

the former existence of a lake, the barrier of which was probably near Hererât. I noticed also, at the point where the Wadi Es-Sleh enters the plain of El Gâa, unmistakable signs of an ancient lake. The wadi emerges suddenly from the mountain-range, and a circular depression from thirty to fifty feet deep, with a perfectly level sandy bottom and bounded by nearly vertical gravel cliffs, now marks the bed of a small lake.

The uninhabitability of the peninsula is due to its sterility rather than to its climate. Its sterility is due, I imagine, more to the unequal annual distribution of the water than to its absence, and, should the population warrant it, storage-dams, easily constructed in the narrow granite-walled wadis, would to a great degree remedy this defect. Perhaps at some future day, when a crowded world thrusts its surplus population into regions now hardly regarded as habitable, Arabia Petræa will bloom like a garden. Granite and limestone furnish valuable soil-ingredients, and the climate is not unfavorable to semi-tropical cultivation.

The flora and fauna of the desert have been often described, yet I imagine that much remains to be studied; the variety, beauty, and fragrance of the shrubs and flowers which the traveler meets in the most forbidding and unexpected spots were to my unprepared mind a remarkable feature. In March I gathered dandelions and daisies at Wadi Useit, also "butter and eggs"; in Wadi Tayyibeh, near saline water, spearmint; and in Wadi Feirân, on the hillsides, sorrel.

The oases with their date-palms, *tarfa* (or tamarisk) yielding manna, *seyâl* (or acacia) yielding gum arabic, *gharkad* shrubs, and thickets of tall reeds, are veritable islands of fertility in an ocean of desolation. At the monastery, cypresses, oranges, peaches, and vines are cultivated, although five thousand feet above the sea-level.

Naturalists enumerate a number of large animals that live in the oases of the desert, among them the gazelle, ibex, jackal, and fox. I met with the head of a gazelle and numerous horns of ibexes, and in Wadi Es-Sleh a Bedouin suddenly appeared with two little half-tamed ibexes about fourteen days old; my traveling companion bought them, but they were unable to withstand the novelty of camel-riding, and, though kindly cared for, died within a few days. Their skins were preserved. I noted on the journey a large field-mouse, a small light-yellow snake two and a half feet long, and a peculiar kind of lizard (?). At Assouan I killed an intensely energetic scorpion, and at many places noted chameleons basking in the sun. Of the numerous and curious fish in the Red Sea, I can only say that some of them proved to be excellent food.

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Insects were rarely seen in the desert, and only in the neighborhood of water, or in the oases. I observed red and black ants, one large caterpillar, very few flies, many black beetles leaving behind them well-defined tracks as they crawled over the fine-grained sand, a few moths, a bee, a grasshopper, many spiders, a lady-bug (I called), gnats near the sea-coast, and my traveling companion noted fleas. Mosquitoes, so abundant in Cairo, were not seen nor heard. Twice large birds sailed high above our heads. This is the total of animal life met with in my four weeks' journey, excepting camels, goats, one lamb (which we ate), one donkey (at Tor), a dozen cats (at the monastery), several Bedouins, two Russian ladies, two German philologists, two Irish theologians, three enterprising Americans, and twenty-nine lazy monks.

No. 6710

WHALE-CATCHING AT POINT BARROW.

By JOHN MURDOCH.

ALL through the latter part of the winter the seal-hunters, who are out every day tending their nets, along the shore from Cape Smyth to Point Barrow, have been watching and studying the ice. Running along nearly parallel to the shore and about a thousand yards off, is a bar on which the water is not more than two or three fathoms deep. On this the heavy pack-ice, coming in with the autumn gales, usually grounds, piling itself up into a wall of rugged masses of ice, while inshore the sea freezes over smooth and level. Outside of this is the rough pack, broken masses of ice piled up in irregular heaps like the craggy fragments on a frost-riven mountain-top, but interspersed with undulating fields of ice, many seasons old, and thick enough to resist the pressure when the ice-fields come together before the winds and currents. Occasionally, too, the grounding of heavy masses of ice—there are no true icebergs in this part of the Arctic Ocean—affords sheltered spaces where fields of "new ice" can form undisturbed by the movements of the pack.

