, was ushered in with a snowstorm which continued for some eight hours. During the month, the weather, as a general thing, has been dark and gloomy, we have had but few bright days. The thermometer has ranged from 24° to 49° above zero, with the wind blowing from all quarters. At one time it blew from the North for a period of six days, which we should think was rather a strange occurence for the month of May. The ice along the shore is growing thinner, and a channel is open between Port Clarence and Grantley Harbor, which is increasing rapidly. But a little while longer and we will see the open sea before us, and the ships for which we have waited so long, anchored in our harbor.

FLOUNDERS.—These flat, luscious fish have made their appearance in our vicinity, and several messes have been caught by our enterprising fishermen. Several of them left, last evening, to camp near the grounds.

"DIDDLER."—This dog is becoming as famous as either "Bummer" or "Lazarus," who furnished so many items for the journals of San Francisco. His residence, at present, is with Kyuktuk, beyond Kaviarasazkmute where he accompanied us on our late trip. His dogship is rather short legged, and cannot keep up with the other dogs when going down hill, so while we were making a descent on that journey he very quietly laid over on his side, and acting as a brake to his master's sleigh, was dragged to the bottom of the hill. His imprint could be distinguished by the deep furrow to be seen in the snow from the brow of the slope to its base.

HOW TO DO PENANCE.—A very corpulent farmer was ordered, for penance, to go three times round the churchyard on his bare bended knees. On the Sunday on which the penance was to be performed, a considerable crowd collected to see "fat Holleran take to his marrow bones;" and, true to his order, Holleran appeared at the appointed time, followed by three stout men, one of whom wheeled along an enormous wheelbarrow, in which was a large downy pillow. Deliberately unbuttoning the knees of his trousers and rolling them up a little, while he turned down the tops of his long blue stockings, Holleran was helped into the wheelbarrow on his bare knees, and, amid the vociferous cheering of the assembled people, was wheeled the prescribed number of times round the churchyard.

A GOOD MOVE.—J. C. McClure, W. A. Walker and T. J. Rogers left town on the 18th, for Kingeghu, Cape Prince of Wales. They will there await the passage of a whaler through the Strait, which they will endeavor to board and from them obtain a supply of food. That they will be successful in their efforts, we have no doubt, for no white man will refuse us assistance, when they know our situation. The natives of that place look for a vessel within the next ten days, after which we may expect a load of provisions at any moment.

THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER!—Utamana, who is a philosopher among the Esquimaux, gives as a reason for the recent long spell of bad weather the fact of the natives making miniature sleds and snow shoes, of which we have recently bought so many. He seems to think that the manufacture of such articles at this time of year ridicules the elements, and makes them vent their spleen in consequence. He stated afterwaids, however, that if, when being brought here, these specimens of native manufacture were kept from the sight of the *Celia* or sky, that no offense would be given, verifying the old proverb: "What the eyes don't see, the heart don't grieve for." Cunning and sage-like argument.

GETTING OVER A DIFFICULTY.—A countryman once brought a piece of board to an artist with the request that he would paint upon it St. Christopher, as large as life. "But," returned the artist, "that board is much too small for that purpose." The countryman looked perplexed at this unexpected discovery, "That's a bad job," said he; "but look'ee ye can let his feet hang down over the edge of the board."

BEAUTIFUL ANSWERS.—A pupil of Abbe Licord gave the following answers:

"What is eternity?"

"A day without yesterday or to-morrow—a line that has no end."

"What is time?"

"A line that has two ends—a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the tomb."

A WORD WITH A BEAUTIFUL MEANING.—"Alabama" signifies in the Indian language, "Here we rest." A story is told of a tribe of Indians who fled from a relentless foe in the trackless forest of the southwest. Weary and travelworn they reached a noble river which flowed through a beautiful country. The chief of the band struck his tentpole in the ground and exclaimed, "Alabama! Alabama!" (Here we shall rest! Here we shall rest!)

☞ A fair young creature called at a store in Montgomery street, lately, to make some purchases. She had concluded her shopping, but the dapper salesman, eager to please, ventured to insist upon her buying one, or more, of his tasteful hats for her boys. Assuming the dignity of a queen, the lady said, with emphasis: "No, I have only been married about twenty minutes; I have no boys, as yet." The salesman did not press the matter any farther.

☞ The young Blackstones of Philadelphia complain that law business is so dull they can't get the $12 suits so liberally advertised in the shops of that city.

The Esquimaux.

VOL. 1. LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A, SUNDAY, JULY 7, 1867. NO. 10.

The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A., Sunday, July 7, '67.

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OFFICE:—Main Building, Libbysville, R. A.

J. J. HARRINGTON,.....*Editor and Proprietor.*

Poetry.

We were Boys Together.

BY G. P. MORRIS.

We were boys together,
And never can forget
The schoolhouse near the heather,
In childhood where we met;
Nor the green home to memory dear,
Its sorrows and its joys,
Which called the transient smile or tear
When you and I were boys.

We were youths together,
And castles build in air,
Your heart was like a feather
While mine was dashed with care.
To you came wealth with manhood's prime,
To me it brought alloys
Ne'er imaged in the primrose time
When you and I were boys.

We were old men together;
The friends we loved of yore
With leaves of autum weather
Are gone forevermore.
How blessed to age the impulse given
The hope time ne'er destroys,
Which led our thoughts from earth to heaven
When you and I were boys.

CHILDHOOD.—Let the world talk of happiness, of friendship and love, but the days of innocent childhood are the happiest moments of our life. The friends of those days were the truest, and the love of those youthful hours the purest, holiest affection that 'ere mortal can enjoy. Where can you find a friend like your schoolmate, who when the noontide came would share with you his rustic luncheon, 'neath the cool shade of the green spreading oaks. Where find a love like the little lass who, when the daily studies were ended, would allow you to take her satchel, and together on the homeward path pick the wild flowers from their native heath, and how proud you would feel when you received one from her dear hand, and then, how she would put forth her pretty red lips when you, blushing and sighing, asked her for the parting kiss, the seal of innocence! Oh! the remembrance of that kiss makes one feel as if he had a taste of lands beyond the skies. And dost remember when the summons came to quit the simple, peaceful village, where you had spent your boyhood's happy hours, and mix in the busy strife of life, how tears streamed down her rosy cheek; and when you swore to write to her, to ever remain true to your early love, what a radiance shone o'er her youthful countenance. Now lurking back through the dim vision of years, think you not, at that time, an angel had stayed from heaven and was beside you? Those vows! how were they kept? Distance effaced them from your memory till, when years afterward, in the far off busy city, you heard that the belle of your native village, the sweetheart of your youth was married, and then how the old time came o'er you, and in your inmost heart you wished the prize had been yours. Oh! happy, innocent, peaceful childhood, once past, ne'er again can you return except in dreams, and then how sad the awakening to the knowledge that you were but dreaming. But there is a second childhood, far beyond our earthly vision, in the land which knows no sorrow, no pain, and where we will be as happy as we were in our youthful days. Let us all strive to go there and enjoy our eternal childhood with God.

KING'S ISLAND.—This rocky place, called by the natives O-kee-buck, was visited by Capt. Libby on his late trip. While there, several Indians became drunk, and attacked the boat while moored at the landing, throwing everything overboard; but some sober ones interfered, and further trouble was prevented—they saving the articles from the water. The Esquimaux are like all other savages when they have whiskey in them; they are ready for all kinds of mischief. This island is very rocky, and presents nothing but precipitous bluffs along the coast. There are about two hundred and fifty inhabitants; they are smaller in stature than those on this side, and much more filthy in their habits. The houses are built of walrus hides; and, perched among the rocks, are difficult of access. No wood is found in the vicinity, and they use oil for what little cooking is necessary. Most of their food is, however, eaten raw.

The Indian tribes of the plains have formed a confederation to exterminate the whites, and a number of massacres have happened in consequence.

☞ *Our readers and the public generally will at once perceive the benefits of extending to The Esquimaux their patronage. It is the only journal circulated in this territory, and none other is published north of Victoria, B. C., on this continent, or China in the Eastern Hemisphere, between the parallels of longitude* 130° *east and* 120° *west of Greenwich, nearly half the globe. It is the official organ for all matters connected with the Western Union Telegraph, Russian Extension, in the vast extent of country to be traversed by this gigantic enterprise of the* 19*th century, and it therefore is a better medium for advertisers, than any paper published in the world.*

The Esquimaux.

LIBBYSVILLE, PORT CLARENCE, R. A., SUNDAY, JULY 7, 1867.

Our Arctic Home.

