INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL
IN
GREECE TURKEY RUSSIA
AND
POLAND.

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AUTHOR OF "INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN EGYPT, ARABIA PETREA,
AND THE HOLY LAND."

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

The author has been induced by his publishers to put forth his "Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia, and Poland." In point of time they precede his tour in Egypt, Arabia Petraea, and the Holy Land. The countries which form the subject of the following pages, perhaps do not, in themselves, possess the same interest with those in his first work; but the author has reason to believe that part of his route, particularly from the Black Sea to the Baltic, through the interior of Russia, and from St. Petersburgh through the interior of Poland to Warsaw and Cracow, is comparatively new to most of his countrymen. As in his first work, his object has been to present a picture of the every-day scenes which occur to the traveller in the countries referred to, rather than any detailed description of the countries themselves.

New York, July 1838.
CHAPTER I.

A Hurricane.—An Adventure.—Missilonghi.—Siege of Missilonghi.—Byron.—Marco Bozzaris.—Visit to the Widow, Damelios, and Father of Bozzaris.

On the evening of the—February 1835, by a bright starlight, after a short ramble among the Ionian Islands, I sailed from Zante, in a beautiful cutter of about forty tons, for Padras. My companions were Doctor W., an old and valued friend from New York, who was going to Greece merely to visit the Episcopalian missionary school at Athens, and a young Scotchman, who had travelled with me through Italy, and was going farther, like myself, he knew not exactly why. There was hardly a breath of air when we left the harbour, but a breath was enough to fill our little sail. The wind, though of the gentlest, was fair; and as we crawled from under the lee of the island, in a short time it became a fine sailing breeze. We sat on the deck till a late hour, and turned in with every prospect of being at Padras in the morning. Before daylight, however, the wind dropped, and set in dead ahead, and when I went on deck in the morning, it was blowing a hurricane. We had passed the point of Padras; the wind was driving down the Gulf of Corinth as if old Aeolus had determined on thwarting our purpose; and our little cutter, dancing like a gull upon the angry waters, was driven into the harbour of Missilonghi.

The town was full in sight, but at such a distance, and the waves were running so high, that we could not reach it with our small boat. A long flat extends several miles into the sea, making the harbour completely inaccessible except to small Greek canoës built expressly for such navigation. We remained on board all day; and the next morning, the gale still continuing, made signals to a fishing-boat to come off and take us ashore. In a short time she came alongside; we bade farewell to our captain—an Italian and a noble fellow, cradled, and, as he said, born to die on the Adriatic—and in a few minutes struck the boat of fallen but immortal Greeks.

Our manner of striking it, however, was not such as to call forth any of the warm emotions struggling in the breast of the scholar, for we were literally stuck in the mud. We were yet four or five miles from the shore, and the water was so low that the fishing-boat, with the additional weight of four men and luggage, could not swim clear. Our boatmen were two long sinewy Greeks, with the red turbouch, embroidered jacket, sash, and large trousers, and with their long poles set us through the water with prodigious force; but as soon as the boat struck, they jumped out, and, putting their brawny shoulders under her sides, heaved her through into better water, and then resumed their poles. In this way they propelled her two or three miles, working alternately with their poles and shoulders, until they got her into a channel, when they hoisted the sail, laid directly for the harbour, and drove upon the beach with canvass all flying.

During the late Greek revolution, Missilonghi was the great debarking-place of European adventurers; and, probably, among all the desperadoes who ever landed there, none were more destitute and in better condition to go ahead than I; for I had all that I was worth on my back. At one of the Ionian Islands I had lost my carpet bag, containing my note-book and every article of wearing apparel except the suit in which I stood. Every condition, however, has its advantages; mine put me above porters and custom-house officers; and while my companions were busy with these plagues of travellers, I paced with great satisfaction the shore of Greece, though I am obliged to confess that this satisfaction was for reasons utterly disconnected with any recollections of her ancient glories. Business before pleasure: one of our first inquiries was for a breakfast. Perhaps, if we had seen a monument, or solitary column, or ruin of any kind, it would have inspired us to better things; but there was nothing, absolutely nothing, that could recall an image of the past. Besides, we did not expect to land at Missilonghi, and were not bound to be inspired at a place into which we were thrown by accident; and, more than all, a drizzling rain was penetrating to our very bones; we were wet and cold, and what can men do in the way of sentiment when their teeth are chattering?

The town stands upon a large, marshy plain, which extends several miles along the shore. The whole was a mass of new made ruins—of houses demolished and black with smoke—the tokens of savage and desolating war. In front, and directly along the shore, was a long street of miserable one-story shanties, run up since the destruction of the old town, and so near the shore that sometimes it is washed by the sea, and at the height of our landing it was wet and muddy from the rain. It was a cheerless place, and reminded me of Communipaw in bad weather. It had no connection with the ancient glory of Greece, no name or place on her historic page, and no hotel where we could get a breakfast; but one of the officers of the customs conducted us to a shanty filled with Bavarian soldiers drinking. There was a sort of second story, accessible only by a ladder; and one end of this was partitioned off with boards, but had neither bench, table, nor any other article of housekeeping. We had been on and almost in the water since daylight, exposed to a keen wind and drizzling rain, and now, at eleven o'clock, could probably have eaten several chickens apiece; but nothing came amiss, and as we could not get chickens, we took eggs, which, for lack of any vessel to boil them in, were roasted. We placed a huge loaf of bread on the middle of the floor, and seated ourselves around it, spreading out so as to keep the eggs from rolling away, and each having off bread for himself. Fortunately, the Greeks have learned from their quadrant Turkish masters the art of making coffee, and a cup of this eastern cordial kept our dry bread from choking us.

When we came out again, the aspect of matters was more cheerful; the long street was swarming with
Greeks, many of them armed with pistols and yataghan, but miserably poor in appearance, and in such numbers that not half of them could find the shelter of a roof at night. We were accosted by one dressed in a hat and frock-coat, and who, in occasional visits to Corfu and Trieste, had picked up some Italian and French, and a suit of European clothes, and was rather looked up to by his untravelled countrymen. As a man of the world, who had received civilities abroad, he seemed to consider it incumbent upon him to reciprocate at home, and with the tacit consent of all around, he undertook to do the honours of Missolonghi.

If, as a Greek, he had any national pride about him, he certainly covered it all over with himself a sort of tallow; for all that he could do was to conduct us among ruins, and, as he went along, tell us the story of the bloody siege which had reduced the place to its present woeful state. For more than a year, under unparalleled hardships, its brave garrison resisted the combined strength of the Turkish and Egyptian armies; and when all hope was gone, resolved to cut their way through the enemy, or die in the attempt. Many of the aged and sick, the wounded and the women, refused to join in the sortie, and preferred to shut themselves up in an old mill, with the desperate purpose of resisting until they should bring around them a large crowd of Turks, when they would blow all up together. An old invalid seated himself on the top of a bastion (the inscription on which we saw), the mine being charged with thirty kegs of gunpowder; the last sacrament was administered by the bishop and priests to the whole population, and at a signal the besieged made their desperate sortie. One body dashed through the Turkish ranks, and, with many women and children, gained the mountains; but the rest were left to do battle with the remaining half of the town. Among the heroes who distinguished himself was Meyer, a young Swiss, who entered as a volunteer at the beginning of the revolution, became attached to a beautiful Missolonghiote girl, married her, and when the final sortie was made, his wife being sick, he remained with her, and was blown up with the others. A letter written a few days before his death, and brought away by one who escaped in the sortie, reports the condition of the garrison.

"A wound which I have received in my shoulder, while I am in daily expectation of one which will be my passport to eternity, has prevented me till now from bidding you a last adieu. We are reduced to feed upon the most disgusting animals. We are suffering horribly with hunger and thirst. Sickness adds much to the calamities which overwhelm us. Seventeen hundred and forty of our brothers are dead; more than a hundred thousand bombs and balls, thrown by the enemy, have destroyed our bastions and our homes. We have been terribly distressed by the cold, for we have suffered greatly from it. At present, and notwithstanding so many privations, it is a great and noble spectacle to behold the ardour and devotedness of the garrison. A few days more, and these brave men will be angelic spirits, who will accuse before God the indifference of Christendom. In the name of all our brave men, among whom are Notho Bozzaris, I announce to you the revolution sworn to be our last! We have defended the right of Missolonghi, and to bury ourselves, without listening to any capitulation, under the ruins of this city. We are drawing near our final hour. History will render us justice. I am proud to think that the blood of a Swiss, of a child of William Tell, is about to mingle with that of the heroes of Greece." But Missolonghi is a subject of still greater interest than this, for the reader will remember it as the place where Byron died. Almost the first questions I asked were about the poet, and it added to the dreary interest which the place inspired, to listen to the manner in which the Greeks spoke of him. It might be thought that here, on the spot where he breathed his last, malignity would have held her accursed tongue; but it was not so. He had committed the fault, unpardonable in the eyes of political opponents, of attaching himself to one of the great parties that then divided Greece; and though he had given her all that man could give, in his own dying words, "his time, his means, his health, and lastly, his life," the Greeks spoke of him with all the rancour and bitterness of party spirit. Even death had not won oblivion for his political offences; and I heard those who saw him die in her cause affirm that Byron was no friend to Greece.

His body, the ready will remarks, was transported to England, and interred in the family sepulchre. The church where it lay in state is a heap of ruins, and there is no stone or monument recording his death; but, wishing to see some memorial connected with his residence here, we followed our guide to the house in which he died. It was a large square building of stone; one of the walls still standing, black with smoke, the rest a confused and shapeless mass of ruins. After his death it was converted into an hospital and magazine; and when the Turks entered the city, they set fire to the powder; the sick and dying were blown into the air, and we saw the ruins lying as they fell after the explosion. Byron was not dismissed from his place to have to sort an exercise to have to sort a moral fitness with the life and fortunes of the poet. It was as if the same wild destiny, the same wreck of hopes and fortunes, that attended him through life, were hovering over his grave. Living and dead, his actions and his character have been the subject of obloquy and reproach, perhaps justly; but it would be a task of his bitter enemy to see the place in which he died.

It was in this house that, on his last birthday, he came from his bedroom and produced to his friends the last notes of his dying muse, breathing a spirit of sad foreboding and melancholy recollections, of devotion to the noble cause in which he had embarked, and a prophetic consciousness of his approaching end.

"My days are in the yellow leaf.
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the saker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.
* * * *
If thou regret't thy youth, why live?
The land of honourable death
Is here: up to the field, and give
Thy affections to the brazen.
Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
Moving on beyond the range of ruined houses, though still within the line of crumbling walls, we came to a spot perhaps as interesting as any that Greece in her best days could show. It was the tomb of Marco Bozzaris! No monumental marble emblazoned his deeds and fame; a few round stones piled over his head, which, but for our guide, we should have passed without noticing, might have set us thinking if I would not disturb a proper reverence for the past; time covers with its dim and twilight glories both distant scenes and the men who acted in them; but to my mind, Miltiades was not more of a hero at Marathon, or Leonidas at Thermopylæ, than Marco Bozzaris at Missolonghi. When they went out against the hosts of Persia, Athens, and Sparta were free and free, and they had the prospect of glory and the praise of men, to the Greeks always dearer than life. But when the Suliote chief drew his sword, his country lay bleeding at the feet of a giant, and all Europe condemned the Greek revolution as foolishly and desperately. For two months, with but a few hundred men, protected only by a ditch and slight parapet of earth, he defended the town, where his body now rests, against the whole Egyptian army. In stormy weather, living upon bad and unwholesome bread, with no covering but his cloak,
he passed his days and nights in constant vigil; in every assault his sword cut down the foremost assailant, and his voice, rising above the din of battle, struck terror into the hearts of the enemy. In the struggle which ended with his life, with 3000 men he propped up the banner of the Turks, and called upon all who were willing to die for their country to stand forward. The whole band advanced to a man. Unwilling to sacrifice so many brave men in a death-struggle, he chose 300, the sacred number of the Spartan band, his tried and trusty Suliotes. At midnight he placed himself at their head, directing them that they should be fired till he sounded his bugle; and his last command was, “If you lose sight of me, seek me in the pacha’s tent.” In the moment of victory he ordered the pacha to be seized, and received a ball in the loins; his voice still rose above the din of battle, cheering his men until he was struck by another ball in the head, and borne dead from the field of his glory.

Not far from the grave of Bozzaris was a pyramid of skulls, of men who had fallen in the last attack upon the city, piled up near the blackened and battered wall which they had died in defending. In my after wanderings I learned to look more carelessly upon these things; and, perhaps, noticing everything, they live eternally in the life of the East, taught me to think more lightly of myself; but then it was melancholy to see bleeding in the sun, under the eyes of their countrymen, the unburied bones of men who, but a little while ago, stood with swords in their hands, and animated by the noble resolution to free their country or die in the attempt. Our guide told us that they had all been collected in that place with a view to sepulture; and that King Otho, as soon as he became of age, and took the government in his own hands, intended to erect a monument over them. In the meantime, they are at the mercy of every passing traveller; and the only remark that our guide made was a comment upon the appearance of the face of the stranger, the face of the Turkish sabre, almost every skull being laid open on the side nearly down to the ear.

But the most interesting part of our day at Missi-longhi was to come. Returning from a ramble round the walls, we noticed a large square house, which our guide told us was the residence of Constantine, the brother of Marco Bozzaris. We were all interested in this intelligence, and our interest was in no small degree increased, when he added, that the widow and two of the children of the Suliote chief were living with his brother. The house was surrounded by a high stone wall, a large gate stood most invitingly wide open, and a little bower was, in the centre of the wall, giving a glimpse of the inhabitants; but before we reached the gate, our interest had increased to such a point, that after consulting with our guide, we requested him to say that, if it would not be considered an intrusion, three travellers, two of them Americans, would feel honoured in being permitted to pay their respects to the widow and children of Marco Bozzaris.

We were invited in, and shown into a large room on the right, where three Greeks were sitting cross-legged on a divan, smoking the long Turkish chibouk. Soon after, the brother entered, a man about fifty, of mid-dle height, spare built, and wearing a Bavarian uniform, as holding a Government commission in the service of King Otho. In the dressing of the dashing Suliote, he would have better looked the brother of Marco Bozzaris, and I might then more easily have recognised the daring warrior, who, on the field of battle, in a moment of extremity, was deemed, by universal acclamation, worthy of succeeding the fallen hero. Now the strait dress of a Bavarian officer across the breast, the stock, tight pantaloons, boots, and spurs, seemed to repress the free energies of the mountain warrior; and I could not but think how awkward it must be for one who had spent all his life in a dress which hardly touched him, at fifty to put on a stock, and straps to his boots. Our guide introduced us, with an apology for our intrusion. The colonel received us with great kindness, thanked us for the honour done his brother’s widow, and, requesting us to be seated, ordered coffee and pipes.

And here, on the very first day of our arrival in Greece, and from a source which made us proud, we had the first taste of that afterwards made at every step, the warm feeling existing in Greece towards America; for almost the first thing that the brother of Marco Bozzaris said was to express his gratitude as a Greek for the services rendered his country by our own; and after referring to the provisions sent out for his famishing countrymen, his eyes sparkled, and his face flushed as he told us, that when the Greek revo-lutionary flag first sailed into the port of Napoli di Romania, among hundreds of vessels of all nations, an American captain was the first to recognise and salute it.

In a few moments the widow of Marco Bozzaris entered. I have often been disappointed in my preconceived notions of personal appearance, but it was not so with the lady who now stood before me; she looked the widow of a hero—as one worthy of her Grecian mothers, who gave their hair for bowstrings, their girdle for a sword-belt, and, while their hearthstrings were cracking, sent their youngest lovers from their arms to fight and perish for their country. Her dark, well-modelled features and tired eyes; her black hair, and her tall, spare figure, turned Marco Bozzaris into the path of immortality; that roused him from the wild guerrilla warfare in which he had passed his early life, and fired him with the high and holy ambition of freeing his country. Of one thing I am certain: no man could look in her face without finding his wavering purposes fixed, without trembling more firmly in the path of high and honourable enterprise. She was under forty, tall and stately in person, and habited in deep black, fit emblem of her widow condition, with a white handkerchief laid flat over her head, giving the Madonna cast to her dark eyes and smile of melancholy. We all rose as she entered the room; and the widow, with a smile and a burst from seeing the face of a stranger, she received our compliments and returned with them, with far less embarrassment than we both felt and exhibited.

But our embarrassment, at least I speak for myself, was induced by an unexpected circumstance. Much as I was interested in her appearance, I was not insensible to the fact that she was accompanied by two young and beautiful girls, who were introduced to us as her daughters. This somewhat bewildered me. While waiting for their appearance, and talking with Con-stantine Bozzaris, I had in some way conceived the idea that the daughters were mere children, and had not the least idea that they were in their late twenties, and not a bit disfigured by experience. Happily, too, for us, she talked French, having learned it from the French officers who served in Greece and been domesticated with them; and after a while I was not unused to the company of strangers, she felt the embarrassment common to young ladies when attempting to speak a foreign language. And we could not talk to her on common themes. Our lips were sealed, of course, upon the subject which had brought us to her house. We could not sound for her the praises of
her gallant father. At parting, however, I told them that the name of Marco Bozzaris was as familiar in America as that of a hero of our own revolution, and that it had been hallowed by the inspiration of an American poet; and I adored the truth that, unacceptable, on my return to my native country I would send the tribute referred to, as an evidence of the feeling existing in America towards the memory of Marco Bozzaris. My offer was gratefully accepted; and afterwards, while in the act of mounting my horse to leave Missolonghi, my guide, who had remained behind, came to me with a message from the widow and daughters reminding me of my promise.

I do not see that there is any objection to my mentioning that I wrote to a friend, requesting him to procure Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris," and send it to my banker at Paris. My friend, thinking to enhance its value, applied to Mr Halleck for a copy in his own handwriting. Mr Halleck, with his characteristic modesty, evaded the application; and on my return home I told him the story of my visit, and reiterated the same request. He evaded me as he had done my friend, but promised me a copy of the new edition of his poems, which he afterwards gave me, and which, I hope, is now in the hands of the widow and daughters of Marco Bozzaris.

I make no apology for introducing in a book the widow and daughters of Marco Bozzaris. True, I was received by them in private, without any expectation, either on their part or mine, that all the particulars of the interview would be noted, and laid before the eyes of all who choose to read. I hope it will not be considered as a violation of their privacy to me, but, at all events, I make no apology—the widow and children of Marco Bozzaris are the property of the world.

CHAPTER II.


Barren as our prospect was on landing, our first day in Greece had already been full of interest. Supposing that we should not find anything to engage us long, however, we took the chance, our servant procured horses; and when we returned, we found all ready for our departure.

One word with regard to this same servant. We had taken him at Corfu, much against my inclination. We had a choice between two, one a full-blooded Greek in fustianella, who in five minutes established himself in my good graces, so that nothing but the democratic principle of submitting to the will of the majority could make me give him up. He held at that time a very good office in the police at Corfu, but the eagerness which he showed to get out of regular business and go roving, warmed me to him irresistibly. He seemed to be distracted between two opposing feelings; one the strong bent of his natural disposition to be rambling, and the other a sort of tugging at his heartstrings by wife and children, to keep him in a place where he had a regular assured living, instead of trusting to the precarious business of guiding travellers. He had a boldness and confidence that won me; and when he drew on the sand with his yataghan a map of Greece, and told us the route he would take us, zigzag across the Gulf of Corinth to Delphi and the top of Parnassus, I wondered that my companions could resist him.

Our alternative was an Italian from somewhere on the coast of the Adriatic, whom I looked upon with an unfavourable eye, because he came between me and my Greek; and on the morning of our departure, I was earnestly hoping that my servant would himself, or get into some scrape and be picked up by the guard; but, most provokingly, he came in time, and with more baggage than all of us had together. Indeed, he had so much of his own, that in obedience to nature's first law, he could not attend to ours, and in putting ashore some British soldiers at Cephalonia, he contrived to let my carpet-bag go with their luggage. This did not increase my amiable feeling towards him, and, perhaps, made me look upon him throughout with a jaundiced eye; in fact, before we had done with him, I regarded him as a slouch, a knave, and a fool, and had the questionable satisfaction of finding that my companions, though they sustained him as long as they could, had formed very much the same opinion.

It was to him, then, that on our return from our visit to the widow and daughters of Marco Bozzaris, we were indebted for a turn-out that seemed to astonish even the people of Missolonghi. The horses were miserable little animals, hidden under enormous saddles made of great clumps of wood over an old carpet or towelcloth, and covering the whole back from the shoulders to the tail; the luggage was perched on the tops of these saddles, and with desperate exertions and the help of the citizens of Missolonghi, we were perched on the top of the luggage. The little animals had a knowing look as they peered from under the supercumbent mass; and supported on either side by the bystanders till we got a little steady in our seats, we put forth from Missolonghi. The only gentleman of our party was seated at the head of the saddle which he had brought for his own use, smoking his pipe with great complacency, perfectly satisfied with our appearance and with himself.

It was four o'clock when we crossed the broken walls of Missolonghi. For three hours our road lay over a plain extending to the sea. I have no doubt, if my Greek had been a real Greek, he would have pointed out to the road by referring to scenes and incidents connected with the siege of Missolonghi; but Demetrius—as he now chose to call himself—knew nothing of Greece, ancient or modern; he had no sympathy with feeling the Greeks; had never travelled on this side of the Gulf of Corinth before; and so he lagged behind a good deal.

It was nearly dark when we reached the miserable little village of Bokara. We had barely light enough to look around for the best khan in which to pass the night. Any of the wretched tenants would have been glad to receive us for the little remuneration we might leave with them in the morning. The khan was all in one building, with grass windows, and was wretched to the last degree. There was one whole where the chickens had already gone to roost, and prepared to measure off the dirt floor according to our dimensions. Before we were arranged, a Greek of a better class, followed by half a dozen villagers, came over, and with many regrets for the wretched state of the country, invited us to his house. Though dressed in the Greek costume, it was evident that he had acquired his manners in a school beyond the bounds of his miserable little village, in which his house now rose like the Leaning Tower of Pisa, higher than every thing else, but rather rickety. In a few minutes we heard the death-notes of some chickens, and at about nine o'clock sat down to a not unwelcome meal. Several of the Greeks were amusing themselves with bagging the particular friend of our host's, supplied up with us. Both talked French, and had that perfect ease of manner and saveur faire which I always remarked with admiration in all Greeks who had travelled. They talked much of their travels; of time spent in Italy and Germany, and particularly of a long residence at Bucharest. They talked, too, of Greece—of her long and bitter servitude, her revolution, and her independence; and from their enthusiasm I could not but think that they had fought and bled in her cause. I certainly was not loving in wait to entrap them, but I afterwards gathered from their conversation that they had taken the occasion to be on their travels at the time of the bravest of them all, when they were going out their blood like water to emanate their native land. A few years before I might have felt indignation and contempt for men who had left their country in her hour of utmost need, and returned to enjoy the privileges
GULF OF LEPANTO.

purchased with other men's blood; but I had already learned to take the world as I found it, and listened quietly while our host told us, that confiding in the personal acquaintance we had with the merchantman secured by the three great powers, England, France, and Russia, he had returned to Greece and taken a lease of a large tract of land for fifty years, paying a thousand drachmas, a drachm being one-sixth of a dollar, and one-tenth of the annual fruits, at the end of which time one-half of the land under cultivation was to belong to his heirs in

As our host could not conveniently accommodate us all, M. and Demetrius returned to the khan at which we had first stopped, and where, to judge from the early hour at which they came over to us the next morning, they had not spent the night as well as we did. At daylight we took our coffee, and again perched our luggage on the backs of the horses, and ourselves on top of the luggage. Our host wished us to remain with him, and promised the next day to accompany us to Padras; but this was not a sufficient inducement, and taking leave of him, probably for ever, we started for Lepanto.

At about half an hour on the plain; the mountains towered on our left, and the rich soil was broken into rough sandy gulleys running down to the sea. Our guides had some apprehensions that we should not be able to cross the torrents that were running down from the mountain; and when we came to the first, and had to walk up along the bank, looking out for a place to ford, M. and Demetrius remonstrated with our conduct. Bridges were a species of architecture entirely unknown in that part of modern Greece; indeed, no bridges could have stood against the mountain torrents. There would have been some excitement in encountering these rapid streams if we had been well mounted; but from the manner in which we were hitched on our horses, we did not feel any great confidence in our seats. Still nothing could be wider or more picturesque than our process in crossing them, except that it might have added somewhat to the effect to see one of us floating down the stream, clinging to the tail of his horse. But we got over or through them all. A range of mountains then formed on our right, cutting us off from the sea, and we entered a valley lying between the two parallel ranges. At first the road, which was exceedingly difficult for a man or a sure-footed horse, lay along a beautiful stream, and the whole of the valley extending to the Gulf of Lepanto is one of the loveliest regions of country I ever saw. The ground was rich and verdant. The trees were in full leaf, and the valley blooming with wild flowers of every hue, but wholly uncultivated, the olive-trees having all been cut down by the Turks, and without a single habitation on the whole route. My Scotch companion, who had a good eye for the picturesque and beautiful in natural scenery, was in raptures with this valley. I have since travelled in Switzerland, not, however, in all the districts frequented by tourists; but in what I saw, beautiful as it is, I do not know a place where the wildness of mountain scenery is so delightfully contrasted with the softness of a rich valley.

At the end of the valley, directly opposite Padras, and on the back of the gulf, is a wild road called Scala Catica, running up by precipices overlooking the sea. It is a wild and almost fearful road; in some places I thought it like the perpendicular sides of the Palisades; and when the wind blows in a particular direction, it is impossible to make headway against it. Our host told us that we should easily get through it, and there was just rude- ness enough to make us look well on the adventure. Directly at our feet was the Gulf of Corinth; opposite a range of mountains; and in the distance the Island of Zante. On the other side of the valley is an extraordinary mountain, very high, and wanting a large piece in the middle, as if cut out with a chisel, leaving two straight parallel sides, and called by the unpoetical name of the Arm-Chair. In the wildest part of the

Scala, where a very slight struggle would have precipitated us several hundred feet into the sea, an enormous shepherd's dog came bounding and barking towards us; we thought we were in great danger. He was hanging with his flock of goats on an almost inaccessible height, called him away. At the foot of the mountain we entered a rich plain, where the shepherds were pasturing their flocks down to the shore of the sea, and in about two hours arrived at Lepanto.

