

Yukon ; certain it is that the English traders on the upper Yukon adopted the name given by their Indians, and the Russians of the lower Yukon adopted the name given by their own Indians, and the former must, it appears, prevail. What a magnificent river the Yukon is ! Here at 600 miles from its mouth, it is no less than three miles wide ; the Frazer at Westminster is an insignificant creek compared with the Yukon at Nulato, and the Columbia river at Fort Vancouver is thrown into the shade by the Yukon even at those places at which the latter has its waters divided into branches by intervening islands. The Yukon's length is estimated at 2,000 miles.

Having made up our minds to go to Nulato, and to push our way through the interior, the question arose, How shal we get there ? The little stern-wheel steamer which every year sails up the Yukon had left a few days before our arrival at St. Michael. The traders that get their provisions at St. Michael every year at the opening of the season had left for their respective trading posts on the 3d of July. via the Yukon river. There remained, therefore, but the only alternative either to wait, nobody knew how long, for some unexpected chance to sail up the Yukon, or to push our way through the Uluhuk portage, the only practicable portage in the summer season. We chose the latter.

On Thursday, July 19, at 8 p. m., we left St. Michael's Redoubt—which is merely three or four houses built together, and occupied by four whites and a few Creoles, rather a more respectable looking name than our word « half-breed » — in a row-boat, traveling all night and the following day on the Behring Sea along the coast, past the Indian village *Kegitowruk*, and that most rough-looking cape called *Tolstoi* point ; saw a