This is the last number of THE ESQUIMAUX which will bear the name of Libbysville as its place of publication. It has been deserted, and the party who passed the winter within its cheerful boundaries are gone. The work for which they journeyed here has been abandoned, and there is now nothing to keep them from their homes. There are recollections around its isolated walls, which in after life will make many an hour pass pleasant while relating to them, and friendships have originated here which will last for all time. What we have suffered in the past, and its privations has shown us the true worth of man, which only such occasions bring forth. Thankful to an all-merciful Providence, we have escaped the great peril which at one time seemed so inevitable. The great number who ventured out through an unknown, desolate country, and among heathen Esquimaux in search of food, have returned in safety, and passed through dangers which they thought were beyond their powers of withstanding. We bid good bye to Libbysville, and leave the work of onr hands, and the footprints of civilization, to return to their original elements, and become a prey to the drear power of the Arctic seasons, and ravages of the wily natives. On the front of the Tower House is painted, "Libby Station. Established September 17th, 1866. Vacated July 2, 1867." And the following, posted in the main chamber, tells the story:

To all whom it may concern: Libby Station was established in September 17th, 1866, and vacated July 2d, 1867. The party who wintered here suffered such privations as can only be experienced in this almost eternal frozen region. The work they accomplished was such as only the white man is capable of. They faced the bitter cold storms of winter, and lived on food which the natives of the country use for their subsistence, and from which the appetites of the civilized shrink. They built 22 miles of telegraph line, and hoped that, as they had the honor of sending the first message ever transmitted in Russian America, to see the completion of a work whose bond would encompass the world, and transmute thousands of miles of distance into but a moment's span of time. They leave with regret, having spent many happy hours in each others' society, lived, feasted and suffered together, and the remembrance of their sojourn in this isolated region will last while they are blessed with life. Two who came with us leave their bones beneath the frozen sod, and will no more return to greet the loved ones who look in vain for their presence in the home circle. To such as may come after us, either to settle in the country under the Stars and Stripes, or to finish the work begun so prosperously by ourselves, we would say that they have our best wishes, and may the hours pass pleasantly with them until such times as they are placed in hourly communication, or enjoy the great benefits of a large civilized community:

D B Libby,	C Tourtellot,
Geo W Klinefelter,	W Bird,
W A Walker,	Ed Brook,
T J Rodgers,	Eli Hewston,
R Caldwell,	A Robinson,
J J Harrington,	D Gahagan,
H F Dyer,	Jud Watson,
M L Slavan, (deceased)	P Lawlor,
Daniel Shea,	Geo S Smith,
Thos W Webster,	J H Rickman,
J C McClure,	D W Bracy,
J E Goble,	Geo West,
F Herzog,	A P Hare,
O de'Bendleben,	W H Billadoe,
David Kilpatrick,	Geo Perrin,
Wm Curry,	John Palmer,
Chris Berry,	Jas Buck,
T W Yates,	H Spaars,
M McMahon,	Geo O'Callaghan, (deceased)
R Connor,	Mayounak, (native)

W Yates.

The Abandonment of the Work.

The W. U. T. Co.'s bark *Clara Bell*, Capt. John Norton, arrived on the 28th ult. with dates from San Francisco to May 24th. The work on the W. U. T. Co.'s Overland Line has been suspended, and all the parties ordered home. On board was Maj. Wright, who settles all business in this part of the world. This is strange news to us, for all looked forward to the successful completion of the Trans-continental Telegraph, and the reason for its suspension is a mystery; but private advices seem to point to the continued working of the Atlantic Cable as the true cause. The erected line will not be disturbed; but everything else portable will be transhipped to San Francisco.

THIS ISSUE.—On referring to the date, etc,, of this paper, it will be thought that it is published at Libbysville, July 7th; while in reality it is issued at Plover Bay, E. S., July 14th. The business necessary in consequence of our departure, prevented publication on the regular date. It will hereafter make its appearance at this place.

The News!

By the Clara Bell, we have dates from San Francisco to the 24th of May, and the following is a summary of the most important events which have transpired, in the great outside world, since July 29th 1866, the date of our last advices.

UNITED STATES.

The U. S. Government has purchased the Russian Possessions in North America together with the islands on the coast. The price is $7,250,000; part of which is to be paid in monitors.

Surratt, one of the Lincoln assassinators, has been arrested in Rome.

Jeff Davis has been released on bail, and Horace Greeley is one of his bondsmen.

Trouble is anticipated from the Mormons.

A riot occurred in New York on the 17th of March, and several were severly injured.

Two negroes hold seats in the Legislature of Massachusetts, and South Carolina statesmen are advocating like measures in their vicinity.

President Johnson has become too anti-radical for Congress and the people.

An anti-coolie riot has taken place in San Francisco and societies are forming all through California to expel the Chinese.

A severe storm has occured on the coast of California, causing a large loss of life and property.

The Atlantic cable has been in successful operation since July 1866.

EUROPEAN.

Preparations are being quietly made for war by the leading governments, which seems to mean that they all distrust each other.

The Prussians were victorious in the late war with Austria.

The German States are forming a confederation, with Prussia at their head.

The needle-gun, a new arm, is creating the same excitement, in Military Circles that the Iron-clad Monitors caused during the Rebellion in America.

THE SUMMER EQUINOX.—On the 14th June the sun was nearing its equinox; and, accompanied by Capt. Klinefelter and Dr. Caldwell, we visited a mountain north of the station to watch its disappearance and rising. We gained the summit about 10 o'clock P. M., and shortly afterwards the sun dipped behind the hills; and skimming, as it were, just below their tops, came to sight again in an hour and three-quarters, to be up for the day. On the 21st of the same month, the Doctor and ourself again visited Mt. Observation—as we had named it—on our previous trip; and as that was the date when the sun crossed the line, we then had a better opportunity to witness its transit. The sky was clear, and we had a splendid view of this great wonder. Old sol disappeared at 11.15 P. M., and arose at 12.45 on the 22d. It set, according to compass, 20° west of north, and its upper link came in sight at 17° east of that point. There is a great contrast between these days and those we had last December; then there were but two hours of sun, and now we see it for over three and twenty.

From the top of the mountain we had a splendid view of the surrounding country. Grantley Harbor, with its placid surface and rocky sides; the Kiglowhite Mountains, whose eternal snow-crested peaks never lose the sun for nearly two months of this season; Port Clarence, just freeing itself from the frozen clutches of winter, and the surrounding hills, with their green slopes and snowy patches, were sights which, together with the grand view of one of God's mightiest works, well repaid us for our journey. To be in a country where day is merged into day without a moment's darkness between, in one season, and night into night with scarce an hour of light to distinguish one from the other, at another, are wonders which we have witnessed during our sojourn in the Arctic.

[ORIGINAL.]

The Three Graves.

Amid the frozen Arctic, where the summer's but a day,
And brings the flowers to blossom for winter's quick decay,
The white man's venturous footsteps have pressed the snowy sod,
And three are laid beneath it, in communion with their God.

Two were called from 'mongst us; they'd filled the given span,
And left their happy firesides, here to meet the fate of man.
The first, who 'beyed the summons, died when near the shore,
And his doubly orphaned little ones will welcome him no more.

The next, throughout drear winter, was hovering near the grave,
And when the wished for summer came, we hoped his life 'twould save;
But, from their snowy couches, the flowers scarce peeped in bloom,
'Ere he knew the mystic meaning of the land beyond the tomb.

The other's cross is tottering, and unknown years have fled,
Since the sleeper, 'neath its shadow, was gathered to the dead;
No mark upon its grayish face denotes who lies below,
But in heaven they keep the record, which one day all will know.

The years pass by unheeded, they feel not the northern blast,
Or the icy snows which winter, above their dwelling cast,
Their mourners are the ocean, and the mountains, towering high;
Mute sentinels, who never tire of watching where we lie.

All here, too, soon must follow, and go, with reverenced awe,
'Fore him who has created all—the white, the esquimaux;
In His almighty mercy let us place our hope and trust,
And pray to meet forever, in heaven, among the just.

J. J. H.

HAD HIM THERE.—A priest said to a peasant whom he considered rude, "You are better fed than taught." "Should think I was," replied th clodhopper, "as I feeds myself, and you teach me."

Foreign Ite .

General McClellan is at Villeneve, on the lake of Geneva.

Italy's financial weakness has exposed her to be called the "Micawber of Nations."

Bear's meat is selling in Paris at the rate of five francs the Kilogramme, or twenty-two cents per pound.

During the Exposition, no woman is to be allowed to enter, alone, any part of the late supper houses in Paris.

A correspondent of the *London Illustrated News* has the following chess puzzle, presented by an American: "Place the Queen alone on the board, and in fourteen moves cause her to pass over all the squares."

In Geneva it was recently devised, in order to test the new method of learning to read, to find a grown-up man who did not know his letters, but no native of the canton who answered the conditions could be found.

The Austrian Government was granted a complete amnesty for infringements of the law regulating the press, and remitted the sentences of several journals.

THE Pall Mall *Gazette* says: "The consumption of horse flesh is increasing rapidly among the poorer classes in the different quarters of Paris. There are now open no less than fifteen butcher shops, four of which are in different meat markets, for the exclusive sale of the new viands, and there are four restaurants where horse flesh is the distinguishing feature of the carte. At particular places in the provinces horse meat has become a staple article of trade. At Caudebec, for instance, seven or eight hundred kilogrammes are sold daily in the market.

A PARIS correspondent writes: The Japanese Embassy, now staying at the Grand Hotel, Paris, occupy a suite of elegant rooms, for which they pay 350 francs per day. The arms they wear consist of long daggers and short sabers, richly ornamented, and are beautifully finished and formidable weapons. The chief of the embassy dresses in European costume, with trowsers and black frock coat. He says farther that the Ambassadors take five meals a day; of wines they prefer madeira and champagne, and of malt liquors, English beer.

