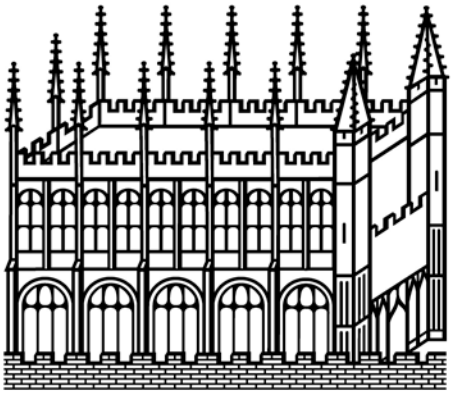

# THE CZAR,

# HIS COURT AND PEOPLE.

# THE CZAR,

# HIS COURT AND PEOPLE:

INCLUDING

## A TOUR IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

BY

JOHN S. MAXWELL.


LONDON:
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# PREFACE.

THIS Work might have been increased to double its present size, but the object has been to condense as much as possible. As now offered to the public, it is thought that whatever may be worthy of notice, is stated with sufficient explicitness.

Russia and its relations, political and social, every year become more interesting as intelligence advances with the march of improvement. Nicholas the First has been much misrepresented or misunderstood; from prejudice or ignorance great injustice has been done to that remarkable personage in many publications relating to Russia. While deeply impressed with the evils of despotism, which on every side are seen and felt in Russia, the writer has endeavoured to do justice to the character of the Czar, his motives and intentions.

The dark picture we have drawn takes no shade from democratic prejudices. Truth alone has supplied the materials and colouring. Russian scenes are wanting in the warmth that gives beauty to the southern landscape.

Should the writer have failed in imparting useful information, he hopes at least that his countrymen, who shall think this book worthy a perusal, will not feel less devotion to their own free institutions or less solicitude to guard them from anarchy and decline.

NEW YORK, 1848.

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## CHAPTER I.

The Kattegat—Night on the Sea—Christiania—Myosen Lake—Norwegian Riot—Lillehammer—The Guldebranzdal—Life in Norway—Inns.

THE steamer Christiania, from Copenhagen, stopped at Elsinore in the afternoon, and we took passage in her for the capital of Norway. This boat was exceedingly clean and comfortable, her engines of English make, and her captain a Norseman, and an officer in the Swedish and Norwegian navy. The English language was spoken by many of the company—a number of Swedish and Norwegian passengers. We were soon in the Kattegat, and running north along the shores of Sweden, under the protection of the Union, the red and yellow flag of Sweden and of Norway.

The weather was particularly fine;—a combination of pleasant circumstances,—the presence of friends, and the agreeable excitement attending the approach to a far and strange country, made it one of those days, that for ever after haunts the memory of the traveller. The evening was magnificent, equal in fervent brilliancy to any of a southern summer. The sun went down in the distant sea, leaving around his place of exit, a cluster of rosy clouds; and leaving, too, the moon to fill the night with lustre, and to adorn, as with a path of liquid gold, the smooth surface of the sea. Every star shone brightly, and the fires of the light-house glimmered upon the adjacent shore. Many ships, crowded with sail, were making for the harbor we

had left; and as we followed them, until one by one, they became dark objects, and were lost upon the waters, we thought how many might be from our country, and homeward bound.

The next morning at eight, we reached Gottenburg, and after some delay, were off again for the north. Soon after clearing the Peninsula of Jutland,—the Cimbrica Chersonesus,—and entering the Skaggerack, the Union was hauled down, and in its stead was hoisted the national flag of Norway.

Another night found us upon the moon-lit sea; and another morning revealed, to our delighted vision, the mountains of old Norway. We were upon the fiord or frith of Christiania, an arm of the sea running inland for many miles, and winding away among the mountains,—sometimes like a river that rises far beyond, and then, like a little lake, dotted with islands, and inclosed with hills of green forest and gray rock.

At the head of this fiord is Christiania, a city that will disappoint him who expects to see a capital in any way resembling those of the rest of Europe. It is a particularly plain town, and dull beyond all calculation, when the Storthing or Congress has adjourned, and the schools and colleges of the University are in vacation. The streets are very wide, and after a rain, knee-deep with mud. The houses are very neat, well painted, and have a comfortable aspect, but there is nothing singular or beautiful about them,—while the inhabitants, a well-dressed, newspaper-reading people, have not the slightest peculiarity of dress or manner. The inns are tolerably good, and the number of persons speaking English really remarkable. All this is very apt to damp the ardor of the traveller in search of the wild and wonderful. In no other country upon the Continent is the English language so generally spoken and understood as in Norway; and, so far as this is concerned, an Englishman may travel with greater ease in Norway, than he can in France, Germany, or Italy. The commercial intercourse between England and Norway, and the numbers of English and Scotch who have settled in the latter country, may account for this. The Norwegians speak English with the intonation of educated Scotchmen. The language in common use in Norway, is a dialect of the Danish. The ancient Norsk is very generally used in the northern districts, and in Iceland. The Normannic

or high Norsk is the language of the Edda, and is supposed to have been spoken throughout Scandinavia as late as the ninth century.

A messenger was dispatched from Christiania, to the next station or post-house upon the route we had chosen, to order horses to be in readiness. Soon after this, the guide informed us that the carrioles were ready. A carriole, the ordinary conveyance of the country, is a light carriage, with one seat, and in appearance and construction resembles what we call a sulky, a vehicle in common use in the mountainous parts of Virginia. Behind the carriole there is a rail of wood or iron, binding togegether the shafts and body of the carriage. This rail serves as a seat or *hold on* for the boy, who accompanies the traveller to the next station, to take back the conveyance. The luggage being properly disposed of, the guide was placed on the lead, and we followed as fast as our little horses could carry us, until we reached the summit of the hills which rise beyond Christiania. Here we called a halt, and turned to look at the scene below. It was early, even for this latitude at this season; and a mist that had concealed the valleys and the waters, and all but the dark mountains that towered above and around us, was rolling slowly upward, like a curtain, showing, one after the other, the fiord and the forest, the fields and farms, until the whole stood revealed in the brightness of the morning.

At the first post-house beyond Christiania we found other carrioles and fresh horses. By the law of the country, the farmers are obliged to send horses and conveyances to the station, for the use of travellers, upon the requisition of the master of the station, who calls in regular rotation upon each farmer in his district. This is a great convenience to the traveller, and not so great an inconvenience to the farmer as would be supposed, inasmuch as the latter is well paid for his trouble, and may, with the assistance of the other farmers of the country, either amend the law or increase the tariff of charges, if he finds the present arrangement at all burdensome. It is a pleasant way of going through the country, as one may take his own time, drive fast or slow, and delay at the station-house as long as he thinks proper. These stations combine the character of the inn and farm-house, and afford comfortable entertainment.

They are extremely clean, and the fare, though simple, is abundant. In each of them a book is kept, in which the traveller is invited to inscribe his name, residence, and destination, and enter all his complaints, as to the state of the roads, and conduct of the people. These books are regularly examined at stated periods; all grievances fully examined into, and rectified by persons having authority for that purpose. The road from Christiania to the little hamlet of Minde, at the foot of the Myosen lake, lay over the hills and through the valleys of a well-cultivated and well-settled country.

At Minde we embarked in a small iron steamer, called the *Jarmbarden*, or the Iron-bird, for the northern extremity of the lake. The Myosen, the largest lake in Norway, is not more than seventy miles in length, and varies in breadth from two to ten English miles. The farms upon the shores of the Myosen are considered the best in Norway, both as it respects the soil and situation. Gently sloping banks are occupied with fertile fields, and clothed with a foliage one hardly expects to see so far to the north. The hills upon the shores do not rise to any great apparent elevation, and the scenery, although quite pretty, is somewhat tame, and altogether inferior to the lake scenery of Switzerland.

One of the best situations, along the whole extent of the shore, was formerly occupied by a Cathedral and monastery founded in 1160, by Adrian, an Englishman, who was afterwards Pope Adrian the Fourth. A considerable portion of the circumjacent country was the property of the religious order who lived in the monastery; and the ruins of a palace, and other buildings, are said to exist in the vicinity. All these may have been destroyed, and the monks dispersed, at an early period of the Reformation, which carried all before it in this country. One cannot help admiring the good taste displayed by the old religious fraternities, in the selection of pleasant places. Wherever they went, they seem to have united a love of devotion with a love of the picturesque. During the palmy days of the Church on earth, almost every snug corner in Europe appears to have been theirs. Theirs was Hohensalzburg; theirs was Holyrood; and theirs was this pretty place, the fairest spot in Norway. It would seem as if the holy brotherhoods were deter-

mined to have a fair glimpse of earth, to prepare for the fairer prospects of heaven. They pitched their worldly tabernacles upon the most favoured and romantic sites. They preferred a position naturally strong, with a southern exposure; sheltered by the impending mountains from the blasts of winter; and overlooking the fat bottoms, the vegetables, and the villages of the valley. Then reflecting upon the obligation to eat fish on Fridays, the good souls were always sure of a river or lake well stocked with trout; and for the other days, an all-bountiful Providence had filled the neighbouring forests with game and venison. How different the fate of most clergymen now-a-day!

The company on board the Jarmbarden, consisted principally of the country people, called the Bonder, or peasant proprietors of Norway; a class composing a large proportion of the population, and who are as fine a race of men as can be found anywhere in the world. There was nothing whatever peculiar about them in point of costume; their homespun cloth coats being cut much after the fashion of the day in France and England. As is usual in Norway, the being away from home, travelling and meeting with friends, and the entire relief from any immediate business, was considered a proper occasion for indulging freely in the use of strong drink, or in other words, for having a frolic. There was more than usual excitement perhaps on this occasion, from the fact of the presence of a wedding party. The father of the bride, a stout, hale old gentleman, in the uniform of an officer of the Norwegian army, had ordered a table, provided with bottles of punch and wine, to be placed on deck near the seats of the bridal party, and every one was called upon to drink to the happiness of the youthful couple. Although strangers, and incapable of speaking or understanding a word of the language, we were also summoned; and as it might appear ungracious to resist the repeated and pressing invitation of the happy father, and as moreover we had not taken the pledge of total abstinence, we drank a glass of good home-made wine to the everlasting prosperity of the newly-married pair. The consumption of punch, which in Norway is sold by the bottle, was very great, and soon after dinner most of the company were considerably elevated. The

old soldier insisted upon drinking bumpers to a better acquaintance; and although we could not comprehend him, we were obliged to listen to a long oration about Norway, which was much applauded by the company, and which lasted until another bottle had completely silenced the fire of the orator.

"No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he."

He was carefully laid aside, and the national songs and chorus in honour of Gaule Norge, or Old Norway, continued the whole afternoon. Our guide was as tipsy as the rest, and bold enough to insinuate that he expected to be treated as a gentleman, inasmuch as he had not only received a good education, and spent a large property in the pursuit of the refined pleasures of fashionable life, but was of a most respectable family, claiming descent from the ancient kings of the country. Upon one occasion he was with an English baronet, and one warm day before dinner, the guide found it convenient or necessary to take some brandy-and-water. When the baronet discovered it, he was very much offended. "Get drunk as often as you please," he said, "after dinner, but while in my service, never dare to drink again in the morning." Such treatment this descendant of the sea-kings considered altogether incompatible with his dignity, and gave us to understand that he would get royally drunk, and cheer Daniel O'Connell whenever he was pleased to do so. Satisfied, even to repletion, with these novel exhibitions of Norwegian riot, we were glad to reach the town of Lillehammer, which we did a little before midnight;—the voyage of seventy miles, including delays to land and take in passengers, having occupied eighteen hours.

Lillehammer consists of a few straggling houses, and yet it is said to be the largest inland town in Norway. It has no trade of any kind, and its principal importance may result from being the resort of the people who come from the country to attend church, or to take passage in the steamboat. Beyond Lillehammer, commences the valley called the Guldebrands, a fine valley, six or eight miles in breadth, and reaching from the head of the Myosen lake, to the foot of the Dovre Fjeld, among whose summits is Sneehetten, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the highest among the mountains of the

north. Along this valley, and beside the clear waters of the Laug, a river that empties into the Myosen, we pursued our journey. In its whole extent, this valley is occupied by the Bonder, and exhibits a charming picture of their industry and comfort. The houses, built of logs, and weather-boarded, are neatly painted, and the fields, partly cleared of stone, and clothed with luxuriant crops of grass, have a rural and pleasant aspect, scarcely expected to be seen in 61° north.

The system of farming is excellent—water is brought from the mountain rivulets and distributed through the fields by troughs. Wherever this simple method of irrigation is employed, the returns are immense. The farms are generally small, but so abundant is the pasture during the summer upon the mountains, that many of the farmers are enabled to keep thirty or forty cows, and to make large quantities of cheese and butter. Every thing used by the farmer, except tea, coffee, sugar, and other foreign articles, is produced upon his own estate: his cloth, linen, leather, fuel, food, liquor, are all the produce of his farm, and prepared and manufactured in his own house, and under the superintendence of himself and family. The loom and the spinning-wheel are in active and constant operation in every household, and under the direction of the mistress, all the provisions for winter are carefully provided. The servants have small houses and lots of ground, near the residence of the proprietor, and pay their rent in work or produce. These servants frequently keep from three to six cows,—driving them to the upland pastures as soon as the snow has disappeared, and by extraordinary care and economy in housing every blade of grass they can secure, are enabled to provide for them in winter.

The cottages of these farm-servants, in cleanliness and neatness, rival the larger establishment of the proprietor; and the inmates know as great a degree of comfort and enjoyment, as fall to the lot of the people of the same condition in any part of the world. The winter is a season of amusement to all classes, and the holidays are kept with universal jollity and good cheer.

Hunting-parties go out to shoot the reindeer and the elk, and sleighing parties go from farm to farm, in a regular round of visits. Every article of furniture is made by the farmer or his

servants; and, as used to be the custom in the Dutch settlements upon the Hudson, the cobbler and the tinker, and other workmen, stop at every house during certain periods of the year, and are engaged in repairing and providing the articles and utensils appertaining to their craft. The labour of these, as almost everything else, is generally paid for in grain and dairy produce. In the interior of Norway, the intervention of money is scarcely necessary between man and man. The wealth of the country is entirely domestic, and founded upon the industry of her fishermen and farmers. A mine of silver alone constitutes her mineral wealth, and her only exports consist of fish and timber, the latter of which, before the heavy duties to favour the Canadian trade, went principally to England.

We did not reach the Dovre Fjeld nor Trondjem. All we could do was to sigh our souls that way and trace our steps another. From Holmen we returned to Lillehammer. It was a Saturday evening when we left the station-house at Moshus. We had delayed our departure on account of the excessive heat. From the middle of June to the middle of August, the short summer in the north more than equals that of the south for extreme and continued heat. At nine o'clock in the evening, it was as bright as noon-day: but the feeling of the air began to be agreeable, and the inmates of the farm-houses assembled about the doors of their happy dwellings, to enjoy the refreshing coolness of the approaching night. The afternoon of Saturday is observed in Norway as a portion of the Sabbath, just as it is in New England. The observance of Sunday is also precisely the same in both these countries; the afternoon being a season of gossiping among the old folks, and love-making among the young. We passed the Sunday at Lillehammer, and attended the little church, which was crowded with people from the neighbouring country. The men were dressed in gray suits of homespun, and some of them had the bright red caps which distinguish the men of Guldebranzdal. The women wore the short gown and petticoat, a dress common to the sex in all the agricultural districts of Europe. Although the majority had their horses and carrioles, not a few had walked as many as ten miles to be present at the service.

The Lutheran creed prevails in Norway without dissent and without schism, and every adult of intelligence seeks confirmation, not only for its spiritual benefits, but also as an evidence of his respectability and standing among his fellows. So general is this religious influence and feeling, that he who has not been confirmed, although he may give evidence, is disqualified as a witness to be sworn under oath. The employer seeks a servant, and the servant seeks a master, among the confirmed. Confirmation is supposed to give character and fitness to the person hiring and the person being hired. In order to be confirmed, it is necessary to pass an examination, which at least proves that the candidate can read, and has been carefully instructed in all that relates to the great principles of Christian conduct. The examination is public, and in the presence of the assembled congregation, and is in itself an inducement to the vanity as well as to the interest of those who seek instruction or confirmation.

The little church of Lillehammer is very plain in its external and internal appearance. It contains a few gaudy symbols. The Lutheran churches in Germany and the North are generally so embellished with pictures and other ornaments, that it is almost impossible for the English Protestant to distinguish them from the Roman Catholic chapels.

Early the next morning we left in the carrioles, and after a long day's ride along the eastern shores of the Myosen, reached Smorweken. But it is quite unnecessary to give the details of our daily progress. Day after day we saw the same beautiful scenes and the same happy people, and witnessed a hospitality unknown at this day in any other part of Europe; for we were received in every house with kindness, and every one who met us upon the road would lift his hat and bow us welcome. There is nothing unmannerly about the democracy of Norway. In no other region in the world is there more suavity, frankness, and self-respect. It is the only European country in which we found the generous simplicity and noble virtues so nearly approaching those which men imagine to have belonged to a happier period. As there are few towns or villages in the interior, the solitary farm-house is often both inn and station. Many of these are exceedingly neat and comfortable, and re-

semble, in some particulars, those in the remote parts of Switzerland. The bread furnished the traveller is made of rye, flavoured with aniseed. Besides this, he is served with an abundant supply of oat-cake, eggs, fresh trout, soup, potatoes, preserved cherries, and plenty of wild mountain strawberries, cream, milk and butter. At every station, at any hour, morning, noon, or night, any quantity of excellent coffee, much better prepared than it usually is in the hotels of England or the United States, is always ready.

The use of coffee among the women is as general as the use of liquor among the men. Both are taken in immoderate quantities by every class of people, and the coffee is said to be worse in its ultimate effects than the brandy. The ordinary liquor of the country, a strong, fiery, but pure spirit, is called *Finkel.* It is distilled in every farm-house, from potatoes, and is used the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. It is taken in sickness and in health, and is the Norwegian panacea for all the ills of life. On every unusual occasion, be it a political celebration, a birthday, a marriage festival, or a holiday of any kind, the Norwegian is sure to be gloriously drunk. Drunkenness may be said to be very usual, and yet habitual drunkards are as few, and as far between, as in any other country. French brandy and French wines can be obtained in many of the country inns, at as cheap a rate as in Paris. The cost of transportation from Havre to Christiania, is less than the cost of carriage from Havre to Paris; and the import duties at Christiania are less than the *octroi* at the gates of Paris. The Norsemen are enormous eaters. Four, and frequently five meals a-day, with sweet soups and highly flavoured dishes, taken at intervals, are not unusual; and yet dyspepsia, and complaints resulting elsewhere from such a diet, are almost unknown in Norway. This may be because of the great amount of exercise taken by the people. They are a stout and athletic race, and retain all the daring and chivalry of those sires, who, as the men of Normandy, were the beloved of the lion-hearted Richard.

The expense of living at the inns in the interior is very moderate; not more than two shillings per diem; but rapid travelling will be found expensive, as the hire of horses and carrioles, and the pay of couriers and post-masters, is large.

## CHAPTER II.

Norwegian Hospitality—Mountain Scenery—Climate—Boatmen—Soldiers—The Falls of the Glommen.

The drive from Bleny to Hannefost, which latter place is a few miles from the south-western side of the Myosen lake, is through a country that will answer the most sanguine expectations of those who seek for the sublime and beautiful in Norway. The road, leaving the fields and farms of the valley, crosses mountain after mountain, and presents at every turn every variety of prospect, from the cultivated hills and dales which are seen below, to the snow-covered summits of the Hardanger Fjeld, which rise beyond. Nothing is so exhilarating as the mountain-drives in Norway. The roads among the dark, pine-forests, and beside of the dashing torrents, are excellent, and free from the obstructions likely to overturn or break the rickety but comfortable old carriole provided for the traveller. The Norwegian horse climbs the steep ascent with ease and rapidity, and descends the long hills with a celerity to which the unaccustomed may object, but will object in vain. It is the custom to go down at full speed, and nothing can stop the impetuous progress of the steed. Once, when descending in this way, one of the wheels of the conveyance of a companion was broken into splinters, and he himself thrown out; but he was little injured, and this unusual accident resulted only from the extreme antiquity of the vehicle.

The village of Hannefost consists of three or four houses, near a beautiful fall of water. The river is broken in many places with rapids, and immense quantities of timber, cut in the forests upon its margin, are thrown in and carried by the current into the fiord. Trout and salmon are very abundant, many of them weighing more than fifteen pounds. Fly-fishing is little practised by the Norwegians. They use the ordinary tackle and bait, and are very successful with fikes and snares. Twenty miles to the westward of Hannefost is the farm and post-house of Sundsvold. It is at the base of the Crogleven mountain, and

on the mountain itself are some of the finest points of view in Norway. One of these, called the King's view, is considered the best. This magnificent prospect embraces a great extent of country, diversified with hill and plain, lake and forest, fields and farms, and beyond them are the dark outlines of the Gousta Fjeld, whose summits, at this season, were white with snow. The mountain scenery in Norway, in many of its features, resembles the Alps of Styria and the Tyrol, more than those of Switzerland. It is rather picturesque than grand. The broad deep valleys of unequalled verdure are watered with silver streams; the swelling ridges of the hills are clothed with trees of various foliage, and high upon the mountain-side rise forests of fir and pine. But the glaciers and the lochs, the narrow defiles and the naked peaks of the higher Alps, are not seen in Norway. From the mountain we went to Jonsrud, about twelve miles to the north-west of Christiania; and thence onwards Asker, along the shores of one of the charming bays of the fiord.

The climate of Norway is by no means so severe as that of Sweden, or the countries in the same latitude to the east of the Baltic. That of Christiania is milder than that of Berlin or Warsaw. The cold air of Siberia, wafted by the east winds across the vast plains of Russia, and across the Baltic upon Sweden, does not pass the Dofrines. Trees which grow in no other part of the world beyond 60°, flourish in Norway at 59°. The winters are very long, but after the snows have fallen, the weather though quite cold, is steady, bracing, and agreeable. The houses are well warmed, and colds and coughs almost unknown.

The ride to Drammen was very beautiful, even more so than any that had preceded it. Nothing in the north can be compared with the country in this part of Norway. The landscape is enchanting; the appearance of the fields and farms superb, and an air of comfort and propriety quite unsurpassed, pervades the whole district which skirts the shores of the Christiania fiord. Not far from Drammen is the Paradise Hill, (an elevation which commands the vale of Lier, and the circumjacent country,) presenting beneath the summer sun the richness and glowing beauty of the Italian landscape. The beech, the elm, and the oak, mingled their various foliage, near fields of grain, and gardens filled to profusion with fruits and flowers. From

Drammen, another day's drive,—(through fertile valleys, chequered with fields and farms, and along lakes formed by the inlets of the fiord, and bounded by mountains whose sides rise up precipitately, much like the pallisades upon the Hudson)—took us to the village or town of Holmenstrand upon the fiord. If there is any thing in Holmenstrand worthy particular observation, it is simply its pretty situation and exceeding cleanliness. The houses are of wood, very small, well-painted, and have the same neatness so remarkable in Norwegian dwellings. Curtains of unimpeachable whiteness adorn the windows, and flower-stands containing rare shrubs and plants stand beside the doors: while many other, the evidences of thrift and refinement, are afforded, which prevail among the fishermen and boatmen who like at Holmenstrand.

Thence we crossed the fiord, in whose transparent waters we saw vast shoals of fish. In some parts of this country, fresh beef is seldom obtained, but the variety and abundance of fish more than compensates for this deficiency, and the health and strength of the Norwegians would seem to indicate it as a superior diet. We landed at Tranwic, where we procured horses to Delinen, a solitary farm-house. Though Delinen stood alone, it was by no means deserted; for a regiment of infantry on the way to Fredrickshall (the fortress where Charles the Twefth terminated his adventurous career), had halted near it to take their noonday meal. Their arms were stacked in a line before the farm-house; the men, in blue uniforms, were scattered about in groups, and great activity was manifested by those whose duty it was to provide for the hungry army. The officers had taken possession of the larger rooms in the building, and a table was already prepared in one of them when we entered. The inmates of the house were altogether too much occupied to listen to our requests for refreshment. In vain we tried to interrupt the passage of the women from the kitchen to the dining-room. They hurried about with knives and forks and dishes, as if they were distracted, and all the efforts of the descendant of the sea-kings to obtain a hearing, proved in vain. The unexpected arrival of the military had taken the farmer and his family by surprise; and the transition from the usual quiet of the premises, to the din and confusion which now prevailed,

seemed to have disordered the senses of the inhabitants. We left therefore for Sartfoss, twenty miles beyond. The country we now passed was very level and sandy, and produced immense crops of potatoes, which were principally used for distillation.

From the little inn, which is one of the three or four houses of Sartfoss, we went to the cataract of Halfslun, one of the finest, if not the very finest cataract in Europe. The whole volume of the Glommen, the largest river in Scandinavia, here falls seventy feet, and foams and roars in the abyss below with tremendous fury. But the rocks around it, disfigured with hideous-looking saw-mills, and stripped of trees, present an unpleasant aspect and injure the effect. From Halfslun we pursued our way through the same sandy country to the town of Moss on the Christiania fiord. We met many people upon the road, and learned that a wedding-party had called the gentry of the country to the little town of Moss. A number of ladies passed us, some on horseback, and others in carrioles. One of the latter vehicles was different in construction from any we had seen. An elevated seat was placed behind, so that the servant could drive, if necessary, without incommoding the person in front. It was a lady's carriole. As a general rule, the ladies of Norway take the reins. Moss is situated on the eastern side of the fiord. A creek passes through it and turns more than twenty saw-mills. The fine forests of fir in the immediate vicinity afford an almost inexhaustible supply of timber. American ships coming in ballast from the Baltic frequently stop here and take in deals, which are carried to Dieppe or Havre.

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## CHAPTER III.

Norwegian Liberty—Constitution—Laws—Schools—Elections—The Storthing.

Ever since the Union of Calmar, in the fourteenth century, the Norwegians had lived beneath the gentle sway of the Danish princes. Even when the Kings of Denmark became ab-

solute, and exercised despotic power in Denmark, the Norwegians retained the simple laws and liberties of primeval times, as expressed in the code of Magnus the Seventh, a king of the thirteenth century. At a very early period, and long before the emancipation of the serfs of Denmark, a digest of the ancient common-law, called the Norway law, and embracing all the great maxims of Norwegian liberty, was compiled by the Danish legislator Grieffelfeld, at the command of Christian the Fifth. By these laws, the rights of property and of person,—such as have been the rights of the Norsemen from time immemorial, and such as were their rights when the people of the rest of Europe were subjected to the feudal vassalage of the middle ages,—were recognized and acknowledged. Among these was the trial by jury, unquestionably of Norwegian origin; and the udal system of holding lands, which does not admit of the alienation of the freehold without the right of redemption by the heir for several generations, nor hold to the fines and services of the feudal tenures. These laws were in operation in Norway, when Great Britain offered her as a propitiatory gift to the King of Sweden. As the charter of Christian Fifth of Denmark, would not be binding on Charles John of Sweden, or any other monarch to whom their allegiance would be transferred, they resolved to secure and perfect their liberties by a constitution. The delegates to the convention summoned for this purpose met on the tenth of April, 1814. On the twelfth, a committee was appointed to prepare it. This committee reported the next day. On the thirtieth it was adopted by the convention, and on the sixteenth of May following, was ratified by the people,—a dispatch certainly worthy the imitation of constitution-makers in other parts of the world. This constitution was accepted by the King of Sweden. It maintains the ancient and fundamental institutions of the country, provides for the making and framing of the laws by the people, the liberty of the press, and the freedom of discussion.

The Storthing is elected every three years,—it assembles *suo jure*, and not by the royal proclamation. It takes the initiative in making laws, regulates the currency, taxes, revenues, and expenditure of government, and exercises all the powers necessary for a complete administration of the affairs of the country. The

Storthing immediately after it assembles, elects a president and chooses from among its members one-fourth of the whole body to constitute an upper house or Senate, which exercises judicial functions in cases of impeachment. The remainder constitute the lower house or chamber of deputies. A measure proposed and passed in the lower house, is sent to the Senate for confirmation or amendment, as in other bodies thus constituted. After it has received the sanction of both houses, it requires the assent of the King to become law. If the royal assent be refused, the next Storthing may advocate and confirm the same measure, and the King may again refuse his assent;—but if a third Storthing shall pass it, then it becomes a law, notwithstanding the veto of his Majesty to the contrary. Every Norwegian who is of age, who is a tax-payer, or who is the owner of a freehold worth one hundred and fifty dollars, and who is not a courtier or office holder, or disabled by mental infirmity, or incapacitated because of a conviction or imprisonment for an offence against society, is entitled to elect and to be elected. The country is divided into electoral districts, and the electors are registered in each district. Every three years the voters assemble in some convenient place, and out of every hundred a delegate is chosen to attend the convention of the delegates of the district, who choose from among themselves as many members as the district may be entitled to send to the Storthing. The working of this constitution has been all that could be desired. Beneath its influence, the progress and improvement of the country, and the amelioration of the condition of the people, is beyond all precedent in European history.

When Norway and Denmark were separated, the former assumed a fair proportion of the public debt, the accumulated burden of ages of extravagant expenditure. In the short period of thirty-three years, Norway has nearly paid off her portion of this debt. Her people have been relieved from grievous taxation, while Denmark has done nothing to diminish the taxes or to husband the revenue, with a view to the extinction of the public burdens. In Norway provision has been made for the general diffusion of common-school education. Every district has its school-house and its teacher, and at this time very few Norwegians could be found who cannot read and write.

One of the most important laws made by the Storthing after the establishment of the constitution, provided for the abolition of all hereditary titles of nobility. Owing to the division of the estates according to the udal system, the aristocracy have never assumed any importance, or exercised any influence in Norway. The descendants of the sea-kings, and of the progenitors of some of the great Norman families of France and Great Britain, can still be found in the country, but they are generally peasant proprietors, without wealth and without pretension. The Storthing, therefore, could not have been induced to make any law touching those titles already in being, because of any real or supposed injury resulting therefrom, but because of the danger which might arise from the future creation of an aristocracy by the King, who might possibly exercise a controlling influence in the country, by the issue of letters patent of nobility. As it was, his Majesty Charles John, evinced the most decided hostility to the proposed law. Twice he used the veto, and when the third Storthing was about to pass the measure, the King repaired in person to Christiania with a large force, for the purpose of overawing the members of the Legislature, and defeating this impotant measure. This was a moment of great excitement. The constitution was threatened with violation, and Norway was on the verge of a civil war. But the Storthing was undismayed, and titles of nobility were for ever abolished in the land of Norway. The victory was complete. The last of the barons was buried in 1842, and since that time not a baron has been seen in Norway. About the same period, the democracy of the north decided that no Jew should touch the soil of their native country; but whether this was a hint to the Jews in general, or to Charles John in particular,—whether it looked to the safe-keeping of the silver mines of Kongsberg from the supposed avarice of the one, or suggested the preservation of the Government patronage from the rapacious hands of the other, does not fully appear.

The Norwegians say that the form of their government is much more democratic, and much more advantageous than that of the United States. It is necessary to be a native of the country, a tax-payer or a freeholder, and properly registered, to be entitled to exercise the privilege of an elector. These quali-

fications are considered to be the primary elements in a republican form, and absolutely necessary for the preservation and purity of democratic institutions. They say that if the Swedes were permitted to come and vote in Norway, that Norway would soon be reduced to the state and government of Sweden; that a stranger cannot be a proper judge of what is right and proper for the country; that the property qualification is merely nominal, just enough to excite to industry, and such as any man who is not an idler or a vagabond can earn between one election and another; and that the register is an additional safeguard to the virtue and purity of the ballot.

These simple restrictions, and the election of delegates from the body of the people, who again choose from among themselves the members of the Storthing, are supposed to be sufficient to guard against corruption, and to contain the essential elements of the success and durability of their government. The great democratic feature of their constitution is thought to consist in the election of the upper house or Senate, from among the members of the Storthing or whole body of representatives, coming directly from the people. In this respect, they consider their institutions are more democratic than those of the United States, where a Senate, an entirely distinct and separate body, chosen for a longer term and in a different manner than the representatives of the lower house, exercise a conservative and controlling influence in the executive and legislative branches of the government. A gentleman of decided ability, formerly governor of Stockholm, and subsequently employed in an eminent civil capacity, whose opinion is entitled to respect, expressed to the writer his sincere belief that the Norwegian constitution was better adapted to a republican government than any which had ever previously been made. He considered the very fact of the King of Sweden being the hereditary chief or president of Norway, as especially fortunate and beneficial to the country, inasmuch as the King possessed no influence which could be injurious to that country; while on the other hand, Norway was saved from the immoral tendencies, the violence, intrigue, selfishness, and corruption which, he supposed, must more or less attend the election of a chief magistrate from the body of the people.

The administration of the civil law in Norway is most admirably contrived. In every school district, the freeholders elect a Justice of the Court of Reconciliation. Every law-suit must first be brought before this Justice, and by the parties in person, as no lawyer or attorney is allowed to practise in this court. The parties state their mutual complaints and grievances at length, and the Justice carefully notes down all the facts and statements of the plaintiff and defendant, and after due consideration, endeavours to arrange the matter, and proposes for this purpose, what he considers to be perfectly just and fair. If his judgment is accepted, it is immediately entered in the court above, which is a Court of Record; and if it is appealed from, the case goes up to the District Court, upon the evidence already taken in writing, by the Justice of the Court of Reconciliation. No other evidence is admitted. If the terms proposed by the Justice are pronounced to be just, the party appealing has to pay the costs and charges of the appeal. This system of minor courts prevents much unnecessary, expensive, and vexatious litigation. The case goes up from court to court upon the same evidence, and the legal argument rests upon the same facts, without trick or circumlocution of any kind from either party. There is no chance for pettifoggers,—the banditti of the bar. Poor, or rich, or stupid clients cannot be deluded, nor Judge or Jury mystified by the skill of sharp practitioners in the courts of law in Norway. More than two-thirds of the suits commenced are settled in the Court of Reconciliation, and of the remaining third not so settled, not more than one-tenth are ever carried up.

The Judges of the Norwegian courts are responsible for errors of judgment, delay, ignorance, carelessness, partiality, or prejudice. They may be summoned, accused, and tried in the Superior Court, and, if convicted, are liable in damages to the party injured. The bench and the bar are distinguished for integrity and learning. They have great influence in the community, and the country appreciates the many benefits which have resulted from their virtue and their wisdom.

## CHAPTER IV.

Gottenburg—Gotha Canal—Falls of Trolhaetta—Vretakloster—Rustic Ball—A Hoosier.

At Moss, we met the steamer coming down the fiord from Christiania; dismissed the descendant of the sea-kings, and bidding adieu to the pleasant land of Norway, took passage to Gottenburg. Gottenburg is one of those dull and uninteresting places, that have but little claim upon the attention of the traveller. It is said to have been once a town of considerable commercial importance, and contains some good streets and fine houses, which look as if they may have been the residence of a thriving race of merchants.

So we hastened on board the steam-packet, the Admiral Von Platen, bound for Stockholm. This boat was exceedingly uncomfortable in point of accommodation. The cabins, fore-and-aft, were small and miserably contrived, and deficient in the most ordinary articles of convenience and ornament. The cabin in the stern of the Admiral Von Platen, a warm, badly lighted, and badly ventilated apartment, contained the berths, little, narrow, contracted beds of torture, hardly wide enough or long enough to contain the person of a pigmy. The fore cabin, nothing more than a good-sized pantry, was reserved as a restaurant and kitchen. Two or three chairs and tables were crowded in the middle of it for the travellers, some of whom were noblemen and ladies of the Swedish Court, and who breakfasted, dined and supped upon such fare, as would perfectly satisfy the craving of those adventurers who seek for something out of the usual line of edibles. Never before had we beheld so indescribable a compound of sweet and sour; so singular a combination of color, taste and smell; so curious a mixture of fluid and solid matter, as that on board the Admiral Von Platen. The very water seemed impregnated with mineral solutions; and the rye bread was black with aniseed and other mixtures.

Soon after leaving Gottenburg we passed the rapids at Lilla Edet, and in the afternoon reached the great locks, made to avoid the falls of Trolhaetta. The most important, the only great difficulty in making the canal of Gotha, was that attending the circumnavigation of these falls, and the ascent and descent of an elevation of more than one hundred and fifty feet. For this purpose, a series of locks and a canal have been constructed, to avoid the falls and the impetuous current of the river Gotha.

The falls are the only serious impediment to the free navigation from the North Sea to the Baltic; for Nature, by a chain of rivers and lakes, has connected the eastern and western coasts of Sweden. To overcome this impediment was a matter of great importance to the country, and the attention of the Swedish monarchs was directed to the subject at an early period. After several fruitless attempts to surmount the difficulty, Gustavus Third succeeded in finishing this great work, which, although not entitled to the extravagant praises which have been bestowed upon it, is nevertheless, most creditable to the age in which it was accomplished. The channel, which was excavated from the solid rock at an almost incredible expense, is altogether too narrow to be used as a ship canal. In consequence of this unfortunate defect, the navigation of these inland seas must be confined to a very inferior class of vessels. The falls of Trolhaetta are considered the finest in Europe. The Lake Wenner has forced a passage, and escapes through a channel worked in the body of the solid rock. This is the head of the fall; from this point the dashing waters leap from rock to rock, in a prolonged and broken cataract, nearly a mile in length. The bold and well-defined outlines of the naked hills of stone, the broken crags and precipices supporting stunted and blasted firs, and the universal barrenness and sterility of all around this magnificent fall of water, give it a cold and savage beauty, which partakes more of the grand than the picturesque. It has many beauties all its own, but we thought it wanted breadth and volume to equal the falls we had seen upon the Glommen. An American will find little in either to answer the expectations that have been excited by the glowing descriptions of travellers. If he has seen those of the Niagara and the

Passaic, he will find nothing in Scandinavia which will surprise or please him in the way of waterfalls. He will find more to admire in those of Terni or of Tivoli, than in all those of the North.

The time occupied in the passage of the locks enables the passenger to spend several hours on shore. There are many saw-mills upon the Trolhaetta, and near by, a village of several hundred inhabitants principally employed in the timber trade. The country about is covered with hillocks of granite and gneiss, with small patches of soil between, which are carefully cultivated. The cottages are small and painted red; the people are neatly dressed; all appeared in favor of a very poor country, except the beggars, who beset our path and asked for money. Many of these were well clad and hearty, and played the pauper very badly, and quite unnecessarily. The asking of alms is a trade in many European countries, and among the children in a poor community is engendered by example and confirmed by habit. The day after leaving Trolhaetta, we entered the Wenner Lake. Skirting the islands, the mountain shores, and the castled eminences of this land-locked sea, we passed the little canal of Westgotha, to enter upon the Lake Wetter, another vast link in the chain of the internal navigation of Sweden. Crossing to the eastern side of this, we entered the canal of Ostgotha, and descended through a series of locks, into the small Lake of Boren. We were detained some time in the passage of the locks, and as the hour was late, the captain determined to remain at anchor for the balance of the night. Although there was scarcely an hour of darkness at this season, the boat was always stopped about nine o'clock, because of the supposed danger of the navigation during the obscurity that prevailed toward midnight.

On this particular occasion we did not regret the delay, inasmuch as we managed to pass the evening quite as agreeably as we could have done on board the Admiral Von Platen. We met at this point the packet-boat from Stockholm, which was also moored to the shore until the morning. She was crowded with passengers, and the landing-place was animated with the presence of a large party of travellers. Besides, it happened to be a fête day, and the idle peasantry of the neighbourhood in

their best attire, had assembled to witness the arrival of the boats. We visited the old stone church of Vretakloster; constructed very much like those sacred edifices built at a very early period in England. The path to it lay through fields of grain, and meadows sparkling with wild flowers. A quiet farm-house lay here and there, and a range of hills bounded the distant horizon. The church is very small and of great age. It contains many tombs, which are said to conceal the ashes of several ancient, petty kings. The sepulchre of a family of the Douglas is there. It is ornamented with the arms and banners of that famous race, whose valour is so conspicuous on the page of Scottish history. The Douglas who lies buried in the church of Vretakloster, left his country to enter the service of Gustavus Adolphus. His gallantry was rewarded with the approbation of the sovereign, and the hand of the heiress of the estates of Vretakloster. The most distinguished names of Scotland are found in Sweden. Numbers of warlike and mercenary chiefs, driven by feud or famine from the borders, and captivated with the fame, or allured by the promises of the Swedish monarchs, settled in the country with their retainers. In the early part of the seventeenth century, one body of these Dalgetty warriors about three thousand in number, under the command of Lord Sinclair, landed in Norway, with the intention of crossing the country into Sweden, and joining the banners of the Lion of the North. Their excesses aroused the ire of the Norwegians, and they were attacked among the mountains, routed, and slain.

The reflections excited at the tomb of Douglas were soon lost in the more amusing scenes which awaited us in another quarter. We were informed that the peasantry were assembled at a merry-making in a neighbouring barn, whither we repaired to witness the rustic dance of Sweden. The men in round-a-bout jackets, breeches of gray cloth, white or blue woollen stockings, and very thick and heavy shoes, and the women in queer white caps and long gowns, were dancing to the music of their own voices. They capered and laughed like overgrown children, but with the exception of a few who had been drinking freely, were exceedingly well-behaved. In the midst of a dance which seemed quite tame for the want of instrumental music, we were surprised at the entrance of a tall handsome person with a

violin. His entrance was greeted with applause, and amidst the clapping of hands and the cheering of the company, he tuned up a forlorn old instrument borrowed for the occasion from a neighbouring farmer. The volunteer fiddler was a Hoosier from Indiana—had arrived in the boat from Stockholm; was unaccompanied by any living mortal of his acquaintance; was entirely ignorant of any language except the English; but was nevertheless, the favorite of everybody in the party, and perfectly delighted with every thing he saw. His fiddle being tuned, he struck up some airs never probably heard before in the land of the Goths and Vandals. They seemed at first altogether unsuited to the measure of the Swedish country dance, a mongrel between the waltz and polka; but by dint of trying, the whole company were soon in full and successful movement, to the bewitching sounds of "Old Dan Tucker." It was a scene ludicrous beyond description,—the musician himself leading the dance, and the whole assembly following with an ardor that threatened to shake down the rafters of the building. Our versatile countryman, in defiance of his inability to understand or make himself understood, managed to appear the most agreeable of men, and to win the most regards from the fair-haired and fair-complexioned damsels. We met him afterwards at Paris, a favourite in the most refined society of Europe.

The long summer twilight was on the wane when we left this scene of mirth to retire to the boat, and a few hours afterwards, we were off again upon our journey in the broad light of day. Passing several small and very beautiful lakes, we entered an inlet of the Baltic, upon the eastern coast of Sweden. This inlet is inclosed with promontories, and is in appearance, the counterpart of the lakes we had already passed. A canal admitted us from this inlet to the Malar Lake, the most beautiful of all these inland seas. It winds among a thousand islands, and between the bold and narrow shores for many a mile, until it washes the western base of the hills on which is built the capital of Sweden. The approach to Stockholm is magnificent, unsurpassed perhaps for natural beauty. The city itself, as seen from the Malar Lake, does not present an imposing aspect; but for beauty of situation, it is entitled to all the praises the traveller can bestow.

## CHAPTER V.

Stockholm—Hotels—Royal Palace—Ritterholm Kirk—The Court and People—Opera—Jenny Lind.

HAVING passed four days in a voyage which should have only taken two, after suffering from bad food and bad accommodation, and the wearisome and unnecessary delay so usual in travelling upon the Continent, we landed in the Swedish capital. After passing the usual custom-house and police formalities, that is to say, having paid the officers to spare us all further trouble, we went in search of a hotel. But no such establishment, according to our understanding of that term, could we find in Stockholm. Upon every other house we observed the sign "*Rum fur rescinde.*" This we thought to signify "rum for sale," nor was it until nearly exhausted with the fatigue attending a walk upon the most excruciating pavements in the world, that we were suddenly illuminated with the discovery that *Rum fur rescinde* signified "Rooms to let." We were at a loss no longer, for almost every other house had "*Rum fur rescinde.*" One of these we entered, a lofty building with hall floors and staircases of solid stone. These were carefully chalked, to prevent accidents, so smooth and polished is the stone with constant use. The chalking is done in some instances with considerable neatness, and the passages of the house we entered were ornamented with rows of stars and circles. The furniture and arrangement of the rooms in these houses are in the French style, and we almost fancied we saw some old Parisian acquaintances from the *rue Tronchet*, in the curtains, hangings, and gilt decorations of those we occupied. As a general rule the lodger is obliged to hire his apartments for a week at a time, and resort to some restaurant for his breakfast and other meals; and the only reason given for this singular practice is, that a license is required to keep a lodging-house and another to keep a restaurant; and that the Government refused to grant both to the same individual without exacting a large sum of money for the privilege.

Stockholm was an unimportant city until a recent period. The buildings were erected upon piles in consequence of the marshy nature of the soil. From this circumstance it was called Stockholm, or the Island of Piles. It was not the royal residence until the seventeenth century, and owes whatever grandeur and extent it possesses to the monarchs who have embellished it since that time. The streets, with a few exceptions, are very narrow, without sidewalks, and so wretchedly paved as to be absolutely painful to the pedestrian. They are suited only to the wooden shoes and iron heels, whose reverberations are perpetual. The buildings, which are lofty, are of stone or brick, plastered and whitewashed, and possess no architectural merit whatever. The shops, which are very insignificant, occupy the basement story, and each flat above contains a different family.

Stockholm is singularly deficient in fine edifices, and would be very uninteresting, were it not for the views from the various heights. Then it is that the white mass of houses, churches, and palaces, rising amphitheatrically, appears so beautiful. It stands on several islands and peninsulas washed on one side by the Malar Lake, and on the other by the Baltic. Both to the east and west, the waters are crowded with little fleets of vessels, which appear and disappear among the innumerable islands scattered in the expanse; while the shores of the north and south, varied with ravines, cliffs, and forests of pine and fir, present a prospect as romantic as any in the world. No place resembles it in appearance, and yet it recalls the glowing colours of the Bosphorus. As New York is to Naples, so is Stockholm to Constantinople. The most conspicuous building in the capital is the Royal Palace, finished by Gustavus the Third. This is quadrangular in form, and in the pure Grecian style of art. It fronts the Baltic, which is here lined with a granite quay, and ornamented with a statue of Gustavus the Third by Sergel. This statue was erected by the people to commemorate the victory of that prince over the Russians in 1790. The interior of the palace is not remarkable for splendor; the pictures are very inferior, but the statuary very fine. There are many casts of the antique models which were presented to Charles the Eleventh by Louis the Fourteenth; but the prin-

cipal part of the collection was purchased by the third Gustavus during his residence in Italy. This highly-gifted king displayed in the selection of these productions, the exquisite taste for which he was distinguished. Many of the pieces were taken from Herculaneum, and cost large sums of money, which expenditure was a constant source of complaint to the enemies of Gustavus. The works of Sergel, however, form the principal attraction of the Museum of the Royal Palace. They are the pride of the Swedes and are wonderfully fine. His Cupid and Psyche, and his Venus, and many other of his best productions, are in this palace. If Sergel had lived in Italy instead of Sweden, he would have shared the praises heaped upon Canova.

One of the most interesting localities in Stockholm, is the Ritterholm Kirk,—the church of the Island of the Knights. It contains the tombs of the great Gustavus Adolphus, the heroic Charles the Twelfth, and other monarchs of the House of Vasa. Hundreds of tattered banners, the trophies of successful war, torn from the Russian, the German, and the Spaniard, hang from the walls in gloomy grandeur. The armour and the bloody suits of Charles and of Gustavus, in which they fought and fell, are among the other relics of these valiant soldiers. Not far from this church is the Ritterhaus, or house of the nobles. The walls are filled with the escutcheons and ensigns armorial of the Swedish aristocracy, and the body of the hall is occupied with the separate seats of the nobles, the clergy, the burghers, and the peasants who constitute the estates of Sweden, and who assemble here every five years to consider upon the affairs and the condition of the country.

The number of nobles alone who are entitled to vote exceeds twelve hundred; as these are only the heads of the noble families of Sweden, some idea may be formed of the immense number of persons who claim the privileges and the rank of blood and birth. The Swedish Government, like most other governments, was originally formed upon the representative system. Although the people were represented, and the house of the peasants constituted one of the estates, many of the Swedish monarchs have been almost absolute; a circumstance which teaches us how materially the practice of government may differ from its theory, and how much more real freedom is dependent on the

intelligence and virtue of the people, than upon the mere forms of the constitution. At the end of the last century, Gustavus the Third, who considered it "the greatest honour to be the first citizen of a free people," took advantage of the anarchy which prevailed among the different orders of the estates, managed to abridge the power of the diet, and build up a government quite despotic in form and character. Bernadotte when chosen king was obliged to renew some of the rights and privileges of the estates, but these are so few or so unimportant, as to be of very little consequence, inasmuch as no law can be made without the sanction of the King.

This old hall of the knights is associated with some of the most glorious memories in Swedish history. Gustavus Vasa, after the liberation of his country, entered this hall in triumph and was declared King, amidst the joyful acclamations of the estates. This was the scene of the last and affectionate interview of Gustavus Adolphus with his subjects, preceding his departure for the memorable war which he conducted; it witnessed also the election of Christina, his infant daughter, who was hailed as the image and successor of her mighty father, dead in the field of Lutzen. It is a noble old hall, thronged with immortal reminiscences, the resting-place of the spirit which aroused and animated the princes of Germany in the evangelical union against the Imperialists,—a spirit triumphant in the War of Thirty Years, which confirmed the rights of Protestants, and first recognized the balance of European power, by the settlement and peace of Westphalia in 1648. Few capitals in the world are more interesting in historical association,—few countries whose history is more romantic. The virtues and the valour of the early princes of the House of Vasa are easily remembered beside their tombs, and naturally awaken a sympathy for their unfortunate and banished children. It is as easy to account for the inconsistency of men as the ingratitude of nations; and it is in vain that we try to reconcile the presence of a king, who is an alien by blood and birth, and a stranger to the language, religion, and the customs of the country. It would be idle to search for the great principles of public or private right which followed the transfer of the Swedish crown. Sweden lost the line of kings whose

names are interwoven with her fame, without a single benefit in return for so great a sacrifice. A foreigner, a soldier of fortune, and a disciple of the Church of Rome, filled the throne of the martial monarchs, the champions of the Reformation.

Bernadotte, for by this name Charles the Fourteenth will be always known, was by no means popular. His administration of the government was, however, generally beneficial, and his conduct always marked by the great sagacity for which he was distinguished. The stories told of his avarice, may have originated from the unostentatious simplicity of his manners, which were formed in the camp, and unaccustomed to the expenditure and display of royalty.

The manners of the Swedish court in the reign of Charles the Eleventh, were modelled after those which prevailed at Versailles in the time of his contemporary Louis the Fourteenth; and if the open frivolity and licentiousness, which distinguished the courtiers of that age, can be said to prevail at present in any capital in Europe, it is Stockholm. The example of the higher is always imitated by the lower orders in society, and the population,—(the Lutheran population of Stockholm,)—equals, if it does not surpass, that of Vienna, in careless gaiety and ceaseless dissipation. All the sons of noblemen inherit alike the titles of the father, and the number of the idle young gentlemen who frequent the capital and hang about the Court, is almost incredible. Many of them poor and worthless, but they derive a certain consequence and much consolation, from the deference paid to birth. They maintain the measured courtesies and exact all that is due to rank, with great particularity. The same ceremonious air and stiff observance of etiquette is more or less perceptible in the manners of the people. The polite address of the Swedes was noticed by Voltaire, who was pleased to call them the French of the North. An arrival or leave-taking is greeted with bows innumerable, and a stranger in the country is very apt to be surprised with the profusion of compliments and civilities he receives from those whom he never saw before, and may never see again. Beneath these forms of complaisance, the utmost indifference exists, and under the appearance of self-respect, the most awful depravity of manners. Although there is nothing in the

slightest degree improper in the public deportment of the people, the reports of the police reveal the fact, that more than one-half of the children born in Stockholm are illegitimate.

The inhabitants of Stockholm are a remarkably handsome race. The men excel in stature and manly beauty, and wear a mustache almost white and perfectly in keeping with the light hair and light eyes of the north. The women are surpassingly fair and well formed;—the blondes, and blue eyes, and golden tresses, incomparable. Besides the titled ladies of the Court, the Countesses and Baronesses without number, they have in Sweden in other degrees, distinguished by other terms. The Frau, is a simple lady,—the Frauken, a young lady,—Madame, the wife of a tradesmen,—Mademoiselle or Mamzelle, a tradesman's daughter; while an upper servant girl is called a Jomfrau, and an ordinary one a Flica. The Flicas are the *grisettes* of Stockholm. They serve at the cafés; they wait at the restauraunts and baths; they brush clothes and boots at the *maison garnie*, and in the streets they are distinguished by the white handkerchief, tied neatly and coquettishly upon the head. The deer-garden and the King's garden are the favourite promenades of the population. These places are crowded on Sunday, which is as much a day of pleasure among the Lutherans of Sweden, as it is among the Romans of Austria and Italy. It is altogether a mistake to suppose, that the disposition for amusement is confined to the Roman Catholic population of the Continent. In Lutheran countries the same fondness for gaiety prevails, and to the same extent.

