

ing along much faster than a horse could gallop. At length we passed it. The water is now calm; the pilot comes down from his place, wiping his brow, and says to the principal person on board, 'I congratulate your lordship.' He pays the same compliment to the captain. Every one exclaims, 'Praise be to God!' and the deep silence which had reigned till then is broken by hearty cheers."

Two more rapids were safely passed, and then they came to the "Padun," the greatest fall of all.

"The next day (the 7th of June)," continues Professor Hasteen, "we approached the Padun. The pilot and the captain decided that we must wait for a more favourable wind and calmer weather before venturing to pass this dangerous rapid. We cast anchor between the rocks on the left bank of the river. I passed the day on land. I caused my tent to be pitched on a little island covered with verdure and adorned with flowers of all colours. The sun shone bright, the sky was cloudless, and the deep silence that reigned in the woods around was broken only by the spotted serpents, which, frightened at my approach, glided away under the withered leaves of the last autumn.

"In the evening, when I returned on board the boat, I learned that the captain and the two pilots thought that we might now venture to pass the rapid. I went to my cabin to pack up my effects, and to secure about my person a rouleau of six thousand roubles and a good poniard, in case of being shipwrecked and cast on shore.

"At length we set off; the old, white-haired pilot stood immoveable in the bow, with one of my towels in his right hand to serve as a signal, and holding a rope in his left. The crew were at prayer. In silence we reached the edge of the line of white foam, and the boat began to plunge under the water, and rise again abruptly. In a few minutes the keel grated against the stony bed of the river; all at once we were stopped on our precipitous course. The waves dashed furiously against the boat. The captain cried, 'Row, row hard!' The oars began to act; and at length we got into deeper water, and were rapidly borne on by the torrent. At this critical moment a dispute arose between the old pilot at the prow and the fishermen on deck. It appeared that the one wished to steer to the left, and the other to the right. The latter uttered some words of exclamation; then, turning to me in triumph, pointed out an enormous rock, near which we were passing; the next moment another