After diligent search by Demetrius (the name by which we had taken him, his true name, however, we found to be Jerolamon), and by all the idlers whom the arrival of strangers attracted, we procured a room near the farthest wall; it was reached by ascending a flight of steps outside, and boasted a floor, walls, and an apology for a roof. We piled up our baggage in one corner, or rather by companions did theirs, and were prowling about in search of something to eat. Our servant had not fully apprised us of the extreme poverty of the country, the entire absence of all accommodations for travellers, and the absolute necessity of carrying with us every thing requisite for comfort. He was a man of few words, and probably thought that, as between friendly compatriots there can be no doubt than precept, and that the abundant provision he had made for himself might serve as a lesson for us; but, in our case, the objection to this mode of teaching was, that it came too late to be profitable. At the foot of the hill fronting the sea was an open place, in one side of which was a little caferia, where all the good-for-nothing fishermen congregated in the evening. We bought a loaf of bread and some eggs, and, with a cup of Turkish coffee, made our evening meal.

We had an hour before dark, and strolled along the shore. Though in a ruinous condition, Lepanto is in itself interesting, as giving an exact idea of an ancient Greek city, being situated in a commanding position on the side of a mountain, and looking upon the sea both from its citadel on the top, and enclosed by walls and turrets. The port is shut within the walls, which run into the sea, and are erected on the foundations of the ancient Naupactus. At a distance was the promontory of Actium, where Cleopatra, with her fifty ships, abandoned Antony, and left to Augustus the empire of the world; and directly before us, its surface dotted with a few straggling Greek caiques, was the scene of a battle which has rung throughout the world, the great battle of the Cross against the Crescent, where the allied forces of Spain, Venice, and the Pope, amounting to nearly three hundred sail, under the command of the brave John of Jutland, fought forever the naval pride of the Turks. One hundred and thirty ships were taken, and fifty-five sunk; thirty thousand Turks were killed, ten thousand taken prisoners, fifteen thousand Christian slaves delivered; and Pope Pius VI., with holy fervour, exclaimed, "There was a man sent from God, and his name was John." Cervantes lost his left hand in this battle; and it is to wounds he received here that he makes a touching allusion when reproached by a rival. "What I cannot help feeling deeply is, that I am stigmatised with being old and maimed, as though it belonged to me to stay the course of time; or as though my wounds had been received in some tavern broil, instead of the most lofty occasion with which the Order of the Garter, or which shall ever be seen by those to come. The scar by which the soldier bears on his person, instead of badges of infamy, are stars to guide the daring in the path of glory. As for mine, though they may not shine in the eyes of the envious, they are at least esteemed by those who know where they were received; and even was it not yet too late to have a hundred wounds to remain as I am, maimed and mutilated, than be now worshiped without having taken part in so glorious an achievement."

I shall, perhaps, be reproached for mingling with the immortal names of Don John of Austria and Cervantes, those of George Wilson, of Providence, Rhode Island, and James Williams, a black of Baltimore, who made Lord Cochrane's flagship in the great battle
between the Greek and Turkish fleets. George Wilson was a gunner on board one of the Greek ships, and conducted himself with so much gallantry and spirit during one of the engagements, that publicly drank his health. In the same battle, James Williams, who had lost a finger in the United States' service under Decatur at Algiers, and had conducted himself with great coolness and intrepidity in several engagements, when no Greek could be found to take the place of his arm, had his beam broken down by a splinter, which broke his legs and arms. The historian will probably never mention these gallant fellows in his quarto volumes; but I hope the American traveller, as he stands at sunset by the shore of the Gulf of Lepanto, and recalls to mind the great achievements of Don John and Cervantes, will not forget these two Americans, James and John Williams.

At evening we returned to our room, built a fire in the middle, and, with as much dignity as we could muster, sitting on the floor, received a number of Greek visitors. When they left us, we wrapped ourselves in our cloaks and lay down to sleep. Sleep, however, is not always won when worn. Sometimes it takes the perverse humour of the wild Irish boy: "The more you call me, the more I won't come." Our room had no chimney; and though, as I lay all night looking up at the roof, there appeared to be apertures enough to let out the smoke, it seemed to have a loving feeling towards us in our lowly position, and clung to us so closely that I was obliged to let the fire go out, and lie shivering till morning.

Every schoolboy knows how hard it is to write poetry, but few know the physical difficulties of climbing the poetical mountain itself. We had made arrangements to sleep the next night at Castri, by the side of the sacred oracle of Delphi, a mile up Parnassus. Our schooner started to come over and go up on the other side of the gulf, and entertained us with several stories of robberies committed on this road, to which we paid no attention. The Greeks who visited us in the evening related, with much detail, a story of a celebrated captain of brigands having lately returned to his haunt on Parnassus, and attacked nine Greek merchants, of whom he killed three; the recital of which interesting incident we ascribed to Demetrios, and disregarded.

Early in the morning we mounted our horses and started for Parnassus. At the gate of the town we were informed that it was necessary, before leaving, to have a passport from the eparchos, and I returned to procure it. I dressed myself, and, with a touch of stout, with a clear olive complexion and a sharp black eye, dressed in a rich Greek costume, and, fortunately, able to speak French. He was sitting cross-legged on a divan, smoking a pipe, and looking out upon the sea; and when I told him my business, he laid down his pipe, repeated the story of the robbery and murder that we had heard the night before, and added, that we must abandon the idea of travelling that road. He said, further, that the country was in a distracted state; that poverty was driving men to desperation; and that, though they had driven out the Turks, the Greeks were not masters of their own country. Hearing that I was an American, and as if in want of a bosom in which to unburden himself, and as one accustomed to the assurance of the eparchos, publicly drank his health. He said frankly that he did not know much of the state of the country, as he had but lately arrived in it; but, with the true Bavarian spirit, advised me, as a general rule, not to believe any thing a Greek should tell me. I returned to the gate, and made my double report to my companions. Dr. W. returned with me to the eparchos, where the latter repeated, with great earnestness, all he had told me; and when we returned, in combating his objections, shrugged his shoulders in the same manner as before, saying, "your blood be on your own heads," that he had done his duty, and washed his hands of the consequences.

As we were going out, he called me back, and, recurring to our previous conversation, said that he had spoken to me as an American more freely than he would have done to a stranger, and beggar that, as I was going to Athens, I would not repeat his words there; for he would do him injury. I would not mention the circumstance now, but that the political clouds which then hung over the horizon of Greece have passed away; King Otho has taken his seat on the throne, and my friend has probably long since been driven or retired from public life. I have no intention of dwelling on the internal politics of Greece, but I afterwards found that the eparchos was one of a then powerful body of Greeks opposed to the Bavarian influence, and interested in representing the state of the country as much unsettled than it really was. I took leave of him, however, as one who had intended me a kindness, and, returning to the gate, found our companion sitting on his horse, waiting the result of our further inquiries. Both he and my fellow-envoy were comparatively indifferent upon the subject, while I was rather bent on drinking from the Castilian fount, and sleeping on the top of Parnassus.

Besides, I was in a beautiful condition to be robbed. I had nothing left but what I had on my back, and I felt some regret, for the first and the last time in my ramblings, I was turned aside from my path by fear of perils on the road. Perhaps, after all, I had a lucky escape; for, if the Greek tradition be true, whoever sleeps on the mountain becomes an inspired poet or a madman, either of which, for a professional man, is a catastrophe to be avoided.

Our change of plan suited Demetrios exactly; he had never travelled on this side of the Gulf of Corinth; and besides that he considered it a great triumph that his stories of robbers were confirmed by others, showing his superior knowledge of the state of the country, he was glad to have us to himself alone; and we have quarrelled with no one, and on which he had a chance of making some of his old travelling acquaintance. In half an hour he had us on board a caiques. We put out from the harbour of Lepanto with a strong and favourable wind; our little boat danced lightly over the waters of the Gulf of Corinth; and in three hours, passing between the towering castles of Remelia and Morva, under the shadow of the walls of which were buried the bodies of the Christians who fell in the great naval battle, we arrived at Padras.

The first thing we recognised was the beautiful little cutter which we had left at Messolonghi, riding gracefully at anchor in the harbour, and the first man we met, a Greek, who smoked a long pipe, said to me, "We exchanged a cordial greeting, and he conducted us to Mr. Robertson, the British vice-consul, who, at the moment of our entering, was in the act of directing a letter to me at Athens. The subject was my interesting carpet-bag. There being no American consul at Padras, I had taken the liberty of writing to Mr. Robertson, and he requested that if I had an old friend the captain of the first vessel we saw, he would forward the letter to me at Athens, and the letter was to assure me of his attention to my wishes. It may be considered treason against classical taste, but it consolled me somewhat for the loss of Parnassus to find a stranger taking so warm an interest in my fugitive habiliments. There was something, too, in the appearance of Padras, that addressed itself to other feelings than those con-
nected with the indulgence of a classical humour. Our bones were still aching with the last night’s rest, or rather the want of it, at Lepanto; and when we found ourselves in a neat little locanda, and a complaisant Greek girl who had her hair in a topknot, showed us our beds for the night, we almost agreed that climbing Parnassus and such things were fit only for boys just out of college.

Padras is beautifully situated at the mouth of the Gulf of Corinth, and the windows of our locanda commanded a fine view of the bold mountains on the opposite side of the gulf, and the parallel range formed by the valley which leads to Misslounghi. It stands on the site of the ancient Petra, enumerated by Herodotus among the twelve cities of Achaia. During the intervals of peace in the Peloponnesian war, Alebiades, about four hundred and fifty years before Christ, persuaded its inhabitants to build long walls down to the sea. Philip of Macedon frequently landed there in his expeditions to Peloponnesus. Augustus Caesar, after the battle of Actium, made it a Roman colony, and sent thither a large body of his veteran soldiers; and in the time of Cicero, Roman merchants were settled there, just as French and Italians are now. The modern town has grown and expanded, retaining but little of the legion of the accession of Otho, and bears no marks of the desolation at Misslounghi and Lepanto. It contains a long street of shops well supplied with European goods; the English steamers from Corfu to Malta touch here; and besides the little Greek caiques trading in the Gulf of Corinth, vessels from all parts of the Adriatic are constantly in the harbour.

Among others, there was an Austrian mad-of-war from Trieste, on her way to Alexandria. By a singular fortune, the commandant had been in one of the Austrian vessels that carried to New York the unfortunate Poles; the only Austrian mad-of-war which had ever been to the United States. A day or two after their arrival, however, I had taken a walk over the城市的neighbourhood, and gone on board this vessel, and had met the officers at some parties given to them at which he had been present; and though we had no actual acquaintance with each other, these circumstances were enough to form an immediate link between us, particularly as he was enthusiastic in his praises of the hospitality of our cities, and the extraordinary awkwardness of the food. Any of the latter should be vainglorious at hearing that their praises were sounded so far from home, I consider it my duty to say that the commandant was almost blind, very slovenly, always smoking a pipe, and generally rather tipsy.

Early in the morning we started for Athens. Our turn-out was superb, but not so fine as at Misslounghi, but not much. The day, however, was fine; the cold wind which, for several days, had been blowing down the Gulf of Corinth, had ceased, and the air was warm, and balmy, and invigorating. We had already found that Greece had something to attract the stranger besides the recollections of her ancient glories, and often forgot that she was a country of mountains. Being gratified by the historians and poets, in admiration of its own wild and picturesque beauty. Our road for about three hours lay across a plain, and then close along the gulf, sometimes winding by the foot of a wild precipitous mountain, and then again over a plain, with the mountains rising at some distance on our right. Sometimes we rose and crossed their rugged summits, and again descended to the sea-shore. On our left we had constantly the gulf, bordered on the opposite side by a range of mountains sometimes receding and then rising almost out of the water, while high above the rest rose the towering summits of Parnassus covered with snow.

It was after dark when we arrived at Vostitza, beautiful Padras, and the houses of the town, under a full moon, as we were sitting round a fire formed of scrub for the night, and showed us our beds for the night, we almost agreed that climbing Parnassus and such things were fit only for boys just out of college.

We stopped at a vile locanda, the only one in the place, where we found a crowd of men in a small room, gathered around a dirty table, eating, one of whom sprang up and claimed me as an old acquaintance. He had on a Greek capote and a large foregiving cap slouched over his eyes, so that I had some difficulty in recognising him as an Italian, who, at Padras, had tried to persuade me to go by water up to the head of the gulf. He had started that morning, about the same time we did, with a crowd of passengers, half of whom were already by the ears. Fortunately they were obliged to return to their boats, and left all the house to us; which, however, contained little else than a strapping Greek, who called himself his proprietor.

Before daylight we were again in the saddle. During the whole day’s ride the scenery was magnificent. Sometimes we were hemmed in, as if for ever enclosed, in an amphitheatre of wild and gigantic rocks; then from some lofty summit we looked out upon lesser mountains, and saw at a distance some isolated spires, and then perceived the gulf, and there was nothing but a chain of wild and picturesque form, as if by an earthquake; and after riding among deep dells and craggy steeps, yawning ravines and cloud-capped precipices, we descended to a quiet valley and the sea-shore.

At about four o’clock we came down, for the last time, to the shore, and before us, at some distance, rose a capital town, standing almost on the edge of the water. It was a beautiful resting-place for a traveller; the afternoon was mild, and we walked on the shore till the sun set. The Khan was sixty or seventy feet long, and contained an upper room running the whole length of the building. This room was our bed-chamber. We built a fire at one end, made tea, and roasted some eggs, while we were busily occupied in packing our boxes, and finally passing out of the openings in the roof; we stretched ourselves in our cloaks, and, with the murmur of the waves in our ears, looked through the apertures in the roof upon the stars, and fell asleep.

About the middle of the night the door opened with a rude noise, and a tall Greek, almost filling the doorway, stood there, standing on tiptoe a moment, and then walked in, followed by half a dozen gigantic companions, their tall figures, full dresses, and the shining of their pistols and yataghans, wearing a very ugly look to a man just roused from slumber. But they were merely Greek pedlars or travelling merchants, and, without any more noise, kindled the fire anew, drew up a capote, and stretched themselves upon the floor, and were soon asleep.

CHAPTER III.

Quarrel with the Landlord.—Views to the Locanda.—A Disgraceful Reception.—Desolation of Corinth.—The Aeropoli.

—View from the Aeropoli.—Lechenui and Cenchres.—Kaka Scala.—Arrival at Athens.

In the morning Demetrius had a roaring quarrel with the keeper of the locanda, in which he tried to keep back part of the money we gave him to pay for us. He did this, however, on principle, for we had given twice as much as our lodging was worth, and no man ought to have more. His character was at stake in preventing any one from cheating us too much; and in order to do this, he stopped our funds in transitu.

We started early, and for some time our road lay along the shore. It was not necessary, surrounded by such magnificent scenery, to draw upon historical recollection for scenes of interest for the road; still it did not diminish that interest to know that centuries ago, great cities stood here, whose sites are now desolate, or occupied as the miserable gathering-places of a starving population. Directly opposite Parnassus, and at the foot of a hill crowned with the
ruins of an acropolis, in perfect desolation now, stood the ancient Agira; once numbering a population of ten thousand inhabitants, and in the second century Corinth itself, a city, and another sacred edifice. Further on, and towards the head of the Gulf of Corinth, the miserable village of Basilico stands on the site of the ancient Sicyon, bea"ning as high an antiquity as any city in Greece, and long celebrated as the first of her schools of painting. In five hours we came in sight of the Acropolis of Corinth, and, shortly after, of Corinth itself, a temple, and another sacred edifice. The reader need not fear my plunging him deeply into antiquities. Greece has been explored, and examined, and written upon, till the subject is almost threadbare; and I do not flatter myself that I discovered in it anything new. Still no man from such a distant country as mine can find himself crossing the plain of Corinth, and a journey to the ancient city, without a strange and indescribable feeling. We have no old monuments, no classical associations; and our history hardly goes beyond the memory of that venerable personage, "the oldest inhabitant." Corinth is so old that its early records are blended with the history of the heathen, and its environs still contain vestiges of the common hearth of the son of Jupiter, and its early sovereigns were heroes of the Grecian mythology. It was the friend of Sparta and the rival of Athens; the first city to build war-galleys, and send forth colonies which became great empires. It was the assembling-place of their delegates, who elected Philip, and afterwards Alexander the Great, and later still Trajan, Augustus, and Hadrian, to each consecrate the son of Jupiter; and Corinth again now is a place of some eminence, as the seat of the government, and a centre of education; this is the city to which we draw our young men, and in which they are trained for their profession. We have no wall about us, and the houses are not very numerous; but we are no less a city for that. The acropolis rises clear of the valley about a mile; it is a grassy eminence, and the temple of Apollo stands upon it.
that brilliancy which attends his departing glory nowhere but in the East; and the sky was glowing with a lurid red, as of some great conflagration. The scene around and below was wondrously beautiful. Mountains and rivers, seas and islands, rocks, forests, and plains, thrown together in perfect wantonness, and yet in the most harmonious proportions; and the sky above and the expanded landscape consecrated by the richest associations.

On one side the Saronic Gulf, with its little islands, and Ægina and Salamis, stretching off to "Sunium's marble height," with the ruins of its temple looking out mournfully upon the sea; on the other, the Gulf of Corinth or Leganion, bounded by the dark and dreary mountains of Cytheron, where Acteon, gazing at the goddess, was changed into a stag, and hunted to death by his own hounds; and where Bacchus, with his train of satyrs and frantic bacchantes, celebrated his orgies. Beyond were Heleon, sacred to Apollo and the Muses, and Parnassus, covered with snow. Behind us towered a range of mountains stretching away to Argos and the ancient Sparta, and in front was the dim outline of the temple of the Acropolis at Athens. The shades of evening gathered thick around us while we remained on the top of the Acropolis, and it was dark long before we reached our loncanda.

The next morning we breakfasted at the coffee-house, and then, as we lighted our clay pipes, we walked away along the walled Demetrios and our brigand host, who gazed after us with a surly scowl as we rode away, and probably longed for the good old days, when, at the head of his hanged companions, he could have stopped us at the first mountain-pass, and levied contributions at his own rate. I probably condemn myself when I say that we took the Gulf road, and not the more pleasant, safer, but less romantic, and less likely to be memorable in our thoughts, but so it was; we bought a loaf of bread as we passed through the market-place, and descended to the plain of Corinth. We had still the same horses which we rode from Padras; they were miserable animals, and I did not mount mine the whole day. Indeed, this is the true way to travel in Greece; the country is so mountainous, and the roads so rugged, and the horse-path so rough and precipitous, that the traveller is often obliged to dismount and walk. The exercise of clambering up the mountains, and the purity of the air, brace every nerve in the body, and not a single feature of the scenery escapes the eye.

This road, which to many is the most preferable of all the roads of Greece, is inhabited by still other things besides scenery; on each side of the road are walls, and on the top of each of these are the ruins of the ancient cities of Leuchæum and Cenchreae, the ports of Corinth on the Corinthian and Saronic Gulfs; the former once connected with it by two long walls, and the road to the latter once lined with temples and sepulchres, the ruins of which may still be seen. The isthmus connecting the Peloponnæus with the continent is about six miles wide, and Corinth owed her commercial greatness to the profits of her merchants in transporting merchandise across it. Entire vessels were sometimes carried from one sea and launched into the other. The project of a canal across suggested itself both to the Greeks and Romans, and there yet exist traverses of the distance intended for that purpose.

On the death of Leonidas, the subsequent invasion of a Persian invasion, the Peloponnesians built a wall across the isthmus from Leuchæum to Cenchreae. This wall was at one time fortified with 150 towers; it was often destroyed and as often rebuilt; and in one place, about three miles from Corinth, vestiges of it may still be seen. Here were celebrated those Isthmian games so familiar to every tyro of Greece, national and history; towards Mount Oineus stands an eminence an ancient mound, supposed to be the tomb of Melicertes, their founder, and near it is at this day a grove of the sacred pine, with garlands of the leaves of which the victors were crowned.

In the plain between Corinth we crossed the isthmus, and came to the village of Kalamaki on the shore of the Saronic Gulf, containing a few miserable buildings, fit only for the miserable people who occupied them. Directly on the shore was a large coffee-house enclosed by mud walls, and having branches of trees for a roof; and in front was a little flotilla of Greek caiques.

Next to the Greek's love for his native mountains, is his passion for the waters that roll at his feet; and many of the water-stations to which the little boats, in all the expanded landscape consecrated by the richest associations, and the scenes of ancient glory, pointed us, was a most beautiful. It was ever my fortune to travel over. For some distances I walked along the shores, in the edge of a plain running from the foot of Mount Geranium. The plain was intersected by mountain torrents, the channel-beds of which were at that time dry. We passed the little village of Caridi, supposed to be the Sitea of antiquity, while a ruined church and a few old blocks of marble mark the site of ancient Cronimon, celebrated as the haunt of a wild boar destroyed by Theseus.

At the other end of the plain we came to the foot of Mount Geranium, stretching out boldly to the edge of the gulf, and followed the road along its southern side, close to and sometimes overhanging the sea. From time immemorial this has been called the Kaka Scala, "The track of the gods," from the idea that it was maintained by the gods to keep in character with it. The road was very bad; indeed, sometimes we were completely hemmed in by impeding mountains, and then rose upon a lofty eminence commanding an almost boundless view. On the summit of the range the road runs directly along the mountain's brink, overhanging the sea, and so narrow that two horsemen can scarcely pass without being pressed; sometimes it plunges the traveller several hundred yards into the waters beneath. Indeed, the horse of one of my companions stumbled and fell, and put him in such peril that both disembarked and accompanied me on foot. In the olden time this wild and rugged road was famous as the haunt of the robber Sciron, who plundered the luckless travellers, and then threw them into the sea, from which they were supposed to be rescued by Theseus, three thousand years before, on his first visit to Athens, encountered the famous robber, and tossed him from the same precipice whence he had thrown so many better men. According to Ovid, the earth and the sea refused to receive the bones of Sciron, which continued for some time suspended in the open air until they changed into Sciron's rock, and at points still appear at the foot of the precipice; and to this day, say the sailors, knock the bottoms out of the Greek vessels. In later days this road was so infested by corsairs and pirates, that even the Turks feared to travel on it; at one place, that looks as though it might be intended as a jumping-off point into another world, Ic, with her son Milicertes in her arms (so says the Greek poet), threw herself into the sea to escape the fury of her husband; and we know that in later days St Paul travelled on this road to preach the gospel to the Corinthians.

But independently of all associations, and in spite of its difficulties and dangers, if a man were by accident placed in the lofty height without knowing where he was, he would be struck with the view which it commands as one of the most beautiful that mortal eyes ever beheld. It was my fortune to pass over it a second time on foot, and I often seated myself on some wall point, and waited the coming up of my muleteers, looking out upon the sea, calm and glistening as if platted out with milk and honey, with the continuous clusters stretching away into the Ægean.

During the greater part of the passage of the Kaka Scala, my companions walked with me; and as we always kept in advance, when we seated ourselves on some rude rock overhanging the sea to wait for our beasts and attendants, few things could be more picturesque than their approach.

On the summit of the pass we fell into the ancient paved way that leads from Attica into the Peloponnesus, and walked over the same pavement which the Greeks
travelled, perhaps, three thousand years ago. A ruined wall and gate mark the ancient boundary; and near this an early traveller observed a large block of white marble projecting over the precipice, and almost ready to fall into the sea, which bore an inscription, now illegible. Here it is supposed stood the Temple of Theseus, the mythic founder of Athens, or the Peloponnesus, not Ionia; and on the other the equally pithy notification, “Here is Peloponnesus, not Ionia.” It would be a pretty place of residence for a man in misfortune; for besides the extraordinary beauty of the scenery, by a single step he might avoid the service of a civil process, and set the invader, or the代表着 architecture that time has spared; and in striking contrast with this monument of the magnificence of past days, here, in the entrance to the city, our horses were struggling and sinking up to their saddle-girths in the mud.

We came to Athens what we should have done in Boston or Philadelphia; rode up to the best hotel, and not being able to obtain accommodations there, rode to another; where, being again refused admittance, we were obliged to distribute ourselves into three parcels. Dr Willet went to Mr Hill’s (of whom more anon). M. found accommodation at a small hotel in the suburbs, and I betook myself to the Hôtel de France. The gardian was rather bettered when I threw him a pair of old boots which I had hanging at my saddle-bow, and told him to take care of my baggage; he asked me when the rest would come up, and hardly knew what to make of me when I told him that was all I travelled with.

I was in the court of the hotel, almost barefoot, and thinking of the prosperous condition of the owner of a dozen shirts, and other things conforming, when Mr Hill came over and introduced himself; and telling me that his house was the house of every American, asked me to waiver ceremony and bring my luggage over at once. This was again hitting my sore point; I had not body seemed to take a special interest in my luggage, and I was obliged to tell my story more than once. I declined Mr Hill’s kind invitation, but called upon him early the next day, dined with him and, during the whole of my stay in Athens, was in the habit, to a great extent, of making his house my home; and this he carried on in a manner with all the Americans who go there; besides which, some borrow his money, and others his clothes.

CHAPTER IV.
American Missionary School.—Visit to the School.—Mr Hill and the Male Department.—Mrs Hill and the Female Department.—Maid of Athens.—Letter from Mr Hill.—Revival of Athens.—Citizens of the World.

The first thing we did in Athens was to visit the American missionary school. Among the extraordinary changes of an ever-changing world, it is not the least that the young America is at this moment paying back the debt which the world owes to the mother of science, and the citizen of a country which the wisest of the Greeks never dreamed of is teaching the descendants of Plato and Aristotle the elements of their own tongue. I did not expect among the ruins of Athens to find anything, that would particularly touch my national feelings; yet it was a subject of deep and interesting reflection, that in the city which surpassed all the world in learning, where Socrates, and Plato, and Aristotle taught, and Cicero went to study, the only door of instruction was that opened by the hands of American citizens, and an American missionary was the only school master; and I am ashamed to say that I was not aware of the existence of such an institution until advised of it by my friend Dr W.