The opera-house built by Gustavus the Third, (where many of the pieces composed by that accomplished monarch were performed, and the scene of the masquerade in which he was assassinated,) was open while we were in Stockholm, and Jenny Lind, then known as the nightingale of Sweden, was astonishing the capital with the extraordinary quality and sweetness of her voice. Her Ninetta in La Gazza Ladra was the most exquisite performance we ever heard. It was our good fortune to hear this most enchanting songstress warble the plaintive airs of Sweden. All the purity and tenderness of a gentle nature, gave to these a sweetness and expression perfectly indescribable. Jenny Lind is now the first *cantatrice* in the world. Taglioni,

also a Swede, is the first *danseuse*. Will the Italians consent to believe that the barbarians of Scandinavia are capable of such achievements? Science can boast Berzelius, and literature presents many distinguished names; Geyer and Fryxell are celebrated as the historians of their country, and the amiable Bremer, the poets Tegner, and Anacreon Bellman, are writers of European reputation. Tegner declared that his "Fritheof" and other poems, which have been translated into eight different languages, were better rendered by the poet Longfellow, than by any other translator.

## CHAPTER VI.

Environs of Stockholm—Haga—Drotningholm—Gripsholm—Rosenburg—Gustavus Adolphus the Fourth—The Duke of Sudermania—Bernadotte.

The environs of Stockholm are very beautiful, and the rides to the various seats of royalty in the immediate vicinity, very interesting. A mile and half to the north lies Haga, a château built by Gustavus the Third, and his favourite place of residence. It was among the rocks and forests about Haga that this prince meditated upon and formed the plan of the revolution of 1772. This château is small, but beautifully situated; and near it are the foundations and lower walls of the immense palace, which was in course of erection when he was assassinated. The expense attending its construction gave great offence to the nobles, and as they were disposed to quarrel with their sovereign, they pretended to discover, in the thickness of the walls and the depths of the vaults, the dungeons and dangers of their order.

Drotningholm, another royal residence, is about ten miles from the capital. The road follows the undulations of the hills, and passes by forests of fir, the very silence of which is most impressive. As we drove along, the sound of song came from the recesses of the quiet woodland. It approached us gradually, until we heard each word of the chorus, and saw at last a band of mounted rangers issue from behind the intervening rocks. They did not regard us, but the officer who led the company

and the song, gathered new energy, and his green-dressed horsemen joined with new spirit in the native strain. A little beyond they disappeared again by a circuitous path, and awoke the echoes with a melody which would have delighted the merry men of Robin Hood. The troops of Sweden are probably the best looking in Europe. The custom introduced into the army by Gustavus Adolphus, of praying and singing hymns, is still maintained in some branches of the service, and it is not unusual to see the soldiers, morning and evening, engaged in their devotions. The army is principally composed of men furnished from the various districts into which the country is divided. The owners of a certain quantity of land, called a hemman, are obliged to provide a soldier, furnish him a farm, and pay him a stipulated sum of money. During the absence of the soldier in time of war, the proprietors of the hemman must attend to his farm and family. In the event of his death, they support his widow and children; when he is at home, he is obliged to work for the wages paid to a common labourer.

Drotningholm is on the beautiful island of Loson, in the Malar Lake. Charles the Eleventh built the palace, and Gustavus the Third laid out the grounds of this, the Versailles of Sweden. The palace is large, but has no architectural beauty to recommend it. It contains a number of rooms which may originally have been very spendid, but which are now going to ruin for want of ordinary care. Moth and dust cover and consume the rich hangings and silken curtains of the royal bedchambers; and the pictures and ornaments of the cabinets and ante-rooms are corroded with rust and moisture. There are some good paintings and some beautiful mosaics, which should be removed from this neglected palace. Among the pictures, are one or two by Wertmuller, an artist of some celebrity in Sweden, who subsequently went to the United States, where he left several fine productions. One of the best of these was the property of the lamented Inman. Several tables and vases of *lapis lazuli*, the presents of Russia, such as are seen in almost every palace in Europe, are in this desolate abode. Not far from this place is a summer-house in the Chinese style. It is ornamented with the furniture and utensils presented for this purpose, by the Swedish East India Company, long since broken up.

The grounds of Drotningholm, naturally very beautiful, were adorned by Gustavus the Third with groves and gardens after the old French method. It was here that prince gave many of his masques and entertainments; and the elevated bank, which was the royal *loge*,—the seats of sod and moss,—and the shrubbery and trees, planted and trimmed in certain shape, still show where he had his rustic theatre. The linden alleys and the beechen walks, once alive with the voice of festival and the whispers of royal love, are now forlorn and out of fashion. The statues are blackened and broken with the storms of many winters; and the fountains, choked up and dilapidated, have long since ceased to play.

Gripsholm, on the Malar Lake, is an old stronghold of the kings of Sweden;—more like a prison than a palace, for both of which purposes it has been used. It was here that Eric the Fourteenth, the son of Gustavus Vasa, who reigned in the middle of the sixteenth century, imprisoned his brother, and was by him in turn imprisoned. The little chambers beneath the roof in which they were confined and those in which they lived, and many curiosities connected with the early history of Christianity in Sweden, are to be seen at Gripsholm.

Rosenberg is a château of the modern kings, and was the favourite summer residence of Bernadotte. It is small, and in no respect remarkable for splendor. The furniture is old-fashioned. In one of the rooms is a small marble bust, the work of an Italian, very badly executed, marked "Washingtone," and in another quite conspicuous, is the American Declaration of Independence, with the fac-simile signatures of the signers. The grounds about the château are very pretty, running to the shores of the Malar Lake, overhung with rocks, and cliffs, and grottoes. Rosenberg was the residence of the Duke of Sudermania, the arch intriguer and ambitious brother of Gustavus the Third. Recent investigations have thrown some light upon the mysterious events which have agitated Sweden for the last fifty years, and have led many to suspect, that this crafty prince secretly instigated Ankerstrœm to assassinate the King his brother. There is no decided proof of the fact. Neither Ankerstrœm nor any of the associate conspirators ever made any declarations which implicated the Duke of Sudermania, and the

only evidence of his guilt rests upon the singularity of his conduct at the time, and the subsequent exhibition of his total want of principle, his licentiousness, and love of power. He became sole regent of the kingdom during the minority of his nephew, and when the latter became of age and ascended the throne, the duke retreated again to Rosenberg, and prepared the conspiracy by which his relative was finally deposed and driven from his throne and country.

Many are the tears yet shed in Sweden over the tale of the misfortunes of Gustavus Adolphus the Fourth. Exposed at an early age to the malicious designs of the aspiring uncle; surrounded by the same dissipated and depraved nobility, who had conspired against the life of the King, his father; he grew up to manhood with feelings imbittered by the melancholy reflections of the past, and the miserable prospects of the future. He inherited most of the virtues, and few of the abilities of his race. With high principles of honour, great integrity, and rare purity of character, he combined the most stubborn and unyielding disposition. He assumed the dress and imitated the bearing of his great progenitor, Charles the Twelfth, and without his capacity to command, he possessed his inordinate obstinacy and chivalric pride. A gallant soldier, and an indifferent general; a virtuous prince and a bad politician, he was unequal to the circumstances of the times in which he lived. Allured by Catherine, and encouraged by his uncle, he visited St. Petersburg to address the Duchess Alexandra, the grand-daughter of the Czarina. His reception was illustrated with all the splendor of the Russian Court. The dignity of his carriage, and the excellence of his behavior, were contrasted with the address of the Russian dukes*, and the youthful duchess was enchanted, and confessed her love. The marriage-contract was agreed upon with the especial understanding, that a proviso was to be inserted to the effect, that the duchess should embrace, at least ostensibly, the faith of her husband, the Lutheran faith of the King and the people of Sweden. The day of the betrothal was

* The Grand Duke Constantine behaved so badly at one of the imperial fêtes given on this occasion, that his grandmother asked him with anger, "Do you know in whose presence you are?" "Yes," said Constantine, "in that of the greatest —— in St. Petersburg."

at hand, and yet Gustavus had not seen the written contract. Various excuses were given for the delay, and not long before the time appointed for the ceremony, he asked again and again to see the contract. He insisted, received it while the empress and the court awaited him in the apartment of the throne, and discovered almost at the foot of the altar, that it was positively stipulated, not only that the Russian duchess, when Queen of Sweden, was to maintain the Greek faith and the Greek worship, but that he, when King, should enter into an alliance against the French. The prince surprised at this, and perceiving how nearly he had been duped, instantly resigned all pretensions to the lady; and notwithstanding the remonstrances of his uncle, and the courtiers of his suite, who had been seduced with Russian gold, retired from the presence and the palace of the irritated and disappointed empress, and returned to his country, for which he had sacrificed his love and hopes of happiness.

Gustavus Adolphus always maintained the most determined hostility to Napoleon. He would never treat with him or notice him in any way, and he resigned the noble orders, and threw away the stars and ribbons whenever they were conferred upon the Corsican. He refused to the last to join the Continental Confederacy formed by the latter, even although his possessions were endangered by the refusal; and he maintained his undeviating consistency of conduct in defiance of the laws of good policy, the advice of his council, and the loss of the province of Pomerania. To increase his embarrassment, and the general discontent, Finland was yielded without a struggle, by Swedish traitors in the pay of the Russian Government;—an insurrection fomented by Russian gold, broke out among the troops upon the frontiers of Norway; and the unprincipled nobles, who laughed in Stockholm at the disasters of their country, joined with the Duke of Sudermania in a conspiracy to depose him. On the morning of the twelfth of March, 1809, as he descended the staircase of the Royal Palace, with the intention of departing with his guards to suppress a mutiny of his troops, he was met by a band of desperadoes. The King saw among them many whom he knew, and received them as his friends. When they informed him of the object of their intrusion, Gustavus immediately drew his sword, defied their

united strength, and stood upon his defence. He was surrounded and overpowered. The Diet was assembled. The crimes and treason of a vicious aristocracy were laid to his charge,—he was declared incapable of governing,—he and his children were excluded for ever from the throne, and after a short confinement at Gripsholm he was permitted to leave the country. He refused to take with him, or to accept as a gift, the personal property of his family; lived the remainder of his days a wanderer, and died miserably poor and magnanimously proud, in a little village among the mountains of Switzerland. His son, however, received the wealth his father refused to enjoy, and lives at Vienna.

The Duke of Sudermania, under the title of Charles the Thirteenth, assumed the government the very day his nephew was confined; pretended to regret the disastrous state of public affairs, to hold out hopes of a new and liberal form, and succeeded in prevailing upon the Diet to choose him King. As he was childless, the succession of the crown was settled upon Prince August, of Augustenberg, a most popular and enlightened prince, nearly connected with the reigning family of Denmark. It was generally understood that this prince had determined upon his accession, to restore the crown to the exiled family, who still retained the affection of the mass of the people. In all probability he would have done so, if he had lived. His sudden death was attributed to poison; and Charles the Thirteenth ascribed it to the Count Fersan, whom he both feared and hated. This Count Fersan was one of the most distinguished men in Sweden. He was in Paris during the excesses of the first French Revolution; and disguised as a coachman, he conducted the carriage containing Louis the Sixteenth and Maria Antoinette, from the capital of France, and left them safely upon the road, in their memorable flight that was arrested at Varennes. The rumour, supposed to have been disseminated by the King of Sweden and his minions, to the effect that Fersan had poisoned the Prince August, excited the passions of the populace; and the Count, while attending the funeral of the Prince, was attacked and torn in pieces by a mob in the streets of Stockholm, in the presence of the officers and troops of a regiment of the guards, who were stationed near the spot to

preserve order, and who refused either to assist or to preserve him. Not long after another Diet was assembled to elect another successor to the throne. A large party called for the son of the deposed Gustavus, but the unnatural King refused to listen to the proposition. He favoured the Duke of Oldenburg, the brother-in-law of the Russian Emperor; controlled by Russian influence, he would have sacrificed his country, had he supposed the people would have sanctioned his choice of a prince connected with a family and a nation they detest. Bernadotte, a marshal of France, stationed near the scene of action, understanding the character of the king, and the position of affairs, offered the state a loan of three millions of francs at four per cent.; the interest to be applied to national purposes. It was the highest bidding; Charles the Thirteenth chose the French soldier for his successor, recommended him to the Diet, and he was elected Crown Prince of Sweden.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### Upsala—Odin—The University—The Morasteen—Mine of Dannemora.

Upsala is about seven Swedish or fifty English miles from the capital. It is approached through a country generally better cultivated than any we had seen in Sweden. The surface of this country is undulating, and for the most part a bed of granite. The soil of Norway is much more productive. Norway has her mountains on the grandest scale, but far and wide between them reach her beautiful and fertile valleys. Upsala is the oldest town in Sweden, was the residence of the ancient kings, and has long been celebrated as the seat of learning and religion. The site of Gamle Upsala, or Old Upsala, is not far from the more modern town. It is supposed to have been the habitation of Odin, and to have contained the principal temple of his idolatry. Three mounds or tumuli, are said to be the tombs of Odin, Thor, and Freya, the deities of the ancient inhabitants of Scandinavia. A ruined church near them is supposed to have formed part of the temple dedicated to their worship.

Odin or Wodin, as he was named in the dialect of the Anglo-Saxons, seems, by the uncertain traditions of the north, to have been a Scythian prince, who fled from the Euxine to the shores of the Baltic, before the victorious arms of the Roman conquerors. Other accounts give him a different era, and some ingenious writers suppose him to be the great grandfather of the famous Hengist,—placing him as late as the year of our Lord three hundred and twenty-five, only seventy years before the time of Alaric, and making his energy and conquest in the north the cause of the impulse which about that period, propelled the Gothic hordes upon the confines of the Roman empire. Although the age in which Odin may have flourished is uncertain, there is no doubt as to his abilities as a warrior and legislator. The Icelandic chronicles represent him as the most eloquent and persuasive of men. He introduced poetry, and invented the Runic characters. He was skilled in music and in magic. With his tender and melodious airs he could summon up the spirits of the dead, and make the hills open and expand with rapture. By his enchantments he directed the tempests, defeated his enemies, and discovered treasures; and so distinguished an individual was readily honoured as a hero and worshipped as a god by a barbarous and superstitious people. If it is true, as has been asserted by the poets and romancers of the North, that after his settlement in Upland, as this part of Sweden is called, he used to describe in bewitching song the glad home he had forsaken; that he offered to his warriors who fought and fell in battle, a return to the ever-green fields of another region; that the glowing rainbow was the illumined bridge which was to direct their path;—may there not be plausibility in the supposition of his having been the originator and the cause of the movement, in the second and third centuries, of the "blue-eyed myriads of the Baltic coasts" upon the fair lands of Southern Europe?

The descendants of Odin reigned in Sweden for more than a thousand years. Upsala was the seat of their empire and religion. The magnificent temple which according to the Edda, was enriched with gold and precious stones, and sanctified with the representations of the deities of War, of Thunder, and of Generation, and purified with human sacrifices, was destroyed by Ingo, a king of Sweden, in the year 1075, and soon after a

Christian church rose upon its ruins. The Cathedral which now occupies the site of this church is the largest in the North of Europe, and the finest edifice in Sweden. It dates from the thirteenth century, is built of brick in a mixed style of architecture, and was somewhat injured during the Reformation, when the Roman Catholic priesthood were driven from the church and country.

The interior of the Cathedral is very imposing. It is adorned with a double row of fluted columns, and is especially interesting as the resting-place of Gustavus Vasa, the father of his country. By the side of the tomb of this great man are those of his wives, Margaret and Catherine, and around him lie many of the most distinguished men Sweden has produced. Those of Regent Sture, of the Chancellor Oxenstiern, of Linnæus, of Swedenborg and others, are contained in this the Westminster Abbey of Sweden. Upsala is also famous for its University, one of the oldest and best in Europe, containing a very fine library and enriched with a collection of manuscripts of the most curious and costly kind. Among the latter is the *Codex Argenteus*, a translation of the Gospels in the Gothic language of the fourth century, and a Bible with autograph annotations by Martin Luther. Besides an old palace, there are many pretty private dwellings in Upsala, and upon the whole, the town though small, may be considered as one of the neatest and most agreeable in the north. Trade or commerce it has none, and it is altogether supported by the students who assemble here to the number of six or eight hundred.

Seven miles from Upsala we saw the Morasteen, the stone of Mora, where the kings were formerly crowned, and where Gustavus Vasa assembled and addressed the men of Dalecarlia, preceding his great effort to liberate his country. Runic stones abound in this vicinity. The oldest of them commemorates the names and fortunes of the soldiers who served in Constantinople in the corps of the Varangii,—a circumstance that would confirm the theory of those who place the era of Odin, the inventor of the Runic characters, in the third century.

Thirty miles to the north of Upsala is the famous mine of Dannemora. The road to Esterby, the name of the village near the mine, runs through a country with a monotonous

succession of hills covered with fir and pine, and intermediate plains filled with huge boulders of primary rock. The country about Upsala is well cultivated and well inhabited. The highway traverses fields, which on either side are planted with rye and oats. The roads are excellent, but stopped with gates at the beginning and the end of every farm. The fields are not inclosed, and the only fences are those which separate the line of one farm from another, and thus run across the highway. So that a gate has to be opened at the entrance to every farm, and the speedy progress of the traveller is thereby arrested. Sometimes a crowd of boys, collected from the different farms, run for miles ahead to open them, and then surround the carriage and beg in a whining tone for money. As we approached the mines, the country became quite dreary in its aspect,—many of the firs being blasted, and the openings or clearings of the forest being filled with stumps, blackened and disfigured with the fire which had been employed to fell them. Occasionally we passed a farm-house,—a cottage one story high, painted red, with a roof of birch bark covered with growing turf. The peasantry in this district seemed to be very poor, and the numbers of crippled and deformed people unusually great. We entered one of the cottages and found the inmates busily employed in making bread. This is done only twice a year in the poorer districts of Sweden. A quantity of oatmeal flour, mixed and flavoured with aniseed, is baked in small thin biscuit-like pancakes, called *knacken brod*. This biscuit is stowed away, and before the next semi-annual baking, becomes as hard as stone, and adapted only for the fine strong teeth of the peasantry.

In the northern parts of Sweden, Norway, and Finland, in periods of scarcity, the inner rind of the fir-tree is taken out, dried, pulverized, and manufactured into a kind of meal which is mixed and kneaded with rye or oat flour, and baked into bread. Oatmeal-porridge, salt fish, and meat cut into thin slices and dried in the sun, with *graf lax*, or smoked salmon, and *rost lax*, broiled salmon, constitute the principal articles of food of the people in the interior of Sweden. The cottage I have spoken of, situated in a poor and barren district, contained all the furniture necessary for the comfort and convenience of the family, who received us cheerfully and placed

before us the best which their humble abode could furnish. The floors were covered with the tops of twigs of the pine and juniper, and the same neatness and cleanliness we had noticed in Norway, and indeed in every part of Scandinavia, was observed in this isolated habitation.

As we emerged from the forest upon the village of Esterby, we were struck with the quiet and serenity which prevailed. The same good order and neatness was remarked in and about a place where many hundred men are constantly employed. After gazing to our satisfaction through the mouth of the mine into the black caverns beneath, and in which we could occasionally discover a man at work, who seemed like a speck moving far below us, it was proposed to descend. A guide was procured, and enveloped in old coats, and provided with torches of pitch pine, three of our party stepped in a huge bucket, to be lowered into a gulf whose frightfulness is greater in appearance than in reality, Two of our companions refused to venture. The Frenchman was too handsomely dressed for the occasion, and the Hollander was not disposed to disturb his phlegm by any such unusual proceeding. Sweden, Germany, and the United States, were accordingly swung off without their allies, and commenced the descent into a lower region. After a minute or two we were deprived of the light of day, and the torches feebly illuminated the obscurity of these dark and dismal caverns. Half way down it looked somewhat awful, and as we swung back and forth, the bucket and the rope seemed frail and poor supports for so great a burden. In a few minutes more, however, we safely landed within the bosom of old Mother Earth, and with the assistance of some of the sooty inhabitants of the place, found a good foothold on their iron soil. They work by torch-light in these mines, and the noise of the hammers, and the fires gleaming in the distance—throwing a ruddy and lurid glare upon the dusky figures of the workmen —brought vividly to the imagination the workshops of Vulcan. Masses of ice were observable, and the dripping water fell like rain from the damp cold walls, never visited with sunshine. While the miners prepared the blasts for our special edification, we retired far away among the innermost recesses of the abyss, led on by guides, whose blackened arms and faces, and uncouth

forms, were perfectly adapted to the demoniacal locality. When we were securely stationed in a dark corner of the cavern, the train was fired, and was succeeded by the most tremendous explosions. The deep-toned thunder of the discharge was followed by repeated and roaring echoes. It shook every rock around us, and the earth trembled, as if in fear that the huge mass above and around would fall in and crush us. Echo after echo, and peal after peal, rang through the vaults, dying gradually away in deep faint murmurs, as if the deity of the place were expiring with pain.

We ascended to the upper world again in the bucket, thinking all the time of the "three wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl," and gladly hailed the light and genial warmth of the morning sun. The ore from this mine is raised to the surface by machinery, and yields upon an average, one-third pure metal. The richest pit is more than five hundred feet in depth, and the superiority of the ore is owing to the nature of the matrix, a calcareous earth, free from sulphur. The ore is conveyed to the forges in the immediate vicinity; smelted by furnaces supplied with charcoal, and beaten into bars by immense hammers moved by water. This mine is said to produce eighteen thousand tons of iron annually. It is considered the best iron in the eastern world, being preferred in England to all other kinds for making steel.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Paper Money—Gulf of Bothnia—Abo—Sweaborg—Helsingfors—Russian Marine.

Having exchanged one large twine-bound bundle of dirty paper, representing a very small amount of Swedish money, for another parcel of Finnish notes, equally defaced, we had made our final arrangements, and were prepared to leave Sweden. Speaking of money, it may be proper to mention here the fact of the entire ignorance of the barbarians of Scandinavia of the beauties of a hard currency. Silver and gold coin are seldom seen in the interior of Sweden, Norway or Finland, and between

these metals and the paper, the country-people prefer the latter, as being more convenient and equally as good for the purpose of commerce.

After receiving our passports, properly prepared, we took passage and departed in the steamer Finland, an excellent boat of Swedish build, furnished with English engines. As we left the harbour and ran out into the Baltic, we turned once more to look upon the capital of Sweden. We gazed until the windings of the lake-like sea among the picturesque headlands and romantic islands, concealed the royal palace and cathedral towers of Stockholm. Then we looked upon the beautiful scenes around us. The shore lined with villas, and the water dotted with little islands, presented the same fascinating and ever varying picture down to the very entrance of the fiord or bay, where stands the fortress of Waxholm, the great defence of Sweden on her eastern coast. Thence running northwards and passing archipelago after archipelago of islands, which lay so close upon each other as to form a succession of little lakes, we entered the Sea of Aland, and soon after were in the dominions and under the protection of his Imperial Majesty, Nicholas of Russia. One of the Aland islands, not thirty miles from the coast of Sweden, has been strongly fortified by Russia, contains a large garrison, and has a harbour capable of receiving any number of vessels. Leaving these behind us, we entered the Gulf of Bothnia, which all the way to the shores of Finland is studded with islands, looking as if they had been the stepping-stones of a giant through the sea. Some of them are round and bare masses of rock; others are covered with wood and verdure, and many are inhabited by fishermen. They rise upon the water like the knolls and hills of granite upon the surface of Sweden, and are precisely like them in form and character. They encircle and inclose parts of the sea in little tranquil lakes, and as the boat passes from one of these into another, some new and striking feature delights the eye. The voyager is undisturbed by the winds and waves of the open sea, for the smooth bosom of these silent waters is seldom ruffled, except it be with the splash of the leaping salmon or the dive of the wild duck. From the coast we turned into a narrow but deep stream bordered with rich pastures, and soon after Abo or Obo, the ancient

capital of Finland, was before us. As soon as we touched the shore, a number of Russian police came on board, demanded our passports, and having received them, disappeared. The passengers were then informed that they were at liberty to visit the city, as the boat would not proceed on her voyage until the following morning. Here we parted with a company of Swedish players, among whom was a distinguished performer of the part of Hamlet. They had been our fellow-passengers from Stockholm. They were certainly a very amiable set of people, and with all the politeness of the Swedes, they bowed and courtesied, and bid us farewell. In Abo we repaired to the inn, which was very much like those of Sweden; the floors being covered with the twigs of pine and juniper, and the bill of fare comprising the graf lax, rost lax, and the other dainties of the cuisine of that country.

Abo is situated on the river Aura, at the point where the Gulfs of Finland and Bothnia unite. Nothing whatever remains to mark the antiquity or splendour of the capital. An old and ruined castle upon an adjoining hill, and a deserted observatory, are the significant monuments of her former importance; but this is all, and the silence which now prevails in Abo admonishes the stranger of the common story of the rise and fall of states. The streets are very wide, and the buildings (generally of logs,) are separated from each other by gardens and inclosures, to prevent the spread of fire. A great conflagration destroyed a few years ago all the fine buildings in Abo, and also consumed the University founded by Gustavus Adolphus, in 1628. The Emperor of Russia, taking advantage of the circumstances, immediately ordered the professors, students, and others connected with the University, to repair to Helsingfors, a town he had built and filled with Russians, and which he ordained to be the future capital, and the seat of the University of Finland. This was a tremendous blow to the Finns of the west. Resistance was in vain, and they quietly submitted to the decree which placed the education of their youth beneath the influence of a people whose customs and religion they abhor. The whole of Finland was formerly a province of Sweden. By the treaty of Abo, in 1743, Russia acquired a large portion of the province upon the eastern frontier; and in 1809, owing to

the outrageous profligacy and corruption of the Swedish traitors in command of the forces intended for the defence and preservation of Swedish Finland, the whole province passed to Russia. In the latter year, the Emperor Alexander declared war against Sweden and invaded Finland, because the former power adhered strictly to those principles which in common with Russia, she had pledged her sacred honour to support;—principles which had in contemplation the integrity and independence of the sovereign states of Europe from the encroachments of Napoleon.

Alexander, humbled at Friedland and cajoled at Tilsit, not only forsook his ally, but with an effrontery that is scarcely credible, disavowed in the cabinet the very principles for which he had contended in the field, agreed to share the conquest of Europe with the French, marched his army into Finland, bought with gold the possession of its fortresses, and before the confiding and chivalrous Gustavus could credit the fact and recover his surprise at such base and dishonourable conduct, he had lost the finest province of his realm. The Finns were much attached to the kings of Sweden, and regret more and more every day their separation from a country, whence they received their religion and their laws, and from a people with whom they marched to victory under the banners of the great Gustavus. By the treaty which incorporated Finland with the Russian Empire, it was stipulated that the former province should retain its ancient privileges, and be permitted to trade as formerly with Sweden, the principal market for her products, Stockholm being altogether supplied with provisions brought from Finland. With these privileges, Finland also retained the Lutheran faith as the established religion; the Finns accepted the rule of Russia without much reluctance, and under the impression that their rights were secured by a treaty which acknowledged inviolate what they called their constitution. The seat of government was transferred to Helsingfors, a town filled with foreign troops and a foreign police; the youth of the sea-board, the best seamen in the North, were compelled to man the Russian navy; the finest native regiments were forced to bear the brunt of battle, and were cut to pieces under the walls of Warsaw, during the late Polish revolution. The people of Finland discovered, when too late, that the meeting of their Diet was a useless form;—that

their boasted constitution and peculiar laws could not resist the constant innovations and the spirit of aggrandizement of the Russian Emperor, who seems determined to blend his varied subjects into one, having the same laws, customs, and religion.

The following morning we received our passports, and the steamer leaving Abo and the narrow Aura, resumed her voyage along the rock-bound coast, and the island groups, until we came to the great fortress of Sweaborg, which commands the entrance to the bay of Helsingfors. This immense fortress, which has been called the Gibraltar of the north, and the bulwark of Finland, was constructed by the Swedes, and was most basely surrendered to the Russians by the traitor in command during the last war. It stands impregnable upon three rocks of granite which rise from the depths of the sea. The Russians have improved its natural strength, and the works, blasted from the solid rock, are said to mount eight hundred pieces of cannon, and to contain 15,000 men.

As we ascended the beautiful bay of Helsingfors, filled with ships of the line and frigates, we saw the city upon the hills. This, the modern capital, contains one of the largest naval arsenals in the world, and is the principal recruiting station of the imperial fleets. So important is Finland to the naval marine of Russia, both as it regards men and materials, the sailors and timber she affords, that the whole province is under the immediate control of Prince Menchikoff, minister of the marine. The town of Helsingfors does not deserve particular mention. It is regularly laid out, and is the most youthful-looking town we saw in Europe. The Finns in this vicinity, like those in the province of Wibourg, who passed under the Russian yoke a hundred years ago, are fast losing their Lutheran faith and character, and adopting the religion and the manners of the Russians. So much is this the case, that in appearance they cannot be distinguished from the latter, as they wear the sheepskin and the beard, and are about as intelligent as the Russians generally are. It is an extraordinary instance of the degradation of a people. In a century, the Finns of the east have passed from a state of comparative civilization to a state of barbarism, and in another century what will have become of those of the west, who so lately talked about their constitution?

## CHAPTER IX.

Gulf of Finland—Revel—Catherine's Thal—Esthonian Peasantry—The Baltic—Passports—Contrast.

From Helsingfors we ran across the Gulf of Finland to Revel, the capital of Esthonia, one of the Baltic provinces of Russia. A delay of six hours gave us ample time to examine this quaint old town, formerly a member of the Hanseatic league. Many vessels of war were in the harbour, but not a merchantman was to be seen. Revel has long since ceased to be a town of any importance. The old walls and conical towers, the irregular and narrow streets and high houses, recall the representations of the old fortified towns of Flanders.

Revel derives a certain consequence from being one of the great naval depôts of Russia. During the summer it is the resort and favourite bathing-place of the German population of St. Petersburgh. The inhabitants are many of them Germans by descent; but the greater number are composed of Russians, and the aborigines of the province of Esthonia. They appear wretchedly poor and miserable. We were pursued by beggars, both lame and blind, even into the halls and parlours of the old burghers. The nobles of Esthonia have removed to St. Petersburgh and elsewhere. The inhabitants of any claim to rank or wealth, are careful to conceal their pretensions from the eye of avarice and power.

There are several old churches in Revel. That of St. Oli contains the tombs of some of the principal nobles of the country;—among them those of the Bekendorfs, the faithful servitors of Russia. The environs are adorned with the villas of the gentlemen who resort there to pass the summer. Catherine's Thal is the name of a palace and park belonging to the Emperor, and near it stands a very modest edifice, which was the residence of Peter the Great, who is supposed to have entertained the idea of building here his capital. The land about Revel is very poor. which is said to be the case with most of

the country of Esthonia. The peasantry are most miserable-looking objects; the men wearing sheepskins, and their long uncombed locks falling over the back; the women in the short gown and petticoat, the common female costume in most of all the old agricultural districts of Europe. The Esthonians in language, looks, and manners, resemble the old Finns, or Tschudes as they are called in the Russian annals. This' singular race is supposed to have occupied at one time the whole country, from the shores of the Baltic to the confines of Asia, and from the regions of Lapland to the Caspian Sea. No legends have been preserved, and for its history we must search the chronicles of its conquerors, the Norwegians, Swedes, and Russians.

Esthonia, Courland, and Livonia, the Baltic provinces of Russia, were conquered by the Danes in 1210. The inhabitants embraced Christianity about the same time. One hundred years after this event, these provinces passed under the dominion of the Dukes of Pomerania, and by them were sold to the Teutonic knights. The latter then became the lords of the country, and the natives became their vassals. They were subsequently conquered by the Swedes, and under the auspices of Gustavus Adolphus the Great, who founded the University of Dorpat, the people embraced the Lutheran faith. The Poles, and next the Russians, succeeded to the possession; and to the government of the latter, the German nobles and the vassal Finns have many years been subjected. The efforts of the imperial policy to induce the population of the Baltic provinces to adopt the language and religion of Russia, have been pursued with a diligence and earnestness likely to be rewarded with success. Under the specious pretence of caring for the welfare and comfort of the peasantry, the Government has endeavoured to mitigate the excesses of the nobles, and promised to afford all the relief consistent with its paternal character. By proceedings such as these, the peasantry have learned to regard the Russians as their protectors, and the German seigneurs as their oppressors, and under this impression, they were willing to act at the bidding of the Imperial Government. The nobles and the people being thus severed in their feelings, were both completely at the mercy of the despot.

The Lutheran German professors of the University of Dorpat,

the school of the noble youth of Livonia, Courland, and Esthonia, were recently replaced by Russian professors of the Greek faith, and every inducement presented to the nobles to learn the language and embrace the creed of Russia. On the other hand, all kinds of expedients have been adopted to operate upon the prejudices of the people. Some have been gained by threats, others by various temptations, and during a late period of famine, when the Russian monks offered bread and consolation to the starving multitude, numbers were gathered into the fold of the Imperial Church. This is the process by which Finland and the Baltic provinces are to be firmly bound to the Russian Empire. The corruption of the nobles, the division of the people into factions, and the dissemination of discord in the councils of the countries upon her frontiers, prepare the way for conquest and final subjugation.

Leaving Revel, we were soon out again upon the Gulf of Finland, and running due east for St. Petersburg. Towards night-fall we passed an immense fleet of Russian vessels and ships-of-the-line, bearing away, with all sail set, for the Baltic. This was the summer fleet—the fair-weather squadron, manœuvring during the months of July and August, between Cronstadt and the island of Bornholm, and which, being seen by every tourist passing at this season, conveys an impression of the great naval power and preparation of Russia. Our company, which was numerous, and composed of several Russian families of distinction, lost much of its usual cheerfulness as we proceeded onward. Even the noisy squire of His Highness the Duke of Leuchtenburg, was silent, and his young and merry bride, just from the Fatherland, who had exhibited her knowledge of the English idioms by calling her lover "von leetle rog," lost her good humour, and grew thoughtful. All were quiet, and a few seemed sad. Not a smile was to be seen, and the conversation, which had been loud and general, diminished to a whisper or altogether ceased. A few were at the whist-table, but the greater number walked pensively upon the deck, or leaned upon the taffrail and looked back across the waters. They were thinking, not of home, but perhaps of the sunny lands and the joyous people they had left behind them, or were sighing over the memory of the happy hours passed in France

and Italy, or it may be, they feared the cold and calamity which awaited them in Russia. All retired at an early hour, and at an early hour the following day we were up and busily preparing for the events attending the termination of the voyage.

By ten o'clock we were in sight of the low coast of Ingria, and the fortifications and shipping of Cronstadt. As we approached the islands at the mouth of the Neva, upon which the latter town is built, we saw the tremendous line of batteries guarding the approach and entrance to the harbor. Within gun-shot of these we came to an anchor, and were soon surrounded by boats filled with the most extraordinary specimens of humanity to be found in any part of the creation. The crews were a bearded, sallow, sunken-eyed, thin-visaged set of diseased and half-famished barbarians. They were dressed in loose dark gray coats, a prison-like uniform, and their whole appearance and demeanour such as to create a most fearful first impression of the country. Each boat contained one or two officers and soldiers, who immediately came on board, and completely garrisoned the vessel. Sentinels and guards were stationed on every part of the deck, and the officers assembled in the cabin to examine the passports and persons of the passengers. Each one was called before this tribunal of ignorant, rude, and conceited men, to tell his name and state his business within the bounds of the Russian Empire. If his replies are satisfactory, the traveller receives his passport, if the contrary is the case, he is taken on shore and placed in custody.

Not very long since a beautiful Boston girl arrived here in a ship direct from the United States, to visit her friends connected with one of the first commercial houses in St. Petersburg. She was without a passport; was taken on shore, detained by the police, and guarded by soldiers. Although she was set at liberty to march about Cronstadt, she was always attended by an escort of Russian infantry. Although entirely alone she was not at all alarmed; and while her relatives in St. Petersburg were in a state of extreme agitation, this New England maiden was playing the heroine, and attended by her guards, visited the governor and all the notables of Cronstadt. It was only after his Excellency the American Minister had

addressed a note to the chief of police, that her ladyship was relieved from her warlike retinue, and permitted to proceed to the capital. Numerous instances might be mentioned of the delay and difficulty of those who arrive at the seaports and frontier towns of Russia without the proper passports. In some cases the traveller is obliged to leave the country, and retrace his steps. About the period of our visit, an American arrived at Cronstadt, in a merchantman from the United States. He had with him a number of agricultural implements, consisting principally of an assortment of newly-invented ploughs, harrows, cradles, scythes, pitch-forks, and other notions of an improved construction, such as were never seen before within the limits of the Russian Empire. He was without a passport, and the peculiarity of his manners, as well as the singularity of his wares, the latter of which were regarded as so many infernal machines, made him an object of mystery and suspicion to the police. He was detained for some time at Cronstadt, explained, with great difficulty, to the doubting officials of the sterile shore, the advantages of a side-hill plough over all other ploughs, and the peculiar uses of rakes and harrows. He was finally looked upon as a harmless person, released from durance, and found his way to the imperial city without further trouble.

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## CHAPTER X.

The Neva—St. Petersburg—Custom House—Police—Hotels—Bureau Etrangers.

It most fortunately happened that the passports of our company were all in rule, and as the tide was in, and the water deep enough to enable our steamer to proceed, we were relieved from the annoyances attending an examination of the luggage, or a change of vessels. After every thing had been sealed up, and a very unnecessary and provoking delay of six hours, we proceeded onward, in charge of a numerous detachment of officers and soldiers.

The eastern extremity of the Gulf of Finland forms the bay of Cronstadt, which is the *embouchure* of the Neva. It is very shallow, and can only be approached by a winding and dangerous

passage, and no one is permitted, on any account, to take the soundings. Vessels drawing over eight feet water have to discharge at Cronstadt, and send their cargoes up in lighters. It would seem an impossibility for a hostile fleet to approach the Russian capital. Besides the natural obstructions which defend the entrance to the Neva, immense lines of granite fortifications command the passage, and the fate of every vessel within range of cannon-shot. We passed these batteries, the town, and harbour filled with merchantmen from every land, and huge three-deckers, ships of the line, and then went on through the clear limpid waters of the Neva, varying from five to eight hundred yards in width, lined with flat unproductive shores, and covered with ugly and unpainted craft.

The ever flowing and swift current coming from Lake Ladoga, impedes the progress of the ascending vessel, and for the first hour upon the Neva the anxious traveller looks in vain for any decided indication of his approach to the great capital of the North. Upon the right he first discovers the dark outlines of the forests, which half conceal and half disclose the white buildings of Oranienbaum, the palace of the orange grove, where Catherine erected her flying mountains, her summer pavilions and colonnades. Passing these he looks again towards the east, until the golden dome of the great cathedral is seen, trembling like a ball of fire in the beams of the morning sun, and he involuntarily exclaims, "There is St. Petersburg!" Next arise before him the resplendent spires, the shining cupolas, and the tapering columns, then the citadel with its dark walls and bastions, and now the gorgeous palacas, which line both sides of the Neva—confined with banks of granite, and bearing upon its dark-blue bosom pleasure barges and boats of every colour.

On the steamer reaching the granite *quai*, another host of policemen rush on board, take possession of the luggage and bear it away; and the traveller, confounded and confused with strange sights and sounds, follows them to the custom-house. He finds the great hall filled with an uncouth crowd of officers; —from among the pile of trunks, boxes and carpet bags, he extricates his own; and if they have not been already opened by the keys, or forced by the hands of some of the bearded gentry, he will himself unlock them, and a tall, thin, sallow individual,

with a heavy mustache, and in a dark-green surtout, and wearing at the breast some dirty bits of ribbon, and medals of bad silver, will commence the search. He will gently disarrange the articles of clothing, and say something in a low tone; if the stranger should comprehend, he will give the soldier a piece of money, and the examination of one parcel is accomplished. But if he is *nepennimiah*, that is to say, if he is ignorant of the language or does not take the hint, the soldier proceeds with particular energy to overhaul the contents of his trunk. He dives to the very bottom; turns all out topsy-turvy, looks at each thing with much interest, will pocket, if he has a chance, any little trifle, and hand over to the superior officers all new and unworn articles of dress, all sealed packages, letters, books, newspapers, cigars, and other matters, the importation of which may be illegal. At last he is released, pays to the officer in attendance a silver ruble, which is precisely equal to three quarters of the Spanish dollar, and is at liberty to depart for his hotel.

The hotels of St. Petersburg deserve a passing notice. They are very numerous and very large, and those in the most fashionable parts of the city, have most conspicuous sign-boards, upon which are written in Russian, in German, and in French, the names in which they flourish. Like all the large hotels both public and private in the city, they are entered by a *porte cochère*, leading into a court-yard, and are in all respects upon a scale of grandeur, which corresponds with the prevailing idea of Russian magnificence. In external appearance they certainly are well appointed, but if there is any thing which may be likened unto a whitened sepulchre, it is a Russian tavern. The staircases and passages conducting to the rooms, are filthy beyond belief, and abound with the most abominable odours;—and the chambers, which are furnished with a degree of luxury and elegance scarcely to be expected, are alive with the most disgusting vermin. The sofas and settees of crimson velvet, and the heavy damask curtains of the bed and windows conceal multitudes of creeping things, and if the floor is covered with a carpet, whole legions of fleas are sure to nestle in its warm recesses. This is the case at the great establishment of Coulen, in St. Michael's square, and also at Demouth's, beside the Moika canal.

It is impossible for any traveller coming from the west, not to

be convinced by painful experience, of the truth of this assertion. It is often on this account that he who lodges at one of these fashionable houses, is very apt to find his acquaintances, who are not Russians, or "to the manner born," but little disposed to prolong their visits or sit with any patience during a *tête-à-tête.* These nuisances must be undoubtedly produced by a want of cleanliness in the Russian domestics employed about the premises; and although every effort has been made to find a remedy—although new furniture has been bought, and new activity employed, the results has been the same, and only a few month after each lustration, bed and blanket, settee and sofa, are infested as before. The traveller will find himself far more comfortable, and equally as respectable, at one-half the expense, in one of the boarding-houses near or upon the *Quai Anglais.* There are several of these kept by Englishwomen, who maintain their houses in cleanliness and neatness, and who are only prevented from keeping regular hotels, by the large amount of licence-money exacted by the police for this privilege.

Immediately after the traveller is lodged in one or the other of these places, he is obliged to take a valet and repair to the Police Office in the Pantelemonskaia street, where he will be introduced to a class of officers, every way superior in appearance and behaviour, to any he has hitherto met with in the country. The presiding magistrate, who is perhaps a major-general, will ask him a few questions as to the nature of his pursuits at home and his business abroad, and after he has ordered his name to be recorded and a permit of residence to be granted him, he will graciously dismiss the stranger from his presence, and refer him to the other officers and other forms of the Bureau des Etrangers, all of which are attended with an expenditure, which varies with the rank and consideration of the applicant. Foreigners are divided into five classes, and the highest class, composed of gentlemen, are charged about 1*l.*, while simple or sentimental travellers pay half this amount, and tradesmen, servants, and poor persons in less proportion. Ladies of the highest rank are only taxed at 12*s.*, and those of the lowest order are granted a certificate of residence upon the payment of twenty-nine copecs argent (1*s.*) The traveller, however, is generally ignorant of these distinctions, and as the whole matter is conducted by his valet in

an unknown tongue, he pays the highest price, and receives a billet of residence, renewable at certain stated times. This billet is good only for the capital and the immediate vicinity, and if he wishes to proceed to the interior or elsewhere, he must go through other forms and take out other papers. The exactitude and the particularity with which these things are done, is remarkable. In all probability, no foreigner during the last hundred years, has entered Russia in a time of peace, whose name and movements were not perfectly well known to the police. An American gentleman travelling for pleasure, visited St. Petersburg in 1820, and in 1843, went there again on business. The day after his arrival for the second time, he went to the Alien Office, and as usual was questioned as to his name and occupation, and upon giving his reply, was surprised to hear the officers remind him that he had been in Russia twenty-three years before, as a traveller.

Such are the events attending the arrival of the stranger in this country; those connected with his departure may as well be mentioned here. Every foreigner, who is not a Russian subject, wishing to leave St. Petersburg, is obliged to publish his intention of so doing in three consecutive numbers of the Gazette of the Academy—a process that occupies a week or ten days, and the avowed object of which is to guard the interests of creditors. This rule is certainly good, so far as it protects tradesmen from the frauds of those birds of passage who fly from one land to another and prey upon the confidence of shop-keepers. After advertising, the person thus intending to leave must address a petition to the Governor of the city, which petition, after passing through several departments, reaches the bureau of the Chief of Police, and the required passport is granted to the petitioner. If the person applying for the passport is a Russian subject, several weeks, if not months and years, are occupied in forcing the application through the various departments, and even then, the necessary permission cannot be obtained without the aid of large sums of money. Four and five hundred roubles are frequently expended before the all-important document is received.

By a ukase promulgated in 1842, these difficulties were greatly increased: every nobleman going beyond the bounds of the empire for purposes not connected with the pursuits of trade, was

only allowed to depart for a certain specified time, not exceeding five years, upon presenting a donation of several hundred roubles to the treasury of the Foundling Hospital. The merchant is limited to three years. Those who wished to travel upon the plea of health, were bound to submit themselves to the inspection of physicians and surgeons in the pay of the government, who were to specify the nature of their diseases and complaints, and to certify to the necessity of travel for the bodily welfare of the patient. Officers of the army, going abroad at their own request, were compelled to resign one-half their annual pay to the treasury of the regiment to which they belong. Every Russian subject must instantly return at the citation of the police; for the infringement of this rule, his property is confiscated and his person liable to exile. The luggage of all persons leaving the empire must be submitted to the inspection of the officers of the Customs.

These are some of the formalities attending a departure from the country. Every individual in the empire, whether a noble or a serf, a native or a foreigner, must have a passport, which is regularly registered at certain specified times. Within every district the name of each inhabitant is recorded by the proper officer in the books kept for this purpose, and any one who neglects to appear at the appointed time, to renew his application for a new registry and a new pass, is sure to be subjected to a heavy fine and all the annoyances that an ingenious and exacting officer can impose. If the servant has omitted this duty, both servant and master are liable, the latter being considered as an accomplice of the former. There is no escape from the payment of these penalties, and instances are known of fines being levied in trivial cases which had occurred many years before, and been forgotten by all except the magistrate. The fees exacted for the giving and signing of passports and other papers of this description are enormous in amount, and a source of considerable revenue to the officers of the police.

## CHAPTER XI.

Impressions of St. Petersburg—The Admiralty—Canals—Bridges—Quai Anglais—Statue of Peter—Winter Palace—Summer Gardens—Islands of the Neva—Column of Alexander—Equipages—Ingria—Foundation of St. Peterburg—Fortifications—Architecture—Effect of Climate—Summer Evenings.

With the *permis de sejour* in his pocket, the mind of the traveller is sufficiently composed to receive other and more agreeable impressions of St. Petersburg, and he goes forth to satisfy his curiosity among her stately edifices and crowded thoroughfares. The dimension, extent, and colours of the buildings, the strange and various costumes, the number and style of the equipages of this magnificent city, seen in the light of a summer sun, never fail to delight the stranger, or to call forth his repeated exclamations of amazement.

The banks of the Neva, with its quays of solid granite, and adorned with a vast range of palaces of almost every description of architecture; the Neva itself, the most pellucid of European rivers, covered with fantastic little boats; the Admiralty, with its extensive façades, monuments, and colonnades, the Nevskoi Prospect, the Broadway of the capital, filled with horsemen and footmen in uniforms and liveries of every variety and description, are in themselves sufficient to surpass all the expectations of the tourist. If he looked no farther, and went away with no other than this passing view to remind him of the imperial city, he would say that it was the most magnificent of European capitals.

St. Petersburg is built upon a marsh, and occupies not only the southern bank of the Neva, but also several islands in the channel of the river. It is intersected by the windings of the stream, and subdivided by the various canals, originally constructed for purposes of drainage. The river and canals are banked up with walls of solid masonry, and embellished with pavements and parapets of hewn granite, forming delightful

promenades. Stairs lead to the water's edge, where boats are always ready to convey the passenger to any part of the city, while bridges at frequent intervals enable him to cross from one quarter to another. The main branch of the Neva divides the city into two great sections. That on the southern side is the most compactly built, and contains the principal portion of the population.

Ascending the river, the first object that appears upon this southern bank is the great naval dock-yard, and ships of war in progress of construction. The ships, when finished, are launched upon floating butts, or camels, and carried down to Cronstadt at enormous cost. Next after this appear the beautiful mansions of the great bankers and merchants, extending along the *Quai Anglais* to the Palace of the Senate, where the Place of St. Isaac and the immense Cathedral of the same name, with its domes of burnished gold, its walls of polished granite, and columns of porphyry and jasper, and the incomparable statue of Peter, by Falconet,—by far the finest of equestrian statues, both as regards its magnitude and its merits as a work of art—open upon the view of the delighted stranger. Beyond this are the buildings of the Admiralty, with its beautiful spire and its *façade*, extending nearly half a mile along the river bank; next arise the lofty walls of the Winter Palace, surmounted with a row of statues; next the Hermitage; next the marble palace built by Catherine for Gregory Orloff,—all upon the *Quai de la Cour;* then the monument of Souwaroff; then the Summer Gardens, with the sumptuous palisade of iron tipped with gold, and Doric columns resting upon pedestals of granite, and supporting an interchange of urns and vases; next the fine bridge over the Fontanka Canal; then the hotels of the Austrian and other embassies, and the long line of palaces upon the Russian Quai, away toward the Taurida, built for Potemkin, in honour of his conquest of the Crimea.

Such are the wonders of the southern shore, up to the eastern suburbs, abounding in arsenals, churches, and monasteries too numerous to be described. The islands in the Neva, opposite the southern shore, constitute a portion of the city. That of Vassili Ostroff is also adorned with piles and parapets of granite, and ornamented with promenades lined with stately structures.

Among the latter are the immense buildings of the Mining Corps, the barracks of the several corps of cadets, the beautiful Academy of the Fine Arts, with the space in front containing the sphynxes brought from Egypt, the Monument of Roumiantzoff; the Academy of Sciences, and lastly the Exchange and Custom-house, upon the Strelka point, affording one of the finest views of the imperial city.

To the east of the Strelka point is the little islet of the fortress, with its dark turrets, and the spire of St. Peter and St. Paul, gilded with ducat gold, and rising in beautiful proportion amidst the domes and columns of the capital. Directly behind this little island is the larger one of Aptekarskoi, where the first foundations of the city were laid. The other islands, as Petrosky, the delight of Peter; Krestovsky, the possession and summer residence of the Princess Belosselsky Belozersky; the Kammenoi Ostroff, the domain of the Grand Duke Michael; and Yelaguine, the property of the Empress, are united with elegant bridges, traversed with fine roads, laid out to the water's edge with parks and forests, and in the summer, when they are the resort of all the more refined society of St. Petersburg, present the most delightful and enchanting aspect. They are embellished with villas, shell chateaux and fantastic cottages of the nobles, whose receptions and entertainments are perpetual. A drive through the islands during the evenings of July is exceedingly agreeable. At every turn in the road beautiful aquatic perspectives, and lawns containing Chinese Pagodas, Grecian temples, and Italian colonnades, are continually presented to the eye. The charming residences of Nesselrode, Laval, and Strogonoff, of the Duke of Oldenburg, and the Emperor and others, are surrounded with parks, and ornamented with pavilions covered with vines, and terraces filled with flowers to the water's edge.

Amidst these perfumed bowers and the sound of music, it is easier to think of the banks of the Arno than to believe that, only thirty years ago, all was a complete swamp. A theatre is open during the afternoon, the ball-rooms are crowded every evening, rockets are let off, and the groves and gardens are illuminated every night with coloured lamps and fireworks.

In the evening of July and August the summer gardens are

filled with crowds of commoners, who promenade and listen to the bands of the Imperial Guards. To the west of these gardens is the *Champ de Mars*,—an extensive plain, bounded on two sides by the Moika canal, and the immense edifice known as the barracks of the Pauloffskoi regiment. Crossing the Moika, we approach the palace and gardens of the Grand Duke Michael; and thence over the bridge of the Catherina canal, we reach the vicinity of the imperial stables, containing twelve hundred carriages, the private property of the Imperial Family. Beyond this is the great irregular square of the Admiralty, which, for the extent and dimension of the edifices surrounding it, is probably without a parallel in the world. On one side is the Isaac's Place, with the church and the monument of Peter; on another the Admiralty and the Winter Palace, whose double façades now conceal the Neva; on another the extensive walls of the Imperial manège; and on the fourth the superb Hotel of the Etat-Major. A linden walk reaches all around the Admiralty; and in the midst of the quadrangular space, between the Winter Palace and the Etat-Major, stands the column of Alexander, a polished shaft of red Finland granite, reared by the united effort of more than one hundred thousand men, assisted with powerful machinery. This very beautiful monolith is surmounted with an angel, bearing the cross, and measures one hundred and fifty-four feet from the base to the cap. Three streets branch off from the Admiralty square. The first of these, and one of the finest in the world, is the Nevsky Perspective, extending from the Admiralty to the monastery of Alexander Nevsky, a distance of three miles. It has a broad walk of flag stone on either side, and the carriage-way is paved with blocks of wood, laid with great care upon a floor of plank, and forming a smooth and level surface.