Through January, February, and March these ice-fields remain motionless, or are only crushed closer together and pressed harder upon the land by the prevailing westerly gales; but in April the pack gradually begins to loosen, and when the long-wished-for east wind blows, cracks open six or seven miles from the shore, extending often for miles, parallel to the land. These cracks or "leads," as they are called, seldom remain the same for many days, but open and close as the wind changes, now spreading clear of all obstructions for hundreds of yards or even for a mile in width, now filled with loose ice, floating with the current.

It is in these leads of open water that the whales work their way to their unknown breeding grounds in the northeast, passing by Point Barrow chiefly during the months of May and June, and it is during this season of migration that they are hunted by the Eskimos.

The chase of the whale is of great importance to these people. The capture of one of these monsters means meat in abundance; blubber for the lamps, and for trade with the Eskimos whom they meet in the summer; whalebone to purchase ammunition; tools and luxuries from the ships; and the choicest morsel that an Eskimo knows, the "black-skin" or epidermis of the whale. Consequently, the successful whaler is the best man in the village, and soon grows rich and influential.

But to return to the seal-hunters and their observations of the ice. From long experience, the Eskimos are able to judge pretty accurately where the "leads" will first open in the spring, and, when they have concluded where the boats will be launched, they set to work to select the best path for dragging out the boats through the rough ice-field. They soon make a regular beaten trail, winding in and out among the hummocks, taking advantage of all the smooth fields of ice that they can, and, from time to time as they pass back and forth from their seal-nets, they chip off projecting corners of ice with their ice-picks, and with the same implement widen out the narrow defiles in the road, and smooth off the roughest places. Men sometimes go out on purpose to work for a few hours on the road, using ice-picks or "whale-spades" (something like a heavy, broad chisel, mounted on a long pole, used for cutting the blubber off a whale), which they have obtained from the white men. It is a pretty rough path, however, at the best.

By the middle of April all the hunters have returned from the winter deer-hunt, and the business of getting ready for whaling is taken seriously in hand. The frames of the great skin boats must be taken down from the scaffolds where they have rested all winter, and carefully overhauled and repaired, while every article of wood that will be used in whaling, from the timbers of the boat to the shafts of the spears and harpoons, must be scraped perfectly clean, in honor of the noble quarry. Gear must be looked to, and the skin covers for the boats repaired and soaked in the sea, through holes in the ice cut close to the shore, till they are soft enough to stretch over the framework.

Meanwhile, a careful watch is kept from the village cliff for the dark cloud to seaward which indicates open water; and if the much-talked-of east wind does not speedily begin to blow, the most skillful of the wizards or medicine-men get out on the bluff,

and with magic songs and beating of drums do their best to make it come.

It is not every man in the village who owns an *umiak* that fits it out for whaling, as it requires a good deal of property to procure the necessary outfit. About eight or ten boats from each village make up the usual fleet. The crews—eight or ten men to a boat—are made up during the winter.

The owner of the boat—who is always the captain and steersman—sometimes hires his crew outright, paying them with tobacco or cartridges or other goods, and sometimes allows them a share in the profits, but, I believe, always feeds them while the boat is “in commission.” When enough men for a full crew can not be secured, women and even half-grown lads take their places in the boat. One man is selected for harpooner and posted in the bow, and usually another, amidships, has charge of a whaleman’s bomb-gun, for firing an explosive lance into the whale, for most of the rich Eskimo whalemén now own these guns.

Now, as to the instruments used for the capture of the whale. Instead of harpooning the whale, or “fastening” to him, as the white whalemén say, and keeping the end of the line fast in the boat, which the whale is made to drag about till the crew can manage to haul up and lance him to death, there is but a short line attached to each harpoon, to the end of which are fastened two floats made of whole seal-skins, inflated, which are thrown overboard as soon as the harpoon is fixed in the whale. Each boat carries four or five harpoons, and several boats crowd round and endeavor to attach these floats to the whale every time he comes to the surface, until he can dive no longer, and lies upon the water ready for the death-stroke. Some of the harpoons are regular whalemén’s “irons,” but they still also use their own ingenious harpoons, in which the head, made of bone or walrus ivory, with a point of stone or metal set into it, is alone fastened to the line, and is contrived so as to “unship” from the shaft as soon as it is thrust into the whale, and to turn at right angles to the line, like a toggle, under the skin. To kill the whale after he is harpooned, they used in old times long lances, with beautifully flaked flint heads, as broad as one’s hand; but now they all have regular steel whale lances, and, as I have said before, most of them own bomb-guns.

