

*Celuga*, or small white whale, and arrived at the mouth of the Unalakleet river, wearied and hungry, 8 p. m. on Friday, having accomplished a trip of 80 miles in 24 hours. We pitched our tent near the Unalakleet village, exclusively occupied by Indians, and the next day we hired a *cedarrah* to proceed up the Unalakleet river as far as Uluhuk, from where we had to strike across the mountains.

The coast Indians use *cedarrahs* (skin-made canoes) covered entirely, as you know, with the exception of two or three holes to receive the occupants ; the river Indians use birch canoes made of the bark of the birch tree, (*bouleau*) which are so light that I can easily lift up the largest of them, and both use *cedarrahs*, which are large, open, skin-made boats, with mast and oars. Some of them are 40 feet long. It was in such a *cedarrah* that we left the Unalakleet village on Saturday, July 21, at 3. 30 p. m., and sailed up the Unalakleet river with a strong, fair breeze. At 4 we landed at a fishing place called *Anouhtak*, where we hired two Indians to carry our baggage across the *Perenoz*, or portage, pitched our tent on pebblestones at 8, and after a few hours' rest, made another start the following Saturday morning at 5 o'clock. At Ikpikluk we hired two more Indians, and arrived at Uluhuk, where we partook of a sumptuous repast, consisting of bacon, tea and biscuit, but unfortunately rendered rather unpalatable through the enormous number of mosquitoes.

Father X. is right ; the mosquitoes in Alaska are innumerable ; their number is not legion, but millions and hundreds of thousands of millions. What a plague they are ! One is involuntarily reminded of the third plague of Egypt, the celebrated *sciniphes*. They unceremoniously drop into your cup of tea ; they are uncouth