The Nevsky is bordered with large and handsome houses, the basements of which contain the shops of fashion, and the upper stories are inhabited by the families of officers and foreign merchants. It contains also a few private hotels of great elegance; —the Anitchkoff palace, the Alexander theatre, the bronze statues of Kutusoff and Barclay de Tolly, the Church of our Lady of Kazan, whose semicircular colonnades in front, (something like those built by Bernini before St. Peter's), consist of more than one hundred columns of the Corinthian order, the

Roman and various Protestant churches, the buildings of the Imperial Library, the *Gostinoi Dvor* or the grand Bazaar, a great Asiatic arcade, containing two hundred shops, filled with every kind of merchandise; and thus up to the green, and blue, and starry domes, and red cloisters of the monastery of St. Alexander, at the extreme end of this superb avenue. The Nevsky is crowded with vehicles of every kind, from the coach-and-four, with its bearded Jehu, little postilion, and gaily dressed footmen, to the humble droskey; and is thronged with ladies, servants in livery, officers and soldiers in every uniform, Circassians and Cossacks in appropriate costume, civilians in civil habits, Russian merchants in caps and long blue surtouts, and Russian serfs in sheepskins.

The province of Ingria, now represented by the department of St. Petersburgh, and comprising the low swampy country between the Lake Ladoga and the Gulf of Finland, was at a very early period the scene of repeated conflicts between the Swedes and the inhabitants of Novogorod. Both contended for the possession of a country which appears to have been almost uninhabited and uninhabitable. The only probable conclusion we can now arrive at, as to the advantages either party expected to derive from the absolute sovereignty of this wilderness, must be found in the real or supposed value of the navigation of the Neva, for purposes of commerce. The republic of Novogorod was a great commercial state in the thirteenth century; and by reference to any map, representing its geographical position, the importance of the Neva, as the inlet and outlet of its trade, will be perceived. One of the most celebrated victories mentioned in Russian history, is that of Alexander, Prince of Novogorod, over the Swedes and Teutonic Knights in 1241;—a victory which secured to the conqueror the surname of Nevsky, and to Novogorod the undisputed possession of this part of the Baltic coast for two hundred years. But when Novogorod was conquered by the Muscovites, and Ingria retaken by the Swedes (both of which events happened about the same time,) the latter people maintained their hold of the disputed province with little interruption until 1700, when the famous war between Peter the Great of Russia and Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, renewed the contest for the possession of Ingria. Peter was

triumphant, and he immediately determined to build a fortress that would secure, and a city that would adorn, his new empire in the west. He selected for this purpose the low islands of the Neva, at that time surrounded by silent forests, the lonely habitation of a few Finnish hunters. In 1703, upon the day of the Holy Trinity, he laid with his own hands, upon a little island, the first stone of the foundations of the citadel. The multitudes he had collected from every part of the empire were obliged, for the want of the necessary implements of labor, to dig out the soil with their naked hands, and carry it away in bags made with their clothing. In the midst of difficulty and privation, and notwithstanding the ravages of a disease which carried off more than 100,000 of the workmen, the fortress was completed in the short space of five months, and remains to this day a monument of the ruthless energy of the Czar. He also fortified the point of the island which divides the river into two branches called the Great and Little Neva. This fortification was commanded by Basil Kortchumine, and when Peter sent him his orders, he was in the habit of saying, "*Vaciliou na ostroff*"—to Basil in the island; whence we have Vassili Ostroff, the name of the island at the present time.

No sooner were the defences completed, than the Czar commenced building the city, which he had already called St. Petersburg, in honor of his patron saint, to whom it was consecrated. His own house, a small wooden building, containing two chambers and a kitchen,—one or two houses of the same size, and the miserable hovels of many thousand labourers, constituted the new capital at the end of 1703. In 1714 appeared the ukases in which the exertions and intentions of the Czar are made manifest. By one of these ukases three hundred and fifty noble families were ordered to establish themselves in the new capital, and to build houses in the places indicated by the sovereign. By another, the merchants and mechanics were obliged to build three hundred houses. By another, the use of stone was prohibited for a certain time in every city in the empire, except St. Petersburg; and by another, every ship arriving in the harbour was to bring a certain quantity of stone, according to the size and tonnage. Artisans and engineers were invited from every country in Europe, and

the same measures and activity were employed as marked the rise and progress of Constantinople under Constantine the Great. In 1724 two-and-thirty ships arrived from different countries. In 1750 the population amounted to eighty thousand, and in 1840, to four hundred and fifty thousand.

The first humble residence of Peter and of Catherine still stands upon the spot on which it was erected, and from its threshold may now be seen the immense palaces and stately structures of the city, which occupies the bosom of the morass. The wonderful rapidity with which all this was effected, must be a subject of surprise, and will to a certain extent excuse the faults of style and construction which will appear upon a more minute investigation of the architectural magnificence of St. Petersburg.

In consequence of the wet and yielding nature of the soil, great precautions are taken to prepare a proper foundation for the building to be erected. Where a heavy weight is to be sustained, it is frequently necessary to drive five or six successive rows of piles, to give a firm support to the superincumbent mass. Officers are appointed to see that this is done with care, and the plan as well as the proposed style of every edifice, must be submitted to the consideration of the architect of the government, who may alter and improve as it may appear desirable. A new palace was recently constructed for the hereditary Grand Duke, and the owner of some vacant ground in the neighbourhood, who desired to build upon it, was compelled to consult the imperial taste, by running up a wooden wall, made and painted to resemble as near as possible the façade of the building to be erected. It was examined from the windows of the palace, was not found unsightly or objectionable, and the builder was permitted to proceed. Brick is the material generally used for exterior walls, wood being prohibited, and stone being too expensive. As soon as the brick wall is dry, it receives a coat of plaster, which is washed white, or yellow, or pink, according to the fancy of the proprietor. This plaster is stained and cracked with the humidity and frosts of autumn, and peels off with the storms and severe cold of winter. The pilasters and ornamented cornices are universally affected in December with a sort of cuticular eruption, and before spring-time the statues in stucco

upon the Winter Palace, and in the niches of the imperial and noble dwellings, have lost their heads or arms or some other member, and certainly present a most woful and ludicrous appearance.

Towards the first of June some seventy or eighty thousand serfs come from the interior, and are set to work to repair and re-beautify the magnificent city. Cosmetics in the shape of a new coat of plaster and a new wash of colour, are applied, and by the time the ice has disappeared and the first steamers have arrived, St. Petersburg looks as fresh, and bright, and beautiful as summer tourists have described it. It must be confessed that this nice and new appearance, and the immense extent and variety of the buildings, have an imposing and grand effect; but with the exception of the really superb palace of the Grand Duke Michael, the faultless elegance of the Academy of Fine Arts, and a few other buildings, no edifice deserves a particular and especial commendation.

The time of all times to look with pleasure upon the lofty and various edifices of St. Petersburg, is the summer evening, when the strong light from her northern sun, and the glare from her brilliant colours, are subdued by twilight. The warm and weary day of August begins to fail between eight and nine o'clock, and the soft and mellow lines succeeding sunset, then clothe with a peculiar beauty the colonnades and deep embrasures of every palace.

This is the most agreeable of the diurnal hours of a Russian summer. A cool breeze from the Baltic ripples the current of the Neva, and the tinkling guitar or the voice of song is heard from the passing gondola.

## CHAPTER XII.

The Hermitage—Imperial Library—Academy of Naval Cadets—Imperial Lyceums—Churches—Tombs of the Czars—Environs of the Capital—Peterhoff—Fetes of July—Rural Hermitage of Catherine—Imperial Fishing—Railroad—Tsarskoe—Parks and Promenades—Fountain of the Broken Pitcher.

It requires many days to see the various objects of interest in St. Petersburg. The Hermitage contains two thousand pictures, comprising the collections made by Sir Robert Walpole, the Prince of Condé, and others, and abounds in the best productions of the Flemish school. It also contains the private libraries of Voltaire, Diderot, Zimmerman, Busching, and other distinguished sages, vast numbers of antique medals, cameos, and precious ornaments of every age and nature. Within it are the famous Winter Gardens, and the scenes of the voluptuous banquets of the chosen few, whose wit or genius or good taste procured admission for them to the familiar society of Catherine. The imperial library contains nearly five hundred thousand volumes and manuscripts, the greater part of which are a portion of the spoils of Poland. The manuscripts from Persia and every part of Asia are exceedingly valuable and interesting. Some of the Latin writings of the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries are richly illuminated and adorned with arabesques. A codex, containing the four Evangelists on purple vellum and in letters of gold, with marginal notes in silver characters, is said to be the work of the Empress Theodora. This precious document was taken by the Russians during the campaign in Asia Minor, in 1829. Besides all these, there is a most extraordinary and valuable collection of romances, original correspondence and love-letters of the Kings and Queens of France and Scotland, for many centuries before the Revolution. They were saved from destruction and purchased for a trifle by Doubrowsky, after the taking of the Bastile, and transferred by him to the Imperial library. Among other curiosities, in a very rare assortment of

royal penmanship, is a writing exercise of Louis the Fourteenth, copied by him many times. It is as follows: "*Les rois font ce qu'ils veulent; il faut leur obéir;*" a lesson never forgotten by the great King.

The Museum of Peter contains his clothes and tools and specimens of his handicraft; the Museum of the Academy of Sciences a vast collection of Japanese, Mongol, and Thibethian manuscripts; the Museum of the Mining Corps, large specimens of native gold, and subterranean galleries which represent the appearance of the Ural mines and the operations of the miners; the Academy of the Naval Cadets, a large model of the frame of the old American frigate President, which is annually taken apart and rebuilt by the senior class of students. Besides these, there are Imperial lyceums, gymnasiums, universities, military schools, schools of engineers, of law, medicine, pharmacy, foresters, pages, actors, and singers. Then there are the Imperial institutions for the education of young ladies of noble birth; of St. Catherine, for the instruction of the daughters of officers of rank; of the patriotic ladies of St. Petersburg, for the care of the orphans of poor officers; foundling hospitals which receive six thousand infants per annum; retreats for the deaf, dumb, and blind, and various others too numerous to mention; all of which result from the munificence of the Emperor, or from the bounty of some very rich or very ambitious person who is careful to imitate the imperial virtues.

There are two hundred churches and chapels in St. Petersburg, most of them crowned with four or five golden or parti-coloured cupolas, and all adorned internally with a profusion of ornaments. In the church of our Lady of Kazan are the shrines and miraculous images of the Virgin and the saints, adorned with plates of gold and crowns of jewels, and along the walls and upon the columns, hang the tattered flags of France, Persia, Turkey, and of Poland. Here too is the *baton* of Davoust, who was the governor of Moscow, and here the tomb of Kutusoff, the hero of Smolenskoi. In the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, within the walls of the fortress, are the sarcophagi of granite, containing the remains of Peter the Great and of his successors. Above and around them hang the countless trophies of Russian war,—the banners of Charles the Twelfth, of the

great Frederick of Prussia, and of the Shahs and Sultans of Persia and of Turkey. The church of the Holy Trinity, at the southern termination of the Nevsky, contains the relics of St. Andrew and St. Alexander. The latter, who achieved a victory upon the banks of the Neva over the Swedes, in 1241, was originally buried in a convent upon the Volga, and became one of the favourite saints of the Russians. Peter, with the hope of reconciling his people to his new capital, transferred his bones to the gorgeous Cathedral of the Trinity, inclosed them in a silver shrine, and surrounded them with all the splendor that gold and jewellery could bestow.

In the neighbourhood of the capital are several magnificent palaces of the Czar. We went out of the city by the Riga gate, and passing the cottages of Dom Drury, where once stood the palace erected by the Emperor Alexander, for his mistress the Princess Narishkin; Strelna, once the habitation of the Grand Duke Constantine; and the many country residences and gardens, and stagnant pools of water, extending for six or seven miles along a very dusty avenue, reached the famous house of Peter. The terraces command a view of the coasts of Finland, and the gardens reach down to the very shores of the gulf below. It is useless to linger upon a particular description of the wonders of Peterhoff. The palace is a compound of all styles of architecture. The rooms are filled with every contrivance of luxury and art, and the parks are ornamented with all that human ingenuity could suggest. An abundant supply of water enables the imperial proprietors to astonish the beholders with a display of artificial cascades and fountains not at all inferior in effect to those of Versailles.

The illumination during the fêtes of July, when hall and bower, wood and water, suddenly emerge from the doubtful obscurity of midnight into resplendent light;—when every leaf in the long linden alleys is seen to sparkle, and the spray of every fountain to scintillate beneath the lustre of myriads of rockets and coloured lamps, surpassing all that imagination can conceive. We saw the summer-house where Peter loved to linger with his dark-eyed mistress, an humble girl of Poland;—we saw *Mon Plaisir*, where the Imperial Elizabeth was wont to amuse herself with feasts of love and dinners of her own cook-

ing;—and we saw also the lesser Hermitage of the second Catherine, a favorite resort of hers on summer afternoons. She was, it seems, so pensive, that she had deep ditches made all around this sylvan solitude. To guard her meditations from the inquisitive eyes or ears of menials, refreshments were introduced from the rooms below to her apartments, and placed upon her table by machinery. The adjoining groves had often witnessed her splendid festivals, and tradition tells of the youths arrayed in white and shining garments, who danced in the woodlands to the voices of hidden nymphs; and of the rustic benches, which touched by springs moved and formed into tables and little seats, covered as if by magic with the richest and rarest viands, served up in gold and silver. The mechanical ducks, a remnant of her imperial playthings, can still be seen upon the ornamental waters, performing aquatic feasts. In the neighboring wood is an artificial tree, so made as to deceive even a practised eye. Its shade invites the stranger to approach, and the soft sod around its twisted roots entices him to be seated,—whereupon an invisible fountain, acting like an immense watering-pot, poured from above, furnishes as cool a shower bath as he could possibly desire.

We visited a muddy fish-pond, well filled with carp, and saw the keeper feed them. He first rings a sort of dinner-bell, and the fish immediately assemble, as if aware of the importance of punctuality. The lodge of this keeper was near the pond, and is a little palace of itself. Perceiving an unusal preparation of magnificent fishing-tackle, we were informed upon enquiry that the Emperor and his family would be there in a little while to fish, and take tea. Presently several carriages arrived with servants and waiting-maids, in the livery of the Empress. Next came the wagons, containing the tea-urns, and provisions sufficient for a regiment. As evening was fast approaching, and as it was time to go on board the steamer returning to the city; moreover, as it was not becoming to stare at majesty, while engaged in fishing, we withdrew.

On repairing to the harbour, we soon left the Imperial residence behind us. The boat was crowded with all kind of people, of every nation. Not a few of them were strangers like ourselves, and some were persons of rank and consideration.

Several Russian ladies were smoking their cigars with great composure; among them, quite conspicuous for beauty of person and attire, was a countess. She was attended by a frowsy footman, in a suit of livery, which may once have been gay and handsome, but now was stained and spotted with time and filth. His chapeau was enormous, very antique, and not inappropriately termed by a companion "the last of the cocked hats." When we reached St. Petersburg, the countess sent her lackey for a droskey. Now a common droskey is nothing but a bench, resting upon springs, aud running upon four wheels. Though intended for one person only, it will take two. So the beautiful countess seated herself sidewise in front, and the hideous lackey a-straddle right behind her, and away they went, bouncing over the pavement, a singular spectacle to unaccustomed eyes.

Tsarskoe-celo, the village of the Czar, is reached in half an hour by the railway. This railway was the first which was ever constructed in Russia. At the beginning it was rather regarded with prejudice by the mass, but as it was undertaken with the consent and countenance of the Emperor, no one dared to raise objection. By the time it went into active operation, and the Imperial family had passed and re-passed several times in safety, it became quite fashionable in the summer-time to ride down to Tsarskoe, or to Pavlovsky, the Vauxhall of Russia. On one occasion the confidence of the Russian public was interrupted by a serious accident. The cars took fire, and several people who could not or would not break open the doors of the carriage in which they were riding, were burned to death. Nothing so shocks a Russian community as accidents attended with loss of life. When Carter the lion-tamer went to St. Petersburg, he was permitted to exhibit his animals, but not to enter the cages, lest he should be devoured in the presence of the people. In consequence of the accident upon the railroad I have mentioned, no one would run the risk of travelling by steam to Tsarskoe; and the Emperor, in a paroxysm of rage, ordered the president of the company to appear before him. This happened to be no less a person than a descendant of the great Catherine, a left-handed cousin of his Majesty, and by universal report, one of the most intelligent and faithful subjects. He was fortunately absent on a visit to his estates, in the south

of Russia. Couriers were instantly dispatched, with orders to the Count to repair immediately to St. Petersburg, and report himself. He rode night and day, and reached the city in the evening. The Autocrat was at the theatre. Thither the Count repaired, and in the lobby adjoining the imperial box, received the rebuke of his angry sovereign. Fortuuately the tempest was partially allayed before his arrival; the Count moreover was a favourite, and well knew whom he had to deal with. He received the Imperial threats with due submission, and was dismissed with orders to be at the railway station at an early hour the next morning. He was there at the appointed time, and so was Nicholas. An engine was ordered to "fire up," a car was attached thereto, and away went the master and the subject for Tsarskoe-celo. No accident occurred. His Majesty was gracious, the Count was most agreeable. They returned in safety; and when they left the car, the Emperor embraced the noble president of the railroad company *avec effusion de cœur*. Public confidence was restored, stock went up, and travel was immediately renewed.

The palace and grounds of Tsarskoe-celo rival in beauty and splendour any royal residence in Europe. It is utterly impossible to convey an adequate idea of the immense sums which have been squandered upon this imperial habitation. The exterior walls were originally gilded with gold, at the cost of many millions. This was torn off by the rude blasts of winter. The vast saloons of the interior still retain the evidences of the boundless wealth and extravagance of the second Catherine. Some rooms are completely covered with gold; walls and ceilings of glass and amber; floors of ebony and mother-of-pearl, and furniture exceeding in value all the treasures of Windsor or Versailles. The ceremonious pomp of Catherine was practiced here. Here she received ambassadors and foreign potentates, and astonished the princes of the East with untold splendor. The surpassing majesty of her person, attended by a host of brilliant retainers, from the stately Orloff to the renowned and amiable dwarf, Count Boruwlaski, marched through these halls in the full panoply of courtly pride and decoration.

The parks about the palace are very extensive, and diversified

here and there with towers in ruin, Chinese pagodas, and fanciful bridges of marble and iron, thrown across the streams and cascades which intersect the grounds in various directions. There is a little castle filled with antique armor; obelisks, pyramids and columns, and a Swiss dairy farm, with stalls and stables, containing the finest breeds of cattle in the world. In the warm and pleasant afternoons, the walks are filled with people from the city, and bands of music play constantly for their amusement. The Imperial family were residing here about the period of our visit. In our morning walks, before the crowd were up and stirring, we sometimes saw the ladies of the Imperial family riding in the forest. On one occasion, the Grand Duchess Olga, dressed with simplicity, and attended only by her maid, was seen tripping along the lawns which border a fairy lake, filled with white swans and ships in miniature.

Our path that morning lay for the fountain of the Broken Pitcher. The clear spring water is brought by hidden pipes to the top of a rock of granite. Upon this rock stands the figure of a weeping girl, and from the mouth of the broken pitcher at her feet, runs the clear stream of water. We found one of the imperial servants there, awaiting the arrival of the Duchess, who in her walk was to return this way to quaff from the crystal fountain. His salver was neither of gold nor silver, but an ordinary plate, upon which rested two plain glass goblets.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Model Farm—Agricultural Instruction—Implements—Alexandroffsky—American Mechanics—Railway to Moscow—George W. Whistler—The Foundry—Importation of Machinery—American Enterprise.

A FURTHER description of this or the numerous other royal palaces, would be wearisome both to the reader and the writer. Much more interesting is the Imperial farming institution, also in the vicinity of the capital. This is a model farm of seven hundred acres, and a school for the improvement and instruction of the peasantry. With the exception of the hedges planted about it in the English style, nothing in the condition and management of the farm itself is entitled to particular observa-

tion. A museum is attached to the premises, full of all kinds of agricultural implements, from the outlandish machines called Russian ploughs, to the light and simple article by that name from the United States. The stalls contain fine cattle of various breeds, and we observed some model cottages, inhabited by those who, having passed their time as common labourers, were now learning to live as farmers should live, like men and Christians. We tasted the bread, butter, cheese, and various preparations of milk, the produce of the place, all of which were as good as these things always are at model farms. Two hundred peasants, from sixteen to twenty years of age, are educated here. Each province is allowed to send a certain number, who are supposed to be selected with reference to their superior intelligence and industry. Fifty of them are graduated, and a new class of fifty admitted every year. We were informed by the director of the establishment, a German, that some of the graduates have turned out well, and some been found indifferent and incurable. To teach them cleanliness is almost impossible; and he assured us that when they first entered the school, they literally did not know the difference between sweet and sour.

The foundry of Alexandroffsky, near the gates of St. Petersburg, is now in the possession and under the control of American mechanics in the employ of the Government.

As the Russians were incapable of doing many kinds of work, it was necessary to resort to Sweden for assistance, and sixty intelligent mechanics were brought from that country. The foundry was enlarged, all was soon in movement, and three thousand artizans employed in the manufacture of two hundred locomotives and seven thousand cars, in one of the best and most complete establishments in the world. It was visited by the Minister and the Princes, and all were delighted with the experiment and the improvement. Other contracts for the making of engines and steam-boats, amounting to many millions of money, were offered to the Americans. When they commenced operations, they were desirous of introducing a system of police, altogether different from that prevailing at Alexandroffsky. Their humane exertions were frustrated by the utter ignorance of the Russian labourers of all notions of common honesty or morality. Some of them were serfs of the

Crown, some of them serfs of the nobles, and some free peasants. They would steal whatever they could conveniently conceal, and carried off in their clothing, tools, bits of brass, copper, or whatever else would purchase a dram. It became absolutely necessary, therefore, to adopt the old practice of having soldiers stationed at the entrances, and every Russian who passed out was regularly searched. Every morning some were so intoxicated as to be unable to work; these were given in charge to a police officer, by whom they were stripped and flogged. The Emperor visited the works at Alexandroffsky, not long since, and expressed his satisfaction to Messrs. Eastwick, Harrison, and Winants, by presenting each of them with a diamond ring. He also passed over the railway as far as Colperno, to which point it is finished, and returned to confer upon the distinguished engineer the order of St. Anne, and to express his gratification in a ukase. The railway to Moscow will be completed in 1849.

In 1842, the most valuable import into Russia from the United States, next after the article of cotton, was machinery. This was mostly intended for the foundry of Alexandroffsky. and the furtherance of the work upon the railroad. The steam earth-excavators and steam pile-drivers were considered extraordinary productions, and so useful did they appear that directions were given for their further importation and their general use upon the various public works. It was about this time that an American dentist arrived from Paris to inspect the imperial masticators, and so successful were his operations that he was decorated with the ribbon of St. Andrew. Soon after, Nicholas sent to America for bridge-builders and millwrights, as Peter sent to Holland for blacksmiths and carpenters. The report of this exceeding partiality for the citizens of the republic soon attracted attention in the United States, and during the ensuing summer, almost every steamer brought in some enterprising son of New England. Patent fire-arms, contrivances for making pins, and specimens of almost every new invention were presented for the patronage of the Autocrat. Letters were addressed to his Imperial Majesty from individuals residing in the far west, requesting service in the army and navy; while his excellency the American Minister received parcels marked "this

side up with care," containing various articles which he was directed to deliver immediately to the Emperor of all the Russias. These were daguerreotype views, models of bridges and floating docks, and plans and specifications for building ships and steam-boats. One person was ready to supply any demand for excellent clocks; another forwarded a set of mineral teeth as a sample of his workmanship; another presented his Majesty with a work on the treatment of diseases of the spine; another sent to each of the Imperial family a barrel of Newtown pippins, and some member of the temperance society, an awful-looking picture of the human stomach diseased by the use of brandy. Never was there such a prospect of the tide of emigration running eastward, and if the Emperor had not published a ukase, stating that no presents whatever, coming from unknown individuals, would be received in future by the Imperial family, the regeneration of the Empire might have been completed through the agency of speculating Yankees.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Indications of Winter—Effects of the Cold—Sleighing—Streets of St. Petersburg — Russian Mountain — Bear Hunting— Academies of Science and Art—Theatres—Actors—The Opera—The Corps de Ballet—Music—Dress—The Clubs—Whist Playing.

THE delicate and vaporous hues of the long twilights of July, are followed in September by the dark nights and gloomy days of the early winter of the North. The leaves have all withered, the air is sharp, the sky looks gray and dull. The south-west winds begin their wailing accents, the Neva joins in with mournful murmurs, and all nature sighs with seeming sadness over the early grave of summer. Clouds of dust sweep through the great avenues and penetrate the crevices of every door and window. Colds and asthmas prevail. Strangers prepare to leave. Housekeepers are engaged in putting in double window-sashes, and lining the doors with felt, and every one who is able flies from a country that Randolph of Roanoke, after an experience of twenty days, described as a "land cursed with all the plagues without possessing any of the fertility of Egypt." It is

impossible to conceive a more disagreeable climate. Frost begins about the twenty-seventh of September, and lasts until the first of May. It was calculated by the celebrated Euler that there are only sixty days in the year when it does not rain or snow at St. Petersburg. About the first of October the white standard floating upon the Winter Palace announces the presence of the Emperor. The aristocracy move to town. Furs are very comfortable without, and additional fires very necessary within doors. The fierce west wind, accompanied with whirling flurries of snow, brings up the water from the Gulf of Finland, and the Neva, (collecting in its channel the current from the lake above, to swell this tribute from the sea below,) rises and overflows the adjacent country. Sometimes this wind and water is so fraught with danger, as to fill the city with alarm; and frequently the great guns booming from the fortress, announce to the inhabitants apprehension of disaster. It is by no means unusual to see the water in the streets. In 1824, St. Petersburg was covered as with a sea for two entire days. The basement of every house and palace was submerged, furniture and provisions floated upon the waste of waters; an immense amount of property was destroyed, and eight thousand people lost their lives.

It is at this dreary season that the last steamer takes its departure for another land. The last boat! How many anxious feelings are excited in the bosom of the resident at this announcement! How many assemble on the pier that day to gaze upon the envied few who are to escape before the great portals of the Baltic are locked with ice! and when the last adieu is waved, and the lingering crowd disperse, how do the thoughts of all revert to other scenes! To those who live in Russia, and who have lived elsewhere, the west apparently begins half way across the Baltic. There is something exceedingly sad in the aspect of the Russian autumn, but other than physical influences are active in producing the most painful sensations. Gloomy and half-savage-looking men, looking more gloomy and more unhappy because of the contrast with those who wear the rich insignia of power, create unpleasant thoughts enough; but it is the silence imposed upon the tongue, the restraint which weighs upon the spirit, that produce the most annoying impres-

sions upon the free-born stranger in the cold despotism of the north. In 1843, a Russian nobleman, while in England, engaged a suitable person to superintend a manufactory he had recently established in the vicinity of St. Petersburg. The Englishman was to receive a very handsome compensation, and arrived in Russia with the intention of remaining several years, as he was bound to do by contract. He was a hale, hearty, stout fellow, as full of mirth and good humour as any Englishman we ever saw. He went to the factory, commenced work with great earnestness, and continued for some time to give satisfaction to his employer. But in the autumn he returned to St. Petersburg, declared he could no longer support the melancholy with which he was afflicted, and with tears rolling down his ruddy cheeks, and with groans enough to break his heart, he prayed to be relieved from his engagement. He would sacrifice all he had, he would give up his prospects of fortune and preferment, to be permitted to leave Russia and go to some other country.

About the first of November the cold increases in severity; the water is congealed to the consistency of jelly, and the snow freezes as it falls. Still the mercury descends, and toward the latter part of the month, the Neva is covered with solid ice. The Russian rejoices when the snow is deep and hard, and as soon as the police will permit him to venture upon the ice-bound river, he launches forth upon his sleigh and drives at full speed along the paths which are marked out with branches of the pine. Boats rigged with sails and impelled by the wind, glide swiftly up and down, and when it is not too cold, a few skaters appear and practise the sport of winter.

When these "melancholy days have come" the stranger breakfasts at nine or ten o'clock with the aid of candlelight. Piercing with his eyes the glass of the double windows and the drowsy obscurity of day, he discovers snow enough to last for months. After the sun is fairly up, he wraps about him a pelisse lined with a fur, and out he goes into the clear cracking cold of a Russian winter morning. He finds the pavements nicely swept, and may walk all day without a fall; or stepping into a *traineau*, he is off for the animated Nevsky. By four o'clock in the afternoon he finds himself humming "twilight dews," and hastens home

to dinner. This being over, he may repair to the French, German, or Russian play, and thence to a masquerade or some similar entertainment. And thus with the stranger go the days of winter. There is the greatest difference in European cities with respect to the attractions they offer to him who travels merely for amusement. Society is so organized in some capitals, is so affected by the peculiar customs of the people, or so regulated by the police or the policy of Government, as to assume certain marked and distinct features. Of all continental cities, Paris is deservedly the favourite,—

"L'on ne vit qu'à Paris et l'on végète ailleurs."

Next comes Vienna. Berlin is a poor imitation of St. Petersburg. Whatever there is of display in the latter city is indeed magnificent, but this is only occasional and always of a public character. Nothing proceeds from the population. It is not a sprightly nor an interesting population, and after Russian beards and Russian sheepskins have become familiar to the eye, the curiosity of the stranger is gratified. If he is not admitted to the festivities of the court, it is difficult to find amusement. With sight-seeing he is wearied in a week, and gladly leaves the unvaried scene to find in another city the bustle and the gaiety, the comfort and the pleasure, the music and the beauty which were hidden from him here, and which make every day a fête day.

As the season advances, some bright clear days, by far the finest of the Russian year, bring out into the streets crowds of the population. The peasantry of the surrounding country flock to the city with their sleighs and horses, and the animation and variety of the multitude, who ride or walk upon the Nevsky, surpass all that is seen in summer. On such days as these, when no clouds dim the short triumphs of the sun, this beautiful promenade is crowded from twelve to two o'clock with the most singular assembly of people in the world. Every description of face and figure, from almost every country in Europe and of Asia, all wrapped in furs of the most common or most costly kind, occupy the side-walks; while the carriage-way is completely filled with sleighs, from the dashing turn-out of the noble to the humble sledge of the Finnish woman, who sits upon

a large block of ice. They all drive with great rapidity, and yet an accident seldom occurs; for if any one is injured by accident or design, no matter which, the horses and equipage causing the injury are instantly seized by the police and confiscated. The side-walks in the Nevsky and along the quays and upon all the principal streets, are always cleared of snow and ice, and covered with clean gravel, so that the walking is as good in winter as in summer. This excellent practice was introduced by the Emperor Alexander, who was himself a famous pedestrian.

The Emperor Nicholas is frequently seen in the Nevsky. His approach will be noticed by the unusual flutter of the crowd, as if his coming had been announced by an *avant courier*. Hats fly off, and each one wheels to the right-about, and waits the approach of his Imperial Majesty. If he rides, it is in an old and forlorn barouche or sleigh; if he walks, it is alone and at a moderate pace. There is nothing in his appearance to attract attention. A tall figure in a chapeau and plume, a dark cloth cloak and strapless pantaloons, passes along, receives the homage of his subjects, gives them the military salute in return, and disappears before the multitude have recovered from their surprise. The other members of the Imperial family generally ride out in a low chariot-and-four, with grooms in blue and silver. Sometimes they pass unobserved in a plain close coach, while the servants and retainers of the household, who frequently go on errands in the great court carriages with footmen in scarlet liveries, are mistaken for imperial blood and receive the reverences of the people. The fear of the exactions of the police obliges every householder to be careful that the exterior of his premises is kept in good order, and one or two servants called *dvornicks* are employed for this particular purpose. Beggars are never seen. Smoking in the streets is strictly prohibited. The Emperor, while walking one day, met a Frenchman smoking a cigar. He approached, and asked him if he was not aware that it was contrary to the law to smoke in the street. The Gaul not knowing by whom he was addressed, replied that he had been in the habit of smoking in the streets of Paris, and did not know why he should not do so in the streets of any other city. The Emperor, who detests a Frenchman, left him, and proceeding to the *boutka* or station of a policeman near at hand,

gave directions to the *boutoushnik* as to the disposition of the smoker. The latter was immediately placed by force in a *kibitka*, which is a small wagon without springs of any kind, and bounced over a thousand miles of bad road to the Turkish frontier, where he was dismissed with permission to follow the Parisian fashions.

The fine winter days to which we have alluded, when the sun shines brightly, and when it is not too cold to walk, are very few. During the winter solstice, the sun rises at a quarter past nine, and sets at half-past two. Frequently the clouds and mist so effectually obscure his rays as to make the use of artificial light absolutely necessary even at high noon. The mean maximum of cold is about twenty-two degrees below zero. Sometimes the thermometer is as low as thirty and thirty-five of Fahrenheit. During this period of excessive cold, it is almost incredible to witness the hardihood of the common Russian, whose beard is white with frost, and whose body is protected only with a sheepskin. But regular exercise in the open air is altogether impossible for those who are not acclimated, and these, when they venture out, are obliged to ride well muffled up in furs. With the bottom of the sleigh lined with robes, and the person enveloped in an ample pelisse, cap, boots and gloves of fur, it is by no means unpleasant to glide along the slippery pavements away toward the ice-hills. The Russian mountain is a platform between thirty and forty feet high, reached by a staircase. On one side of this platform is in an inclined plane, paved with blocks of ice. The little sledge is started down; the conductor sitting behind gives it direction with his hand, and away it goes with great celerity to the bottom, and is carried by the impetus a considerable distance beyond. This is one of the principal winter amusements of the ladies and gentlemen of St. Petersburg.

Besides excursions to the ice-hills, sleighing parties resort during the evenings to the hotels in some of the adjoining villages, inhabited by German colonists, where they dance until the witching hour, when they wrap up to return. These are called pic-nics. Sometimes as many as fifty sleighs start off together for the German village, and both going and returning, an upset in the snow is regarded as no little pleasure. The fine

nights of Russia, when millions of stars tremble in the cold clear firmament, and the moonlight sparkles upon the crusted snow, are very beautiful. The evergreen and ever-silent woodland, hung with white drapery, and the pine boughs tipped with icicles, proclaim the realms of the great frost king. Fairy shadows dance across the crystal surface, and the keen air tingles with fairy voices. But when the snow has drifted into waves, and the sleigh goes pitching like a little boat at sea, it is not unusual for one unaccustomed to the motion, to be afflicted with sensations which deprive him of the pleasure of making any such observations.

An extensive forest and morass, surrounding the capital on every side, are filled with a variety of game and beasts of prey. Wolves frequently enter the suburbs of the city, and are heard to howl a dismal chorus to the long wild cry of the Russian sentry. In the month of December, the peasants penetrate to the remote parts of the morass, in search of bear, then dozing away the winter. When they find him, they send word to the hunting-clubs. A day is named for his destruction, and they assemble in arms at the forest rendezvous. Peasants go in and rouse up old Bruin with shouts and blows, and then fly toward the sportsmen. Bruin follows in hot pursuit, enters the ambuscade, and many balls enter his devoted body. The club return to town in triumph and in appetite for dinner. Such are some of the sports of the gentry in winter time, but as a general rule, their amusements are not of so active a description. About Christmas, the markets present a curious spectacle. Great quantities of frozen beef from the interior, frozen fish from the White and Caspian Seas, various kinds of game from the distant government of Vologoda, and rein-deer from Archangel, are brought into the city over the vast snow-fields. Fresh salmon and trout from the Neva are also abundant, and many fine vegetables from the hot-houses in the vicinity are offered for sale every morning. The prices of these different articles vary with the season, the state of the temperature, the condition of the roads, and the number of arrivals. Provisions destined for St. Petersburgh are not liable to taxes of any kind, and cost about twenty per cent. less than at Paris.

In October, the annual exhibition of miserable productions

by native artists, and is visited by the amateurs of painting, and every *chevalier d'industrie*. In January, the Academy of Sciences holds its yearly session, and the literati, savans, and foreign ambassadors, are invited, and expected to attend. The Minister of Public Instruction, who presides on the occasion, sometimes goes fast to sleep in the presence of the learned assembly, while prosy documents in the vernacular are read by the secretary for the edification of all concerned. These are two great events in the Russian year, so far as art and literature are concerned. On the other hand, the theatres and club-houses are filled nightly to overflowing. The theatres are under the control of a manager appointed by the Government. Plays are performed in the German, French, and Russian languages. The French theatre is patronized by the Emperor, and is of course the favourite of all those of any pretensions to elegance or fashion. Performers for the French theatre are selected by a Russian agent in Paris; and every inducement is offered to the most finished members of the corps dramatique of France, to persuade them to accept an engagement for the imperial theatre of St. Petersburg. Those who enlist for a certain number of years, receive a liberal salary, and retire upon a pension which enables them to pass the remainder of their days in ease and comfort. Some of them become favourites at Court, and often return to their country with fame and fortune.

The singular conduct of the Emperor Paul, with respect to the allies, has been attributed to the influence of a French actress. It appears that the secret agents of the French in Russia, induced a very fascinating person named Chevalier, to appear upon the stage in St. Petersburg. This woman was skilled in music, of which the monarch was passionately fond. Watching for his presence, she sung one evening celebrating his generosity and valor. This was the siren song that led him to destruction. She became the idol of the infatuated Paul, and acting according to the directions of her subtle countrymen, she induced him to recall Suwaroff from the fields of Italy, and break off the Austrian alliance. She next received the bribes of Zubof, and others, the exiled favorites of Catherine, and interceded successfully in behalf of those who were afterwards to be

the assassins of her imperial lover. When he was murdered, she applied for permission to leave the country. This was granted, upon condition that she returned a diamond cross which had once been the property of Peter the Great. Madame Chevalier was not at all disposed to give up this precious relic, resisted stoutly the officer who was sent to take it from her, and finally departed with a million in jewelry and money.

Russian plays are principally translations from the German and English. Schiller and Shakspeare are represented to Russian audiences, and Hamlet is transformed into a most comical and amusing character. The *corps de ballet* is very numerous. It is composed of youths taken from the Foundling Hospital, and is under the immediate superintendence of an officer appointed by the Emperor. They occupy houses furnished by the Government, are taken to and from the theatre in the carriages of the Government, and depend entirely upon the Government for support. They were well drilled during the engagement of Taglioni, but a stiffness and want of spirit is observable in their action, reminding one constantly of the martinet.

The music of Rossini and Donizetti has been adapted and sung in the Russian opera with considerable success. The language as heard in song is exceedingly sweet and agreeable. In all that appertains to scenic effect, the theatres of St. Petersburg are as complete as any in the world. Foreign artists are employed to prepare the machinery and make the necessary embellishments. Italian opera, with Rubini, Tamburini, Castellan, and Viardot Garcia, was at the time we were there very successful. Every box was taken at enormous prices, and every seat in the *parterre* commanded from 1*l.* to 3*l.* every night during the season. The imperial *loge* was always occupied: and the array of richly dressed ladies and gentlemen in uniform, assembled, seldom can be found elsewhere, The enthusiasm was tremendous. The theatre is the only place where a display of enthusiasm is permitted in Russia. Any amount of applause is lawful there, but loud talking or hissing is severely punished. Great performers were called again and again before the curtain, and greeted with bravos and bouquets innumerable, and after all is over, to guard them from the cold they were carefully deposited in sacks lined with fur, carried to the sleigh in waiting, and

conveyed to their warm apartments. His Imperial Majesty evinced his satisfaction by appointing Tamburini chief of the choir of the Palace. He sent the immortal tenor and the prima donna the most costly and brilliant presents, and the delighted *troupe* gave it as their decided opinion, that if Italy is pleasant in the summer, Russia, of all countries, was the most agreeable in winter.

The first club in St. Petersburg is called the English club. It was founded in 1770 by the English merchants. It is now composed of three hundred and fifty members, most of whom are Russians. There are always more than two thousand candidates for admission to this select association. The club-house is large and commodious. It contains bowling-alleys, billiard-rooms, dining-halls, and everything else necessary for comfort, convenience and pleasure. Foreign papers authorized by the Censor are found in the reading rooms. This club is famous for its good wines and dinners, and somewhat notorious for the large amount of money lost and won upon its tables.

The club of the nobility is composed of one hundred and fifty junior officers, clerks in the various departments, and civilians in the service of the Government, who assemble once a week to eat a dinner, served at a moderate rate in very elegant glass plate. After dinner the whole company adjourn to another room, assemble around a table, and play loto, looking all the while as sorrowful as possible. Loto is a favorite game of the Empress. It is therefore a favourite with the club of the nobility. The other clubs, whether German or Russian, are hardly worth mention. They are the resort of those who have no other resource, and who seek to conceal the intolerable stupidity of Rusaian life, by play and dissipation. A number of discarded favourites, old and worn-out roués and courtiers, disappointed and reduced nobles, frequent these places, and whisper each other all the Court scandal of the past and present. Here too, the more ardent and youthful aspirants for promotion are occasionally seen, in search of those whose influence may avail them; and besides all these, are many who have never hoped to rise above the honours of short whist.

Gaming is prohibited by the laws of Russia as it is by the laws of Austria and France. In all these, as well as in most

other countries, however, the loss and gain of money by cards do not appear to be regarded as ordinary gambling. Roulette, rouge et noir, and other hazards of this kind have been abolished by the Imperial Ukase, while gaming to any extent in any other way, is by no means unlawful. The Government itself retains the sole right of making and manufacturing playing-cards, and the profits (which are very considerable) are devoted by the Emperor to the support of the foundling hospitals of the country. The Russians are the best card-players in the world. In St. Petersburg they peculiarly excel. By constant practice they have attained a quickness and easy superiority which completely baffle the skill of the stranger. Every ball-room has its card-party, every saloon is furnished with card-tables, and in the midst of mirth and music, the votaries of the game are constantly engaged. In the very highest ranks, and among the most refined circles of the capital, gaming is followed with an earnestness which is surprising. A noble lady receives her guest without discomforting her partner, and the minister of state preserves his secrets and his silence by playing whist. Many a fair one by losing has been won, and many a favour by winning has been lost. The card-tables are covered with green baize, and the record of the game is marked upon it with chalk. When the play is finished a settlement is made, and each one draws out a large pocket-book, filled with bank notes of most villanous look and smell, and in the presence of all that is considered to represent the concentrated excellencies and refinement of European society, they pay and receive their money. The winner places a note beneath the candlestick for the benefit of the *maître d'hôtel*, and retires from the scene of conquest.

## CHAPTER XV.

Palaces of the Nobles—Festivities—Furniture and Ornaments—Jewellery and Decorations—Taste and Luxury—The Czar—The Grand Duke Michael — Imperial Fêtes — Winter Palace — Presentation — The Empress—Courtiers—Ball—Banquet—First of January — Blessing the Waters—Emperor's Day.

WEALTHY nobles residing in St. Petersburg display the extravagance and splendour of petty sovereigns. Their palaces are filled with the most costly ornaments and the most luxurious furniture. Jasper and porphyry adorn the walls; columns and pilasters of solid malachite, valued at more than one thousand pounds each, support the sculptored ceilings. Cabinet-makers and upholsterers arrive every year from Paris, and bring all that is necessary to refit with additional magnificence their great abodes.

During the winter they are engaged in a constant succession of festivities. The brilliance of these festal scenes surpasses all description. A yellow radiance shooting athwart the gloom of the cold dark night, like the reflection of a vast conflagration, marks the direction of the illuminated palace. Hundreds of four-horse carriages deposit by turns their precious burdens, and a squadron of dragoons keeps back the crowd of commoners attracted like moths by the shining light. Carpets are laid from the carriage to the threshold, and lead from wintry obscurity and bleakness to halls as brilliant and as warm as a southern clime in summer. Footmen remove the pelisses and goloches, and the guests ascend the broad staircase of Carrara marble, lined with lacqueys in powdered periwigs and gay liveries, in the style of the old French Court. Apartments with fretted roofs, tesselated pavements, hung with cloths of gold and adorned with furniture in *or molu*, mother-of-pearl, and every variety of ornament, open one into the other. Ball-room, card-room, picture gallery, library, museum, conservatory of exotic plants, alcoves with fountains and statuary, the tea-room, fragrant with the aroma of the Chinese flower; the quiet parlour, with a carpet, and a cosy

fire blazing upon the hearth; all have their visitors, and afford each one the enjoyment he prefers.

The inestimable value of jewellery, rich and tasteful dresses, a fitness of every part and every performer, heighten the fascination of these delightful scenes. A hundred menials wait in the ante-rooms, banquet-chambers contain every foreign delicacy, and nothing which is desirable in nature or art to be bought with gold, is wanting to increase the pleasure or the comfort of the guest. A general amenity, united with the disposition to seek and to enjoy whatever is preferred, without reference to the opinions or tastes of others, produce an ease and a freedom from affectation,—the most agreeable traits in the courtly society of St. Petersburg. Especial occasions happen, however, when a change is perceptible in the feelings and conduct of the assembly. This results from the restraint imposed by the Imperial presence. Any member of the august family of the Czar has merely to signify the intention of visiting a noble house at an appointed time, to insure a most brilliant reception.

A noble who is honoured with this information, prepares with more than ordinary care to give éclat to the occasion; and he selects from among the courtiers those only whose association, he supposes would not be disagreeable to his Sovereign. Anxiety appears on almost every face, and a stiffness of demeanor and a solemnity of deportment really distressing. The Emperor, on these occasions, is usually dressed in a dark loose frock coat and ample pantaloons of his favorite Cossacks. An epaulet and a bit of ribbon at the button are his only decorations, and his whole appearance indicates more of negligence than neatness of person. He moves softly and quickly from room to room, exhibiting in his countenance and manner something of diffidence and something of impatience,—the first frequently verging upon awkwardness, the latter approaching violence. His restlessness hurries him from one apartment to another, surprising with his sudden entrance those who supposed he was a long way off. As he enters, the company rise, make the most profound obeisance, and stand silently before him. Every eye is upon him, every ear is open to catch his words. He may or he may not return the general salutation with a bow;—he may or he may not motion the ladies to resume their seats, and he will

occasionally single out and advance toward some individual, and commence a conversation, which will be terminated with an abrupt departure for another chamber.

No one is permitted on any account to address the Imperial family on any subject, and the conversation is usually limited to the question of the Sovereign and the reply of the subject. The Grand Duke Michael appears frequently at the soirées of nobles. He is the commander-in-chief of the army, and wears the uniform of a major-general. His wit as exercised upon those who incur his displeasure, makes his presence even more disagreeable than that of his Imperial brother. He walks with his hands behind him. His large head and heavy face adorned with red whiskers and mustache, project in front. His eye, which seems to rest with no little satisfaction upon his well-proportioned lower limbs and neat small feet, is raised ever and anon to gaze with a vacant stare into the submissive and abject countenances of those around him. Perhaps he may approach some frightened noble and say something which may be, or that he may consider very witty; whereat the person addressed will laugh very merrily, notwithstanding his knees are knocking together all the while with excessive agitation. The Grand Duke Michael, however, is the possessor of many amiable qualities. The Empress, and the younger members of the Imperial family, are much more affable and conciliatory in their conduct on these occasions. But it is evident that the departure of their Majesties is a relief to all concerned, and happy is he who retires to his home, to say that he received a nod of recognition from his Sovereign, or to think that he discovered a symptom of approbation in the looks of the most potent seigneurs. The Emperor Alexander asked a courtier what favour he could bestow upon him. "Every time you see me at Court," was the reply, "whisper in my ear, You are an ass."

The Imperial fêtes are unequalled in magnificence. The splendour of those of the Winter Palace exceed perhaps any thing of the kind in the world. The Emperor's day, or the day of St. Nicholas, is celebrated in December with unusual pomp. All approaches to the palace are lined with the dragoons of the guard. At an early hour hundreds of four-horse carriages, with

new harness and new liveries, drive up to the different entrances, discharge, and fall into line on the opposite side of the square. The appearance of these numerous equipages, the beauty of the horses, gay colours of the caps, sashes, and clothing of the coachmen and postillions, and plumes of the chasseurs, present a very striking and curious sight.

The Winter Palace is three stories high. Its basement is used for culinary purposes. Its *entresol* is occupied by the domestics. The second story contains the private apartments of the Imperial family, and of the ladies of the Court in waiting. The third is the abode of the officers of the household. The whole number of persons residing beneath the imperial roof is more than one thousand. The first story of this immense building is connected with the first story of the Palace of the Hermitage by a gallery, and the two together form the most spacious and extensive suite of rooms in the world. These are devoted to the ceremonies of the Court. The gate of the ambassadors leads into a great basement hall, filled with plants of rare beauty and perfume. Beyond is the marble staircase, where a valet, wearing a black cap and feather, a black velvet frock coat, and variegated small-clothes, receives the person to be presented, ushers him from one room to another—from the Military Hall to the Hall of the Marshals—from the Hall of Alexander to the Hall of St. George—from the Hall of Peter to other halls equally as magnificent, until he arrives in the apartment of the throne, the great audience-chamber and place of presentation, where the diplomatic corps await the coming of the Emperor.

Immediately after high mass has been celebrated in the Imperial chapel, the doors leading from the latter into the hall of the throne are opened, and the advanced guard of the Imperial cortège passes through. First comes a crowd of military officers, often a thousand in number, in every kind of uniform; next the gentlemen of the horse; next the gentlemen of the chamber, four hundred strong; and next the masters of the ceremonies, all in gala dress. These pass on through the hall of presentation into the apartments beyond. Then comes the grand-master of the ceremony in a gold coat, swinging his staff of office, and immediately after him the Emperor and Empress enter hand in hand, and salute with the most graceful civility the repre-

sentatives of other courts. The younger members of the Imperial family, the corps of pages, and the great ministers of state, follow their Majesties, and remain in the apartment during the audience. The Emperor is dressed in a plain dark loose uniform; the Empress in white satin, and a long train of velvet lined with ermine. Her neck and arms are covered with jewellery, and her head with a coronet of diamonds. Pages drop her heavy train, and their Majesties advance with the grand-master, and address the members of the *corps diplomatique*. The Emperor has very little to say, and has finished his part of the performance in a few minutes. The Empress prolongs the interview. She passes from one to the other trembling with excitement. She bears all the marks of early beauty, but art cannot conceal the furrows which care and sickness have left upon her features. She converses with each about their respective countries. She removes the glove from her fair thin hand, and presents it to the person honoured with the presentation. The latter takes it with his own, kisses it with respectful fervour, and her Majesty passes to the next in order until the interview is finished. Their Majesties then again join hands, and march on into the other rooms beyond, followed by the grand dukes and duchesses, pages, ministers of state, and finally by the ladies of the Court, several hundred in number, dressed in the national Court costume. A white satin gown is worn beneath a robe of red velvet, which opens in front, and falls loosely from the shoulders and the back in a long train. Bracelets and necklaces of great value cover the naked arms and bosom, and a tiara of red velvet set with precious stones, placed over the forehead, contrasts most forcibly with the pallid countenances of the wearers, unaccustomed to this early rising and morning exercise.

In the evening of the same day the streets are illuminated. At eight o'clock the dignitaries of the Empire, and the gentry of the Court assemble again in the ball-room of the palace, and crowd about the doors through which their Majesties are to enter. As soon as they are thrown open the orchestra strike up, "God save the Emperor," and the Imperial family appear, and greet the assembly with bows and courtesies. The Czar in a scarlet coat, a steel cuirass, white buckskin breeches and mili-

tary boots, displays his fine tall person to the best advantage. The Czarina is in white satin and diamonds. She is followed by the Grand Duke Alexander,—the heir to the throne,—a large stout person, with a very amiable expression of countenance, and much gentleness of manner, and all the other members of this remarkably good-looking family. The giant Orloff, the constant companion of the Emperor; the Prince of Georgia, a Russian pensionary; the Hetman of the Cossacks; the various petty czars of the races tributary to the Empire; the accomplished Nesselrode, with his weasel face and small gray peering eyes; the pompous Tchernicheff, the Minister of War; the Woronzows, the Narichkins, the Demidoffs, the Wolkonskies, and Dolgourouskis; the Potoskis, Lubermerskis, and other great Polish nobles, who do homage to the Czars; the foreign princes of various degrees; Knights of Malta, and gentlemen of every order; painters and poets of reputation, and many distinguished characters—all are there, and all in the gay colours and rich costumes of their rank and country.

The defects of paint, even the something of flummery, so apparent in every Court and every palace in the day-time, have disappeared. Every thing is remoulded, softened, and beautified beneath the influence of wax-light. The Emperor and Empress, and some of the more important characters open the ball with a polonaise, a measure well suited to the dignity of monarchs, inasmuch as they may move fast or slow, as may be convenient. The dancing of their Majesties is usually confined to a stately march. After the polonaise, the company are at liberty to move about at pleasure. Some dance quadrilles; some go to the card-tables in the Hall of St. George; some stroll into the gallery containing many hundred portraits of Russian officers, painted by an Englishman; and others find amusement and refreshment in the ante-rooms.