In 1830, the Rev. Messrs Hill and Robinson, with their families, sailed from the city of New York, as the agents of the Episcopal Missionary Society, to found schools in Greece. They first established themselves in the island of Samos; and I am ashamed to say that I was not aware of the existence of such an institution until advised of it by my friend Dr W. In 1831, they made a visit to that city, and were so confirmed in their impressions, that they purchased a lot of ground
on which to erect edifices for a permanent establishment, and, in the meantime, rented a house for the immediate commencement of a school. They returned to Tenos for their families and effects, and again arrived at Athens about the end of June following. From the deep interest taken in their struggle for liberty, and the timely help furnished them, in their hour of need, the Greeks were warmly possessed in favour of our countrymen; and the conduct of the missionaries themselves was so judicious, that they were received with the greatest respect and the warmest welcome by the public authorities and the whole population of Athens. Their furniture, printing-presses, and other effects of the first need, were free of duties; and it is but justice to them to say, that since that time they have moved with such discretion among an excitable and suspicious people, that, while they have advanced in the great objects of their mission, they have grown in the esteem and good will of the best and most influential inhabitants of Greece; and so great was Mr Hill's confidence in their affections, that though there was at that time a great political agitation, and it was apprehended that Athens might again become the scene of violence and bloodshed, he told me he had no fears, and felt perfectly sure that, in any outbreaking of popular fury, himself and family, and the property of the mission would be respected."

In the middle of the month of the arrival at Athens, Mrs Hill opened a school for girls, in the magazine or cellar of the house in which they resided; the first day she had twenty pupils, and in two months 167. Of the first ninety-six, not more than six could read at all, and that very imperfectly; and not more than ten or twelve knew a letter. At the time of our visit the school numbered nearly 180 children. They entered the large room, and the scholars all rose in a body to greet us as Americans, I felt a deep sense of regret that, personally, I had no hand in such a work, and almost envied the feelings of my companion, one of its patrons and founders. Besides teaching them gravity, the history of those souls, they derived the privileges they enjoyed, Mr Hill had wisely endeavoured to impress upon their minds a respect for the constituted authorities, particularly important in that agitated and unsettled community; and on one end of the wall, directly fronting the seats of the scholars, was printed in large Greek characters the text of Scripture, " Fear God, and keep his commandments." It was all-important for the missionaries not to offend the strong prejudices of the Greeks by any attempt to withdraw the children from the religion of their fathers; and the school purports to be, and is intended, for the diffusion of elementary education only; but is opened in the morning with prayer, concluding with the Lord's Prayer as read in our churches, which is repeated by the whole school aloud; and on Sundays, besides the prayers, the creed, and sometimes the Ten Commandments, are recited, and a chapter from the Gospels is read aloud by one of the scholars, the missionaries deeming this more expedient than to conduct the exercises themselves. The lesson for the day is always repeated by the scholars, both in their school and in their own church; and they close by singing a hymn. The room is thrown open to the public, and is frequently resorted to by the parents of the children and strangers; some coming, perhaps, says Mr Hill, to " hear what these babblers will say," and " other some" from a suspicion that " we are setters forth of strange gods."

The boys' school is divided into three departments, the lowest under charge of a Greek qualified on the Lancasterian system. They were of all ages, from three to eighteen; and, as Mr Hill told me, most of them had been half-clad, dirty, ragged little urchins, who, before they were put to their A, B, C, or, rather, their Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, had no notion of being taught with a little Ptolemaeus, who, however, did not look as if she would play the faithful wife of Ulysses, and, if I am a judge of physiognomy, would never endure widowhood twenty years for any man.

washed, rubbed, scrubbed, doctored, and dressed, and, for the school, would now perhaps be proving vagabonds in the streets of Athens, or training for robbery in the mountains. They were a body of fine-looking boys, possessing, as Mr Hill told me, in an extraordinary degree, all that liveliness of imagination, that early thirst for knowledge, which distinguished the Greeks of old, retaining, under centuries of dreadful oppression, the recollection of the greatness of their fathers, and, what was particularly interesting, many of them bearing the great names so familiar in Greekian history; I shook hands with a little Miltiades, Leonidas, Aristides, &c., in features and apparent intelligence, as identical with the originals of the immortal heroes whose names they bear. And there was one who startled me: he was the son of the Maid of Athens! To me the Maid of Athens was almost an imaginary being, something fanciful, a creation of the brain, and not a corporeal substance, to have a little urchin of a boy. But so it was. The Maid of Athens is married. She had a right to marry, no doubt; and it is said that there is poetry in married life, and, doubtless, she is a much more interesting person now than the Maid of Athens at thirty-six could be; but the Maid of Athens is married to a Scotchman! the Maid of Athens is now Mrs Black! wife of George Black! head of the police! and her son's name is John! the Black's! who has other little Black's! Comment! is unnecessary.

But the principal and most interesting part of this missionary school was the female department, under the direction of Mrs Hill, the first, and, except at Syra, the only school for females in all Greece, and particularly interesting to me from the fact that it owed its establishment to the late Miss Ann Hill, to the exertions of the ladies of a whole country. At the close of the Greek revolution, female education was a thing entirely unknown in Greece, and the women of all classes were in a most deplorable state of ignorance. When the strong feeling that ran through our country in favour of this struggling people had subsided, and Greece was freed from the yoke of the Mussulman, an act of the legislature providing for the religious improvement of Greece, than all that European diplomacy has ever done for her. The girls were distributed in different classes, according to their age and advancement; they had clean faces and hands, a rare thing with Greek children, and were neatly dressed, many of them wearing frocks made by ladies at home (probably at the expense of our sewing societies); and some of them had attained such an age, and had such fine, dark, rolling eyes, as to make even a northern temperament feel the powerful influence they would soon exercise over the rising, excitable generation of Greeks, and almost make him bless the hands that were directing it."

Mr and Mrs Hill accompanied us through the whole establishment, and being Americans, we were everywhere looked upon and received by the girls as patrons and fathers of the school, both which characters I vaunted in favour of my friend; the one because he was really entitled to it, and the other because some of the girls were so well grown that I did not care to be regarded as standing in that venerable relationship. The didaskalisa, or teachers, were of this description, and they spoke English. Occasionally Mr Hill called a little girl up to us, and told us her history, generally a melancholy one, as, being reduced to the extremity of want by the revolution; or an orphan, whose parents had been thrown into prison, and the maid, when young, with a little Pneupe, who, however, did not look as if she would play the faithful wife of Ulysses, and, if I am a judge of physiognomy, would never endure widowhood twenty years for any man.
Before we went away, the whole school rose at once, and gave us a glorious finale with a Greek hymn. In a short time these girls will grow up into women, and return to their several families; others will succeed them, and again go out, and every year hundreds will distribute themselves in the cities and among the fastnesses of the mountains, to instruct, to exhort, and to convert the fathers and brothers, and in this way, the influence of the education acquired here; instructed in all the arts of woman in civilised domestic life, firmly grounded in the principles of morality, and of religion purified from the follies, absurdities, and abominations of the Greek faith. I have seen much of the missionary labours in the East, but I never beheld anything which promised so surely the happiest results. If the women are educated, the men cannot remain ignorant; if the women are enlightened in religion, the men cannot remain debased and degraded Christians.

The ex-secretary Rigos was greatly affected at the appearance of this female school; and after he recovered his composure, wrote to the Parthenon on the summit of the Acropolis, and said to Mrs Hill, with deep emotion, "Lady, you are erecting in Athens a monument more enduring and more noble than yonder temples" and the king was so deeply impressed with its value, that a short time before my arrival, he proposed to the House of Commons to adopt the girls of the various districts, and educate them as teachers, with the view of sending them back to their districts, there to organise new schools, and carry out the great work of female education. Mr Hill acceded to the proposal, and the American missionary school now stands as the nucleus of a large and growing system of education in Greece; and very opportunity for its extension is purged, when a few days I have received a letter from Mr Hill, in which, in relation to the school, he says, "Our missionary establishment is much increased since you saw it; our labours are greatly increased, and I think I may say we have now reached the summit of what we had proposed to ourselves. We do not think it possible that it can be extended any further without an augmentation of larger funds and more personal aid. We do not wish or intend to ask for either. We have now nearly forty persons residing with us, of whom thirty-five are Greeks, all of whom are brought within the influence of the gospel; the greater part of them are young girls from different parts of Greece, and even from Egypt; and Turkish, or other slave, it has been our experience, experience has been our experience, that if they become instructresses of youth afterwards in their various districts. We have five hundred, besides, under daily instruction in the different schools under our care, and we employ under us in the schools twelve native teachers, who have themselves been instructed by us. We have provided for three of our dear pupils (all of whom were living with us when you were here), who are honourably and usefully settled in life. One is married to a person every way suited to her, and both husband and wife are in our missionary service. One has charge of the government female school at the Piraeus, and supports her father and mother and a large family by her salary; and the third has gone with our missionaries to Turkestan; to take charge of the female schools there. We have removed into our new house of (of which the foundation was just laid at the time of my visit), and large as it is, it is not half large enough. We are trying to raise ways and means to enlarge it considerably, that we may take more boarders under our own roof, which we look to as the most important means by which we may carry on our work. As long as we come to reside with us is taken away from the corrupt example exhibited at home, and brought within a wholesome influence. Lady Byron has just sent us £100 towards enlarging our house with this view, and we have commenced the erection of three additional dormitories with the money.

Athens is again the capital of a kingdom. Enthusiasts see in her present condition the promise of a restoration to her ancient greatness; but reason and observation assure us that the world is too much changed for her ever to be what she has been. In one respect, her condition resembles that of her best days; for as her fame then attracted strangers from every quarter of the world to study in her schools, so now the capital of King Otho has become a great gathering-place of wandering spirits from many near and distant regions. For from every nation now there is a scholar to roam over her classic soil, the artist to study her ancient monuments, and the adventurer to carve his way to fortune.

The first day I dined at the hotel, I had an opportunity of seeing the variety of material congregated in the weaving and dyeing of a long table, capable of accommodating about twenty persons. The manner of living was à la carte, each guest dining when he pleased; but, by tacit consent, at about six o'clock all assembled at the table. We presented a curious medley. No two were from the same country. Our discourse was in English, French, Italian, German, Greek, Russian, and Turkish, and at times it became such a jumble of every people stricken with confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. Dinner over, all fell into French, and the conversation became general. Every man present was, in the fullest sense of the term, a citizen of the world. It had been the fortune of each, whether good or bad, to break the little circle in which so many are confined, and discover a multitude of facts, as to a certain people of various nations had broken down all narrow prejudices, and given to every one freedom of mind and force of character. All had seen much, had much to communicate, and felt that they had much yet to learn. By some accident, moreover, all seemed to have become particularly interested in the East. They travelled in the East, they owned property in the East, at least, to a certain extent, considered themselves identified with eastern interests. Most of the company were or had been soldiers, and several were uniforms and stars, or decorations of some description. They spoke of the different campaigns in Greece, in which some of them had served; of the science of war; of Marlborough, Eugene, and Bonaparte, and the wars of the century. The memories of Napoleon, which had not been quite dead, stirred my feelings of classical reverence by talking of Leonidas at Thermopylæ and Militades at Marathon, in the same tone as of Napoleon at Leipsic and Wellington at Waterloo. One of them constructed on the table, with the knives, forks, and spoons, a map of Marathon, and with a sheeted yagathian pointed out the position of the Greeks and Persians, and showed where Militades, as a general, was wrong. They were not blinded by the dust of antiquity. They had been knocked about till all enthusiasm and all reverence for the past were shaken out of them, and they had learned to give things their right names. A French engineer showed us the skeleton of a map of Mexico, and a picture of the rush of the French Geographical Society, exhibiting an excess of mountains and deficiency of plain which surprised even those who had travelled over every part of the kingdom. One had just come from Constantinople, where he had seen the sultan going to mosque; another had escaped from an attack of the plague in Egypt; a third had; been in the Crimea; and a fourth had been at Bagdad, and listened with interest, somewhat qualified by consciousness of my own inferiority. I was lying in wait, however, and took advantage of an opportunity to throw in something about
America; and at the sound, all turned to me with an eagerness of curiosity that I had not anticipated.

In Europe, and even in England, I had often found extreme ignorance of my own country; but here I was astonished to find, among men so familiar with all parts of the Old World, such total lack of information about the New. A gentleman opposite me, wearing the uniform of the Bavarian regiment, asked me if I had ever been in America. I told him that I was born, and, as they say in Kentucky, **raised** there. He begged my pardon, but doubtfully suggested, "You are not black!" and I was obliged to explain to him that in our section of America the Indian had almost entirely disappeared, and that his place was occupied by the descendants of the Negroes, who had been sold into the fraternity, for my home was farther away than any of them had ever been; my friend opposite considered me a bijou, asked me innumerable questions, and seemed to be constantly watching for the breaking out of the cannibal spirit, as if expecting to see me bite my neighbour. At first I had felt myself rather a small affair; but, before separating, P. American, or le sauvage, or, finally, le cannibale, found himself something of a lion.


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**CHAPTER V.**


**Greece Fiasa—Napoli.**

The next morning I began my survey of the ruins of Athens. It was my intention to avoid any description of these localities and monuments, because so many have published it, and what I have to say in taste and sound in judgment, who have devoted to them all the time and research they so richly merit; but as in our community, through the hurry and multiplicity of business occupations, few are able to bestow upon these things much time or attention, and, furthermore, as the books which treat of them are not accessible to all, I should be doing injustice to my readers if I were to omit them altogether. Besides, I should be doing violence to my own feelings, and cannot get fairly started in Athens, without recurring to scenes which I regarded at the time with extraordinary interest. I have since visited most of the principal cities in Europe, existing as well preserved, and I hardly know which, if any, a city can compare with more admiration in this respect.

Athens. If the reader tire in the brief reference I shall make, he must not impute it to any want of interest in the subject; and as I am not in the habit of going into heroes, he will believe me when I say that, if he have any reverence for the men or things consecrated by the respect and admiration of ages, he will find it called out at Athens. In the hope that I may be the means of inducing some of my countrymen to visit that famous city, I will add another inducement by saying that he may have, as I had, Mr Hill for a cicerone. This gentleman is familiar with every locality and monument around or in the city, and, what is more wonderful, he has been among those living in places consecrated in the minds of strangers, he retains for them all that freshness of feeling which we possess only by those who often enter from books and pictures.

By an arrangement made the evening before, early in the morning of my second day in Athens, Mr Hill was at the door of our hotel to attend us. As we descended the steps, a Greek stopped him, and bowing, with his hand on his heart, addressed him in a tone of earnestness which we could not understand; but we were struck with the sonorous tones of his voice and the musical cadence of his sentences; and when he had finished, Mr Hill told us that he had spoken in a strain which, in the original, was poetry itself, beginning, "Americans, I am a Stagyrite. I come from the land of Aristotle, the disciple of Plato," &c. &c.; telling him the whole story of his journey from the ancient Stagyra and his arrival at Athens; and that, having understood that Mr Hill was distributing books among his countrymen, he begged for one to take home with him. Mr Hill said that this was an instance of every-day occurrence, showing the spirit of inquiry and thirst for knowledge among the modern Greeks. This story with our acquaintance of Aristotle was a fit prelude to our morning ramble.

The house occupied by the American missionary as a school, stands on the site of the ancient Agora or market-place, where St Paul "disputed daily with the Athenians." A few columns still remain, and near them is a picnic-ground. The house, which was occupied by the missionary, is surrounded by these columns, and is a self-complete edifice, being built partly from the ruins of the Agora; and to us it was an interesting circumstance, that a missionary from a newly-discovered world was teaching to the modern Greeks the same saving religion which, 1800 years ago, St Paul, on the same spot, preached to their ancestors.

The hill on which stands the foot of the Acropolis, within the ancient and outside the modern wall, we came to the Areopagus, or Hill of Mars, where in the early days of Athens her judges sat in the open air; and for many ages, decided with such wisdom and impartiality, that to this day the decisions of the court of Areopagites are regarded as models of judicial purity. We ascended it, and stood at the spot where, according to tradition, St Paul, pointing to the temples which rose from every section of the city, and towered proudly on the Acropolis, made his celebrated address: "Ye men of Athens, I see that in all things ye are too superstitious." The ruins of the temple to which he pointed were before our eyes.

Descending, and rising towards the summit of another hill, we came to the Pnyx, where Demosthenes, in the most stirring words that ever fell from human lips, roused his countrymen against the Macedonian invader. Above, on the very summit of the hill, is the old Pnyx, commanding a view of the sea of Salamis, and of the hill where Xerxes sat to behold the great naval battle. During the reign of the thirty tyrants, the Pnyx was revivified beneath the brow of the hill, excluding the view of the sea, that the orator might not inflame the passions of the people by directing their eyes to Salamis, the scene of their naval glory. But without this, the orator had material enough; for when he stood on the platform facing the audience, he had before him the city which the Athenians loved, and the temple in which they worshiped. They would have been more affected by the invincible force of an appeal to these objects of their enthusiastic devotion, their firesides and altars. The place is admirably adapted for public speaking. The side of the hill has been worked into a gently inclined plane, semicircular in form, and supported in some places by a wall of immense stones. This plain is bounded above by the brow of the hill cut down perpendicularly. In the centre the rock projects into a platform about eight or ten feet square, which forms the Pnyx, or pulpit for the orator. The ascent is by three steps cut out of the rock, and in front is a place for the scribe or clerk. We stood on this Pnyx, beyond doubt on the same spot where the wondrous platform stood in the days of the Athenians. On the road leading to the Museum hill we entered a chamber excavated in the rock, which tradition hallows as the prison of Socrates; and though the authority for this is doubtful, it is not uninteresting to enter the damp and gloomy cavern, wherein, according to the belief of the modern Athenians, the wisest of all the Greeks was confined by that law which is the hill of Philopappus, so called after a Roman governor of that name. On the very summit, near the extreme angle of the old wall, and one of the most conspicuous objects around Athens, is a monument erected by the Roman governor in honour of the Emperor Trajan. The marble is covered with the names of travellers, most of whom, like Philopappus himself, would never have been heard of but for that monument.
TRAVELS

In the ruins of ancient cities, a sense of wonder and admiration arises. The magnificent structures of the past, now crumbling under the effects of time and nature, stand as silent witnesses to the grandeur of past civilizations. The Travels undertaken by archaeologists and explorers, like those of ancient explorers, reveal the beauty and mystery of these sites.

The temple of Theseus in Athens is one such wonder. It was built on the site of the old Agora, a meeting place for the city's citizens. The temple is dedicated to the god Theseus, the mythical founder of Athens. The temple is rectangular, with a pediment supported by six Corinthian columns. The columns are fluted, with a capital that is decorated with acanthus leaves. The temple's interior is adorned with sculptures and relief panels, depicting scenes from the life of Theseus.

The temple of the Parthenon, dedicated to the goddess Athena, is another magnificent example of Greek architecture. The temple is surrounded by a colonnade of 46 Doric columns, each 69 feet tall. The columns are made of Pentelic marble and are adorned with sculptural friezes depicting scenes from the Labours of Heracles and the Battle of the Gods and Giants. The temple's pediment is decorated with sculptures of the gods Athena and Zeus.

The temple of Apollo at Delphi is also a masterpiece of ancient architecture. The temple is dedicated to the god Apollo and is located on the Sacred Mountain of Parnassus. The temple is rectangular, with a portico supported by six Doric columns. The columns are fluted, with a capital that is decorated with acanthus leaves. The temple's interior is adorned with sculptures and relief panels, depicting scenes from the life of Apollo.

The temple of Olympian Zeus in Athens is the largest temple of ancient Greece. The temple is dedicated to the god Zeus and is rectangular, with a portico supported by 104 Ionic columns. The columns are fluted, with a capital that is decorated with acanthus leaves. The temple's interior is adorned with sculptures and relief panels, depicting scenes from the life of Zeus.

These temples, along with many others, are examples of the skill and creativity of ancient architects. They serve as a reminder of the glory of ancient Greece and the impact it has had on the world. The Travels of these temples, and their stories, are a testament to the enduring beauty of the past.
site skill of the Grecian artist, which it would have illustrated better than a volume of description; but I could only get up that which he had already exhibited to me. At the conclusion of the day, he fell into one of his native English mannerisms—"Ah, and the Pentelic mountain, from the body of which, were hewed the rough rude blocks which, wrought and perfected by the sculptor's art, now stand the lofty and stately columns of the ruined temple. What labour was expended upon each single column! How many were employed in hewing it from its rocky bed, in bearing it to the foot of the mountain, transporting it across the plain of Attien, and raising it to the summit of the Acropolis! and then what time, and skill, and labour, in reducing it from a rough block to a polished shaft, in adjusting its proportions, in carving its rich capitals, and rearing it where it now stands, a model of majesty, grace and beauty! Once, under the direction of Mr Hill, I clambered up to the very apex of the pediment, and, lying down at full length, leaned over and saw under the frize the acahus leaf delicately and beautifully painted on the marble, and, being protected from exposure, still retaining its freshness of colouring. It was entirely out of sight from below, and had the power of disarming the ambition of the enthusiastic of an English artist. The wind was whistling around me as I leaned over to examine it, and, until that moment, I never appreciated fully the immense labour employed and the exquisite finish displayed in every portion of the temple.

The sentimental traveller must already mourn that Athens is no longer the capital of Greece. Already have speculators and the whole tribe of "improvers" invaded the glorious city; and while I was lingering on the steps of the Parthenon, a German, who was quietly smoking among the ruins, a sort of super-intendant, whom I had met before, came up, and offering me a cigar, and leaning against one of the columns, commenced a discourse upon his "plans of city improvements," with new streets, and projected railroads, and the rise of lots. At first I almost thought it personal, and that he was making a fling at me, in allusion to one of the greatest hobbies of my native city; but I soon found that he was as deeply bitten as if he had been in Chicago or Dunkirk; and the way in which he talked of his "citizenship," as it were, of the community, and a great French bank then contemplated at the Piraeus, would have been no discredit to some of my friends at home. The removal of the court has created a new era in Atheus; but, in my mind, it is deeply to be regretted that it has been snatched from the Athenians. The event was predicted by the poet, and instead ofputting his utilitarian spirit of my country, and myself a quondam speculator in "up-town lots," would fain save Athens from the ruthless hand of renovation; from the building mania of modern speculators. I would have her go on till there was not a habitation among her ruins; till she stood, like Pompeii, alone in the wilderness, a sacred desert, where the traveller might sit down and meditate alone and undisturbed among the relics of the past. But already Athens has become a heterogeneous anomaly; the Greeks in their wild costume are jostled in the streets by Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Dutchmen, Spaniards, and Bavarians, Russians, Danes, and sometimes Americans. European tourists must now, besides the usual railroads and omnibuses, have recourse to the streets for much of their shopping. New taverns, coffee-houses, and billiard-rooms; and French and German restaurants are opened all over the city. Sir Pultney Malcolm has erected a house to hire near the site of Plato's Academy. Lady Franklin has bought land near the foot of Mount Hymettus for a country-seats. Several English gentlemen have done the same. Mr. Richard Armitage of the Athenian club purchased a farm in the neighbourhood; and in a few years, if the "March of Improvement" continues, the Temple of Theseus will be enclosed in the garden of the palace of King Otho; the Temple of the Winds will be concealed by a German opera-house, and the Lanterna of Demosthenes by a row of "three-story houses." I was not a sentimental traveller, but I visited all the localities around Athens, and therefore briefly mention, that several times I jumped over the poetic and remnant hill which stood where Aristotle walked with his peripatetics, and got muddied up to my knees in the garden of Plato.

One morning my Scotch friend and I set out early to ascend Mount Hymettus. The mountain is neither high nor picturesque, but a long flat ridge of bare rock, the sides cut up in ravines, fissures, and gullies. There is an easy path to the summit, but we had no guide, and about mid-day, after a wild scramble, were worn out, and descended without reaching the top, which is exceedingly fortunate for the reader, as otherwise he would be obliged to go through a description of the view therefrom.

Returning to Athens, the king taking his daily walk attended by two aides, one of whom was young Marco Bozzaris. Otho is tall and thin, and, when I saw him, was dressed in a German military frockcoat and cap, and altogether, for a king, seemed to be an amiable young man enough. All the world speaks well of him, and so do I. We touched our hats to him, and he returned our salutation; and what could he do more without inviting us to the palace or the garden, or a divinity about a king; but now, if a king is a gentleman, it is as much as we can expect. He has spent his money like a gentleman, that is, he cannot tell what has become of it. Two of the three millions loan are gone, and there is no colourisation, no agricultural prosperity, to peopling of roads, no security in the mountains; not a town in Greece but is in ruins, and no money to improve them. Athens, however, is to be embellished. With £10,000 in the treasury, he is building a palace of white Pentelic marble, to cost £300,000.

Otho was very popular, because, not being of age, all the errors of his administration were visited upon his tutor and the regency, who, from all accounts, richly deserved them. One day, when several were receiving the crown, he would shake off the Bavarians who were preying upon the vitals of Greece, and gather around him his native-born subjects. In private life he bore a most exemplary character. He had no circle of young companions, and passed much of his time in study, being engaged, among other things, in acquiring the learned languages of the East, which he considered interesting, though not enviable; and if, as the first king of emancipated Greece, he entertains recollections of her ancient greatness, and the ambition of restoring her to her position among the nations of the earth, he is doomed to disappointment. Otho is since crowned and crowned as King Otho, to be a king. Soon he will be considered as if his kingdom was set up by the throne, he naïvely expressed an ardent wish to share it with him. Several years afterwards, by the merest accident, she met Otho at a German watering-place, travelling with her mother, the Queen of Bavaria, as the Count de Misslouigh; and in February last she accompanied him to Athens, to visit the throne which had been the object of her youthful wish.

M. died at my hotel, and, returning to his own, he was picked up and carried to the guard-house. He started for his hotel without a lantern, the requisition to carry one being imperious in all the Greek and Turkish cities; the guard could not understand a word of it, and told him to go to the police office which made his English perfectly intelligible; and they soon conducted him to a Bavarian corporal, who, after two hours' detention, escorted him to his hotel. After that we were rather careful about staying out late at night.

