

[American Phrenological Journal.]

**THE ESQUIMAUX INDIANS.**

The Arctic Ocean is encircled by a coast three thousand leagues in extent, and contains an area of four and a half millions of square miles. The shores of this mysterious sea, rock-ribbed and ice-bound, indented with numberless inlets and bays, and increased in available extent by many islands and capes, are inhabited by three races of men, differing from the rest of the species and from each other.

Along the Asiatic shores of the Arctic, the Ichthyophagi, or fish-eating Tartar tribes, wander in pursuit of fish and game. The North American coast, from Russian Alaska to Danish Greenland, is occupied, where it is occupied at all, by the Esquimaux. The northern shores of Europe, which complete the grim circle that shuts in the icy sea, are inhabited by the Laplanders.

Between these three races, there are certain obvious points of resemblance. They are all short of stature, and of swarthy complexion. They are all accustomed to a wandering life. They all have one enemy in common—the cold; and one peril in common—Starvation. Compelled to devote their whole energies to the preservation of their existence against the same dangers, they resemble one another much in their habits and way of life.

Between the Esquimaux and the fish-eating Tartars, there are indeed so many points of resemblance, and the Behring Straits offer so slight an obstacle to communication between the two continents, that there seems no reason to doubt the common theory, that the American Esquimaux are the offspring of the Siberian Tartars. It is even asserted that an Esquimaux from Greenland and a northern Kamtschatkan can partly understand each other's language. Certain it is, that their similarity in physical formation, in character and customs, is striking in the extreme. The very words which travellers employ in describing one race are those ordinarily used in describing the other.

But the Laplanders are neither Tartars nor Indians; they are Europeans and Christians. They have brown hair, and complexions bronzed more by smoke and wind than by the nature of their race. They go to church, and are loyal subjects of their king. They have servants, riches, magistrates, and all the essential features of a civilized community. Single Laplanders possess as many as two thousand reindeer. Laplanders drink brandy, take snuff, make cheese, wear cloth and ribbons, understand the rudiments of mechanical trades, and give entertainments. Rude as they are in manners, costume, and habits, and slender as their knowledge is of all things excepting the arts indispensable to their own existence, the Laplanders are fairly entitled to rank among the civilized races of the world.

The Esquimaux alone, of all the American tribes, extend across the entire continent. They occupy 5,400 miles of coast, and they are all alike in language, appearance, employment, and habits. An Esquimaux from Alaska, an Esquimaux from Labrador, and an Esquimaux from Greenland, if they should chance to meet in an Esquimaux village on the western coast of Baffin's Bay, would each find himself perfectly at home, and competent, without initiation or instruction, to enter into all the pursuits of the settlement. No estimate can be made of the number of these people. Probably it is not very great; for as they derive their subsistence mainly from the sea, their settlements are never found more than one hundred miles inland, and seldom a tenth part of that distance. Considering, however, the immense extent of coast along which their settlements are scattered, it is probable that the Esquimaux are more numerous than any other North American tribe has ever been.

An Esquimaux is, in appearance, merely a short, fat Indian. His hair is coal-black, coarse, and long; he pulls out his beard by the roots; his cheek-bones are high, and his cheeks plump; his face is broad, round and flat, the nose being half buried by the protruding cheeks; his eyes are small, black and dull; his mouth is little and round, the under-lip being somewhat thicker than the other; his hands and feet are small and soft; his legs are thick and clumsy; he has a tendency to corpulence; his forehead is low and retreating; and he stands about five feet in his seal-skin boots. Unlike the Indians of milder latitudes, his good humor is imperturbable. He never fights, never quarrels, and seldom steals. An honest, good-tempered, slow, industrious, ingenious, patient people are the Esquimaux. The name by which they call themselves is *Karolit*, a word the signification of which is unknown. The word *Esquimaux* is said to be an obsolete French word, which meant eaters-of-raw-flesh, a name conferred upon them by some early French navigators, who were amazed to see them devour the flesh and drink the blood of the fresh-taken seal.

