

During that Mission, I am happy to say, I slept every night, two nights excepted, in a warm, comfortable barrabarra, and at Lofka where, last year, we struck the Youcon, the first time after our portage across the mountains, I found yet hanging the feathers of the hawks which had then served for our supper. I shall never forget our trip from Poimut to Gargarishapka. The river there flows at the foot of rather high mountains, alongside of which there seems to be a constant wind blowing from the North during the winter ; but such a wind I had never experienced during all my traveling on sea. The force of the wind actually upset our sleigh, drove us off to the other side of the Youcon and threw each of us down on the ice. I need not tell you there was not a particle of snow visible in that locality ; ice, clear ice, from 6 to 8 feet in thickness ; I cannot describe all the pranks played by Boreas, and the numerous somersaults we executed quite involuntarily. My breviary was lost there and carried off to parts unknown ; and we though ourselves quite fortunate when, after two hours exertions, we made, in two hours the last two of the 30 miles we traveled on that rough day. Indians tell us, that years ago, when deer was very numerous in this country, some of those animals, venturing too near the North side of those mountains, would be hurled by the wind and fall lifeless on the ice. On our return the wind was more moderate ; had it then been as strong as the first time, it would undoubtedly have prevented us from passing as it was then blowing against us.

At the Russian mission, the Youcon narrows down to about one mile, but the water reaches the incredible depth of 210 feet ; it was the Russian Lieutenant Zagwoskin who measured it during the winter, so that in