The Esquimaux.

CAMP LIBBY, PLOVER BAY, N. E. S. SUNDAY, JULY 14, 1867.

City Intelligence.

KELSEY'S STATION.—The party of eighteen left here under command of Capt. W. H. Kelsey, passed a good winter. They had very stormy weather, and the thermometer was at one time 43° below zero. The bay froze over on the 25th November, and opened July 2d. Slight symptoms of scurvy showed itself during the spring; but fresh vegetables received from the whalers checked its progress. They had a sufficient quantity of provisions. They erected 13 miles of line, and distributed all of their material. Had they not received news of the abandonment of the work, they would have by this time accomplished a large amount of labor. Robert Lawton, constructor, committed suicide on the 11th of March by hanging himself from the davits of the brig *Victoria*, in the harbor. No cause can be assigned for the rash act.

THE MOVEMENTS OF THE VESSELS.—The bark *Clara Bell* arrived here on Tuesday last from Port Clarence. R. A., with Capt. Libby's party. The *Nightingale* is due here by the 1st September, and on her will be stores, etc., to accommodate the large party who will be here awaiting passage to San Francisco. *The Manuella*, Capt. Redfield, is at present in the Arctic purchasing provisions from the whalers, and will be here by the 10th August. The *Clara Bell* left on Friday last for the Gulf of Anadyr, there to take on board the party left at that post, and the officers and crew of the company ship *Golden Gate*, who were wrecked in that place last year. She will bring them here, and then leave for St. Michael, R. A., for Capt. Ennis' and Ketchum's parties, and again return to this port.

TENTS.—The appearance of this place, as it at present presents itself, reminds one of a camp-meeting, with its numerous white tents. They are occupied by our party, and we have transferred the brig's galley to the shore, where it is used for cooking. Some, when getting near it for their daily grub, instinctively clutch at the sides, as if to steady themselves, thinking they are on the ocean wave, instead of basking in the dreariness of Siberia. We should not wonder if "Bushem's" spirit (of Rutger's fame) would shortly make his presence manifest.

BRIG "VICTORIA."—This vessel was abandoned in this port last year, and yet lies in the harbor. The cabin has been prepared for quarters, and six of Capt. Libby's party are living there, messing together. They have mounted a small cannon on the quarter-deck, and saluted our shore party the other night. They have regularly-appointed officers, from Captain down, and carry on the affair on *a military basis*.

LIBBYSVILLE ITEMS.

THE BARK "CLARA BELL" arrived on the 28th ult, she left San Francisco on the 24th of May, and will leave for Plover Bay E. S., with the party at this station.

CAPT. LIBBY'S TRIP.—On the 21st ult, when the water was open sufficient for the passage of a boat, Capt. Libby, Foreman Shea, R. Connor, E. Brooks and W. Yates, left here for the purpose of boarding an up-going vessel, and obtaining provisions. They returned on the 28th, following, having been successful in their efforts, and the food received was a God-send to us, who have not tasted a morsel of white man's food for nearly three months. The cheering effect could be seen on the features of all in camp and the first meal of hard tack, pork and coffee was appreciated by us, as no princely repast was ever relished.

FLOUNDER FLAT.—This is the name given to the summer watering place of our party. It is situated opposite the Nook, and received its scaly title because of the large quantities of flounders to be caught there, by bobbing. At one time it had a population of twelve bobbers, who lived on these mud bottom fish; a delicious repast, when you have nothing else.

ALL HOME.—The numerous parties that have been scouring the country for food during the last two months, all returned safe, and by some unknown chance, every one arrived previous to Capt. Libby's return, and had good appetites for the results of his labors.

MOSQUITOES.—Since our last, we have enjoyed real summer weather, with all its attendant pleasures and annoyances. The thermometer, at one time, stood 84° above zero in the shade, and brought forth the mosquitoes in vast numbers. They became so troublesome that we all had to bag our heads to escape their voracious proclivities; buzz! buzzing around us, and taking every opportunity to stick their long bills into our flesh, and steal what little meat we may have saved through our recent term of *high living*.

THE NATIVES.—The greasy inhabitants of this region, now that the water is open, have arrived from the interior, and pitched their tents near the Nook, to await the arrival of traders. They have a large number of valuable furs which they sell to them for such articles as they need. Their boats show considerable ingenuity in their manufacture, and are built both for ornament and use. The tents are made mostly of deer skin, and have oval tops, they are very large and roomy, allowing a person to stand erect within. The majority of these Indians belong to the Kaviarazakh tribe, and their faces are familiar to us. They are proficient in the begging quality and old and young are becoming pests around our quarters.

A HARVEST.—The natives around here, will make a good thing by our leaving, numerous things will have to be left which will be of use to them, and the clothes, boots etc., that are thrown away by the party is enough to make a nation rich. At the Yankee Jims station are a couple of coils of wire which, together with what is on the poles, will make bracelets enough for all the fair esquimaux damsels in the country. The houses, too, will undoubtedly be appropriated by them, and furnish fine quarters for the dirty *innuits*. They are cautioned against touching them, but we think the old proverb "out of sight, out of mind," is known to them.

STRUCK IT RICH.—Old Darby Gougan, whose exertions to supply us with food during the winter are well known to all, just arrived in time to receive a reward for his labors. Capt. Libby gave him six dogs and a sled, and the whole party presented him with goods sufficient to make him an *Umahlik* among his tribe.

DEATH OF M. L. SLAVAN.—This gentleman, after a long and painful illness, expired on the 2d of June. He was attacked with rheumatism immediately after arriving here, and suffered with it since that time. Mr. S. was a native of Canada, and aged about 32 years. He leaves a brother and other relatives in San Francisco. His body was interred with appropriate ceremony beside that of Geo. O'Callaghan's, who died last year. We leave two of our party beneath the frozen sod of the arctic, here to await the last trump, whose sound will penetrate this far land, and awake alike the civilized and savage. "May they rest in peace."

"THE BEST THE COUNTRY AFFORDS."—Messrs. McClure and Rodgers, during their sojourn at Kingeghn, paid us several visits, and brought with them a number of walrus and seal carcasses, which we had served up in various styles to make them palatable. They were stewed, roasted and boiled; but still, the delicious odor could not be eradicated. Such stuff may be good eating for the natives; but we hope to be excused from the like of it in future. One trip, they brought us a lot of clams, which were taken from the stomach of the walrus; but notwithstanding that, we were the second party who made a meal off them. They were a luxury. It was a strange place to find a clam-bed, and friends at home will think we have strange appetites; but everything goes in the grub line.

OPEN WATER.—The joy we all felt when the ice broke in our harbor and floated out to sea, was such as can only be experienced by those who have passed a winter like ours—ice-bound since Nov. 10th of last year; and, since then, everything presenting a picture of desolation. We have all seen nature in her boisterous moods; but the terrific grandeur of the Arctic storms excel anything before witnessed by any of us—the blinding snow, the piercing winds, and the sharp, nipping air, are things at which we now shudder while remembering them.

"A ROUSER."—There is a story told on one of the Flounder Flat party which will bear repetition. Several of the bobbers had lost their hooks through the voraciousness of the fish; and one day the shell-back of the crowd was served in a like manner. He, however, succeeded in obtaining a view of the monster who bolted with it; came in camp much excited, and in incoherent syllables stated that he had seen the thief who defrauded them of their hooks, and that he was "a rouser." He described it as a gigantic creature, compared with which the sea-serpent sinks into insignificence. The greatest excitement prevailed in consequence, and all determined, if possible, to catch the marauding monster. A few days afterwards, one was successful, and hauled him to the surface. He extracted his partner's hook and line from the *ponderous* jaws, and, going to the owner, said in his dry manner "B—ll, here's your hook, and here's your rouser!" at the same time presenting him with a scull-pin about two inches long, which was the fish B—ll had described as such a monster.

Deaths.

SLAVAN—Died at Libbysville, Port Clarence, R. A., June 2d, 1867, M. L. Slavan, a native of Canada, aged 33 years.

LAWTON—Died at Plover Bay, E. S., March 12th 1867, Robert Lawon, a native of England, aged 30 years.

The Esquimaux.

VOL. 1. CAMP LIBBY, PLOVER BAY, N. E. S., SUNDAY, AUGUST 4, 1867. NO. 11.

The Esquimaux.

CAMP LIBBY, PLOVER BAY, N. E. S., Sunday, Aug. 4, '67.

THE ESQUIMAUX will be published on the first Sunday in each month, and is devoted to the interests of the foreign population in and around Plover Bay. It will contain a summary of passing events, and all intelligence of interest to the denizens of this neighborhood. Original and selected miscellany, correspondence, &c., will form a prominent feature. The terms of subscription will be nothing for the first year, and if the enterprise meets with encouragement, this price will be increased double after the expiration of its first anniversary.

OFFICE:—Round Tent, Camp Libby, Plover Bay, N. E. S.

J. J. HARRINGTON.... .....*Editor and Proprietor*

Poetry.

"Sweet Home."

"Sweet Home!" Oh, blissful, holy place,
When perfect love and peace are found
Within it, shedding joy and grace
To make the threshold "hallowed ground."