Files of grenadiers of the guard are stationed at every doorway. They are tall fellows, in snow-white uniforms, and golden breast-plates, helmets, and immense jack-boots, and stand motionless like statues. At midnight precisely, supper is announced with a flourish of trumpets and the firing of cannon, and his Majesty leads his Imperial consort and his guests into the marble chamber. The scene now presented is magnificent

beyond description. The banquet hall, of immense extent, is set with tables loaded with vessels of silver and of gold. Beneath the boughs of orange-trees, bending with fruit, each one takes his appointed seat. Negroes of Moorish costume, serve every delicacy in the world. The Imperial tokay, and wine of every country, are poured from golden tankards, while the most delicious music and the sounds of falling waters come floating upon perfumes, from the groves of the Winter Garden. Belshazzar the king made not so great a feast. It rivals the enchantment of Eastern story.

Such fêtes as these are numerous, and each seems superior to the other. On the first of January, old style, a popular ball is given in the Palace. More than twenty thousand people of all classes are present. The eighteenth of January is celebrated with the religious ceremonies attending the blessing of the waters. Every river and canal throughout the empire, are blessed with all the pomp and circumstance of the rites of the Greek Church. A large hole is cut in the ice upon the Neva, opposite the Palace, and over it is erected a little temple covered with purple and gold. A scarlet carpet is spread from the portals of the Palace to the steps of the temple. At an appointed signal a procession of bearded priests, in white satin vestments bordered with gold lace, form in ranks on each side the passage to the river. Then pass out the Imperial choir, singing anthems; and chosen men bearing the holy standards. To these succeed the Metropolitan and the Bishops, in episcopal crowns and habiliments, like those of Levitical priests under the old dispensation. Immediately after these follow the Emperor, Grand Dukes, and a crowd of general officers, all bareheaded. The Metropolitan enters the temple, and having blessed the water, takes a bucket full from the stream, approaches the Emperor and sprinkles him as in baptism. The Emperor then embraces and is kissed by the Metropolitan. The like ceremony is repeated through all the Imperial Dukes and suite: the procession then returns to the Palace, where religious exercises, and the vocal harmony of a choir, producing the finest sacred melody, detain the Court for another hour.

The day of the Empress, the day of the Grand Duke Héritier, and many other days are observed with equal pomp. Upon the

occasion of a betrothal or marriage of a prince or princess of the Imperial line, numerous and various fêtes follow fast one upon another. Fancy balls, and representations of the courts of Constantine and Charlemagne, and of the knights and heroes of romance and chivalry, occupy the whole time and attention of the courtiers, while every house is obliged to illuminate his premises every night, for days together, and at his own expense, in testimony of his participation in the pleasure of his Imperial master.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Salle de la Noblesse—Masquerades—The Grand Duchess Helen—Carnival — Lent — Amusements — Concerts—Colonel Lolof—Good Friday—Easter Week—Parades—Field of Mars—Review of May—The Guards — Discipline — Drill — Termination of the Season—Approach of Spring.

Assembly balls of the nobility are given in the *Salle de la Noblesse*, the finest ball-room in the world. The first of the season is opened by the Emperor and Empress in person, attended by the élite of the society of St. Petersburg. An immense saloon in pure white and gold, is surrounded with a colonnade, raised a few feet from the floor, forming a delightful promenade, and giving a charming *coup d'œil* of the multitude of dancers.

Variety of costumes; bright colours of the Persians, Circassians, Georgians, and Greeks; fur jackets of the hussars; embroidered coats of the lancers; and the uniform of the officers of every grade in the Russian service, seen beneath the effulgence of many thousand wax lights, is marvellous indeed. The plumes, flowers, and diamonds of a thousand beautiful women, the rich and costly decorations of a thousand nobles, all sparkling in the dance to the sweetest music, completely dazzle the eye of him who enters from the gloom which prevails without. At midnight precisely this fairy scene takes another phase. The orchestral music of four-and-forty fiddlers, is suddenly interrupted by the horns and trumpets of a military band, stationed in the gallery. The doors of the hall are open to all who choose

to pay for the entrée, and the exclusive elegance of the aristocratic party is destroyed. Bearded merchants and public courtezans mingle with princes and princesses. The men wear their hats, button up their coats, take off their gloves, and the women conceal their faces and their figures beneath the mask and domino. This change of sound and scene, dress and manner, is complete. The ball is changed into a revel, and boisterous merriment and silent intrigue fill up the remainder of the night. Masquerades are frequently given at the Opera-honse. They commence at midnight, and are often attended by the Emperor and the Grand Dukes. But their presence is never noticed on these occasions, and they pass without the usual marks of recognition. Women only are allowed to appear in disguise. At one of these balls, a female closely disguised in mask and domino, approached Count Orloff, and asked him to show her the Emperor, saying she had come from a distant province to see her mighty Sovereign. The Count took her to the Emperor, and after some hesitation she addressed him, stating that she was extremely gratified to have seen her noble master, whose beauty was as conspicuous as his valour was immortal. She then expressed a wish to see his imperial brother. His majesty summoned before him the Grand Duke Michael. "Is this your brother?" said the mask. "Yes," was the reply. "Impossible!" exclaimed the mask, "how can such a red-faced, red-whiskered, ugly-looking fellow be the brother of so handsome and so amiable a prince." The Emperor laughed heartily, and the Grand Duke, surprised at the boldness of the woman, determined to ascertain who she could be, and dare to use such language. She tried to escape him, but in vain. His spies traced her from the theatre to his own palace, and the mask was found to be no other than his lady, the Grand Duchess Helen.

Balls and festivals reach the highest degree of brilliancy during Carnival. The week before Lent, which is the Russian carnival, is called the *maslianitza*, or butter-week, because the eating of meat is prohibited, while butter is used as a substitute. The utmost extravagance and licentiousness prevail. Shows and ice-hills, erected by the Government in the square of the Admiralty, are frequented by thousands of the *mougiks*. Lent terminates the public diversions, and modifies the pleasures of

the courtiers. During the great fast, which is regulated by the moveable feast of Easter, and continues often for six weeks, the Russians are not permitted to eat flesh or fowl. Even the use of milk, eggs, butter, and the like, is unlawful, and the diet of the people confined to vegetables, bread, oil, and fish. The aristocracy, however, suffer very little inconvenience, inasmuch as they are provided with asparagus and lettuce, pine-apples and strawberries, from their hot-houses; with oysters from Hamburg, with oil from Italy, wine from France, and fresh salmon from the Ladoga Lake. Commoners, on the other hand, support life with black bread soaked in the rancid oil of the country, a soup of cabbage, and immoderate drams of cheap liquor. Theatres are closed, and dancing is prohibited at this season. The principal amusements of the higher classes consist in *tableaux vivans* and concerts. Many of the best musicians in Europe are heard at this time in St. Petersburg. In 1843 and 1844, the exquisite song of Rubini, and the brilliant performances of Listz, enraptured the fasting nobles. Their concerts in the *Salle de la Noblesse*, were well attended. The receipts of the immortal tenor, on one occasion alone, were estimated as high as 2000*l.*, clear of all expenses.

The entrance of the Allies into Paris, is also celebrated during Lent, with a great musical festival. One thousand vocal and instrumental performers make much noise and a fine appearance. They executed, with great applause, the composition of Lvlof,—*Borshœ zara brangie*,—God save the Emperor. Lvlof is the chief of the modern school of music in Russia. He was permitted, a few years since, to serenade their Majesties with his new national air, played by a band of seven thousand performers; and so grateful was the melody to the ear of Majesty, that Lvlof was immediately made a colonel of dragoons, and decorated with the ribbon of St. Andrew. Good-Friday is strictly observed, perhaps more so than any Sabbath in the Russian year. Every place of business is closed, and all betokens a day of rest. Every one attends some place of worship, and Count Nesselrode, who is a Protestant, makes his annual visit to the English chapel, and receives the sacrament. From Good-Friday to the termination of Lent, religious ceremonies occupy the time and attention of the people. The evening pre-

ceding Easter, the Greek churches are filled with thousands of men and women, each one having a lighted candle in one hand, and a white cake made of curd in the other. Many prayers are said by the excited crowds, and the cakes are blessed amidst the smell and smoke of tallow, until the hour of midnight, when the cry, "Christ is risen," and the reply, "He is risen indeed," is heard on every side. Firing of cannon, ringing of bells, and the illumination of the city, announce the advent of Easter and the termination of the fast. The Russians immediately give themselves up to the most dreadful excesses. Eating and drinking, debauchery and licentiousness, succeed to abstinence, and in a few days the hospitals are filled with the miserable creatures, whose appetites have prompted them to consume unwholesome and improper food.

The gaiety of the aristocracy is restored with Easter. Balls recommence; theatres are reopened, and the square of the Admiralty, during the whole of Easter week, is occupied with shows, ice-hills, and the circus. The peasantry flock to this place. Great bearded men are seen, like boys astride the flying horses, playing, as they ride, upon shrill and squeaking pipes. The women, in sheepskins, amuse themselves with childish delight in swinging; and the whole scene is a singular exhibition of the uncouth simplicity of the common Russians. They carry in their bosoms a number of hard-boiled eggs, variously coloured and marked with the cross. They eat large quantities of these, and when they meet a friend, they present him one, saying, "Christ is risen." The friend takes the egg and replies, "He is risen indeed;" and the two friends then embrace and kiss each other most affectionately. Every day the equipages of the gentry pass in procession through the show. Thirty Court carriages, each drawn by six horses, and filled with the children from the various schools under the patronage of her Majesty, increase the display of this Russian Corso.

About Easter-week, the ice in the Neva begins to move. As soon as the police ascertain this, they forbid any one to cross the river. Those therefore who happen to be on the bank opposite to that on which they usually reside, are obliged to wait until the pontoon bridge is securely placed, or until the boats are permitted to venture, before they can go home. Persons are often

detained in this way three or four days. This great inconvenience is about to be remedied by the erection of a bridge, built after the model of the Southwark Bridge on the Thames. Immense masses of ice many feet in thickness, run down the Neva for days together before it is navigable. The first to cross is the governor of the fortress, who brings with him a goblet of water which he presents to the Emperor. His Majesty drinks the water, and returns the goblet filled with wine.

Lights are extinguished by universal consent on the first of May. Night ceases to exist in these latitudes at this time, and the lamps and lanterns are joyfully laid aside for another season.

At this period commence the parades preparatory to the great review in May, when the Imperial Guard to the number of eighty thousand men, chosen from the millions of the empire, appear in the Field of Mars. A tent is erected for the Empress and the young dukes Michael and Nicholas, lads of twelve and fourteen years dressed as soldiers of the line, but looking like sulky school-boys, are placed as sentinels to guard it. His Majesty attended by a brilliant staff acts as aide-de-camp to the Empress, who is supposed to be a generalissimo on the occasion. The Grand Duke Michael and the Grand Duke Alexander appear as chiefs of division, and lead the whole phalanx to the place of parade. A band of music is stationed near the tent, and regiment after regiment, whose pace, from a quick step to a brisk trot, is regulated by the band playing slow or fast as the time is marked by the hand of the Emperor, pass on in order. Every platoon when it arrives in front of the tent sends forth, as with the voice of a giant, the Russian exclamation for "my beloved." The men in every company are precisely the same in stature and appearance, and move as one, with the regularity and unity of machinery. The dress and accoutrements of every soldier of every arm of the service, appear perfectly new; and any want of neatness in this particular is severely punished. Besides sixty thousand men comprising the grenadiers and the various regiments of infantry of the Chevalier Guard, the engineers, artillery, sapeurs, and other corps,—there were twenty thousand horsemen, finely mounted, and presenting a spectacle rerely witnessed in a time of peace. Cuirassiers, dragoons,

Polish lancers, Cossack troopers, Calmuck light-horse, and the Baskirs in blue trimmed with silver, and skull caps lined with fur, and armed with quivers, bows and yatagans, follow each other over the trembling earth. There is also a squadron of five hundred Circassians. These are the hostages of the various tribes inhabiting those parts of Circassia conquered by Russia. They are dressed in scarlet cloth, the head and breast being covered with chain armour.

The Russian discipline is very severe, and retains many of the features of the old-fashioned and fastidious method of the Prussians. Drill is attended with the same precision and particularity which were observed by the Emperor Paul. Every morning the men are seen upon the parade-grounds. Files of them are marched and countermarched, and arrive at a regularity of movement really wonderful. A serjeant in front and another behind each rank, armed with canes, watch every deviation. If a foot or head or hand is an inch out of the line, a severe blow falls upon the offending member. The soldier is taught to carry himself erect, and to march with a stiffness of gait forced and unnatural. It seems almost impossible for him to withstand any great degree of fatigue. The same remark is applicable to the horses of the cavalry regiments of the Guard. Thousands of beautiful horses are broken for parade, and their legs are broken into the bargain. They look very well, but are totally unfitted for rough work or an active campaign. This is the opinion of many an intelligent officer of the cavalry of the Guard, who dares venture a remark upon the subject. The Imperial Guard, with its appointments and decorations, would in all probability break down in active warfare sooner than any other portion of the Russian force.

The great review generally closes the season in the capital. The Emperor then leads his army into the adjacent country for manœuvres, and the Empress retires to Tsarskocelo, until the midsummer festival at Peterhoff. Soon after the opening of navigation rain falls for days together upon the melting snow, and the streets of the city become almost impassable with mud and water. About the middle of May the first steamer arrives at Cronstadt. The sun then shines warmly, and the long winter is over. The buds swell slowly upon the lindens, the tender blade

of grass peeps cautiously from the earth, as if in fear of the yet chilly wind of spring-time; but soon the days increase in length and brightness, and suddenly the trees and shrubbery are dressed in living green.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Population of St. Petersburg—The Imperial Family—Character of Nicholas—Difficulties of his Position—Manners of the Nobles—Their Pecuniary Condition and Extravagance—Their Political Relations and Influence—Literary Taste—Ladies of the Court.

We have attempted to describe as briefly as possible, the climate, appearance, and festivities of the Russian capital; and at the risk of being tedious, we venture another chapter on the general condition and manners of its population.

St. Petersburg for many years after its foundation was peopled principally with foreigners, and at the present time the number of these is still so great, and the influence of foreign habits and customs so predominant, as to deprive it in very many respects of the bold and distinctive features of Russian nationality. Twenty thousand Germans, five or six thousand French, several thousand Swiss and Italians, many thousand English, Swedes, and other people, reside in the city. Sermons are preached in twelve different languages. It is, therefore, impossible to picture with any degree of satisfaction, the heterogeneous customs and fashions developed in such a society. Peter the Great, in his effort to civilize the country, was aware of the necessity of reforming the manners of the nobles. He had noticed when abroad, the elegance which prevailed in the Courts of France and Holland, and upon his return (notwithstanding his own rudeness) he immediately commenced giving lessons in politeness, with much the same spirit he taught his workmen to construct docks and ships of war.

The noble ladies who had previously lived in a seclusion almost Asiatic, were ordered to appear at Court, and conduct themselves with propriety and decorum. They were absolutely forbidden to get drunk at the balls, and the gentlemen were to

remain sober at the Imperial parties until nine o'clock. It was also ordered that the guest should bow to the company, on coming into or leaving the room, and in the violation of this rule, the delinquent was obliged to drain a large bottle of common brandy. This was the foundation of the etiquette of the Russian Court in 1720, and the progress of refinement among the great of the Empire has certainly been most satisfactory. The members of the Imperial family of the present day are as accomplished as any of the princes of the age, and in personal character, so far as the world can judge of princes, they are as correct as any of their order in Christendom. The Emperor Nicholas is distinguished above all his predecessors for domestic virtues. He has none of the brutal propensities that disgrace the memory of Constantine;—none of the amiable weaknesses that destroyed the usefulness of Alexander. The ears of the vulgar are always open to receive the scandalous stories told of the manners of their superiors. The amours of a prince are the subject of discourse in the purlieus of every palace, and St. Petersburg abounds with most ridiculous tales of gallantries of the Sovereign. Notwithstanding the dangers of *lèse majesté*, it is even whispered that the Czar is troubled with occasional fits of insanity, much like those said to have disturbed the reason of his father, and that the Grand Duke Héritier is not only wanting in common sense, but is something of an idiot. The private conversations of the Imperial family are reported with the dispatch of the magnetic telegraph, and retailed by the gossips, with an accuracy which reminds one of the saying of the great Condé to the Cardinal de Retz—"*Ces coquins nous faut parler et agir, comme ils auraient fait eux-mêmes à notre place.*"

The *on dits* in circulation in St. Petersburg respecting the Emperor, if not wholly destitute of truth, are to be received with caution. There is every reason to suppose that the private conduct of the monarch is not only divested of the avowed and shocking immoralities of his predecessors, but that it is far better than that of contemporary sovereigns. He has avoided the errors which in former times filled the Palace with confusion, and in this respect, has set an example of infinite value to those who may come after. He is quick and passionate, but sincere and generous. Proud of his position, he is sensible to

every attack upon his dignity, and seeking the good opinion of mankind, it is his wish and his endeavour to promote the glory and the prosperity of his realm. He possesses an unusual activity of mind and body. He is the first at every fire; morning, noon, and night he is engaged in the public business, brought beneath his notice, from the different sections of the various departments. His labours are Herculean, but his task is greater than a Hercules could perform. The Augean stable was not a circumstance compared to Russia. Many important matters involving the safety and happiness of thousands, are neglected in the multiplicity of details, relating to forms and ceremonies of no earthly consequence in any other than a despotic country. Hence it is, that the many atrocities committed by unworthy agents, which escape or are concealed from notice, are supposed to result from his immediate authority. But such is not the fact. The evils which afflict the people and the country, arise not so much from the action of the despot as from the nature of the despotism. However we may differ respecting particular acts of public policy, or dislike the fundamental principles of Government, we must not permit these to weaken a proper estimate of the ruler and the man, in whatever situation we may find him.

The great and wealthy nobles of the capital, most of whom have travelled, are not to be distinguished in outward aspect from the most refined members of Parisian society. We have already spoken of their magnificent hospitality. Their lives and fortunes are spent in dissipation. Their manners, free from the open depravity of former times, are still licentious. It has been the policy of the Czars to encourage the extravagance and expenditure of the aristocracy, with a view of diminishing with their revenues whatever influence they migh yet retain. Every facility and inducement have been afforded them, to mortgage their estates for ready money. The serfs, plate and jewellery of many an ancient family, have passed, through the medium of the banks, into the possession of the Crown. The Lombard and other banks, established with the avowed purpose of giving aid to noblemen, have swallowed up, within the last sixty years, some of the largest fortunes in the country. Cash is advanced upon all articles of value given in pawn. These are scarcely ever redeemed by the original owner. Landed property is

valued by the banks according to the number of souls or male peasants living upon it. The price of the serf varies in different parts of the Empire, and whether he is worth four, five, or six hundred roubles, he is taken by the Lombard at a fixed sum, which may be one-eighth, one-tenth, or one-twelfth of his real value. If the interest upon the money advanced be not paid within a certain time, it increases at the rate of one per cent. a month, and if, at the termination of a certain number of months, the interest and a portion of the principal be not refunded, the management of the estate is taken from the owner, and the estate itself ultimately becomes the property of the Government.

The personal and political consequence of the old nobles have sustained many severe trials since the accession of the Romanoffs. Those who claimed descent from the ancient kings, or boasted an origin somewhat akin to the Czars of Muscovy, have been treated with particular contempt by the Imperial dynasty, and experienced in peace, war, and revolution, the ill treatment, and the open dislike of a jealous and suspicious Sovereign. They have been obliged to desert their estates, leave their antique and beloved capital, and follow a Court where they have found neither fame nor favour. The confiscation of the property of those who were betrayed by their ambition, the constant debauchery of those who were too feeble to resist temptation, have sadly thinned the ranks of the old Russian seigneurs, during the last century. Those of great wealth who still remain, are the mere gewgaws of the Imperial Court, and although their actions and motives are closely scrutinized, they are the most humble subjects of the Czar. Some of them are men of talent, some of them have enlarged and patriotic views, bnt these are carefully concealed. Some of them have never seen, or never resided upon their vast estates, and others are even unacquainted with the language of their country. Easy, amiable, and gay in manner, insincere friends and accomplished courtiers, without energy to act, and without a part to play, the old Russian aristocracy care only for their security, and to this end can take the shape and colour best suited to the calls of time and circumstance.

Those great nobles whose patents date from the time of Peter,—those who are descended from the favourites or the

creatures of the favourites of Catherine, and those who since her time may owe their distinction to military services, are very numerous, generally of foreign origin, and in many instances, immensely wealthy. They have been provided with estates in the countries acquired by recent conquests. Siberia, Livonia, Finland, Poland, and the Crimea, have been divided and subdivided among them. They have acted most conspicuously in the revolutions of the Palace, and the intrigues of the Court. Not only the successors of the Menchikoffs and Orloffs—not only the sons of those renegades who betrayed Sweden, Finland, and Poland, but the families of the very men who figured in the tragedy which terminated the life of Paul, are the principal confidants and companions of the Emperor. Their experience, their secrets, their desperate conduct in the past, have secured them safety for the present and the future. There are numerous cliques among these great men of the Russian Court. The old and the young nobles, princes of foreign and of native origin, the German and the Russian parties, despise each other cordially. Ministers are constantly in opposition, and many anecdotes are told of their mutual jealousies. Prince Menchikoff, one day looking from the window of his palace upon the English quay, saw Nesselrode and the great banker Steiglitz, pass each other with profound bows. "Now let us see," said the prince, "which of the two will condescend to turn and address the other, for they cannot be separated long." They looked, and Nesselrode was seen to turn and follow Steiglitz with a quickened pace. "Ah," said the minister of marine, "money is the magnet,—who can resist a Steiglitz?

Educated in the language of the French, the Russian nobles imbibe at an early age a partiality for the tastes, literature, and fashions of that people. But as the studies of the young lord are necessarily confined to those maxims which are not supposed to come in conflict with the principles or prerogatives of despotism, the educated Russian, who has not travelled, or been enabled in any other way to receive more substantial lessons, is a superficial scholar, and rather distinguished for his wit and pliability of mind, than for his attainments in sound philosophy.

The Russian ladies, like other ladies of rank in many European countries, who are bred in the lap of luxury, employ and

practise all the accomplishments and seductive arts which most enchant society. They have much vivacity of mind, grace of manner, and display the most exquisite taste in everything appertaining to dress. The charms which captivate and the amiable qualities that win the admiration of the public, are not, however, certain indications of private worth or private happiness. The domestic virtues are little cultivated or little known in Russia. Marriage is a mere matter of convenience, and as soon as the children of a noble house have been sent as hostages to one of the schools or colleges under the control of the Government, the lord and lady often become estranged in their affections. Each may occupy their separate apartments, and keep up their separate establishments. The master indulges his peculiar tastes and pleasures without reference to his lady, and the mistress gratifies her whims and wishes without interruption from her lord. In the wealth or the corruption, the ignorance or the destitution, which mark the divisions of aristocratic society, marriage is often the point where female virtue begins or ends. The Russian mother or the Russian maid, the first of noble, the last of servile state, will equally exemplify the depravity of these extremes. If the one has essayed legal marriage before illicit love, the other has known illicit love before legal marriage. Wedlock gives license to the one while it restrains the other, and the princess and the peasant girl, though they differ in degree, are alike the victims of the same errors—errors which have their origin as well in the extreme corruption, as in the extreme destitution of society. There is little of romance in the character or conduct of the Russian lady. Intrigue and sensuality, rather than sentiment or passion, guide her in her amours, and these in after-life, are followed with other inclinations. She becomes a greedy gamester, and a great *gourmande,* gross in person, masculine in views, a shrewd observer of events, an oracle at Court, an excellent manager of her estates, and a tyrant over her dependants. Many exceptions to this rule of course will be found; instances of female delicacy and refinement, both in public and private life, are by no means rare; and we would not include in a general delineation, those whose correct deportment is as conspicuous as it is worthy of imitation.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

**Inferior orders of Nobility—Foreign Employés—Domestic Arrangements—Dress—Military Officers—Pay—Uniforms—Resorts.**

BESIDES the hereditary nobility of Russia, there is an inferior order of personal nobility, originally established to diminish the importance of the former. Personal nobility is acquired in various ways. By the nomination of the Emperor, by rank in army or navy, or by promotion to certain grades in the civil service. A merchant of the first guild is so far ennobled as to be at liberty to drive a carriage and four, and the order of Stanislaus confers nobility upon a Catholic priest and a Calmuck soldier.

The great body of those whose nobility is personal and unattended with the circumstance of wealth and birth, is composed of a singular assortment of individuals. Writers, poets, artists, musicians, actors, professors, and people of every description, may step by step, or at a single bound, obtain some place or order which confers the title of *Tchinovnick* or man of rank. Some men of merit rise in this way; persons by their capacity, or through the favour of a friend at Court, pass up to this distinction; others have gained it by intrigue—others by money,—others by accident; and all look forward to the tricks and turns of circumstance for their further elevation. For a certain number of years of active service, for an improvement in agriculture, for taking the flag of an enemy, for a feat in battle, for saving ten lives, for converting an hundred heretics, for settling ten lawsuits, for vaccinating three thousand people, and for numerous other services, a decoration may be obtained in Russia. It is not unusual to find foreigners of this grade. The German who was a tailor in Hanover, may become a professor in the Academy of Sciences; the Italian who carried an organ about the streets of Rome, may become a director of music; the Swiss who was a confectioner and constructed pyramids of ice and pagodas of pastry, may be made an imperial architect; the English inspector of a cotton-mill may be made a general of engineers; and the Frenchman who arrived as a valet, may turn tutor to noblemen's sons, and by

the influence of noblemen's sons, find the way up the ladder, and receive the appointments and title of a counsellor of state.

In consequence of the dishonesty or stupidity of the common Russians, almost every household office of any importance is filled with foreign menials. No matter how ignorant or indifferent these may be, they are immeasurably superior to the natives in intelligence, and readily receive employment and good pay. St. Petersburg, indeed, is the asylum of all the discharged valets and unfortunate *femmes de chambre* of the Continent. It is also the last resort of most of the decayed actresses and old grisettes of Paris, who, under the most romantic names of the old régime, often find places as governesses and *dames de compagnie* in the most aristocratic houses. The high wages of this description of people, and their familiarity with their masters, inspire them with presumption, and awaken an ambition, which if skilfully directed, is sure to secure them favour and distinction. Every Russian subject of sufficient intelligence aspires at least to become a member of the fourteenth class, if it be only to obtain exemption from the knout; for all persons from the first to the fourteenth degree, are not to be beaten except in extraordinary cases.

Those of the personal nobles who are not received at Court, exist at the threshold in a sort of chrysalis state, hoping, with some change in public affairs, to be ushered into the very presence of Majesty. Many of these endeavour to imitate the style and splendour of the grand seigneurs. They occupy and give costly entertainments, in apartments furnished in the most luxurious fashion. If the means which enable them to display this extravagance is a mystery to the gossips of the capital, the stranger from the west is equally mystified, to ascertain that there are no cabinets, nothing whatever that may be called a bed-chamber or boudoir, attached to or forming part of the magnificent saloons of this portion of the aristocracy. There are dark passages leading out into the courts and stables in the rear of the dwelling, but these are the dormitories of the servants, and the deposit, the winter through, of the collected filth of the establishment. The occupants of the saloons may be princes and princesses, or simply ladies and gentlemen of a certain order: they make their own tea and toast, receive their dinners

from the neighbouring *traiteur*; and when they give an entertainment, they send for people, who polish their oak floors and provide a sumptuous supper. When the company retire, the more prominent if not the more important items of dress are removed; a robe de chambre is wrapped about the person; the sofa is converted into a couch of repose, and the heat from the *peetches*, as the stoves are called, make bed-clothing quite superfluous and unnecessary.

Thousands of others of this kind of aristocracy are to be found, who have lodgings in distant suburbs, or rooms within the obscure and nasty labyrinths of some immense building, containing sometimes as many as four thousand inhabitants, from which they emerge in their uniforms or ribbons, as it may be, and in either case looking as prim as possible. The present Emperor and his brother, the Grand Duke Michael, manifest the same particularity, if not the same taste, as the late Emperor Paul, in all which relates to the cut of a uniform and the adjustment of a decoration. There are exiles at this time in Siberia, who owe their banishment entirely to some defect or negligence of dress. In consequence of this severity, the officers are exceedingly nice in external appearance and behaviour. Submissive to their superiors, polite to their equals, and dictatorial to their inferiors, —living upon a pay which scarcely supplies their ordinary wants, in constant fear of punishment, or constantly hoping for reward, the Russian employé resorts to all the expedients his wits and varied experience can suggest to support existence. The Imperial Guard, the élite of the army, is principally officered by young noblemen, and the sons of those having influence at Court. Their pay, though much greater than in any other branch of the service, is not sufficient to support the additional expense attending the outlay for the brilliant uniforms and costly fashions of the capital. The officers are, therefore, expected to have something besides their pay to depend upon for support. In the choice regiments, particularly those of the Chevalier Guard, they are men of fortune, and expend large sums of money to appear with becoming splendour. But those who have no private fortune, often resort to what we should consider dishonest and dishonourable means to maintain appearances and procure promotion.

Of the former class of officers, two or three frequently occupy the same room, and are often in the coldest weather unable to buy fuel. The poor officers, within doors, wear their slippers, wrap about them their old robes de chambre and well-worn wolfskins, and recline upon a dislocated sofa, which serves as bed. An old soldier waits upon them, fills the pipe, buys the bread, and makes the tea; and when they wish to sally out, either for forage or parade, the same old soldier opens the chest, carefully takes out the uniform, and the Russian captains step forth as sharp and as brilliant as new pins. A major in this service is not so well paid in money or in rations as a private in the army of the United States. A colonel is little better off, but he has the advantage of being able to speculate upon the appropriations for his regiment; he succeeds so well in this, as to be able to live with considerable comfort, and even to display a certain splendour, which is known to every one about him to be far beyond the reach of his official income. It is, indeed, understood that the officers in the Russian service are permitted by the Government thus to maintain themselves, and in some cases they are authorized to do so.

A uniform or a decoration never fails to impress the common Russian, and credit is given to the officer more through fear than favour. He who wears a cocked hat and plume, steps into a droskey without making the usual bargain for the ride, and when he has reached his place of destination, he may pay one-half the legal or proper fare, and the driver will receive it with uncovered head and all humility. After the morning parades and the various duties at the various departments, the restaurants are filled with a crowd of officials, eating, drinking, and talking. A moderate dinner is finished with the chibouque which the servant smokes as he takes it to the guest, and from one dirty mouth it passes to another until its contents are consumed. The theatre, club-houses, and billiard-rooms are the resort of these people in the evening.

Next to this numerous body of officers, civilians, and foreigners who compose the greater part of the personal nobility, come the soldiers, servants, shopkeepers, and others who make up the balance of the population. Immense barracks contain thousands of Russian troops, whose appearance is always good,

inasmuch as they are always well clothed and well shaved. Many of them wear some inferior order of decoration given for long and meritorious service. The bearded gentry, (the Russian merchant, in his long blue coat and coloured sash, who lives in a log-house in the suburbs,) from him of the first guild to the eunuch who is a money-changer, and who belongs to one of the numerous sects of fanatics springing like exhalations from the fermenting mass of ignorance and superstition, and the serf in his sheepskin, who lives anywhere or in any manner, terminate the catalogue of the different people of St. Petersburg.

## CHAPTER XIX.

July in St. Petersburg—Season of Travel—Journeys of the Emperor—Visit to the Interior—Road to Moscow—Novogorod—Its Rise, Progress, and Decay—Ivan the Terrible—Tribunal of Blood.

St. Petersburg is deserted by all who can afford to leave it early in July. Steamers for Lubec, Stettin, and Havre, are crowded with the convalescent aristocracy. Crowds of Germans repair to Revel, and all the country-houses in the vicinity are filled to overflowing.

About this season the Emperor usually visits some distant province of the empire or some foreign country. In the autumn of 1843 he went to Berlin, and on his return, when in the vicinity of Posen, he left the main road, and accompanied by Orloff, departed on horseback to make a détour and visit a veteran officer residing in a town a few miles away. The carriages containing his suite were directed to proceed towards Posen, at which place his Majesty was to arrive the following day. A few hours after dark, as the escort pursued their way, a volley of musketry was fired into the Imperial coach by a body of armed horsemen. After the discharge, the leader, in a black mask, and with a lantern attached to his hat, rode up and looked into the carriage. Seeing that it was empty and that he had failed in his object, he addressed a few words to his companions and dashed off at full speed. Great secrecy has ever since attended the movements of the Emperor. In June, 1844, it was whispered that he had left the capital, but no one could

tell when or why. Some thought he had gone to Moscow, some to Warsaw, and others looked wise and indulged in mysterious surmises. It was known that the Emperor never set out on a journey on Mondays or Fridays, as such a proceeding is considered very unlucky; it was also known that he always starts precisely at midnight, and that if accident occurs on the way, he immediately retraces his steps and returns home; but beyond this, nothing could be relied upon as positive until the French and English papers brought the news of his arrival in England.

Glad to escape from the dull and dusty city for the summer, we accepted the invitation of a gentleman holding a distinguished position at the Imperial Court, to accompany him and a friend to the interior of the country. We did not follow the Russian custom, and set out at midnight. The morning was far gone when Laronne, the courier, informed us that all was ready for our immediate departure. We descended to the court-yard, and it must be confessed that the four miserable animals standing all abreast, and harnessed to the vehicle with bits of rope, and the bareheaded driver, with an enormous beard and a dirty sheepskin coat, did not at the outset, promise much for speed or comfort. After a little hesitation and an anxious glance to see that all was right, we entered the carriage. Laronne took his seat with the driver, and off we went through the long suburb leading to the barrier. Here the sentry on duty took the passports. These, being special, were instantly returned, and the long tri-coloured beam, balanced on a pivot stretching across the road, was raised by a chain held by a soldier, and we passed out upon the straight broad highway leading to Moscow.

Until within a few years, the journey to the latter city was almost impracticable in the summer-time, on account of the condition of the roads. At this time, a chaussée of great width, and in admirable order, connects the two capitals. At intervals of two or three miles are small neatly-painted houses, called *Kazarms*, occupied by the soldiers employed in making repairs. The rivers and water-courses are traversed by bridges of granite, having iron parapets ornamented with golden eagles. Small columns of dark marble, with the initial of the Emperor, mark the number of versts. Stone benches placed at proper distances,

beneath the linden trees, afford rest and shelter to the pedestrian. This great highway was constructed by the direction of the present Emperor, and together with the railroads, now in course of construction, entitle him to more credit than any public work of all his predecessors, since the time of Peter the First. Catherine the Second projected a road to Moscow; but all that was useful, all she ever planned or promised, was only to deceive, and never to be perfected. She could lavish her treasures upon the palaces of her lovers, and build monuments to commemorate the name of a favourite dog, but she expended nothing for the benefit of her country. Catherine, indeed, founded two hundred and forty towns. During the tour of the Emperor Joseph the Second, of Austria, in the Crimea, he was invited by her to lay the second stone of a town, of which she had already laid the first. On his return, Joseph remarked that "he had finished in a single day a very important business with the Empress of Russia. She has laid the first stone of a city, and I have laid the last."

The Emperor Nicholas was travelling upon this chaussée, a few days previous to our journey, and when in the neighbourhood of Moscow, he remarked that he met very few carriages or carts. The *Yemshick*, or driver, informed him that the officers having charge of the road, for some reason or other, had forbidden the common people to travel upon it, and had ordered them all to go round by the country road. Surprised at the arbitrary conduct of his subordinates, his Majesty directed the *Yemshick* to take him also upon the common country road. This was in a very bad condition, so much so, that the Imperial conveyance soon broke down. The Emperor, thereupon, ordered the whole corps of officers superintending the road, including a general of engineers, to be taken to Moscow and incarcerated.

Soon after we cleared the barrier, our bearded Jehu, by dint of whipping, jerking, and scolding, succeeded in putting his sorry nags into a gallop, and we passed over the ground at the rate of eight, nine, and sometimes ten miles an hour. The country in every direction about St. Petersburg is, with little exception, a complete swamp. To the eastward for one hundred miles, it is almost an unbroken wilderness. There are, indeed, a few small towns in the immediate neighbourhood of the

capital, which are superior in appearance to any in the Empire. They are neatly built, and in some instances so nice, and even so pretty in appearance, and upon a holiday so thronged with peasantry in bright costumes, as to lead one who went no farther, and did not know that these were the fancy patterns for imperial villages, to suppose that the Russians really resembled the people of the Tyrolean valleys in the style of their habitations, and the gay colours of their habiliments. But the villages are all situated upon the high road. Beyond them and around them, stretch far away the morass and forest, which cover, as they did of old, the whole extent of country along the north-eastern shores of the Baltic.

As we passed onward, the road was bounded on either side by the dense woodland, with here and there a clearing and a log-house. The province of Ingria, now forming the government of St. Petersburg, is very thinly populated. Without counting the inhabitants of the capital, it probably contains less than eighty to the square mile, and the large majority of these consist of people of Finnic origin, who from the earliest period of history, have occupied the regions extending along the Baltic, from the Vistula to the Arctic Ocean, where they appear in the tribes of Siberia and Lapland. From the Government of St. Petersburg, we passed into that of Novogorod, and after a ride of twenty hours, we reached Novogorod Weliki—or New Town the Great. We drove up to the inn, and entered in expectation of comfort and repose. The filth and stench forced us, however, to retreat. We made our ablutions in the court-yard, and breakfasted in the carriage, to the surprise of a number of Russian travellers, who gazed from the windows of the dirty tavern.

There is little to see in Novogorod the Great, except ruin and desolation. Nowhere in Russia is there so dismal a town as this; and in Russia, where all is new, a city in decay is particularly striking. This city, the seat of the Slavi, or the children of glory, was the capital of a powerful state before the ninth century of our era. The date of its foundation is unknown. The old Russian historians assert that Novogorod was a flourishing capital before the Slavonians entered the country and subjugated the Finns, who were then, as now, the principal inhabitants of this district. From the ruins and records which

have been found in Permia, it is supposed that a great Finnic empire, comprehending all the country between the Ural mountains and the White Sea, and between the Dwina and the Volga, existed at a period anterior to the invasion of the Slavonic tribes. The Icelandic historians allude to the wealth, commerce, and civilization of this empire, even after the Slavi had taken possession of the provinces to the westward of the Volga. The Persians and the Armenians, as early as the ninth century, carried their merchandise across the Caspian, ascended the Volga to the town of Permia, and there bartered for the furs brought from the Frozen Sea beyond. That the Permians traded with India, is attested by Arabic coins and monumental inscriptions. Their country was visited by the Scandinavian mariners, as is shown by the sagas of the North. The accounts which were given of immense riches contained in their temples, excited the cupidity of the Norwegian sea-kings, and fleets of corsairs went to their country in search of booty. In the course of the piratical excursions of the Northmen, it seems probable that Novogorod, or New Town, the city of the Slavi, already flourishing upon the ruins of the one which had preceded it, first attracted their attention; and equally with the rich towns of Permia, was exposed to their attacks;—for we find the Varangian Rossi, a Scandinavian people, in possession of the shores of the Baltic, and contending with the Slavi, about the same period the sea-kings were making their inroads upon the Permicans of the north. The Slavi of Novogorod were completely subjugated by the Varangian Rossi, and for the first time the name of Russ, or Russian,—probably derived from the appellation of the conquerors,—appears in history. Ruric, a bold and dauntless chieftain, led his victorious bands to Novogorod, established himself in the country, and was the founder of the Russian monarchy.

However important Novogorod may have been as a republican and commercial city previous to the time of Ruric, it was not until after its occupation by his warlike race, that it assumed the consequence of a warlike state. The successors of Ruric conquered various provinces from different tribes of the Finns and the Slavi,—the main stems of the present population of Russia,—and in time both Permia and Kief acknowledged the supremacy of the Russo-Slavonic kings. The descendants of

the Varangian soldiers, by no means satisfied with the possession of the fiefs with which they were rewarded, and still thirsting for adventure, descended the Borysthenes to the Euxine, and under the walls of Constantinople gave rise to the singular predictions, centuries before the appearance of the Turks, that the Russians, in the last days, would be masters of the city of Constantine the Great. From the capital of the then declining Empire of the West, these warlike bands returned loaded with spoil, and it was during the subsequent and more friendly intercourse with the Greeks, that they adopted the Greek rites and received the Greek letters.

The Code of Varoslof, a prince of Novogorod, in the eleventh century, was the first series of written laws which appeared in Russia. Beneath their influence, Novogorod maintained its municipal freedom for nearly four hundred years. It withstood triumphantly the invasion of the Tartars. Its gates were of solid brass. Its great bell tolled for the public assembly of the citizens. It became a member of the Hanseatic league. The commerce of the East was diverted from Permia, and the silks and spices of Persia and Arabia were conveyed to Novogorod. They were sent thence by river and lake in summer, or on the hard level of the ice and snow in winter, to Revel, or some other port upon the Baltic, whence they were shipped to Wisby, Lubec, or Hamburg, and diffused through western Europe. In the fifteenth century, Ivan the Third, Grand Duke of Moscow, and first of the Czars, conquered Novogorod. On the fifteenth of January, 1478, the national councils were dissolved, and a few days after, three hundred cart-loads of gold, silver, and precious stones, were conveyed to Moscow. In the latter part of the sixteenth century it still contained four hundred thousand inhabitants. At this period, Ivan the Fourth of Moscow, pretending to have discovered a conspiracy, went in person to Novogorod, and erected the tribunal of blood. On each day for five weeks, more than five hundred inhabitants were the victims of his despotic fury. The streets were filled with sixty thousand of the dead and dying; the houses were all pillaged, and the adjacent country laid waste by the soldiery. This dreadful disaster, and the oppression and persecution which succeeded, greatly diminished the prosperity of the city. The

subsequent foundation of St. Petersburg completely ruined its commerce, and the present population scarcely amount to seven thousand. The brick walls and detached buildings, in the midst of wreck and ruins, are falling fast, and in a few more years will have crumbled into dust and disappeared. The language of the Slavi has yielded to another dialect, and the very name of Slavi, signifying glory, gives to the freemen of the west the name for slave.

"Who can resist God or Novogorod the Great?"

## CHAPTER XX.

Improvements of Peter—Woodlands—The Valdai Hills—Bridges—Wages and Workmen—Twer—Inns—Approach to Moscow.

Leaving this melancholy scene, we crossed the Volchowa, near the outlet of Lake Ilmen, whose broad bosom once harboured the fleets of the ancient city. The early importance of Novogorod as a commercial depôt, and the advantages it derived from the trade and transit between the East and West, does not appear to have escaped the notice of Peter the Great. This circumstance may perhaps have influenced him in the conquest of the Baltic provinces, and in the selection of the site for his capital. One of his first measures, immediately after the foundation of St. Petersburg, was the improvement of the chain of water communication between the Baltic and the Caspian. The Volga, the Twertza, and the Msta rivers, were connected by a series of canals with the Ilmen Lake; and the Volchowa, the outlet of the latter, near which stood Novogorod, was rendered navigable for barges to the Ladoga, whence they descended the Neva to St. Petersburg. Thus was the flow of commerce facilitated through this immense extent of country. But it is no long centred in Novogorod. Passing beneath the walls of the old metropolis, it passed onward through an uninterrupted channel to the new capital which has inherited and secured the trade of the vast empires of western Asia.

The country beyond Lake Ilmen presented the same sterile and wild appearance as that we had already seen. It is covered with extensive forests of pine, fir, and white birch of recent

growth. The pine and fir are employed in building, and the birch is cut for firewood. These thick woodlands are infested with wolves, which are frequently seen upon the road, and sometimes attack the traveller. Bears and other wild animals are found in the more inaccessible parts. The cleared and cultivated lands of this district yield but a poor return to the proprietors. Rye and oats are the principal productions. Wheat is a precarious crop on account of the late frosts, and the excessive humidity of the soil.

The great high road was crowded with caravans of talegas, loaded with merchandise, and travellers. We were frequently entangled among droves amounting to many thousands, of the large, long-horned, dun-coloured oxen, from the plains of the Ukraine, which were being taken to St. Petersburg. The trade and travel between Moscow and the modern capital is very great, and will prove, when the railroad is completed, a source of immense profit to the Government.

As we proceeded, we reached the Valdai hills, and commenced the ascent of the highest ground in European Russia. These hills rise only thirteen hundred feet above the sea, extend a considerable distance to the east and west, and from the gradual rise on one side, to the extreme depression of the other, may be about thirty miles in width. Insignificant as they really are, they *do* make something of an appearance on the surrounding plain. Extra horses were attached to the vehicle, to overcome these formidable heights, and it is only necessary to observe, that we went up at a gallop, to convey any idea of the difficulties or the dangers of the ascent. From the Valdai hills and the lofty table-lands around them, the Volga, the Dwina, and the Dnieper, take their rise, and flowing along the imperceptible inclinations of the great plains which they drain and irrigate, fall into the Caspian, the Black, and the Baltic Seas. After the occupation of Moscow by the French, the Emperor Alexander retreated to these highlands, with the determination of making his last great effort for the preservation of the monarchy. This circumstance has given to the Valdai a certain historic interest. The lovers of the romantic have also discovered something exceedingly picturesque in the peasantry of the hills. The men who manufacture the little bells which are

fixed to the collars of the horses, are supposed to be as musical as mountaineers in general, and the maidens who sell little round biscuits to the passing traveller, have the reputation of being quite as pretty as Alpine maids can be. The Valdai have therefore been called the Switzerland of Russia.

Leaving the hills and passing several unimportant towns, we reached Vishney Volotchok, a place of some trade, situated upon the canal which connects the rivers Twertza and Msta. We passed the latter, over a very handsome stone bridge, which had recently been constructed. This bridge is 875 feet in length; was three years in building, and cost 72,000*l*. The bridge over the Connecticut river has six arches; is 1260 feet long; cost 24,000*l*., and was finished in one year. The wages of labour in the United States are many times greater than they are in Russia, and the cost of materials is about the same in both countries. But the American does at least five times the work of the Russian, and by means of assistance derived from improved tools and machinery. and greater mechanical skill, the bridge of the American is nearly completed before the Russian has fairly commenced his labour. Besides, all works of this kind in Russia, originate with and are constructed by the Government. This may to some extent account for the difference in the cost; for that upon the Connecticut was the result of private enterprise, accompanied by a careful and economical expenditure, while that on the Msta was a public work, attended with the extravagance and waste incident to public works of other and more enlightened Governments.

We pursued our journey along the causeway, running in a straight line as far as the eye could reach, and marking the interminable and dreary plain, which on either side stretched away to the horizon, with a monotony irksome and unpleasant. We passed for many miles through the forest, and again for many miles through the fields. Field and forest succeeded each other at intervals, and each presented the same silent and uninteresting picture. The Kazarms, the carriages, the herds of cattle, the villages were all the same, and for days we travelled without a break in the dull uniformity of the scene. The road as usual was thronged, but it was with the same ceaseless and unvarying multitude, and off the road all was

silent as the grave. The breeze sighed through the branches of the graceful pine, but no sound of bird or beast came to us from the woodland.

At Torjak we lingered awhile at the Pojarsky hotel, the best public-house we saw in Russia, to taste the cutlets for which this town is renowned in Russia, and then pushed on for Twer, the capital of the province of the same name. Twer is admirably situated on both sides the Volga, at the influx of the river Twertza. It is a neat, well-built town, and was occupied by a detachment of the French army during the invasion of 1812. When the successors of Ruric divided the country into great fiefs or dukedoms, Twer became the residence of the chiefs of the surrounding territory. In the course of time the Government of Russia devolved upon the princes of Twer, and gave to their city a degree of political importance which excited the jealousy of the dukes of Moscow, before whose power it finally fell, and to whose dominion it was afterwards for ever attached.

The inns, or rather the Imperial post-houses between St. Petersburg and Moscow, are kept by Germans, and afford better entertainment than is found upon any road in the empire. They are large, and furnished in the dirty magnificent style of Russia. Queer-looking frescoes cover the ceilings, and the tawdry ornaments are funny and forlorn beyond description. Every public room contains a portrait of the Emperor, for whose use the principal apartments are reserved. These are never opened except for his accommodation, and are always closed immediately after his departure. The traveller may enter the hall and rest upon the hair sofas, or may go into the restaurant, and seek whatever refreshment he can find in the nauseous compounds with which he will be served by the greasy *garçons* of the establishment.

Again we crossed the Volga, and passing onward, left the Government of Twer, and entered that of Moscow. The face of the country presented much the same aspect, except that the forests seemed less extensive and the villages more numerous as we advanced. Hour after hour passed away, but we saw nothing which told of our approach to the far-famed city. The late twilight, succeeding the long summer day, again obscured the road, and midnight was approaching when the turrets of the palace of

Petrofskoi came in sight. By the dim light we saw the fantastic towers and walls of the suburban castle, to which Napoleon retreated from the burning Kremlin; and passing the adjoining gardens we reached the gates of Moscow. Here our passports were taken and returned. In a few minutes, and after a few more jolts and bounces, we landed in the court yard of the *Hôtel de France.* In three days and a half we had passed over seven hundred and twent-eight versts, or five hundred and twenty-five miles, and it was with no little satisfaction we left the carriage to luxuriate in the bath, to eat with appetite, and to sleep unconscious of the terrors of the Russian couch.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Moscow—Its Foundation—The Kremlin—Ivan the Great—Church of St. Basil—Ivan the Terrible—Peter the Great — Merchants of Moscow—The Holy Gateway—View from the Kremlin—Church of St. Michael—Tombs of the Czars—Images of the Virgin—Regalia.

Moscow is supposed to have been founded in the early part of the fourteenth century. A romantic legend relieves the uncertainty attending its first settlement. Once upon a time, a chieftain of the Slavi lived in a castle upon the banks of the Moskwa. His broad domains reached far and wide on every side. His valour and his birth were alike conspicuous, but more than all, was the beauty of his bride renowned. Her hair was like the raven's wing; her forehead like polished alabaster. The red and white roses contended for the mastery upon her cheek, and invited the intervention of a kiss. The vivacity of her dark-blue eye betrayed every emotion of the heart. Her mouth when closed was like a ruby, and her teeth like pearl. The report of her exceeding loveliness extended throughout the realm, and reached the ear of a Grand Duke of Russia. The curiosity of the latter was excited, and unable to resist the desire to behold the princess, he ordered the lord and his lady to attend the Court. The chieftain fearing some design upon his happiness, neglected to obey. He was soon after assassinated by the emissaries of the Duke. The beautiful Agaphia, for so we will call the princess, shut herself up in the castle, and refused

to be consoled. The Grand Duke, struck with remorse, repaired to the Moskwa, to sympathize with the injured lady; but finding she was not to be moved by his entreaties, and would not even deign to see him, returned to his capital full of sorrow and contrition. Neither despair nor dissipation afforded him relief, and summoning his suite, he went again to the banks of the Moskwa, and pitched his tent beneath the castle-wall. The hidden beauty was now in a state of siege, and the sighs of the distracted lover, caught up by the wind, were wafted to her silent tower. Still she resisted, and still he pressed his suit. In the meanwhile the Court had deserted the capital, to follow the sovereign prince. Houses were built, and a city was growing up around the castle of Agaphia. At last the widow consented to receive the Duke, who was of course enraptured, and bestowed upon the enchanting princess every proof of his high consideration. The castle was enlarged, was made their mutual residence, and Moscow became their capital, and subsequently the seat of a vast empire.

Although this city was utterly destroyed by the Tartars in the fourteenth century, and again by the Poles in the seventeenth, and partly again during the invasion of the French, it has lost none of its original character, and is more populous and splendid than at any former period. It covers an immense extent of ground, and measures more than twenty English miles in circumference. The gardens of the palaces and churches, the public squares, and open places, occupy a very considerable portion of this spacious area. Many of the houses are not above one story high, and it is the variety of shape and colour, rather than the magnitude or dimension of the buildings, which most distinguish Moscow. The streets, broad and irregular, turn and twist in every direction, and in their windings constantly present some singular and novel feature. Churches, palaces, barracks, and cottages of various architecture, in red, blue, and green, succeed each other with a rapidity and confusion which at first surprise and then bewilder the passing stranger; and it is not until he climbs the Kremlin towers, and takes in the whole at one great view, that he is enabled to receive a fixed and decided impression of the capital of the Muscovites.

The Kremlin, from the Tartar word Krem, signifying fortress, occupies the central and highest part of the city. For nearly four hundred years the Tartars remained masters of central Russia, and during a great part of this period the Kremlin was the citadel and palace of their deputies in Moscow. The lieutenants of the Khans of the Golden Horde resided there in Oriental splendour, and received from the Russian princes the tribute they were forced to pay to the grandsons of the immortal Ghengis. So stern was their rule, and so complete the national degradation, that the princely successors of Ruric went forth to meet the envoy from the Mongol court, and received upon their bended knees the mandates of the great Khan. They covered the avenue, along which he rode from the city gates toward the Kremlin, with rich furs;—they presented to the disdainful Tartar a jewelled goblet filled with mare's milk;—and they licked the drops that fell from his mouth upon the mane and bridle of his war-horse. Ivan the Great, who reigned in the latter part of the fifteenth century; who first took the title of Czar; who wedded Sophia, the last princess of the Imperial line of Byzantium; who destroyed the fiefs and established the autocracy; who adopted the double-headed eagle as the type of the supreme power; who expelled the Tartars from his country, and who introduced the luxury and the seclusion of Asiatic manners into Russia; was the first who embellished the Kremlin with its walls, palaces and churches. Aristotle of Bologna, and Solario of Milan, were employed for the latter purpose; the Græco-Gothic, combined with the fantastic forms of Eastern architecture, and cemented with barbaric strength, first adorned the capital of the Czars.