Cold and hunger, as we just observed, are the two enemies against which the Esquimaux are compelled almost ceaselessly to contend. From the middle of October to the middle of April, the thermometer ranges from twenty to forty-five degrees below zero. We who are wont to shiver when the mercury falls to the freezing point, can form little idea of the cold to which the Esquimaux is exposed.

Arctic navigators tell us that they are obliged, when the thermometer stands at only twenty-five degrees below zero, to cut their brown sugar with a saw, and break their dried apples, their salt meat, their lamp oil, their butter, their prepared punch, and their preserves, with an axe.

On going out for a tramp on the ice, the beard and eye-brows are covered in a moment with a hoar frost. The moustache and under-lip form pendulous beads of dangling ice. If the unwary hunter puts out his tongue it is instantly frozen to the icy crust of the lips, and must be disengaged by the hand. The chin and the upper-jaw freeze together by the beard, and the mouth can not be opened. The iron barrel of the gun burns

the hand through two pairs of the thickest mittens, and the jack-knife feels hot in the pocket. The pocket-handkerchief, damp with the condensed moisture of the cabin, is no sooner exposed to the air than it is changed into a white shingle, its corners sharp enough to serve for a tooth-pick. An officer can not touch a brass button of his uniform without blistering his hand.

During the short summer of the Polar regions, the Esquimaux live in seal-skin tents, and feel the weather sultry at ten degrees above the freezing point. But when the long, dark winter sets in, they clothe themselves in seal-skin, and form huts of snow or turf, which they light and warm with a lamp.

Dr. Kane describes, in his graphic manner, one of these winter huts: "A square enclosure of stone or turf is rafted over with drift-wood or whale bones, and then roofed in with earth, mosses, and broken-up boats. One small aperture of eighteen inches square, covered with the scraped intestines of the seal, forms the window; and a long, tunnel-like entry, opening to the south, and not exceeding three feet in height, leads to a skin-covered door. Inside, perched upon an elevated stall, with an earthen lamp to establish a focus, several families reside together—I have seen as many as four (twenty persons) in an apartment sixteen feet square. Some of the huts are garnished with little tinselled pictures—(purchased of navigators.) Others are a very caricature of discomfort—mouldy, dark, and fetid—their rude ceilings distilling filthy water, and sometimes covered with introverted grass which had originally formed part of the outer covering, but now intrude upon the greater warmth of the interior." An Esquimaux is not a creature of delicate sensibilities.

The great ally of the Esquimaux, in his warfare both with the elements and with necessity, is the seal. His obligations to the seal are numberless. He eats its flesh, drinks its blood, points his dart with its bones, makes string of its intestines, uses its smallest bones for needles, covers his boat, lines his hut, forms his tent, and makes his clothes of its tough, flexible and impervious skin. What the reindeer is to the Laplander, the sheep to the Australian bushman, the ox to the South American herdsman, and the man to the African chief, the seal is to the Esquimaux.

Of all creatures the seal is one of the most curious and interesting. He has been called the connecting link between the fish and the beast; and, physically, he may be. But he is more intelligent, and more human, than any animal except the dog, and seems to have nothing in common with the fish except a fondness for their flesh. His life appears to be one of constant happiness. He is ever at play, tumbling about on the ice, treading water with his body peering five feet out of the sea, and looking about with so intelligent an expression of countenance, that the hunter hesitates to fire, and feels, when he has killed one, like a murderer.

"The first act of a seal after emerging," says Dr. Kane, "is a careful survey of his limited horizon. For this purpose he rises on his fore flippers, and stretches his neck in a manner almost dog-like. This manoeuvre, even during apparently complete silence, is repeated every few minutes. He next commences with his hind flippers and tail a most singular movement allied to sweeping; brushing nervously, as if either to rub something from himself or from beneath him. Then comes a complete series of attitudes, stretching, collapsing, curling, wagging; then a luxurious, basking rest, with his face towards the sun and his tail towards his hole. Presently, he waddles off about two of his own awkward lengths from his retreat, and begins to roll over and over, pawing in the most ludicrous manner into the empty air, stretching and rubbing his glossy hide like a horse. He then recommences his vigil, basking in the sun with uneasy alertness for hours. At the slightest advance of the hunter, up goes the prying head. One searching glance, and, wheeling on his tail, as on a pivot, he is at his hole and descends head foremost."