Where heart to heart and hand to hand
Are closely linked by silken chains;
Where each one shares the fears, the cares,
The hopes, the pleasures and the pains.

Where open deeds and guileless speech
Dissolve all clouds of mean Deceit;
Where honest eyes without disguise
Look straight into eyes that meet.

Where Manhood, Infancy, and Age,
With simple faith and earnest trust
In holy reverence hear the page
In which 'tis written "Be ye just."

Where words that preach "Good will to all,"
And widely herald "peace on earth,"
Are heard in gentle tones to fall
Like music of seraphic birth.

Where the rich flower of conduct blows
From the pure bud of Christian Thought;
And living practice daily throws
Truth's halo round the precept taught.

Where merry song and harmless jest
At festal tide are heard to blend;
Where "welcome" greets the stranger-guest,
And 'loud rejoicing" hails the friend.

"Sweet Home!" Oh! blissful, holy place,
Where "Home" is all that "Home" *should* be;
And Man, despite his fallen race,
Some trace of Eden still can see.

ELIZA COOK.

☞When Dr. H. and Sargent A. were walking arm in arm, a wag said to a friend: "These two are just equal to one highwayman."

"Why? was the response.

"Because," rejoined the wag, "it is a lawyer and a doctor—your money or your life."

From the Outside World.

We find the following news items in late papers, which will prove of interest to our readers:

The last winter, in the Eastern States, has been the severest felt for years, and the papers are filled with the accounts of the sufferings in consequence.

John Morrissey, the pugelist, is one of the representatives in Congress from New York. He ought to make a *bully* member.

The cholera made its appearance in most of the Eastern States during the latter part of last year, but the number of deaths were very few. [We can find no mention of it in late papers, and judge thereby that it has entirely disappeared.—ED.]

Immense contributions have been made by the people of the Northern States to the Southern Relief Fund. All enmity is forgotten, and those who sustained the Government in its efforts to suppress the rebellion, are the first to extend the hand of succor to those who, by a mistaken sense of duty, were urged into the conflict.

John Van Buren died recently, in New York. He was the son of the ex-President and gained the title of Prince John in consequence of his coquetting with Queen Victoria, previous to her marriage with Prince Albert.

A joint resolution has passed both branches of the Kansas Legislature, to strike out the word "male" from the section of the State Constitution which establishes the qualifications of voters.

The Russian Treaty telegraphed to the Emporer of Russia in relation to the recent purchase, cost $9,500. The Continental domain occupied by Russian America is 389,000 square miles. The Islands will probably increase it to 400,000. The United States pays $7,000,000 in gold, within ten months after exchange of ratification, which must be before June 30th 1867, or the treaty fails.

The Pope, on the 22d of December last, announced his abandonment of temporal power in Rome, and called a Catholic Council to meet there in June of this year.

Maximillian has about run his tether in Mexico. The imperial city is invested, and the surrender of Vera Cruz is hourly expected. In the latter city the inhabitants are reduced to extremities, mule meat being their only food. The French have evacuated the country and the scion of the house of Hapsburg is so much afraid of ill-treatment from the people he has tyranized over, in the event of his capture, that his friends have asked Uncle Sam to interere in his behalf, which, however, he declines to do.

After January 1st 1870, all gambling saloons in Baden, Spa, and other places in Germany, will be closed. This good effect is brought about by the success of Prussia in the late war.

Charles F. Brown, (Artemus Ward) the celebrated humorist, died recently, in Southampton, England. In his will he left a large sum for the purpose of founding a home for indigent printers in the United States.

The French International Exposition opened at Paris, on the 1st of April. The Imperial family inaugurated it and a great concourse of people was present. Prices have risen enormously in consequence of the exhibition, and this will keep a great number of people from visiting Paris whose means, if the expense of living were moderate, would allow them to go thither. The display of materials from all nations is grand but the grasping disposition of the *Jean Crapeaus* will retard the affair from being as successful as it would have been had they acted liberally.

The Boston *Post* says: "Napoleon has a kidney disease; Victor Emanuel a paralyzed right arm; Bismarck is sick; the Empress Charlota crazy; the hair of both the Emporer of Austria and the Queen of Hanover has turned gray within a year; the Pope weeps day and night, and Victoria broods over the past with profound melancholy.

A PARIS FASHION.—An American visitor to the Italian Opera in Paris, writes of the ladies' dresses:

"One might easily fancy himself in the tropics if he should awaken from a dream. I am not so fastidious as to object to a lady unbosoming herself to me, particularly if she has any crushing weight on her chest; but I confess a want of taste in preferring to deny myself the pleasure of peering down a lady's back."

☞The Chaplain of the New York Assembly perpetrated the following pun in a prayer: "May men of principle be our principal men."

On the Quarter-Deck.—In the year 1837, in Portsmouth, N. H., one of the men-o'-wars men just discharged wanted to go to Saco, Me.; so up goes Jack to the stage office: "Hallo, driver, what do you ask for that cart to go to Saco?" "One dollar and twenty-five cents, single fare." "Blast my tarry eyes! I mean for the whole cart." A bargain was struck, and Jack mounted on top. A gentleman happened along who was very anxious to visit Saco. The driver said the stage was hired by Jack, but he might get a chance from him. So the gentleman said. "Good morning Jack, will you allow me to have a seat to Saco?" "Well," says Jack, after hitching up his trousers, "blast my tarry top lights! driver, stow him away in the hold, I'm bound to have the *quarter deck*!"

The Esquimaux.

CAMP LIBBY, PLOVER BAY, N. E. S., SUNDAY, AUG. 4, 1867.

Our Prospects for going Home.

The time is fast approaching for the date of our return to the land of the civilized; and as each day goes by, our hearts beat quicker and higher with anticipations of seeing those from whom we have been so long absent, and whose thoughts about us must be daily growing more intense. They are not blessed as we are; the ship has come, and brought us tidings from the loved ones, and every doubt has been set aright as regards them; while they are still in ignorance of our fate, and know not how God has dealt with us during the past year. What a relief it will be to their minds to see us well, and what a blessing it will be to us to once more live in their presence!

Everything is propitious for our speedy return, even providing the *Nightingale* does not arrive, and we can see no reason for doubting her coming. The trip to her destination in Japan would, in all probability, take her from forty to fifty days, and the run from that place here ought not, with the favorable winds we have lately had, to be longer than thirty more, which, with the delays of discharging cargo, etc., would increase the time, at the outside, to between ninety and a hundred days, which would expire about the 25th of August. This is allowing a large margin for a vessel of the sailing qualities possessed by the *Nightingale*. All haste will be made by her, for it is to the interests of the Company to land us in San Francisco at the earliest date possible; for every day we are kept here now but adds to the expense, and there we will be no longer drawing upon their purse-strings.

If, however, anything should happen to interfere with the *Nightingale's* appearance, we may be sure of transmission by the whalers, a great number of which call here on the down-trips next fall. The *Clara Bell* is capable of carrying thirty passengers, and the brig *Pfeil*, now in the harbor, and the *Manuella*, expected here in a few days, have accommodations for about ten more, which, together with the whaling fleet, will easily carry this whole party to a port of civilization.

That our sufferings are not all over yet, may be depended on; but the privations we have passed through during the past year, have made us hardy enough to surmount any obstacle which may present itself. The indomitable energy of the Anglo-Saxon will never fail him in the time of need. We must not give up to low spirits, but always enjoy the bright side of the present, yet be prepared for whatever turn fortune may take in the future. We are in the hands of God, and "He watcheth the fall of the sparrow."

The Last Esquimaux.—The next number of our paper will complete its first volume and the first year of publication. With that, we will bid good-bye to our readers, and retire from the field. The object for which we started has been accomplished, and there will be no further use for the appearance of our journal.

The Anadyr Party.

As we go to press, we hear of the arrival inside the heads of the *Clara Bell*, with Capt. Bush's party and the officers and crew of the wrecked bark *Golden Gate*, from the Anadyr Bay, and are in receipt of the following intelligence about their year's sojourn in the Anadyr country:

The "Golden Gate."—This vessel was wrecked in the Bay of Anadyr last October, after landing the working party and their stores. She was caught in the floating ice, and sunk in two fathoms of water. Everything was saved from the wreck, and Capt. Harding and crew passed the winter on shore.

The Work Accomplished.—Capt. Bush's party distributed about 40 miles of line and cut some five thousand poles, a great number of which they rafted down the river. They worked nearly the whole winter, and traversed some 300 miles of country.

The Winter.—This season was very severe, and its rigidity was felt by the whole party. The thermometer was at one time as low as 62° below zero at the station, while it was seen by others on the road at 68° *minus*. Snow-storms were experienced which such northern latitudes alone are capable of, and we know what their extent can accomplish.

Accident.—M. J. Kelly, while returning from a native camp, was caught in a snow-storm, and became so benumbed with cold that his life was despaired of. The middle and fore-fingers of the right hand were frozen so badly that they had to be amputated.

