

I am sorry to say I cannot get you a glutton's skin under seven dollars, which is a sum I do not think you would like to give for it, I am sure I would not for myself.

Mr. Adams will bring Lieutenant Barnard's traps as far as this place, but, poor fellow, I fear it will be impossible to carry them further, as I hear they are too heavy for sledge work, that is to say, to carry any distance.

I shall conclude now with best wishes to the doctor, Lindsay, and Martin, believing me, sir,

Yours, &c.

EDWARD JAMES LLOYD COOPER.

My pen and ink are execrable; paper is very scarce.

Commander Moore,
H.M. brig "Plover."

10th March.

We had some bad news last evening, which was, that these infernal Co-u-kuk Indians were advancing southward. Gregoria is in a deuce of a stew about it, and has written off to Michaelowski for more hands. I do not now deem it prudent leaving Bouchier behind, my party being so small. But Bosky having been killed, it becomes necessary that Maciver should return to the ship, and I hope you will use your utmost endeavours to that effect, with the governor. Maciver knows the road well, as well as the language, so you will act according to circumstances. If the country is quiet and not too late in the season, I would advise your prompt return; if on the contrary, and we should not see you by the 1st of June, I will ask Commander Moore to send a boat to pick you up at Michaelowski.

If possible, come on, as this is a nasty coast for boat work.

Yours very truly,

E. J. L. COOPER.

Edward Adams, Esq.

Enclosure 15 in No. 10.

Journal of a journey from Gariska, Russian fishing station, Norton Sound, to H.M.S. Plover, in Grantley Harbour, Port Clarence, performed by Mr. Thomas Bouchier, Acting Second Master.

Wednesday, 19th March 1851.—Lieutenant Cooper having directed me to return to the ship with all possible expedition, taking with me the papers relative to Lieutenant Barnard's misfortune for the information of Captain Moore, I left Lieutenant Cooper this morning, taking with me George Crocker, seaman, with a sledge and seven dogs. Our provisions, consisting chiefly of a case of pemican, a few loaves of Russian bread, and some tea and sugar. We were able to travel with considerable speed, although the day was anything but fine. In the afternoon, in attempting to round the first point of high land, we found the ice exceedingly difficult, being formed of large angular blocks cemented together with smooth ice, and had the misfortune to break our sledge, one of the runners coming completely off. It was necessary to return to the low land to repair the sledge, which was not effected, until darkness set in; we then had supper and passed the night in the sledge.

Thursday, 20th.—Morning fine, clear and cold, preferring rather to pass over the high land than again risk the sledge on the smooth ice, passed over a hill which I should guess to be not less than 600 feet high, and arrived about noon at a fishing village, (E'-a-wik). As I felt very unwell on my arrival here, I determined to remain for the night, hoping to accomplish a long day's journey on the morrow.

Friday, 21st.—Weather fine and clear, light northerly breeze, started at sunrise, proceeding close round a steep cliff over rough hummocks and patches of level ice which frequently cracked under the weight of the sledge; this sort of travelling extended about five miles, after which the ice was again smooth and secure. We arrived at Tor-qua-me-su-a too late to go forward to Chuk-to-a-luk as I had intended, but I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had to-day performed a most difficult and dangerous part of my journey.

Saturday, 22d.—Morning fine, started at our usual time, sunrise, and proceeded rapidly to Chuk-to-a-luk. Finding the sledge heavy from the defect in the fastening of the runner, I endeavoured to exchange it for a better, but without success; indeed I found the natives here too anxious in their inquiries about the late attack on the Russian post at Darabin to give attention to my wants; they seemed, however, somewhat satisfied with my assurance that the Indians had returned to their own country.

Sunday, 23d.—Day fine, having engaged a native to guide me by the shortest route to Ung-cush-on, I was enabled to perform in one day a journey that had previously occupied three, arriving about three hours after dark, rather wearied.

Monday, 24th.—The morning was occupied in efforts to obtain a little sledge, and I was at length fortunate enough to obtain a stout one, smaller and lighter, in exchange, giving of course some tobacco to boot; having also bought two ptarmigan and a quantity of salmon for the dogs, we left Ung-cush-on at noon. Finding the snow very deep, our progress was but slow, and we were obliged to pass the night in a deserted hut.