A fellow so watchful and active as this is not easy to catch or kill. But the Esquimaux is a match for him in cunning, and more than a match for him in skill and patience. Behind a screen of snow or canvas, within darting distance of a seal-hole in the ice, the shaggy hunter takes his seat, and waits, and waits. With the mercury at twenty-five degrees below zero, an Esquimaux will remain motionless in the open air for six hours, his eyes fixed upon the aperture, and his lance ready. A seal emerges at length, and is at once transfixed.

But it is at seal-catching in his world-renowned boat, or kayak, in the open sea, that the Esquimaux displays his greatest skill, and acquires fame among his fellows. This kayak is a marvellous and beautiful structure. It plays so great a part in Esquimaux life, and is so indispensable to Esquimaux existence, that he who would understand the Esquimaux must understand the kayak. It is commonly eighteen feet in length; its breadth on deck, twenty-one inches; its depth just sufficient to allow its owner to sit on the bottom and have his hips above the sides. Its frame is composed of mere laths of wood, and is covered with tanned seal-skin. The deck is seal-skin also, glued securely to the sides, only a "man-hole" being left in the middle, into which the man squeezes himself. He so completely fills up the hole with his body, and so closes his garments over its elevated rim, that he will roll over and over in the water, boat and all, without the slightest danger. In this egg-shell craft, which he can shoulder with the utmost ease and carry all day without fatigue, an Esquimaux will fearlessly venture upon the roughest sea, and encounter such risks as the heroic whalemens of New London world justly shrink from. He fears nothing, indeed, but the perforation of the seal-skin hull, which, by the mere friction of use, becomes sometimes so thin and transparent that floating particles in the sea can be seen through it as plainly as through glass. To propel his little bark, the Es-

quimaux uses a single paddle, admirably adapted in every respect to its purpose.

Thus constructed and furnished, its seal-skin covering renewed every year, the kayak is the life, the pride, the pastime of its owner. He carries it on his shoulder into the surf, dressed in seal-skin from head to foot, with a belt drawn tight around his neck, and his head covered with a hood. He squeezes himself into the man-hole, lashes his clothes to the rim, and then, boat and man being as it were one creature, he launches gleefully out towards the breakers for a frolic or a seal-hunt. As he approaches the breakers the "roaring lip of green water bends roof-like over him. Down covers the pliant man, his right shoulder buried in the wave, and his head bowed upon his breast. An instant, and he emerges on the outer side with a jutting impulse, shaking the water from his mane, and preparing for a fresh encounter." With caution, and in perfect silence, he approaches his prey. A harpoon, with a line attached, at the end of which is a bladder float, is poised in his hand. In a moment he has thrown his body back, and sent his weapon home. The float goes bobbing over the water; but the harpoon has pierced the creature's lungs, and he soon rises to the surface for breath. The hunter is upon him instantly, and either by a skillful gash with his knife, or by darting his unerring lance, gives him the fatal wound. The death-struggle over, the seal is fastened astern and towed ashore to the hunter's family, who stand awaiting his arrival on the beach, and receive him and his prize with joyful acclamations. Upon the wife devolves the duty of disposing of the precious carcass.

On other occasions, the Esquimaux hunt the seal in parties, and in larger boats, which are always paddled by women. In summer, they wander inland, with their canoes on their shoulders, with which to cross the lakes and streams, and spend the season in hunting deer. The arrow and the lance are the weapons employed in the chase, and they are skillful enough in wielding the lance to pierce a bird on the wing.

All the world has heard of the Esquimaux dog. He is a large, strong, shaggy, sagacious animal; resembling the New Foundland species, though far less beautiful. In training his dogs, an Esquimaux does not proceed on the principle of moral suasion.