Escaping from the narrow, dark and winding passages of the bazaar, and the eager shopmen who, from every door, besought us with bows and gentle violence, and many promises to sell much cheaper than their neighbours, we entered a large open space, which presented one of the most singular and animated scenes we had ever witnessed. Before us were the green and white walls and turrets which surround the Kremlin; the statues of the two heroes, Minia and Pozarsky, who saved Moscow from the Tartars, and on either side vast edifices of every possible description. Conspicuous among the latter was the church

of St. Basil, the most grotesque of human monuments. Of various proportion and of every colour, with tapering spires and turbaned domes, it is the ne plus ultra of conceit. A riddle without, and a labyrinth within, it seems a sort of harlequin among the multitude of strange and fanciful structures of the capital. It was the whimsical creation of one of the Czars of the sixteenth century; and the Italian architect who was employed in its construction, was deprived of his eyes, for fear that he might erect such another temple in another land.

It was near this spot that Ivan the Terrible, a monster, whose atrocities so far exceed all former precedent, as to be almost beyond belief, erected his instruments of torture. Among these were cauldrons of boiling oil, into which he threw the victims of his fury, while he addressed the assembled multitude upon the justice of the punishment he inflicted, and exclaimed, "I am your god, as God is mine; my throne is surrounded by archangels, as is the throne of God." Here, also, Peter the Great superintended and assisted in the execution of the desperate soldiers who had opposed his innovations. Seated upon a throne, he witnessed the dying agonies of two thousand of the Strelitz, and when tired of the rack, he compelled his nobles to complete their destruction with the sword. With the wine-cup in one hand and the cimeter in the other, he swallowed twenty bumpers, and cut off twenty heads in a single hour, and as if proud of the achievement, he invited the ambassador of Prussia to try his skill. Eighty of the guilty Janizaries were subsequently held up by the hair before the crowd, and decapitated by the hand of the infuriated Czar.

The scene of these sanguinary feats was now thronged with Russians and Russian vehicles. The merchants were numerous. They are men of prodigious corpulence, and their faces wear an expression of stupidity, in curious contrast with their cool, keen, cunning eyes. They are all bearded and all dressed alike, in the dark-blue or brown surtout, called the caftan, which is bound about the waist with a red or yellow sash. The loose trousers are tucked into the long boots which reach the knee. A low, bell-crowned, felt hat, with a broad band and buckle, covers a head of thick and well-greased hair. These merchants conduct the whole inland trade of Russia. Some of them have

agents in Pekin, Paris, and London. Officers and soldiers as usual composed a part of the crowd, and squeezing through them all, came the serf in the sheepskin, with a huge glass jar of quass or sugared water, which he pours into a tumbler and sells to the thirsty tradesmen. Here, too, was the Jew and Tartar, equally engaged in the pursuits of trade. The hum of voices and the passing and repassing of horsemen and pedestrians, gave to this place an appearance of activity not always seen in the wide thoroughfares of a Russian city.

Crossing the square, we approached the walls of the Kremlin, and stood beside the *Spassnia Worotu*, or holy gate, beneath which several bearded men were bowed in prayer. It appears that this gate is regarded with strong religious veneration by the Russians; but the reason is altogether a matter of conjecture. Some say the tower over the gate was dedicated to a saint, who delivered the city from the ravages of a pestilence, and others that it was erected in commemoration of a holy warrior, who drove out the Tartars. It is not improbable, that the sanctity attached to this entrance to the precincts of the palace originated in the times of those Czars who claim divine honours from the multitude. The latter, besotted by ignorance and superstition, have perpetuated the worship of the gateway, and forgotten the infernal despot by whom it was erected. We doffed our hats according to the custom, and passed the sentry into the square of the Kremlin. In the front arose the circular tower and dome of Ivan Weliki; on one side of the various palaces, from the old Tartar Keep, to the modern and magnificent erection of Nicholas; and on the other extended an open prospect of unrivalled beauty. The eye lingers upon this exquisite and unbounded view. From the foot of the terrace on which we stood, a gentle declivity, covered with verdure, reached down to the exterior line of battlements. Beneath these was the Moskwa, whose current flows along the southern side of the Kremlin walls. Beyond were the motley colours and fascinating forms of the gorgeous city, and again beyond, the villas, the monasteries, the suburban gardens, the plains watered by the winding river, and the heights which are called the Sparrow hills, the whole presenting an aspect incomparable for its variety and unequalled for its effect.

From the terrace we approached the great bell of Anna Ivanovna, which is larger than many of the houses of the peasantry, and then commenced the ascent to the gallery of the tower, filled with bells of every size, from one whose clapper is swung by the united efforts of three strong men, to others so small as to be worked with a single hand. From this belfry we looked down upon the whole of Moscow. The inclosure of the Kremlin, about a mile in circumference, is filled with palaces and churches, and surrounded with battlements of stone, painted alternately in green and white, and flanked with turrets. This is encompassed by the Kataigorod or Chinese town, where the bazaars and the church of St. Basil we have spoken of are situated, and which is also surrounded with walls and bastions. The Kataigorod is encircled by the Bielogorod, or White-town, and this again by the Semlanoigorod, or Earthen-town, so called because of the earthen ramparts by which it was formerly protected. Beyond this last circuit lay the straggling slobodes or suburbs, abounding with convents and villas, among which the Seminova, with walls and towers of every hue, stands forth in fantastic grandeur. On every side around us, for miles and miles, extended the multiform and variegated mass of buildings, —six hundred churches, checquered walls, red and green roofs, and cupolas and spires without number. The courts and passages immediately below us leading to the churches and public offices of the Kremlin, were thronged with people and equipages passing to and fro in an unbroken stream, and filling with life the foreground of this, the best of panoramic views.

There is no remaining evidence of the fire of 1812. The fortifications of the Kremlin, which were injured by the French, have all been repaired, and the Chinese and White quarters, which were almost wholly destroyed, have been entirely rebuilt. The Kremlin is undoubtedly the most interesting Imperial palace in Russia. Besides its singular and antique appearance, it is remarkable as having been the residence of the Tartar Princes, the Grand Dukes of Russia, and of Napoleon. The parts which were inhabited by each of these may all be seen, as well as the banquet-halls of the modern emperors. It contains also the holy cathedral of the Assumption, where the sovereigns are consecrated and crowned, and where all the Czars previous

to the time of Peter were interred. The tombs of Ivan the Great, Ivan the Terrible, of Michael and Alexis,—the last of the race of Ruric, and the first of the dynasty of the Romanoffs, are all together there, covered alike with palls of brocade, worked with gold and silver, and studded with jewellery.

The church contains many images and relics of the saints. It boasts a portrait of the Virgin Mary, said (like that in the church of the Madonna della Guardia in Bologna) to have been painted by St. Luke, and, like that also, celebrated for its power of working miracles. Another famous image of the Virgin was taken by Peter from this cathedral, and placed in the first church he built in St. Petersburg. The Russians, discontented with the new capital, perceived that the Virgin was in tears because of the desertion of Moscow. Peter ordered the image to be taken down, and upon examination he found that a few drops of oil had been placed in the cavities of the eyes by the priests, and made to trickle down upon the face of the picture. The church of St. Michael, also within the Kremlin, is filled with gold and silver ornaments, and makes a great display of jewellery. It claims, with the cathedral of Treves, that it possesses the identical garment of our Saviour.

The Arsenal of the Kremlin is filled with military trophies and many hundred cannon taken from the foes of Russia, and there is a treasury containing thrones and diadems of the conquered kings of Siberia, Kazan, Poland, the Crimea, and other countries. The regalia, sparkling with innumerable diamonds, gold plate of prodigious weight, coronation robes, saddles and housings covered with emeralds, amethysts, and turquoises of inestimable value, are preserved in this place. There are also piles of swords and cimeters, and weapons and armour of every kind, and many memorials of the deceased kings and heroes of Russia and other countries; not the least interesting in the collection is a small box with golden clasps, which contains the constitutional charter of forsaken Poland,—a charter once worth much more than all this hoarded treasure, and now altogether worthless.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Villa of the Gallitzins—Sparrow Hills—Nobles of Moscow—Manner of Living—Intelligence—Presence of the Emperor — Gaiety of the Muscovites—Shops—Cafés—The Foundling Hospital.

A FINE view of Moscow is obtained from the *Kousmetzom Mosta*, or the street of the blacksmiths, and another from the tower of the Seminova monastery; but that from the Sparrow hills is the best of all. To visit the latter we left the city and passed by the Kalouga road, through the long suburbs, filled with huge convents, hospitals, and barracks, until we reached the villa of the Gallitzins. This is the most elegant of all the summer residences of the Russian nobility, and for the natural beauty of its situation is unequalled in the empire. It lies upon the bank of the winding river, and is surrounded with parks and gardens. This charming place, whose beauty would hardly be noticed among those of any other region, had been coveted by the Emperor. His Majesty offered its proprietors a large sum of money for their suburban paradise. The Gallitzins refused the money, but immediately offered the estate as a present to their Sovereign. The delicacy of the latter would not permit him to accept it as a gift, and for a time the beautiful domain will remain in the possession of its ancient masters.

Not far beyond this villa are the *Prigorok Notorago*, or Sparrow hills, very trifling elevations, but quite conspicuous in the midst of the surrounding plain. The day was radiant, and the city of the Muscovites lay spread out beneath us like a gilded toy. A thousand burnished domes and cupolas in blue and gold, glittering with silver stars and clusters of graceful minarets and spires, white terraces and towers, roofs and walls of every colour, all confused and shapeless, yet all gay and curious, sparkled in the light of the declining sun. The white buildings of the Kremlin, the gaudy eminences of St. Basil, the red and white inclosures of the Donskoi convent, the antique battlements of the Devitchei, were below us; beyond, as far as the eye

could reach, infinite in variety and almost endless in succession, arose other fantastic forms arrayed in the same brilliant colours, —the whole exciting more wonder than admiration, more surprise than pleasure. Far away toward the south and west extended a fertile plain, and meandering through the meadows flowed the shining Moskwa, "a line of silver in a fringe of green." The gardens and orchards, the grain and cattle, and the bountiful appearance of the environs were pleasant to the sight. Both city and country, seen at noonday from the Sparrow hills, conveys the most lively impression it is possible to conceive of Moscow.

What must have been the surprise of the French legions, who had marched for a thousand miles along desolate and deserted plains, until from these heights they first looked down upon this dazzling and abounding picture? Their toils and dangers must have been at once forgotten, for as they passed to the summit, gazing with amazement upon the exaggerated promise of luxury and wealth, the cry of Moscow! Moscow! passed from regiment to regiment; and with all the enthusiasm of Frenchmen, they clapped their hands and repeated Moscow!

Napoleon had already entered the Kremlin, and from the casements of the old palace of the Czars, he watched his soldiers and their waving banners as they defiled along the hill. An array of soldiers, with whom he dreamed of conquering the East, was now before him in all the pride of victory, and all joyous in the golden light of the September sun! In one short month from that time his romantic prospects were for ever blasted—the city was destroyed—the snow covered the plains—famine, cold, and the lance of the wild Cossacks, intercepted his retreat, and of those who entered Moscow, a few only repassed the Russian frontiers.

The burning of Moscow is undoubtedly to be attributed to the wretches who escaped from the prisons previous to the entry of the French. They were actuated in this matter partly by feelings of revenge against their late oppressors, and partly by the hopes of plunder. Patriotism had nothing whatever to do with it. No Russian officer would have dared to take the responsibility of firing the sacred city. The Emperor Alexander would never have consented to such a proceeding, as is believed by many intelligent Russians.

Moscow is, in many respects, the most agreeable and interesting of the Russian capitals. The climate is less variable than that of St. Petersburg, and it has little of the rectangular monotony of the latter city. It is also purely national in aspect and character, and is the residence of many of the elder members of the most noble families of the empire, who have been graciously permitted to retire from the fatigues of the Court and camp, and remain in Moscow. They retain many of the old prejudices, and exhibit much of ancient hospitality. The introduction of railways is considered by them as especially intended to destroy the last vestiges of the rights and privileges of their order. They deplore the power and policy of the Czar, the influence of foreigners, and the declining wealth and energy of the younger members of the aristocracy. With little pretensions to the high style or fashion of modern date, they prefer the barbaric show and splendour of their sires; and in the number of their menials and the magnificence of their entertainments, they strive to display the extravagance and profusion of the olden time. Amiable in manner, fond of high living and amusement, and accomplished linguists, they betray in many instances a most ludicrous ignorance of many things, which in other countries are taught in the common schools.

Several old gentlemen manifested much curiosity in all that related to the United States. We were regarded as objects of rare interest, and asked all kinds of questions. The tiger and the crocodile, and monsters of every imaginable kind, were supposed by some to be so abundant in America, as to infest the very doorways of our houses. Several were surprized to see such fair-complexioned men from beyond the sea. Doubts were even entertained, as to the fact of our being the genuine article, because our native tongue was English, and because forsooth all former Americans, who had passed the vision of some of these Muscovites, were as black as the ace of spades. One old prince was so satisfied that there was a mistake somewhere, that he insisted upon our going with him to the theatre, in order to show us what had hitherto been his beau ideal of our far-famed republicans. We entered the parterre of the house devoted to the representation of the *vaudeville* and *petite comédie* of France. The audience was very respectable in appearance, and consisted

principally of officers in gay uniforms, ladies beautifully attired, and many stout noblemen of the old school. We were not seated long, before we discovered the dark object who had mystified the prince. A well-dressed negro, whose hair looked as if it had been frosted, was seated in the orchestra, and tuned up his fiddle in concert with the various instruments of Frenchmen, Italians, Germans, and others who formed the company of musicians. No mistake could exist as to the nationality of the sable performer before us. His style and manner of bowing was Virginia all over. We told the prince that this interesting subject was undoubtedly an American although not what we considered precisely "*le vrai bouquet.*"

A cheerful expression, and a certain unrestrained gaiety of manner, seldom noticed elsewhere in Russia, prevail in Moscow. This was particularly the case during the administration of the late Governor General Gallitzin. The moment a Russian is relieved from the attention of the police, his propensity to laugh and grow fat, becomes remarkable. The Muscovites have not been so much exposed to the exactions which have impoverished the population of some other provinces, and this may possibly account for the portly appearance of the noblemen and merchants of the sacred city.

In court or country, and wherever the Imperial person may chance to appear, every body looks happy, and greets the approach of Majesty with expressions of delight. When his coming is announced upon the highway, the villagers clothe themselves in holiday suits, and appear as felicitous and as rural as possible; in the towns his arrival is greeted with reviews, Te Deums, and salvos of artillery. All are glad when he is gone. In St. Petersburg his continual presence throws a stiffness and coldness of demeanour over the whole surface of society, and creates an apprehension which completely stifles the joy and serenity he professes to admire. Nothing is so impressive; nothing perhaps, which conveys so complete an idea of human vanity and weakness, as these scenes in which the great ministers of the empire appear before their mighty master. They have climbed to the last step of the ladder, and trembling they stand upon the giddy height, beyond which there is no advance, and from which there is no retreat, except in disgrace and

death. Nicholas as Grand Duke, trembled with awe in his interviews with his Imperial brother Alexander, and Nicholas as Emperor in vain commands his courtiers to be happy and rejoice in the light of his gracious presence. Care is indelibly written upon the countenance of the Autocrat, and dismay upon the faces of his servants. He may smile, but all who have seen it have felt it to be fearful, and they may smile, but theirs is the sardonic smile which proclaims the agony of the heart.

Moscow is in some measure relieved from these painful efforts to be merry upon occasion, and whoever has resided for any time in the ancient and modern capitals of the Empire, cannot fail to distinguish the hearty hilarity prevailing in the one, from the empty and counterfeit happiness of the other. Animation pervades the shows, theatres, and promenades of Moscow; pleasure reigns in her festivities, and apparently alleviates many of her miseries. There are to be seen fine shops, with clerks speaking French and English; cafés and restaurants, and salons, in the Parisian style; there too is the largest ball-room, and the most spacious manège in the world: extensive monasteries are there also and asylums, and last, not least, the most extensive foundling hospital in Europe.

Catherine the Second, who, by the way, has been called the mother of her country, established these receptacles for infants, in every large city of the Empire. That of Moscow is conducted on the usual scale of Russian magnificence. It exceeds in length and breadth, and excells in the amount of its revenues and the numbers of its inmates, any institution of the kind in either hemisphere. It contains chapels and school-rooms, offices and dormitories, all of vast dimensions. In the neighbourhood of the city are the farms and farm-houses, the gardens and summer-residences, the cattle and the peasantry, appertaining to and forming part of the establishment. Its treasury is a bank of loan and deposit. It has a governor and deputy-governor, directors, and teachers, male and female, and a regiment of wet nurses, six or eight hundred in number, who are recruited every month according to the wants of the establishment. From twenty to thirty infants are received daily, and upwards of nine thousand children are constantly being reared and educated here. The infant is deposited in a place appointed

for the purpose. The parent may or may not be known, and may or may not leave a name to be given the child in baptism. If it be a boy, and roubles amounting to 10*l.* are left with him, he will receive an education, and at a proper age be appointed an officer in the army. If he bring no money, he is destined to become a common soldier. If it be a girl and she comes with a silver spoon, she is carefully instructed in music, embroidery, French, and Italian; and if not ultimately reclaimed by her parents, may become a governess, and instruct the children of the nobility. Many of the girls are taught singing and dancing, with the view of joining the *corps de ballet*, and choirs of the theatres. The great majority, however, receive a very limited education, and are employed in various labours, the proceeds of which are applied to increase the funds of the institution. The parents of these children may at any time visit them, and send them money or remove them; and this is often done by those whose circumstances permit them to do so. The poor parent, however, is generally willing to leave her offspring to the superior care of the matrons of the hospital. The nurses who crowd about the doors seeking employment, are glad to leave their homes and avail themselves of the comforts of this place.

No doubt can exist as to the fatal tendencies of these establishments. The seclusion and privacy of the domestic life of the Russians at an early period, were attended with notions of female chastity, which prevail with more or less rigour among barbarians. Adultery was considered a most heinous crime. It was so regarded among the commoners long after the civilization introduced by Peter; and in spite of the open depravity of Anne and Elizabeth, and even so late as the days of the second Catherine, the guilty were punished by being buried alive up to the waist. This Empress changed the penalty to that of an ordinary crime, and at the same moment that she set an example dishonourable to her sex, and which was the immediate cause of the universal profligacy of the nation, she opened and endowed the hospitals, where the offspring of the adulteress mother was sure to be received, and reared at the expense of the state. But Catherine did more than this for Moscow and for Russia, and to-day we can trace the operation of her influence upon her successors and upon the Empire.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Catherine the Second—Her Influence and Art—Council of Moscow—Destruction of the Political Importance of the Nobles—Ukases—Civil and Military Governors—The Senate—The Emperor Alexander.

When Catherine the Second became Empress of Russia, the nobles gained a little of the importance they had lost since the accession of Peter the Great. They frequented the Court of their Imperial mistress, and followed her precepts of extravagance and luxury. The wonders of the Winter Palace; the enchanted gardens of Potemkin; the groves of orange and of myrtle, which appeared as if by magic among the ice-hills beside the Neva; the Academies of Science and of Art; the brilliancy and the prospects of military life;—each and all, held out inducements to the Russian noble to hasten forward and engage his time and wealth in the race of ambition or of pleasure.

The privileges of the nobles were confirmed by Catherine. She even abolished the confiscation of private property, and ratified the old charter of Michael Romanoff, which permitted the nobles to reside abroad, and which guaranteed their hereditary rights and dignities. But the Semiramis of the North was as ambitious of despotic power as any sovereign could be;—and while she amused her nobles with promises and appearances the most plausible, she proceeded to assert and to establish this power by one of the most politic measures which can be conceived.

She recommended and decreed, that deputies of knowledge and honour should be chosen from among the nobles of all the districts of the Empire, who were to meet in convention, for the purpose of revising and correcting the laws. The sitting of this assembly, thus invoked, was opened in Moscow, by the Empress in person. The magnificent patroness of the arts, the learned correspondent of Voltaire, appeared before her delighted nobles in council assembled, as the sage under whose supervision a code of laws was to be digested.

But in despotic countries, fear and self-preservation render public assemblies little better than dramatic representations. Beyond the pomp and ceremony attending the first meeting of this body, none similar to which had assembled since the nobles met to elect a sovereign, there was little to attract the curious. When the excitement passed away, many of the members neglected to attend, while repeated adjournments wearied out many more, and various reasons prevented the presence of others. An occasional display of spirit was manifested; showing that a certain interest was manifested in the proceedings by a few, who were not to be deceived, though they could not avert the systematic chicanery of the Empress. In one instance, a deputy demanded if ukases were to be promulgated after the completion of the new code; and upon being informed that such would be the case, he stated that he should then retire to his estate, as his presence could be of no possible consequence for the accomplishment of the objects for which he had attended.

The whole business then devolved upon the Empress, assisted by a few of her chosen and faithful counsellors. The result of her labours, which her artful partisans have praised as worthy the reputation of a Justinian or a Solon, was not merely the publication of the celebrated maxims she took from Montesquieu —not merely her declaration "to make Russia more happy than any other nation on the earth," and that "to be disappointed in this purpose would be an unhappiness she did not wish to survive;"—it resulted not in a revision or a digest of the laws of Russia: but in a collection of those decrees alone which could substantiate absolute authority—in the rejection or destruction of all others by which this authority could be denied. The object was to make the word or will of the Czar or Czarina superior to all precedents: and that the Imperial ukase, or manifesto, should be received as the law of the land, all other previous decrees, ukases, or manifestoes, to the contrary notwithstanding. Here in Moscow, the very soul and centre of all which remained to animate the nation;—here in council called to perfect the laws, she succeeded in obtaining the acknowledgment of her absolute and unlimited authority. What did it matter whether certain rights and privileges had been granted to certain parties by charter, when, by this public acknowledg-

ment, these charters could be vitiated by subsequent decrees? The power to publish ukases existed before the time of the council we refer to, for we know that in many cases they were published by the predecessors of Catherine; but it is very questionable whether, by the ancient organization of the government, the Sovereign had the right to make one law to-day, in direct opposition to that of yesterday. Every vestige of the power of the aristocracy, so far as it was an element of the Russian Government, was destroyed by the principles assumed at the great council of Moscow. Every effort was made to obliterate and eradicate from the public mind, and the public records, the evidence of the former interposition of the nobles in public affairs.

The ukase is as contrary to the ancient institutions of the country, as the proclamations of the kings of the House of Stuart were contrary to the provisions of Magna Charta. We have no written authority for such assertions; those who have written in favour of absolute power, have done so under the fear or the favour of the autocrat, for whom they find proofs of sovereignty, divine and unlimited, through all by-gone times. Our opinion is based upon the belief of many educated Russians, upon well-established rules of reason, and upon the undeniable and well-known usages of the Slavonic tribes. If the energy of Peter the Great merely threw the political qualifications of the nobility into abeyance, at a moment when such qualifications were of no immediate service to the country, the craftiness of Catherine destroyed them to all intents and purposes, when she thus publicly aspired to, and openly assumed, by the seeming consent of the nation, the exercise of a power more despotic and boundless than any recorded in the Russian annals. In 1613, Michael Romanoff was chosen Czar by the Boyards and Burghers, and made oath to maintain their laws and liberties. In 1676, Alexis consulted the assembly of the nobles and citizens respecting a revision of the laws. In 1700, Peter abolished the court of nobles, and established a Senate of counsellors wholly dependent upon his pleasure. In 1730, Anna was elected to the throne upon certain conditions, limiting the power of the Crown. These few historical facts are sufficient to show the former importance of the Russian aristocracy, as an element of the

Government. The people went for nothing, it is true, but owing to the jealousy which existed between the Boyards and the Czar, the people were in some degree cherished and protected. The collisions of interest between the barons and King John, led to the first mitigation of Anglo-Saxon serfdom; and by one of the articles of the Great Charter of English freedom, the destruction of cattle and of men by the monarch was forbidden, without the special license of the proprietor, who had full power over the life of Englishmen.

Not many years after the great council of Moscow, the French Revolution broke out with fury, and civilization, loosened from the folds of error and custom, leaped forth with prodigious elasticity and vigour. Catherine, faithful to her ambitious projects, guarded her western frontiers from its inroads, and from that moment French literature and French science lost its influence in the North. Tragedy and comedy, Voltaire and Molière, were banished from the Court; Washington was declared a rebel, and the statue of the incendiary Fox was dashed to pieces. Not a new idea, or a new principle, springing from the improved state of things, was permitted to invade her borders. The lights of civilization which came forth in 1789, penetrated to a greater or less extent, every European country except Russia, which alone remained untouched. Alone in her retention of old abuses, it would seem as if she had relapsed into the state of utter darkness, from which Peter the First had redeemed her.

It is a matter of very little consequence, perhaps, how the despotism of Peter or Catherine was established, but it is interesting to know and see the different effects as they differed in motive and degree. The power of the one, rude, bold, and fearless, was employed to force open the avenues for the ingress of ameliorating influences; the efforts of the other, subtle, vain, and treacherous, were used to baffle every project, which did not tend to swell the importance and power of the Crown. Both were successful, and both will exemplify the extraordinary means possessed by the head of an absolute Government for effecting either good or evil. Peter the Great left his country in a wonderful state of progress, and Catherine left a crown, the emblem of the concentrated majesty and magnificence of a capricious and selfish sovereign.

Since the time of Catherine, no change has taken place in the political condition of the country, nor can it be shown that the personal welfare, or individual comfort of the people has increased in any way. Vast provinces have been added to the eastern and southern frontiers of the Empire, the colossal arms of which, stretching throughout the hemispheres, seem ready to embrace the globe. Russia in Europe contains one twenty-eighth part of the surface of the earth, and one-sixteenth of the human race. The whole Empire, with a population of sixty millions and an annual increase of one million, is divided into fifty-three Governments, which are subdivided into many districts. Each district is represented by a deputy, chosen by the nobles to sit in the general assembly of the deputies of the Government. This general assembly is to guard the local interests, to appoint some inferior officers, to confer through its marshals with the superior officers of the Empire, to petition the Emperor, and render him homage for the rights and privileges they enjoy. For every act or decision contrary to the law, this general assembly is liable to a fine, amounting to 30*l.*

Each Government is administered by a civil or military governor, or both, who are appointed by the Emperor. The civil governor has certain specified powers; the military governor acts at discretion; and where the authority of the two afflict a province, the influence of the former is destroyed, and the latter rules as with a rod of iron. These governors are oftentimes incapable, and chosen because of their devotion to the Imperial person, rather than for their integrity or intelligence. They are followed by hordes of rapacious dependents, who fill the minor offices, organize the civil and criminal courts, traffic in justice, and oppress the people. The Emperor himself has been obliged to degrade some of his lieutenants, who had obtained a notoriety for their repeated prevarications; but in the majority of cases their abuses escape the observation of the Czar, and the Senate (who are bound to watch the public interests) dare not attack a favourite. How often is it in the power of ministers to deceive their sovereign. "Secluded from mankind by his exalted dignity, the truth is concealed from his knowledge; he can only see with their eyes, and hears nothing

but their representations;—he confers the most important offices upon vice and weakness, and disgraces the most virtuous and deserving among his subjects. By such infamous arts, said the Emperor Dioclesian, the best and wisest of princes are sold to the venal corruption of their courtiers."

The Russian Senate is composed of an unlimited number of senators, appointed by the Emperor, and is divided into eleven departments. In general assembly it has power to inquire into the conduct of the employés of the Government, and report to the Ministers. These are twelve in number, and at the head of the various Departments of State, from that of the interior to that of finance. Each Ministry is divided into many sections, and every section into many bureaus. There is a bureau devoted to every description of business, from that on commerce and manufactures to that on theatres and stables. Besides the Ministers, there is a Council of the Empire, of which the Emperor is President, and which is also divided into various departments and sections, having different powers. Legions of functionaries are attached to all these branches of the administration. The labour is immense, from the very nature of the Government, and it is rendered still more so because of the inefficiency and the corruption of its agents. Any system so variable, arbitrary and incomplete; so diffuse, intricate and venal, is wholly beyond the management of the Autocrat. The greatest possible ability and activity could not prevent disastrous consequences resulting from such institutions.

The Emperor Alexander, who had become convinced of the extreme degradation of his country, and who was aware of his ability to effect most important changes, was known to have seriously entertained projects of improvement; but he possessed no decision of character. The uncertainty of success, the difficulties of the enterprise, and the want of confidence in himself and others preyed continually upon his mind, and occasioned that melancholy which hurried him to his grave.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

**Accession of Nicholas—His Policy—Motives of his Conduct—Military and Naval Forces—Corruption of the Government—The Aristocracy—The Russian Church—Conflict of the Laws—Courts—Decrees—Judicial Proceedings—Political Difficulties—The Spirit of the Age—Its advance and Influence.**

THE present Autocrat assumed the Imperial office in the midst of dangers and difficulties. A few officers who had studied liberty in the wars against Napoleon, pronounced in favour of constitutional monarchy, and a few regiments obedient to their commands followed them in their impotent and fruitless efforts to effect refom. Nicholas triumphed, but never could he forgive or forget this attempt at revolution. A prince by birth, and a soldier by education, he was accustomed to command and to be obeyed; and now that he was called to exercise despotic power, the slightest check to his authority—the slightest murmur or suspicion, awakened his indignation, and called forth all the severity of his character. By nature ardent and generous; possessing most noble and most honourable qualities; gifted with very considerable mental ability, great personal beauty, and bodily strength; his errors are to be regarded as those of position, rather than those of inclination. The cruel death of his father, the weakness and misfortunes of his brothers, and the bloody events attending his own succession to the throne, seem to have determined him to pursue a course of policy more in keeping with a soldier's idea of order and security, than one distinguished for prudence, wisdom, and moderation.

To secure the acknowledgment of Imperial power without contradiction, and to exercise it without the complaints or criticisms of others, have been the first and the darling object of his ambition. To this all other considerations have been sacrificed. Ever on the alert to detect the most trifling infringement of his commands, he pursues his object with an impetuosity which carries him beyond his mark, and transforms into violence and injustice what was intended to be done with

justice, prudence, and decision. Disappointment wounds his vanity, and he gives way to those momentary fits of melancholy and anger peculiar to his family, which nothing can withstand, and which conceal, for a while, the higher and nobler virtues of the man. The fears of political innovations, of new political systems and ideas, are constantly forcing them upon him; and to combat these, he employs the most extraordinary measures, and exhibits the most remarkable energy. The military and naval forces of the Empire, surpass in number anything ever seen before in a time of peace in Europe. Ignorant of the cuases of this martial spirit and display, the nations look with apprehension upon the warlike preparations of the Czar. The police, counting its thousands and tens of thousands, of public and private, open and secret agents, form another mysterious element of the Government, while suspicions of all kinds rest upon the motives and intrigues of Russian diplomacy in every quarter of the world.

Europe, however, has been deceived as to this important array of the military, constabulary, and diplomatic regiments of the Autocrat. They are not intended for the invasion or final subjugation of the nations. On the contrary, they are designed to protect Russia from the attacks of those principles of liberalism which seek to penetrate her borders; they are employed to arrest, at the threshold, those ideas and those innovations which would dispute with the despotism of Nicholas. Europe has nothing to fear from the armies of the Emperor of Russia. His diplomatic agents are more particularly instructed to watch the conduct and opinions of their countrymen abroad, than to spy out the land; and his domestic police, a most formidable body, are only charged with the duty of attending to the business of every one within the limits of the Empire.

A despot, like one of the olden time, who unites in his own person all the powers of the Government, and who can use these powers with vigour and in the full confidence of his might, could truly alarm those who feared an exhibition of his wrath; but a despot who has not this confidence, and whose vigour is wasted in watching for the safety of his prerogatives, should give no anxiety to his neighbours. Never was there so general or so grave an error as that prevailing among European states-

men and politicians, in attaching the importance they do to the weight of Russia in the balance of European power. The time, the talents, the activity, and ambition of Nicholas are devoted almost wholly to suppress the whispers which speak of revolution or of liberty. Haunted with real or fancied dangers, troubled with dreams or imaginings of conspiracy, he strives with his forebodings as with an enemy at his palace-gates, and would obliterate the very shadows proclaiming events which are to come.

It is easier to imagine than to describe the real effects of such a state of things upon the people of the country. A system of espionage of the most disgusting and degrading character is in vogue,—a system so complete as to extend throughout the length and breadth of the land, embracing society in all its ramifications, and reaching individuals of every condition in every part of the world. To this, more than to any other cause, we may trace the corruption which prevails in every department of the public service; glory, justice, dignity, and place being often the fruits of bribery, humiliation, treachery, and deceit. There is no favour, no place, no man which money will not buy; and woe to him who prides himself upon his honour, his independence, or his knowledge of right and wrong.

In pursuit of the phantom which troubles his repose, which irritates the worst and conceals the best principles of his character, and in pursuance of those maxims of supremacy established by Catherine, the Emperor Nicholas has by a word vitiated the charter, which secured to the aristocracy certain personal rights and privileges. To detain this aristocracy beneath his own eye, to prevent their inhaling the air of foreign freedom, he forbids them to reside abroad, and if disobeyed, he appropriates their property to the state. At the same time renegade foreigners, or a new class of nobles from the army, fill the posts of honour and of profit. The remnants of that body which elected the first Romanoff to the Imperial dignity, are not only deprived of all ability to serve the country, but are persecuted with a degree of resentment as extraordinary as it is unjust. In this respect as in many others, the measures of his Majesty are perfectly unaccountable; and whether they are the result of his own reflection or passions, or the result of the

reflections or passions of his counsellors, they show what history has often exemplified, "that public employments and power improve the understanding of men in a less degree than they pervert their views."

One of the most remarkable efforts of the domestic policy of the Emperor, (inasmuch as it is a part of the system upon which he expects to sustain the undeviating sources of his sovereignty,) is in the centralization of the Government and the assimilation of the people of every portion of the empire to one religion, one language, and one set of habits and customs. The Latin Church, at one time the only church of Poland, has almost disappeared from that country, and beneath the efforts of the Propaganda of the Greek doctrines, the Lutheran population of Finland and the provinces of the Baltic are yielding up the faith, which in this part of the North was established by the great Gustavus. By force and intimidation, by reward or punishment, the wretched people of all these lands are compelled to bow to the Greek altar, and perpetual imprisonment is the doom of him who, having entered, would retreat from the bosom of the church. With the Russian creed, which teaches the divine authority of the Czar, (the representative of God on earth, and to dispute whose will is to incur the displeasure of the Most High,) comes the Russian language and Russian customs, establishing, as far as can be established by such methods, the influence of the Russian Government. On the south-eastern borders of the Empire, and about the countries of the Caspian, other measures have been resorted to, equally inconsistent with every notion of morality. Persia is at this moment little better than a desolate frontier province of Russia, and the principalities of Wallachia and Servia are overrun and demoralized by Russian agents. As we have said before, the great object sought for in these extraordinary proceedings is to guarantee the security of the Imperial authority; and this is the great principle which has actuated the present Emperor, in every public undertaking of his reign. It has impeded every act of public benefit. Whatever was intended by him to be really and truly a public blessing, has completely failed, from his endeavours to turn its action to the advantage of the Crown. Such causes as these have prevented the liberation of the serfs, and thrown impedi-

ments in the way of the improvements which have been promised, but never carried into effect.

The complicated and confused collections of contradictory ukases, hardly deserve to be called the laws of a country. The Council of Moscow, of which we have spoken, assembled for the avowed purpose of revising and correcting these, and forming them into a regular code, but by the care of Catherine, nothing was done but to discover precedents in support of her pretensions, and to destroy all data which appeared to conflict with her supremacy. More than forty years have been now employed in collecting the remaining ukases. Count Speranski, with the sanction of the Emperor, devoted himself to this task. He succeeded in obtaining vast volumes of matter. But it has been found that many of the old laws are much too liberal, while the eternal ukases of his Majesty, the continual expressions of his absolute will, triumph over every effort to arrive at any regular system. The Court, having jurisdiction in all minor matters, is called the Tribunal of the District. The next in importance is called the Tribunal of the Province. The majority of the members composing these courts, may decide any question brought up for their adjudication. From either of these a cause may be carried up on the appeal of either party, to the department of the Senate—the members of which are obliged in all cases to decide unanimously. Notwithstanding this unanimous decision, however, the attorney-general or representative of the interests of the Crown, may carry the case to the general assembly of the Senate, which must decide by a majority of two-thirds. The opinion of this body must next be submitted to the Minister of Justice, who may pronounce his veto or place the whole proceedings before the Council of the Empire, a sort of supreme court, combining both legislative and judicial powers in certain cases. The decrees of this court must finally receive the Imperial sanction. Now, it is to be observed, that the Senate and the Imperial Council are composed of old generals, superannuated diplomatists, poets and others, who are readily influenced, and who would never read (if they had the time,) immense folios, containing the pleadings in a case. An analysis is, therefore, ordered to be made by the clerks in attendance, who will insert, upon payment from either party, whatever

points they may think proper for the instruction of the learned judges. Such is the practice in civil cases, and such the construction of the courts supposed to be versed in the laws, which after the labour of forty years, are not yet revised and corrected. In criminal cases, the summary and speedy process of courts-martial is preferred. Although the Emperor has seen the evil effects of such proceedings, and prepared a new penal code, he will meet with the same difficulties in his attempts to rectify, from the constant interference of his will with his previously expressed opinions. "The time," says De Lolme, at "which the power of administering justice to individuals is separated from the military power, (an event which happens sooner or later in different countries,) is the real era of a system of laws in a nation."

It would be folly to suppose that by internal revolutions—by the dismemberment of the Empire, or other violent proceedings, that Russia can be placed in a line of march towards the position now occupied by the constitutional States of Europe. Revolutions have been attempted, the lives of the Imperial persons have been taken by conspirators, but despotism has survived them all; indeed, rather it has derived an impetus from these unnatural and feeble obstructions to its progress. It has arisen with renewed vigour from the anarchy which for a moment threatened its overthrow; from anarchy which first deprives society of its natural liberty, and which always has been, and always will be, the ruin of all free governments, not properly balanced between liberty and law. It is not in war, revolution, anarchy, or violence, then, that we must look for the political regeneration of such a country as Russia. Nothing in the condition or circumstances of the people is found to warrant any such conclusions; on the contrary, we should as soon be disposed to look for a thorough and effective reform arising from the disposition or the wishes of the despot, as from the ignorance and barbarity of the mass; for "it would be as wrong to suppose that no virtue can reside in the head of the government, as to believe that a fair administration of justice can originate from a debased and degraded people."

The influence of the character of the Russian Emperor, who unites in his person the majesty (both civil and religious) of

the realm, who combines the legislative and judicial functions, not by a fiction of law, but *de jure* and *de facto*, can scarcely be imagined. But this influence of the Emperor has not been used for the political and moral regeneration of the people: were it not for another and higher influence, an influence which gives him more care and more anxiety than all the world besides, we might despair of finding a hope for Russia, beyond that afforded us in the reflection, that the best principles of human liberty are sometimes developed in despotic states.

Happily for mankind, there is none who can escape the power of this age; and no one can tell how great may be its influence upon the princes and people of the Russian Empire. The exercise of despotic power has always been precarious, in ages which could not boast the superior intelligence of the nineteenth century. The day is past when despotism can contend successfully against the ceaseless encroachments, and the sure though almost imperceptible advances, of public freedom. Russia, of all existing despotisms, is most exposed to the spirit of the age; for having entered the family of the nations of the west, she must finally receive the rules and regulations by which that family is generally governed. Retreat is impossible. The unconquerable spirit of intelligence, ever on the advance, too vigilant and too crafty for the sentinel, passes the barrier unseen, and whispers things, which will one day be proclaimed aloud. We have seen this spirit peacefully creating a constitutional government in Norway and in Greece;—we have seen it growing and expanding, until nearly all Germany rejoices in its name.

This is the spirit,—the irresistible spirit,—the intelligent, thoughtful, religious spirit of the age, which would effect reform in Russia. It clamours at the portals of the Empire—it taps for admittance to the council chamber; it even addresses the judgment and the virtues of the Czar, and begs to be established beneath the fostering aid of his prodigious power. It would wrest from him not an unmeaning or a momentary triumph—not the mere shadow or the name of liberty; but some substance for the visible creation of an enduring fabric, worthy a great king, and proper for the happiness of his people. It would tell him, in the language of Lord Bacon, "that men in their inno-

vations should follow the example of time itself, which innovateth greatly, but gently, and by degrees scarce to be perceived." It would teach him to yield up prerogatives, which must be forced from his successors. It would assure him, that order and tranquillity would flourish better beneath the civil than the military law; that those attached to the glebe could be declared freemen without danger to the State; that religious toleration, and perfect security of person and of property, would make him the Peter of the nineteenth century, and gratify his fondest aspirations after fame. Whether he will adopt suggestions, which must have forced themselves so often upon his observation; whether his vanity or his ambition can withstand the appeals of the better qualities of his head and heart, it is not for us to say. If, however, the remainder of the life of so energetic and so capable a prince is to pass, as heretofore, in combating a civilization which gathers strength with time and circumstance, we must look beyond his career, for a successor who may not be so energetic, or so able to resist the imperative demands of reason and intelligence.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

Fasts and Festivals—Holidays—Central Russia—Supremacy of the Great Russian—His Characteristics—Serfs—Their Number and Condition—Their Privileges and Obligations—Their Houses—Baths—Clothing—Personal Habits.

EARLY on the morning of the 15th of August (when thousands of bells were making the most discordant and deafening chimes, to celebrate the termination of the fast of the Blessed Virgin, a fast of fifteen days) we left Moscow. The whole Russian year seems to be made up of fasts and festivals. Besides the great fast of Lent, and this of the Blessed Virgin, there is St. Philip's fast, which begins on the 15th of November, and lasts until the 25th of December. Wednesday and Fridays are also observed as weekly fasts; thus making for the year nearly one hundred and fifty days of fasting. The use of milk, eggs, and butter, is also prohibited upon some of these occasions, and

so strict is the Russian peasant in his observance of them, that nothing can induce him to touch the most tempting food. During the greater number of the fast days, however, it is lawful to eat fish; but as he can seldom obtain this article at any time, and as his ordinary diet consists of milk, salted cabbage, raw carrots, mushrooms, cucumbers, linseed oil, and black bread, made of unboulted rye flour, the peasants' fast may to all intents and purposes, be considered perpetual in duration.

Holidays are quite as numerous. The birthday, the names-day, the days of betrothal, marriage, death, the day of the Emperor and St. Nicholas, and the festivals of the numerous saints and heroes unknown beyond the realm of Russia, are commemorated to a greater or less extent, among all classes. Drunkenness is the besetting vice of the peasant on all occasions of excitement, and this prevails particularly during times of festival and fasting. The Church does not limit the potations of its devotees; and the State derives a considerable item of its revenue from the sale of brandy. The influence exercised by the civil and religious authority is so complete, that not an apple will be eaten before the fruits are blessed, according to the annual forms and ceremonies of the Church; and the same influence, acting upon the same fears, and the same superstitions, might, if it were disposed, immediately limit and abolish the manufacture or the use of *vodkee*.

We left Moscow in a *talega*, the common travelling carriage of the country. This is a long, cradle-shaped and clumsy wagon, with a cover over the hinder part, and a leathern apron in front. It has no springs, nothing indeed to recommend it but its strength, and the advantage with which the traveller can extend himself at length within it. Our carriage was thought too frail to pass over the roads we were to follow; we accordingly seated ourselves upon the straw which was laid in the bottom of the *talega*, and commenced the journey. Unfortunately for our comfort, the invention of McAdam had not been applied to the improvement of roads to the eastward of Moscow. Very soon after leaving the barriers of that city, thumps and bounces most feelingly persuaded us that we were now beyond the limits of European civilization. A *chaussé* was being made, but the ordinary highway was a beaten track, which from time out of mind had been

ploughed by wheels innumerable, and never been repaired. The ruts were deep and dangerous; but our stout *talega*, drawn by four steeds abreast, went rapidly over all the inequalities of surface, without regard to its own injury or to ours. As no inns are to be met with upon the roads in the interior, the traveller rides day and night, for days together; and rests with a certain degree of comfort upon the cushions and furs with which he usually lines the vehicle. We frequently saw ladies and gentlemen reclining as they rode, upon spring-mattrasses and pillows of eider-down, and seeming as snug and cosy as we were forlorn and miserable; for, having neglected all these precautions, and vainly trusting to a thin layer of straw, we suffered tortures almost insupportable.

Our course was towards the south-east. The country appeared populous and well cultivated, until we entered the extensive and deserted heaths, which occupy a large portion of this province. These presented the most lonely and desolate aspect, and the white birch-trees planted on either side the road, with the most provoking regularity, increased the monotony of the scene. For many tedious hours we traversed this sandy waste, and at last entered the more fertile districts upon the borders of the Government of Vladimir.

We were now in the very centre of Russia Proper. The woodlands had almost entirely disappeared; the villages were numerous, and the open fields on every side in a state of cultivation. Weliki or Great Russia, including the central provinces of which Moscow is the chief, is distinguished as the nucleus of the empire, and in point of wealth and the industry of its population, is justly entitled to this distinction. That portion of the Slavonic tribes which conquered this country and intermingled with the Finns, lost by the latter process many of the prominent features of their race;—their manners and customs being modified and at length confounded with those of the aborigines of the country. It is in this way we would account for the striking difference which prevails between the people of Great and Little Russia, a people springing from the same stock, speaking dialects of the same language, and having many of the same superstitions and customs. The Malo or Little Russians, who occupy the Ukraine and the south-western parts of Russia, retain the

marked peculiarities of the Slavi, and notwithstanding the former oppressions of the Poles and Tartars, they have preserved their personal freedom and escaped the degradation of slavery. They are gay, frank, and generous, and are easily distinguished among the Russians for their lofty stature, fine features, dark hair and eyes. It is from these that the Cossacks derive their origin.

But the Malo Russians are comparatively insignificant, when compared with the numbers and the influence of the Great Russians. The rapacity and cunning of the latter have completely overshadowed, and promise to absorb, all the distinctive features of the original race. The Great Russian is predominant among the various people of the Empire. His power is in the ascendant, and he stands forth conspicuous, the type of his name and nation. He is commonly distinguished for his red or yellow hair, coarse features, fine teeth, small gray eyes, low narrow forehead, and badly proportioned figure. He is avaricious, savage, and sensual; and although capable of great endurance, is deficient in elasticity and vigour. His muscular strength is not remarkable, but his passive resistance of privation and fatigue, and his obstinacy under the most severe and painful punishment, is almost incredible. Many of these peculiar traits he derives from the Finns, with whom he has amalgamated, and with whom for centuries he has existed in a servile state. The Great Russian lives to an extreme old age,—longer upon an average than the man of any other country. His generative vigour is remarkable. In central Russia the increase of the population is beyond all former precedent in Europe. While the natives of thec onquered provinces are diminishing with fearful rapidity, the population of the whole Empire, refreshed from this inexhaustible source, counts every year another million among its multitudes. Thousands and tens of thousands, in a perpetual stream, flow from this fountain-head, into the vast regions of the north, east, south, and west. In every country and among every people, beneath the sceptre of the Czar, the Weliki Russian will be found, asserting the supremacy of his race, and showing his skill and cunning. All the tribes with whom he comes in contact yield to his activity, and dwindle in insignificance before the progress of his encroachments. He even

penetrates beyond the frontiers of the Empire. While he profits as a merchant, he is often the secret agent of his country. His advance precedes the march of armies, and his aggressions pave the way to conquest. As he is persevering in the pursuit of gain, so is he dishonest; as he is ignorant, so does he hold all other nations in contempt; and as he is superstitious, so does he believe that the Russian Empire is to be universal, and attributes to the Russian people a great mission for the social regeneration of mankind.

Besides this free and floating mass, whose migrations, like those of the ancient Scythians, are continual, forty millions of serfs are to be found in Great Russia, the largest slave-population in the world; forty millions of men, *glebæ adscripti*, attached to the soil, bought and sold with the soil on which they are born, and on which they die! Upwards of twenty millions of these serfs belong to the Crown,—the remainder to the nobles. Previous to the sixteenth century, the peasantry of Great Russia retained the privilege of moving from place to place, held the free disposal of their persons, and sold their services for a term of years. In 1598, when Boris Gudenof ascended the throne, and sought the support of the nobles, he made a law by which the peasant was bound to the soil, and became the property of the noble.

The value of an estate in Weliki Russia depends more upon the number of its peasants than its acres. Some occupy a vast extent of country, and contain as many as one hundred thousand souls. The proprietor pays an annual tax of about 6*s*. 6*d*. upon every serf. The condition of the latter varies according to the circumstances and disposition of the master. As a general rule, he has a house and a piece of ground, and the privilege of feeding a cow upon the common near the village. For these he pays with his labour. The steward of the lord assigns him a daily task, which is easily accomplished before noon. The remaining hours are at his own disposal, except in harvest and certain other times, when he and his wife must turn into the field. He cannot leave the estate, or learn a trade, without permission. The master must maintain him, furnish him with food and medicine when it is necessary, and is liable to a fine if he is found destitute or begging upon the highway. Stray serfs,

runaways, or peasants, whether free or bond, roaming about without a passport, are detained and advertised; and if not reclaimed or relieved by the owner or some responsible person, are sold at public sale. The proprietor cannot oblige the serf to marry contrary to his inclination; and on the other hand, the clergy cannot marry him without the permission of the master. The serf cannot be sold off the estate, or separated from his family; and many other humane provisions have been made for his happiness and safety.

But it is futile to speak of rules and regulations in a country where wealth and birth give despotic power. The proprietor is governed in his action entirely by his interest, and he treats his peasants precisely as he pleases. He sells them whenever a good price is offered, and he sends them wherever it suits his convenience. He makes them weave or plough; he hires them out by the month or year, just as it pleases him. In the same way he may treat them with kindness or with blows; but as they are generally regarded as insensible and ungrateful, they get more kicks than favours. The serf cannot accuse the master. If the blows of the latter cause death within three days, he is fined; but if the serf live more than three days after severe punishment, the master is not liable. If the serf be killed without premeditation by any other than the master, the killer pays the master 61*l.* 12*s.* If he be killed with premeditation, no indemnification can be made to the master, and the murderer is responsible to the police.

Sometimes the peasant obtains permission to leave the estate, and follow some trade in the large towns, upon the condition of paying to the owner a certain share of the profits of his business Instances are known where the serfs have become rich, and offered large sums of money for their freedom. In some cases, freedom has been given them, in others it has been refused. Emancipation is sought for by the peasant, more to satisfy his propensity in trade, than from any desire to relieve himself from the odium or burdens of servitude. The *posadki*, or freedmen, cannot hold lands or serfs; but they have other privileges, and in the distant provinces display, as we have mentioned, all the natural vigour of the race, and are distinguished for industry and the most indefatigable perseverance in the pursuit of gain.

But the serf has not the same inducements, and exhibits none of the activity and industry so remarkable in the *posadki*. He is the creature of apathy, and all the stirring qualities of his nature are latent and undeveloped. He works as he is directed, and manifests the same rude ability in any employment he may follow. He is ordered to be a musician, a mechanic, or a manufacturer; and becomes either of these with astonishing facility, though he excels in none. Neither the fear of the lash, nor the promise of reward, can force him to work with the plane or saw; but with the hatchet, which he always carries at his girdle, he will hew the forest-trees, prepare his logs and plank, build a house, and make his furniture. He never exerts his full strength. If the burden be a heavy one, he calls for assistance. It is a common thing to see a hundred men holding to a rope, and hauling a stone or piece of timber which would have been handled with ease by twelve or twenty Englishmen. On such occasions, before the united effort is made, the Russian workmen sing for two or three minutes in chorus, and the end of the song is the signal for the pull altogether. After two or three pulls, they stop, and the singing begins again, and so on to the completion of the work,—more than half the time at least being passed in these musical interludes. The task is therefore often light, and easily performed. When it is finished, the labourer is at liberty to employ himself as he pleases. Should he do double duty, however, he would not be rewarded, and instances are known, within the observation of the writer, where the offer of the peasant to perform the extra task had been rejected, and for the reason, that any such proceeding was unusual, and calculated to produce confusion. So the serf, leaving his wife to cultivate his garden and tend the loom, loiters away the balance of the day in indolence.