"Thursday—I don't know the day of the month." I find this in my notes, the caption of a day of business, and at this distance of time will not undertake to correct
the entry. Indeed, I am inclined to think that my notes in those days are rather uncertain and imperfect; called upon Mr. Dawkins, the British minister. Mr. Dawkins went to Greece on a special mission, which he supposed would detain him six months from home, and had remained there ten years. He is a high Tory, but remained under a whig administration, because his services could not well be dispensed with. He gave us much interest in the present condition and future prospects of Greece; and, in answer to my suggestion that the United States were not represented at all in Greece, not even by a consul, he said, with emphasis, "You are better represented than any power in Europe. Mr. Hill has more influence here than any minister plenipotentiary among us."

A few days later, when I confided my intention to Mr. Dawkins, he returned my visit, and again spoke in the same terms of high commendation of Mr. Hill. It was pleasing to me, and I have no doubt it will be so to Mr. Hill's numerous friends in this country, to know that a private American citizen, in a position that keeps him aloof from politics, was spoken of in such terms by the representative of one of the great powers of Europe. I have heard it intimated that there was a prospect Mr. Dawkins being transferred to this country, and parted with him in the hope at some future day of seeing him the representative of his government here.

I might have been presented to the king, but my carpet-bag—Dr. W. borrowed a hat, and was presented; the doctor had an old white hat, and the hat he borrowed was one of Mr. Hill's. The tide is going backward; Athens is borrowing her customs from the barbarous nations of the north; and it is part of the etiquette to enter a drawing-room with a hat (a black one) under the arm. The doctor, in his republican simplicity, thought that a hat, good enough to put on his own head, was good enough to go into the king's presence in, and for that reason, and for the sake of taking one of Mr. Hill's, not very much too large for him. He was presented by Dr. W., a German, the king's physician, with whom he had discussed much of the different medical systems in Germany and America. Dr. W. was much pleased with the king. Did ever a man talk with a king who was not pleased with him? I myself have been pleased with King Otho, as the latter entered largely into discourse on the doctor's favourite theme, Mr. Hill's school, and the cause of education in Greece. Indeed, it speaks volumes in favour of the young king, that education is one of the things in which he takes the deepest interest. The day the doctor was to be presented, we dined at Mr. Hill's, having made arrangements for leaving Athens that night; the doctor and M. to return to Europe. In the afternoon, while the doctor remained to be presented, M. and I walked down to the Piraeus, now, as in the days of her glory, the harbour of Athens. The ancient harbour is about five miles from Athens, and was formerly joined to it by long walls built of stone of enormous size, having foot high, and broad enough on the top for two wagons to pass abreast. These have long since disappeared, and the road is now over a plain shaded a great part of the way by groves of olives. As usual at this time of day, we met many parties on horseback, sometimes with ladies; and I remember particularly the boy I and accomplished daughters of Count Armanegh,* and dead. It is a beautiful ride, in the afternoon particularly, as then the dark outline of the mountains beyond, and the diffusion of light and shade, give a peculiarly interesting effect to the ruins of the Acropolis. Towards the other end we passed between the ruins of the old walls, and entered upon a scene which reminded me of home. Eight months before there was only one house at the Piraeus; but as soon as the court entered, ATHENS, the old harbour revived; and already we saw the ranges of stores and warehouses, and all the hurry and bustle of one of our rising western towns. A railroad was in contemplation, and many other improvements, which have since failed; but an omnibus—that most modern and commonplace of inventions—is now running regularly between the Piraeus and Athens, and a special coach is kept for the visit of Greek ambassadors, in Greek, English, French, and German, the English being in the words and figures following, to wit:—

"ADVERTISEMENT."

The public are hereby informed, that on the 19th instant an omnibus will commence running between Athens and the Piraeus, and will continue to do so every day at the undermentioned hours until further notice.

**Hours of Departure.**

**From Athens.**

Half-past seven o'clock A.M.
Ten o'clock A.M.
Eleven o'clock A.M.
Three o'clock P.M.
Half-past five p.m.

**From Piraeus.**

Half-past seven o'clock A.M.
Ten o'clock A.M.
Half-past five p.m.

The price of a seat in the omnibus to Athens Baggage, if not too bulky and heavy, can be taken on the roof. Smoking cannot be allowed in the omnibus, nor can dogs be admitted.

Small parcels and packages may be sent by this conveyance at the same rates as by the omnibus, and given to the care of the conductor. The omnibus starts from the corner of the Iermon and Eudox Streets, at Athens, and from the basin at the Piraeus, and will wait five minutes at each place, during which period the conductor will sound his horn.

* Athena, 17th, 20th September 1836*.

Old things are passing away, and all things are becoming new. For a little while yet we may cling to the illusions connected with the past, but the mystery is fast dissolving, the darkness is broken by the light of Greece, and Rome, and even Egypt herself, henceforward claim our attention with objects and events of the present hour. Already they have lost much of the deep and absorbing interest with which men turned to them a generation ago. All the hallowed associations of the ancients, all the regions are becoming hazier and hazier. We may regret it, we may mourn over it, but we cannot prevent it. The world is marching onward; I have met parties of my own townsmen while walking in the silent galleries of the Coliseum. I have seen Americans drinking champagne in an excavated dwelling of the ancient Pompeii, and I have dined with Englishmen among the ruins of Thebes, but, blessed be my fortune, I never rode in an omnibus from the Piraeus to Athens. We put our baggage on board the caisne, and lounged among the little shops till dark, when we betook ourselves to a dirty little coffee-house filled with Greeks, dozing and smoking pipes. We met there a boat's crew of a French man-of-war, waiting for some of the officers, who were dining with an English ambassador. One of them had been born to a better condition than that of a common sailorman; another had brought him down, and, without a single vice, he was fairly on the road to ruin. Once he bruised a tear from his eyes as he told us of prospects brightened by his own follies; but, rousing himself, hurried me along, and he left me in the street above the noise of the familiar hymns of his wild companions.

About ten o'clock the doctor came in, drenched with rain, and up to his knees in mud. We wanted to embark immediately, but the appearance of the weather was so unfavourable, that the captain preferred waiting till after midnight. The Greeks went away from the coffee-house, the proprietor fell asleep in his seat, and we..."
extended ourselves on the tables and chairs; and now the ladies, which had been distributed among all the loungers, made a combined onset upon us. Life has its cares and troubles, but few know that of being given up to men. Under this we crept, and with our club and a sailcloth spread over us, our heated blood cooled, and we fell asleep. When we waked, we were on the way to Epidaurus. The weather was raw and cold. We passed within a stone's throw of Salamis and Ægina, and at about three o'clock, turning a point which completely hid it from view, entered a beautiful little bays beneath a mountain, and a sailcloth spread over us, our heated blood cooled, and we fell asleep. When we woke, we were on the way to Epidaurus. The weather was raw and cold. 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The theatre faces the north, and is so arranged that, with the mountain towering behind it, the audience were shaded nearly all the day. It speaks volumes in favour of the intellectual character of the Greeks, that it was their favourite recreation to listen to the recitation of their poets and players. And their superiority in all things, whether intellectual or moral, is more clearly than by the fact, that in the ruined cities of the former are found the remains of theatres, and in the latter of amphitheatres, showing the barbarous taste of the Romans for combats of gladiators and wild beasts. It was in beautiful keeping with this intellectual taste of the Greeks, that their places of assembling were in the open air, amid scenery calculated to elevate the mind; and as I sat on the marble steps of the theatre, I could well imagine the high satisfaction with which the Greek, under the shade of the impending mountain, himself all enthusiasm and passion, rapt in the interest of some deep tragedy, would hang upon the strains of Euripides or Sophocles. What deep-drawn exclamations, what shouts of applause, had run through that solitude! What bursts of joy and grief had echoed from those silent benches! And then, too, what flirtation and coquetting! the state of society at the springs in the Grove of Esclusipus being probably much the same as at Saratoga in our own days. The whole grove is now a scene of desolation. The lenticulus is growing between the crevices of the broken marble; birds sing undisputed among the bushes; the timid hare steals among the ruins, and sometimes the snake is seen gliding over the marble steps.

We had expected to increase the interest of our visit by taking our noonday refection on the steps of the theatre, but it was too cold for a picnic al fresco; and, mounting our horses, about two o'clock we came in sight of Argos, on the opposite side of the great plain; and in half an hour more, turning the mountain, saw Napi di Romania, beautifully situated on a gentle elevation on the shore of the gulf. The scenery in every direction around Napoli is exceedingly beautiful; and when we approached it, it bore no marks of the sanguinary scenes of the late revolution. The plain was better, owing to the fact that was part of the adjacent country; and the city contained long ranges of houses and streets, with German names, such as Heidecker, Maurer Street, &c., and was seemingly better regulated than any other city in Greece. We drove up to the Hotel des Quatre Nations, the best we had found in Greece; dined at a restaurant with a crowd of Bavarian officers and adventurers, and passed the evening in the streets and cafes.

The appearance of Otho Street, which is the principal, is very respectable; it runs from what was the palace to the grand square or esplanade, on one side of which are the barracks of the Bavarian soldiers, with a park of artillery, posted so as to sweep the square and principal streets; a speaking comment upon the liberty of the Greeks, and the confidence reposed in them by the government.

Every thing in Napoli recalls the memory of the brief and unfortunate career of Capo d'Istria. Its recovery from the horrors of barbarian war, and the thriving appearance of the country around, are ascribed to the impulse given by his administration. A Greek by birth, he was anxious to re-establish the former relations of the Turks and Greeks, and introduced the Turkish yoke; and after passing five years in Germany and Switzerland, chiefly at Geneva, in 1827 he was called to the presidency of Greece. On his arrival at Napoli, amid the miseries of war and anarchy, he was received by the whole people as the only man capable of saving their country. Civil war ceased on the very day of his arrival, and the traitor Grievas placed in his hands the key of the Palmethe. I shall not enter into any speculations upon the character of his administration. The rank he had attained in a foreign service is conclusive evidence of his talents, and his withdrawal from that service for the reason stated is as conclusive of his patriotism; but from the moment he set foot upon the soil of Greece, he was assailed by every so-called liberal press in Europe with the party cry of Russian influence. The Greeks were induced to believe that he intended to sell them to a stranger; and Capo d'Istria, strong in his own integrity, and confidently relying on the fidelity and gratitude of his countrymen, was assassinated in the streets on his way to mass. Young Mauriacq, the son of the old Bey of Maina, struck the fatal blow, and fled for refuge to the house of the French ambassador. A gentleman attached to the French legation told me that he himself opened the door when the murderer rushed in with the bloody dagger in his hand, exclaiming, "I have killed the tyrant!" He was not more than twenty-one, tall and noble in his appearance, and animated by an enthusiastic belief that he had delivered his country. My informant told me that he barred all the doors and windows, and went up stairs to inform the minister, who had not yet risen. The latter was embarrassed,
and in doubt what he should do. A large crowd gathered round the house; but, as yet, they were all Mauromichalis's friends. The young enthusiast spoke of what he had done with a high feeling of patriotism and pride; and while the clamour out of doors was becoming outrageous, he ate his breakfast and smoked his pipe with the utmost composure. He remained at the embassy more than two hours, and until the regular troops drew up before the house. The French ambas-
sador, though he at first refused, was obliged to deliver him up; and my informant saw him shot under a tree outside the gate of Napoleon, dying gallantly in the firm conviction that he had played the Brutus, and freed his country from a Cæsar.

Theate of Capo d'Istria again darkened the prospects of Greece, and the throne went begging for an occupant, until it was accepted by the King of Bavaria for his second son Otho. The young monarch arrived at Naples in February 1833. The whole population came out to meet him, and the Grecian youth ran breast deep in the water to touch his barge as it approached the shore. In February 1834, it was decided to esta-
blish Athens as the capital. The propriety of this removal has been seriously questioned, for Napoleon possessed advantages in her location, harbour, fortress, and a town already built; but the King of Bavaria, a scholar and an antiquary, was influenced more, perhaps, by the ancient connection of Greece with the metropolis of Greece. Napoleon has received a severe blow from the removal of the seat of government and the consequent withdrawal of the court, and the manufacturers and mechanics attendant upon it. Still it was by far the most European of its appearance in any city I had seen in Greece. It had several restaurants and coffee-houses, where people could be seen, if it were not the custom of the country. Officers and broken-down European adventurers, dis-
cussing the internal affairs of that unfortunate country, which men of every nation seemed to think they had a right to assist in governing. Napoleon had always been the great gathering-place of the phil-Hellenists, and many appropriating to themselves that sacred name were bearing the torch of liberty, not the fire of the elements, something may be gained by him who has nothing to lose; and when the Greek revolution broke upon the astonished people of Europe, these soldiers of fortune hastened to take their part in the struggle, and win the profits of success. I believe that there were men who embarked in the cause with as high and noble purposes as ever animated the warrior; but of many of these chivalric patriots there is no lack of charity in saying that, however good they might be as fighters, they were not much as men; and I am sorry to add that, from the accounts I heard in Greece, the American phil-Hellenists were a rather shabby set. Happily for Europe, I am bound to say that I never heard in Greece any imputations on his char-
acter. Mr M., then resident in Naples, was accosted one day in the streets by a young man, who asked him where he could find General Jarvis. "What do you want with him?" said Mr M. "I hope to obtain a commission in his army." "Do you see that dirty fellow there?" said Mr M. "That is Jarvis, patriot passing at the moment; "well, twenty such fellows compose Jarvis's army, and Jarvis himself is no better off." "Well, then," said the young American, "I believe I'll join the Turks!" Allen, another American patriot, was hanged at Constantinople. Another behaved gallantly as a soldier, but sufficed his laurels by appropriating the money entrusted to him by the Greek committee. One bore the sacred name of Washington, a brave but unprincipled man. Mr M. had heard him say, that if the devil himself should raise a regiment and would give him a good commission, he would willingly march under him. He was struck by a shot from the fortress in the harbour of Napoleon while directing a battery against it, was taken on board his Britannic majesty's ship Asia, and breathed his last uttering curses on his country.

I could not allow a week to pass without a visit to Naples. It was only for the luxury of its hotel; but time would not permit, and I went to bed resolving to make up for the last night, and sleep a little in advance for the next.

CHAPTER VI.

Argos—Parting and Farewell—Tomb of Agamemnon—My-
ence—Gate of the Lions—A Misfortune—Meeting in the
Mountains—A Landlord's Troubles—A Midnight Quarrel.
One good turn deserves another—Gratitude of a Greek Fa-
mily—Megara—The Soldiers' Revel.

In the morning, finding a difficulty in procuring horses, some of the loungers about the hotel told us there was a carriage in Naples, and we ordered it to be brought out, and soon after saw moving majestically down the principal street a bella carozza, imported by its enter-
prising proprietor from the Strada Toledo at Naples. It was painted a bright flaring yellow, and had a big-
breasted Albanian for coachman. While preparing to embark, I saw the horsemen draw in the morning and we discharged the bella carozza. My companion hired the horses for Padras, and I threw my cloak on one of them and followed on foot.

The plain of Argos is one of the most beautiful I ever saw. On every side, except towards the sea, it is bounded by mountains, and the contrast between these mountains, the plain, and the sea is strikingly beau-
tiful. The sun was beating upon it with intense heat; the labourers were almost naked, or in several places lying asleep on the ground, while the tops of the moun-
tains were covered with snow. I walked across the whole plain, being only six miles, to Argos. This ancient city is long since in ruins; her thirty temples, her costly sepulchres, her gymnasium, and her numerous and magnificent monuments and statues, have dis-
appeared, and the only traces of her former greatness are some remains of her Cyclopean walls, and a ruined theatre cut in the rock, and of magnificent proportions. Modern Argos is nothing more than a straggling village. Mr Riggs, an American missionary, was stationed there before that time at Athens was an
invalid wife. I was still on foot, and wandered up and down the principal street looking for a horse. Every Greek in Argos soon knew my business, and all kinds of four-legged animals were brought to me at exorbitant prices. When I was poring over the Itali, I little thought that I should ever visit Argos; still less does he	that I should create a sensation in the ancient city of the Danaï; but man little knows for what we is reserved.

Argos has been so often visited that Homer is out of date. Every midday from a Mediterranean cruiser has danced on the steps of her desolate theatre, and instead of busying myself with her ancient glories, I began to consider the population in hiring a horse. I was in this ancient city I soon became the centre of a regular horsemarket. Every rascally jockey swore that his horse was the best, and, according to the descen-
dants of the respectable sons of Atreus, blindness, lameness, spavin, and staggers, were a recommendation. A Bavarian officer, whom I had met in the bazaar, insisted on my assistance, and stood by me while I made my bargain. I had more regard to the guide than the horse; and picking out one who had been particularly noisy, hired him to conduct me to Corinth and Athens. He was a lad of about twenty, with a bright sparkling eye, who, laughing roguishly at his unsuccessful com-
petitors, wanted to pitch me at once on the horse and be off. I joined my companions, and in a few minutes we left Argos.

The plain of Argos has been immortalised by poetic genius, as the great gathering-place of the kings and
arms that assembled for the siege of Troy. To the
scholar and poet, few places in the world are more
inexhaustible. It carries him back to the heroic ages
and to the history of times bordering on the fabulous,
when fact and fiction are so beautifully blended, that
we would not separate them if we could. I had but a little
while longer to remain with my friends, for we were
approaching the point where our roads separated, and
about eleven o'clock we halted, and exchanged our
farewell greetings. We parted in the middle of the
plain, they to return to Padras and Europe, and I for
the tomb of Agamemnon, and back to Athens, and I
hardly know where besides. Dr W. I did not meet
again until my return home. About a year afterwards
I arrived in Antwerp in the evening from Rotterdam.
The city was filled with strangers, and I was denied
admission at a third hotel, when a young man brushed
by me in the doorway, and I recognised Maxwell. I
hailed him; but in cap and cloak, and with a large red
shawl around my neck, he did not know me. I unrolled
and discovered myself, and it is needless to say that I
did not leave the hotel that night. It was his very last
day of two years' travel on the Continent; he had taken
himself ill on his own account, and I think perhaps a
little later I should have missed him altogether. I can give
but a faint idea of the pleasure of this meeting. He
gave me the first information of the whereabouts of Dr W.;
we talked nearly all night, and about noon the next
day I again bade him farewell on board the steamer.

I have for some time neglected our servant. When
we separated, the question was who should not keep
him. We were all heartily tired of him, and I would
not have had him with me on any account. Still, at
the moment of parting in that wild and distant region,
never expecting to see him again, I felt some slight
leaning towards him. Touching the matter of shirts, it
was impossible to have parted without giving him one.
And at the moment of parting, I had one of M.'s on my back;
and in justice to him, I must say it was a very good
one, and lasted a long time. A friend once wrote to
me on a like occasion not to wear his out of its turn,
but M. laid no such restriction upon me. But this
trilling gain did not indemnify me for the loss of my
former servant. He was a quiet, unassuming fellow, and
comforted me with home, and was setting out alone for
knew not where. I felt at once the great loss I had sustained,
for my young muleteer could speak only his own lan-
guage, and, as Queen Elizabeth said to Sir Walter
Raleigh of her Hebrew, we had "forgotten our
Greek.

I walked on that classical soil I ought not to have been
lonely. I should have conjured up the ghosts of the
departed Atrides, and held converse on their own
ground with Homer's heroes. Nevertheless, I was not
in the mood, and, entirely forgetting the glories of the
past, I started my horse into a gallop. My companion
followed on a full run, close at my heels, belabouring
my horse with a stick, which, when he broke, he pelled
him with stones; indeed, this mode of scaring over
the ground seemed to hit his humour, for he shunted,
hurried, and whipped, and sometimes, laying hold of
the tail of the beast, was dragged along several paces
with little effort of his own. I soon tired of this, and
made signs to him to stop; but it was his turn now,
and I was obliged to lean back till I reached him with
my cane before I could make him let go his hold, and
then he commenced shouting and pelting again with
stones.

In this way we approached the village of Krabata,
about a mile below the ruins of Mycenae, and the most
miserable place I had seen in Greece. With the fertile
plains and mountains, and its gigantic sites, the ruins
exhibited a melancholy picture of the most abject
poverty. As I rode through, crowds beset me with
cutstretched arms imploring charity; and a miserable
old woman, darting out of a wretched hovel, laid her
gant and bony hand upon my leg, and attempted to
stop me. I shrank from her grasp, and, under the
effect of a sudden impulse, threw myself off on the other
side, and left my horse in her hands.

Hurry through I entered, my young guides going
before me crying out "Agamemnon, Agamemnon." I
followed, and they conducted me to the tomb of "the
king of kings," a gigantic structure, still in good preser-
vation, of a conical form, covered with turf; the stone
over the door is twenty-seven feet long and seventeen
wide, larger than any hewn stone in the world except
Pompey's Pillar. There was a light passed through the
tombs before torches, and walked within and around this
ancient sepulchre. A worthy Dutchman, Herman Van
Creutzner, has broached a theory that the Trojan war
is a mere allegory, and that no such person as Aga-
memnon ever existed. Shame upon the cold-blooded
heretic! I have my own sins to answer for in that way,
for I have laid my destroying hand upon many clear
illusions; but I would not, if I could, destroy the mystery
that overhangs the heroic ages. The royal sepulchre
was forsaken and empty; the shepherd drives within
his flock for shelter; the traveller sits under its shade
at his noonday meal; and, at the moment, a goat was
dozing quietly in one corner. He started as I entered,
and seemed, too, to be a little afraid of me. I ascended
perilously before him the light of my torch, rose up
to butt me. I turned away, and left him in quiet posses-
sion. The boys were waiting outside, and crying
"Myecne, Myecne," led me away. All was solitude,
and I saw no marks of a city until I reached the relics
of her Cyclopean walls. I never felt a greater degree
of reverence than I felt towards the results of the
reverence of Homer and the stories of Myecne. At Argos I
spent most of my time in the horsemarket, and I had goggled over the great plain as carelessly as if it had been the road to Harlem; but all the associations connected with this most interesting ground here pressed upon me at once. Its extra-
dinary antiquity, its gigantic remains, and its utter
and unapproachable grandeur, with the light and
shaded down the long-consumed wall, the path that had
been walked over to the Gate of the Lions, and stood before it
a long time without entering. A broad street led to it
between two immense parallel walls; and this street
may perhaps have been a market-place. Over the
gate are two lions rampant, like the supports of a
modern coat-of-arms, rudely carved, and supposed to
represent the sons of the two brothers, Leuctros and
Pandion; the horned head of the famous Agamemnon
forced out his forces for the siege of Troy; three thousand years ago he saw them filing
before him, glittering in brass, in all the pomp
and panoply of war; and I held in my hand a book which
told me that this city was so old, that more than seven-
thousand hundred years ago, travellers came as I did
to see it. Its ancient buildings, the Gate of the Lions
the magnificent two hundred and seven feet of the
great Agamemnon, may be placed in the same state in which I beheld it now.
A great part is buried by the rubbish of the fallen
city. I crawled under, and found myself within the
walls, and then mounted to the height on which the city
stood. It was covered with a thick soil and a rich
carpet of grass. My boys left me, and I alone.
walked all over it, following the line of the walls. I
paused at the great blocks of stone, the remnants of
Cyclopean masonry, the work of wandering giants.
The heavens were clouded, and the sun was beaming
upon it with genial warmth. Nothing could exceed the
quiet beauty of the scene. I became entangled in the
long grass, and picked up wild flowers growing over
long-buried dwellings. Under it are immense caverns
their uses now unknown; and the earth sounded hollow
under my feet, as if I were treading on the sepulchre
of a buried city. I looked across the plain to Argos;
all was as beautiful as when Homer sang its praises;
the plain, and the mountains, and the sea, were the same,
but the once magnificent city, her numerous streets
the ancient ruins, were the same; but the scene was
remains were left to tell the passing traveller the
story of her fallen greatness. I could have remained
there for hours; I could have gone again and again,
for I had not found a more interesting spot in Greece;
but my reveries were disturbed by the appearance of
my muleteer and my juvenile escort. They pointed to
the sun as an intimation that the day was passing; and crying "Cavalo, Cavalo," hurried me away. To them the ruined city was a playground; they followed the cowering behind; and in descending, three or four of them rolled down upon me; they hurried me through the Gate of the Lions, and I could only look behind as I passed across the knee almost irreparably. In an instant I was another man; I raised a few slender sticks as a sword against the almost endless stones beyond the boundary-line of Agamemnon's kingdom. In full sight, and just at the other side of the plain, was the kingdom of Argos. The little state of Rhodes Island would make a bigger kingdom than both of them together.

But I had no time for deep meditation, having a long journey to Corfu. As we passed down the road, my young Greek had no tire in him; he started me off on a gallop, whipping and pelting my horse with stones, and would have hurried me on, over rough and smooth, till either lie, or I, or the horse, broke down, if I had not jumped off and walked. As soon as I dismounted, he mounted, and then he moved so leisurely that I had to hurry him on in turn. In this way we came to Corfu, the plain was reached, and the last plain was the plain of Argos from the Isthmus of Corinth. Entering the pass, we rode along a mountain torrent, of which the channel-bed was then dry, and ascended to the summit of the first range. Looking back, the scene was magnificent. On my right and left were the ruined heights of Argos and Mycenae; before me, the towering Acropolis of Nafplion di Runia; all below, the rich plains of Argos, extending to the shore of the sea; and beyond, the island-studded Aegean. I turned away with a feeling of regret that, in all probability, I should never see it more.