Deaths.—The Destroying Angel entered among them, and claimed two of their comrades as his victims. Charles Geddes, carpenter of the *Golden Gate*, died from billious fever on the 28th of April. He was troubled with rheumatism while on the trip up, and it is supposed that this aggravated the disease. He was a single man, a native of Nova Scotia, and aged about 29 years. The other who fell a prey to the silent visitor, was John Robinson, constructor, belonging to the land party. He was 41 years of age, and a native of England. He died on the 21st of February of cramps in the stomach, with which he was attacked while making a journey with

dogs, and lived but two days after the first appearance of the symptoms. They were both respected and beloved by their companions, and all regretted their untimely taking off.

This makes five of our number who came to this far northern country to cross the unknown river and disappear in the mists of eternity on the other shore.

PROVISIONS.—The party at Bush's station fared well during the winter, having plenty of provisions, including a large quantity of deer-meat and grouse. This was not so, however, with the seventeen men at Mine Station, some three hundred miles from headquarters, under charge of McCrae and Norton. They were reduced to such a strait that horse-flesh was their only subsistence for over a month. This was in consequence of the scarcity of dogs to haul provisions from the Bay Station.

[We can sympathize with them, having lived on such stuff ourselves for a time that a piece of horse-flesh would have gone very well as a change.]

NUMBER OF THE PARTY.—There are at present forty-three in the party, including the *Gate's* crew. A great many of these latter joined the land-force after the wreck of their vessel. They all passed a very good winter, barring the sufferings which will always be experienced in countries of such high latitudes.

THE COUNTRY AND NATIVES.—The country in the vicinity of Capt. Bush's station is mostly low bottom land, with tall, waving grass; and some three hundred miles in the interior, trees are to be found large enough to make telegraph poles. Several rivers empty into the bay, which greatly accelerates travel. The natives are Tchuktchins and half-breed Russians. These latter have fine villages scattered throughout the country, and enjoy the benefits of civilization. The first named belong to the same tribe which we see here, and are possessed of their savage peculiarities. They all treated the party with kindness.

COMMUNICATION.—Capt. Bush visited Gishiga, about 800 miles from his headquarters, and from there transmitted a dispatch to St. Petersburg through couriers. At this place he saw three of the Petropovolofski party, who were there on business connected with their division.

LIKED THE COUNTRY.—One of the party, named Hardy, who went there in '65, liked the country so well that nothing could induce him to leave it. He preferred rather to live on dried fish than return to his home. A strange freak for a young man brought up in a white man's country, and one that, we think, he will live to regret.

THE "WADE."—This stern-wheel steamer was a success. The machinery worked to a charm, and she has been in constant use, navigating the rivers, since open water, greatly helping the work on the line.

☞ Port Royal, Virginia, is a good place for young men to migrate to. There are in it twenty-two beautiful and well educated marriageable girls, and not a single bachelor.

☞ "Were you guarded in your conduct while in New York?" said a father to his son, who had just returned from a visit to the city "Yes, sir, part of the time, by two policemen."

(*For The Esquimaux.*)

Hunting Walrus in Behring's Straits.

BY WILL.

During the months of May and June these animals are found in large numbers in the channel of the Straits, and every Esquimaux, on either coast, able to handle a paddle or throw a spear, is engaged in hunting them, as they afford their chief subsistence, and the tusks their principal article of barter with traders and whalers.

Light north winds are selected before venturing into the current, on account of the extreme danger of being crushed among the ice flows, which at this season move in dense fields and with increased velocity when the wind is from the south. The wind is therefore watched with a cat-like closeness, and incantations are performed by their *Unuk-kooks*, or doctors, to bring it from the north. These people are superstitious enough to believe that these ceremonies have the desired effect, and dilligently obey every injunction named by these doctors while in their high-wrought excitement, and during this period cannot be induced to depart from their native villages in any direction, for fear of bringing the wind from the south, or driving away the walrus.

As soon as the lightest breeze is observed from the desired quarter, every indian makes hasty preparations for the hunt, and dogs and sledges, conveying guns, harpoons, spears, lances, ropes and buoys, followed by men—the rear brought up by squaws, carrying a little cooked meat for refreshments, are to be seen in all directions, hurrying across the land ice to the water, where their boats are kept in readiness for instant departure. Everything being placed in the boat, it is hauled to the water's edge, where they always stop to smoke their pipes; this, however, takes but a moment, consisting as it does, of but a single inhalation—a long puff and choking cough—the boat is then launched, each jumping in as his seat passes the edge of the ice.

As they make their way to the center of the channel, a general race is indulged in, which every one enters into with avidity. From forty to fifty skin boats, each manned by ten or twelve esquimaux, with heads bare and hair streaming in the wind, shouting, hooting, and paddling with all their might, thus dodging among the ice floes, forms a spectacle altogether grand and interesting. The race continues until they reach a distance of about twenty to twenty-five miles from shore, when they become so scattered as to loose all interest in each other. Here, again, they stop for a strangling whiff, puff and cough from their pipes, and listen for the bark of the walrus, which can generally be heard for some distance.

Taking the direction of the sound, they paddle until the object of their search can be seen (basking in the sun), in large numbers on the ice floes, barking and playing with their young. Arrangements are now made for an attack; a strong walrus skin rope (with a seal skin buoy attached to each end), is extended from stem to stern, alongside the gunwales; harpoons, spears, guns, etc., are placed where they can be seized instantly; their *kapituks* or shirts, made from the intestines of the walrus or seal, with hood attached, are put on and closely drawn about their face, and every dark object hidden as much as possible from the animal's view. Paddling swiftly and noiselessly, the boat shoots its bow upon the floe among the walrus, who commence a boisterous barking, and tumble into the water. Each indian hurls his spear at an animal, and fastens the line attached to it to the rope connected with the buoys, which is then thrown overboard, the center of it only being retained and held in the bow. The animals, infuriated at this treatment, splash, bellow, and swim along beneath the surface of the water, towing the boat around at a furious rate. As they re-appear on the top they are run through with lances, or shot in the head; the young ones being shot or harpooned as they swim around the mother for protection. When all are killed they are towed to a large floe, hauled out, skinned and quartered in a trice.

These esquimaux are no novices in the use of the knife, and well understand the anatomy of these animals. Every part of them is saved, excepting only the gall, for which they have no use, and piled into the boat. From eight to ten are usually killed in this manner at a single onslaught. The largest will weigh from twelve to thirteen hundred pounds, and bear enormous tusks.

When none are to be found upon the floes the hunt is conducted in an entirely different manner: The whole fleet keep together and arrange

themselves in a line a few yards apart, up and down the channel where the animals swim in schools and are speared and shot when they come to the surface to blow.

The hunts are kept up until the weather makes it necessary that they should return, or the want of sleep completely exhausts the spirits of the hunters.

City Intelligence.

"THERE SHE BLOWS."—Our somewhat quiet town was aroused from its reverie the other morning by the intelligence that a whale had been captured in the harbor, and was moored alongside of the *Victoria*. The animal was captured on July 26, near Emma Harbor, by the crew of the brig *Pfeil*, which vessel arrived inside the heads the day previous. Some of our party, while on the way down the bay, sighted the critter and conveyed the news to the brig, when the boats were immediately lowered, and the lord of the deep fell a prey to the soft allurements of the lance and spear. He was of the bowhead species, and measured about seventy feet in length by twenty-three in circumfrence. His mouth gave you visions of the opening of an immense cavern, and the long bone trailed from either side of the upper jaw as thick and flowing as the mane of an Arabian steed. The huge, broad fins and pliant tail told the power of the animal, and made one feel as if "distance would lend enchantment to the view" when he flops them in the water. They cut him up and tried out the blubber on board the old brig, which process was witnessed with interest by our party. The oil extracted made over one hundred barrels, and the whalebone will add a little to the profits of this year's voyage.

Here we will say that all of us are thankful to Capt. Tripp and his officers for their willingness in explaining the many interesting features about this sea monster. The capture, of course, gave rise to a great many opinions among our philosophers, and every one had his story as to what he had seen. If ever we come across a whale as large as some say they have witnessed, we shall start the smallest boy we can find to measure him, and think he will not be half done by the time he is gray-headed. We will then be content to say that we, too, have seen "*a rouser*."

VENISON.—The thanks of the camp are due Mr. Webster for the exertions he has made to supply our victualling department with fresh meat. Ever since our arrival he and a few others have been constantly on the hunt, and kept our tables well furnished with ducks. The other day Messrs. Berry, Hueston, and himself brought home a deer, and the meat was a treat to our palates.

FISH.—Considerable sport has been experienced by several of our boys during the past month in catching salmon, which now abounds in the surrounding streams. They care nothing for the water, but splash through it as reckless as the innocent prey they are in search of, and succeed by means of spears and clubs, in catching quite a lot of the finny luxury that is, to those who have not lived near the shadow of Flounder Flat.

THE WEATHER since our last has been very disagreeable, there being few days which one could enjoy. It rained on several occasions, which, together with damp fogs which come crawling up the bay every evening, serve to make this already desolate place look as if another chapter had been added to its bleakness. The thermometer ranged from 40° to 70° above zero, but was at the latter figure only on one occasion. The winds here are always up or down the harbor, and not to be depended on for twenty-four hours at a time.