The Russian peasantry reside in hamlets, which are scattered about upon the various estates. These hamlets vary in extent and population, but are much the same in appearance. Those which are built upon the road, form a long straggling street of low log-houses, which are frequently separated, the one from the other, by an inclosure or garden. The greater number of these habitations resemble the miserable chalêts of the Upper Alps. The better class have rudely carved and painted gables,

upon the road, and a long roof which runs back and covers house, and barn, and stable. They are all built of pine-logs, neatly dovetailed into each other at the angles, and filled in with a layer of moss. If the building is of two stories, the upper room, which is generally fifteen or sixteen feet square, and six or seven feet high, is used as the family apartment. A stair or ladder conducts to this chamber. A small window admits the light. Long wooden benches are placed round three sides of the room, and the *peetch*, or stove, occupies the fourth side. A table, two or three stools, a teapot, a few bowls, plates, and wooden spoons, earthenware dishes, old sheepskins, spinning-wheels, bunches of flax and hemp, and an image of the Virgin suspended in a corner, constitute the sum total of the utensils and the furniture of the Russian cottage. Some may have a little more, but by far the greater number have not so much. All the inmates eat and sleep in this one room. They lie upon the floor or benches in the summer-time, and in the winter upon the stove. The Russian stove is built of brick and mortar. In the palaces they are of different proportions, faced with porcelain, and ornamented with various devices. In the hovels they are uniform in shape, and resemble a baker's oven, with a broad flat top, upon which the men, women, and children, love to sleep when the nights are cold. The stove is also used for baking bread, cooking food, and for the vapour-bath.

For the latter purpose, the ordinary temperature of the room, which ranges from seventy to eighty degrees, is increased to one hundred and twenty of Fahrenheit. By throwing water every few minutes upon the heated surface of the stove, the temperature is raised, and the room filled with steam. Then perspiration flows from every pore; the inmates of the cottage, in a state of nudity, and exulting in their agreeable sensations, whip and rub each other, with twigs of the birch, and pour pailsfull of cold water over the body, or run out and roll in the snow. Almost every week the peasant indulges in this bath. It is his panacea for all diseases, and although regarded as a luxury he has imported from the East, is as common a practice among the Indians of North America, as it is among the Orientals.

In all the cities of Russia are to be found public and private bathing-houses. The latter contain dressing-rooms, filled with

every convenience and comfort; the person taking the bath is shampooed and rubbed down by the people in attendance. The public baths are frequented by the lower orders. The price of admission is about 2*d*. Soldiers and mugicks who resort to them, usually club together for mutual assistance in the manipulations, and buy soap enough for the complete lustration of the party. A hundred of them together, covered with lather, smoking with steam, and scrubbing each other, is not an unusual sight; while in an adjoining apartment may be seen as many women in the same predicament. From such sights, and sounds, and smells, St. Anthony defend us! Not long since, the sexes mingled indiscriminately, and in spite of the precautions of the police, and ordinances to the contrary, male and female, old and young, might be seen in the summer-time, swimming perfectly naked, and all together, about the islands in the Neva.

Notwithstanding the bath, the Russian is a filthy animal. His cabin is very dirty; for want of ventilation, and from the incessant heat of the peetch, it is filled with an atmosphere pestiferous to all but him. He wears a sheepskin almost all the year. This, indeed, is the costume of the country, both for the men and women. It is put on like a coat, descends below the knee, and is fastened with a girdle. Pieces of cloth wrapped about the legs serve as stockings, and the feet are protected by shoes of linden bark. The neck is always open and exposed to the cold, and a cap of yellow wolfskin covers the head and ears. The wool of the sheep is worn next the person; the skin turned to the weather. In constant contact with different substances, it takes a dark-brown colour, and a polish like that of parchment. In this dress, and with the face and neck concealed in a thick coarse beard, the Russian looks very like a bear. A sheepskin lasts him for a life-time; as he eats, sleeps, and works in it, for months and years together, it abounds with vermin and vile odours. If this notorious and most disgusting want of cleanliness were confined to the peasantry, we might attribute it to extreme destitution; but as it pervades all classes of society, and prevails to a greater or less extent in and about the houses and hotels of many of the higher orders of the country, it is impossible to account for it, except by supposing

that it results from the absolute ignorance of the nation generally of any proper idea of personal neatness and refinement.

The Great Russian peasant is not so destitute as is generally imagined. His food, his raiment, and his habitation have been described, and these are sufficient always to protect him from cold and hunger. The absolute degree of bodily comfort he enjoys is better by far than that of thousands in Great Britain, and is immeasurably superior to that of the Irish cottiers. Personal and unprejudiced observation in both countries has confirmed this opinion.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Agricultural Products—Hemp—Manufactures—Tariff—Russian Statistics—Ships and Commerce—American Products—Cotton—Tobacco—Influence of Commerce—Free Trade.

The soil and productions of the province of Vladimir and Moscow are much the same. The cerealia are largely cultivated, but so numerous is the population, and so great the consumption, that a large quantity of grain is annually imported from the adjoining districts. Flax is grown in Vladimir in immense quantities. It is not harvested until the weather becomes quite cold. After being cut, it remains in the field for some time, exposed to the frost and rain.

We saw large patches of hemp. By far the greatest quantity, and the best of Russian hemp, is said to be the produce of the central provinces. Much care is observed in its cultivation. The ground is well tilled and manured to receive the seed, and as soon as possible after the plant springs above the ground, the male and female stalks are separated. When it is ripe, it is pulled by the hand, and placed in clear water to soak until it has lost its cohesive qualities. When it has lost its cohesion, that is to say, when the husk peels easily off, it is baked upon the oven in the cottage until perfectly dry. That portion which is so dried in the winter time, is called winter hemp, and is readily known by the smell and colour, which it is supposed to take from the smoke and effluvia of the cottage. That portion which is dried on the oven in the spring-time, does not

participate in these advantages to the same extent, is of a different hue, though the texture is the same, and is called spring hemp. In this dry state, it is taken to the warehouse, where it is bruised in a mill of some kind, which the Russians were not disposed to show to strangers; from this mill it is sent to the hackle, and thence passed to a third hand, and dressed by the process called swingling. After this it is assorted, inspected, packed, and sent to the factory or to market. The tow, or leavings of the dressing, is exported principally to Scotland, and manufactured into cloth.

It was impossible to ascertain, with any degree of certainty, the particulars of the process by which the Russian hemp, either in its cultivation or manufacture, has been enabled to maintain its supposed superiority over that of the United States. The ignorance or jealousy of those who are engaged in the growth or sale of this great staple, have generally limited the inquiries of the stranger upon this subject, and the same difficulties attend the investigations of those who have endeavoured to inform themselves as to the manufacture of sheet-iron, and other Russian fabrics. The great desideratum in the preparation of hemp seems to be to extract, with the least possible injury to the fibres of the plant, the gluey or sticky substance with which it is filled. The less it contains of this substance, the more tar will it absorb; and upon its capability of doing this, without injury, depends much of its value. The difference in this respect between American and Russian hemp, may result from the difference between water-rotting and dew-rotting, or from the separation of the male and female stalks, from the mode of drying, or from the ultimate system of preparation. Actual experiment must test which, if any of these processes, make the distinction.

The cultivation of flax and hemp, and the making of canvas, cordage, sheeting, table-linen, and linseed oil, are of vast consequence and immense profit to these provinces. The manufacture of leather, soap, candles, tallow, glass, paper, copper, and iron, have also been successful, and large quantities of these articles are annually exported. The cheapness of the raw material, the facility and simplicity of the process by which it is worked up, and the superabundance of labour, have enabled the

Russians of several of these provinces to excell in particular branches of domestic industry. But beyond the coarse fabric of natural productions, few of the arts are carried to any degree of perfection. Although extraordinary efforts are being made to introduce and encourage every kind of manufacture, the result has in no respect been attended with any real benefit to the country.

Most of the manufacturing establishments of Russia result from the enterprise of the Imperial government, and the success of all depends to a very great extent upon the continuance of the Imperial favour. Great sacrifices have been made to sustain them; and although little can be said in praise of their productions, exertions to build up the domestic system are undiminished. There are instances, indeed, where certain articles have succeeded; but this is altogether owing to the absence of foreign competition. The import duties levied in many cases amount to prohibition, and the manufacture of these yield enormous profits to those whose means enable them nearly to monopolize the market.

The capital invested in the legitimate pursuits of trade in and about St. Petersburg, amounts to less than one-half the amount employed in the same way at Boston in the United States; and it is only when extraordinary inducements are offered to individuals of wealth, that the means of establishing any particular branch of manufacture can be obtained. The certainty of receiving an immense interest for his money alone induces the rich noble to make advances for any undertaking whatever. If he is sure of the favour of the Government, if he is satisfied there will be no competition from abroad, no change in the commercial tariff, he engages in the manufacture of anything which will reward him with an immense return. He is perfectly satisfied if he can sell his goods, and utterly indifferent as to their quality. Although the cost of labour and the expense of living are five times greater in England, yet the Englishman pays fifty per cent. less than the Russian for his cloth.

The fabrics of Moscow alone produce annually four hundred and fifty thousand pieces of calico; four hundred thousand of *kataika* or nankeen; more than two millions of handkerchiefs

and other articles, amoounting in all to forty millions of *archines*,—nearly thirty-two millions of yards,—of which the value, according to the proprietors themselves, amounts to more than 1,200,000*l*.

The other provinces together manufacture goods to nearly the same amount. These productions are mostly sent to the fair at Nischney Novogorod, and sold for exportation to China and Central Asia. Many silk, cotton, and woollen fabrics have sprung up and flourish upon the protective system. The Government looks with great complacency upon its apparently successful efforts; rewards with a decoration the speculating noble for what is called a patriotic spirit, while the Englishman or German employed to superintend the works is named a general, and permitted to appear in dress as an officer of the engineer corps. It is in this way that the manufactures of Russia have been fostered, and this too, without any apparent injury to the commerce of the country. The Count Cancrine, late Minister of Finance, was an ardent supporter of the high tariff theories. He referred to the increased and increasing amount of the public revenues, derived from the foreign trade of the country during his administration, as an unanswerable argument in support of his position. Statistical tables showing an immense increase of the imports and exports, were produced; the excellent condition of the public funds, and the general improvement of the country, were all attributed to the operation of the high tariff.

A particular reference to the documents of the minister would be improper here, nor indeed are Russian statistics worthy the slightest credit or attention. We will admit, however, that the increase of the commerce of the country has been very great; but we must give it, as our opinion, that this increase has been caused by the natural increase of the population and the growing prosperity of the country, not by any particular laws affecting the import or export trade. As well may we ascribe the causes of the progress and improvement of the United States, from 1775 to 1800, to the War of the Revolution; as to suppose, with the late Minister of Finance, that the prosperity of Russia, during his term of office, is to be traced to his hostility to free trade. The commerce of the

country has undoubtedly increased; but it is the opinion of many enlightened Russians that it would have increased in a tenfold degree, if the notions of Count Cancrine on political economy had never been embodied into actual law.

From twelve to fifteen hundred vessels arrive annually at Cronstadt. Many of them come in ballast, and all depart freighted with the various products of the empire. That there should be so extensive a commerce, notwithstanding the heavy restrictions, is only another indication of the importance of the natural productions of the country. Hemp, tallow, flax, wheat, iron, canvas, and cordage, are exported to an immense amount, to England and the south and west of Europe. There is no country in Europe whose extent of territory, or diversity of soil and climate would enable it to compete with Russia in the production of these great staples. The United States alone can become her rival. A few years since feathers were one of the principal articles shipped for the American market. At present, the preparation of feathers is an extensive branch of business in the United States. The demand for other kinds of Russian produce, on American account, has decreased to a very great extent. Samples of Missouri hemp, of the very best description, have been seen in our markets; our iron is inferior to none, and yet the canvas with which we dress our ships, and a large portion of the iron which we use, is sent us from the north of Europe. It is a well-known and surprising fact, that within a comparatively recent period, large cargoes of Baltic wheat were sent to the United States. When the great sources of our mineral and agricultural wealth shall have been properly appreciated, capital and industry judiciously and economically applied to develope them, a new vigour will be given to our commerce.

The export trade of the United States to Russia is not of any great importance. From fifty to sixty ships arrive annually at Cronstadt from Boston, New York, and New Orleans. Some of them come by the way of Rio and Havana, with coffee or sugar, and some bring cotton, rice, or lead,—the principal shipments at the present time. American cotton, to a large amount, reaches St. Petersburg in British bottoms, and it is said to be preferred by the Russian manufacturers, after it has been assorted by the Liverpool dealer. The Sound duties upon cotton twist

are lighter than they are upon the raw material. This has been a great advantage to British interests. The importation of American tobacco has been of very little consequence since the tariff of 1839. It is worth six times as much per pood as the indigenous plant, and is greatly esteemed on account of its superior strength and flavour. Segars manufactured at Antwerp and Bremen, from the American leaf, are imported in great numbers, and sell for enormous prices. In the south and east of the Empire, the weed of Turkey and Persia is used in pipes, and nothing of the American article is seen except in the shape of a segar, manufactured at Malta, and introduced through the ports of the Black Sea.

The American trade with Russia is mostly confined to St. Petersburg and Riga. One ship arrives annually at Odessa from the United States, and there are two or three vessels, owned at Boston, which supply the garrison at Kamtschatka with fresh provisions. The communication between that distant region and St. Petersburg is by no means frequent. There is a mail only twice a year between the two places, and the governor of Kamtschatka often receives the latest news from headquarters viâ Boston. When his watch or clock is out of order, or any thing else wants "fixing," he sends it to Sam Slick, by one of these trading-vessels. Such is the commerce of Russia and the United States.

The articles hitherto manufactured in Russia are of a coarse description, and such as are only used by the army and the inferior orders of the people. The only great foreign market which has yet been found for them is Kiakhta, upon the frontiers of China, where they are bartered for teas, wares, and trinkets. Nankeens and other Chinese stuffs were formerly taken by the Russian merchants at Kiakhta, but this is no longer the case. The cotton fabrics of Bucharia and the East continue to supply the wants and gratify the peculiar taste of the Asiatic portion of the population; and such has been the advance of civilization, that the importation of American cotton, extensive as it is, has not diminished the demand for that of Eastern growth. The introduction of the latter, though trifling compared with the former, continues to increase.

The condition of the serf is such, however, as to forbid any

decided superiority of workmanship. Not that his intelligence is so far above his actual situation, or that his servitude is so hard as to prevent an exhibition of his skill. On the contrary, his ignorance has almost seemed suited to a state of bondage, while his prejudice has not permitted him to adopt the tools of successful labour. A fatalist, he cares but little for the future, and in accident or misfortune he sees the will of God. Without an effort or a wish to improve his condition, he trusts to the master, who must feed him when he is hungry, and clothe him when he is cold. Peter the Great seems to have been aware of these disadvantages, and while he did all that good policy would justify towards emancipation, he encouraged the settlement of foreigners, free intercourse with foreign states, the use of improved tools, and the ridicule of old habits and superstitions. Conqueror and innovator as he was, he could not conquer custom, nor completely change the relations which had so long existed between the lord and vassal. He tried in every way to induce the Russian to cut off his beard. He tried to introduce the use of implements of a new construction. His efforts were in vain, and to-day the Russian merchant rejoices in his beard, and the Russian mechanic throws aside the handsaw and the chisel for a clumsy hatchet, which he handles with wonderful dexterity. In the progress of civilization these prejudices may disappear, and the talents of the Russian artizan be displayed to more advantage. The versatility of his genius is remarkable. In the field in summer, in the factory in winter, —a soldier to-day, a sailor to-morrow,—he shows a capability in whatever is required of him which is truly extraordinary. In imitation he has no superior. He is cunning to effect an object for his personal gratification, and in a bargain he is without an equal in the world. When it was represented to Peter the Great that the banishment of the Jews would prevent the plunder of his simple subjects, the sagacious monarch is said to have replied, that the Jews were welcome to all the profits they could obtain from Russians. But as long as the Russian is a serf,—dependent upon a master who must feed and clothe him, and who can exact only in return the performance of a trifling task,—so long as he remains ignorant,—so long as the population of the country is sparse, and the agricultural productions

valuable,—so long will Russia continue inferior and feeble as a manufacturer.

None but natives are allowed to engage in the internal trade. Fine travelling upon the snow and ice in winter, enables the contractor to deliver almost any quantity of produce at any point or depôt upon the numerous canals and rivers of the interior. The produce is placed in flat-boats, which are floated down stream with high water at the opening of navigation. Owing to the short period, during which rivers and canals are navigable, the iron of Siberia and the teas of China are three years in their transit to the seaboard. Some articles are brought all the way by land, a year being required for this purpose. The freight by water, from the Chinese frontier to the Baltic, is about four pence, by land about six pence, per pound. The foreign trade is almost altogether conducted by foreigners. Credit is generally given by the foreign merchant to the native dealer, not only upon sales of imported articles but money is advanced upon the domestic produce which is to be delivered at some future specified time. Notwithstanding that this extensive credit, thus given to the native dealer, is as liable as it would be elsewhere to be abused—notwithstanding the impositions frequently practised by some, and the misfortunes experienced by others, insolvency is far from being an every-day affair as it is in many other mercantile communities.

The pains and penalties of the ukase relating to bankrupts, are particularly severe, and the Emperor is understood to regard with great dissatisfaction every disaster attended with, or produced by, the slightest breach of faith. A story is told, which if true, shows how little sympathy is manifested by the Government towards those whose designs of fraud or insolvency can be detected. Though it is not perhaps a case in point with the foregoing remarks, it may be interesting in connection with the whole subject. Owing to the unusual mildness of the winter of 1842, and the melting of the snow upon the roads of the interior, some difficulty was experienced in supplying the market with the common necessaries of life. Every thing was in consequence very dear, but it seems that several persons, not satisfied with extraordinary profits, succeeded in buying up most of the provisions in and for St. Petersburg. This operation at-

tracted the attention of the popular enlightened Minister of the Interior, Peroffsky. This gentleman surprised the cabal one one day with an unexpected visit, and announced his determination to put a stop to their proceedings. He accordingly regulated the price of the articles they had on hand, and prohibited the sale of them at a higher valuation. The monopolists thereupon affirmed that they would, in consequence of this proceeding, be reduced to bankruptcy. The Minister in reply took possession of their books, and after an examination, he told them, if they did not at once consent to pay their creditors in full, they should depart instanter for Siberia. In this instance the determination to correct abuses of this kind, and the manner of doing it, is fully apparent.

A disposition manifested to foster and encourage trade and manufactures, to maintain credit; the introduction of railways, the recent ukases, reducing the terms of enlistment in the army, the prohibition of the punishment of soldiers, without the authority of a competent court-martial; the granting to English suitors in civil suits before Russian tribunals, the same privileges in relation to security for costs, &c., as are enjoyed by Russian suitors in British courts;—all indicate the progress of enlightened views, and efforts, no matter how mistaken or unsuccessful, to bring about improvement.

A great advance of refinement and the arts in Russia, must result from the higher intelligence of her people. The time has been when civilization perched upon the banners of successful war, and forced her way along with the march of armies. She now pursues the paths of peace. She sits upon the prow of commerce, and the arts, her sisters, follow in her wake. Commerce, free and unshackled commerce, must be the harbinger of that civilization, which will completely vanquish prejudice and superstition, and place the Russian people on a level with those of the rest of Europe. Nothing but such a commerce can effect this desirable object, and until it is effected, neither protective tariffs nor unlimited prohibitions will tell them how to make, or teach them how to want and wear, the beautiful fabrics of other lands. Let the doors be thrown open to free trade, let men of all nations throng her ports, let them penetrate to her remotest borders, and descend her rivers from the fountain to the sea, and

the triumph of Russian civilization would be half achieved. Then a demand would be created for the comforts and luxuries of life, now known to a very small portion of the population. Then would be seen what arts will flourish best upon her soil, and which of them, if any, will need the judicious care of Government.

Such, unfortunately, is not the policy of the continental States; such is not the present policy of Russia. High tariffs to promote manufacturing interests, without regard to capacity or fitness to excell, and without reference to other interests of more importance, are the order of the day. Reciprocity is the cry throughout the world, but there is no reciprocity. Seized with the prevailing mania of manufacturing in self-defence, and of creating a new branch of industry within herself, Russia enters the field with gigantic competitors. Whatever may be the advantages to be derived from measures adopted for the public good, it is to be regretted that any impediment should be interposed to the benefits of commercial intercourse to such a country as Russia.

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

Vladimir—Alexander Nevsky—Country Residences—Country Life—Resident Nobles—Pastimes of the Peasantry—Priests—Churches—Superstition.

A RIDE of thirty hours carried us from Moscow to Vladimir, the capital town of the province of the same name. This city was founded by and named after Vladimir the Great, who embraced Christianity in the tenth century. Before the rise of Moscow it was the residence of the Grand Dukes, and after the conquest of Kief by Andrew, in 1165, it was enlarged and embellished, and made the metropolis of Russia. To give it interest in the eyes of a superstitious people, and to gain for it a reputation for peculiar sanctity, the politic Andrew carried away from Kief the much venerated image of the Virgin, whose shrine, erected in the gorgeous cathedral of St. Mary, was worshipped by all Russian pilgrims. Here also were subsequently

deposited the remains of Alexander, Prince of Novogorod, who was called Nevsky, from his victory over the Swedes upon the banks of the Neva. The heroic virtues of Alexander have illustrated the early history of his country. His memory was cherished, his deeds were magnified, and his name exalted among the saints. His lifeless body was supposed to be invested with miraculous power, and his tomb was visited and adored by myriads of the barbarians. Peter the Great, anxious to secure all the fame of the saint, and the favour of the multitude for his new capital, transferred to St. Petersburgh the dust of the hero and the devotion of the people, and Vladimir, deprived of its divinity, was almost deserted.

In the twelfth century, Baty, the grandson of Ghengis Khan, at the head of his innumerable hosts, poured like an avalanche through the passes of the Caucasus, and turned the resistless progress of his arms upon Northern Europe. His march from the Volga to the Baltic was marked with blood and desolation. He massacred the population and destroyed the towns as he advanced, that his conquests might be one boundless pasture for his roving flocks, and a home for his bands of herdsmen. When he appeared before Vladimir, the affrighted inhabitants took refuge in their churches, and besought the protection of their saints. A few Tartars climbed the walls without resistance, and threw open the gates to the eager warriors, who rushed in and commenced the work of extermination. Princes and princesses were consumed in the burning sanctuaries, and the rest were slaughtered in the streets, without distinction of age or sex. Vladimir was subsequently rebuilt, and although the seat of empire was removed to Moscow, prospered again for a hundred years. But when Tamerlane appeared upon the Volga, and passed like a whirlwind towards the west, Vladimir fell before him, and has never since recovered its importance. It has a university, and boasts the first ecclesiastical seminary in Russia. It contains, also, a number of sacred edifices in the Russian style, among which is quite conspicuous the old cathedral of St. Mary, built by Andrew, prince of Susdal.

Beyond Vladimir we stopped at the château of a Russian noble. The country residences of any pretensions to elegance are few and far between, and these are generally in dilapidation

or decay, from the effects of the climate and neglect. The insipidity of country life in Russia is almost insupportable, and hence it is that the great proprietors seldom, if ever, visit their possessions. Those who do so, rarely remain beyond a few weeks to shoot and hunt, after which they return to the large towns. The nobles constantly residing upon their estates, are small proprietors. This class is very numerous. In some of the provinces they are as many as thirty thousand. Having no influence with the Government, and little consideration with the people, suspected by the one and hated by the other, these petty princes regard with apprehension the awful fate of the nobles of Gallicia. The recent revolts in the provinces of Worensk, Tchernigof, and Witepsk, where the peasantry murdered their masters and plundered their dwellings, exhibit the melancholy condition to which many of the resident proprietors are reduced.

The mansion we visited was built of logs, weather-boarded, and painted white, a double piazza, supported by columns of pine, extended round two sides of the building. It stood in a bleak, open place, at the head of the village occupied by serfs, and was surrounded on every side with badly-cultivated fields, and woodlands of white birch and pine. The only remarkable occurrence during the stay at this place, was the baptism of the infant son of the proprietor. One of the most powerful and enlightened men in the empire officiated as godfather. The parents were not permitted to witness the ceremony. After the priest had performed a portion of the service, the deacons, in military costume, commenced chanting some sacred melody. While the child was thrice immersed, and thrice crossed with holy water upon the arms and legs and every part of the body, the distinguished godfather turned round, and spit upon and chased away the devil, who was supposed to be present, and intent upon interfering in the process of baptism.

It was a *prasnik* or holiday, when we resumed our journey. The inhabitants of the villages were lounging in the sunshine. They seemed, by general consent, to have relinquished the schube for their summer costumes. The men appeared in coloured shirts, and the loose red charavari or pantaloon, which below the knee descended within the depths of a capacious boot. The women were arrayed in the saraphan;—a bright red gown, with

a yellow border, and a row of white buttons down in front. Beneath it is a white boddice, fitting tightly about the neck, and loosely about the arms. Connected in some way with this boddice, there is a broad strap, by which the enormous bosom of the Russian maid is pressed down towards the stomach, giving her a waistless and heavy appearance, amounting almost to deformity. A red band, resembling a tiara, or a crescent-shaped bonnet, adorned with beads, tinsel, or mother-of-pearl, is worn upon the head;—a string of glass beads about the neck, and large drops of brass or silver in the ears. The hair plaited in a long tail, falls upon the back. Red slippers cover the feet, and as red is synonymous with beauty among the Russians, the faces of the girls were beautified with a rouge, extracted from some vegetable of the country.

The men were sitting lazily before their doors, or lounging about the kabak, or village inn; and the women assembled in groups, as sad as the men were surly, maintained the most profound silence. Sometimes, a couple of the younger people were seen dancing a sort of jig or playing see-saw;—sometimes we heard the sound of song, and the tinkling of the *balalaika*, the Russian banjo;—sometimes we heard the shrill and painful squeakings of the reed pipes, called the *dukta;* but this was not often, and a more sombre and sorry set of rustics we had never seen before. The children are good-looking, but have no sprightliness; and the adults, whose hideousnous is perfectly unaccountable, have a most morose and ill-natured expression of countenance.

The Great Russian peasant, however, is said to be both hospitable and pious. His virtues are those of the barbarian, his vices those of the slave. But he seldom feels happy, except when in a state of intoxication. He loses his sobriety and his gravity together, and when in drink is as gay and polite as possible. His loud, harsh, querulous tones are changed for low, sweet accents. He greets his neighbours with profound bows, and though his steps are devious, and his eyes are glassy, he never falls, and never fails to find his cabin. He kisses his wife and children, applies to them the most extravagant terms of endearment, and goes to sleep with the impression that he is the most amiable of mankind. But he awakens the next

morning from this state of forgetfulness, resumes his stern and savage humour, and as if bound to assert his entire self-possession, he flogs his wife with the fury of a demon.

The girls were formerly married at thirteen, but by recent regulations, this is not lawful until they have arrived at sixteen years of age. Their charms terminate soon after the nuptial ceremonies, and in a year or two, the brutal tyranny of the husband, and hard work in the field, have converted the blooming bride into a wrinkled hag. Yet strange to say, the Russian wife receives the castigations of her husband, not only with submission, but as the evidence of his sincere affection; and on the other hand, the Russian husband acknowledges that he whips his wife, as he would dust his sheepskin, from the best of motives.

"Biou kak choubou, i loublou kak douchou."
"I beat you like my schube, I love you like my heart."

When the peasant dies, the priest writes a passport for heaven, which is signed by the bishop and placed in the hands of the dead. After the funeral the priests and the friends of the deceased meet at his house to enjoy themselves, and the first toast in commemoration of the deplorable event, is, "to the happiness of his soul, for he was a good fellow, and loved grog."

The church is a conspicuous object in almost every Russian village. It is generally a large brick building, painted white or yellow, surrounded with red or yellow walls, and having green domes and a belfry tower, crowned with a crescent, surmounted with a cross; the cunning emblem of the past and future triumphs of the Greek Christians over the children of the Prophet, and one too, that does not fail to impress the stranger, as significant of the wish or the intention of the Russians, to occupy the city of Constantine, and to restore to St. Sophia, the religion and the worship of the Greeks. Carrion crows hover about and rest upon the domes. Pigeons, which are regarded by the common Russians with a certain degree of veneration, nestle upon the cornices. The belfry tower, open at the sides, is filled with bells, which are also considered sacred, and the ringing of which is an act of devotion. Over the entrance to the church, is a portrait of St. Nicholas, before which the

Russian who passes by, or who is about to enter, uncovers and bows in prayer.

The sanctuary is separated from the body of the church, by the *iconostas* or screen, which is hung with pictures of the saints. Candles and lamps are constantly kept burning before the representations of the Saviour and the Virgin. Behind the screen is the sanctum sanctorum, containing the holy table with a canopy above it, from which a dove is suspended as the symbol of the Holy Ghost. The cross, and a box, containing the holy elements, are open upon the table, and concealed on either side are the choristers, who repeat and chant the prayers after the officiating priests. The old Slavonian is altogether used in the offices of religion. Few of the people understand this language, but they listen with attention, and bowing repeatedly, exclaim, "*Gospodi pompiloui,*" God have mercy upon us.

The pictures of the Virgin are seen in every building, and receive the adoration of the Russians, who pretend, however, to disclaim the worship of images, and to abominate the idolatry of the Romans. The great article on which they differed from the Latin Church, was that the Holy Spirit does not proceed from the Father and the Son, but from the Father only. Previous to the time of Peter the Great, this and a few other points constituted the main distinctions between the doctrines of the Greeks and Romans. This prince nominated and confirmed himself as the patriarch of the Christians in his dominions, and he and his successors in moulding the spiritual, to suit and secure the temporal power, widened the breach between the churches of the East and West, and closed for ever the prospect of reunion. The Church in Russia is now entirely controlled by the State, and the Emperor, as high-priest and king, is the governor absolute of the civil and religious concerns of his people. A synod composed of bishops, selected by him, meet under the supervision of one of the aides-de-camp general of his Majesty, who presides in full military uniform and regulates ecclesiastical affairs.

Formerly the bishops, monks, and ruling elders were very numerous and wealthy, and wielded a power formidable to the Czars. The Metropolitan of Moscow, seated upon an ass, was conducted by the reigning prince from his palace to the sanc-

tuary, and shared with him the revenues of the kingdom. Until the beginning of the eighteenth century, he held an almost undisputed influence over the minds and actions of the people. Peter the Great reduced the power, and ridiculed the pomp of the clergy; he ordered that no one should be admitted to a monastic life until the age of fifty. At the present time the common priests have no influence with the people. Deprived of their wealth, they have lost whatever dignity it gave, and without education, the greater portion of them appear among the meanest of the land. Not a few exhibit publicly the most disgraceful examples of debauchery and drunkenness, and reel about the streets and highways during Easter, as if it were a part of their vocation.

The common priest cannot be ordained before he is married. He may espouse a maid, but not a widow. If his wife dies he cannot marry again, but must retire to a monastery. He is careful therefore to select a healthy bride, and so kindly does he treat her, that it is usually observed she is the happiest woman in the parish. Bishops and higher orders of the clergy are chosen from among the unhappy widowers who are confined in the cloisters. The most distinguished for good looks and intelligence, as well as for their fasting and prayer, are selected. Neither the virtues nor the vices of the priesthood have, in any way, modified the superstitions of the people. These are as ridiculous and surprising as at any former period, and equally affect the conduct of the highest and the lowest in society. They all have their lucky and their unlucky days, numbers, signs, and dreams, and believe in charms and miracles.

It has been observed that the Russians have retained many of the Asiatic peculiarities of their progenitors. Their public forms and ceremonies of religion may somewhat resemble those of the Europeans; but their prostrations, fatalisms, and fanaticism, are certainly of Eastern origin. By the Saddar, fifteen prayers and genuflexions were required whenever the devout Persian cut his nails, or performed any other necessary office; and by the rules of the Greek Church, every good Russian bows and crosses himself many times on every ordinary occasion. When he enters his house, before he eats or drinks, or picks a pocket; or if he happen to sneeze, cough or spit, or do other and unmentionable

things which he of all frail mortals is most apt to do, he is suddenly taken with a fit of devotion,—bows, makes the sign of the cross, and ejaculates "God be merciful to me a sinner."

He is completely under the control of his religious feeling. Through this he may be reduced to the depths of despair, or exalted to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. When it is remembered that this, the mainspring of his action, is in the hand of a temporal ruler, who may touch and regulate it as he will—who claims by divine authority the deference and submission of his people—who fulminates at the altar his curses upon Boris Gudenof, Pugatchef, and Mazeppa, and all who have usurped the crown in times gone by, and who calls down the vengeance of Heaven upon those who may dispute his supremacy, now or hereafter,—the stupendous power of the Russian Autocrat may be readily comprehended. Various sects exist in Russia who dissent from the established church. Some of these profess the most extraordinary doctrines, and practise the most abominable rites. There are many people, calling themselves Milkmen, who reject all the forms and ceremonies of the Greeks, and confine themselves to the teachings of the Bible. The present metropolitan is an avowed opponent of all schismatics, and has evinced a disposition to prevent the distribution of the Scriptures among the people.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Military Colonies—Recruits—Officers—Term of Service—Pay—Gardens—Fruit—Wheat—Fertility of the Country — Farming—Seed Time and Harvest.

We passed on the road straggling companies of soldiers, belonging to a regiment which had been ordered to repair to Moscow. They were in undress gray caps, long gray overcoats, and wearing a neat moustache, certainly appeared every way superior to their brothers in the dirty beards and sheepskins. A large party marched in a crowd together, and joined in the burden of a most monotonous and mournful song. Others followed in little troops at intervals of a mile or two, committing depredations upon the peasantry, robbing the hen-

roosts, and frightening the villagers. They were without arms or officers, and in complete disorder. We were informed that they were from one of the military colonies in the neighbourhood.

These colonies are composed of serfs of the Crown, who cultivate the Crown lands, and are subjected to military discipline. By this system of maintaining vast reservoirs of recruits, the Government expected to be able to call out at any time a million of men, over and above the number of regular troops. The plan has not altogether answered the expectations formed respecting it. The expense is very great; the soldier is not a profitable labourer in the field, and considerable danger is to be apprehended from the establishment of an armed militia.

The available forces of Russia have been estimated from six hundred thousand to a million of men. It is impossible to rely upon the interested statements of Government or individuals, in relation to the army. A million of men may be registered upon the muster-rolls, but may not appear when called for; or a million of men may be distributed along the extensive frontiers, and do garrison-duty in the numerous fortresses of the Empire, without being particularly formidable. Napoleon entered Moscow with one hundred and thirty thousand men, and actually outnumbered the Russian forces in the heart of Russia.

The regiments in the interior of the country are in a miserable state. The officers are ignorant and tyrannical. The captain lives upon his company, the colonel upon his regiment, the general upon his brigade. Almost every functionary in the Russian service supports himself by peculation. To such an extent does this prevail, that even the private secretary of the Emperor, a few years since, sold the signature of his Imperial Majesty, and modified and altered his decrees to suit the purchaser. The chivalric notions of honour which are presumed to actuate the soldier can hardly be supposed to exist in the Russian service. Duel and assault are both severely punished; an appeal to justice being altogether out of the question, the lie is given and received without consequence to either party.

Common soldiers stationed in the interior are drafted to make and repair roads and bridges, and in various ways are employed as labourers. The Russians are not a warlike people.

The only concern manifested by the serf is during the time of conscription. Five out of every thousand men are levied annually by the Government. The owner of a serf taken for the army receives no compensation, on the contrary, he is obliged to pay four-and-twenty shillings for his outfit. The term of service has lately been reduced from twenty-two to fifteen years in the guard, and from twenty-five to twenty-two in the line.

Fear of being enrolled fills the serf with anguish. Though he may be flogged until life is nearly extinct without uttering a groan, he will cry aloud and deplore his fate when chosen for the ranks. He will bitterly bemoan the loss of his beard. This he carefully preserves after it is taken off, that it may be buried with him, to propitiate St. Nicholas, who might not recognize him, and refuse to admit him into heaven. But once enlisted he submits to what he considers is the will of God, and makes a solemn vow never to desert his colours. Each regiment has its artel, or treasury; all the money, clothing, or provisions which the recruit brings with him, and all the plunder the soldier can procure, go into the artel. When he is sick or wounded, he is provided for out of this common stock. His pay averages about one cent per diem. Each regiment has its priests and sacred banners; and the superstition of the Russian, (quite as much as his capability to endure privation,) makes him a bold and determined soldier. The troops of Suwarrow, in the ever-memorable campaign of Italy, consumed with a relish the soap and candles they found in the deserted farm-houses; and the same troops fought and fell in battle, in the belief that in three days they would revive again, and live for ever in immortal glory.

Passing the large town of Murom, and crossing the Oka, we continued our journey. We seldom stayed in any of the villages, except to make a breakfast of bread and tea, or a dinner, principally composed of eggs and soup made of cabbage. This was all we obtained, with the exception of a few pears and apples. Fortunately, the fruits had been blessed on the 6th of August, and it was therefore lawful for us (now that we had reached a region where they were abundant), to eat without fear and without reproach. The gardens attached to the houses of the peasantry in the eastern parts of the province, are planted

with apple, plum, and cherry-trees. The latter are thrifty, but in this parallel few fruits reach maturity. The apples are of good size and colour, but hard and tasteless. The transparent apple, supposed to be a native of China, and asparagus and other vegetables, are very abundant.

The country, as we advanced, was broken with gentle undulations, and after the dead level of the plain, appeared quite picturesque. This rolling land was covered with tall ripe grain, which, waving and nodding in the breeze, resembled a sea of gold. For miles and miles, not a tree or hedge was to be seen—all was a broad and unbounded field of wheat; a prospect like which we had seen in no other country, and compared with which, the grain-producing districts of the South, as extensive and as beautiful as they appear, sink into utter insignificance.

To our infinite surprise, the Yemshick left the beaten track, and dashing through the growing wheat, trampled down whole acres to avoid a bad piece of road. We were now in that part of Russia so celebrated for its extreme abundance. We had, indeed, entered the province of Nischnei Novogorod, which is considered the finest of Central Russia. The soil is a sandy loam, like that of Moscow and Vladimir, and although nearly in the same latitude, is much more temperate and on a lower level. The vast exuberance of these regions, extending eastward to the borders of Asia, and south and south-west through Little Russia, and the Polish Ukraine, has always been remarkable. Some pretend that this natural fertility attracted first the Slavonic tribes and Gothic warriors, who established here the *officinæ gentium*, the cradle of those nations who afterwards descended upon the Roman Empire.

The excess of production over the consumption of the population, is sufficient to supply any deficiency which may exist in southern Europe. Many millions of bushels of grain are exported annually, and the surplus could be increased to an almost indefinite extent by an improved system of cultivation. In the winter-time, immense quantities of provision are sent to Moscow. Twenty thousand sleigh-loads of frozen beef from the country of the Don; ten thousand of frozen fish from Astracan, and butter and game to a very large amount from Siberia, proceed to the western provinces, which are not so productive. In

some parts of this district the peasantry were collected and busily engaged in the various labours of the field. Troops of women were reaping with the sickle, and binding the heavy sheaf. Carts loaded with the gathered bundles moved off to give place to the plough, whose fork-like prongs merely scratched the earth, and prepared it to receive new seed from one who followed after. The seed-time and the harvest are one and the same in the far north. The summer is short. The crop is no sooner gleaned and garnered, than the young wheat begins to germinate.

Farming in Russia is conducted after the old methods—the arable lands producing two successive crops, and lying in fallow every third year. The sheafs of wheat, carried into the huts, are suspended upon poles, and dried by the heat of the oven. The grain shrinks very much during this process, but it is supposed to be less liable to the attacks of insects, and preserves its nutritive qualities for many years. During the winter it is sent to market. Sometimes, at this season, the snow melts and disappears, and the roads become impassable. This circumstance is productive of very serious consequences, inasmuch as the grain is wasted and destroyed because of its abundance, while the inhabitants of whole districts upon the Baltic and in the north, are in a state of starvation. Railways will soon remedy this evil, and fully develope the agricultural wealth of Russia.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Nischnei Novogorod—The Governor-General—Nischnei Fair—Teas—Furs—Carpets—Cashmere Shawls—Value of Merchandise sold—Russian Markets—Caravans—Influence of Russian Merchants—Treaty with Sweden—Exclusive Trade of Russia—Commercial Relations.

It was late when we entered the town of Nischnei-Novogorod. Objects were indistinctly seen, but the noise and confusion which prevailed in the crowded streets, revealed enough to satisfy us, that we had arrived in time to witness the Fair, for which this place is famous.

Weary with travel, we left the talega, and entered the Dom Yermoiloff, (the house of Yermoiloff,) the principal hotel, which like all the principal hotels was magnificently tawdry, and abominably dirty. The room assigned us, for we could obtain but one, contained neither bed nor bedstead, and the sofas we were expected to occupy in lieu thereof were furnished with nothing whatever in the shape of sheets, quilts or blankets. In reply to our call for these articles, we were informed that the proprietor of the establishment could not provide anything or the kind. We were much too fatigued to be particularly unhappy with this information, and as we fared quite as well as the grandees who occupied the greater portion of the premises, it was useless to complain. We soon forgot in slumber the inflictions of the industrious little creatures who shared our couch. We rested long on the following morning, and should probably have rested longer, had we not been roused with intelligence of the approach of the governor-general of the province; who, informed of the arrival of our distinguished companion, had chosen this early hour to welcome him to Nischnei. We had scarcely time to collect our half-sleeping senses, or to reflect upon the extreme *négligé* of person and apartment, when, by the clinking sound of spur and sword, we knew the governor was already in the entry. It was impossible to refuse him, and in the attempt to draw on boots, or arrange some articles of

dress, the door was thrown open, and his excellency the Count, attended by three gentlemen in brilliant uniforms, entered and received the salutations of three travellers in dishabille. The distinguished gentleman for whom this visit was especially intended, had forgotten to remove the variegated bandanna that served him as a nightcap, and in this most inconsistent costume he returned the bows and compliments of the illustrious governor, to whom we were next presented with all the ceremony the ridiculous circumstances of the occasion would admit. These ceremonies being finished, our guests were seated upon the sofas, which had but lately held our weary bodies, and the conversation became general.

The governor was a good-looking man, of one of the best families in the realm, of the most finished manners and address, full of fire and fun, and shrewd withal. He referred to the United States, and in his frequent and subsequent inquiries, manifested a desire to be correctly informed with respect to a country of which he was completely ignorant. He told us that the fair was now in all its glory, and laughingly remarked, that several Chinamen were hourly expected, equally with whom we should share the public curiosity. He requested our frequent visits to his palace, directed one of his aids to remain and wait upon our party, and take us wherever we wished to go; and then with a profusion of bows, the amiable governor and two of his gentlemen disappeared, leaving us in charge of a handsome young officer, in full feather, who was to be our cicerone. The confusion which prevailed in our forlorn lodging had not even attracted the attention of our visitors, and the son of Mars who remained, and made himself perfectly at home, was so indifferent to the matter, as to smile at our efforts to explain what he considered as very natural, and probably attributed our anxiety to a very amiable and interesting trait of American character. The effect of the governor's visit upon the conscience of the landlord was immediately apparent, for this worthy came in person and displayed a quilt, and several minor articles of bedding, which he had not been able to find the night before. Two servant-men, with oily faces and well-greased heads of hair, were placed at the orders of Laronne, and brought water, basins, and every

thing else required, and endeavoured to make themselves both useful and agreeable; one of them even condescending to take from his pocket a dirty wooden comb, which he offered for our use with much complacency, and which, to his surprise, was taken by the valet and thrown from the open window. When the toilet was completed, breakfast was prepared; and here, too, was a change for the better. The tea was served in cups instead of tumblers, and the whole arrangement of the table was an improvement upon that of the previous evening.

Our martial friend, the Captain, for such was his rank, not only partook of the repast, but called for various dainties, the delicacy of which he commended, and which he consumed with appetite. He was a merry fellow, but rather odd; at least we thought so, for he carried razors in his pocket, which he frequently offered to sell us at a bargain. After breakfast we sallied out, went up to the palace, paid our respects to the family of the governor, promised to dine with them in the evening, and then hastened to the fair.

Nischnei-Novogorod, or Lower New City, is situated at the junction of the Oka with the Volga. From the advantage of this position, and the rapidity and ease of the communication between the north and south, the east and west, it has become the great central mart of Russia. The town is built up the sides of an acclivity, upon the right bank of the Oka. Upon the eminence is the old fortress and government palace, called the Kremlin. The ordinary resident population of this town, is about nine thousand. Directly opposite, on the other side of the Oka, upon a low flat reaching out from the point of the confluence of that river with the Volga, is the site of the great annual fair. Upon this flat was erected booths and houses for the accommodation of the traders, who assemble from almost every part of the world. Nearly two hundred thousand people, of many different nations, had arrived with their various produce and manufactures. They came from Siberia and the frozen seas; from the foot of the Chinese wall; from the confines of Persia; from beyond the Indus, to barter with men from the West.

Besides the numerous productions of Russia itself, nearly

every article of foreign growth and manufacture, was in the market. Of European and American imports, indigo, drugs, dye-woods, wine, fruit, and fine oils, were in the greatest demand, and sold to the largest amount. Small quantities of American cotton and tobacco were offered; and a quantity of Brazilian coffee remained unsold. Tea was the principal article of Eastern import. Tea brought to this fair in 1842, by way of Kiakhta, and by the Kirghises, across the borders of Siberia, was valued at nearly £1,000,000. There were more than fifty thousand chests of fine teas of various descriptions. Another kind called, from its peculiar form, the ziegel, or brick tea, consisting of cakes, was sold to the amount of six thousand boxes. It is used by the Nomadic tribes of Siberia and the Steppes,—and is composed of coarse particles of the plant. The Tartars boil it with milk, into a kind of soup.

All articles in bulk, such as bales of cotton, flax, and hemp, barrels of soap, wax and tallow, packages of hogs' bristles, horses' tails, dried fish, and piles of other material, were stored in temporary sheds erected near the spot, which were occupied with the retai shops and habitations of the traders. These were divided into streets of booths and houses, and each street had its peculiar and separate commerce. The hardware of England, Germany, and Russia; the tobacco of Turkey and Virginia; the cottons of Armenia and the Carolinas; the silks of France and Persia, were placed side by side, and displayed to the best advantage. From Bucharia raw and spun cotton were brought, and a hundred and fifty thousand pieces of favorite cotton stuff, called Bakhta; from Arabia perfumes and spices; from Turkey, damasks and velvets.

The supply of furs and peltries from every region, was very great. The sable, beaver, lynx, ermine, the Siberian squirrel, and the silver and black fox of Siberia; splendid black bear-skins from America; raccoons and martens from Canada: the fitchet from Germany; tiger skins from India; valuable lamb-skins of the Kalmucks; and immense piles of wolf, horse, and sheepskins, used by the peasantry, were all in the market. The Russians are very expert in the preparation of all kinds of furs. They employ the common catskins for lining boots and gloves,

and from the different colors of the same skin, they make several different furs, and dye them with so much art, as to deceive the most practised eye. Great frauds are perpetrated upon the Chinese, by those engaged in this trade. The darker the fur, the greater is its value. The black fox is prized above all others. The price of the pelisse of this material, varies from £100 to £1000, according to the quality.

From the quarter of the furriers, we passed into another, where steel work, platina boxes, and ornaments of brass from Tula were exhibited; from this into a street, whose shops were filled with embroidered leather, and bespangled slippers of Kazan; thence into others with Chinese toys and colors; the musks of Thibet; carpets of Heran; silks of Mascara; jewellery, and fancy articles collected from the East and West. Shawls of Cashmere, sixty in number, were valued at £23,000. Only twenty-two of them were sold. Rubies and turquoises from Turkestan, were very numerous and beautiful: the latter were sold to the amount of £9,000. According to the published statement of the Russian Government, the imports from Europe and America sold at this fair, in 1842, amounted in round numbers, to £600,000, and those of Asia, to £1,575,000; while the value of iron, copper, linen, canvas, cloths and cottons, refined sugars, and other articles, the growth or the manufacture of Russia, actually sold, were estimated at the enormous sum of £5,250,000. A large proportion of this immense amount of Russian produce is taken for Eastern exportation, and carried by the way of Kiakhta, into China; from various points of the border, into Independent Tartary; and across the Caspian, into Persia. It is in these distant regions, that Russia finds a profitable market for her domestic fabrics, and through the agencies employed, at the annual fair at Nischnei, that market is opened and supplied. Her traffic with Asia is greatly on the increase, and largely in her favor. Her active policy, assisting and assisted by the perseverance of her traders, has enabled her to open a communication and secure commercial privileges, which Great Britain, for a hundred years, had in vain endeavored to attain.

Caravans which leave Orenburg, consisting sometimes of thirty

thousand men, traverse a great extent of western and northern Asia, (partly by the same route which was followed by the ancients in their expeditions from Byzantium to the frontiers of China;) frequent the distant fairs of Thibet, Yarkand, and Bokkara, and penetrate to the remote regions of northern India; —regions better known to the Russian agents than to any other European people,—the religion, language, and character of whose inhabitants are perfectly familiar to many of the employés of a certain section in the department of foreign affairs in St. Petersburg.

The influence of Russia in the East, sustained and augmented by this commercial intercourse, cemented and secured by diplomatic art, is extending from tribe to tribe, and from province to province, and will pass on without a rival, until it is arrested somewhere near the Indus by the British bayonet. As early as 1735, several conquered and useless provinces were restored to Persia, upon condition that the Russians should enjoy certain commercial privileges in that country. The whole of the Persian trade has since that time been monopolized by them, and every facility has been afforded the merchants in their operations with the tribes farther to the eastward. Russian commerce is extending also across the north of the Scandinavian peninsula. By a treaty made with Sweden in 1828, Russia has secured a free trade to the north of the port of Tromsœ. Some five hundred vessels from the coasts of the White Sea trade with Lapmark, and the Lafodden Islands, and the natives of habitable regions within the Arctic circle,

> "Who boast the treasures of their Northern seas,
> And pass long nights in revelry and ease."

Only four years before this treaty with Sweden, by which Russia obtained this free trade in the far north, a convention was concluded between the latter power and the United States of a very different character. By this convention it was substantially agreed that, in ten years thereafter, citizens of the United States should neither frequent the harbors, nor settle, nor trade upon the Pacific coast of the North American continent north of 54° 40′, without permission from the Russian Government. This

singular concession, by which the North Pacific is to all intents and purposes a *mare clausum*, so far as the United States are concerned, has secured to the Russian American Fur Company the monopoly of a lucrative commerce; to the Russian merchants an exclusive trade in the North Pacific, and the exclusive privilege of passing with their peltries over the great northern roads into the Chinese frontiers.

Russian vessels are not permitted to enter Canton. When Krusenstern appeared off that port, during his celebrated voyage round the world, the Chinese denied his right to display the Russian flag, and denounced him as sailing under false colors. They could not comprehend how he managed to arrive at Canton by water, and have ever since invariably refused admittance to all Russian merchantmen. In consequence of this singular ignorance or caprice, the traffic between the two empires is principally conducted overland; and hence, perhaps, the anxiety of Russia to open for herself, and close to others, the navigation of the northern seas.

The trade of the Americans on the north-west coast has dwindled into insignificance, being confined to the few vessels that carry provisions from California to the Russian settlements on the northern coasts. The Russian mission at Pekin, which was established under the pretence of being simply an institution for the study of the language, has assumed a political character. Strenuous efforts are being made to establish commercial relations with the Chinese, by which merchants will be protected from the attacks of the Mongol tribes, and the extortions of Chinese speculators, and by which Russia may secure the entire commerce of the north.

## CHAPTER XXX.

Various Nations at the Fair—Tea Houses—Tractirs—Cuisine—Sterlet Soup —Caviare — Wines — Dissipation — Women — Music — Gipsies — Shows— Convents—Cossacks.

It is impossible to describe the animation which prevailed in and about the fair of Nischnei, and useless to attempt to portray the various people who were there assembled. The inhabitants of the Empire, it has been estimated, form at least eighty different nations. It is sufficient in itself to illustrate the singular interest of Nischnei fair, to state that most of these were represented, and mingled with the Swedes and Danes, and others from the West; as well as with those who came from different parts of Asia. Greeks, Arnauts, and Albanians from beyond the Black Sea; Armenians, Persians, and Arabs from beyond the Caspian; Servians, Croatians, and Wallachians from beyond the Danube; Kirghises and Baschkirs, from the tribes of hunters and herdsmen beyond the Urals; Bucharians and Kalmucks, Turks and Tartars, and every variety of men, gave to Nischnei the sounds and confusion of another Babel.

Activity, anxiety, the air of business, the whispers of speculations and of sales, of prices and profits, and all the peculiarities of merchants and markets, the wide world over, were exhibited here. The "pressure" and the "times" were the burden of the song of Jew and Gentile, and we really did not know, whether to be mortified or flattered, when a banker of some pretension to sagacity traced the scarcity of money, and the unusual stagnation of trade to commercial embarrassments which had so lately afflicted our distant country. Early in the evening the shops were closed, and shows and theatres were opened. Thousands thronged the streets, or occupied the places of amusement and refreshment. The tea-houses were a favorite resort of the Russian merchants, who talked over the transactions of the day while sipping a glass of the much-loved beverage, or smoking the common Turkish pipe, filled with the tobacco of Podolia.