I moved on, and in a narrow pass, not wide enough to turn my horse if I had been disposed to take to my heels; three men rose up from behind a rock, armed with naked swords; but I was now returned to my sheepskin clouts—the dress of the klept, or mountain robber—and altogether presenting a most diabolically cutthroat appearance. If they had asked me for my purse, I should have considered it all regular, and given up the remnant of my stock of borrowed money without a murmur; but I was relieved from immediate apprehension by the King of the Cities, King of the Wood. King Methon, who had begun the benefits of civilised government in Greece by introducing passports, and mountain warriors were stationed in the different passes to examine strangers. They acted, however, as if they were more used to demanding purses than passports, for they sprang into the road, and rattled the butts of their guns on the rock with a violence that was somewhat alarming, the moment my passport had been made out with those of my companions, and was in their possession, and when we parted neither thought of it; and this demand to me, who had nothing to lose, was worse than that of my purses. A few words of explanation might have relieved me from all difficulty, but my friends could not understand me, and I perceived that it was a case of being sent back, and thought I would try the effect of a little impudence; so, crying out "Americanos," I attempted to pass on; but they answered me "Nix," and turned my horse's head towards Argos. The scene, which a few moments before seemed so beautiful, was now perfectly detestable. Finding that bravado had not the desired effect, the King at last, 'Before the sun was setting, I was hurrying, and the road across the mountain is one of the wildest in Greece. It is cut up by numerous ravines, sufficiently deep and dangerous, which at every step threaten destruction to the inclement traveller. During the late revolution the soil of Greece had been drenched with blood; and my whole journey had been through cities and over battle-fields memorable for scenes of slaughter unparalleled in the annals of modern war. In the narrowest pass of the mountains, my guide made gestures indicating that it had been the scene of a desperate struggle; the whole plain was covered with the dusky trunks of olive trees, having penetrated to the plain of Argos, were compelled to fall back upon Corinthis, a small band of Greeks, under Niketassand Demetrius Ypsiilanti, waylaid them in this pass. Concealing themselves behind the rocks, and waiting till the pass was filled, all at once they opened a tremendous fire upon the solid column below, and the pass was in a gory tangle with slain. Six thousand were cut down in a few hours. The terrified survivors recoiled for a moment; but as if impelled by an invisible power, rushed on to meet their fate. "The Musulman rode into the passes with his sabre in his sheath and his hands before his eyes, the victim of destiny." The Greeks again poured upon them a shower of lead, and several thousand were cut down before the Moslem army accomplished the passage of this terrible defile.

It was nearly dark when we rose to the summit of the last range of mountains, and saw, under the rich lustre of the setting sun, the Acropolis of Corinth, with its walls and turrets, towering to the sky, the plain behind the Acropolis extending inland, the Gulf of Lepanto; and the gloomy mountains of Cytheron and Helicon, and the enveloped snow. It was after dark when we passed the region of the Nemean Grove, celebrated as the haunt of the lion and the scene of the first of the twelve labours of Heracles. We were yet three hours from Corinth; and we saw the heads of the Cretan mountains, and the shining butts of his pistols and hilt of his yataghan, and took his dimensions with more anxiety, perhaps, than exactitude. He recognised my Frank dress, and accosted me in bad Italian, which he had picked up at Padras (being just the Italian in which I could meet him on equal ground), and told me that he had met a party of Frank at just the road I was following, whom, from his deportment, I recognised as my friends.

It was nearly midnight when we rattled up to the gate of the old locanda. The yard was thronged with horses and baggage, and Greek and Bavarian soldiers. On the balcony stood my old brigand host, completely crestfallen, and literally turned out of doors in his own house; a detachment of Bavarian soldiers had arrived that afternoon from Padras, and taken entire possession, giving him and his wife the freedom of the outside. He did not recognise me, and taking me for an Englishman, began "Sono Inglese Signor" (he had lived at Corfu under the British dominion); and telling me the whole particulars of his unceremonious ouster, exclaimed, through me, the arm of the British government, that the Cretans had eaten every thing that was walking about in no very gentle mood, but, in truth, very much the contrary. I did not speak to her, and she did not trust herself to speak to me; but, addressing myself to the husband, introduced the subject of my own immediate wants, a supper, and night's lodging. The landlord told me, however, that the two Bavarians had eaten every thing that was in the house, and that there was not a room, bed, blanket, or coverlet, to give me; that I might lie down in the hall or the piazza, but there was no other place.

I was outrageous at the hard treatment he had received from the Bavarians. It was too bad to turn an honest innkeeper out of his house, and deny him the pleasure of accommodating a traveller who had toiled and toiled full hard all day, with the perfect assurance of finding a bed at night. I saw, however, that there was no help
A MIDNIGHT QUARREL.

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for it; and noticing an opening at one end of the hall, went into a store-room filled with all kinds of ruck, I waited another attack. In the meantime, I heard the noise of a violent scuffling on the floor of the hall, and, high above all, the voices of husband and wife, his evidently coming from the floor in a deprecating tone, and hers in a high towering passion, and enforced with severe blows of a stick. As soon as I was fairly awaken, I saw through the thing at once. It was only a little matrimonial tête-à-tête. The unamiable humour in which I had left them against the Bavarians had ripened into a private quarrel between themselves, and she had got him down, and was pummelling him with a broomstick or something of that kind. It seemed natural and right enough, and was, moreover, no business of mine. I could only notice the way two citizens were divided between man and wife is sure to have both against him, I kept quiet. Others, however, were not so considerate, and the occupants of the different rooms tumbled into the hall in every variety of fancy night-gear, among whom was one whose only clothing was a military coat and cap, with a sword in his hand. When the hubbub was at its height, I was out. I expected, the husband and wife standing side by side, she still brandishing the stick, and both apparently outrageous at every thing and every body around them. I congratulated myself upon my superior knowledge of human nature, and went back to my bed on the door.

In the morning I was greatly surprised to find, that instead of being so fatigued as I expected to be from taking part. Two German soldiers, already half intoxicated, had come into the hall, and insisted upon having more wine; the host refused, and when they moved towards my sleeping place, where the wine was kept, they stopped.

After this I did not notice the subdued expression of his usually bright face, nor that he was eating his horse with some of their camp equipage; but all at once it struck me that they were pressing him into their service. I was already roused by the way the woman had told me, and, resolving that they should not serve me as they did the Greeks, I sprung off the piazza, cleared my way through the crowd, and going up to my horse, already staggering under a burden poised on his back, but not yet fastened, put my hand under one side, and tumbled it over with a crash on the other. The soldiers cried out furiously; and while they were spattering German at me, I sprang into the saddle. I was in admirable pugilistic condition, with nothing on but my shirt, and, without a hat, I could not think of getting a whipping, if nothing worse; but I detested the manner in which the Bavarians lورد it in Greece; and riding up to a group of officers who were staring at me, told them that I had just tumbled their luggage off my horse, and they must bear in mind that they could not deal with strangers quite so arbitrarily as they did with the Greeks. The commandant was disposed to be indignant and very magnanimous; but some of the others making suggestions to him, he said he understood the countrymen, and, after apologising on the ground of the necessities of government, ordered him to be released. I apologised back again, returned the horse to my guide, whose eyes sparkled with pleasure, and went in for my hat and coat.

I dressed myself, and, telling him to be ready when I had finished my breakfast, went out expecting to start forthwith; but, to my surprise, my host told me that the lad refused to go any farther without an increase of pay; and, sure enough, there he stood, making no preparation for moving. The cavalcade of soldiers had gone, and taken with them every horse in Corinth, and the young rascal intended to take advantage of my necessity. I told him that I had hired him to Athens for such a price, and that I had saved him from impressment, and consequent loss of wages, by the soldiers, which he admitted. I added, that he was a young rascal, which he neither admitted nor denied, but answered that I had hired him a horse for a day, and that this was compared with the vexation of a day's detention; but a traveller is apt to think that all the world is conspiring to impose upon him, and, at times, to be very resolute in resisting. I was peculiarly so then, and, after a few words, set off to complain to the head of the police.

Without any ado, he trotted along with me, and we proceeded to the police-station. The fellow was in something of a passion, he perfectly cool, good-natured, and considerate, merely keeping out of the way of my stick. Hurrying along near the columns of the old temple, I stumbled, and he sprang forward to assist me, his face expressing great interest, and a fear that I had hurt myself; and when I walked towards a house which we passed, he followed me, and said, as he turned to run after me to direct me right. All this mollified me considerably; and before we reached the door, the affair began to strike me as rather ludicrous.

I stated my case, however, to the eparchos, a Greek in Frank dress, who spoke French with great facility, and treated me with the greatest consideration. He was so full of professions that I felt quite sure of a decision in my favour; but, assuming my story to be true, and without asking the lod for his excuse, he shrugged his shoulders, and said it would take time to examine the matter, and, if I was in a hurry, I had better submit. To be sure, he said, the fellow was a great rogue, and he gave his countrymen in general a bad name. He did not scruple to do this, he said, in their justification, that they were imposed upon and opposed by every body, and therefore considered that they had a right to take their advantage whenever an opportunity offered. The young man sat down on the floor, and looked at me with the most frank, honest, and open expression, as if perfectly unconscious that he was doing any thing wrong. I could not but acknowledge that some excuse for him was to be drawn from the nature of the school in which he had been brought up; and, after a little parley, agreed to pay him the additional price, if, at the end of the journey, I was satisfied with his conduct. This was enough; his face brightened, he sprang up and took my hand, and we left the house the best friends in the world. He seemed to be hurt as well as surprised at my finding fault with him, for to him all seemed perfectly natural; and, to seal the reconciliation, he hurried on ahead, and had the horse ready when I reached the locanda. I took leave of my host with a better feeling than before, and set out a second time on the road to Athens.

At Athens, my host had advised me to go back to the Greeks, who spoke the lingua Franca came from on board one of the little caiques, and, when he learned that I was an American, described to me the scene that had taken place on that beach upon the arrival of provisions from America; when thousands of miserable beings who had fled from the blaze of their dwellings, and lived for months upon plants and roots—grey-headed men,
TRAVELS IN GREECE.

mothers with infants at their breasts, emaciated with hunger and almost frantic with despair—came down from their mountain retreats to receive the welcome relief. He might well remember the scene, for he had been one of that starving people; and he took me to a house where he had owed me his wife and four children, now nearly all grown, telling me that they had all been rescued from death by the generosity of my countrymen.

I do not know why, but in those countries it did not seem unmanly for a bearded and whiskered man to weep; I felt any thing but contempt for him when, with his heart overflowing and his eyes filled with tears, he told me, when I returned home, to say to my countrymen that I had seen and talked with a recipient of their bounty; and though the Greeks might never repay us, they could never forget what we had done for them.

I remembered the excitement in our country in their behalf, in colleges and schools, of the poet-hero. He told me that the Greek family was the top of the mountain, so far off that he did not hear me; and when, with the help of my Greek, I had succeeded in gaining his attention, he looked for some time without being able to see me. When he did, however, he waited; but, to my no small disappointment, he answered my first question with the odious "I am not in the house"; but finding that of no use, I sat down to rest, and he, for courtesy, joined me; my young Greek, in the spirit of good-fellowship, doing the same. He was a tall, noble-looking fellow, and, like myself, a stranger in Greece; and though we could not say so, it was understood that we were glad to meet and travel together as comrades. The talk was less than the sword, and we were debussed from the mischievous member, and walked all day side by side, seldom three paces apart, before night we were sworn friends.

About five o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Megara. A group of Bavarian soldiers were lounging round the door of the khan, who welcomed their ex- pectation by giving me a hearty "Viva to the Emperor!" They left me, and soon returned with the compliments of the commandant, and an invitation to visit him in the evening. I had, however, accepted a prior invitation from the soldiers for a rendezvous in the locanda. I wandered till dark among the ruined houses of the town, thought of Euclid and Alexander the Great, and returning, was met, like myself, at the door by my friends, with my poodles, over an old map of Greece hanging on the wall, made a few notes, and throwing myself back on a sort of divan, while thinking what I should do, fell asleep.

About ten o'clock I was roused by the loud roar of a chorus, not like a sudden burst, but a thing that seemed to have swelled up to that point by degrees; and rubbing my eyes, and stumbling downstairs, I entered the banquetting hall. A long, rough, wooden table, ext- nded the whole length of the room, supplied with only two articles, wine-flagon and tobacco-pouches; forty or fifty soldiers were sitting round it, smoking pipes and singing with all their souls, and, at the moment I entered, to the dying cadence of a hunting chorus. Then followed a long thump on the table, and they all rose; my long travelling friend, with a young soldier who spoke a little French, came up, and escorting me to the head of the table, gave me a seat by the side of the chairman. One of them attempted to administer a cup of wine, and the other thrust at me the end of a pipe, and I should have been obliged to kick and absecd but for the relief afforded me by the entrance of another new-comer. This was no other than the corporal's wife; and if I had not been warmly, she was greeted with enthusiasm. Half the table sprang forward to escort her, two of them collared the president and hauled him off his seat, and the whole company, by acclamation, installed her in his place. She accepted it without any hesitation, while two of them, with clumsy courtesy, took off her bonnet, which was thrust away, till she was sitting at her right hand, took charge of. All then resumed their places, and the revel went on more gaily than ever. The lady president was about thirty, plainly but neatly dressed, and, though not handsome, had a frank, amiable, and good-tempered expression, indicating that greatest of woman's attributes, a good heart. In fact, she was all that the young man at my side told me she was, the peace-maker of the regiment; and he added, that they always tried to have her at their convivial meetings, for when she was among them, the brawling spirits were kept down, and every man would be ashamed to quarrel in her presence. There was no chivalry, no heroic devotion about them, but their manly bearing was admirable as the gentle qualities ever paid to the influence of woman; and I question whether beauty in her boulder, surrounded by belted knights and barons bold, ever exercised in her more excited sphere a more happy influence. I talked with her, and with the utmost simplicity she told me that the soldiers all loved her; that they were all kind to her; and she looked upon them all as brothers. "We broke about twelve o'clock with a song, requiring each person to take the hand of his neighbour; one of her hands fell to me, and I took it with a respect seldom surpassed in touching the hand of woman; for I felt that she was cheering the rough path of a soldier's life, and, among scenes calculated to harden the heart, reminding them of mothers, and sisters, and sweethearts at home.

CHAPTER VII.


Early in the morning I again started. In a little khan at Eleusis I saw three or four Bavarian soldiers drinking, and riding the Greek proprietor, calling him patrioto and capuliano. The Greeks bore his gibes and sneers without a word; but there was a deadly expression in his eyes. He was a matter of fat with no time; and I remember then thinking that the Bavarians were running up an account which would one day be settled with blood. In fact, the soldiers went too far; and, as I thought, to show off before me, one of them slapped the Greek on the back, and made him spill a measure of wine which he was carrying to a customer; when the customer turned, I looked upon him as all sorts of devils. We broke off, and would have strangled him if he had not been pulled off by the bystanders. Indeed, the Greeks had already learned both their intellectual and physical superiority over the Bavarians; and, a short time before, a party of soldiers sent to subdue a band of Maniot insurgents had been captured, and after a face of selling them at auction at a dollar a-head, were kicked, and whipped, and sent off.

About four o'clock I arrived once more at Athens, dined at my old hotel, a passage the evening at Mr Hill's.

The next day I lounged about the city. I had been more than a month without my carpet-bag, and the luxury of wearing it was not of much importance. At that time there was a talking between my travelling companions and myself. A prudent Scotchman used to boast of a careful nephew, who, in travelling, instead of leaving some of his clothes at every hotel on the road, always brought home more than he took away with him. I was a model of this
A DREARY FUNERAL—MARATHON.

kind of carefulness while my opportunities lasted; but my companions had left me, and this morning I went to the Parthenon, standing in the under part of a window illuminated by a pair of bright eyes from above, happened to express my admiration of the lady who owned them, when he tested the strength of my feelings on the subject by asking me if I would like to marry her. I was not prepared at the moment to give precisely that proof, and he followed up his blunder by telling me that, if I wished it, he would engage to secure her for me before the next morning. The Greeks are almost universally poor. With them every traveller is rich, and they are so thoroughly civilised as to think that a rich man is, of course, a good match.

Towards evening I paid my last visit to the Acropolis. Solitude, silence, and sunlight are the nursery accommodations. I sat down on a broken capital of the Parthenon; the owl was already flitting among the ruins. I looked up at the majestic temple, and down at the ruined and newly regenerated city, and said to myself, "Lots must rise in Athens!" I traced the line of the ancient walls, ran a railroad to the Piraeus, and calculated the increase of a thousand paces in the distance, and the handsome size of the Garden of Plato. Shall I or shall I not merely make an operation? in Athens! The court has removed here, the country is beautiful, climate fine, government fixed, steam-boats are running, all the world is coming, and lots must rise. I bought (in imagination) a tract of good tillable land, laid it out in streets, had my Plato, my Herodes, and my Hesiod; on the corner of 15th Street and Avenue, built a row of houses to improve the neighbourhood where nobody lived, got maps lithographed, and sold off at auction. I was in the right condition to go in; for I had nothing to lose; but, unfortunately, the Greeks were very far behind the spirit of the age, knew nothing of the beauties of the credit system, were unable to enhance the value of their lands, and consecrated soil on the usual terms, ten per cent. down, balance on bond and mortgage; so, giving up the idea, at dark I bade farewell to the ruins of the Acropolis, and went to my hotel to dinner.

Early the next morning I started for the field of Marathon. I engaged a servant at the hotel to accompany me, but he disappointed me, and I set out alone with my muleteer. Our road lay along the base of Mount Hymettus, on the borders of the plain of Attica, shaded by the thick groves of olives. At noon I was on the summit of a lofty mountain, at the base of which, still and quiet as if it had never resonated with the shock of war, the great battle-ground of the Greeks and Persians was lying, the scene of every grand explosion, the finest things I met with in Greece—wild, rugged, and, in fact, the most magnificent kind of mountain scenery. At the foot of the mountain we came to a ruined convent, occupied by an old white-bearded monk. I stopped there and lunched, the old man laying before me his simple store of bread and olives, and looking on with pleasure at my voracious appetite.

This over, I hurried to the battle-field. Towards the centre is a large mound of earth, erected over the Athenians who fell in the battle. I made directly for this mound, ascended it, and threw the reins loose over my horse's neck; and sitting on the top, read the account of the battle in Herodotus.

After all, is not our reverence misplaced, or rather, does not our respect for deeds hallowed by time render us comparatively unjust? The Greek revolution teems with instances of as desperate courage, as great love of country, as patriotic devotion, as animated the men of Marathon, and yet the actors in these scenes are not known beyond the boundaries of their native land. Thousands of names were never heard of, and whose bones, perhaps, never received burial, as worthy of an eternal monument as they upon whose grave I sat. Still that mound is a hallowed sepulchre; and the shepherd who looks at it from his mountain house, the husbandman who drives his plough to its base, and the sailor who sails it as a landmark from the deck of his canoe, are all reminded of the glory of
their ancestors. But away with the mournding relics of the past—give me the green grave of Marco Bozari! I put Herodotus in my pocket, gathered a few blades of grass as a memorial, descended the mound, betook myself to my saddle, and swept the plain on a gallop, from the mountain to the sea.

It is about two miles in width, and bounded by rocky heights enclosing it at either extremity. Towards the shore the ground is marshy, and at the place where the Persians escaped to their ships are some unknown ruins; in several places the field is cultivated, and towards evening, on my way to the village of Marathon, I saw a Greek ploughing; and when I told him that I was an American, he greeted me as the friend of Greece. It is the last time I shall recur to this feeling; but it was music to my heart to hear a ploughman on immortal Marathon sound in my ears the praises of my country.

I intended to pass the night at the village of Marathon; but every khan was so cluttered up with goats, chickens, and children, that I rode back to the monastery at the foot of the mountain. It was nearly dark when I reached it. The old monk was on a little eminence at the door of his chapel, clapping two boards together to call his flock to vespers. With his long white robe and staff and his own picturesque position and primitive occupation, he seemed a guardian spirit hovering on the borders of Marathon in memory of its ancient glory. He came down to the monastery to receive me, and giving me a paternal welcome, and spreading a mat on the floor, returned to his chapel. I followed, and saw his little room, with a roof of thatch from the mountain plain, and the shepherd came down from the mountain; the old monk led the way to the altar, and all knelt down and prostrated themselves on the rocky floor. I looked at them with deep interest. I had seen much of Greek devotion in cities and villages, but it was a spectacle of extraordinary interest to see these wild and wandering peasantry of the mountain, brought to worship in all sincerity, according to the best light they had, the God of their fathers. I could not follow them in their long and repeated kneelings and prostrations; but my young Greek, as if to make amends for me, and at the same time to show how they did things in Athens, led the van. The service over, several of them were employed in spreading the mat and the old monk spread his mat, and again brought out his frugal stores of bread and olives. I contributed what I had brought from Athens, and we made our evening meal. If I had judged from appearances, I should have felt rather uneasy at sleeping among such companions; but the simplici fact of having seen them at their devotions gave me confidence. Though I had read and heard that the Italian bandits went to the altar to pray for forgiveness for the crimes he intended to commit, and before washing the stains from his hands, hung up the bloody poniard upon a pillar of the church, and asked pardon for murder, I always felt a certain degree of confidence in him who practised the duties of his religion, whatever that religion might be. I leaned on my elbow, and by the light of the old monk's candle observed with curiosity as I judged from the frequent repetition of the word Americanos, entertained them with long stories about me.

By degrees the blaze of the fire died away, the Greeks stretched themselves out for sleep, the old monk handed me a bench about four inches high for a pillow; and wrapping myself in my cloak, in a few moments I was wandering in the land of dreams; the old monk, as I judged from the frequency of the word Americanos, entertained them with long stories about me.

Before daylight my companions were in motion. I intended to return by the marble quarries on the Pentelicum mountain; and crying "Cavallo" in the ear of my still sleeping muleteer, in a few minutes I bade farewell for ever to the good old monk of Marathon. Almost from the door of the monastery we commenced ascending the mountain. It was just peep of day, the weather raw and cold, the top of the mountain covered with clouds, and in an hour I found myself in the midst of them. The road was so steep and dangerous that I could not ride; a false step of my horse might have thrown me over a precipice several hundred feet deep; and the air was so keen and penetrating, that, notwithstanding the violent exercise of walking, I was perfectly chilled. The mist was so dense, too, that when my muleteer rode along in front of me, I could see him, and I was literally groping my way through the clouds. I had no idea where I was, nor of the scene around me, but I felt that I was in a mist lifted above the earth. The cold blasts drove furiously along the sides of the mountain, whistled against the precipices, and bellowed in the crevices of the rocks, sometimes driving so furiously that my horse staggered and fell back. I was almost bewildered in struggling blindly against them; but just before reaching the top of the mountain, the thick clouds were lifted as if by an invisible hand, and I saw once more the glorious sun pouring his morning beams upon a rich valley extending a great distance to the food of the Pentelicum mountain. About half way down we came among a beautiful stream, on the banks of which we took out our bread and olives. Our appetites were stimulated by the mountain air, and we divided till our last morsel was gone.

At the foot of the mountain, lying between it and Mount Pentelicus, was a large monastery, occupied by a community of monks. We entered, and walked through it, but found no foot of monks receiving us, and we saw one of the monks, from whom we obtained a direction to the quarries. Moving on to the foot of the mountain, which rises with a peaked summit into the clouds, we commenced ascending, and soon came upon the strata of beautiful white marble for which Mount Pentelicus has been celebrated thousands of years. Exposed to the elements, they have been worn down by the rains and the winds; the marble appears to me in all respects like the marble of Athens. A few blocks have been made away, and towards the summit the road is cut perpendicularly, smooth, perhaps 80 or 100 feet high, and 150 or 200 feet in width, and occasional holes have been made within an unknown extent. Whole blocks of marble might be materials taken away, and yet, by comparison of what is left, there is nothing gone. In front are entrances to a large chamber, in one corner of which, on the right, is a chapel with the painted figure of the Virgin to receive the Greeks' prayers. Within are vast humid caverns, on which the wide roof awfully extends, adorned with holes and hollows in the sides, where the transparent petrifying stream trickles down the rock. On one side are small chambers communicating with subterraneous avenues, used, no doubt, as places of refuge during the revolution, or as the haunts of robbers. Bones of animals, and stones blackened with smoke, showed that but lately some part had been occupied as a habitation. The great excavations around, blocks of marble lying as they fell, perhaps two thousand years ago, and the appearances of having been once a scene of immense industry and labour, stand in striking contrast with the desolation and solitude now existing. Probably the hammer and chisel will never be heard there more, great temples will no more be raised, and the Greek will dislike to think of the Greeks of old, to make the rude blocks of marble speak.

At dark I was dining at the Hôtel de France, when Mr Hill came over, with the welcome intelligence that my carpet-bag had arrived. On it was pinned a large paper, with the words "Huzzah! huzzah! huzzah!" by my friend Maxwell, who had met it on horseback on the shores of the Gulf of Levante, travelling under the charge of a Greek in search of me. I opened it with apprehension, and, to my great satisfaction, found undisturbed the object of my greatest anxiety, the precious notebook from which I now write, saved from the peril of anonymous publication or of being used up for gun-waddings.

The next morning, before I was up, I heard a gentle rap at my door, which was followed by the entrance of a German, a missionary whom I had met several times at Mr Hill's, and who had dined with me once at my
hotel. I apologised for being caught in bed, and told him that he must possess a troubled spirit, to send him so early from his pillow. He answered that I was right; that he did indeed possess a troubled spirit; and closing the door carefully, came to my bedside, and said he had conceived a great regard for me, and intended confiding in me an important trust.

