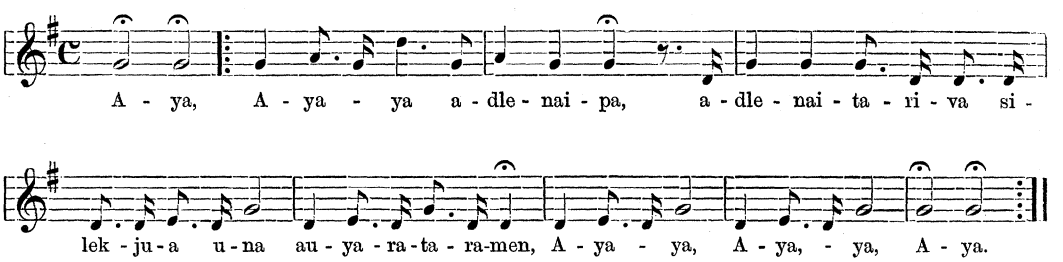
intended to secure a location at a point on the New England coast where the fauna and flora are abundant and varied, and the cost of living moderate; to build a laboratory with two stories, the lower story having accommodations for teaching twenty-five persons, the upper story having work-places for investigators; to furnish aquaria, microscopes, microtomes, glassware, etc., and a constant supply of water for aquaria; also to have a convenient landing, boats, collecting-apparatus, etc. Of course, to insure the permanency and full usefulness of the laboratory, a considerable endowment fund must be ultimately obtained, but so much can perhaps not be hoped at the start.

PASTEUR, who is now sixty-four years old, was last winter sent by his physician to Italy for his health, and is only just returning to Paris. Under date of April 1, in a letter to his friend Mr. Jules Marcou of Cambridge, which the latter kindly permits us to use, he writes from Arbois in the Jura that he hopes to live to welcome the earliest publications of the Institut Pasteur, and adds, "We have just purchased eleven thousand square meters of land, and the subscription has reached the sum of nearly two million francs; it is, however, very insufficient, for, if we spend twelve hundred thousand on land and buildings, the income from the remainder will be much too small. Oh! if only some American millionnaire were inspired with an enthusiasm for this work! I hope that when we are incorporated, and this will be soon, we shall be better endowed. We shall then be able to receive legacies. To proceed suitably and with full independence, we should have, according to my estimates, three and a half million francs. I am confident. The future is ours. The prophylactic treatment of rabies continues to do well. Very, very rarely are there failures, and all in cases where exceptional circumstances appear. There has been but one failure since the first of January and more than five or six hundred cases treated, a multitude having been most severely bitten. If we could only attack diphtheria, phthisis, etc., with success. We are going to attempt it. It is at least a step toward discovery to have confidence, and to hope in the result of obstinate labor."

POETRY AND MUSIC OF SOME NORTH AMERICAN TRIBES.

ETHNOLOGISTS are well acquainted with the fact that there is no people and no tribe that has not some kind of poetry and music, but the study of this branch of aboriginal literature has hardly been begun. We will give here a few examples of aboriginal poetry which will show that the mind of the native enjoys as well the beauties of nature as we do; that he expresses his grief in mournful songs, and appreciates humorous conceptions. No people is more fond of music than the Eskimos, the inhabitants of the extreme north. Though most explorers affirm that their music is nothing but a monotonous humming, the following tunes and texts, which were collected by me in Baffin Land, will show that this is not true. Here is a song describing the beauties of summer:—



Only the first line is given in the Eskimo language. The translation is, —

"Aya!
Ayaya, it is beautiful, beautiful it is out-doors when the summer comes at last.
Ayaya, ayaya, aya!

Ayaya, it is beautiful, beautiful it is out-doors when the reindeer begin to come,
Ayay a, ayaya, aya!

Ayaya, when the roaring river rushes from the hills in summer.
Ayaya, ayaya, aya!