THE VICTORIA'S PARTY.—Our friends living here are as happy as well greased esquimaux, and the late whaling catch made their quarters pretty oily, but we believe they like this "trying out" as well as we ourselves do the trying on of an editor's privilege, which entitles him to be about at meal time. This they well understand 'ere now, for we always, of course, bashfully refuse when asked to dine! Our readers will surely bear us out in the opinion that we are modest and meek in spirit, and that this country has made us poor eaters!

HEALTH.—Both this party and Kelsey's are at present enjoying good health, not one complaint being heard, which is extraordinary for such a number of men as are now stationed here. M. D's. have very little chance in this country at present.

THE CLARA BELL.—This bark made the run from Anadyr Bay to anchorage within sight of this harbor in two days. She is becalmed off East Head, but probably will arrive to-night. After landing her passengers she will leave for Michaelofski, to take on board the men of the Unalaklect division, when she will return here to await the *Nightingale's* arrival.

Political Items.

The Memphis Radicals held a negro-suffrage meeting and refused to allow the negroes to participate.

Horace Greeley thinks there is more personality and blackguardism in Congress now than when the "chivalry" were there.

Sumner was once sharply criticised as a man who would see the negro starve, unless he could confine him to bread of his own particular baking.

John Miner Botts is busy urging members of Congress to adopt a new reconstruction plan, that he carries around in his hat.

The Indiana Legislature is considering a resolution, asserting that the State, at the time of the arrest of Mulligan and the other copperhead conspirators, was in a virtual state of war; "the opinion of the Supreme Court to the contrary notwithstanding."

The Providence *Journal* (Republican) says, "the great men of Congress are loosing weight with us. It cannot be concealed that they have not the hold on the people that they once had. They talk too much and too heatedly. They have too much tactics, and too little plan. They are fiddling too much while the fire of Rome is not yet extinguished.

On dit, that Charles Sumner is to retire from political life at the close of his present Senatorial term, and spend several years in Europe; that ex-Governor Andrews will be a candidate for his place, and also Gov. Bullock; that Hon. John B. Alley will then be governor of Massachusetts, that General Butler will be the next nominee of the Republican party for President, and that E. G. Walker, one of the colored representatives in the Legislature, will run for Congress in Bank's district when his term expires.—*New York Herald.*

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.—How a French lawyer was caught in a trap of his own devising is thus narrated:

A girl, young, pretty and above all, gifted with an air of admirable candor, lately presented herself before a Parisian lawyer.

"Monsieur, I have come to consult you upon a grave affair. I want you to oblige a man I love to marry me in spite of himself. How shall I proceed?"

The gentleman at the bar had, of course, a sufficiently elastic conscience. He reflected a moment and then, being sure that no third person was present, to over hear him, replied hesitatingly:

"Mademoiselle, according to our law, you always possess the means of forcing a man to marry you. You must remain, on three occasions, alone with him; you can then go before a judge and swear he is your lover."

"And will that suffice, Monsier?"

"Yes Mademoiselle, with one further condition."

"Well?"

"Then you will produce witnesses, who will make oath to having seen you remain a good quarter of an hour with the individual said to have trifled with your affections."

"Very well, Monsieur, I will, retain you as my counsel in the management of this affair. Good day."

A few days afterward the young lady returned. She was mysteriously received by the lawyer, who questioned her with the most lively curiosity.

"Capital, capital!"

"Persevere in your design Mademoiselle; but, mind, the next time you come to consult me, give me the name of the yonng man you are going to make so happy in spite of himself."

"You shall have it without fail."

A fortnight afterwards, the young lady again knocked at the door of the counsel's room. No sooner was she within, than she flung herself into a chair, saying that the walk had made her breathless Her counsel endeavored to reassure her, made her inhale salts, and even proposed to unloose her garments.

"It is useless, Monsieur," she said, "I am much better."

"Well, now tell me the name of the fortunate mortal."

"Well then, the fortunate mortal, be it known to you, is—yourself!" said the young beauty, bursting into a laugh. "I love you; I have been here three times *tete-a-tete* with you and my four witnesses are below ready and willing to accompany me to a magistrate," gravely continued the narrator.

The lawyer, thus caught, had the good sense not to get angry, the most singular fact of all is that he adores his young wife, who, by the way, makes an excellent house keeper.

SHARP.—An Irish boy, trying hard to get a place, denied that he was Irish. "I don't know what you mean by not being an Irishman," said the gentleman who was about to hire him; 'but this I do know, that you were born in Ireland." "Och! your honor, if that's all, small blame that. Suppose your old cat had kittens in the oven, need they be loaves of bread?" The boy got the place.

☞ A youth of fifty-six has recovered damages in Paris for breach of promise, from a maiden of forty-five.

The Esquimaux.

VOL. 1. CAMP LIBBY, PLOVER BAY, N. E. S., SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1867. NO. 12.

The Esquimaux.

CAMP LIBBY, PLOVER BAY, N. E. S.,
Sunday, Sept. 1, 1867.

THE ESQUIMAUX will be published on the first Sunday in each month, and is devoted to the interests of the foreign population in and around Plover Bay. It will contain a summary of passing events, and all intelligence of interest to the denizens of this neighborhood. Original and selected miscellany, correspondence, &c., will form a prominent feature. The terms of subscription will be nothing for the first year, and if the enterprise meets with encouragement, this price will be increased double after the expiration of its first anniversary. All payments must be made in advance, through our agents in Paris, St. Petersburgh, London or New York, or to the Office, Herzog's Villa, Camp Libby, Plover Bay, N. E. S.

J. J. HARRINGTON,.....*Editor and Proprietor.*

Poetry.

Falling Leaves.

Softly and silently down,
Showers of yellow, red and brown,—
Every shape and color blending,—
On the zephyr's wing descending.
Flora in bright garland weaves
A chaplet now
To twine her brow,
Of beautiful falling leaves,
Falling ceaselessly and slow.

Autumn leaflets whisper low,
Speak to us in mournful greeting,
Of earth's changes, sad and fleeting,
And their garbs of gorgeous dye,
That slowly fade
In forest glade,
Say earth's highest things must die.

Through the forest, hill and dell,
What is it their whisperings tell?
One old song forever singing,
One death-dirge forever ringing
O'er departed summer's tomb,
"Passing away,"
The leaflets say,
While the flowers have ceased to bloom.

A Thrilling Romance.

CHAPTER I.

She stood beside the altar with a wreath of orange buds upon her head—upon her back the richest kind of duds.

Her lover stood beside her with white kids and dickey clean; the last was twenty one years old, the first was seventeen.

The parson's job was over; every one had kissed the bride, and wished the young pair happiness, and laughed and danced and cried.

The festive scene was ended; the last word had been said; and the happy pair had simmered down, and the last guest had fled.

CHAPTER II.

She stood beside the wash tub her red hands in the suds, while at her slipshod feet there lay a pile of dirty duds.

Her husband stood beside her, the crossest man alive; the last was twenty-nine years old, the first was twenty-five.

The heavy wash was over, the clothes hung up to dry, and Tom had stuck his finger in the dirty baby's eye.

Tom had been spanked and supper made upon a crust of bread; and the happy bride and bridegroom went grumbling off to bed.

The Moral Market.

The following report of matters in the moral market has been made. We hope it is not entirely correct.

HONOR—Scarce. Old stock nearly exhausted, and the new a complete failure.

VIRTUE—Old growth nearly consumed; young growth prospects very unpromising.

HONESTY—None in the market.

PATRIOTISM—First quality scarce; none to be disposed of. Second quality easily bought on speculation 100 per cent discount.

PRUDENCE—All in the hands of old stock holders.

MODESTY—Stock badly damaged; none for sale.

NOT HURT.—"There are some things which will never be hurt by falling," growled an old man in the Washington Market the other morning." "What's them?" inquired a husker. "Prices," said the old man; "they're so awful slow in falling that they'll never get smashed."

SHAKESPEAREAN.—"Pray, madam, why do you name your old hen Macduff?" "Because, sir, I want her to lay on!"

DISAPPOINTMENT.—The *Journal de Rouen* killed a lady recently, and the editor had a visit from the bereaved husband.

"Villian," cried the bereaved husband, "you have killed my wife?"

Editor, with dignity: "Monsieur, I am an editor, not a doctor."

"That's just it," cried the bereaved husband, "you've killed her on paper, and she's still alive.

"If she's not dead, I congratulate you sincerely."

"Congratulate! I demand damages for the *disappointment.*"

Epitaph on a Tombstone.

Our life is but a winter's day,
Some only breakfast, and away;
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed;
The oldest man but sups, and goes to bed.
Large is his debt, who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest, has the least to pay.

☞ *Our readers and the public generally will at once perceive the benefits of extending to The Esquimaux their patronage. It is the only journal circulated in this territory, and none other is published north of Victoria, B. C., on this continent, or China in the Eastern Hemisphere, between the parallels of longitude* 130° *east and* 120° *west of Greenwich, nearly half the globe. It is the official organ for all matters connected with the Western Union Telegraph, Russian Extension, in the vast extent of country to be traversed by this gigantic enterprise of the* 19*th century, and it therefore is a better medium for advertisers, than any paper published in the world.*

The Esquimaux.

CAMP LIBBY, PLOVER BAY, N. E. S., SUNDAY, SEPT. 1, 1867.

Valedictory.