Some of the boats are carried out over the ice to the place where they are to be launched before the “lead” opens, and, as soon as open water is reported by the scouts, all start. There is a great deal of ceremony and superstition connected with the whale-fishery. The captain and harpooner of each boat wear special trappings, and streak their faces with black-lead, as, indeed, is often done on festive occasions. Long before the time for whaling, all those

who intend to command whaling boats during the coming season assemble, with all their gear, in the public room and hold a solemn ceremony, with drumming and singing, to insure good luck. Charms and amulets of many kinds are carried in the boats. They believe that the whales are supernaturally sensitive. If the women should sew while the boats are out, or the men hammer on wood, the whales, they say, would leave the region in disgust.

Let us see, now, how the boats are carried out over the path I have described. The boat is firmly lashed on a flat sledge, to which a team of dogs is attached, while the men and women hold on to the sides of the boat, pushing and guiding. Hearing, one day in May, 1882, that one of the Cape Smyth boats was starting for the edge of the ice, two of us set out over the trail, and overtook the party about two miles from the shore, where they were resting, having sent the dogs ahead in charge of two women, with another sledge loaded with all sorts of gear—rifles, spears, and so on. The party consisted of five men and two women. The captain of the boat and the harpooner wore on their heads fillets of the light-colored skin of the mountain sheep, from which dangled on each side a little image of a whale, rudely flaked from rock-crystal or jasper. The captain's head-dress was fringed with the incisor teeth of the mountain sheep, and the harpooner had another stone whale on his breast. One of the women was decorated with a stripe of black-lead diagonally across her face. In the boat, for charms, were two wolves' skulls, the dried skin of a raven, a seal's vertebra, and several bunches of eagle's feathers. They say the skin of the golden eagle—"the great bird"—or a bunch of hairs from the tip of the tail of a red fox, bring great luck. In the boat were also five or six inflated seal-skins, which, when we came up, they were using for seats on the ice.

One of the women soon came back with the dogs, the seal-skin floats were tossed into the boat, the dogs hitched up, and we started ahead, the woman leading the dogs, and the men shoving alongside. When we came up with the first sledge, the dogs were unhitched from the boat and sent ahead with a load of gear for another stage, and so on. On smooth ice the boat travels easily and rapidly; but where it is broken it is hard shoving and rough scrambling for the men, while occasional stops have to be made to chisel out projecting pieces of ice and widen narrow places in the path. Then the dogs get tangled up from time to time, and have to be kicked apart, so that their progress on the whole is slow. When they reach the open water the boat is launched and the gear put on board, and the sledges drawn up out of the way. Everything is put in readiness for chasing the whales, and the boats begin patrolling the open water. The harpoon, with the

floats attached, rests in a crotch of ivory lashed to the bow of the boat, and everybody is on the alert. Sails and oars are never used in the boat when whaling, but the boat is propelled by paddles alone.

Thus they spend the months of May and June, eating and sleeping when they can, for the daylight now lasts through the twenty-four hours, occasionally hauling the boat up to the edge of the ice for a rest. Somebody, however, is always on the watch for whales or seals or ducks, which last now and then at this season pass by in thousands on their way to the north.

When the "leads" close, the boats are hauled up safely on the ice, and all hands come home till an east wind and "water sky" warn them of a fresh chance for whaling.

Let us suppose that there is good open water, and that a couple of boats are hauled up on the edge of the land floe, their crews resting and gossiping, perhaps waiting for the return of the women who have been sent home to the village for food. Suddenly a faint puffing sigh is heard, and a little puff of vapor is seen over toward the edge of the ice. It is a whale "blowing." The men all spring to their feet and quickly run the boats off into the water, and, scrambling on board, grasp their paddles and are off in the direction of the "blow." If they are lucky enough to reach the whale before he escapes, the harpooner, standing up, thrusts the heavy harpoon into him with both hands, and quickly recovers the pole, to be used again. The nearest boat rushes in; other boats, seeing what is going on, come up and join in the attack until the whale is captured. Sometimes, indeed, an opportunity occurs for a successful shot with the bomb-gun as soon as the whale is struck, and the contest is ended at once. But the attack is not always so successful. Sometimes the whale escapes into the loose ice before the boats can reach him; sometimes the harpooner is clumsy, or the harpoon does not hold. Sometimes, too, the whale escapes before enough floats can be attached to him to hamper him, and carries off the harpoons, floats and all. Even if the whale is killed, he sometimes sinks before he can be towed to the edge of the ice, where the "cutting in" is to be done.