The conversation with him at Mr Hill's, and very little to my edification, as his English was hardly intelligible; but I felt pleased at having, without particularly striving for it, gained the favourable opinion of one who bore the character of a very learned and a very good man. I requested him to step into the dining-room while I rose and dressed myself; but he put me upon another bridge, and took an armchair, saying, "You are going to Smyrna?" He then paused, but, after some hesitation, proceeded to say that the first name I would hear on my arrival there would be his own; that, unfortunately, it was in every body's mouth. My friend was a short and very ugly middle-aged man, with a very large mouth, speaking English with his most disagreeable German sputter, lamed from a fall, and, altogether, of a most uninteresting and unsentimental aspect; and he surprised me much by laying before me a veritable affaire du cœur. It was so foreign to my expectations, that I should as soon have expected to be made a confidant in a love affair by the Archbishop of York. After a few preliminaries, he went on to introduce the last of the many excellent and eloquent quota of charms, "in such a case made and provided?" but was uncertain, rambling, and discursive, in regard to the position he held in her regard. At first I understood that it was merely the old story, a flirtation and a victim; then that they were very near being married, which I afterwards understood to be once so that they are now again; and finally, it settled down into the everyday occurrence, the lady smiled, while the parents and a stout-two-fisted brother frowned. I could but think, if such a homely expression may be introduced in describing these teetor passages, that he had the boot on the wrong leg, and that the parents were much more likely than the daud to favour such a suit. However on this point I held my peace. The precise business he wished to impose on me was, immediately on my arrival in Smyrna, to form the acquaintance of the lady and her family, and use all my exertions in her favour. I told him I was an entire stranger in Smyrna, and could not possibly have any influences with the parties; but being urged, persuaded, and even threatened into it, I thought if I were doing myself improperly, he should have the benefit of my mediation. At first he intended giving me a letter to the lady, but afterwards determined to give me one to the Rev. Mr Brewer, an American missionary, who, he said, was a particular friend of his, and intimate with the beloved and her family, and acquainted with the whole affair. Placing himself at my table, on which were the papers as he peered, he began his letter, while I lay quietly till he turned over the first side, when, tired of waiting, I rose, dressed myself, packed up, and, before he had finished, stood by the table with my carpet-bag, waiting until he should have done to throw in my writing materials. He bade me goodbye after I had mounted my horse to leave, and, when I turned to lock at some charming sight for the crippled, limping victim of the tender passion, though, in honesty, and with the best wishes for his success, I did not think it would help his suit for the lady to see him.

An account of my journey from Athens to Smyrna, given in a letter to friends at home, was published during my stay in Smyrna, and from several numbers of the American Monthly Magazine, and perhaps the favourable notice taken of it had some influence in inducing me to write a book. I give the papers as they were then published.

Smyrna, April 1835.

My dear *****—I have just arrived at this place, and I live to tell it. I have been three weeks perform-
selected to see his friends whipped and keep out of harm's way himself; for you will recollect that in those days there was no gunpowder nor cannon balls, and, consequently, no danger from long chance shots. I selected a particular stone, which I thought was prob­ably Xerxes, as a reasonable man, and with an eye to per­spective, might have chosen as his seat on the eventful day of the battle; and on that same stone sat down to meditate upon the vanity of all earthly greatness. But, most provokingly, whenever I think of Xerxes, the first thing that present itself to my mind is the couplet in the primer, "Xerxes the Great did die, And so must you and I." This is a very sensible stanza, no doubt, and worthy of always being borne in mind; but it was not exactly what I wanted. I tried to drive it away; but the more I tried, the more it stuck to me. It was all in vain. I railed at early education, and resolved that acquired knowledge hurt a man's natural faculties; for if I had not received the first rudiments of education, I should not have been bothered with the vile couplet, and should have been able to do something on my own account. As it was, I lost one of the best opportunities ever a man had for moralising; and you, my dear — I have left you behind, and you shall get along with all the materials; put yourself on the throne of Xerxes, and do what you can, and may your early studies be no stum­bling-block in your way. As for me, vexed and disgusted with myself, I desisted the hill as fast as the great king did of yore, and, jumping into my boat, steered for the farthest point of the Piraeus; from the throne of Xerxes and the couplet in the primer.

I was prepared to do something here. This was not merely a place where I had been; I was to tread upon the earth that covered his bones; here were his ashes; here was all that remained of the best and bravest of the Greeks, save his immortal name. As I approached, I saw the large square stones that enclosed his tomb, and the huge hill that marked the spot of all of his country, banished, dying an exile, his bones begged by his repenting countrymen, and buried with peculiar propriety near the shore of the sea, commanding a full view of the scene of his naval glory. For more than 2000 years the waves have almost washed over his grave—the sun has shone and the winds have howled across the broken city; and, with the sighing of the winds and the murmur of the waters, in moaning over the long captivity of his countrymen; perhaps, too, his spirit has been with them in their late struggle for liberty—has hovered over them in the battle and the breeze, and is now standing sentinel over his beloved and liberated country. I approached as to the grave of one who will never die. His great name, his great deeds, hollowed by the lapse of so many ages; the scene—I looked over the wall with a feeling amounting to reverence, when, directly before me, the first thing I saw, the only thing I could see—so glaring and conspicuous, that nothing else could fix my eye—was as a tall, stiff, weathered headboard, painted white, with black letters, thus: "Here lies the remains of John Johnson." A man with an uncalled name as that of John Johnson. My eyes were blasted with the sight:—I was furious—I railed at him as if he had buried himself there with his own hands. What had he done there? I railed at his friends. Did they expect to give him a name, by mangling him with the ashes of the immortal dead? Did they expect to show immorality, like fire from the flint? I dashed back to my boat, steered directly for the harbour, gave sentiment to the dogs, and in half an hour was eating a most voracious and spirituous dinner.

In the evening I embarked on board my little enique. She was one of the most rakish of that rakish descrip­tion; she was of them, around the main and stretched myself on the deck; as we glided quietly out of the harbour; saw the throne of Xerxes, the island of Salamis, and the shores of Greece, gradually fade from view; looked at the dusky forms of the Greeks in their capotes lying asleep around me; at the helms­man sitting cross-legged at his post, apparently without life or motion; gave one thought to Xerxes, and fell asleep.

In the morning I began to examine my companions. They were, as the saying is, a captain and six sailors, probably all part owners, and consequently got no wages. I was not among the islands, not one of whom could speak any other lan­guage than Greek. My knowledge of that language was confined to a few rolling hexameters, which had stuck by me in some unaccountable way, as a sort of memento of college days. These, however, were of no particular value, however; I was pretty much tongue-tied during the whole voyage. I am eased my mind by making my observations quietly upon my compa­nions, as they did more openly upon me, for I frequently heard the word "Americans" pass among them. I had before had occasion to see something of Greek sailors, and to admire their skill and general good con­duct, and I was fortified in my previous opinion of what I saw of my present companions. Their temper­ance in eating and drinking is very remarkable, and all my comparisons between them and European sailors were very much in their favour. Indeed, I could not help thinking, as they sat collectively, Turkish fashion, and drank frugal meal of bread, caviari, and black olives, that I ought to give them a try; and they, I have no doubt, were regular, in that style which we to this day recog­nise as Grecian; their figures good, and their faces were an air of marked character and intelligence; and these advantages of person were set off by the island costume, the fez, or red cloth cap, with a long black tassel at the top, a tight vest and jacket, embroidered and without buttons, a sort of collar, and a long loose dress, buttoned down a little below the knee, legs bare, sharp-pointed slippers, and a sash around the waist, tied under the left side, with long ends hanging down, and a knife sticking out about six inches. There was something bold and daring in their appearance, indeed, I may say, valorous, and the sight of them now and again, I could easily imagine that, if the Mediterranean should again become infested with pirates, my friends would cut no contemptible figure among them. But I must not detain you as long on the voyage as I was myself. The sea was calm; we had hardly any wind; our men were at the oars nearly all the time, and, passing slowly by Smyrna, Cape Aegina, and the other islands that look into the fine looking sea, better known in modern times as Colonna's Height and the scene of Falconer's shipwreck, passing also the island of Zen, the ancient Chios, Thermia, and other islands of lesser note, in the after­noon of the third day we arrived at Syra.

With regard to Syra, I shall say but little; I am as lost to the subject as you are now with this island. The fact is, I cannot think of the place with any degree of satisfaction. The evening of my arrival I heard, through a Greek merchant to whom I had a letter from a friend in Athens, of a brig to sail the next day for Smyrna; and I lay down on a miserable bed in a miserable lound, in the confident expectation of being remunerated the next day. I did not imagine, however, I was roused by "blustering Boreas" rushing through the broken casement of my window; and for more than a week all the winds ever celebrated in the poetical history of Greece were let loose upon the island. We were completely cut off from all communication with the rest of the world. Not a vessel could leave the port, while vessel after vessel put in there for shelter. I do not mean to go into any details—indeed, for my own credit's sake I dare not; for if I were to draw a true picture of things as I found them, if I were to write home the truth, I should be considered as utterly destitute of taste and sentiment; I should be looked upon as one of the most poetical dog, who ought to be a member of Congress. I have been told of legislating statutes, instead of breathing the pure air of poetry and song. And now, if I were writing what might by chance come under the eyes of a sentimental young lady, or a young gentleman in his teens, the truth would be the last thing I would think of telling. No, though my teeth
clutter—though a cold sweat comes over me when I think of it, I would go through the usual rhapsody, and buzz for "the land of the East and the clime of the sun." Indeed, I have a scar in my portfolio, written with my cloak and greatcoat on, and my feet over a brazier, beginning in that way. But to you, my readers, who know my touching sensibilities, and who, moreover, have a tender regard for my character and will not publish me, I would as soon tell the truth as not. And I therefore do not hesitate to say, but do not whisper it elsewhere, that in one of the beautiful islands of the Egean, in the heart of the Cyclades, in the sight of Delos, and Paros, and Antiparos, any one of which is enough to throw one with wonder into raptures with their fancied beauties, here, in this paradise of a young man's dreams, in the middle of April, I would have hailed "chill November's surly blast" as a zephyr; I would have exchanged all the beauties of this balmy clime for the sunny side of Kamchatka; I would have given my room, and the whole island of Syra, for a third-rate lodging in Communist. It was utterly impossible to walk out, and equally impossible to stay in my room; the house, to suit that delightful climate, being built without windows or window-shutters. If I could forget the island, I could remember with pleasure the society I met there. I passed my mornings in the library of Mr R., one of whose ancestors, I believe, was Sir Thomas More; I lived at the house of Mr W., the British consul. This gentleman married a Greek lady of Smyrna, and had three beautiful daughters, more than half Greeks in their habits and feelings; one of them is married to an English baronet, another to a Greek merchant of Syra, and the third—

On one day the wind fell, the sun once more shone brightly, and in the evening I embarked on board a rickety brig for Smyrna. At about six o'clock P.M., thirty or forty vessels were quietly crawling out of the harbour, like rats after a storm. It was almost a calm when we started; in about two hours we had a favourable breeze; we turned in, going at the rate of eight miles an hour, and rose with the sun, and by noon of the next day we reached Smyrna. We beat about all that day; the wind increased to a gale, and towards evening we took shelter in the harbour of Scio.

The history of this beautiful little island forms one of the bloodiest pages in the history of the world, and one glance told that dreadful history. Once the most beautiful of the Aegean islands, it was the scene of barbarous and diabolical inroads. Its fields, which once "budded and blossomed as the rose," have become waste places; its villages are deserted, its towns are in ruins, its inhabitants murdered, in captivity, and in exile. Before the Greek revolution, the Greeks of Scio were engaged in extensive commerce, and ranked among the largest merchants in the Levant. Though living under hard taskmasters, subject to incessant exactions of a various kind, their industry and enterprise, and the extraordinary fertility of their island, enabled them to pay a heavy tribute to the Turks, and to become rich themselves. For many years they had enjoyed the advantages of a college, with professors of high literary and scientific attainments, and their library was once the pride of all that country; it was perhaps, the only spot in Greece which the Turks allowed to remain held a seat. But the island was far more famed for its extraordinary natural beauty and fertility. Its bold mountains and its soft valleys, the mildness of its climate, and the richness of its productions, bound the Greeks to its soil by a tie even stronger than the chains of slavery. Nor were the people of Scio, even after the revolution the Scioites took no part with their countrymen in their glorious struggle for liberty. Forty of their principal citizens were given up as hostages, and they were suffered to remain in peace. Wrapped in the rich beauties of their island, they forgot the freedom of their fathers and their own chains; and, under the precarious tenure of a tyrant's will, gave themselves up to the full enjoyment of all that wealth and taste could purchase. We must not be too hard upon human nature; the cause seemed desperate; they had a little paradise at stake; and if there is a spot on earth, the risk of losing which could excite men in forgetting that they were slaves in a land where their fathers were free, it is the island of Scio. But the sword hung suspended over them by a single hair. In an unexpected moment, unannounced and unproclaimed, they were startled by the thunder of the Turkish cannon; 50,000 Turks were let loose like bloodhounds upon the devoted island. The affrighted Greeks lay unarmed and helpless at their feet, but they lay at the feet of men who did not know mercy even by name—at the feet of men who hungered and thirsted after blood—men who intended to make their island as bloody as those desolate wastes of the Pamphylian salt-lakes. The wildest beast of the forest may become gorged with blood; not so with the Turks at Scio. Their appetite "grew with what it fed on," and still longed for blood when there was not a victim left to bleed. Women were ripped open, children dashed against the walls, the heads of whole families stuck on spikes out of the windows of their houses, while their murderers gave themselves up to riot and plunder within. The forty hostages were hung in a row from the walls of the castle; an indiscriminate and universal burning and massacre took place; in a few days the ground was cumbered with the dead, and one of the loveliest spots on earth was a pile of smoking ruins. The Janizaries have been described, and many of them have been murdered, 20,000 to have escaped, and 30,000 to have been sold into slavery. Boys and young girls were sold publicly in the streets of Smyrna and Constantinople at a dollar a head. And all this did not arise from any irritated state of feeling towards them. It originated in the cold-blooded, calculating policy of the sultan, who wished to render this fine island, on which the Tobacco Missionaries and the Turkish bankers had been made to go to bed, a hideous place in the streets of Constantinople with the blood of the Janizaries; it was intended to strike terror into the hearts of the Greeks, but the murderer failed in his aim. The groans of the hapless Scioites reached the ears of their countrymen, and gave a headlong and irresistible impulse to the spirit then struggling to be free. The maintenance which we have given to a nation's cause, which dreads in its own days, and in the face of the civilised world. Surely if ever Heaven visits in judgment a nation for a nation's crimes, the burning and massacre at Scio will be deeply visited upon the accursed Turks.

It was late in the afternoon when I landed, and my landing was under peculiarly interesting circumstances. The place of embarkation was occupied by a large crowd of Turks who had escaped during the massacre, and now revisited it for the first time. He asked me to accompany him ashore, promising to find some friends at whose house we might sleep; but he soon found himself a stranger in his native island; where he had once known every body, he now knew nobody. The town was a complete ruin, not a single house was left standing, crumbling to pieces, and still black with the fire of the incendiary Turks. The town that had grown up upon the ruins consisted of a row of miserable huts, occupied as shops for the sale of the mere necessaries of life, where the shopman slept on his window-shutter in front. All my companion's efforts to find an acquaintance who would give us a night's lodging were fruitless. We were determined that the boatman should take the vessel, if possible to avoid it; her last cargo had been oil, the odour of which still remained about her. The weather would not permit us to sleep on deck, and the cabin was intolerably disagreeable. To add to our unpleasant position, and, at the same time, to heighten the scene, the whole island, as we approached it, was toned like the scene around us, the rain began to fall violently. Under these circumstances we searched among the ruins for an apartment where we might build a fire and shelter ourselves for the night, but we searched in vain; the work of destruction was too complete.

Cold, and thoroughly drenched with rain, we were retracing our way to the boat, when our guide told me that a Greek archbishop had lately taken up his abode among the ruins. We immediately went
there, and found him occupying apartments, partially repaired, in what had once been one of the finest houses in Scio. The entrance through a large stone gateway was imposing; the house was cradled from top to bottom by fire, nearly one half had fallen down, and the stones lay scattered as they fell; but enough remained to show that in better days it had been almost a palace. We ascended a flight of stone steps to a terrace, from which we entered into a large hall, perhaps thirty feet wide and fifty feet long. On one side of this hall the wall had fallen down the whole length, and we looked out upon the mass of ruins beneath. On the other side, in a small room in one corner, we found the archbishop. He was in his bedstead, on a mattress, on which he lay with a quilt spread over him, a wooden sofa, three wooden chairs, about twenty books, and two large leather cases containing clothes, napkins, and, probably, all his worldly goods. The rain came through the ceiling in several places; the bed of the poor archbishop had evidently been moved from time to time to avoid it, and I was obliged to change my position twice. An air of cheerless poverty reigned through the apartment. I could not help comparing his lot with that of more favoured, and, perhaps, not more worthy, servants of the church. It was a style so different from the grace and comfort of the palaces of his cardinals, with their gaudy equipages and multitudes of footmen rattling to the Vatican; or from the pomp and state of the haughty English prelates, or even from the comforts of our own missionaries, in different parts of this country, that I could not help feeling deeply for the poor priest before me. But he seemed contented and cheerful, and, in bed with all his clothes on, according to the universal custom here, but received us kindly.

The furniture consisted of an iron bedstead with a mattress, on which he lay with a quilt spread over him, a wooden sofa, three wooden chairs, about twenty books, and two large leather cases containing clothes, napkins, and, probably, all his worldly goods. The rain came through the ceiling in several places; the bed of the poor archbishop had evidently been moved from time to time to avoid it, and I was obliged to change my position twice. An air of cheerless poverty reigned through the apartment. I could not help comparing his lot with that of more favoured, and, perhaps, not more worthy, servants of the church. It was a style so different from the grace and comfort of the palaces of his cardinals, with their gaudy equipages and multitudes of footmen rattling to the Vatican; or from the pomp and state of the haughty English prelates, or even from the comforts of our own missionaries, in different parts of this country, that I could not help feeling deeply for the poor priest before me. But he seemed contented and cheerful, and, in bed with all his clothes on, according to the universal custom here, but received us kindly.

Sweetmeats, coffee, and pipes, were served; and in about an hour we were conducted to supper in a large room, also opening from the hall. Our supper would not have tempted an epicure, but suited very well an appetite sharpened by the rigours of the travel. It consisted of a huge lump of bread and a large glass of water for each of us, caviari, black olives, and two kinds of Turkish sweetmeats. We were waited upon by two priests; one of them, a handsome young man, not more than twenty, with long black hair hanging over his shoulders, like a girl's, stood by with a napkin on his arm and a towel about his neck, essential for sitting and eating. On the hands, receiving it again in a basin. This was done both before and after eating; then came coffee and pipes. During the evening the young priest brought out an edition of Homer, and I surprised him, and astounded myself, by being able to translate a passage in the Iliad. I translated it in French, and my companion translated it in my native tongue. The young priest.

Our beds were cushions laid on a raised platform or divan extending around the walls, with a quilt for each of us. In the morning, after sweetmeats, coffee, and pipes, we paid our respects to the good old archbishop, and took our leave. When we got out of doors, finding that the wind was the same, and that there was no possibility of sailing, my friend proposed a visit to the ruins, the ruins of a whole island, and of a whole village, of the style on which I could at some time have fixed the attention, as having been once the favoured abode of wealth and taste. The houses were of brown stone, built together strictly in the Venetian style, after the models left during the occupation of the island by the Venetians, large and elegant, with gardens of three or four acres, enclosed by high walls of the same kind of stone, and altogether unlike the style of houses that exist there now.

These were the country-houses and gardens of the rich merchants of Scio. The manner of living among the proprietors here was somewhat peculiar, and the ties that bound them to this little village were peculiarly strong. This was the family home; the community was essentially mercantile, and most of their business transactions were conducted there. In a family were three or four brothers, one would be in Constantinople a couple of years, another at Trieste, and so on, while another remained at home; so that those who were away, while toiling amid the perplexities of business, were always looking to the occasional family reunion; and all trusted to spend the evening of their days among the beautiful gardens of Scio. What a scene for the heart to turn to now! The houses and gardens were still there, some standing almost entire, others black with smoke and crumbling to ruins. But where were they who once occupied them? Where were they who should now be coming out to rejoice in the return of a friend and to welcome a stranger? An awful solitude! These houses and gardens were connected in my mind with the high walls of the gardens, and the outside of the houses too, were generally so fresh and in so perfect a state, that it seemed like riding through a handsome village at an early hour before the inhabitants had risen; and I sometimes could not help thinking that in an hour or two the streets would be thronged with a busy populace. As we left the houses and gardens of Scio, and looked around us, we saw nobody; and our own voices, and the tramping of our horses upon the deserted pavements, sounded hollow and sepulchral in our ears. It was like walking among the ruins of Pompeii; it was another city of the dead; but there was a freshness about the desolation that seemed of to-day; it seemed as though the ruins were the only habitations of the island, and that the whole scene was ours alone; we were the only ones who could intrude upon the desolate and deserted scene. It was as if the island had not been attacked by the Saracens, or was not partially burned by the Turks, or that the island had never been conquered by the Greeks, until, stopping before a large stone gateway, he dismounted at the gate of his father's house. In that house he was born; there he had spent his youth; he had entered upon the thick of his career, and had left it in the middle of his work; but it was the first time of his revisiting it. What a scene of recollections must have rushed upon him!

We entered through the large stone gateway into a courtyard beautifully paved in mosaic in the form of a star, with small black and white round stones. On our left was a large stone reservoir, perhaps twenty-five feet square, still so pure as to have water, with an occasional stone fall, covered by marble columns; a venerable grape-vine completely covered the architrave. The garden covered an extent of about four acres, filled with orange, lemon, almond, and fig trees; overrun with weeds, roses, and flowers, growing together in wild confusion. On the right was the house, and a melancholy spectacle it was: the ruins of a house, and smoke; we ascended a flight of stone steps, with marble balustrades, to the terrace, a platform about twenty-feet square, overlooking the garden. From the terrace we entered the saloon, a large room with high ceilings and fresco paintings on the walls; the marks of the fire kindled on the stone floor still visible, all the woodwork burned to a cinder, the walls burned in every direction, the whole house a picture of wanton destruction. The day, too, was in conformity with the scene; the sun was obscured, the wind blew through the ruined building, it rained, it was cold and cheerless. What were the feelings of my friend I cannot imagine; the houses of three of his uncles were immediately adjoining; one of those uncles was one of the forty hostages, and was hanged; the other two were murdered; his father, a venerable-
looking old man, who came down to the village when we
started to see him off, had escaped to the mountains,
from thence in a caique to Ispora, and from thence into
Italy. I repeat it, I cannot imagine what were his
feelings; he spoke but little; they must have been too
deep for utterance. I looked at everything with intense
interest; I wanted to ask question after question, but
could not, in mercy, probe his bleeding wounds.
We left the house, and walked out into the garden. It
showed that there was no master's eye to watch over it;
I plucked an orange which had lost its flavour; the tree
was withering from want of care; our feet became
tangled among weeds, and roses, and rare hothouse
plants, growing wildly together. I said that he did not
talk much; but the little he did say amounted to volumes.
Passing a large vase in which a beautiful plant
was running wildly over the sides, he murmured
indistinctly "the same vase" (le même vase); and once
he stopped opposite a tree, and, turning to me, said,
"This is the only tree I do not remember." These and
other little incidental remarks showed how deeply all
the particulars were engraved upon his mind, and told
me, plainer than words, that the wreath and ruin he saw
around him narrowed his very soul. Indeed, how could it
be otherwise? This was his father's house, the home
of his youth, the scene of his earliest, dearest, and
fondest recollections. Busy memory, that source of all
our greatest pains as well as greatest pleasures, must
have pressed sorely upon him, must have painted the
ruins and ruinous scene before his eyes in blacker, more
brighter, far brighter, than they ever existed in; it
must have called up the faces of well-known and well-
loved friends; indeed, he must have asked himself, in
bitterness and in anguish of spirit, "The friends of my
youth, where are they?" while the fatal answer fell
upon his heart, "Gone, murdered, in captivity, and in
exile."

CHAPTER VIII.
A Noble Greek Lady. Beauty of Scio.—An Original.—Fogli—
A Turkish Coffee-house. Mussulman at Prayers.—Easter
Sunday.—A Greek Priest.—A Tartar Guide.—Turkish Ladies.
—Camel Scenes.—Sight of a Harem.—Disappointed Hopes.—
A Bare Count.—Arrival at Smyrna.

(Continuation of the letter.)

We returned to the house, and seeking out a room less
ruined than the rest, partook of a slight collation, and
set out on a visit to a relative of my Scio friend.
On our way, we passed a large reservoir, which I learnt
was a remnant of the fountain in Scio, which stood on
the side of a hill, where 6000 Greeks, who had been
prevailed upon to come down from the mountains to
ransom themselves, were treacherously murdered to a
man; their unburied bones still whiten the ground
within the walls of the convent. Arriving at the house
of his relative, we entered through a large gateway into
a handsomely laid-out park and garden, &c.,
ruinous, though in better condition than those we had
seen before. This relative was a widow, of the noble
house of Mavrocordato, one of the first families in
Greece, and perhaps the most distinguished name in
the Greek revolution. She had availed herself of the
sultan's amnesty to return; had repaired two or three
rooms, and sat down to end her days among the scenes
of her childhood, among the ruins of her father's house.
She was now not more than thirty; her comeliness
was remarkably pensive, and she had seen enough
to drive a smile ever for ever from her face. The meeting
between her and my friend was exceedingly affecting,
particularly on her part. She was too truly, too
truly, with the elasticity peculiar to the Greek character,
so sensitive and so smile soon chased away the tear. She invited us
to spend the night there, pointing to the divan, and pro-
mising us cushions and coverlets. We accepted her
invitation, and again set forth to ramble among the ruins.

I had heard that an American missionary had lately
come into the island, and was living somewhere in the
neighbourhood. I found out his abode and went to see
him. He was a young man from Virginia, by the name of
****; had married a lady from Connecticut, who was
unfortunately sick in bed. He was living in one room,
in the corner of a ruined building, but was then engaged
in repairing a house into which he expected to remove
soon. As an American, the first whom they had seen
in that distant island, they invited me into the sick-room.

In a strange land, and among a people whose language
they did not understand, they seemed to be all in all to
each other; and I left them, probably for ever, in the
earnest hope that the wife might soon be restored to
health, that hand in hand they might each sustain each
in the rough path before them.

Towards evening, we returned to the house of my
friend's widow. She had summoned a young man, a
relative of her husband, about twenty-two, and a cousin,
a man about thirty-five, both accidentally on a visit to the
island. As I looked at the little party before me, sitting around
a brazier of charcoal, and talking earnestly in Greek, I
could hardly persuade myself that what I had seen and
heard that day was real. All that I had ever read in
history of the ferocity of the Turkish character; all the
wild stories of corsairs, of murdering, capturing, and
falling into captivity, that I had ever read in romances,
crowded upon me, and I saw living witnesses that the
bloodiest records of history, and the wildest creations
of romance, were not overcharged. They could all
testify in their own persons that these things were true.

