

summer's night and the state of the atmosphere inside may be imagined! We, of course, obtained no adequate rest, and that period of our journey was irritating and dull.

Travelling on through the forest, we reached one of the branches of the great Sungari river—an affluent of the Amur, and, at its junction, of even greater volume than that river. This stream we now ascended, as it was said to flow down from the Ever-White Mountain of which we were in search; but after two days' travelling our mules were brought to a standstill by a bog through which it was impossible to take any animal. One man for carrying loads was all we could secure, and so we had to reduce our baggage to its minimum, and each one carry his own, while the one porter carried such supplies as we should be unable to obtain ahead; for though we heard of there being one or two sable-hunters' huts, the owners of these were said to be themselves almost starving for want of food. Shouldering our loads therefore, we pushed our way through the incessant bogs which now filled up the valley, and at night put up in the huts. This was the hardest piece of work we had done, for we covered from