When the "lead" of open water is narrow, the natives who own bomb-guns patrol the edge of the ice, watching an opportunity to shoot the whales as they pass. It was when engaged in this kind of hunting that a young acquaintance of ours at Cape Smyth came near losing his life. A man near him, handling his bomb-gun carelessly—the Eskimos are all frightfully reckless with fire-arms—discharged it by accident, sending the bomb into the ice under his feet, where it exploded, shaking him up like a small earthquake.

When the whale is killed, it is towed, as I have said, to the edge of the solid floe, and the work of cutting him up begins. By long-established custom, universal among the Eskimos, the skin, blubber, and flesh of a whale belong to the whole community, no matter who killed it; but, at Point Barrow, the whalebone must be equally divided among all the boats that were in sight when the whale was killed.

They have none of the appliances used by civilized whalers for easily and rapidly stripping off all the blubber, but hack away at everything in reach, getting off all they can before the carcass sinks. The news soon reaches the villages that a whale has been killed, and there are very few households that do not send a representative to the scene of action as speedily as they can, with sledges and dogs to bring away their share of the spoils. As may be supposed, there is a lively scramble round the carcass. Some on the ice, some crowding the boats, they cluster round the whale like flies round a honey-pot. Leaning over the edge of the boats, careless of the water, they hack and cut and slash with whale-spades and knives, each trying to get the most he can. So far as I have ever heard, this is a perfectly good-natured scramble, and no one ever thinks of stealing from another's pile on the ice. The blubber, meat, "blackskin," and whalebone are soon carried home to the village. The blubber is not tried out, but is packed away in bags made of whole seal-skins, and, with the meat, is stowed away in little underground chambers, of which there are many in the villages.

The "blackskin" is eaten fresh, and is seldom if ever cooked. This curious dainty is the epidermis or cuticle of the whale. It is about an inch thick, and looks, for all the world, like black India rubber; it is not so tough, however. Civilized whalers are nearly as fond of it as the Eskimos, but are not in the habit of eating it raw. When nicely fried in the fresh, sweet oil of the "try-pots," when they are "boiling out" the blubber of a whale, for instance, it is very palatable, tasting much like fried pigs' feet. It is also good boiled and "soused" with vinegar and spices. The Eskimos are fond, too, of the tough white gum round the roots of the whalebone.

The jawbones of the whale are cut out and preserved. From these and from the ribs are sawed out strips of bone for shoeing the runners of the sledges. In fact, everything that can be cut off from the whale, before the carcass sinks or is carried off by the current, serves some useful purpose.

The most favorable time for whaling is when there is a continuous "lead" of open water, not more than a couple of hundred yards wide, with a solid pack of ice beyond it. Then the whales must pass up within sight or hearing of the boats. When the

open water is very wide, the whales may pass at a distance unnoticed, or so far off that it is impossible for a boat to overtake them.

If there is much loose ice, the crafty animals take advantage of it, and come up to breathe at little holes among the floes where a boat can not reach them.

As the season advances, the whales grow scarcer, and the whalers relax their vigilance and pay more attention to the capture of seals, which they shoot through the head when they rise near the boat, securing them with light harpoons before they have time to sink. At this season, also, the whale-boats some times capture walrus and white whales.

At length several days pass without a whale being seen, and one by one the crews give up looking for them and bring home their boats, until by the first of July the whaling is over for the year, the boats are all in, and everybody is preparing to leave the village for the summer excursions.