How clear and how bright had they become, as they
made their way through their houses over their heads; had all narrowly
escaped being murdered; and had all suffered in their
nearest and dearest connexions. The nephew, then a
boy nine years old, had been saved by a maid-servant;
his father had been murdered; a brother, a sister, and
many of his cousins, were at that moment, and had been
for years, in slavery among the Turks; my friend's
sister had found refuge in the house of the Austrian
consul, and from thence had escaped into Italy; the
cousin was the son of one of the forty hostages who
were hanged, and was the only member of his father's
family that escaped death; while our sensitive and a
miable hostess, a bride of seventeen, had seen her young
husband murdered before her eyes; had herself been
sold into slavery, and, after two years servitude,
redeemed by her friends.

In the morning I rose early, and walked out upon
the terrace. Nature had put on a different garb. The
wind had fallen, and the sun was shining warmly upon
a scene of softness and luxuriance surpassing all that
we could ever imagine. The olive, lemon, and orange-trees,
the island of Greece. Away with all that I said about Syria; skip
the page! The terrace overlooked the garden filled
with orange, lemon, almond, and fig trees; with plants,
roses, and flowers of every description, growing in luxuriant wilderness. But the view was not confined to
the garden. Looking back to the harbour of Scio, was
a small island, covered with vines and vegetables, planted
on that side; on the right was the sea, then calm as a
lake; on both the other sides were ranges of mountains,
irregular and picturesque in their appearance, verdant
and blooming to their very summits; and within these
limits, for an extent of perhaps five miles, were continued
gardens like that at my feet, filled with the choicest
fruit-trees, with roses, and the greatest variety of the
flowers and plants that ever unfolded their beauties
before the eyes of man; above all, the orange-trees,
the peculiar favourite of the island, then almost in full
bloom, covered with blossoms, from my elevated posi-
tion on the terrace, made the whole valley appear an
immense bed of flowers. All, too, felt the freshness and
calm, the serenity and the softness of the scene. To
me, from this wilderness of sweets, the most delicious
perfume that ever cheered the senses. Do not think
me extravagant when I say, that in your wildest dreams
you could never fancy so rich and beautiful a scene.
Even among ruins, that almost made the heart break,
I could hardly tear my eyes from it. It is one of the
loveliest spots on earth. It is emphatically a Paradise.
TRAVELS IN GREECE.

lost, for the hand of the Turks is upon it—a hand that withers all that it touches. In vain does the sultan invite the survivors, and the children, made orphans by his bloody massacre, to return; in vain do the fruites and the flowers, the sun and the soil, invite them to return. They are still bleeding; they cannot forget that the wild beast’s paw might again be upon them, and that their own blood might one day moisten the flowers which grow over the graves of their fathers. But I must leave this place. I could hardly tear myself away from it, and I love to linger about it now. While I was enjoying the day, I so wroth an epigram that I felt my blood boil at the first Turk I met in the streets. I felt that I should like to sacrifice him to the shades of the murdered Greeks. I wondered that the Greeks did not kill every one on the island. I wondered that they could endure the sight of the turban. We found that the captain had buried us away unnecessarily. We could have gone home by land; it was only for us to lounge about the town all day. We again made a circuit among the ruins; examined particularly those of the library, where we found an old woman who had once been an attendant there, living in a little room in the cellar, completely buried under the stones of the fallen building, and returning, sat down with a chibouk before him, smoking, and occasionally, at the end of the harbour. Here I met an original in the person of the Dutch consul. He was an old Italian, and had been in America during the revolutionary war as *dragonman*, as he called it, to the Count de Grasse, though, from his afterwards incidentally speaking of the count as “my master,” I am inclined to think that the word in this context means the same as “my friend.” To judge by his character and trust, may be interpreted as “valet de chambre.” The old consul was in Scio during the whole of the massacre, and gave me many interesting particulars respecting it. He hates the Greeks, and spoke with great indignation on the manner in which their dead bodies lay strewn about the streets for many weeks after. “D—n them,” he said, “I could not go anywhere without stumbling over them.” As I began to have some apprehensions about being obliged to stay here another night, I thought I could not employ my time better than in trying to work out of the consul an invitation to spend it with him. But my plan was too much for me. When he began to talk about the unpleasantness of being obliged to spend the night on board, and the impossibility of spending it on shore, *having no acquaintance there*, he began to talk poverty in the most up and down terms. I was a little discouraged, but I looked at his military coat, his cocked hat and cane, and considering his talk merely a sort of apology for the inferior style of housekeeping I would find, was ingeniously working things to a point, when he sent me to the right about by enumerating the little instances of kindness he had received from strangers who happened to visit the island; among others, from one—he had his name in his pocket-book—he should never forget him—perhaps I had heard of him—who, at parting, shook him affectionately by the hand, and gave him a doublon and a Spanish dollar. I hauled off from the representative of the majesty of Holland, and perhaps, before this, have been served up to some new visitor as the “mean, stingy American.”

In the evening we again got under weigh; before morning, another blow, again blowing dead ahead; and about mid-day we put into the harbour of Foggi, a port in Asia Minor, and came to anchor under the walls of the castle, under the blood-red Mussulman flag. We immediately got into the boat to go ashore. This was my first port in Turkey. A huge ugly African, marked with the small-pox, with two pistols and a yataghan in his belt, stood on a little dock, waited till we were in the act of landing, and then rushed forward, ferocious as a tiger from his native sands, throwing up both his hands, and roaring out “Quarantine.” This was a new thing in Turkey. Nowhere are the Turks, with their fatalist notions, had never taken any precautions against the plague; but they had become frightened by the terrible ravages the disease was then making in Egypt, and imposed a quarantine upon vessels coming from thence. We were, however, suffered to land, and our first measurement was to the coffee-house directly in front of the dock. Over the coffee-house was a low wooden build-

ing, covering considerable ground, with a large piazza, or rather projecting roof, all around it. Inside and out there was a raised platform against the wall. This platform was one step from the floor, and on this step every one left his shoes before taking his seat on the railing. There were perhaps, fifty Turks inside and out, sitting cross-legged, smoking the chibouk, and drinking coffee out of cups not larger than the shell of a Madeira-nut.

We kicked our shoes off on the steps, seated ourselves on a mat outside, and took our chibouk and coffee with an air of savoir faire that would not have disgraced a calechman at hisoeff. The landlord, as I said, as I looked at the dosing, smoking, coffee-sipping congregation around me, there are some good points about the Turks, after all. They never think—that hurts digestion; and they love chibouks and coffee—that shows taste and feeling. I fell into their humour, and for a while exchanged nods with my neighbours across the dock. Poetry, by the way, the bitterness of thought came upon me; I found that my pipe was exhausted. I replenished it, and took a sip of coffee. Verily, said I, there are far better things in this world than chibouks and coffee—they even make men forget there is blood upon their hands. The thought started me—I shrank from contact with my neighbours, cut my way through the void, and got out of the coffee-house.

My companion joined me. We entered the walls, and made a circuit of the town. It was a dirty little place, having one principal street lined with shops or bazaars; every third shop, almost, being a coffee-house, where a parcel of huge turbaned fellows were at their daily labours of smoking pipes and drinking coffee. The first thing I remarked, as being a highly unusual fact from a European city, was the total absence of women. The streets were thronged with men, and not a woman was to be seen, except occasionally I caught a glimpse of a white veil or a pair of black eyes sparkling through the latticed bars of a window. Afterwards, however, in trying to pick out anything that would remind one of a large party of women. When we first saw them, they had their faces uncovered; but as soon as they saw us coming towards them, they stopped and arranged their long white shawls, winding them around their faces so as to leave barely space enough uncovered to allow them to see and breathe, but so that it was utterly impossible for us to distinguish a single one of their features.

Going on in the direction from which they came, and attracted by the mourning cypress, we came to a large burying-ground. It is situated on the side of a hill almost washed by the waves, and shaded by a thick grove of the furze tree. There is, indeed, something peculiarly touching in the appearance of this tree; it seems to be endowed with feelings, and to mourn over the dead it shades. The monuments were generally a single upright slab of marble, with a turban on the top. There were many, too, in form like one of our oblong tomstones, and, instead of a slab of marble over the top, the interior was filled with earth, and the surface covered with flowers, and the flowers and flowers. The burying-grounds in the East are always favourite places for walking in; and it is a favourite occupation of the Turkish women to watch and water the flowers growing over the graves of their friends.

Towards evening we returned to the harbour. I withdrew from my companion, and leaning against one
of the gates of the city, fixed my eyes upon the door of a minaret, watching till the muezzin should appear and, and, for the last time before the setting of the sun, call all good Mussulmans up with the sound of his voice. "Allah! Allah! God is God, and Mu- mecca, and a little before dark the muezzin came out, and, leaning over the railing with his face towards the tomb of the prophet, in a voice, every tone of which fell distinctly upon my ear, made that solemn call which, from the time of Mahomed, has been addressed five times a-day from the top of the minarets to the sound of the faithful. "Allah! Allah! God is God, and Mu- hommed is his prophet. To prayer! to prayer!" Immediately an old Turk by my side fell upon his knees, with his face to the tomb of the Prophet; ten times, in quick succession, he bowed his forehead till it touched the earth; then clasped his hands, and prayed. I never saw more reverent devotion than in this instance. I have often visited Italy the severe observance of religious ceremonies; I have seen, for instance, at Rome, fifty penitents at a time mounting on their knees, and kneeling, as they mounted, the steps of the Scala Santa, or holy staircase, by which, as the priests tell us, our Saviour ascended into the presence of Pontius Pilate. I have seen the Greek pros- trated, and the Turk prostrate, in all the shrines of his exhaustion; and I have seen the humble and pious Christian at his prayers, beneath the simple fanes and before the peaceful altars of my own land; but I never saw that perfect abandonment with which a Turk gives himself up to his God in prayer. He is perfectly ab- stracted from the things of this world; he does not move his mind, or his body, or his prayer, alone or in a crowd, he sees nothing, he hears nothing; the world is a blank; his God is everything. He is lost in the intensity of his devotion. It is a spectacle almost sublime, and for the moment you forget the polluted fountain of his religion, and the thousand crimes it sanctions, in your admiration of his sincerity and self-sacrifice.

Not being able to find any place where we could sleep ashore, except on one of the mats of the coffee-house, head and heels with a dozen Turks, we went on board, and towards morning again got under weigh. We beat up to the mouth of the Gulf of Suyruya, but, with the sirocco blowing directly in our teeth, it was impossible to make headway, and we had to drop the wind and anchor in the outer; but in tackling the last time, our old brig, which had hardly ballast enough to keep her keel under water, received such a rough shattering that we got her away before the wind, and at three o'clock r.m., were again anchored in the harbour of Faggi. I now began to think that there was a spell upon my movements, and that the climate was abating me somewhat, for the land of promise, would never greet my longing eyes. I was somewhat comforted, however, by remembering that I had never yet reached any port in the Medi- terranean for which I had sailed, without touching at one or two intermediate ports; and that, so far, I had always worked right at last. I was still further comfort- ing myself, however, with the hope of being able to procure lodging ashore, at the house of a Greek, the son of a priest. It was the Saturday before Easter Sunday, and the resurrection of our Saviour was to be celebrated at midnight, or, rather, the beginning of the next day, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Greek church. It was also the last of the forty days' fasting, and the next day commenced feasting. Supper was prepared for us, at which meat was put on the table for me only; my Greek friend being supposed not to eat meat during the days of fasting. He had been, however, two years out of Greece; and though he did not like to offend the prejudices of his countrymen, he did not feel himself a foolish-traveller; and, cutting up some meat in small pieces, he threw it upon the door while he whipped them into his mouth. After supper we lay down upon the dvan, with large quilts over us, my friend having promised to rise at twelve o'clock, and accompany me to the Greek church.

At midnight we were roused by the chant of the Greeks in the streets, on their way to the church. We turned out, and fell into a procession of five hundred people, making the streets of Smyrna like an avenue of altars; the door of the church we found our host, sitting at a table with a parcel of wax tapes on one side, and a box to receive money on the other. We each bought a taper, and went in. After remaining there at least two hours, listening to a monotonous and unintelligible routine of prayers and chants, the priests came out of the holy doors, bearing a large number of the Our Saviour on the cross, ornamented with gold leaf, tassels, and festoons of artificial flowers; passed through the church, and out of the opposite door. The Greeks lighted their tapers, and formed into a procession behind them, and we did the same. Immediately outside the door, up the staircase, and on each side of the corridor, women, bareheaded, and wearing merely a sufficient of white veils, thrown back from their faces however, laid smooth over the tops of their heads, and hanging down to their necks. Nearly every woman, old or young, had a child in her arms. In fact, there seemed to be as great a mustering of children as of men and women, and, for aught that I could see, as much to the diffi- culty of securing our place. One of these processions was kept up during the movements of the procession, and perhaps for half an hour after the arrival of the priests at the courtyard, when it rose to a tremendous burst. The torches were waved in the air; a wild, unmeaning, and discordant stream or yell raged through the hollow clisters, and half a dozen pistols, two or three horses, and twenty or thirty greased crackers, were fired. This was intended as a feu-de-jote, and was supposed to mark the precise moment of our Saviour's resurrection. In a few moments the phraseus seemed to pass away; the noise fell from a wild clamour to a slow chant, and the procession returned to the church. The scene was striking, particularly the part outside the church; the heads of the women, instead of being covered with their long white dresses, and the children in their arms, &c.; but, from beginning to end, there was nothing solemn in it.

Returned to the church, a priest came round with a picture of the Saviour risen; and, as far as I could make it out, holding in his hand the Greek flag, followed by another picture of the Virgin, which he also exhibited. He held out the picture to be kissed, then turned his hand to receive the same act of devotion, keeping his eye the all the time upon the plate, which followed to receive the offerings of the pioue, as a sort of payment for the privilege of the kiss. His manner reminded me of the Dutch parson, who, immediately after pronouncing a blessing on the bread, while breaking off the wishbone, put an arm round his elbow, said, "And now, where is mine dollar?" I kissed the picture, dodged his knuckles, paid my money, and left the church. I had been there four hours, during which time, perhaps, more than a thousand per- sons had been completely absorbed in their religious ceremonies; and though beginning in the middle of the day, it was 3 o'clock before I had heard my 12th of this Italian opera than I saw there. They now began to disperse, though I remember I left a crowd of regular amateurs, at the head of whom were our sailors, still hanging round the desk of an exhorting priest, with an earnestness that showed a still craving appetite.

I do not wonder that the Turks look with contempt upon Christians, for they have constantly under their eyes the disgusting mummeries of the Greek church, and see nothing of the pure and sublime principles our religion inculcates. Still, however, there was something striking and interesting in the manner in which the Greeks in this Turkish town had kept themselves, as it were, a peculiar people, and, in spite of the brands of independence stamped upon them, there were signs of things received from their fathers. There was nothing inter- esting about them as Greeks; they had taken no part with their countrymen in their glorious struggle for liberty; they were engaged in petty business, and bartered the precious chance of freedom once before.
from us, turned their horses loose to feed, and sat down to make their morning meal. An unusual and happy thing for me, the women had their faces uncovered nearly all the time, though they could not well have enjoyed the procedure of eating with them muffled up in the usual style. One of the women was old, the other two were exceedingly young—neither of them more than sixteen; each had a child in her arms, and, without any allowance for time and place, both were exceedingly beautiful. I do not say so under the influence of the particular circumstances of our meeting, nor with the view of making an incident of it, but I would have singled them out as such if I had met them in a ballroom at home. I was particularly struck with their delicacy of figure and complexion. Withstanding their laughing faces, their mirth, and the kind treatment of the men, I could not divest myself of the idea of two caged birds longing to be free. I could not believe that a woman belonging to a Turk could be otherwise than unhappy. Unfortunately, I could not understand a word of their language; and as they looked from their turbaned lords to my stiff hat and frock-coat, they seemed to regard me as something the Tartar had just caught, and was taking up to Constantinople as a present to the sultan. I endeavoured to show, however, that I knew they took me to be; that I had an eye to admire their beauty, and a heart to feel for their servitude. I tried to procure from them some signal of distress; I did all that I could to get some sign to come to their rescue, and to make myself generally agreeable. I looked sentimentally. This they did not seem to understand at all. I smiled—who knows they thought—but I was not myself, and there is no knowing to what a point I might have arrived, but my Tartar hurried me away; and I parted on the wild plains of Turkey with two young and beautiful women, leading almost a savage life, whose personal graces would have made them ornaments in polished and refined society. Verily, I said, the Turks are not without their graces; and all others, a young men, and a handsome wife comes next after chibouks and coffee.

I was now reminded at every step of my being in an oriental country by the caravans I was constantly meeting. Caravans and camels are more or less associated with all the fairy scenes and glowing pictures of the East. A camel, I figure, would carry to my mind with a sort of poetical imagery, and they certainly have a fine effect in a description or in a picture; but, after all, they are ugly-looking things to meet on the road. I would rather see the two young Turk-esses again, than all the caravans in the East. The caravan is conducted by a guide on a donkey, with a halter tied to the first camel, and so on, till the last camel to come through the whole caravan. The camel is an exceedingly ugly animal in his proportions, and there is a dead uniformity in his movement—with a dead vacant expression in his face that is really distressing. If a man were dying of thirst in the desert, it would be enough to drive him to distraction to look at the eyes of these dead-looking, dead-moving camels. But their value is inestimable in a country like this, where there are no carriage roads, and where deserts and drought present themselves in every direction.

One of the camel scenes, the encampment, is very picturesque; the camels arranged around on the knees in a circle, with their heads to the centre, and the camel-drivers with their bales piled up within; and I was struck with another scene. We came to the borders of a stream, which it was necessary to cross in a boat. The boat was then on the other side, and the boatman and camel-driver were trying to get on board some camels. When we came up, they had got three on a donkey, with their heads to the centre, and the camel-drivers and were then in the act of coercing the fourth. The poor brute was frightened terribly; resisted with all his might, and put forth most piteous cries. I do not know a more distressing noise than the cry of a brute
suffering from fear; it seems to partake of the feeling that causes it, and carries with it something fearful; but the cries of the poor brute were vain; they got him on board, and safely embarked with three others. They then threw in the donkey, and seven camels and the donkey were stowed in the bottom of the boat, that they did not take up much more room than calves on board of our country boats.

In the afternoon I met another travelling party of an entirely different description. If before I had found my way, I found afterwards that the reality of my situation; if sometimes it seemed to be merely a dream, that it could not be that I was so far from home, wandering alone on the plains of Asia, with a guide whom I never saw till that morning, whose language I could not understand, and upon whose faith I could not rely if the scenes of turbaned Turks, of veiled women, of caravans and camels, of grave-yards with their mourning cypresses and thousands of tombstones, where every trace of the cities which supplied them with their dead had entirely disappeared; if these and the other strange scenes around me would seem to be the mere creations of a roving imagination, the party which I met, all clad in the clothes of the country, an oriental country, and to an oriental country only, that it roused me from my waking dreams, fixed my wandering thoughts, and convinced me, beyond all peradventure, that I was indeed far from home, among a people "whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, and whose ways are not as our ways"; in short, in a land where I was not the omnipotent creatures that they are with us.

This party was no other than the ladies of a harem. They were all dressed in white, with their white shawls wrapped around their faces, so that they effectually concealed every feature, and could bring to bear only the artillery of their eyes. I found, however, to be very well accoutred, at least as much so as I could expect; and it was a very easy matter to make a Fatima of every one of them. They were all on horseback, not riding sidewise, but otherwise; though I observed, as before, that their saddles were so prepared that their delicate limbs were not subject to that extreme expansion required by the saddle of the roughest sex. They were escorted by a party of armed Turks, and followed by a man in Frank dress, who, as I after understood, was the physician of the harem. They were thirteen in number, just a baker's dozen, and belonged to a pacha who was making his annual tour of the different posts under his government, and had sent them on before to have the household matters all arranged upon his return to Smyrna. I was greatly pleased to be in readiness to receive him with their smiles; and if they continued in the same humour in which I saw them, he must have been a happy man who could call them all his own. I had not fairly recovered from the cries of the poor camel, when I heard their merry voices; verily, though I, stopping to catch the last musical notes there are exceedingly good points about the Turks—chibouks, coffee, and as many wives as they please. It made me whistle to think of it. Oh, thought I, that some of our ladies could see these things!—that some saucy beauty, at whose feet dozens of worthy and amiable young gentlemen are sighing themselves into perspiration wrinkles and ugliness, might see these things!

I am no rash innovator. I would not sweep away the established customs of our state of society. I would not lay my meddling fingers upon the admitted prerogatives of our ladies; but I cannot help asking myself, in the rapid changes of this turning world, changes which completely alter rocks and the hardiest castles of nature, it may not by possibility happen that the tenor of a lady's humour will change. What a goodly spectacle to see those who are never content without a dozen admirers in their train, following by dozens in the train of one man! But I fear me much that this will never be, at least in our day. Our system of education is radically wrong. The human mind, says some philosopher, and the gentleman is right, is like the sand upon the shore of the sea. You may write upon it what letters you choose, but you cannot change the condition of your own unformed minds, that, "Born for their use, we live but to oblige them." The consequence is, I will not say what; for I hope to return among them and kiss the rod in some fair hand; but this I do know, that here the "twig is so bent," that they become as gentle, as docile, and as tractable, as any dearlings brought up in petting. I say again, there are many exceeding good points about the Turks.

At about six o'clock we came in sight of Smyrna, on the opposite side of the gulf, and still a long way off. At dusk we were directly opposite the city; and although we had yet to make a long circuit round the head of the gulf, I was welling in the bright prospect before me. Dreams of pulling off my pantaloons, delightful sights of clean sheets and a Christian bed flitted before my eyes. Yes, said I to my pantaloons and shirt, ye worthy and faithful servants, this night ye shall have rest. While other garments have fallen from me by the way, ye have stuck to me. And thou, my grey pantaloons, little did the neat Parisian tailor who made thee think thou fellst into the hands of the lady. They were worn for three weeks' uninterrupted wear; but to-morrow thou shalt go into the hands of a master, who shall sew on thy buttons and sew up thy rents: and thou, my— I was going on with words of the same affectionate import to my shirt, stockings, and drawers, which, however, did not deserve so well of me, for they had in a measure kept the proper desk, when the wind became strong, and I stood before the door of a cabin, dismantled, and made signs to me to do the same. But I began now to have some notions of my own; heretofore, I had been perfectly passive; I had always done as I was told, but in sight of Smyrna I became restless. I talked and shouted to him, pointed to the city, and turned my horse as if I were about to follow him. He paid no attention to me; he very coolly took off my carpet-bag and carried it into the cabin, lighted his pipe, and sat down by the door, looking at me with the most imperturbable gravity. I had hardly had time to admire his impudence, and to calculate the chances of my being able, alone at night, to cross the many streams which emptied into the gulf, when the wind, which had been rising for some time, became very violent, and the rain began to fall in torrents. With a sigh I bade farewell to the bright visions that had deluded me, gave another sight to the uncertainty of all human calculations, the circle and the lip, &c., and took refuge in the cabin.

What a substitute for the pretty little picture I had drawn to myself through the medium of my imagination! The Turks had been converted into three great piles of charcoal frying dough-balls. Three rugs were spread in three corners of the cabin, and over each of them were the eternal pistols and yataghan. There was nothing there to defend; their miserable lives were not worth taking; why were these weapons there! The Turks at first took no notice of me, and I had now to make amends for my backwardness in entering, resolved to go to work boldly, and at once elbowed among them for a seat around the brazier. The one next me on my right seemed a little struck by my easy ways; he put his hand on his ribs to feel how far my elbow had penetrated, and then took his pipe from his mouth and offered it to me. The ice broken, I smoked the pipe to the last whiff, and handed it to him to be refilled; with all the horrors of dyspepsy before my eyes, I scrambled with them for the last dough-ball, and, when the attention of all of them was particularly directed towards me, took out my watch, held it over the lamp, and wound it up. I addressed myself particularly to the one who had first taken notice of me, and made myself extremely agreeable to him. After a few minutes, when I had filled and half a dozen pipes, he gave me to understand that I was to sleep with him upon his mat, at which I slapped him on the back and cried out, "Bono," having heard him use that word, apparently with a knowledge of its meaning.

I was surprised in the course of the evening to see
one of them begin to undress, knowing that such was not the custom of the country, but found that it was only a temporary disguise for sporting purposes, to hunt fleas and bed-bugs; by which I had an opportunity of comparing the Turkish with some I had brought with me from Greece; and though the Turk had great reason to be proud of his, I had no reason to be ashamed of mine. I now began to be drowsy, and should soon have fallen asleep; but the youngest of the party, a sickly and sentimental young man, melancholy and musical, and, no doubt, in love, brought out the common Turkish instrument, a sort of guitar, on which he was working with untiring vivacity, keeping time with his head and heels. My friend accompanied him with his voice, and this brought out my Tartar, who joined in with groans and grunts which might have waked the dead. But my cup was not yet full. During the musical festival, my friend and intended bedfellow took down from a shelf above me a large plaster, which he warmed over the brazier. He then unrolled his turban, took off a plaster from the back of his head, and disclosed a wound, raw, gory, and ghastly, that made my heart sink within me. I knew that the plague was about Smyrna; I had heard that this misfortune was voluntary, and I involuntarily recurred to the Italian prayer, "Save me from the three miseries of the Levant: plague, fire, and the dragonman." I shut my eyes; I had slept but two hours the night before; had ridden twelve hours that day on horseback; I drew my cloak around me; my head sank upon my carpet-bag, and I fell asleep, leaving the four Turkish youths to have the better play. Once during the night I was awakened by my bedfellow's mustaches tickling my lips. I turned my back, and slept on.

