

accompanied them to the drawbridge, which was open for ships to pass in the night. Our friends, therefore, passed over a plank which lay from the bridge to a vessel in the river and regained the other side of the bridge by another plank, calling to us and wishing us good-night, when they were safe over, and we then went back to our quarters. The next morning we received the melancholy intelligence that two naval officers had been drowned in the Neva during the night, and, upon further inquiry, we learned that they were our friends. After we had parted from them, they became desirous, God knows for what purpose, to return to us again, and, in order to get over quicker, they attempted to spring from the bridge upon a bark that was going through. They mistook a sail for the deck of the vessel, and both fell into the water. The people in the bark endeavored to rescue them, but the night was so dark, and the current so strong, that they went under before they received any assistance. Though fifty years have gone by since the death of these young men, I cannot forbear to recall their many virtues and lament their untimely end.