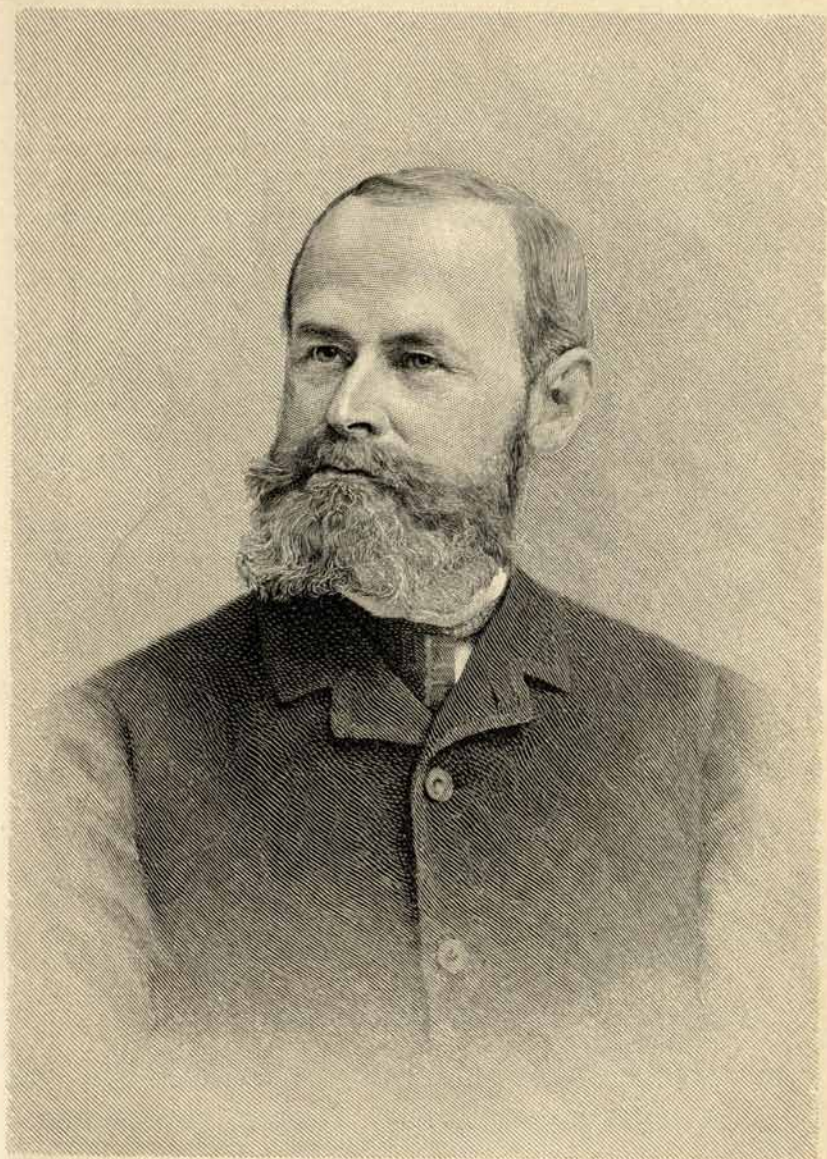
SKETCH OF DANIEL GARRISON BRINTON.

By Dr. CHARLES C. ABBOTT.