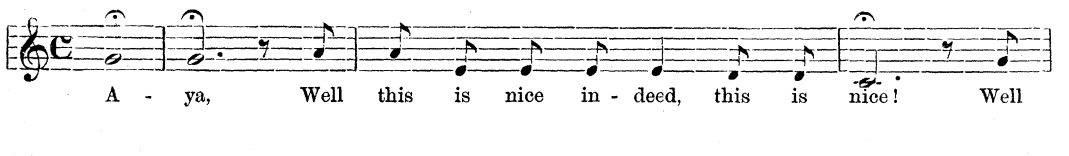
Ayaya, there is no reason for me to be mournful when the gulls cease crying.
Ayaya, ayaya, aya!

Ayaya, plenty of meat I shall have and plenty codfish.
Ayaya, ayaya, aya!

Ayaya, it is beautiful, beautiful it is out-doors when the summer comes at last.
Ayaya, ayaya, aya!"

It was in the midst of winter that I heard this song for the first time. After a long and lonesome journey over the ragged highlands which form the west coast of Davis Strait, almost exhausted by want of food and the exertions of driving and hauling the heavy sledge over rocks and steep snow-banks, we had arrived on the coast of Davis Strait, and struck a track that led to the Eskimo village. No white man had ever visited this part of the coast, and, the men being out hunting, the women and children, who had frequently heard of the *Kadlunait* ('the whites'), rushed out of the huts when they saw the sledge coming with an unknown dog-team and an unknown driver. When they discovered him to be a white man, their excitement reached the highest pitch, and they burst out in a wild dance and chorus, singing the joyful song of summer. This song was the most popular one at the time. It was composed by an Eskimo living farther north, 'Snowwind' (*Kenningnang*) by name, and had spread rapidly over all the settlements.

This man belonged to a family of poets. His nephew, Utityak, had composed a well-known satirical song. One fall, when hunting on the ice, a strong gale set in, and the ice broke up, separating the unfortunate youth from the land and from his companions. Several days he drifted on the floe at the mercy of the winds. Heavy snow-falls covered the drifting ice, the swell broke up the floe, and death stared at him continually. Yet he did not despair, nor even lose his temper, but, in mockery of his own misfortune, he composed the following song: —



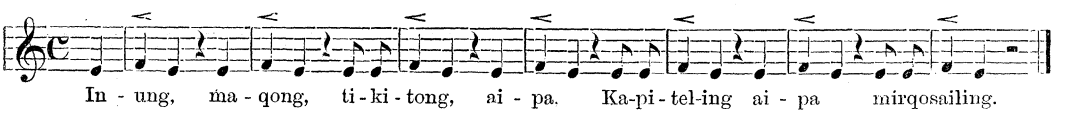
"Aya!
It's glorious on the ice!
Here it's nice!
Behold my lonesome path,
All snow and slush and ice!
This is nice!

"Aya!
It's glorious on the ice!
Here it's nice!
Behold my native land!
It's snow and slush and ice!
This is nice!

"Aya!
Awaking from my slumbers in the dawn,
Monotonous fields of ice
And gloomy lanes of water
I behold.

"Aya!
Oh, when I reach the land
It will be nice.
When will this roaming end?
When will I be at home?
Then it's nice!"

Besides these modern songs, the Eskimos have many ancient ones, some of which are incantations, while others form part of the old traditions. Most of these are mere recitativos, as the song of the boy who was stolen by the sea-monster Kalopaling. He was playing on the ice near a crack, and when he saw a man and a woman who intended to recover him, he sang, —



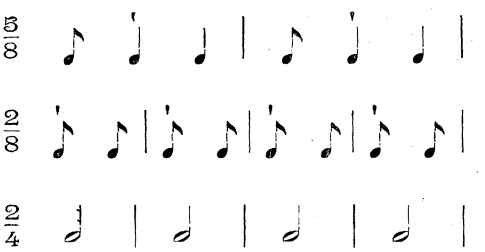
i.e., 'Two men are coming, one with a jacket, the other with a bird-skin dress;' upon which Kalopaling came and took him to the bottom of the sea. Some other songs are lullabies, or sung while playing ball.

During the festivals, singing is one of the principal amusements. Duels in singing are fought, each man trying to outdo the other. Then the singer strips off his jacket, takes the hand-drum, the edge of which he beats with his wrist or a small drum-stick, and, swinging his body according to the rhythm, sings the song he has composed for the purpose, or mocks his opponents by praising his own exploits and skill, and making fun of their awkwardness and laziness. Then the women, who sit nearest the wall of the snow-hut, join the chorus, 'Aya, aya,' while the men sit silent, and, as their turn comes, take the stand.

