

language was too good a thing to be imparted. The churlish dignitary's refusal produced a change of plans, and a separation from Mr. Lönroth. That gentleman gave up his Samoyede projects in disgust, and betook himself to Olonetz, whence he proposed to fall back on another race of interesting barbarians, the Tschudi. Mr. Castren abided steadfastly by his original scheme of exploring the Tundras during the ensuing winter, at which season alone those deserts are penetrable. The interval he proposed to turn to account by a journey among the Terzki Laps, who inhabit the western shores of the White Sea.

With these views, in an evil hour of the 27th June, he embarked in a large corn-laden vessel bound for the Murman coast, with a reasonable prospect of being landed at Ti Ostrowa in some twenty-four hours. He was suffering at this time from illness, severe enough to have detained a less persevering traveller. The stench of Russian sea-stores made the cabin insupportable; on deck the sun was scorching. The choice between these alternatives was not always at Mr. Castren's disposal. Captain and crew were Raskolnicks to a man, and while they were busy with their interminable and senseless devotions in the cabin the solitary heathen passenger was forced to keep watch on deck. This was well enough during a dead calm, which at first occurred, but when it came on to blow the situation became one of responsibility. After a narrow escape of being dashed on the western shore, a shift of wind sent them, in a few hours, across the mouth of the White Sea to the eastern coast. Prayer had been the first resource of the ship's company, and that having failed general drunkenness was the next—stupefaction, not exhilaration, being the object in view. The captain, indeed, was so bent on this result, that, finding his own brandy insufficient for the purpose, he borrowed a bottle of rum from Mr. Castren's scanty store. When the gale and the rum had somewhat evaporated, the ship found herself, in company with some thirty others, in the sheltered roadstead of Simnia Gory. We can hardly be surprised that Mr. Castren here determined to quit such companions, whose society had become more irksome from attempts at his conversion, and to land at all risks, with a view to effecting his return to Archangel. After some difficulty he found one of the crew less drunken than the rest, and by him was skulled ashore, with his effects. After a life-and-death struggle with fever during some days, exasperated by brutal