With this number THE ESQUIMAUX ceases to exist, and makes its final exit from the stage of newspaperdom. Twelve times have we made our appearance, and strove to gain the plaudits of the audience. We have enacted all parts in the drama, from the humorous Touchstone to the melancholic Hamlet; and by recording and criticising the topics of the day, "holding the mirror up to nature," tried to show the beauties and fallacies of our time, with what success, those who have read each monthly number are better able to judge by the impression our efforts have made upon themselves.

We inaugurated this paper for the purpose of affording a medium through which all might express themselves, and create a feeling whose influence would alleviate the weary hours which we were forced to pass in this far northern country, where on all sides loomed nothing but desolation, and where, shut out from the big world, all depended on ourselves to make the time pass pleasantly. These days are passed; and now that the work which we came here to accomplish has been abandoned, and the return to home and civilization is quickly approaching, we are no more wanted, and our task is done. Have we fulfilled the programme? is a question, the only answer to which is the self-conceit we have in saying, that on all sides we have received encouraging words, and each issue of our paper has been everywhere hailed with joy.

Its publication has been a source of pleasure to ourselves, and, we hope, a fund of intellectual amusement to our readers. If so, we are content; and the remembrance of the days when, amid the dreariness of the Arctic, we have held converse with you all through our mutual friend, THE ESQUIMAUX, will last when among other scenes we are all enjoying the blessings of civilization.

We cannot finish without returning thanks to those gentlemen who, during our career, helped us with contributions from their pens. Such assistance was indeed needed, and made the task lighter upon our shoulders. We thank you all for your encouragement, and our devil, impatiently crying for copy, only allows us time to say, good-bye, dear reader, and joy be with you!

A Welcome to our Friends.

We are glad to see the re-united members of the W. U. T. Expedition. The faces of most are familiar to us; but the knowledge that others who are not, were engaged in the same enterprise as ourselves, is, we hope, the only introduction we need to make their acquaintance. We greet them all with joy.

Going Home.

The *Nightingale* has now been out one hundred and three days from San Francisco, and her arrival here is daily expected. We are all growing anxious about her non-appearance, as we look to her as our deliverer from this desolate country.

All the different parties have now been gathered together here, and nothing is wanting but the appearance of this vessel to make the return to our friends but the question of good winds to waft us to their presence.

The experience of the past year has taught us all to trust to that Providence which never deserted us in the darkest hour, and who will not forsake us when we have almost reached that happy goal from which we have been absent so long, and where we can enjoy those benefits which home and civilization alone can give. Let us not give way to despondency or idle conjectures, but trust in Him, and all will yet be well.

A Singular Discovery.

Last week some of Capt. Bush's party were down at the spit, taking the machinery out of the steamer *Wade*. While there, they went to the old well, which supplied them with water last year, but found it covered up with stones and upon removal discovered beneath them a sack containing the dead body of a white man who had been placed there in a horrible position. The legs were doubled up on the chest and the whole appearance was such as would show the basest inhumanity on the part of those who had the interment of the remains. On enquiry, among the natives, they learned the body was that of one of the crew of a whale ship who called at this harbor this spring, and that it was so placed by the people of that vessel. Treating the last remains of a poor mortal thus unfeelingly, is a species of inhumanity which we had hoped never to hear related of a white man, and the wretches who perpetrated it should be banished among ghouls and wild beasts. Will not some charitably disposed person among this large party give the corpse a decent burial, and not leave it here a disgrace to the name of man.

"Never Give Up the Ship."

This is a proverb which we have been always taught to remember. It was poured into our ears when at school, and spouted forth in our presence by the spread-eagle Fourth of July orator; and we prided ourselves that it was fightingly impressed on our memory, but we now confess our forgetfulness and cowardice, for Capt. Redfield is the bigger man, and, rather than receive a forcible ejectment, we quietly left the brig *Victoria*, after it came into his possession, and again took up our quarters on shore.

'Twas shortly after the appearance of our last issue, that we took up our position on that retired spot, and the future looked bright to us when, snugly ensconsed in the after-cabin, we could enjoy the sanctity of the editorial chair, and, amid piles of periodicals, use, without stint, the scissors, which has been termed (how appropriately we know not), the brains of our profession.

There we looked for no intrusion from the man whom we pitched into in our last edition, or the politician whose party we accused of honesty, for the water was between us, and this fluid generally puts a damper on the pugilistic or chivalric proclivities of such newspaper supporters. We would there be free from the presence of the friend who is always sure to drop in when you don't want him, and ever "has an axe to grind," wanting your influence to turn the crank, or the strong minded female that will never take no for an answer, and who continually urges you to advocate some measure for the benefit of the Fejee Islanders or the Woman's Rights Society.

Alas! for those bright anticipations, they were doomed to disappointment, for no sooner had we settled ourselves than the ship was sold, and we were forced to quit possession, and are once more at the mercy of our friends. There is no peace for the weary this side of the lunatic asylum, and we think if things go on as favorably as at present, we will one day enjoy this pleasure, in company with several we could name at this moment, who are fast becoming candidates for a protracted residence inside of a straight jacket. "Electricity in the atmosphere" is the cause, you know, and all should beware of its effects.

(*Special Correspondent of The Esquimaux.*)

Letter from the Michaelovski Party.

PLOVER BAY. Aug 31st, 1867.

MR. EDITOR:—There has hardly transpired anything of note on our side of Behring's Sea worth recording. Since my last letter very little work has been done on the line. We have in all completed forty-five miles, with the exception of putting up the wire. Our provisions giving out forced us to gather together at Unalakleet and "skirmish for hash," or to have what our contracts say, "the best the country affords." The Russians have helped us along considerably, supplying us with bread, tea, and a little sugar. After coming in from the line we saw herd after herd of reindeer pass our station, and succeeded in killing several of them, which kept us pretty well supplied for nearly a month.

The news of the Company suspending operations was indeed unexpected by all of our party. It first reached your correspondent on his way to Unalakleet from Golovnine Bay, a boat being sent in search of us with the intelligence. They left words with the Indians for us to hurry back to headquarters immediately. We arrived at Nuclue Point in our boat early in the morning, after being twenty hours without anything to eat, and we intended to sleep there that night. But as soon as we landed the Indians gathered around us and told marvelous tales, among others "that there was war between Russia and our government, on account of a Russian being killed in America, and that a man of war, mounting ten guns, had arrived at St. Michaels, and that the Russians were going out of the country, and the Americans coming in." Alarmed at all these stories, Capt. Ennis, who was in command of the party, concluded to immediately set sail for Unalakleet, where we arrived next morning. These stories were gathered from the natives by one of our men, an Indian named Hungry, who, by the way, has formed an acquaintance with all of your party during Capt. Ennis' visit to you last winter, and whose fond recollections of the "*Omahlick*" of the frying pan at Libby's Station will not be easily erased from his memory. But, to come back to the subject, on our arrival at headquarters we learned the news about the company suspending operations, and that Russian America had been purchased by the United States, thus accounting for one part of the story. About the man of war carrying ten guns, we found that it originated in the fact that a trader had bartered ten guns to the natives for furs, but as regards the war between the two countries, we could find no further news.

We immediately proceeded to St. Michaels to await the coming of our deliverer, the *Clara Bell*. She was expected by the first of August, but did not arrive until the ninth. We thought, in the interval that something might have happened to her, and we should be left in the country another winter to starvation. Every hour of the day you could see an anxious face watching the horizon from the top of the hill, but to no avail. But at last she came, and then "All was in joy Israel."

After seven days passage from St. Michaels, we arrived in sight of Plover Bay, and in about ten minutes after, we lost the steamer *Wilder* which we had in tow. All that remained of the ill-fated *Wilder* is her machinery and smoke stack, besides the bits to which the hawser was attached, and which tore out, thus causing her loss.

So we are all safely arrived, and the shores of Plover Bay resound with the shouts and laughter of the re-united employees of the W. U. T Expedition—Russian Extension—defunct! F. W.

THE RE-PUBLICATION OF THE ESQUIMAUX.—We have been requested on several occasions to advocate the re-publishment of the back numbers of our paper, in 'Frisco, but have felt a delicacy in so doing. Now, however, if our friends desire a copy, is the time for action, and the originals are at their service to use for that purpose in whatever way they may deem proper.

THANKS.—We return our thanks to our friends Frank and Ned, of the Anadyr party, for the many hours they made pleasant for us, since their arrival here, by their performances on the violin and banjo. Our whole party is indebted to them and their comrades for their kind attentions, which will never be forgotten; and hope, at some time, to reciprocate their many acts of friendship.

THE "PFEIL."—This brig left for Honolulu on the 15th of August, and had as passenger M. J. Kelly, one of the Anadyr party.

ORNITHOLOGISTS ATTENTION.—Bushtown has lately had a *fowl* question for debate, which ought to have made the deciples of the *guillotine* pay the *quacks* the amount of the *bill* and come *down* with the half eagle The philosopher of that camp, while coming up the bay the other day, captured three innocent birds that were unable to fly, and axpected that all would be *gulled* into the belief that they belonged to the tribe of Mother Cary's Chickens, who with *backs-terrifyingly* raised, are surfeiting themselves daily by feeding on the whale carcass in our vicinity. They failed however, to trace the relationship, and Bill, Dick's son, made a bet with the sage of a "V," that they did not belong to that family, which will be decided by a member of the scientific corp, versed in those things, on his arrival from Michaelovski.