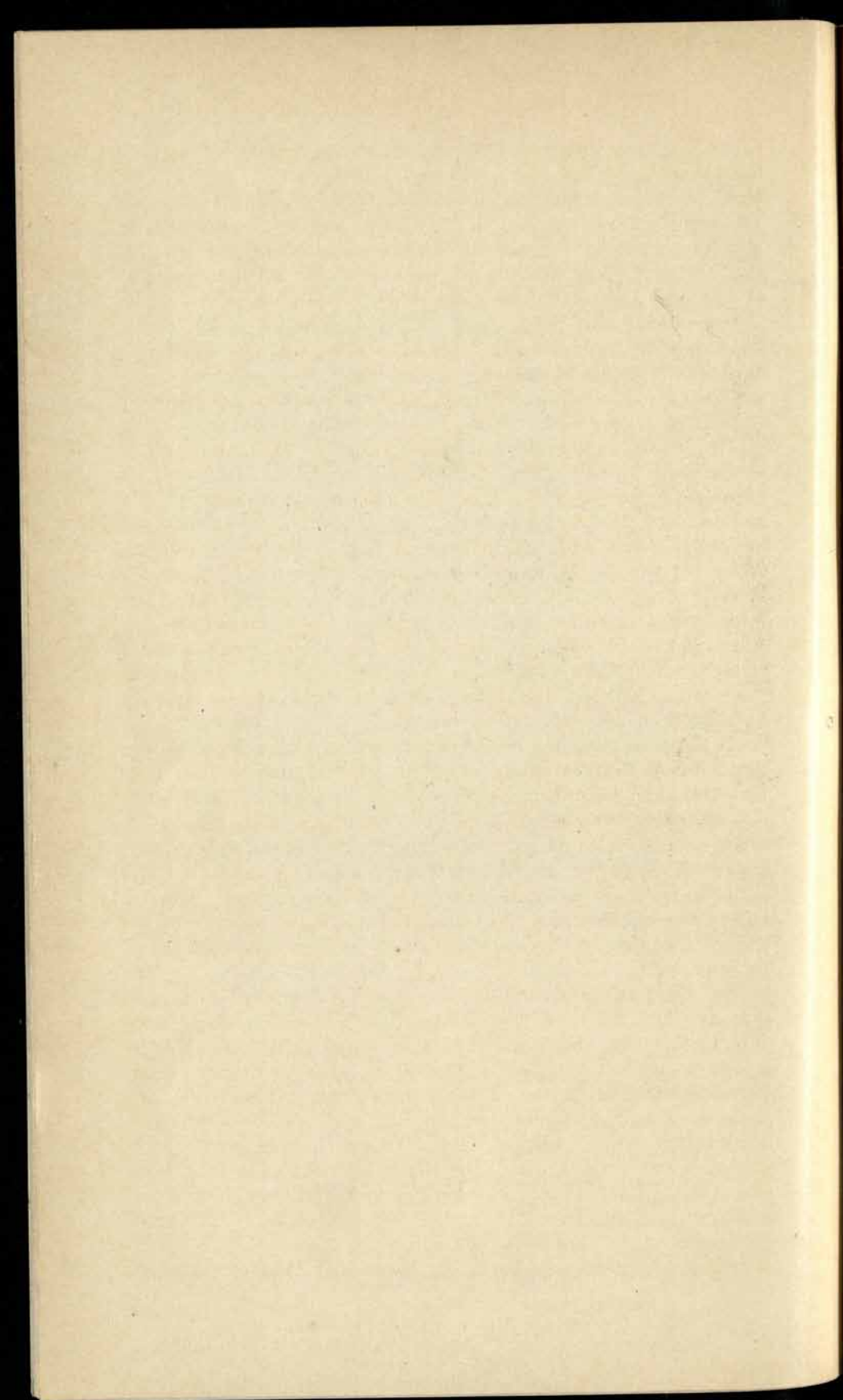
A FEW years prior to the widely spread interest in American archæology that is now taken, there was published in Philadelphia a small duodecimo volume of two hundred pages entitled *Notes on the Floridian Peninsula*, concerning which its author states in his preface, "The present little work is the partial result of odd hours spent in the study of the history . . . of the peninsula of Florida." A "little" book, in one sense, it is true, but far from it in all others, and it remains to-day our best *résumé* of the archæology of that wonderful peninsula. The author of this volume, but twenty-two years old at the time of its appearance, is the subject of the present sketch—DANIEL GARRISON BRINTON.

Dr. Brinton was born May 13, 1837, at Thornbury, Chester County, Pa., and is of English descent on both the paternal and maternal side. His ancestor, William Brinton, came from Shropshire, where the family had lived for many generations. He became an early member of the Society of Friends, and emigrated to the colony of Pennsylvania in 1684. His descendants have generally continued their attachment to Quakerism.

The life-long interest which he has taken in the study of the American Indians may have been owing to the fact that on his father's farm was a "village site" of some ancient encampment of the Delaware Indians. Many a day of his boyhood was passed in collecting from this and similar localities the broken arrow-



DANIEL GARRISON BRINTON.



points, the stone axes, and the fragments of pottery which marked the presence of this older and mysterious race. The study of McClintock's *Antiquarian Researches*, a now almost forgotten volume, fixed and expanded this taste. The work, however, to which he attributes beyond all others a formative influence on his youthful tastes was Humboldt's *Cosmos*, the English translation of which by Colonel Sabine was his favorite reading at the age of fifteen and sixteen. The poetic hues in which this great master knew how to garb the dry facts of science, and the wonderful skill with which he developed the intimate relationship of lower and inorganic existence to the thoughts, aspirations, and destiny of man, stimulate the imagination with the force of a great epic.