Teas which reach Europe and America from Canton, are either inferior in quality, or adulterated or injured by the voyage; those brought by the Russians overland from Kiakhta are pure, and of the finest quality. They are of various prices and descriptions, from the Semipolatinsky, a good ordinary black tea at one dollar the pound,—to the Foutchanskoy, a fine green tea, with a delicious bouquet, selling at £2 to £3 per pound. The very best black teas sell for £1 to £2, the yellow as high as £4, and the golden-colored Foutchanskoy at £1 10*s*. Green tea, never used by the Chinese, is very little used by the Russians, being considered injurious in its effects. The preparation is very simple. The water is boiled in a Samovar; an urn made of a composition of brass and copper, provided with a chimney, and having an open furnace beneath, in which the ignited charcoal is kept burning by the draught of air constantly passing through. The water when boiled, is poured upon the tea, which is not made strong, dark-colored, or astringent, or permitted to draw until the flavor and aroma are both gone. It is well sweetened, but never diluted with milk.

The Tractirs, or eating-houses, filled to overflowing, furnished the fare peculiar to almost every people. The cuisine of the East rivalled that of the West, in variety if not in excellence. Delicacies of the Parisian restaurant; dainties of the Persian nabob; the tongue of the reindeer from Archangel; grapes, olives, figs, and melons, from the southern provinces; delicious sterlets from the Volga, and sturgeon from the Caspian, were in great demand, and in great abundance. If we sighed with patriotic emotion because canvas-backs, York-bays and green turtle were not seen at this feast of nations, so sighed, perhaps, the newly arrived Celestials, over the memory of the soup of bird's-nests. But sighs were too short-winded to compete with smiles in such a scene as this, and though we had not the pleasure of seeing the gentlemen from China, we at least presumed that all was as novel to them as to ourselves. Our cicerone was a gourmand, and consumed various dishes which were ordered for the inspection of his companions. It is impossible to enumerate the stews and hashes, compounded of fish, flesh, and fowl, which we could not

eat, but which the indefatigable captain pronounced delicious. The sterlet-soup is considered the greatest of all the luxuries of the Russian table. A single sterlet is frequently sold at St. Petersburg for £60. It is from the sterlet and the sturgeon, which are much the same in appearance, that the caviare is obtained. The fish is opened as soon as it is caught, the roe is taken out and sprinkled with salt, and eaten as caviare. When fresh it is very fine. During Lent it is carried by post-horses from the Caspian, to Moscow and St. Petersburg.

Besides all these dainties, every variety of wine was there, including that of the Crimea; the imitation Sillery from the banks of the Don; the real Cliquot, and pure Bordeaux and Burgundy. There was also almost every kind of liquor,—cordials which are taken by the Russians to whet the appetite, and even bottled ale and porter of Great Britain, were here in spite of the prohibited importation. The dissipation and extravagance which prevailed exceed all belief. Numerous were the Gebers or the worshippers of fire, now ardently devoted to the sparkling wine of France; numerous the Mahometans, whose eccentricity of conduct set at defiance the grave precepts of the Koran; numberless the Russian traders, who since the late fast, had already regained their ruby redness of nose and wonderful rotundity of figure. All that ever graced a carnival, excepting mask and domino—all that ever flourished in immortal Donnybrook, excepting the shilaleh, was there. Shilalehs are prohibited in Russia, and the whip of the policeman was unopposed at Nischnei.

Thousands of forlorn women, from the London street-walker to black-eyed damsels who hailed from the Isle of Sappho, had wandered hither, and the saloons re-echoed with the minstrelsy of every land. We heard voices and harps of singing girls from the banks of the Rhine and Danube; we were entertained with the music and dances of a party of Muscovites, whose performance reminded us of the exhibitions of the Choctaws; and we witnessed the singular antics of a troop of dark-brown gipsies,—the latter were the far-famed Tsigani, the wild Bayaderes, whose superior spirit or apparent independence, is quite conspicuous in Russia. Their women are very beautiful, and some of them have intermarried with the best families in the Empire. Their

supple movements, melodious voices, and brilliant eyes, with lids and lashes dyed like those of the Egyptian almahs, are skilfully employed to fascinate the Russian nobles. A famous Russian song "Tene par verish," *Believe not thou art beloved,* was sung by the gipsy queen. The gipsy dance, although very much, in step and movement, like what they call at Communipaw "a regular heel and toe," excels it much in quickness and animation, —the male performer holding himself erect, looking daggers and unutterable things, and the female indulging in wanton movements, while both are exhorted to "put it down" by a wild and excited chorus of the gipsy band.

Under the guidance of our epauletted cicerone, we went almost everywhere, and wherever we went, we never failed to produce a sensation among the Orientals, who had never seen or heard before of the *Amerakanskoi.* A troop of mounted Cossacks, with lash, lance and fierce hourra, running before the carriage, cleared the way, and before the captain could say "sesame," every door was opened. His presence silenced the boisterous merriment of the crowd; and his orders were instantly obeyed. On one occasion we entered a theatre, a shabby affair, filled with the most heterogeneous audience that could be assembled. Our military friend immediately arrested the performance, and directed the company to play, for our special edification, a piece which he considered of greater merit than that which was being acted. One evening he took us to a convent, in which were domiciled several hundred nuns. It was late, the gates were closed, and the inmates of the establishment had retired for the night. The Cossacks thumped against the great doors leading into the courts, and by dint of thumping and loud cries, the nuns were awakened, the gates were opened, and we entered at a most mysterious hour, within the walls of a most mysterious building. Lights were brought; the wax tapers before the images of the Virgin and the saints, were all illumined. We saw the jewels about the altar, but the few ladies who ventured near us were both old and ugly, while those arrayed in white, who gazed from the obscure galleries, or flitted about the distant passages of the chapel, seemed as indistinct and vaporous as phantoms, although the gallant captain plainly insinuated that

some of them were full of life and beauty. It was often after midnight, long after the sounds of revelry had ceased, that we left the fair ground, but the Cossacks were always in the saddle; the captain had the word, the sentinels were passed, the drawbridge was lowered, the Oka was recrossed, and again we slumbered in the Yermoiloff hotel.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

The Governor's Palace—The Volga—Its Navigation—River Craft—Scenery —Oarsmen—Russian Song—Arrival at Kazan—The Club House.

THE time flew rapidly at Nischnei. The palace of the governor-general was within the walls of the old Kremlin upon the hill. A numerous party of distinguished visitors attracted from every land, by this famous fair, assembled there every day. It would be superfluous to set forth more particularly the names or notions of the various gentlemen and gentlewomen who were present at the delightful entertainments of the governor.

Among those we met there was Matskoi, a young Russian nobleman who proposed to join us in a visit to Kazan. A boat called a *romskoi,* whose appearance recalled the poet's description of the high-prowed galleys of the Greeks, such as with Ulysses ploughed the azure main, was hired and prepared for the voyage. It was one of the common river craft, open from stem to stern. A shed covered with matting was erected aft to protect us from the unwholesome night air, and a sort of bean-pole mast, and some pieces of canvas, were prepared to take advantage of whatever wind might favour. The owner of the boat was to act as captain, furnish ten stout oarsmen, and Laronne was to provide all that was necessary, not forgetting the *samovar,* wherewith we could enjoy the true flavour of the bohea.

When all was ready, we embarked, and commenced the journey down the Volga the largest European river, which from the Valdai hills to the Caspian Sea, pursues a course of more than two thousand miles. It is the great link in the chain of

canal and river communication between the Baltic and the Caspian. More than ten thousand boats of various descriptions, loaded with the products of the central provinces, descend the river annually. During the summer 300,000 men are employed in its navigation. It is frozen at Nischnei from the first of November to the first of May. The Government have projected a line of steam-boats of light draft, to run from Nischnei to Astrakan. During a sail of many hundred versts upon its winding and muddy current, it did not appear to exceed one mile in width, and so shallow was it at this time that our little bark was frequently stranded upon the sands, which are washed from shore to shore, and from channel to channel, by the sudden and tremendous freshets of the spring-time. The shores in some places are wild and pretty, often bold and striking; but uncultivated, uninhabited, and almost wholly destitute of timber, they wore a most desolate appearance. We saw no fine forest, and beyond a few woodlands of white birch and extensive tracts of stunted pine, nature did not seem so bountiful as report had led us to imagine. Nothing occurred during the voyage to mar the usual quiet of Russian travel. Ten bearded oarsmen, who might have been considered suspicious and piratical-looking fellows upon the high seas, behaved remarkably well upon the Volga. The wind was contrary, the current was not strong, and they plied their oars by night and day without interruption, one party relieving the other at intervals, so that each might have a nap on the hard bottom of the boat, or make a light repast upon the black bread soaked in the water of the Volga. This, sprinkled with a little salt was the sole nourishment of these men. We were pleased with their patient and uncomplaining spirit, and we listened with interest to their wild songs, which, like all Russian strains, were in a minor key and of a plaintive character.

The monotony of the voyage was seldom interrupted. Once we landed near a market town, to buy some delicious honey, for which this country is remarkable, and we were frequently delayed by shoals and sand-banks which obstructed the channel. No incident of interest, however, disturbed our progress, and we lay upon the mats within the cabin, smoking the *troubka* or long

pipe; looking out upon the unvarying scene, upon the sluggish waters and the sterile shore; and thinking at one time of our journey on the Nile, and at another of our home upon the Hudson. We passed many clumsy, rudely-carved, and curiously painted craft, something like the Chinese junks, with galley-shaped poops, and masts coloured precisely after the fashion of a barber's pole, and staffs bedecked with streamers. Very little iron is employed in the construction of these boats, the thick planks being fastened with wooden pins. Each one had an image of St. Nicholas conspicuously fixed to some part of its huge and unwieldy stern. Women, with ropes about the neck and shoulders, walked along the bank, hauling boats against the current, while the men, their husbands, sleeping or singing, remained on board. Happier far the wives and concubines who live and love beneath the laws and legends of the Mussulmen!

On the morning of the fourth day of our voyage, a bit of canvas, fastened to what was called the mast, caught a fair breeze and we hastened onward. A broad bend in the river opened fields and meadows to view extending about the base of the elevation, upon which were seen conspicuously the domes and minarets of the Tartar capital. We reached the harbour, climbed the bank, obtained droskeys and started for the city. The road, traversing a flat, (covered with water in the spring-time) was now parched in the summer sun. A drive for a mile in clouds of dust, through which appeared the broad-brimmed white hats of Tartar teamsters, took us to the gates of Kazan. We lingered here to receive our passports, and make inquiries respecting the hotels. Hotels had not yet been established in this quarter of the world, and an officer on duty directed us to a caravansari. Our Russian companion had heard in Moscow of the Club-house of the nobles of Kazan, and thought we might find accommodation there. Thither we repaired, passing on the way over smooth wooden pavements, and through handsome streets lined with palaces, churches, convents, and fine dwellings.

The Club-house was a large wooden building, with piazzas extending around a court-yard, which was entered from the street. The keeper, an old and respectable-looking German,

made his appearance, and in answer to our request for bed and board, stated that he was not authorized to entertain strangers, although he had plenty of room to do so, as most of the members of the club were out of town. The Russian then announced his name and title, which seemed to satisfy the old man, for he immediately invited us to enter, and assigned us rooms in the almost deserted mansion.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

Khans of the Golden Horde—Tartars—Tartar Dwellings—Character, Religion, and Hospitality of the Tartars—The German Brothers—Omarsing.

The successors of Ghengis, after overrunning the whole of northern Europe, returned to the banks of the Volga, and established at Kazan the seat of the empire of the Khans of the Kaptschak, called, from the gorgeous splendour of the tents, the Khan of the Golden Horde.

The Kaptschak formed one of the great divisions of the Mongol tribes, and for two hundred years maintained its importance, from immense tributes and revenues received from Russian princes, and the conquered provinces of the West. In the fourteenth century, Tamerlane, the scourge of God, extending his conquests from the capital of Hindostan to the countries upon the Baltic, almost annihilated the power of the Golden Horde; and in less than a hundred years thereafter, the Russians refused their tribute, and Ivan the Great triumphed in turn, and took possession of the Kaptschak. But the Tartars of Kazan were unsubdued, and as late as 1552, they rebelled and took up arms against the Russians. Again they were reduced by Ivan the Terrible, their mosques turned into Christian temples, the Khan and the principal men forcibly baptized, and the Russian dominion firmly and for ever established upon the lower Volga. Nothing remained to attest the magnificence of the fierce chieftains of the Golden Horde. A beautiful city arose where Baty had pitched his tents of silk and gold, and a queer and quaint old Kremlin, yet standing, is the only memento of

the empire of the Kaptschak. The modern city is Russian in character and appearance, and the third in the Empire in size and population. It is the depôt of the Chinese and Siberian trade, and is celebrated for its manufactures of soap and leather It contains about fifty thousand inhabitants, one-fourth of whom are Tartars, living in a separate quarter of the town.

The neat and comfortable-looking dwellings of the Tartars, contrast strangely with the towering edifices of the Russians. They are two stories high, the upper one only having windows upon the street, and these so high above the pavement, as to defy the tiptoe efforts of the curious. There is neither porch nor portico in front; the entrance to the premises being through a gate, leading into gardens with which each house is surrounded. These gardens are inclosed by high fences, over which the linden and mountain-ash intermingle their branches and thick foliage, as if anxious to provide still more against impertinent intrusion upon the terrestrial paradise of the Tartar. We looked in vain upon the trellised windows, and through the garden gates, for a peep at the damsels, who live like sultanas in seclusion. We saw them not, and because we did not see them, we fancied they were beauties. The men are a handsome, athletic race, with fine eyes and faces indicating intelligence and great good-humour. Upon their closely-shaven heads, they wear the turban, or a skull-cap, worked with threads of gold and silver. Loose trousers, shirt, and vest of embroidered silk, are covered with a dark flowing robe, bound about the waist with a shawl. Yellow boots of soft leather like morocco, without heels or soles, are worn in the streets with shoes or slippers. They are among the most industrious subjects of the Czar, and in manners, as in appearance, immeasurably superior to the common Russians. They have also the reputation of excelling their conquerors in generosity, integrity, and intelligence; which may easily be, since these are virtues which cannot possibly exist among a people so completely reduced to slavery as are the Russians. The Tartars, Malo Russians, and the Poles, and every conquered tribe within the bounds of this great Empire, who have as yet retained their personal freedom, or having lost it, do yet bear it in remembrance, so far as the natural instincts of honor and morality are

concerned, are far superior to the slaves of Great Russia. The Tartars of Kazan are of the Turkish branch of the Mongolian family, and speak the Turkish language, much as it is spoken in Constantinople. Notwithstanding the efforts of the Russians for their conversion, they are generally steadfast in their devotion to the doctrines of the Koran, and carefully educate their children in its precepts. Polygamy is not unlawful, but very few take more than one wife. They are more tolerant, charitable, and hospitable than their neighbors of the Greek faith. A Christian stranger, whose respectability entitles him to attention, will be invited to enter the house of the Tartar. He will see the wife, or the wives, as it may be. The picture of domestic happiness will perhaps surprise him. He may have heard in childhood, the dreadful story of old Blue Beard, or of some cruel husband called a Turk, or he may have grown up to manhood, with ideas of the superior social and moral excellencies of the Europeans. With all this, and particularly after what he has seen in European and Christian Russia, during his journey from the Baltic to the confines of Asia, he will be able to rectify his prejudices and receive better impressions of Oriental life, by witnessing the natural tone of refinement, temperance and chastity that prevail in the patriarchal households of the semi-Asiatic population of Kazan.

This fine city is the resort of the gentry of the eastern provinces of Russia during the winter time ; but when the dog-star rages, it is deserted by all the fashionable class, and is as dull and as dusty as capitals generally at this season. Two of those to whom we were especially recommended for attention and advice, had fortunately remained in town. These were Germans, brothers, bachelors and bankers. Their habitation was the concentration of all those comforts and contrivances which so exalt a life of single blessedness. The upper rooms were used as winter-quarters, and a capacious basement, with cool wine-vaults adjoining, served as a retreat during the warm days of the vacation.

Never was a subterranean chamber more agreeable. Its furniture, though simple, was elegant, and its temperature delightful. The repasts of the brothers were such as bachelors

and bankers can afford. During the sultry hours of noon, the divans were occupied by reclining guests, who smoked the fragrant weed from the plains of Shiraz, and listened to the guitar, the piano, and the songs of the Fatherland. Several rich Tartars, and a learned Persian, a professor in the University, Omarsing by name, frequented this abode. Omarsing was well versed in the Oriental languages, and was perfectly familiar with both the Russian and the English. Through his interpretation, we were enabled to hold converse with the Tartars.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Great Fire—Procession of the Host—The Princesses—Escape from the Flames—The Deserted Caravansari—The Scotchman—Fire in the Tartar Quarter—Tartar Women—Retreat from Kazan—Disaster on the Road—Russian Peasant—Sudden Cold.

We had visited the mosques and witnessed the devotions of the Mussulmen,—we had been with the German brothers to the public gardens in the environs,—we had seen the pyramid which stands upon the battle-ground near the town, where the Tartars were defeated with prodigious slaughter in 1552; with the keeper of this monument, an old Russian soldier, who had entered Paris with the allies in 1814, we had descended into the vaults beneath, filled with the skulls of those who fell fighting against the infidels, and who on this account are supposed by the Russians to have gained the fields of Paradise;—we had, moreover, been asked to visit the house of a Tartar of distinction,—and the city had been thrown into excitement by the arrival of the minister of the domains. The governor had issued cards of invitation to an entertainment in honor of this distinguished personage, when an event of a most serious character, terminated at once our anticipations of further pleasure.

On the morning of the 17th of September, a fire broke out in the vicinity of our lodging. Curiosity induced us to repair to the scene of the disaster. It was evident from the mismanagement of the people, as well as from the extreme drought which

prevailed, that some time would elapse before it could be subdued. We drove back to the Club-house, with the expectation of obtaining a better view of the conflagration from the belvidere. We found this noble building already in flames. It was with great difficulty that we saved a few articles of clothing. The flames were now spreading with fearful rapidity. The glowing embers concealed in clouds of smoke, and carried by the wind into different quarters of the city, fell upon the dry roofs, which, crisping and crackling with the touch of fire, were wrapped almost instantly in its embraces. The efforts of the police, (whose powerless engines and leaking hose were supplied with water brought from a distance,) were wholly inefficient—their exertions, badly directed, began to fail. The governor, attended as usual with a numerous and brilliant staff, arrived with a reinforcement of firemen; but he effected nothing, and the increase of numbers only increased the general confusion.

The large observatory of the University, many of the churches and palaces, the governor's residence and the governor's dinner, were all destroyed. Despair was pictured upon every face. Men, women, and children, crying and complaining, hastened to leave the town with what little they could save. Strong detachments of soldiers conveyed the private papers and the property of the governor to the stone buildings of the Kremlin, and those whose houses had as yet escaped, held aloft before their portals the image of the Virgin, in expectation of the divine intercession. The Host, before which the multitude fell prostrate, was carried about by priests in sacred robes, chanting sacred song. At an early hour, we hastened with a carriage to the assistance of the family of Prince D——. His palace was in a blaze, and very few articles of furniture or clothing were saved. The young ladies—the princesses—had left their beds to escape to the street. The governess, a Frenchwoman, who had probably been an actress, seized the occasion to play a conspicuous part. She gesticulated, exclaimed, and tossed her dishevelled hair. Dido on the funeral pyre, was not half so vehement; at last she fainted in the arms of Matskoi, and was taken to the carriage. The beautiful princesses, who were quite as composed as ladies could be under the circumstances, were also placed in the vehicle,

and under the conduct of Laronne, and a strong escort of domestics, departed for a mansion in the neighbourhood.

When night set in, and a cold bitter night it was, (the first cold night of autumn;) the fire still raged with unabated fury. The city seemed deserted. Silence was only broken by the roar of the furious element and the sound of falling timber. We had wandered about the whole day, mournful spectators of a calamity we could neither avert nor diminish by our efforts or advice. Tired, alone, and the unwilling witnesses of the progress of destruction, we turned away to seek shelter and safety for the night. Laronne had been directed to join us at a caravansarai upon the outskirts of the town, and thither we now proposed to direct our steps; but the way was not easily found, and the pavements, blazing on every side, arrested our retreat. With incredible difficulty we passed the fiery barrier and reached the Kremlin. Here the Russian regiments were stationed, and from the vigilance which was manifested, it is probable that some apprehension of a popular outbreak was anticipated. A number of suspicious characters had already been arrested. Our Russian friend having ascertained from the soldiers the way, we walked to the caravansarai. The fire had not reached this neighbourhood, but the inhabitants had nevertheless removed with all their effects to the open fields outside the town. It was midnight when we entered the spacious tavern, deserted by all except ourselves and the servant who met us there according to appointment, after his return from the country mansion, where he had left the family of the prince. Towards morning the fire approached our quarters, and drove us again into the street. We now thought of leaving the town, but by the advice of Matskoi, it was determined to avoid the observation of the excited multitude, who, seeing that we were foreigners, might possibly be disposed to look upon us as so many heathen devils sent to burn down their city. So we retreated towards the Kremlin. Soon afterwards the wind changed, and again we sought the caravansarai.

At daylight the proprietors of this establishment returned to town, and through them we obtained some refreshment. It was now unanimously resolved by our party to take immediate

measures to leave Kazan, and retrace our steps toward the west. We willingly gave up the journey to the Urals and Siberia, and sighed to behold once more the waters of the Baltic. It was thought best to return to Nischnei by land, rather than contend for weeks with the heady current of the Volga; so we at once set out to obtain from the proper magistrate an order for horses and vehicles for the journey. In the course of our researches we encountered the German brothers; their habitation and the charming basement had been consumed. As all their valuables, however, had been carefully deposited in the stone vaults beneath, their loss would be but trifling, compared with that of many of the families, whose palaces had been entirely consumed. With their assistance we found the master of police, but he was so occupied as to be able to give us little or no satisfaction, and referred us to a third party, who we supposed was either an assistant or in some way connected with his department. This was a short, stout, shrewd-looking man, dressed in the caftan, and wearing a sandy beard. Matskoi informed him in the vernacular of our wants and wishes, and a long parley ensued, which increased our impatience as it lengthened our delay. They talked and talked, and as we did not comprehend a word, and as the strange tongue was discordant and disagreeable to the unwilling ear, one of our party exclaimed with petulance, "Let us leave this old chap, for he will do nothing but talk all day." The "old chap" alluded to suddenly turned about, and looking with ire at the person using this expression, said in broad Scotch "An wha de ye call auld chap, sir, I'll hae nane o' your impertinence." Some moments elapsed before we recovered sufficient presence of mind to explain away the hasty expression of our companion. To our further surprise, the Scotchman was the father-in-law of Omarsing, the learned Persian, and although not connected with the police department, was so well known and so influential in Kazan, that the master of police had recommended us to Bruski, as to one who would be useful to us. And Bruski, as Mr. Bruce was called, was the very man we wanted. He interested himself immediately in our behalf, and taking the passports, promised to see us, and have all ready for our departure in the afternoon.

Meanwhile the conflagration continued with unabated violence. The fire, carried by the wind, had now ignited the buildings in the Tartar quarter, but the extensive gardens with which they were surrounded, protected many of them from contagion. The smoke, however, was dense enough to frighten from their retreats, a number of the women. Their dark brown complexions, large lustrous eyes, and jet black hair, falling in long thick tresses upon the naked shoulders, and the peculiar dress which half concealed and half disclosed some other beauties, were exceedingly interesting. Shawls, hoods, and cloaks had been neglected or forgotten in the confusion, and never before had these dusky damsels appeared in such a plight in public. Some of them retained their veils, and some escaped the *surveillance* of their lords, more perhaps for seeing and being seen, than from the fear of danger. We noticed one whose utmost care was manifested for the preservation of a nightingale. Her head and bosom were dressed with jewellery, a loose *chemise de femme* of Persian silk, deeply embroidered with silver thread-work, covered her graceful person, and a foot of exquisite proportion, was encased in a bespangled slipper, which would have proved a teazer even to Cinderella. She guarded her little cage with much anxiety, and addressed words of comfort and good cheer to the frightened songster.

The Tartars manfully attempted to save their dwellings, and in many instances their efforts were successful. Before one of the houses then on fire, walked the master and his wife, a young and noble couple. Their hands were clasped together, and they paced slowly to and fro, serene and calm, as if they had done all that could be done by mortals, and as if love and life yet unconsumed, were worth more to them than all the world beside. The personal beauty of the Tartars appeared to us remarkable. Few if any of the women were wanting in the most attractive outlines of form or feature. Never had Christian men so good a chance to catch a Tartar; but we had no time to linger or to love, and hastened to find the governor and take our leave. His excellency was making a final effort to extinguish the fire. He lamented the disastrous termination of our visit; had already seen Bruski, and given

orders for whatever we required, and wished us a pleasant journey.

We returned to the caravansarai. There we found the German brothers, the Princess D., Mr. and Mrs. Omarsing, and old Mr. Bruce, assembled to see us off. There also we found the keeper of the Club-house awaiting our return. He had been ruined by the fire which destroyed the city in 1815, and now in his old age he was again reduced to poverty. He thanked us with tears for the small sum we sent him; his servants, to express their acknowledgments for a trifling gratuity, prostrated themselves, and after the manner of the East, called down blessings upon our heads, by knocking their own upon the floor. The *talegas* and post-horses being ready, we said adieu to our distressed and houseless friends.

Evening was approaching as we passed the barrier into the open fields, where thousands of the population had assembled and deposited great quantities of furniture and provision. A night dark as Erebus, followed the last gleam of day, and a lurid glare from the yet burning city was all that appeared upon the black curtain enshrouding the heaven and the earth. A mournful wind sung requiems; the cold increased, and the rain pattered upon the top of the *talega*. We drew up the leather apron, and sought repose, until aroused by a sudden toss of the vehicle, and the outcry of the attendants, we sprang from the nearly overturned carriage. We had lost the road, and were very near going over one of the deep ravines common to this open and naked country. It was entirely owing to the sagacity and keen sight of the horses, that such a catastrophe was prevented. The three individuals who occupied the box, viz., the carrier, the guard, and the driver, were blind with drink, and insisted upon urging the horses to pass into the abyss. We were obliged to resort to force, and after a short struggle in the mud, and a few blows passed at random in the dark, we obtained possession of, and broke the bottle containing the vodkee, and reasserted our authority.

The carriage was turned about, and slowly we went along, we knew not whither. A light was at last discovered upon the plain; we made for it, and entered the log-hut of a Russian

peasant. It contained one room only, and this as usual was filled to suffocation with heat and vile effluvia. Upon the floor lay the father, mother and a new-born infant. The lamp before the image of the Virgin was burning in consequence of the nativity of the latter, and diffused that light which had attracted us to the cottage. The walls and ceiling were literally alive with bugs and animalculæ. It was a living collection of the various varieties of the vermin of the country. Thousands of the large black, hideous-looking insects, called Tarracans, which are regarded with religious veneration and never disturbed by the Russian peasantry, were creeping about in every direction. We soon felt them within our clothing, and shuddering with apprehension, we shook them off and took refuge in the carriage for the remainder of the night.

The storm was succeeded with intense cold, and ice nearly half an inch in thickness formed before the morning. At early dawn the servants made their appearance. The courier and the guard attributed all the delay and difficulty to the poor Yemshick, who, fearing a report to the police, fell down upon his knees, and kissed our feet and begged to be forgiven. The peasant pointed out the high road, and we started again upon the journey.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

Post Houses—Yemshicks—A Detention—A Minister of State—Tchuwashes—Interior of a Tchuwash Cabin—Russian Tyranny—Its Effects—Exiles—Painful Impressions.

The post-houses in the interior of Russia, have nothing to distinguish them from the ordinary log-houses of the peasantry. They furnish little or no accommodation or refreshment. The traveller generally carries in his carriage a basket, replenished with provision in the larger towns. The postmaster procures horses; but to avoid delay, it is necessary to excite him to activity, by giving him a rouble.

The peasant who owns one or more of the horses drives

them to the next station. He is called a Yemshick, is exempted from the poll-tax, and cannot be taken for the army. He is dressed in the ordinary Russian garb—a sheepskin, with the addition of a turkey feather in his felt hat, and a little bell hanging at his girdle. The latter is fastened to the collar of the horse, when he is about to start. Sometimes as many as twenty of these Yemshicks assembled about the post-house. The arrival of a carriage is the signal for a dispute among them, as to whose turn it was to furnish horses; for the rate of posting is so trifling, that they are quite willing to avoid employment. After much loud talking and fierce gesticulation, and all the indications of a knock down, without a blow being struck (for the Russians never fight) the postmaster decides the matter, and five or six horses, looking as if they had been blasted by lightning, are led out and fastened to the vehicle. The yemshick takes his reins of rope, jerks and scolds the miserable animals, and, after several efforts, they are started and off upon the road. For a gift of *na tschai*, or tea-money, the Yemshick will work his horses into a gallop, and pass with great celerity to the next station. Twenty versts, about fifteen miles, is the average length of the stages, and we frequently went this distance at the rate of ten miles an hour. The poor beasts, so lank and lean, have more endurance than any post-horses we ever saw. Keeping his little whip suspended over the hind quarters of his Rosinantes, the Yemshick constantly informs them, that if they hasten on, the mighty lord they are conveying would reward them with a good drink at the next station.

Upon one occasion we were detained nearly half a day at a post-house, in consequence of the want of horses. All these had been detained for the carriages of one of the Imperial ministers and suite, who were expected every hour. The public functionaries of the vicinity had assembled in full dress to receive him, and accelerate his progress. After we had awaited a long while, the speedy arrival of the minister was announced by the clouds of dust seen upon the highway. The soldiers in their best attire were stationed before the post-house, and the officers with some trepidation repaired to their proper places. The britschka of the minister came in at full speed, the horses were

taken out, and a fresh relay instantly attached. He did not descend, but summoned a venerable, white-haired general to his carriage, and discharged upon him a torrent of invective and abuse, because of the badness of the roads. The general had no time to reply, for the minister suddenly cried out, "*pouscha*," "go on," and in a few minutes he was out of sight. Other carriages came in one after the other, and left immediately to pursue the chief. After we obtained horses and resumed the journey, we met a Yemshick in charge of the police. Two of the six horses attached to the carriage of the aide-de-camp of the minister had fallen from exhaustion, and because of this, the Yemshick was taken and ordered to be flogged. The visit of a minister to the interior is even more redoubtable than that of his Majesty. He takes possession of the best houses in town and country without invitation, and his aids and doctors, cooks and secretaries, help themselves to the best the land affords. The officers' wives faint with terror when they hear of his approach, and the officers themselves quake with fear when in his presence.

The day after leaving Kazan, we passed through the country of the Tchuwashes, a powerful tribe in the sixteenth century, and with whose assistance the Russians were enabled to conquer and dispossess the Tartars. This singular race have none of the characteristics of the Sclavonic, Finnic, or Turkish tribes. Their origin is unknown, although their dialect and strongly-marked features are supposed by some to indicate a derivation from the Hunnic nations, who at an early period migrated to the Volga. They retain many of their Pagan superstitions, mingled with many Mahometan and Christian ceremonies. The Russians formerly employed a most summary mode of converting the people they subjugated, to the Greek faith. The villages of the heathen and heretics were surrounded with bands of Cossacks, and all the inhabitants, driven like sheep into the neighbouring stream of water, were baptized and Christianized by force. At the present time, there is a seminary at Kazan, where the young Tchuwashes, Tartars, Kalmucks, and others, are instructed and prepared for missionary labour; but little progress, however, has resulted from any of these efforts. Many

of the Tchuwashes retain their idols, to whom they sacrifice at the foot of the sacred oaks, and in the confusion of their observances, and the singularity of their traditions, it has been surmised that they are a part of the long lost tribes of Israel.

They have sacred days, when they will do no work. They believe it a crime, which would draw down the vengeance of heaven, if they commence before the twentieth day of July to prepare for harvest. In consequence of this singular superstition, their grain is not harvested until the autumnal winds and rains have destroyed nearly one-half the crops. The fertility of their country is such, however, that they reap much more than they can consume, and this superabundance is buried in the earth, and becomes a heritage, passing from father to son, until a bad season compels them to have recourse to the hidden granary. They conceal in the same way all their money and valuables of every kind. This excessive frugality does not result frrm avarice, for they are benevolent and hospitable, but from their fears of being plundered by the Russians. The Tchuwash never attacks his enemy openly. He carefully avoids danger, is apparently inoffensive, and attaches little value to existence. He dreads oppression more than death. To fix opprobrium on the neighbour by whom he has been insulted, he will kill himself in his house; and to punish his Russian adversary, he will hang himself before his door. We lingered awhile in a hamlet of the Tchuwashes to obtain refreshment. A copper-colored man, whose head was shaved, and who wore a sheepskin, led us through a low doorway into his hovel. A fire burned upon the earthen floor, and the smoke escaped through an aperture in the roof. An old woman, much like an Indian squaw in dress and appearance, boiled some eggs and prepared some porridge, which we ate with the wooden spoons she furnished. No one but this shrivelled dame and her husband appeared within the hovel, but the rustling noise and tinkling sounds outside, convinced us that others were near at hand. Turning the corner of the house, we discovered a troop of girls. They bounded off like young deer as we approached them. A short loose gown, and in some instances the full Turkish pantaloon, was the only covering of

these wild nymphs. To the end of a long tail of plaited hair, falling upon the back, was attached several little bells, which rung with every movement of the body. Strings of small silver coin hung over and about the forehead, and bracelets of colored glass were fixed upon the naked arms.

The Tchuwash girls were formerly sold by their parents into servitude. This is now prohibited by law, but so unimportant are the Russian laws, that we could have selected at pleasure, and bought for the veriest trifle, the best specimens of these youthful savages. The Tchuwashes, the Tcheremisses, and the remnants of other tribes of lineage and language vastly different, who inhabit this part of the empire, will soon have disappeared and left us no record of their existence. They are reduced to extreme misery through the exactions of the officers of the Government. During the winter previous to our visit, the outrageous conduct of the tax-gatherers forced the Tchuwashes into rebellion. Many of them were killed in open resistance to the authorities, and the few who remain are dwindling away with the fearful rapidity which has marked the extinction of whole tribes of the American aborigines.

It is almost impossible for any people to exist in contact with the Russians. However oppressive the conduct and character of despotism may be to Russians, it is among the subjugated tribes that this oppression is exercised without mercy and without appeal. There is no limit or control to the severity of the Government, and no check to the brutality and cruelty of its officers. The sufferings of the vanquished can only terminate with their extermination or their expulsion from the Empire. In 1770, half a million of Kalmuck Tartars, among the best of the Asiatic population of Russia, fled from the lower Volga to escape the tyranny of the Russians. They went away so cautiously, that their march could not be intercepted by the Imperial cohorts, and after fighting through the Kirghises of southern Siberia, they passed the great deserts of Tartary and reached the ancient Mongolia. Here they were protected by the armies of the Celestial Emperor, who disregarded the threats of Catherine, and restored them to the habitations of their fathers.

The Cossacks, the Tartars, and numerous other people,

subjected to the Russian yoke, are rapidly diminishing in numbers, or are being fast amalgamated with the Russian race. In a few more years the Tchuwash will have entirely disappeared. Petty insurrections among all these tribes, as well as among the Russian peasantry, are much more frequent than would be supposed. Irritated by the cruelty of their task-masters, and unable to resist the desire for vengeance, they frequently burn the villages, destroy the crops, and riot heedless of the consequences until the arrival of the soldiery. The fire in Kazan was attributed to the dissatisfaction of the people. Exile and the knout are inflicted without mercy upon all who are suspected of any participation in these outbreaks. The knout is applied with greater or less severity, according to the nature and degree of the offence. The skilful operator will merely cut into the muscles of the back, or tear out the intestines so as to produce almost instant death. Although capital punishment was abolished in Russia, and a great parade made thereupon, yet every distinguished criminal in Russia is sentenced to die by the lash, the most dreadful and disgraceful of punishments.

A number of prisoners passed by while we remained in the little hamlet. Ninety-six men and women, chained in couples, clothed in coarse gray coats, some with and some without shoes, and with heavy weights fastened to their limbs, marched painfully and slowly along, guarded by a few soldiers. Three kibitkas, containing several women and children and a dying man, followed after; the whole procession closed with a troop of noisy Cossacks, with their long pikes resting on the right stirrup, guns slung upon the back, and heavy whips hanging from the left wrist. The peasantry threw the prisoners pieces of copper coin. The common people evince their commiseration for the exile or the subject of the knout, by giving them the means of purchasing gentle treatment. There were several among the prisoners in whose appearance we discovered something that assured us of their decided superiority to the wretches with whom they were associated. One of these, a tall and commanding figure, and a noble but emaciated countenance, gazed earnestly as if he would have said, "Oh! that I might tell you the secret of my being here." Another, who looked at us imploringly, and said in

French, "Do you go to Moscow?" was struck in the face by a soldier, and ordered to be quiet. My God! was there no rescue, no help, no hope at hand! Excited almost beyond control for those exiles in whose expression innocence was written, we watched the miserable band upon its dreary journey, until the rattling of their irons no longer grated upon the heart.

The exiles, upon their arrival in Siberia, practise the trade they understand. The nobles and those who have learned no trade, are obliged to work in the mines. There are many people now in Siberia who have never ascertained for what cause they had been sent there. M. Michelovsky, an advocate of Warsaw, was involved in the Polish insurrection, and an order was given for his arrest and exile. The police, however, seized by mistake another Michelovsky, a notary of Wilna, who was expedited to Siberia, and notwithstanding his protestations, obliged to remain there until the error was rectified, a process of two years. The Emperor Paul commanded an offender to be taken and punished, but his minister not being able to find the individual, seized in his stead a poor German, who had recently arrived, tore out his nostrils, sent him to Siberia, and reported to Paul that his orders had been obeyed. The German remained in exile until the accession of Alexander, who brought him back to St. Petersburg and gave him the sole right of importing lemons.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

Use of the Whip—Arrival at Liscover—Boulderoff's Inn—Midnight Visitors—The Master of Police—The Kentuckian—The Special Passport—Russian Police—Its Evils and Corruptions—Return to Nischnei—News of the Fire—Return to Moscow—The English Chapel—Return to St. Petersburg.

MOURNFULLY we resumed our journey and pressed onward, our Russian friend exhibiting a savage sensibility, excited doubtless, by the recent scene. Sitting beside us in the *talega,* he reached forward and struck the Yemshick repeatedly and severely upon the head with his cane, and only desisted after many remonstrances. The Yemshick said not a word, but inflicted

cruel blows in turn upon the horses, who ran at full speed all the way to the next station. Matskoi would scarcely believe us, when we told him that in our country the coachman would have returned blow for blow, and probably have given him a sound drubbing into the bargain. Nor could he credit that we had laws for protecting even horses from unnecessary cruelty. "The first slap that I received in my face when in Germany, in return for a blow with my horsewhip, was my first lesson in liberty," said a Russian prince, and all Russians admit that a residence abroad gives them the first idea they ever had of human dignity. In Russia the master begins the day by striking and abusing his valet. The valet turns upon his inferiors, these retort upon the common mugick, and the mugick upon his wife or horses.

In the evening we crossed the Volga, and late at night entered a small town upon its banks, called Liscover. Worn down with fatigue and privation, we could no longer resist the desire to remain and rest for a few hours. Matskoi, however, was determined to proceed, as he was desirous to be the first to take the news of the fire to Nischnei. He left us to find the police master of Liscover, and obtain a *podaroshna*, or order for post-horses, while we repaired to the inn of Boulderoff. Mr. Boulderoff seemed a pleasant, portly Boniface, his inn a little paradise, the supper and attendance "not so bad," and even the horse-hair sofas appeared to the weary travellers like so many beds of down. When the pipes were finished the servants were dismissed, and we sought that repose which after so much fatigue we supposed was ours; but in a little while an alarming uproar in the street beneath our lodging, disturbed the quiet, and aroused us from the wished-for slumber. At first we thought the house was on fire, and prepared to hasten out, when Laronne entered with fear and trembling, to inform us that the police had come to take us prisoners. Scarcely had he said so before a number of men, accompanied by Boulderoff and his servants, holding lights, entered the apartment. "What in the name of wonder does all this mean?" said the Kentuckian.

Laronne, overwhelmed with visions of Siberia, gave no reply. The policemen and their assistants gazed silently upon their

victims, until the leader, who was the chief magistrate of Liscover advanced, and walking quickly up and down the room, commenced a violent harangue, evidently intended for our especial benefit. But it was in Russian, and not a word did we comprehend. Still the master of police continued to walk and talk, and still we lay upon our sofas without attempting a reply. At last the Kentuckian cried out impatiently, "What does this fellow mean?" Before he could answer the courier was carried off, and the police-master then wheeled right about and addressed himself directly and impertinently to our western friend. He was a large muscular man, and evidently a little intoxicated. As he approached the sofa with ferocious gestures and loud expressions of anger, the corncracker jumped up and threw himself into an attitude of defiance and defence. The Russian screaming with rage, dashed upon the gallant Western, who with a single blow sent him reeling upon the floor. In an instant we were all upon our feet, and with a pistol in either hand, awaited the onset of the howling crew collected about the door. The stout magistrate had never perhaps experienced a defeat. It was some time before he recovered from his astonishment. His mouth and nose were bleeding freely. He rose completely conquered, and joined the crowd of his dependents. Several soldiers with muskets and bayonets now appeared, and we were summoned to surrender. Matters grew serious: we determined to hold a parley, and as an overture, presented a special passport.

The magistrate looked upon this document with amazement and confusion. His tone and manner changed in an instant. Whining out excuses, and bowing to the ground, he sneaked down the stairs and reappeared soon after with Matskoi and the frightened courier. The former explained the origin of the difficulty. When he left us he went to the house of the master of police to obtain the *padaroshna*. He found the master carousing with his friends. He was asked for his passport. He produced it, and for the first time discovered that it had not been *visé* at Kazan. He tried to explain this to the master, by stating that the latter city was nearly destroyed by fire, and was still burning when he left, and that during the confusion that

prevailed there he had not obtained the *visé*, but had travelled under the protection of some friends who had gone to the inn and intended to remain there during the night. The police-master had not heard of the fire, disbelieved the whole story, sent Matskoi to prison, and repaired to the inn for the purpose of detaining the rest of the party, either because he really believed there was something wrong, or else with the view of extorting money. But when he found that we travelled under the seal and sign manual of the mighty Minister of Foreign Affairs, this petty tyrant saw that his outrageous conduct might be attended with unpleasant consequences. He begged to be excused, hoped he might be useful, prepared a pass and *pada-roshna* for Matskoi, promised to send us the best horses in the district for our journey on the morrow, and even assured us that he had been in America, and loved the Americans with fraternal love. Upon inquiring as to what part of America he had visited, we learned that it was Russian America, somewhere near the North Pole. Matskoi who was delighted with the castigation inflicted upon this Russian Dogberry, immediately started off in a kibitka, and once more we reposed in quiet on the sofas.

The Russian police is one of the most dreadful institutions which could exist in any country. Composed of men of desperate character, who wield an almost irresistible and irresponsible power, it is an instrument of evil rather than of good. It persecutes the innocent and protects the guilty—it stifles complaint and paralyzes the arm of justice. Venal and corrupt, it is at the bidding of both the friends and the enemies of the Sovereign. It ferrets out conspiracy and revolt for the one; it assists at regicide and revolution for the other. It enters every habitation in the empire, it is familiar with every passage in the Palace. In the morning it condemns the serf, at midnight it murders Paul. It is double-edged, a most formidable weapon, doing by stealth and cunning, that which was effected openly and boldly by the fierce bands of the Strelitz, who alternately protected and trampled upon the throne. The chiefs of police make vast fortunes by the bribes they take from those fearing persecution. Their subordinates share the plunder taken by fraud and violence.

Stolen goods are seen upon their persons and in their houses. A thief caught in the act is discharged by the magistrate should he recognize him as an old friend or acquaintance.

The Count D—— arrived in St. Petersburg in the boat from Stockholm, and took lodgings in the hotel Coulon. He lived in great style. One evening he complained of being unwell, repaired to his private chamber, and directed the valet in waiting to awaken him at a certain hour the next morning. The next morning came, and with it the violent ringing of the bell in the room of the noble stranger. The servants rushed with alacrity to answer the summons of the dashing Count. They found him in a fury, and calling loudly for his pantaloons. The domestics could give no tidings of them. This information only increased the violence and indignation of the lodger. The noise finally called up Monsieur Coulon himself, who protested in the name of all the household, that the pantaloons were not known unto them. The stranger thereupon insisted on sending instantly for the police, stating at the same time, that his pocket-book, containing fifty thousand roubles, was left in his breeches-pocket the night before. Coulon besought him not to send for the police, as they would bring innumerable troubles upon his house. "But what am I to do?" said the Count, "my pantaloons and property all gone; and I far away from home and a stranger." "I will send for a tailor immediately," said the landlord, "keep you here comfortably without charge until you hear from Sweden, and give you five thousand roubles besides if you will say nothing to the police." "You must be a fool," replied the Count, "to think I will take five thousand for my fifty thousand roubles. No, Sir, I mean to stay here, have the best tailor in St Petersburg, and all my money besides." Here Coulon in great distress offered him fifteen thousand, and finally twenty thousand roubles, if he would not call in the police, who would surely rob and plunder him of every farthing. The Count moved by his entreaties finally agreed to take the twenty thousand roubles, to accept his magnificent hospitality, and be clothed by the most fashionable tailor. He remained for some weeks more, and when he left to return to his native country, was overwhelmed with the grateful expressions of

the landlord for his kindness and generosity. Soon after this the cold weather set in, and one day a fire was made in the room that had been occupied by the Count. The *peetch* sent forth clouds of smoke. Something was in the chimney. Upon examination, an old pair of pantaloons was dragged out, and Coulon discovered that he whom we call the Count D—— was an impostor.

This occurred during the residence of the writer in St. Petersburg, as did also the following. The maître-d'hôtel of Count Nesselrode went to visit his friend, the cook of Count Strogonoff, and remained with him until late at night. He was never seen alive again. A few days after a footman of the Strogonoff's accompanied his mistress, the Countess, to the house of Nesselrode. He carried an umbrella which was recognized by the servants of the latter as having been the property of the missing steward. The footman said he had bought it from a policeman in the neighbourhood. The latter was arrested, and confessed that he had murdered the unfortunate man to obtain possession of the umbrella, and had thrown his body into the Neva.

Incidents and anecdotes without number might be adduced to show the audacity of the police, and the fears of the people. We will dispense with these to speak of more prominent acts and more distinguished individuals. Perovsky, the Minister of the Interior, the most enlightened and patriotic of Russian statesmen, discovered through his agents an organized band of robbers, several hundred in number, living in St. Petersburg, under the fostering care of the police. He had them apprehended, and denounced as an accessory, the grand-master of police, aide-de-camp-general to the Emperor. His Majesty however would not remove his aide-de-camp from office, because he had maintained good order in the capital for twenty years. Soon after this Perovsky seized the account-books of a fraudulent dealer in provisions, from which he ascertained that the police received their supplies of food from day to day without charge, inasmuch as they were privy to the frauds practised upon the people. The aide-de-camp-general was again involved, and his Majesty ordered Count Benkendorf, then grand-master of the

secret police, to make an inquiry. Benkendorf took the book containing the alleged proofs of the fraud, and soon after sent it back to the Minister, with the request that he would seal it, a formality which had been omitted by the latter. The Minister sealed it, and when the inquiry was instituted, it did not appear by the book that any fraud had been committed by the police. Another book precisely like the first one in all but the correct account, had been substituted.

The secret police now under the direction of Count Orloff, and the third section of the Imperial Chancellerie, has its agents in the Palace and in the kitchen. Ladies and gentlemen of rank and title are well known to be the servants of this department. The regiments, theatres, coffee-houses, public gardens, steamboats and private houses have each their appointed spies. Russian spies are to be found in almost every city in the world, and there is a secret bureau in the post-office where the letters of foreigners and suspected persons are always opened.

A day's ride from Liscover took us to Nischnei. The account of the destruction of Kazan produced great consternation. The fair was broken up, and the various people prepared to return to their various homes. The amiable governor was in difficulty, and the facetious captain was in limbo. His excellency had been charged with peculation, and the aide-de-camp with defrauding sundry dealers in hardware and confectionary.

Nischnei was as dull as a tale twice told, and after a day of rest in the Yermoiloff hotel, and time to buy fur boots and caps and horse-skin coats to protect us from the increasing cold, we were off again for Moscow. We will not recapitulate. For three days and nights we journeyed westward over the same dismal country, and through the same sad scenes we have described, and by the same road, crowded as before with caravans of *tulegas* and *kibitkas*. There were no glorious memories, not a single souvenir, nothing to break the calm of despotism. We saw no châteaux, no ruins, no pretty cottages. We saw no flowers — we heard no singing-birds. Sometimes we passed a frowzy shepherd, watching a few meagre sheep and cows, which grazed upon the scanty remnants of the sickled field: sometimes a straggling village

and the Christian temple, at whose porch the priest and pauper both begged for alms; sometimes an Imperial post-house, with a sign of the black double-headed eagle and the tri-colored posts which distinguish the Imperial property; sometimes we saw a gang of banished criminals; sometimes we heard the croaking of the carrion crow; we sometimes listened to the mournful ditty of the Yemshick; sometimes we watched the trembling aspen, and the flight of the withered leaves of the white birch carried away with the cold blast which came sighing from the ice hills of Siberia.

In Moscow we found luxury and comfort in the hotel Dresden, recently opened and boasting new beds and furniture. A few days were passed in the sacred city. One of these was Sunday, and we remember well the English chapel where a few Anglo-Saxons were assembled, and where we heard a sermon in our native tongue, and a hymn sung sweetly to "old hundred." No news could be obtained in Moscow. The foreign papers had recently been withheld from the public on account of some remarks they contained upon the Government of Russia; as a natural consequence the curiosity of all was much excited, and all kinds of surmises were afloat.

Fortunately our friend Matskoi, who arrived some days before us, had secured places for us in the mail-coach, and we impatiently awaited the hour of our departure. The appointed time at length arrived. We went to the post-office and took the seats assigned us. The report that the strangers were to leave in the Imperial mail had probably been disseminated by the employés of the office, for the crowd of well-dressed people who were in the court-yard, had evidently assembled to see us. Now if it be remembered that these had lost a portion of their clothing in the fire at Kazan, and that during a long and rapid journey many of the particulars of the toilet had been unavoidably neglected, some idea of their appearance may be entertained. Besides, they wore the horse-skin coats bought at Nischnei, an article of clothing common enough to the tribes upon the steppes, but seldom seen in western Russia. One of these was a bright bay, the other an iron-gray, trimmed with the manes and tails of the defunct animals. These robes

seemed to attract universal attention, and all the *lorgnettes* were levelled at Kentucky in the iron-gray. We left the Muscovites to talk of the centaur-like appearance of the Amerikanskoi, and in two days and a half reached the modern capital, after a journey of more than one thousand miles into the interior of the Empire.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

Post House at St. Petersburg—Departure—Reflections—Winter Morning—The Travellers—Dukedom of Lithuania—Refreshments on the Road—The Greek Church—The Jews.

It was the middle of November; the last steamer had departed; the waters were congealed with cold, and winter had assumed its reign, before we were prepared to leave the North. The afternoon was dark and dismal, and snow was falling fast, when we entered the parlor of the *Hôtel des Postes*. It was filled with ladies and gentlemen, assembled to say a last farewell to those friends who were to leave that night, by the coaches going to various parts of the Empire. The luggage was being weighed, the passports examined, and the travellers were wrapping about them their fur cloaks and coats, in anticipation of the moment of departure.

A horn sounded, and the coach for Wibourg was announced. There was an interchange of kisses and affectionate adieus, and in another moment the passengers for Wibourg had departed. Another horn, announcing the coach for Kief, was followed with another volley of kisses and reiteration of adieus. At seven o'clock, the same notice summoned us to the coach for Kovno. We took our places in the coupé, and shared with a silent stranger this department of the vehicle. The conductor mounted the box, the postillion laid on the whip, and off we went through the Riga gate, and out of the barriers of the capital of the North. The night was very cold, and the familiar scenes by the road-side in the suburbs, were lost in gloom and darkness. We closed the window, and closed our eyes, intent upon wooing slumber, but our thoughts reverted constantly to the

friends we left behind us, while our reflections upon the events and vicissitudes of a residence in Russia, defied alike the efforts of our nonchalance and our philosophy. "Voyager est, quoiqu'on en puisse dire, un des plus tristes plaisirs de la vie."

The next morning the snow was covered with a thick crust of ice, which sparkled brightly in the cheerful rays of an unclouded sun. At the station where we stopped to breakfast, we were thrown in contact with our fellow-passengers. One was a Saxon, going to Kovno; another a Venetian, going to Vienna. These two occupied the after-part of the carriage. Those of the banquette, were a young woman, who was returning home to Duneburg, and a young Russian going to Warsaw. The latter was in the full rig of a Russian traveller. According to the Russians, the great secret of being warm and comfortable when travelling, is in wearing a loose dress. This youth was remarkably loose in his attire. He came into the post-house covered up in a great fur pelisse. This he threw off in the warm room, and stood before us in an old morning gown. The morning gown was open in front, and exposed the number and condition of his under garments. Shirt, drawers, stockings, and slippers, comprised all the other habiliments of this youthful adventurer. He told us he thought of visiting Germany, and we were really curious to learn whether he had any idea of voyaging in the honest fatherland in such a costume.