"I never," says a navigator, "heard a kind accent from an Esquimaux to his dog. The driver's whip of walrus-hide, twenty feet long, a stone or lump of ice skillfully directed, an imprecation loud and sharp, made emphatic by the fist or foot, and a grudging ration of seal's meat, make up the winter's entertainment of an Esquimaux team. In the summer the dogs run wild and cater for themselves." They never bark nor wag their tail; their voice is only heard in howls. An ordinary team consists of twelve dogs, and they are attached to the sled merely by a breast-strap and trace, eight, ten, and twelve abreast, with a very knowing dog ahead for a leader. The driver, according to Captain Parry, sits low, on the forepart of the sled, with his feet overhanging on one side, and having in his hand a whip, of which the handle, made of wood or whalebone, is eighteen inches, and the lash more than as many feet in length. The part of the thong which is nearest the handle is plaited to give it a spring, and the lash is chewed by the women to make it flexible in cold weather. The men acquire from their youth surprising expertness in the use of the whip, the lash of which trails along the snow by the side of the sled, and with which they can inflict a severe blow on any dog in the team, however distant he may be, or however mingled with the others. There are no reins to an Esquimaux team. A sharp hiss and a crack of the whip is the signal for greater speed, and a loud "Aie" calls the halt. Other words change the direction to right or left. To these words a good leader attends with admirable precision, especially if his own name be repeated at the same time, looking over his shoulder with great earnestness, as if listening to the directions of the driver.

On a beaten track, or even where but a single foot or sledge mark is discernible, there is not the slightest trouble in guiding the dogs; for, in the darkest night, and in the heaviest snow-drift, there is little or no danger of their losing the road, the leader keeping his nose near the ground, and directing the rest with wonderful sagacity.

A good team on a good road can "do" fourteen miles an hour; but the average pace for long journeys does not exceed six. The constant hunger which the Esquimaux dogs suffer is sometimes turned to good account by the driver. In drawing the sledges, if the dogs scent a deer a quarter of a mile distant, they gallop off furiously in the direction of the scent, and often bring their master within bow-shot of the game; and such is the fury of their desire to attack the bear, that a common mode of rousing the flagging energies of a team is to shout the word *nennook* (bear). Three dogs will attack, and sometimes kill a bear of twelve hundred pounds weight.

Not much is known of the language of the Esquimaux. They call the bear, as we have just seen, *nennook*; a boat, *kayak*; the man-hole of the same, *pah*; the harpoon, *unahk*; the bird-javelin, *neu-ve-ak*; the seal-lance, *ah-qnu-ve-to*; the paddle, *pa-uh-teet*; a saw, *kuttee-swa-bak*; a dog-harness, *annoo*; their shout of exultation is *kee*; and their emphatic affirmative is *teyma*.

Most navigators, from Captain Cook to Dr. Kane, report the Esquimaux to be an honest race. "A couple of kayaks," says Dr. Kane, "boarded us twenty miles out to sea, and for a few biscuits gladly took charge of our despatches. The honesty of these poor Esquimaux is proverbial. Letters committed to their care are delivered with unflinching safety to the superintendent of the port or station." Their honesty, however, has been known to give way before the temptation of European implements and baubles. There are no chiefs among them, nor government; nor have they any religion, except a vague belief that good people will go to a good place after death,

and bad people to a bad place. To one another, they are remarkably kind and obliging.

The first European that ever saw an Esquimaux, was probably Sebastian Cabot, who, in 1498, sailed up the North American coast as far as the fifty-eighth parallel of latitude. In 1576 Martin Frobisher took one home to England, and thenceforward many ships came to Labrador in search of gold, carrying back loads of sand and stones, supposed to contain the precious metal. Of late years, Arctic expeditions have been painfully numerous, and the world has become as familiar with the splendors and perils of the polar regions, as with the gorgeous phenomena of the tropics.

[Concluded in next number.]

**Deseret Theological Institute.**

SOCIAL HALL, G. S. L. City, May 23, 1855.

The Deseret Theological Institute met at 7 1-2 p.m.

Choir sung, "Come all ye sons of God."

Prayer by Elder E. T. Benson.

Choir sung, "Come, let us anew."

Elder James W. Cummings gave an address, chiefly on the object of the Institution.

Messrs. Grimshaw, Parson, and O. Pratt, Jr., sang a catch.

Elder E. T. Benson gave an interesting address on the importance of the Saints acquiring useful knowledge.

Messrs. Parson, O. Pratt, Jr., and Grimshaw sang a glee. Benediction by Elder O. Pratt.

THOMAS BULLOCK, Secretary.