Dr. Brinton graduated at Yale College in 1858, and studied medicine in the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, where he took the degree of M. D. in 1860. After a year, spent chiefly at Paris and Heidelberg, he was recalled by the events of the war and entered the army as Surgeon of United States Volunteers. After serving in the field as Medical Director of the Eleventh Army Corps, he was sent to Quincy and Springfield, Ill., as superintendent of hospitals, where he remained until the close of the war. In 1867 he was tendered the position of editor of the *Medical and Surgical Reporter*, at that time the only weekly medical journal in Philadelphia. This position he held uninterruptedly until 1887.

In 1884 he was appointed Professor of Ethnology at the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, and in 1886 Professor of American Linguistics and Archæology in the University of Pennsylvania. At both the institutions named he delivers a course of lectures every winter, which are highly appreciated by the public, as the numbers attending them attest. His subject-matter, being both ethnologic and archæologic, necessarily covers an enormous field; but Brinton very successfully exercises the faculty of conciseness, yet never at the expense of lucidity.

Dr. Brinton's contributions to scientific literature began, as already stated, in 1859, when he published *The Floridian Peninsula, its Literary History, Indian Tribes, and Antiquities*, the result of some months' travel in that State. His next work of importance was *The Myths of the New World: a Treatise on the Symbolism and Mythology of the Red Race of America* (New York, 1868; second edition, 1876). Other volumes which have appeared from his pen are *The Religious Sentiment, its Source and Aim: a Contribution to the Science of Religion* (New York, 1876); *American Hero Myths: a Study in the Native Religions of the Western Continent* (Philadelphia, 1882); *Essays of an Americanist* (Philadelphia, 1890); *Races and Peoples*; *Lectures*

on the Science of Ethnography (New York, 1890); and has now in press a work entitled *The American Race; a Linguistic Classification and Ethnographic Description of the Native Tribes of North and South America*. It is the first attempt ever made to classify all the Indian tribes by their languages, and it also treats of their customs, religions, physical traits, arts, antiquities, and traditions. The work comprises the results of several years of study in this special field.

Of the ethnological papers by Dr. Brinton the *National Legend of the Chahta-Muskokee Tribes*, *Notes on the Codex Troano*, *The Lineal Measures of the Semi-civilized Nations of Mexico and Central America*, *On the Xinca Indians of Guatemala*, and *The Books of Chilan Balam*, are specially prominent, as are the strictly archæological papers, such as *The Probable Nationality of the Mound-builders*, in which the author favors the theory that the mound-builders of the Ohio Valley were of the same race as the Choctaws, and probably their ancestors; *On the Cuspidiform Petroglyphs, or Bird-track Sculpture of Ohio*; and the later *Review of the Data for the Prehistoric Chronology of America*. Dr. Brinton has given attention, too, to folk-lore, as a subject worthy of scientific treatment, and published *The Journey of the Soul*, a comparative study of Aztec, Aryan, and Egyptian mythology, and also *The Folk Lore of Yucatan*.

This goodly list, of which any scientific worker might well be proud, if the results of a long life, by no means covers the ground of Brinton's scientific and literary activity. He has been both publisher and editor of the *Library of Aboriginal American Literature*, of which eight volumes have appeared, six of which are edited by Brinton. The titles, given in order of their publication, are: *The Chronicles of the Mayas*, *The Comedy-Ballet of Güe-güence*, *The Lenâpé and their Legends*, *The Annals of the Cak-chiquels*, *Ancient Nahuatl Poetry*, and *The Rig Veda Americanus*. These works are all of unquestionable merit, notwithstanding they have been subjected to considerable adverse criticism. This is not to be wondered at, as works of this character, if edited in a pronounced manner, by one having strong opinions that are plainly expressed, are sure to meet with some opposition, which reflects, however, nothing upon the skill with which they are edited, and is, we hold, a pretty certain indication of their value as contributions to knowledge. Were further testimony to this wanting, it is shown in the fact that this series obtained for its author the prize medal of the *Société Américaine de France*; this being the only instance in which it has been decreed to an American writer.