The Esquimaux.

CAMP LIBBY, PLOVER BAY, N. E. S. SUNDAY, SEPT. 1, 1867.

The Michaelovski Party.

As we go to press, the *Clara Bell* has just arrived with the men of Capts. Ennis' and Ketchum's Divisions, from St. Michaels. We learn the following of their year's sojourn in Russian America.

Capt. E's party erected 45 miles of poles and made great preperations for the carrying on of the work this year, which they reluctantly abandoned on receipt of the news of the suspension of the enterprise.

Capt. K. and party did considerable traveling during the winter, going as far as Fort Selkirk, British Columbia, exploring to that point. This fort is situated 1,900 miles from St. Michaels, and is a greater distance than any other party in the Expedition traversed.

W. H. Dall, of the scientific department, remained at St. Michaels to collect specimens for the Smithsonian Institute.

Both divisions suffered from the want of provisions, and had it not been for the Russians, who furnished them from their own stores, they would have had a starvation time.

Capt. Ennis, Lieuts. Westdahl and W. W. Smith surveyed St. Golovine sound, and found the soundings deep enough for the passage and safe anchorage of large vessels. This harbor would have been the headquarters of the Russian American coast for our ships this year, had the work been carried on. The surveying of it, however, will be useful now that our government has purchased that territory.

These parties experienced the coldest weather of any division in the expedition, (with the exception of the Anadyr party, who saw the thermometer at the same figure.) The thermometer was seen by some of the Unalakleet party, while camping out, at 68° below zero, which is but two degrees higher than that felt by Dr. Kane, and he went to 82° North latitude.

There are 39 persons in all, in both parties, and during the year they have all enjoyed the best of health.

A Big Town.—When the Michaelovski party are landed there will be a population on this point of 137 males, which will make quite a respectable nucleus for a commonwealth. We advise the different political parties to immediately nominate a ticket for city and county officers, and we will then receive a charter from the government. Each section should select good men, and in the "Nakorik" especially, we want those only who will advocate an equal division of the pork and soft tack. To such we will give our support, and know that our readers will only vote the ticket which has for its motto,

"Equal rights and no hogging."

Deaths.

GEDDES—Died at Bush's Station, Anadyr Bay, E. S., April 28th, 1867, Charles Geddes, carpenter Bark *Golden Gate*, aged 29 years, a native of Nova Scotia.

ROBINSON—Died at Bush's Station, Anadyr Bay, E. S., Feb'y 21, '67, John Robinson, constructor, aged 41 years, a native of England.

City Intelligence.

Couldn't Bear It.—One of the hunting party whose exertions furnished the camp with several deer and other game, met with a singular adventure the other day, in which he thought considerable mischief was *brain*. While in pursuit of his favorite prey he espied two bears resting among the rocks at the foot of the hill near whose summit he was at that moment. Crawling down upon them for a shot, he had almost gained a point from where a good sight could be obtained, when the stones slipped from beneath him, and performing several quick revolutions, found himself rather unceremoniously in the midst of his would-be victims. He, however, did not relish this mode of introduction, and without delay dissolved the interview by using his pedal extremities in a bee line from their presence. When he had gained a comfortable distance he cast a look behind, and found, to his astonishment, that the bears had also caught the skedaddling fever, and were making race horse time in an opposite direction. He then grew brave and grasped his gun, but too late; for his friends escaped. After that, however, he felt so *sheepish* that the next morning a great many had mutton chops for breakfast, as the result of the prior day's hunt.

The Best the Country Affords.—It seems that some of our citizens are not yet satisfied with trying this favorite and plentiful dish, but still persist in indulging in a meal of it whenever opportunity offers. Lately a number visited the spit for coal, and not taking a sufficiency of provisions along with them, were forced to eat whatever they could find among the natives there, which was whale meat alone. This they relished so much, however, that they rowed their boat against wind and tide, trying to get home, where they finally arrived, cold and hungry, as could be seen by the way they hugged the stoves, and made the victuals disappear for some time after their return.

Going! Going! Gone!—The brig *Victoria* which has lain since last year abandoned in this harbor has changed hands. Capts. Harding and Norton, at the request of Maj. Wright, held a survey on her condition, and condemned her as unfit for service. In pursuance of this decision Capt. Tripp of the *Pfeil*, agent for the underwriters, ordered her sale, and on Tuesday, the 13th ult., she was knocked down to the highest bidder, which was Capt. Redfield, of the *Manaïla*. The price paid was $150. Since then her decks have been cleared, the hold pumped out, and masts dismantled by a party under charge of Mr. Frost, and, we understand, she will be roofed over and left here until next spring, when she will be wrecked by Capt. R.

Drowned Out.—Our friends Andy and Ned, whose tent was situated among the stones on the beach, were rather forcibly reminded of their proximity to the water during the late high tides. On several occasions the water came close to their quarters, but on Wednesday night last it entered their tent and they were forced to make a hasty exit from their floating couches. They are now encamped on the high ground with the rest of the party, where the tides cannot reach them.

A Strange Hallucination.—Outside the Heads, the other day, while the carpenter of the bark *David Crocket* was rehooping the cask of oil in which the body of his late Captain was placed for preservation and transmission home, the bung flew out and struck him in the forehead. Since then he suffers under the singular hallucination that it was the body of the dead man that inflicted the blow, and nothing can change his opinion which he persists in letting so prey upon his mind that it is feared it will affect his reason.

Stoves.—There is an old saying which tells us that "necessity is the mother of invention," and the way in which several of our Yankee geniusses have made contrivances for warming their quarters proves the truth of its teaching. In one tent we noticed an inverted copper kettle with a pipe attached, throwing out the heat of a first-class furnace. At another a camp-kettle "pooped her up skip," and a third party had put together two pieces of a drum stove and fitted them with top and bottom. They are all kept constantly alive and serve for the purpose of warmth as well as your first premium patent heaters.

Caw! Caw!—This is a sound which has become familiar to our ears since our present sojourn shore. Every morning the crows salute us with it, and one old fellow, whom we suppose to be the sheriff of the tribe, has become a regular visitor, perching himself early upon our tent, and by his melodious voice waking us from our morning nap. We imagine he is continually saying "Go! go!" instead of the stereotyped cry of his race. We will most certainly obey his kind notice and quit on the first opportunity.

The Weather.—During the past month we have had very few fine days. Most of the time it has rained and was cold and disagreeable. Fresh snow appeared on the mountain tops about the 18th ult., and on the Sunday following it snowed on the flats, presenting quite a wintry appearance, and seeming to foretell an early commencement of that dreary season. The bay was on several occasions covered with a thin coating of ice, and the thermometer went three degrees below freezing point. Grim winter is approaching and sends us these notices to go to warmer climes.

The Last.—Readers, you witnessed our birth, watched our growth, and now see our last kick, which is, the end of The Esquimaux, and the completion of

VOLUME I.

Speech of Col. Bulkley, Engineer-in-Chief.

Many members of the expedition having expressed a desire to obtain copies of the speech of Col. Bulkley to the employees of the Land Service, on board the ship Nightingale, on their arrival at San Francisco, October 8th, 1867, the committee in charge of the publication of The Esquimaux thinking it would please all subscribers, have caused it to be printed and bound in the same volume.

Officers and Men of the Overland Telegraph Expedition on board Ship Nightingale:

Our anchor is down. We are home again, and the bright skies of our country bend over us. Probably we are together for the last time, it is certainly our last meeting upon the same deck. Home, friends, business, ambition, and the thousand motives that govern our movements, will in a short time separate us forever, but memories of the past will linger still among these associations that I for one shall never forget. Some of your homes are shadowed by the domes and spires now in sight; and anxious hearts are waiting to welcome you back.

I thank heaven that so few are left behind, who will never make glad the home circle again. They were our comrades to whom the last rites of humanity have been paid: the tears of brave men have dropped on their mortality, and held in icy graves, they sleep as gently as though shaded by the orange and palm.

The trials and hardships to which you have been exposed, are understood, and the unfaltering determination to do your duty is appreciated. Although the work in which you were engaged is abandoned for the present, it does not detract from the credit which belongs to you; no men could have done more, and few men so much. Over nearly one quarter of the circumference of our globe in frozen wilds, among savage tribes, and in unknown regions, you have steadily pursued your way, and although the telegraph is unfinished, the world will recognize and applaud the knowledge you have added to its store, and the daring spirits who have accomplished so much.

From the Amoor, the Okhotsk, the Arctic and the North Pacific, let me welcome you to your country and homes, and be assured that one of the happiest events of my life will be to know that you are all within the pale of civilization once more.

For the hearty support you have given me, accept my thanks, and if it is in my power to advance your interests, believe me ever ready.

To the perseverance and energy of Major Wright and Capt. Norton, we are indebted for this early arrival of our Arctic parties, and the officers and crews of both ships have felt the liveliest interest in your rescue.

Your work is finished. Let me welcome you home again, and now we part, Good bye, Good bye.