Around the breakfast-table we assembled, and each one consumed his glass of tea and portion of black bread, with great glee. The fresh morning air, and the excitement of travel, produced an hilarity and good-humor that triumphed for a moment over every inconvenience, Our silent companion of the coupé now became quite sociable, and displayed a knowledge of the languages so remarkable among the gentry of the Slavonic race. He was a Pole, a recent graduate of the University of St. Petersburg, and was now on his return to Warsaw. The Venetian was a singer, but his début had not been successful in the capital; he had quarrelled with the prima tenore, and he had been maltreated by the police. He described with much earnestness his sufferings from the *mal d'estomac* while in St. Petersburg, and denounced the Russians as incapable of appre-

ciating the Italian genius. The young woman was very good-looking, and spoke French with great fluency. She talked constantly about the pleasure she anticipated in meeting her husband after a long separation, and we should have believed her, had we not seen her in the banquette, kissing and being kissed by the traveller in the robe de chambre.

Resuming our journey, we passed on over a most dreary country, and through a few poor villages. At regular intervals we saw the towers topped with telegraphs, whose long dark arms, with mysterious movement, communicated to the Czar all the events in Poland. The weather was clear but very cold. Tall dark pines contrasted strangely with the white shroud of snow upon the earth, and the inky, sullen aspect of the heavens. Their solemn and funereal appearance, in the midst of desolation, is cheerless and melancholy in the extreme, and the Venetian, yielding to the sad impressions of the scene, bewailed his separation from his country. His apprehensions increased with the increasing cold. His feet were frosted;—the horses, badly shod, frequently slipped down, and at every delay and every trifling accident, he lamented his miserable fate, and imagined it was his destiny to die in Russia. On the evening of the next day we reached Duneburg, a fortified town, and formerly the seat of the provincial Diet of the Livonian Palatinate. Here our female companion was greeted by her husband, and received and returned his affectionate embraces. He was an officer in full uniform, and exceedingly good-looking. We were all presented by his lady, as her very polite and agreeable *compagnons de voyage*, and he thanked us all, and especially the man in the robe de chambre, for the attentions which had been rendered. We crossed the Dwina the same night, and soon after entered within the limits of the ancient dukedom of Lithuania.

According to the old chronicles, Ringgold, an heroic chieftain, who conquered Samogitia, Polesia and other provinces, was the first Grand Duke of Lithuania. It was not, however, until a hundred years afterwards that this country attracted the attention of the historian. In 1386 the Grand Duke Jagellon embraced Christianity, was baptized at Cracow, married the heiress of the Polish crown, united the arms of the two countries, and esta-

blished their mutual power and reputation. The Lithuanians, imperfectly converted to Christianity by the influence and example of the grand duke, practised for a long time many Pagan rites, and still retain beneath the forms of the Greek church the most debasing superstitions. The union of the states of Poland and Lithuania, although repeatedly confirmed by the acts of the different Diets under the dynasty of the Jagellons, was never completely established. The nobles of Lithuania, who frequented the Polish Court and adopted the manners and the dialect of the Poles, were invariably found in the ranks of Poland, and opposing the dismemberment of the monarchy; but the people, corrupted by the gold and promises of the Russians, were always indifferent to the fate and fortunes of a nation with whom they had never been identified; witnessed, without sympathy, their revolutionary struggles; refused to join in the insurrection during the invasion of the French; and have manifested a devotion to the Russian cause, which at once betrays their servility and degradation. The soil of Lithuania is productive, but a more wretched country it is impossible to imagine. Misery, like a curse, rests upon man and beast, upon house and hovel;—all is misery.

On the morning of the fourth day of our journey we entered Kovno, a large town on the frontiers of Poland. Our passports were immediately taken from us, and we were ordered to wait at the inn until they were returned. The inns of Poland and Lithuania are conducted by the Jews. For filth, extortion, and want of comfort, they are if possible worse than those of Russia. We made our ablutions with the water poured from a bowl upon the hands. Towels were not be had. The comestibles generally consist of black bread, a soup made of cabbage called *tsche*, a lump of suspicious-looking meat called *róti*, and eggs that are universally bad. The great resource of the traveller is in the little wheaten loaves he may buy in every village, and the tea, which is always good. He may obtain a warm glass of the latter at a moment's notice. The host serves it, already sweetened according to his own taste in the matter, unless the traveller calls for a "portion," when a pot with a broken spout, four lumps of sugar, and a little cup of milk, are placed at his discretion.

In Kovno the new Greek and the old Latin churches are nearly equal in importance; but the recent and vigorous growth of the one is as remarkable as the age and decline of the other. The Roman faith, the established faith of Lithuania in the last century, has yielded before the progress of a creed already flourishing upon the banks of the Niemen. What the Russian arms have conquered the Russian religion will secure. This religion has already passed the western frontier, and it hopes to triumph over the Roman faith, the last and only remnant of Polish nationality. This achieved, the Russians and the Poles, nearly alike in lineage and in language, may possibly be united in sentiment and feeling and seek a common destiny.

The streets of Kovno were thronged with Jews. As far as we could judge this singular people compose the greater portion of the population of this district of country. Their villages and dwellings are wretched beyond description. The men were invariably clothed in long black tunics, reaching nearly to the ankle. Their beards were long and flowing, and in their thin sallow faces we read the patience and the craft for which they have been remarkable. There are probably more than a million of Jews in Poland. Oppressed and persecuted elsewhere in Europe, they were invited to this country in the fourteenth century, and Casimir the Great granted them great privileges. Poor and parsimonious, industrious and sober, they profited by the wealth, extravagance, and debauchery of the Poles; secured the whole trade and commerce of the country, and soon constituted the moneyed interest of the kingdom, which was henceforth known as the paradise of the Jews. During the subsequent periods of revolution they relieved the pecuniary embarrassments of the nobles, and advanced large sums of money, the payment of which was secured by mortgage upon their landed property. These mortgages were never paid, and a number of the estates passed into their possession.

Since the conquest of the Russians, they have been exposed to the merciless exactions of the avaricious and unprincipled officers of the Emperor. By the most unjust and cruel decrees, they have been forced to enter the army, to leave their homes and

property, to evacuate the country upon the frontiers, and in many instances to adopt the Russian costume, cut off their beards, pay taxes upon the books relating to their religion, and conform to certain usages and laws, from which they had been previously exempted. Although the severity of some of these measures has been modified by the Imperial ukases of recent date, (which, like most of the ukases of recent date, are a series of contradictions, marking with singular effect the inconsistency of the Imperial will, and showing an alternate struggle of ambition and love of power with generosity and justice, in the breast of Nicholas;) yet the conduct of the agents of the Government, independently of the action or the wishes of the Government itself, has been such as the Jews never experienced before in Poland.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Niemen—Its Passage by the French—The Invasion and the Retreat—Examination of Luggage—Brutality of the Custom-House Officers—Captain of the Guard—His Accomplishments—Polish Postillion—Field of Growkow—Entry into Warsaw.

In the afternoon our passports were returned, and leaving Kovno, we approached that bank of the Niemen from which Napoleon witnessed the passage of his *grande armée*, in 1812. For three successive days in June, three bright warm days, formidable legions, radiant with enthusiasm, resplendent with glittering steel and glancing arms, with waving banners and martial music, defiled across the bridges. More than 400,000 soldiers, the most warlike and efficient troops of modern times, accompanied by 100,000 horses, and 20,000 chariots, and 40,000 followers of the camp, passed through Kovno into Russia. On the 12th of December following, a few thousand of these soldiers, a miserable remnant of that splendid army, returned to Kovno, pursued by the Hetman Platoff. Several hundred only were capable of making any resistance, and with these the heroic Ney protected the retreat of the sick and wounded to the bridge

upon the river. With thirty veterans of the Guard, he defended the gates the whole of the next day, against the Cossacks, and was the last to leave and cross the bridge of Kovno. The bravest of the brave, who not six months before had passed at the head of his brilliant battalions, now found himself deserted and alone. Standing upon the bridge, he fired the last shot upon the enemy, threw his musket into the dark waters of the Niemen, and disappeared in the distant forests. The Russian dead more than equalled the number of the French during the invasion and retreat; the bones of more than 600,000 men, and of beasts of burden without number, whitened the plains, along which these multitudes had pursued their line of march,—where they had met in conflict, and where they perished with cold, famine, and fatigue. Upon the sands along the Niemen may still be seen the relics of the *grande armée*. Many of the sons of France had been buried there by their surviving countrymen, but the storms and wind have driven the loose soil from off their graves, and exposed their skeletons to the eye of the passing traveller. There they lie, bleached by exposure and undisturbed, for no Russian will give them burial, for fear of evil fortune.

We crossed the river upon a raft, and as soon as we touched the soil of ancient Poland, the custom-house guard took possession of the luggage, and marched us to an adjoining building, where our persons, passports, and portmanteaus were exposed to a strict examination. We had no fear of being found in the possession of any thing contraband, except so far as the contents of a segar-case,—one dozen Havanas, were concerned; but to prevent any difficulty, we produced these, and handed them over to the officers, who laid them aside for further reflection. The trunks and packages were all opened, and every thing was looked through and into with particular care. Our dispatches and our special passport, with the seal of State, and the signature of Nesselrode, gave us some consideration, and protected our effects from ruthless violation. But the bags and boxes of the others were turned upside down, ransacked, and discomposed in the most admirable manner. The guitar of St. Juliano was taken out the case, and despite his solicitations and ours in his behalf,

was thumbed and fingered by every soldier and waiter in attendance, and finally restored to the trembling Italian with jeers and laughter. The young Pole was an object of particular insult and suspicion. His pockets were searched, and his pocket-book and papers examined. They took out the bank notes, and held them to the light to see whether they were genuine; and when he ventured to remonstrate, by stating that he had resided for a long time as a student in St. Petersburg, had conducted himself well, and had never been denounced as a suspicious person, the chief officer told him to hold his tongue, saying, at the same time, in the most ferocious manner, "I do now denounce you as a suspicious person, and I place your name upon the list of those who are the most dangerous subjects of his Majesty." He did not answer, but a tear fell upon his cheek, as he witnessed the recording of his name upon a list of his countrymen, victims to be sacrificed at the first whisper of conspiracy in Poland. The segar-case was returned, less one-half its contents, and St. Juliano complained of the loss of his guitar strings. With the disappearance of these, and a few other trifles, we left the custom-house, followed by a crowd of savage-looking servants, asking for money.

No inn or public-house of any description was to be found at this place, and it was with difficulty that we obtained a conveyance to a distant post-house, where it was necessary to make other arrangements for the further prosecution of the journey; for up to this time, the revenue and police departments, the post-offices and mail-coaches, were still distinct and separate from those of Russia, and under a different administration. This post-house stood solitary and alone; for many miles, indeed, the surrounding country was entirely deserted. By a ukase promulgated to prevent smuggling, the whole population had recently been obliged to retire many miles within the frontier. In this post-house our passports were again examined, and being found correct, we were permitted to secure seats in the mail-coach to leave in the evening for Warsaw. Here our party was joined by an old Pole, who had served under Rapp in the campaign of 1812, and a Russian captain of the cavalry of the Imperial Guard. The captain we had known in St. Petersburg, and were

very glad to meet him, for it must be confessed, that our companions hitherto were of an inferior description, if we except the youthful Pole, and Signor St. Juliano, who, for the sake of brevity, we called Medoc; the latter taking us for *Milords Inglesi*, and seeing the importance of our passport, sought our patronage and protection, by taking charge of the luggage.

The captain, who had made several campaigns in the Caucasus, entertained us with long stories of the bravery of the Circassians and the beauty of the Georgians; and what was more, gave us a few stanzas of the veritable "Jim Crow," and the graceful "wheel about, turn about" accompaniment. It is easy to imagine our surprise at witnessing this performance in a secluded post-house, in a desert of the far North. It appeared that the captain had been sent to England some years before, to finish his education, and among other accomplishments, which he brought home to Russia, was this of jumping Jim Crow. He said he amused large parties at the houses of his friends and relatives, by blacking his face with burnt cork, and showing folks the peculiar songs and dances of the republicans; for, until very recently, he had supposed (in common with a vast majority of his countrymen) that the Americans were negroes.

At eight in the evening we left the lonely post-house. The Polish postillion is far superior to the Russian Yemshick. He wears a green coat, trimmed with black braid; he blows a stirring peal upon his bugle-horn; flourishes a long whip and lash, and drives with a skill and speed unknown in any other part of Europe. On we went all night, and all the next day, and all the next night too, passing the same dirty villages, and the same miserable population. On Friday morning, just at the peep of a bright, clear day, the horn of the postillion sent forth a strain which aroused and riveted the attention of our Polish companions. It was a national air, one which was prohibited. The Russian captain was asleep. The old soldier listened until the last echoes had died away, and exchanged glances with his countryman. We were passing the field,—the famous field of Growkow, where the Russians under Diebitsh were defeated; where the cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard were cut to pieces; and where five hundred gentlemen of Poland,

dressed in gay attire, marched on to death, as if to a scene of festival and pleasure.

At nine o'clock, we discovered the buildings of the capital, rising with considerable beauty, upon an elevation beyond; and soon after, crossing the broad Vistula by a bridge of boats, entered Warsaw.

As usual, the passports were taken away and the baggage examined; after which, accompanied by the Russian captain and St. Juliano, we repaired to the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*, in one of whose dismal chambers, Napoleon, on his return from Russia, had his memorable interview with the Abbé de Pradt. St. Juliano, who wished to make himself useful, immediately engaged rooms. These, however, contained little or no furniture, for it appeared from the statement of the landlord, that many Russian travellers prefer sleeping upon the floor, rather than pay for the use of articles which they consider entirely superfluous. It was necessary, therefore, to bargain for beds, bedding, towels, washing utensils, &c., each and all separately, and for the use of which a certain specified price was to be paid.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Warsaw—Streets—Palaces—Population—The Iron Monument—The Environs—The Grand Duke Constantine—Coronation Oath of Nicholas—Polish Revolution—Patriotic Efforts—Assault and Surrender of Warsaw—Causes of the Fall of Poland.

War and revolution have deprived Warsaw of many of its monuments; and Jews and Russians form a large portion of its present population. The streets are narrow and dirty, and the churches in the style of the *renaissance*. The palaces once inhabited by the great seigneurs of Poland, and a few of which still belong to those of the aristocracy who have followed the banners or enlisted in the service of the Czar, are heavy and tasteless edifices. The Zamek, an old château of the Jagellons, now inhabited by Paskevitch, field-marshal, prince of Warsaw, and vice-roy of Poland, overlooks the Vistula and the plains

beyond. The pictures and curiosities it once contained, were dragged away to Russia by the savage hordes of Suwarrow; the hall of the Diet, and the banquet-chamber of the great palatines and castellans, have been plundered of every memento of more glorious days.

It was built by Sigismund the Third, whose statue crowns a neighbouring column. The old Palace, that was the residence of Augustus, King of Saxony and Poland, had been recently purchased by a Russian tea-dealer, and modernized. It stands in the *Place de Saxe*. A fine park in the rear has been preserved as a public promenade, and the open place in front is used as a parade, and for the exercise of the troops. Upon this parade, an iron monument has been erected by Nicholas of Russia, to commemorate the final subjugation, and the annexation of Poland to his Empire. The sensations excited in the breast of those, who read upon its base the sentence of eternal servitude, and total extinction of the Poles from the list of nations, cannot be described; but every traveller must express his indignation at this atrocious manifestation of Imperial malice. It is an insult to a brave and fallen foe, unworthy a generous barbarian or successful soldier. While it records the misfortunes of the one, it equally declares the petty spite of the other, and more than any other open and avowed act of his Majesty of Russia, evinces a want of good taste and good feeling, alike discreditable to his head and heart. Willanow, once the villa of Sobieski, is to be seen in the environs of Warsaw. The gardens of Lazienski, by the side of the Vistula, and the groves of Ujazlov, are filled in summer with a crowd of idlers. The Italians were singing in the theatre of Constantine, and Lola Montes and the ballet-dancers delighted the lieutenant of the Czar;—but Warsaw, which was the residence of the Mascovian dukes, and of the dynasty of the Jagellons, and of those chivalrous chieftains who conquered Smolensko, and Kief, and Moscow, —and of those, more glorious still, who in later days fell fighting for their country; that Warsaw, if not deserted, is yet the Necropolis of a gallant people, whose most enduring monuments are the battle-fields in every suburb.

The modern edifices, which appear most imposing and attract

most attention, were erected by the Grand Duke Constantine, who during his administration, endeavored to ornament and embellish his little Paris, as he was wont to call the capital. This singular and capricious person renounced his right to the Imperial throne, because he wished to marry Janna Grousinsky, the daughter of a Polish gentleman, and because, as he himself stated, he possessed "none of the abilities requisite for the exercise of Government." Nicholas accordingly became Emperor. His coronation took place at Moscow, in 1826, and in the subsequent year he was crowned King of Poland. During the ceremonies attending the latter event, he kneeled before the altar and said in a loud voice, "May my heart, O my God and Master, be in Thy hand, and may I reign for the happiness of my people, and for the glory of Thy holy name, according to the charter granted by my august predecessor, and sworn to by me, in order that I may not fear to appear before Thee in the day of Thy eternal judgment."

After this solemn act, Constantine was confirmed Viceroy of Poland, and knowing the inclination of the people for amusement, he built a magnificent theatre, and engaged in various projects for their gratification. But these apparent acts of generosity were followed with the outbreak of violent passions, and the indulgence of monstrous cruelties. The publicity of the Diet was suppressed, the freedom of the press destroyed, the sources of national wealth corrupted,—monopolies and public treasure rewarded the vile agents, who by secrecy and provocation, calumny and espionage, had infected with their venom the freedom of private life, and converted the hospitality of the people into a snare for virtue and innocence. Abominable vices taught and practised in the public schools, led to the physical and moral deterioration of the noble youth; personal liberty was violated; the prisons were full to overflowing; and councils of war, composed of Russian officers, became the tribunals for the adjudication of private rights. Such was the state of affairs in Warsaw, when news of the Revolution of July, expressions of sympathy and promises of assistance from certain patriots and politicians, urged the Poles to make one more effort for their country.

On the 29th of November, 1830, a number of cadets forced

an entrance into the Palace of the Belvidere, the suburban residence of Constantine. Several of the aides-de-camp of this prince were struck dead, while defending the door of his chamber; with the assistance of another, an American and a favorite, he escaped by a secret passage, and fled to the barracks of the Russian troops. These were ten thousand strong, and might at once have crushed the conspiracy; but Constantine was as remarkable for cowardice as for cruelty, and fled with his guards from Warsaw. In a few weeks afterwards, the people of Poland were up in arms;—in a few months, victory followed victory over their ancient foes. Whole regiments were clothed and fed at the expense of private citizens, and young and old marched out to conquer or to die, singing the long-forbidden airs and verses which breathed of liberty, and their never-dying love of country. The memory of the power, glory, and heroism of those who stood prominent in the annals of the past, roused up an energy only to be satisfied upon the field of battle. They did all that men could do,—they fought, they bled, they died, they conquered. The mother who placed the musket in the hands of her only child; the wife who girded with the good sword the husband of her love; those who offered all and every thing, upon the altar of their country, made a vain and useless sacrifice.

For a moment, the cause of a bleeding nation was triumphant. Diebitsch, mortified with repeated discomfiture and defeat, destroyed himself, or was destroyed by poison; and the madman, Constantine, died from the effects of constant debauchery. But all Europe looked upon the struggle, without an effort in behalf of a people who had been the bulwark of Christendom, when threatened with the despotism of the Turks, and who could again have been a bulwark against the despotism of the Russians. Louis Philippe was intent upon maintaining his throne and the general peace; England saw no commercial advantage that would accrue to her by interference; and the star of Poland, shining brighter than it ever did before, illuminating the political firmament with an effulgence which, though it has passed away, can never be forgotten, was quenched in the darkness of the northern night.

The contest closed with the approach of Paskevitch at the head of an overwhelming force. Seeing no succor at hand, a retreat or surrender was proposed. Those who recommended the latter course were shot dead by their infuriated countrymen. On the 29th of July, the Russians crossed the Vistula, and thousands of the Poles retired into Germany. The Countess P., celebrated for her wit and beauty, and other ladies of rank and fortune, entered Dresden in the uniforms of the Royal Hussars of Poland—a dress which they had worn during the whole of this eventful period, and which they had adopted in imitation of their ancestors, the warlike women of Sarmatia. On the 6th of September, Warsaw was assaulted, and after a desperate and hopeless resistance, yielded to Paskevitch, who entered in triumph on the 8th. He spared the city. There was little to destroy, and few were left upon whom vengeance could be inflicted. The youth, the pride, and the beauty of the capital, had died upon the field of battle, or had fled; the little Paris, so gay nine months before, had become almost a desert. Order reigned in Warsaw. The revenge of the Czar was terrible: Poland was declared a province, incorporated with the Russian Empire, and obliterated from the map of Europe; the Poles, innocent or guilty, were treated as criminals, and sent in droves to Siberia and the Caucasus. Hordes of Russians entered the country, and reaped with the Jews the remaining riches of the state.

All civil and military posts are filled by the most devoted officers of the Emperor, while legions of fanatical and ignorant priests of the Greek faith, torture with ingenious cruelty the nuns and friars of the Roman convents. Those who were in affluence, have been reduced to poverty;—those who possessed industry and enterprise have fled, and the whole trade and commerce of the kingdom is in a state of complete stagnation. An army of 150,000 men is quartered upon the inhabitants, and troops of wild Calmucks and savage Cossacks, badly clothed and badly paid, have been let loose upon the country, with *carte blanche* to persecute and plunder. The Polish population lament their woes in secret, and the youth from fifteen to twenty years of age, constantly detected in conspiracy, or constantly denounced

by secret spies and unknown agents of the police, are sent in numbers to the mines, or forced into the army. Such is the state of Warsaw and of Poland.

However we may deplore the loss of the rights and privileges of a great people, and however desirable it would be to see each nation enjoying, within the boundaries of its empire, the nationality to which by nature it is entitled; still we must remember, that the loss of these is generally caused by a state of things engendered in the corruptions of society. To this we may trace all the misery which for a long series of years afflicted Poland. The monarchs, or rulers of the Slavonic tribes, were formerly elective. They were chosen by the boyards, or great men of the nation, in council assembled. It was so with the Muscovites in earlier times, and it was so with the Polazzi, or the Slavonians of the plains. Although the Crown of Poland remained for several generations with the descendants of Piast and of Jagellon, the elevation of each to the throne was attended with the forms and ceremonies of an election. The male line of the latter dynasty became extinct in 1572, and from that time forth, Poland has been distracted with feud and faction. Foreign influence, called by Washington the bane of all republics, was brought to bear in the election of the monarch. Henry of Anjou, through the intrigues of France, was seated upon the throne, and at every succeeding contest, various potentates of various States had their candidates and hired partisans, who disputed the Crown with violence and with fraud.

The elective system, so long as the electors were pure and patriotic, was certainly superior to the boasted virtues of legitimacy, and productive of good kings and good government. But when the Polish nobles became corrupt, and lost to all sense of public virtue, their dissensions divided the country and led to its final ruin. It is a very extraordinary fact, that John Casimir, in his speech to the Polish Diet, 4th July, 1661, foretold with almost the spirit of prophecy, how, why, and by whom, Poland would one day be partitioned; and if we follow up the record of the profligacy and the outrageous conduct of the nobles from that time up to 1770, when Russian gold and Russian corruption completely

sapped the principles of its existence, we cannot be surprised that this was the result. In 1773, Poland had lost all that she had ever boasted of power and reputation in Europe. The ancient liberties her people claim to have enjoyed, were entirely forgotten. The King was without the shadow of authority, an insolent aristocracy ruled without restraint, law and order were lost sight of in the strife for office. Amidst the violence of domestic feud, and the insidious policy of foreign foes, the kingdom trembled between the dreadful alternatives of anarchy and despotism. Alas! what matters the experience of the past, if it does not instruct us for our future guidance. Poland is now paying the penalty which nations, like men, must pay for a long course of disorder, and if this penalty be a bitter one, the more should she profit, if she should hereafter recover herself. Her fate is decided for several generations, or until some great event shall fill the Russian Empire with commotion. Perhaps she is lost for ever. Tribes of men springing from the same stock are the most unrelenting in their enmity, and their wars are often of extermination. Her great oppressor, of the same origin and the same race, offers her complete amalgamation or perpetual war.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

Departure from Warsaw—Travelling Companions—Market-day in Lovitz—Polish Peasantry—State of the Country—Approach to the Frontiers—Brightening Scenes—Leave the Russian Territories—Cracow—Inns—The Jews of Cracow.

It was with a certain degree of satisfaction we made arrangements to leave the old capital of Poland. We said farewell to the Russian captain, who was now attached to the person of Prince Paskevitch; we paid the landlord of the *Hôtel d'Angleterre* his bill, in which were charged as extras "three towels, for three days," and accompanied by Medoc, who had quite recovered from the effects of fatigue and frost, we went to the post-house, where places had been secured in the coach for Cracow. Here

we paid for overweight of luggage, after which the weigher hinted the propriety of our giving him a trifle, since he had saved us a rouble with a falsehood. The passports, the eternal passports, were again examined at the gates, and after some delay we were off, and rapidly traversing the level plains watered by the Vistula. We passed through many inferior towns and villages, as usual very dirty, but still somewhat better in appearance than any we had seen elsewhere in the Empire.

We stopped at Lovitz, which was the metropolis of an ancient principality, but now a town of very little consequence. It was a market-day, and the streets were filled with people. The beard of the Russian serf, and the uniform of the Russian soldier, were lost in the crowd of the Polish peasantry, whose dress and behaviour showed them to be at once a distinct and a different people. Good looks, and neatness of attire, indicated an intelligence superior to what we had encountered in Russia. Of all the Slavonic tribes, the Poles were the first to emerge from barbarism. In knowledge and in literature, in art and science, they have always been in advance of their conquerors. The Polish nobles are better informed, and the Polish peasantry, degraded as they may be, are more civilized than those of Russia. Some have supposed that this is the result of a difference of religion, and trace the greater improvement of the Poles to the higher influence and better instruction of the Roman Church. This may or may not be; but he who enters Poland, after a residence in Russia, will scarcely fail to remark that the men and women are as handsome, gay, and agreeable, in the one, as they were ugly, gloomy, and barbarous in the other.

Our companions in the coach were, the one a titled lady, and the other an untitled gentleman of Poland. The former no sooner discovered that we were from the United States, than we heard, what we had often heard before, and what every American will often here in Poland, "Oh! how happy you must be!" She asked all about our native land, and the Poles who had gone thither. The Pole, a good-looking man, dressed in a dark coat trimmed with embroidery and lined with fur, manifested the same curiosity, but not the same intelligence.

He could not speak French or German, but asked in Latin, who was the king or emperor of our country. "Rex et imperator sum," was the reply. This seemed to astonish him exceedingly, and he wished an explanation, which we would have given him, if the Latin we learned at Nassau Hall would have enabled us, not to discourse like Cicero, but to make ourselves understood. After several ineffectual attempts to explain the nature of our institutions, during which we referred to the "E pluribus unum," we requested our female friend to act as an interpreter. They both had friends and relatives who had been involved in the ruin of their country. Some of them were sent to Siberia, and some had escaped to the United States. Of their fate and fortunes they knew nothing, as all communication was cut off, and every letter intercepted. The accounts they gave us of the atrocious insults and infamous treatment they experienced from the Russian soldiery and police, confirmed all that we had previously heard. Repeated violation of the common decencies of life; systematic persecution of the innocent and the guilty; fraudulent accusations of secret spies, and the corruption of judicial tribunals; the infliction of the knout upon women, stripped to the waist, and exposed to the public gaze; are things of every day occurrence in unhappy Poland.

A young nobleman was lately arrested in Warsaw upon suspicion, taken to the citadel, and so badly treated that little hope was left of life. It was then resolved to restore him to his family, and two or three days before his promised liberation, his betrothed was permitted to visit and console him. As she was about to leave, he whispered, "Be careful to burn my *robe de chambre*." These words were unfortunately overheard by the listening jailer, and as she was going out of the prison, she was seized, thrown into a dungeon, and tortures employed to force her to tell where she had concealed the *robe de chambre*. She suffered, but not a word escaped her. After being dreadfully mutilated, she was taken to her home, and died the following day, as did her broken hearted lover. At the same hour, and in the same church, the funeral ceremonies of both were celebrated in the presence of a large portion of the Polish population of Warsaw. Silently and

mournfully the crowd followed their bodies to the grave, and after the burial, the clothes which had covered the biers were torn into a thousand pieces, and kept as relics.

Our companions, after a sad recital of their sufferings, passed on with the vivacity for which the Poles are remarkable, to praise the natural beauty of their country. The Pole wished to know if ours was as fair a land, if our people were as handsome; and gallantly kissing the hand of the lady passenger, he inquired if the Polish women were not beautiful—*pulcherrimæ totius mundi*, the fairest in the world. This answer pleased him beyond measure. He kissed the lady upon both cheeks, and assured us that after Poland the United States was probably the finest country in the universe.

In the evening we reached Raddom, in the old palatinate of Sandomer, and formerly the residence of one of the great castellans of the kingdom. Here our Polish companions left us, with many compliments, and with Medoc we continued our journey. The following morning we perceived distant hills upon the frontiers of Silesia. It was a fine autumnal morning, and in our agreeable sensations we felt that the winter, the snow and ice, and the high plains of Russia, had been left far behind us. We hailed with almost childish delight, every indication of another country; the gentle undulations of the soil, the oak and beech, though dressed in sere and yellow leaves, and the red flower of the clover, still flourishing here and there in the little nooks and corners protected from the wind. The valleys which extend hence towards the Vistula in the waiwodat of Cracow, are exceedingly beautiful and fertile. The charms of this landscape, and the pleasures of rural life have been reflected in the pastorals of native bards, and are sung in the artless lays of the people. Agriculture has always been esteemed in Poland as the most honorable of human occupations, and the proud noble who is reduced to poverty, retains his sword and frowns upon men who follow a profession. He prefers the plough to trade or traffic, which he leaves altogether to the Jews.

In town and country as we passed along we saw multitudes of the Polish peasantry. The men appeared in neat surtouts, lined with wool, high fur caps, and boots which reached above the

knee. The women also wore the surtout and boots, and over all a snow-white scarf, which falling from the shoulders, nearly covered the whole body A white handkerchief bound about the head completes the costumes of the women of this waiwodat, a costume which resembles more the dress worn by the Odalisque, who goes shopping in the bazaars of Constantinople, than any other we know of. Mingled with the peasantry were some of the gentry of the country, gay, dashing fellows, all spurred and booted, and in embroidered coats, cut *à-la-mode*, and with eyes sparkling with an intelligence which more than all informed us of our rapid progress towards the more civilized parts of Europe.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day we stopped at an isolated post-house. A Russian soldier took away the passports, which were examined and returned. In half an hour after and a few miles beyond, the important documents were again examined; and again a little further on, at the custom-house upon the frontiers. Here we were obliged to leave or exchange our Russian money, for the exportation of the coin, and importation of the paper once exported, is prohibited by the Russian laws. Soon after this third examination of our persons, and property, and passports, the third within two hours, we crossed the limits of the dominion of the Czar. It was a beautiful evening. As we passed the painted barrier which reaches across the road, the god of day was sinking in the west. The whole circuit in that quarter of the heavens was covered with purple and golden clouds. Such a sunset we had never seen in Russia, and it seemed to welcome us to another land, and greet us with the promise of brighter skies and better prospects. Medoc was in ecstasy. His apprehensions of difficulty and his dread of the police were now removed. He was out of prison, out of danger. Utterly oblivious to the fact of his having volunteered his services as a valet, and that his beard was of ten days' growth, he yielded to the emotions of the moment, and would have embraced us with all the ardor of a sympathetic soul.

At the gates of Cracow, the passports were taken from us, and a receipt given, with the request, that within twenty-four hours, we should appear at the police and give an account of ourselves. It was quite dark when we reached the *Rose Blanche*,

the only good hotel in the city, and kept by a Frenchman. Unfortunately for us, a Polish seigneur and his retinue, had possession of all the apartments, and even the floor of the dining-hall was occupied by his menials. We then repaired to an inn adjoining. Here the people were all Jews, and spoke a gibberish of German derivation. We halted upon the threshold of this forlorn hostelry, doubtful as to the propriety of entrusting ourselves to the tender mercies of the dark figures who invited us to enter the obscure passage. Perceiving the cause of our hesitation, they vanished to find a remedy. In a few minutes a Jewish maiden appeared, bearing in her hand a lamp, which faintly lighted the dim recesses and partly revealed her own *surpassing* beauty. She beckoned us to enter, and we willingly followed up the stairs, and through the winding entries to a chamber, where the pretty Jewess, after discoursing upon the excellent condition of the beds and furniture, while we were gazing upon the fine contour of her features, and long black locks of hair which escaped from beneath the blue-and-white folds of her turban, asked if we were willing to remain. Of course we were, and although we may have been as comfortable as it was possible to be in Cracow, neither the representations of the pretty Jewess, nor our fatigue nor former trials, could render us insensible to the attacks of the detestable little creatures, who infest almost every habitation in this part of the north.

The next morning we found ourselves in a state of siege. It seemed as if all the Jews in Cracow had assembled about the inn. They lined the staircase and entries, and some with a sidelong step, glided into the apartment. Venders of soap, trinkets, and all kinds of articles, presented themselves one after the other, and insisted upon a bargain. One old woman, shaking a bag of coin, and showing a pocket-book with bank notes, wished to sell us Austrian money; and another, a chattering and smiling dame, taking hold of our watch chain, asked if it was "goot geld." It was in vain that we requested them to retire. A resort to Russian tactics was absolutely necessary. Flourishing a cane in a threatening manner, the crowd of Hebrews instantly disappeared with their goods and chattels down the staircase into the street, whence, looking up at the windows, they continued to

offer us their wares. Quick, keen, and ever on the alert for a bargain, the Jews of Cracow will do almost any thing for payment, and chuckle with peculiar satisfaction when paid a small gratuity. The Pole, on the other hand, with his fur cap and embroidered jacket, is an idle lazy fellow, delighting in ease and pleasure. He is brave, handsome, and intelligent, but has none of the craft or cunning of the Jew and Russian. While looking upon the singular people thus assembled beneath the window, a youthful, dark-eyed son of Israel entered the room, and announced himself as the *factor* or messenger of the house. He carried a little ebony cane, and a well-brushed hat in his hand, and bowed politely when he addressed us. He wore the black gown of his tribe, but it was of good material, well-fashioned and fastened about his waist with a bright scarlet sash, while a neat and highly-polished boot, reaching above the knee, completed the picture of his exterior. A more prepossessing valet could not have offered to conduct us to the monuments of Cracow.

## CHAPTER XL.

The Zameck—The Cathedral—The Shrine of Stanislaus—The Crypt—Tomb of Kosciusko—Wieliezka—The Salt Mines—The Mound of Kosciusko.

We mounted the street leading to the summit of the hills of Wawel, upon which, in sullen and decayed magnificence, stands the royal residence of the old kings of Poland. For a thousand years from the seventh century, this rock has been the cradle, the stronghold, and the cemetery of its monarchs. From its summit, Cracus, the founder, had first beheld the rising capital, which in succeeding times was famous for its commerce and prosperity, and which still presents in its narrow and winding streets, in the quaint forms of its houses, and the architecture of its churches, the appearance of a town of the Middle Ages. We reached the gates and entered the court-yard of the castle. No one barred the passage, and the only loiterers there were the paupers and squallid beggars who people this immense edifice. The halls, whose splendor so dazzled the

nobles and ambassadors of every country who frequented the Court of the Kings of Poland, have been stripped of all their ornaments. The galleries once filled with trophies, have been divided and subdivided to contain the beds of the poor and sick of Cracow. Every sight and sound within the Zameck is a startling illustration of the former greatness, and the present misery of Poland.

We passed into the adjoining cathedral, which was and is, part and parcel of the palace. If the kingdoms of this world pass away, if the greatness and glory of the State is transient, not so the splendor or the dignity of the Christian church; for the chapels are as rich in decoration, and as holy as when Sigismond the Third, the last King who kept his Court in Cracow, celebrated high mass here in 1610. Incense burned in sacred vessels, vaulted roofs re-echoed with the psalmody of a hidden choir, and many old and feeble men and women kneeled before the altar of the Virgin. The shrines were loaded with silver, the floors were in Italian marble, and the ceilings were covered with paintings. We followed the noiseless steps of a sacristan, who pointed to the mausoleums of the chieftains of the more glorious days of Poland. Here was the stage of solid brass where the monarchs were anointed and enthroned; here the shrine of the good Stanislaus, the patron saint of Poland, who was slain at the altar by the hand of Boleslaus the Bold; here the tomb of Casimir the Great, who espoused the Jewess Esther, and granted her kindred certain immunities and rights, which made this country a home and an asylum against persecution; here was the resting-place of the Jagellons; here the sepulchres of the Potochis, with their effigies, their arms, and Canova's sculptured image of their last hero, who, for the honour of his name, fell on the field of battle, while the inheritors of his wealth tremble in the palaces and the prisons of the Czar. These and a hundred relics of the proud prelates and valiant soldiers of Sarmatia were all around us, but we had heard of greater still than these, who lay in the vaults beneath. We signified as much to the sacristan. He shook his head in negation. We promised him extra pay, whereupon he called in two assistants, and raised the heavy iron doors which lay upon the

pavement. With lighted torches we descended into the crypt. In a moment we were beside the tomb of Kosciusko,—he who perilled all for our dear and distant country,—he whose monument we had so often seen upon the hills beside the Hudson. Who can describe the thrilling sensations and the thousand memories awakened at the grave of the friend of Washington? Could it be so? Could this cold stone contain the ashes of the patriot and the hero, whose name we had been taught to utter in early boyhood? Sleep, noble spirit! sleep on unconscious of the degredation of thy native land, but live for ever in the memory of freemen!

Near this, was the sarcophagus of Sobieski, the defender of Vienna, and the saviour of Christendom from the dominion of the Turks. Beside him lay his Queen, and at his feet the stone coffin of their infant child. The only remaining tomb was that of Joseph Poniatowsky, nephew of the last King of Poland, and the last hope of his country. A soldier, a prince, a marshal of France; virtuous, talented, and brave, he looked upon Napoleon as one who was destined to establish the independence of Poland. Disappointed, but not despairing, he exhibited the same fidelity and firmness in good and in evil fortune. Upon the fatal field of Leipsic, he was sent to stay the onset of the victorious Allies. An accident prevented his retreat. Surrounded by the enemy, he summoned the friends who were around him, and exclaimed, "It behoves us now to die with honor." With a small band of heroes, he cut his way through the opposing foe, and, bleeding with many wounds, reached the river Elster. His horse carried him across; but, exhausted with fatigue, the weary beast fell back from the bank upon the chieftain, who perished in the water. Such are the heroes who sleep beneath the old cathedral. Where in all Russia—where can be found the remains of three better or three braver men than these? Ages must pass away, and ages of freedom too, before names like these will appear in Russian story.

We left the Zameck, the castle, church and palace of the kings, and were soon again in the narrow streets of Cracow. Alas! how fallen? What wretchedness, what filth, what misery! How many fine old habitations all unoccupied,—how many

churches going to ruin, and the University, — the famous University,—how changed and how deserted?

The carriage which was to convey us to Wieliezka, stood at the door. The arrival or the departure of a carriage is an event in Cracow. All the idlers had collected before the inn, in much the same way as people will assemble upon the wharfs to witness the departure of a steamer. There was no place upon the box and no foothold behind for the little Jew, and we told him to take a seat beside us in the carriage. His intelligent features were instantly overshadowed with an expression of anguish, for he thought that we spoke in derision. We insisted, however, and with evident surprise and some hesitation, he did as we requested. The miserable creatures standing by, evinced in their looks and murmurs, their disapprobation of this arrangement; and until we left the gates, the Jew and Christian, riding together, were the observed of all observers.

We crossed the Vistula, into the Austrian province of Gallicia, which originally formed a part of Red Russia, and after an hour's ride, reached the village of Wieliezka. We stopped at, and entered the office of, the director of the mines. Two or three clerks were seated before as many desks. One of these went in search of the director, and another showed us the cloaks and coverings worn by the different potentates and princes who had visited the mines. As soon as the director, a powerful, broad-shouldered individual, blind of one eye and looking very fierce out of the other, made his appearance, the clerks resumed their labors with indefatigable industry. The director greeted us with politeness, and after examining the permit we had from the Austrian authorities, which was a sufficient title to his good graces, he ordered a young officer to make the necessary arrangements, and conduct us to the mines. Loose overcoats were provided; the attendants lighted their pine torches, and passing through a door opening upon a staircase, we commenced the descent.

A long winding stair of several hundred steps, neatly covered with boards, led to the first story. Long alleys conducted to the chambers, which, during the course of six hundred years, have been excavated in the solid salt. These chambers are well-pro-

portioned, and present an appearance of cleanliness and neatness, which at once reconciles the visitor. No humidity, no closeness, no chilling draughts, but a dry, airy, and never-varying temperature, such as pipes filled with vapor, and all the patent modes of ventilation, cannot furnish to the abodes above, pervades these subterranean caverns. The halls upon the first floor, have been named after various monarchs of Poland and Austria, and are decorated with their statues or the monuments erected to their memory. Another chamber is called the chapel of St. Cunegunda. Cunegunda was a lady living formerly in these parts, and it is said, that in looking for her wedding ring, which by some accident had been lost, these mines were discovered. Hence Cunegunda became the lady patroness of Wieliezka, and the chapel, with altars and images carved in the salt-rock, are dedicated to her, and on her day of festival, high mass is celebrated in the presence of the miners.

The largest of the chambers was the concert-hall, or the theatre. There were the orchestra, saloons, galleries, and from the arched roof above, hung a chandelier of salt. Some of the guides ascended to the uppermost tier, and waving their blazing brooms, illumined the gloom above and around them. The light falling upon the crystal walls, and the grim shadows trembling and struggling upon the brink of the darkness, which reached far beyond into the deep gulf, was marvellously beautiful. Again descending, we reached the second story, and threading the long passages, arrived upon the borders of a lake, where a boat and the torch-bearers awaited us. The Styx as described by the ancients, or the descent of Æneas into Hades, as told by Virgil, was recalled most forcibly to mind, as we were being ferried across the buried pool. When half way over, the Austrian broke out in song, and awoke the melodious echoes. The silence of all else was most profound, and every note was repeated as clearly and distinctly as if the genius of the place had followed from the recesses in the distance, every sound of the voice.

We landed upon the opposite side of the lake, and descended to a chamber immediately beneath. Under us was a fourth and another story, but we were already six hundred feet below the

surface, and thought this quite sufficient. The whole mass above was supported by arches and pillars of salt, as solid and hard as adamant. Some of the latter have been cut away, and immense beams of wood substituted in their place. There are no clefts, or gaps, or breaks in the length or breadth of this spacious vault. All is solid and secure, and the idea of accident or danger never occurs to the observer. The rock, in its general appearance, and in a doubtful light, resembles our gray granite, except that it has more brilliancy; that kind of brilliancy imparted to the texture of ordinary quarries containing crystallized quartz. Where the water has filtered, crystallizations appear in the form of cubes and prisms, and where these are seen with the aid of a number of torches, the effect is very beautiful.

We rested a while, and listened to the Austrian discourse upon the monotony and toil of mining life. The director was a tyrant; Wieliezka was a stupid place, and he feared lest the saline particles would impregnate his system, and convert him into a pillar of salt. The ascent was quite fatiguing; at the foot of the last staircase, we paused again to take breath. The miners here made the bows and salutations preceding a demand for a *buonamano;* and the Austrian informed us that they did so, since they would not dare to do it in the presence of the omnipotent director. A few zlots were accordingly distributed among these hardy men; and soon after we reached the top of the stairs, and entered the office, where the clerks were as busy as before, beneath the eye of their master. Gratified with our visit, and the urbanity which distinguishes the Austrian from the Russian official, we prepared to return to Cracow. The little Jew, who had been ordered off the premises during our absence, returned when he saw us leave the office, and during the ride back to the city, puzzled us with questions about the mines.

The morning preceding our departure from Cracrow, we went to the mound of Kosciusko. It stands upon a hill a few miles from Cracow. The citizens of the republic were employed four years in its construction. A circular way winds from the base to the summit, from which is seen the whole surrounding country.

The spires of Cracow; the towers of the Zameck rising upon the rock of Wawel, like the castle over Edinburgh, or the Hradschin over Prague; the Vistula, winding away among the valleys; the tumuli of Cracus, and of his daughter, the love-lorn Vanda; and the distant ranges of the Carpathians, present the most enchanting prospect. The eye wanders through scenes which have witnessed many of the romantic and mysterious events connected with the rise and progress, the decline and fall of Poland. Could there have been a better monument to her last hero, than this composed of the earth, brought from all the battle-fields, and erected by the citizens of the republic, in the midst of so many great and glorious associations? Of all the places we had visited in all our wanderings, we had not borne away a single souvenir, but from among the wild grass that grew luxuriantly upon the mound of Kosciusko, we plucked a little flower, the last of autumn, to take with us as a memento of the patriot of Poland.

## CHAPTER XLI.

Russian Agents—The Spy—His Character and appearance—Treaty of Vienna—Insurrection in Gallicia—Political Speculations—Arrival at Vienna.

Cracow at this time was not only filled with open and avowed friends of Polish nationality, but also with the secret agents of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, who assuming the language and the character of liberals, informed themselves of the plans and operations of the conspirators, whose subsequent attempt at revolution has proved so dreadful and disastrous. The traveller was almost certain to be accosted, under some pretence or other, by the spies of the protecting powers.

These are individuals of polite exterior, speaking almost every European language. They introduce themselves with an apology for saying they believe they have met with him before, or have a brother to whom he bears a striking resemblance, or make some trifling inquiry, which leads to a conversation, and almost insensibly to the expression of political opinions. If these are

hostile to the views of their masters, the traveller is secretly denounced to the police of the three powers, and his every movement watched as long as he remains within their jurisdiction.

The Russian agent is an ugly, but an amiable-looking man. He is generally advanced in years, and a perfect piece of patchwork. His dress, which is of a fashionable cut, gives to his figure a youthful expression, denied him in every particular of shape, and every lineament of feature. In the uncombed locks of his handsome peruke, and the bespattered state of his habiliments, are all the slovenly indications of a dandy in dotage. Illuminating his physiognomy with a smile just deep enough to erase its wrinkles, and assuming a manner which appears as natural as it is *distingué*, his approaches are irresistible, and his acquaintance sought for by the unwary, rather than avoided. Age cannot conquer the cunning of the Russian diplomatists. On the contrary, his craft increases with his years. When the gifts of nature fail him, he has recourse to art. In his long career he has well studied society and its affectations, and with a tact which seems intuitive, he flatters without appearing to flatter, and intrigues without appearing to be an intriguer. *Ars est celare artem.* We had been too long in Russia not to be aware of insidious attentions bestowed by these worthies upon strangers, and having also been informed that a conspiracy existed, we avoided all communication with suspicious subjects. This little republic, only ninety-four leagues square, was in a queer predicament. The bayonets of Russia on one side, and of Austria on the other, completely hedged it in; its citizens could scarcely turn to the right or left without paying for a passport.

Although by the treaty of Vienna, Cracow was declared perpetually free and independent, it was evident at this time that it was neither free nor independent, and that the guarantees for its neutrality and perpetuity, by the celebrated Congress, were also about to prove abortive. A conspiracy is known to have existed in Cracow in 1845. It was known to the police; to the Russian and Austrian consuls residing there, and to many citizens, who denounced those engaged in an enterprise which

would only increase the calamities of their country. Nearly a year elapsed. Nothing was done to arrest the progress of the conspiracy. Every thing was done to give it importance and consistency, until by hearsay and report, and with the assistance, and at the instigation of the secret agents of the three powers, who had witnessed its inception and watched its growth, this trifling affair was magnified into an alarming evil.

The Austrian Government determined to avail itself of the long wished-for opportunity for annulling the conditions of the treaty of Vienna, so far at least as these conditions related to the perpetuity of the freedom of Cracow, and preservation of the rights of the province of Gallicia. Since Russia had decreed and Prussia had consented, for certain considerations, that Cracow, the key of Upper Silesia, should be held by Austria, there was no barrier to the accomplishment of the designs of the latter power, but the intelligence of the Polish nobles. How was this intelligence to be disposed of? By a proceeding which will bear comparison, for its atrocious wickedness, with no other in the history of mankind. An ignorant peasantry were told that God and Cæsar,—the God who was in heaven, and the Cæsar who was in Vienna, were their only masters; that the nobles were their tyrants,—tyrants having no authority from God or Cæsar, but whose lives and property were at the disposal of the people. In February, 1846, the conspiracy opened in rebellion, and the Austrian forces approached and occupied the republic of Cracow almost without opposition. At the same moment the peasantry of Gallicia rose in arms, not to assert their nationality, but against the whole body of the proprietors, who innocent or guilty of conspiracy, were slaughtered with unrelenting cruelty. Those most distinguished for their virtue, philanthropy, and popularity, were the first victims of prejudice and fury. The old Count Kotarski, called for a quarter of a century, "The Father of the Peasants," was allowed four hours to prepare for death, and after the sacrament had been administered, he was led out to execution.

The pride of the Polish aristocracy were cut off, and not satisfied with this, the peasantry committed most brutal outrages upon the women, and sacrificed many children, priests, and

servants whose appearance or condition was an indication of superior intelligence. Sixteen members of the single family of Boguz were immolated. One only of the name escaped, and he demanded vengeance from the Austrian Government upon the murderers of his kindred. The Government received his complaint, but it said to him, "You are in mourning. This is factious." It promised, however, to avenge his wrongs. A few days afterwards he was murdered, and his voice stifled for ever. Nearly fifteen hundred Polish gentlemen were massacred in the single district of Tarnow. The work of extermination was carried on with the same fearful results in every part of Gallicia. Those who escaped from the assassins of their friends and relatives took refuge in the prisons; of those who were left homeless and houseless by this disaster, there were, in the single district of Tarnow, more than three hundred infants too young to tell their names or parentage. Premiums in money were paid by the Austrian governors to the peasants who brought in the bodies of their murdered masters, and their pretended patriotism was applauded in a proclamation signed by the Emperor of Austria.

Such was the result of the conspiracy of Cracow, a conspiracy, which was encouraged, if not created, to accomplish the destruction of Poland. The intelligence of the country was entirely cut off, and the despotism perfectly established in Gallicia. It was effected by means which would have disgraced the wildest period of the Reign of Terror, and effected too by men, who in the name of the Most High, had expressed a holy horror of blood and revolution only thirty years ago, at the solemn Congress of Vienna. Neither of the Northern Powers has now a title to the dismembered provinces, and either may now dispute the possession of the other. All the territory has been appropriated, and the spoilers will now have to watch each other. In this there may yet be hope for Poland, for her enemies will quarrel, and one or the other may yet call upon her sons to rise and assert their liberties.

The annexation of Cracow to the Austrian territory, however much it is to be regretted, as a violation of the faith of treaties, will materially increase its commercial advantages, and so far

benefit its citizens. The revolution has left Gallicia in a dreadful condition. The peasantry had imbibed certain ideas of communism, and murdered their masters, under the impression that they were thereafter to live in idleness, and riot in profusion. But in this they were mistaken; for they were compelled to labor beneath the eye of the Austrian soldier, and have discovered that the Cæsar in Vienna, is more to be dreaded than the lord that stood between them and the throne.

Leaving Cracow, we passed the Vistula to Podgorge, on the right bank of the river, and entered the Austrian dominions. In the evening we took the *eilewagen*, or mail coach, and journeyed onward night and day, through Gallicia, and the beautiful provinces of Silesia and Moravia. We left the wintry North behind us, and threw off the furs to revel in the genial sunshine. It was cold, but not one half so cold as Russia. The streams were running as in summer, the cattle were grazing in the fields, and the ploughmen preparing the earth for seed. The hills and valleys, cottages and hedges, and the autumnal days were beautiful indeed, when contrasted with the gloom and monotony of Russia. The transition was most agreeable. And then the speed and alacrity of northern travel, the peculiarities of the country, and the people of the Slavi, were exchanged for the thoughtfulness, phlegm, and gentle paces of the Teutonic race. Every thing was German. Coaches, inns, food, dress, language, and behaviour, were all of the fatherland. This change of climate, and change of scene, had its effect upon the enthusiastic and volatile Italian. He had left his fears beyond the Vistula, and valiantly denounced the Barbarians of the north. Austria seemed a paradise to St. Juliano. He capered like a child, and sung us all the operas. At Leignitz we reached the station of the *Nord Eisenbahn*, and hailed with joy the rattling cars, which coming from Brunn, were to carry us to Vienna.

Our arrival safe and sound, in the beautiful capital, after a long and fatiguing journey of more than a thousand miles, in a cold and dreary season, was accompanied with many agreeable sensations. He only who has experienced it, can form an adequate idea of the delightful impressions produced by

such a change. To tell how we were pleased with the people and the pleasures of Vienna—how we recovered from fatigue, and enjoyed the *far niente*—how we saw, and heard the valiant St. Juliano, in the dress of a Roman consul, sing the part of Pollione, would with other matters, require many chapters more. But we have left the North, and Vienna the resort and the delight of travellers, has been frequently described.

THE END.

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