In linguistics Dr. Brinton has published during the past two decades, *Grammar of the Choctaw Language*, by Rev. Cyrus

Byington, edited by Brinton; Contributions to a Grammar of the Muskogee Language; The Ancient Phonetic Alphabet of Yucatan, describing Lauda's so-called Maya alphabet; The Arawack Language of Guiana, in which the author shows that the nations of the Bahamas and Antilles at the discovery were of the Arawack stock; this essay contains an analysis of the primitive language of Hayti On the Language of the Natchez, wherein the writer identifies the language of the Natchez as largely a dialect of the Chahta-Muskogee family; the Names of the Gods, an exegetical study of the *Popol Vuh*, or national book of the Quiches of Guatemala; A Grammar of the Cakchiquel Language of Guatemala; American Languages and why we should study them; The Philosophic Grammar of American Languages, as set forth by Wilhelm von Humboldt, with the translation of an unpublished memoir by him, on the American verb; On Polysynthesis and Incorporation; Notes on the Manque, an extinct dialect formerly spoken in Nicaragua; The Taensa Grammar and Dictionary, in which are shown the fraudulent claims of the alleged Taensa language, introduced by Parisot; The Study of the Nahuatl Language; The Phonetic Elements in the Graphic System of the Mayas and Mexicans; The Conception of Love in some American Languages; On the Ikonomatic Method of Phonetic Writing; and, in 1889, associated with Rev. Albert Seqaqkind Anthony was issued a Lenâpé-English Dictionary, based upon a manuscript of the last century, preserved in the Moravian church at Bethlehem, Pa.

In general linguistics he has contributed several papers to the Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society on the possibility of an international scientific tongue, the chief arguments in which were summed up in a pamphlet published in 1889 on the Aims and Traits of a World-Language.

In the great conflict between scientific thought and religious dogma, Dr. Brinton has always occupied a pronounced position. His volume on the Religious Sentiment begins by an absolute rejection of the supernatural as such, and explains all expressions of religious feeling as the results of familiar physical and mental laws. These opinions he further emphasized in an address on Giordano Bruno, published in 1890, a philosopher to whose theories he had paid considerable attention in early life.

While singularly devoid of taste or faculty for music—which may perhaps be attributed to six generations of Quaker ancestry—Dr. Brinton has always cherished an ardent love of poetry. He is Vice-President of and a frequent contributor to the Browning Society of Philadelphia, which numbers nearly seven hundred members; he is also a friend and disciple of Walt Whitman, and has published an essay explaining his eccentric versifications.

In November, 1889, the Archæological Association of the University of Pennsylvania was organized, and Dr. Brinton at once became a leading spirit in its councils, and by personal labor and influence materially advanced its progress. The formation of a museum is necessarily slow work, and too often fails through misdirected energy; but this has not been the fate of the undertaking in question. Looking upon such a museum as valuable in proportion to its collections being the result of exploration intelligently conducted, Brinton insisted, from the very outset, that by such means, rather than by the purchase of collections or single specimens, should the work be carried on. His wise counsel has prevailed, and as material for the illustration of archæological lectures, the university now possesses hundreds of objects of which every available fact with reference to their history is known.

Dr. Brinton's scientific work covers so broad a field that it is difficult for any one person to follow him wheresoever he leads; but if it be a safe guide to accept the general trend of criticism among archæologists, ethnologists, and those learned in linguistic lore, he has touched upon no subject without throwing light thereon, and to-day, still young in years and vigorous both of mind and body, is preparing for further labors. American science and American letters may be proud of such a worker, for his position, both as a scientist and a *littérateur*, is no uncertain one.

Besides the two positions that he holds in Philadelphia, to which reference has been made, Dr. Brinton is President of the American Folk-lore Society and of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia; member of the Anthropological Societies of Berlin, and Vienna, and of the Ethnographical Societies of Paris and Florence; of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, Copenhagen; the Royal Academy of History of Madrid; the American Philosophical Society, the American Antiquarian Society, etc.

THE aboriginal race of Tasmania, of which only a single survivor remains—if she be really of pure blood, which is doubted—was one of peculiar interest, for it continued down to our own times at a degree of culture hardly equal to that of the palæolithic flint-workers. The making of rude stone implements and of baskets were almost the only arts they possessed. They made fire by the stick and drill; for ornaments they had strings of shell; and for weapons only the spear and the *waddy*. Their huts were slight, and they had no knowledge of agriculture. Dr. Tylor says that their life may give some idea of the conditions of the earliest prehistoric tribes of the Old World, except that they had a milder climate than the others and no large animals, and were in some arts rather below them. All the information respecting these people has been collected by Mr. H. Ling Roth for his book upon them.

No 6710

(p830)

