

barrabarras, about 30 persons in all, but not without having to silence a *Shamon*. When entering a barrabarra, I was not a little surprised to find a long thin Mahlemut stretched on the ground, and doctoring with wild and horrible ejaculations a young boy of 4 years who seemed to enjoy exceedingly the funny spectacle. Having patiently waited a few minutes, I enquired how long that display of charlatanism would last, and was told that it might last all night, and then I walked up to the shamon and ordered him to stop and sit down. He looked up at me discountenanced and hesitating. As he did not soon enough comply with my request, I seized his drum and flung it away, his drum-stick went in the same direction, and I made him sit down by himself, whilst all the other Indians flocked around the *Catholic Ladder*, which I explained to their wrapt attention. The shamon in the meantime dressed himself and took a seat among my hearers, but finding the doctrine of Christ too severe for evil doers, he went off to a corner of the barrabarra and smoked his pipe.

Having promised the Russian trader at Nulato, to return to him his sleighs and dogs as soon as possible, I left Ulukuk with a heavy freight, struggled during 5 days with a piercing North wind, the mercury remaining constatly 20° below 0, fell twice through ice into the water, experienced enormous difficulty and trouble to find the track which the North wind had covered with snow, and found to my great sadness that the fish which one of my Indians had stowed away in the snow to feed our dogs on our return, had been found and devoured by foxes, so that our poor dogs were 48 hours without having a morsel to eat. Finally on the 1st of December I arrived at Kaltay, where the Indians welcomed me and gave me a really triumphant reception.