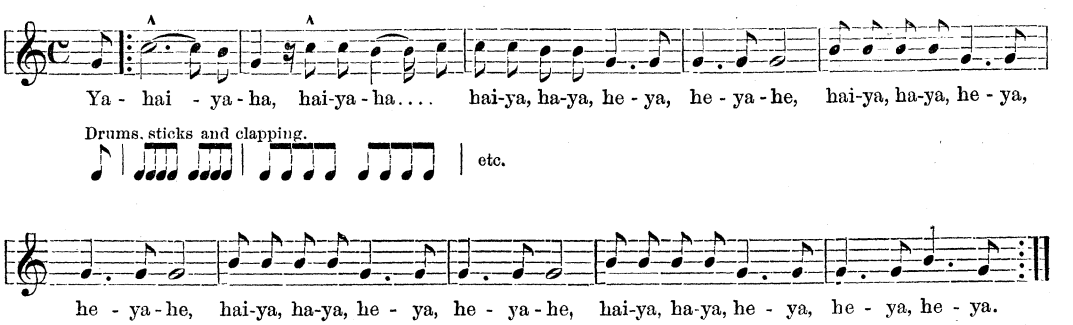
The Eskimos have two different types of tunes, the one corresponding to our major, the other to our minor key. In the first group the fourth is wanting, the scale being in reality identical with the wide-spread one : c, d, e, g, a. The minor key has the following notes : B, c, d, e flat, f, g.

We will give a few tunes from another country, belonging to a people of widely different ethnological character. The author collected them among different tribes of Indians of British Columbia. While the Eskimo prefers the solo chant, these Indians either sing the whole song in chorus, or have some kind of responsorium, the first singer singing the whole text, while the rest join in a refrain or in the second half of the verse. As the rhythm is very complicated, and keeping time is one of the principal demands of the Indian chorus, a singing-master, who instructs the men, is found in every village. In the fall, before the time of festivals begins, he gathers the men about him every day, and walks up and down the street of the village, teaching them to sing the tunes which are used at the winter dances and at other feasts.

The scene of a feast is extremely picturesque. Along the elevated bench, which is built along the walls of the large wooden house, mats are spread, upon which the guests who are invited to partake in the feast sit down, wrapped up in their cedar-bark or woollen blankets, which they wear as the Romans wore the toga. The long raven hair is kept back by a gay kerchief or a piece of skin tied round the head. One man has the large drum, which is a good-sized box of bent-wood with the host's crest painted on the side ; several others have carved sticks for beating the time. In the middle of the house a blazing fire is burning, in which stones are heated, to be thrown into the large wooden kettles, thus making the water boil for cooking the meat. When all the guests are in, four songs are sung before dinner can be served. The time is beaten with the drum and the carved sticks, the rest of the men clapping their hands. At the large winter festivals the rhythm of these four songs is prescribed by long usage. The bars of the first are in five-eighths time ; two have a fast movement ; the last one is solemn and slow : —



The rhythm of the songs themselves is very irregular. Here is an example : —



The text of some songs of these Indians is highly poetical, as that of the following responsorium, — a mourning song that moves in a slow and solemn rhythm. A chief who had lost his child sings, and the mourning tribe respond.

Chief. — Don't mourn any more, don't mourn.
Chorus. — We do not mourn any more.
Chief. — He went up to play with his brethren the stars. Don't mourn any more.
Chorus. — We do not mourn any more.
Chief. — There he is hunting with the hunters the nimble deer.[1] Don't mourn any more.
Chorus. — We do not mourn any more.

[1] Hunters and deer are constellations.

Chief. — We will see his beloved face in the new moon. Don't mourn any more.
Chorus. — We do not mourn any more.

In another mourning song, the people, lamenting the death of a great chief, sing, "He fell, the pillar of heaven, and, falling, crushed all our joys."

These few examples will show that the mind of the 'savage' is sensible to the beauties of poetry and music, and that it is only the superficial observer to whom he appears stupid and unfeeling.

DR. FRANZ BOAS.