**MARRIED:**

On Thursday, 24th inst., in Grantsville, by Bishop Thos. H. Clark, Mr. BENJAMIN ALLEN, printer, and Mrs. ARABELLA WEATHERBY.

**DIED:**

In Mantle city, April 25, 1855, of liver complaint, SARAH S., wife of Gardner Snow, aged 60 years and 2 months.

She was baptized in June, 1833, and gathered with the saints to Kirtland, Ohio, in 1836; passed thro' the persecutions in Missouri, and Illinois, enduring all her sufferings with patience and fortitude; and on Nov. 6, 1850, arrived in the city of Mantle. Her faith, and good works have secured to her that reward which is unfading, and eternal.

**NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.****No Great Excitement.****PLEASE BRING YOUR HIDES AND** BARK to the Bath-house Tannery, and we will pay you a fair price for them. GOLDING & RALEIGH.**STRAYED:****FROM THE INCLOSURE of LEVI STEWART,** on Big Cottonwood, a light colored MULE, branded C R on the left hip, and C. Rich on one fore hoof; had a short piece of a lariet round his neck. The finder will please leave the mule at my residence in the 8th Ward, or at my farm on Big Cottonwood, and be rewarded. LEVI STEWART.**ATTENTION ALL!****THE SUBSCRIBER WISHES TO** inform the public that he has commenced making well-pumps at J. Taylor's, in 14th Ward, Great Salt Lake City, where he will at all times be glad to receive orders in that line of business, and will warrant his work to be done to the satisfaction of those favoring him with their patronage. JAMES JACK.**NOTICE****THOSE INDEBTED to me for TOLL** in the Welsh Canyon, are hereby informed that they can make payment for the same, if they wish, by working on the road in said canyon, on Friday and Saturday, the 8th and 9th, and on Thursday and Friday, 28th and 29th of June next. Bring Shovels, hoes, picks, and crowbars; 25¢ allowed for 10 hours work, or the privilege of hauling out 8 loads of wood. ABRAHAM COON.**STRAYED,****FROM THE 16th WARD PASTURE** last Sunday night, May 27, a sorrel MARE. Also—an iron grey horse, branded A P Stone on the right fore hoof. Both had lariets round their necks when strayed. Any person finding the above horses, will be liberally rewarded by leaving them with B. Hawkins, 19th ward, or A. P. STONE, Stoker's Ward.**NOTICE.****THE MEMBERS of the 23d QUORUM of SEVENTIES** are requested to meet at the house of Charles Lambert, 7th ward, G. S. L. City, the first Sunday in each month at 5 o'clock p.m. The members scattered abroad are requested to report themselves at least once a year in writing, and also to send in their genealogies, if they have not previously done so. We wish to know the standing of every member of the Quorum; and those who do not report themselves, may expect to be dropped, and their places supplied by others. Direct post paid to CHARLES LAMBERT, G. S. L. City.**IN STRAY POUND****AT FARMINGTON, Davis County,** One light red COW, rather brindle, 5 or 6 years old, crop off right ear—no brands visible. Also—one dark red COW with a yearling calf same color—the cow supposed to be 5 or 6 years old, no brands visible. Also—one red two year old STEER, no brands visible. Also—one lined back cow, red sided, 6 years old, no brand visible. Also—one brindle BULL, 2 years old, no mark or brand visible. Also—one brindle STEER, 4 years old, a crop and a split in each ear, branded J F on right hip. JOHN W. HESS, Pound Keeper.**GROCERIES!****WE HAVE THIS DAY RECEIVED** on commission, direct from San Bernardino, a choice lot of **SUGAR, COFFEE,** TEA, SOAP, OLIVE OIL, DOMESTIC, ETC., ETC.,—which we offer as low as the contingencies of the trade will allow, for CASH. Coffee, - - - \$0.40 per lb; Sugar, - - - 40 Tea, - - - 1.50 to 1.75 Indigo, - - - 2.50 Madder, - - - 40 Soap, - - - 40 pr bar; Domestic, - - - 20 pr yd; Olive Oil, a pure article, 1.25 to 1.75 pr bottle. T. S. WILLIAMS & CO.