In the morning, my Tartar, with one jerk, placed me upright on the floor, and holding me in that position until I got awake, kicked open the door, and pointed to my horse standing in the yard waiting for me. In three hours I was crossing the caravan bridge, a bridge over the beautiful Melissus, on the banks of which Homer was born; and picking my way among caravans, which for ages have continued to cross this bridge laden with all the riches of the East, I entered the long-looked-for city of Smyrna, a city that has braved the reiterated efforts of configurations, plagues, and earthquakes; ten times destroyed, and ten times risen from her ruins; the queen of the cities of Anatolia; extolled by the ancients as Smyrna the lovely, the crown of Ionia, the pride of Asia. But old things have passed away, and the ancient city now figures only under the head of arrivals in a newspaper, in the words and figures for the moment calculated for the Frank day by Brig. Betty, Baker master, 57 days from Smyrna, with figs and raisins to order. Mastic dull, opium rising.

In half an hour I was in the full enjoyment of a Turkish bath; lolled half an hour on a divan, with cibouk and coffee, and came out fresh as if I had spent the last three weeks training for the ring. Oh, these Turks are luxurious dogs! Cibouks, coffee, hot baths, and as many wives as they please. What a catalogue of human enjoyments! But I intend Smyrna as a place of rest, and, in charity, give you the benefit of it.

CHAPTER IX.
First Sight of Smyrna.—Unraveled Women.—Ruins of Ephesus.—Rain, all Rain.—Temple of Diana.—Encounter with a Wolf.—Love at First Sight.—Gatherings on the Road.

(Author's letter.)

My dear ****—After my bath I returned to my hotel, breakfasted, and strolled out for a walk. It was now about 12 o'clock, the first Sunday after Easter—and all the Frank population was in the streets. My hotel was in an out-of-the-way quarter, and when, turning a corner, I suddenly found myself in the main street, I was not prepared for the sight that met my eye. Paris on a fine day does not present so gay and animated a scene. It was gay, animated, striking, and beautiful, and entirely different from anything I had ever seen in any European city. Franks, Jews, Greeks, Turks, and Armenians, in their various and striking costumes, were mingled together in agreeable confusion; and making all due allowance for the circumstance that I had for some time been debarked the sight of an unveiled woman, I certainly never saw so much beauty, and I never saw a costume so admirably calculated to set off beauty. At the sight of the Turkish costume it is not so much trying to a lady's pretensions. Being no better than one of the uninitiated, I shall not venture upon such dangerous ground as a lady's toilet. I will merely refer to that part which particularly struck me, and that is the head-dress; no odious broad-brimmed hat; no enormous veils enveloping nose, mouth, and eyes; but simply a large turban, a drapery of the richest black, and when a lady's head, rolled back over the forehead, leaving the whole face completely exposed, and exhibiting clear dark complexions, rosy lips closing over teeth of dazzling whiteness; and then such eyes, large, dark, and rolling. It is matter of history, and it is confirmed by poetry, that "The angelic youths of old, Burning for maidens of mortal mould, Bewailed the glorious skies, And lost their heaven for woman's eyes."

My dear friend, this is the country where such things happened; the throne of the Thunderer, high Olympus, is almost in sight, and these are the daughters of the women who worked such miracles. If the age of passion, with the Athenians, be called a 'contagious age'—the 'weeks gone,' if this were not emphatically a bank-note world, I would say of the Smyrniotes, above all others, that they are the description of women who could "Raise a mortal to the skies, Or bring an angel down."

And they walk, too, as if conscious of their high pretensions, as if conscious that the reign of beauty is not yet ended; and, under that enchanting turban, charge with the whole artillery of their charms. It is a perfect unmasked battery; nothing can stand before it. I wonder the Sultan allows it. The Turks are as touchy as tinder; they take fire as quick as any of the old demi-gods, and a pair of black eyes is at any time enough to put mischief in them. But the Turks are a considerate people. They consider that the Franks, or rather the Greeks, to whom I particularly refer, have periodical fits of insanity; that they go mad twice a year, during carnival and after Lent; and if at such a time they have the head of a Turk in the Frank quarter, should find the current of his blood disturbed, he would sooner die, nay, he would sooner cut off his beard, than hurt a hair of any one of the light heads that he sees flitting before him. There is something remarkable, by the way, in the tenacity with which the Greek women have sustained the rights and prerogatives of beauty in defiance of Turkish customs and prejudices; while the men have fallen into the habits of their quondam masters, have taken to pipes and coffee, and in many instances to turbans and big trousers, the women have ever gone with their faces uncovered, and to this day one and all eschew the veil of the Turks.

Pleased and amused with myself and every thing I saw, I moved along unnoticed and unknown, staring, observing, and admiring; among other things, I observed that one of the amiable customs of our own city was in full force here, viz., that of the young gentlemen, with light sticks in their hands, gathering around the door or window of the handsome church to stare at the ladies as they came out. I was pleased to find such a mark of civilization in a land of barbarians, and immediately fell into a thing which seemed so much like home; but in justice to the Smyrniote ladies, I must say I cannot flatter myself that I startled a single one out of countenance. But I need not attempt to interest you in Smyrna;
RUINS OF EPHESUS.

it is too every-day a place; every Cape Cod sailor knows it better than I do. I have done all that I could; I have waived the musty reminiscences of its history; I have waived ruins which are said to exist here, and have endeavoured to give you a faint but true picture of the living and existing beauties, of the brigand and beautiful scene that broke upon me the first moment of my arrival; and now, if I have not touched you with the beauty of its women, I should despair of doing so by any description of its beautiful climate, its charming environs, and its hospitable society.

Leave, then, what is, after all, but a city of fags and ruins, and go with me where, by comparison, the foot of civilised man seldom treads; go with me into the deserts and solitary places; go with me among the cities of the seven churches of Asia; and, first, to the ruins of Ephesus. I had been several days expecting a companion to make this tour with me, but, being disappointed, was obliged to set out alone. I was not exactly alone, for I had with me a Turk as guide, and a Greek as cicerone and interpreter, both well mounted, and armed to the teeth. We started at two o'clock in the morning, under the light of thousands of stars; and the day broke upon us in a country wild and desolate, as if it were removed thousands of miles from the habitations of men. There was little variety and little incident in our journey, for we had gone many days through a country decidedly handsome, the soil rich and fertile, but showing with appalling force the fatal effects of misgovernment, wholly uncultivated, and almost wholly uninhabited. Indeed, the only habitations were the little Turkish coffee-houses and the black tents of the Turcomans. These are a wandering tribe, who come out from the desert in autumn, and return to the desert again as the winter civilisation. They are a pastoral people; their riches are their flocks and herds; they lead a wandering life, free as the air they breathe; they have no local attachments; to-day they pitch their tents on the hill-side, to-morrow on the plain; and wherever they set themselves down, all that they have on earth, wife, children, and all, they have thrown behind them. There is something primitive, almost patriarchal, in their appearance; indeed, it carries one back to a simple, and perhaps a purer age, and you can almost realise that state of society when the patriarch sat in the door of his tent, and called in and fed the passing traveller.

The general character of the road is such as to prepare us for what we shall see at Ephesus; the road leads him at Ephesus; monstrous burying-grounds, with thousands of headstones shaded by the mourning cypress, in the midst of a desolate country, where not a vestige of a human habitation is to be seen. They stand on the roadside, as melancholy tell-tales that large towns or cities once existed in their immediate neighbourhood, and that the generations who occupied them have passed away, furnishing fearful evidence of the decrease of the Turkish population, and, perhaps, that the gigantic empire of the Ottoman is tottering to its fall.

For about three hours before reaching Ephesus, the road, crossing a rich and beautiful plain watered by the Castrus, lies beset with open fields, and leads to the sea, and on the left are the ruins of Ephesus. Near, and in the immediate vicinity, storks were calmly marching over the plain, and building among the ruins; they moved as if seldom disturbed by human footsteps, and seemed to look upon us as intruders upon a spot for a long time abandoned to birds and beasts of prey. About a mile this side are the remains of the Turkish city of Aysalook, or Temple of the Moon, a city of comparatively modern date, reared into a brief magnificence out of the ruins of its fallen neighbour. A sharp hill, almost a mountain, rises abruptly from the plain, on the top of which is a ruined fortress, with many ruins of Turkish magnificence at the base; broken columns, some in the ground, of the size of trees, and a group, in a grotto, the roof sustained by four granite columns from the Temple of Diana; the minaret fallen, the mosque deserted; the Mussulman no more goes there to pray; bats and owls were building in its lofty roof, and snakes and lizards were crawling over its marble floor.

It was late in the afternoon when I arrived at the little coffee-house at Aysalook; a caravan had already encamped under some fine old sycamores before the door, preparatory to passing the night. I was some-what fatigued by the journey. The Greek had no share in the morning, was disposed to stop and wait for the morrow; but the fallen city was on the opposite hill at but a short distance, and the shades of evening seemed well calculated to heighten the effect of a ramble among its ruins. In a right line it was not more than half a mile, but we soon found that we could not go directly to it; a piece of low swampy ground lay between, and we had not gone far before our horses sank up to their saddle-girths. We were obliged to retrace our steps, and work our way around by a circuitous route of more than two miles. This, too, added to the effect of our approach. It was a dreary reflection, that a city, whose ports and whose gates had been open to the commerce of the whole known world, whose wealth had invited the traveller and sojourner within its walls, should lie a ruin upon a hill-side, with swamps and morasses extending around it, in sight but out of reach, near but unapproachable.

A warning voice seemed to issue from the ruins, "Procul, procul, este profani."—my day is past, my sun is set, I have known my house pass on, stranger, and disturb not the ashes of the dead.

But my Turk did not understand Latin, and we continued to advance. We moved along in perfect silence, for, besides that my Turk never spoke, and my Greek, who was generally loquacious enough, was out of humour at being obliged to go on, we had enough to do in picking our way through the ruins of a once noble city. The sound of the human voice seemed almost a mockery of fallen greatness. We entered by a large and ruined gateway into a place distinctly marked as having been a street, and, from the broken columns strewn on each side, probably having been lined with a colonnade. I let my reins fall upon my horse's neck; he moved about in the streets, not apparently disturbed by the presence of the broken columns which were now sinking to his knees in heaps of rubbish, now stumbling over a Corinthian capital, and now sliding over a marble pavement. The whole hill-side is covered with ruins to an extent far greater than I expected to find, and they are all of a kind that tends to give a high idea of the ancient magnificence of the city. To me, the ruins of Ephesus were the most interesting to me, as a mass; but they have been examined by antiquaries with great care, and the character of many of them identified with great certainty. I had, however, no time for details; and, indeed, the interest of these ruins in my eyes was not in the details. It mattered little to me that this was the stadium and that a fountain; that this was a gymnasion and that a market-place; it was enough to know that the broken columns, the moulder- ing walls, the grass-grown streets, and the wide-extended scene of desolation and ruin around me, were all that remained of one of the greatest cities of Asia, one of the earliest Christian cities in the world. But what do say! Who does not remember the tumults and confusion raised by Demetrinus the silversmith, "lest the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despoiled, and her magnificence be destroyed?" and how the people, having caught "Caues and Aristarchus, Paul's companions in travel," crushed with one accord into the theatre, crying out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" My dear friend, I sat among the ruins of that theatre; the stillness of death was around me; far as the eye could reach, not a living soul was to be seen, save my two companions, and a group of lazy Turks smoking at the coffee-house in Aysalook. A man of strong imagination might almost go wild with the intensity of his own reflections; and do not let it surprise you, that even this little like, brought up to the technicalities, the declamations and repetitions, rebuttals and surrebuttals, and in no wise given to the illusions of the senses, should find himself endorsed, and irresistibly hurried back to the time when the shapeless and confused mass around him
formed one of the most magnificent cities in the world; when a large and busy population was hurrying through its streets, intent upon the same pleasures and the same business that engage men now; that he should, in imagination, see before him St Paul preaching to the Ephesians, shaking their faith in the gods of their fathers, gods made with their own hands; and the noise and confusion, and the people rushing tumultuously up the very steps where he sat; that he should almost hear their cry ringing in his ears, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and then that he should turn from this scene of former glory and see his ruin to his far-distant land—a land that the wisest of the Ephesians never dreamed of; where the wild man was striving with the wild beast when the whole world rang with the greatness of the Ephesian name; and which bids fair to be growing greater and greater when the last vestige of Ephesus shall be gone, and its very site unknown.

But where is the temple of the great Diana—the temple 220 years in building—the temple of 127 columns, each column the gift of a king? Can it be that the temple of the "great goddess Diana," the ornament of Asia, the pride of Ephesus, and one of the seven wonders of the world, has gone, disappeared, and left not a trace behind? As a traveller it would be most tragic to leave the ruins of this temple; but, unfortunately, I am obliged to limit myself by facts. Its site has of course engaged the attention of antiquaries. I am no sceptic in these matters, and am disposed to believe all that my cicerone tells me. You remember the countryman who complained to his minister that he never gave him any Latin in his sermons; and when the minister answered that he understood it, the countryman replied that he paid for the best, and ought to have it. I am like that honest countryman; but my cicerone understood himself better than the minister; he knew that I paid him for the best; he knew what was expected from him, and that his reputation was gone for ever, if in such a place as Ephesus he should not point out the ruins of the great temple of Diana. He accordingly had his temple, which he stuck to with such pertinacity as if he had built it himself; but I am sorry to be obliged to say, in spite of his authority and my own wish to believe him, that the better opinion is, that not now a single stone is to be seen.

Topographers have fixed the site on the plain, near the gate of the city which opened to the sea. The sea, which once almost washed the walls, has receded or been driven back for several miles. For many years a new soil has been accumulating, and all that stood on the plain, including so much of the remains of the temple as had not been plundered and carried away by different conquerors, is probably now buried many feet under its surface.

It was dark when I returned to Ayaslook. I had remarked, in passing, that several caravans had encamped there, and on my return found the camel drivers assembled in the little coffee-house in which I was to pass the night. I soon saw that there were so many of them that I was not likely to find a sleeping part of the khan, and immediately measured off space enough to fit my body, allowing turning and kicking room. I looked with great complacency upon the light slippers of the Turks, which they always throw off, too, when they go to sleep, and made an ostentatious display of a pair of heavy iron-nailed boots, and, in laying down, gave one or two preliminary thumps to show them that I was restless in my movements, and if they came too near me, these iron-nailed boots would be uncomfortable neighbours.

And here I ought to have spent half the night in musing upon the strange concatenation of circumstances which had broken up a quiet, practising attorney, and sent him a stranger from a busy, money-getting land, to meditate among the ruins of ancient cities, and sleep pelmell with turbanned Turks. But I had no time for musing; I was amazingly tired; I looked at the group of Turks in one corner, and regretted that I could not talk with them; thought of the Tower of Babel and the wickedness of man, which brought about a confusion of tongues; of camel-drivers, and Arabian Nights' Entertainments; of home, and my own comfortable place in the third story; brought my boot down with a thump that made them all start, and in five minutes was asleep.

In the morning I again went over to the ruins. Daylight, if possible, added to their effect; and a little thing occurred, not much in itself, but which, under the circumstances, fastened itself upon my mind in such a way that I shall never forget it. I had read that here, in the stillness of the night, the jackal's cry was heard; that, if a stone was rolled, a scorpion or lizard slipped from under it; and while picking our way slowly along the lower part of the city, a wolf of the largest size came out above, as if indignant at being disturbed in its peaceful slumber, and a few paces towards us with such a resolute air that my companions both drew their pistols; then stopped, and gazed at us deliberately as we were receding from him, until, as if satisfied that we intended to leave his dominions, he turned and disappeared among the ruins. It would have made a fine picture; the Turk first, then the Greek, each with a pistol at his side, all on horseback, the wild wolf above us, the valley, and our lights making my inability to give you a true picture of these ruins. Indeed, if I could lay before you every particular, block for block, fragment for fragment, here a column and there a column, I could not convey a full idea of the desolation that marks the scene.

To come to Christian history, the ruins of Ephesus carry with them a peculiar interest; for here, upon the wreck of heathen temples, was established one of the earliest Christian churches; but the Christian church has followed the heathen temple, and the worshippers of the true God have followed the worshippers of the great goddess Diana; and in the city where Paul preached, and where, in the words of the apostle, "much people were brought unto him," a crowd of idolaters, some of whom were carried into the temple and did there sacrifice, was assembled, serving heathen gods.

Verily, in the prophetic language of inspiration, the "candlestick is removed from its place," a curse seems to have fallen upon it, men shun it, not a human being is to be seen among its ruins; and Ephesus, in faded glory and fallen grandeur, is given over to wild beasts of prey, a monument and a warning to nations.

From Ephesus I went to Scala Nova, handsomely situated on the shore of the sea, and commanding a fine view of the beautiful Island of Samos, distant not more than four miles. I had a letter to a Greek merchant there, who received me kindly, and introduced me to the Turkish governor. The governor, as usual, was seated upon a divan, and asked us to take seats beside him.

We were served with coffee and pipes by two handsome Greek slaves, boys about fourteen, with long hair hanging down their necks, and handsomely dressed; who, after serving us, descended from the platform, and waited with folded arms until we had finished. Soon after, a third guest came, and a third lad, equally handsomely dressed, served his master the same manner. This is the style of the Turkish grandees, a slave to every guest. I do not know to what extent it is carried, but I am inclined to think that, in the present instance, if one or two more guests had happened to come in, my friend's retinue of slaves would have fallen short. The governor asked me from what country I came, and who was my king; and when I told him that we had no king, but a president, he said, very graciously, that our president and the grand seignior were very good friends; a compliment which I acknowledged with all becoming humility. Wanting to show off a little, I told him that we were going to fight the French, and he said we should certainly whip them if we could get the grand seignior to help us.

I afterwards called on my own account upon the English consul. The consuls in these little places are originals. They have nothing to do, but they have
SMYRNA.

CHAPTER X.

Position of Smyrna.—Consular Privileges.—The Case of the Lover.—End of the Love Affair.—The Missionary's Wife.—The Casino.—Only a Greek Row.—Rambles in Smyrna.—The Armenians.—Domestic Enjoyments.

But I must go back a little, and make the amende honourable, for, in truth, Ghiour Imisir, or Infidel Smyrna, with its wild admixture of European and Asiatic population, deserves better than the rather cavalier notice contained in my letter.

As to Smyrna, I cannot approach its exceeding beauty of position, chosen as it is with that happy taste which distinguished the Greeks in selecting the sites of their ancient cities, on the declivity of a mountain running down to the shore of the bay, with houses rising in terraces on its sides; its domes and minarets, interspersed with cypress, rising above the tiers of houses, and the summit of the hill crowned with a large castle.

I had been told that if I was the first large Turkish city I had seen, and it differed, too, from all other Turkish cities, in the strong foothold obtained there by Europeans. Indeed, remembering it as a place where often, and within a very few years, upon a sudden outbreaking of popular fury, the streets were deluged with Christian blood, I was particularly struck, not only with the air of commotion that pervaded it, but in fact with the bearing of superiority assumed by the "Christian dog" among the followers of the Prophet.

Directly on the bay is a row of large houses running along the whole front of the city, among which are seen emblazoned over the doors the arms of most of the foreign consuls, including the American. By the treaties of the Porte with Christendom, the consular and ministerial tribunals have no jurisdiction in matters touching the rights of foreign residents; and all disputes between these, and even criminal offences, fall under the cognizance of their respective consuls. This gives the consuls in all the maritime ports of Turkey great power and position; and all over the Levant they are great people; but at Smyrna they are the sultans of the city, and their captains and ministers at the European capitals; and with their janizaries and their appearance on all public occasions in uniform, are looked up to by the Levantines somewhat like the consuls sent abroad under the Roman empire, and by the Turks as almost sultans.

The morning after my arrival I delivered letters of introduction to Mr. Offley, the American consul, and Mr. Wallis, the English merchant in Smyrna, and married to an Armenian lady; Mr Langdon, a merchant of Boston; and Mr Styth, of Baltimore, of the firm of Issaverdins, Styth, and Company; one to Mr Jetter, a German missionary, whose lady told me, while her husband was reading it, that she had met me in the street the day before, and on her return home told him that the mark by which she recognised me as an American, being rather dubious whether it was by reason of any thing praiseworthy, or the reverse; but she could not tell.

I trust the reader has not forgotten the victim of the tender passion, who, in the moment of my leaving Athens, had run to me in a moment of his hopes and fears. At the very first house in which I was introduced to the female members of the family, I found making a morning call the lady who had made such inroads upon his affections. I had already heard her spoken of as being the largest for-
travels, and, par consequence, the greatest bole in Smyrna, and I hailed it as a favourable omen that I accidentally made her acquaintance so soon after my arrival. I made my observations, and could not help remarking that she was by no means pining away on account of the absence of my friend. I was almost indignant at her heartless happiness, and, taking advantage of an opportunity, I dropped a "Have you heard," and, perhaps, to strike her sensitive for two or three minutes; but her comment was a death-blow to my friend's prospects and my mediation—"Poor M.!' and all present repeated "Poor M.!' with a portentous smile, and the next moment had forgotten his existence. I went away in the full conviction that it was all over; and I was not happy to see such a blase heart. I dined and, in the afternoon called with my letter of introduction upon his friend, the Rev. Mr Brewer; and Mr Brewer's comment on reading it was about equal to the lady's "Poor M.!' He asked me in what condition I left our unfortunate friend. I told him his leg was pretty bad, though he continued to hobble about; but Mr Brewer interrupted me; he did not mean his leg, but—he hesitated, and with reluctance, as if he wished to avoid speaking of it outright, added—"his mind. I did not comprehend him, and, from his hesitancy and deficiency in the words he chose to employ, I shrewdly guessed that he cleared the matter up, and to no small surprise, by telling me that, some time before he left Smyrna, "Poor M.' had shown such strong marks of aberration of intellect, that his friends had deemed it advisable to put him under the charge of a brother missionary and send him home, and that they hoped good benefit from travel and change. I was much surprised, and by no means elevated in my own conceit, when I found that I had been made the confidant of a crazy man. Mr Hill, not knowing of any particular intimacy between us, and probably not wishing to publish his misfortune unnecessarily, had not given me the slightest intimation of it, and I had not discovered it. I had been lectured, perhaps, upon the general conduct not less so, but I had no idea that it was any thing more than the ordinary derangement which every man is said to labour under when in love. I then told Mr Brewer my story, and the commission with which I was entrusted, which he said was perfectly characteristic, his madaly being a sort of monomania on the part of some strange passions, and remarked that it was a place of interest which I might nevertheless have taken in the affair, in connecting his derangement in some way with the lady in question, was destroyed by the volatile direction of his passion, sometimes to one object, and sometimes to another; and in regard to the lady to whom I was accredited, he had never shown any peculiarity towards her in particular, and must have given me her name because it happened to be the first that suggested itself at the moment of his unburdening himself to me. Fortunately, I had not exposed myself by any demonstrations in behalf of my friend, so I quietly dropped him. On leaving Mr Brewer, I suggested a doubt whether I could be regarded as an acceptable guest in the room and I was made so, but we had gone so far that it was decided, for that specific purpose, to admit his sauity. I should not mention these particulars, if there was any possibility of their ever wounding the feelings of him to whom they refer; but he is now beyond the reach either of calumny or praise, for about a year after, I heard, with great regret, that his malady had increased, accompanied with a general derangement of himself, and shortly after his return home, he died.

My intercourse with the Franks was confined principally to my own countrymen, whose houses were open to me at all times; and I cannot help mentioning the name of Mr Van Lennup, the Dutch consul, the greatest bole, that his malady had increased, accompanied with a general derangement of himself, and shortly after his return home, he died.

Society in Smyrna is purely mercantile, and having been so long out of the way of it, it was actually grateful to me once more to hear men talking with all their souls about cotton, stocks, exchanges, and other topics of interest, in the literal meaning of the word. Sometimes lounging in a merchant's counting-room, I took up an American paper, and heard Boston, and New York, and Baltimore, and cotton, and opium, and freight, and coffee and tobacco. Leper island there is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. A soldier's is more so, for she follows him to danger, and, perhaps, to death; but glory waits him if he fails, and while she weeps, she is proud. Before I went abroad, the only missionary I ever knew I despised, for I believed him to be a canting hypocrite; but I saw much of them abroad, and made many warm friends among them, and, I repeat it, there is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. Who had been cherished as a plant that the winds must not breathe on too rudely, recovers from the shock of a thunderbolt, and grows into a stately tree, amid a herd of barbarians, where her loud cry of distress can never reach their ears. New ties twine round her heart, and the tender and helpless girl changes her very nature, and becomes the staff and support of the man. In his hours of despondency, she raises his drooping spirits—she bathe his aching head—she smooths his pillow of his rest, and after months of weary silence, I have entered her dwelling, and her heart instinctively told her that I was from the same land. I have been welcomed as a brother; answered her hurried, and anxious, and eager questions; and sometimes, when I have known any of her friends at home, I have been for a moment more than recompensed for all the toils of my mission, and felt that I was not a stranger, but a member of her family. Her dwelling burdened with remembrances to friends whom she will perhaps never see again. I bore a letter to a father, which was opened by a widowed mother. Where I could, I have discharged every promise to a missionary's wife; but I have some yet undischarged, which I rank among the sacred obligations of my life. The truest happiness, perhaps, of the missionary is to be aware that he has sown roses; but often, in leaving his house at night, and following my guide with a lantern through the narrow streets of a Turkish city, I have run over the troubles incident to every condition of life, not forgetting those of a traveller, and have taken to whistling, and, as I stumbled into the gate of an old convent, have murmured, "Poor Van Lennup," A, after all, these missionaries are happy fellows."

Every stranger, upon his arrival in Smyrna, is introduced at the casino. I went there the first time to a concert. It is a large building, erected by a club of merchants, with a suite of rooms on the lower floor, billiards, cards, reading and sitting room, and a ballroom. The boxes were well filled, and a great deal of music was given in the ballroom, and from what I had seen in the streets, I expected an extraordinary display of beauty, but I was much disappointed. The company consisted only of the aristocracy or higher mercantile classes, the families of the gentlemen composing the club, and excluded the Greek and Smyrnioite women, among whom is found a great portion of the beauty of the place. A particle of the possessor's own city, is founded upon the time since the possessor gave up selling goods, or the number of consignments he receives in the course of a year. The casino, by the way, is a very aristocratic institution, and sometimes knotty questions occur in its management. The masters of merchant vessels are not admitted. A man came out as owner of a vessel and cargo, and bore his master; quere, could he be admitted? His consignee said yes; but the majority, not being interested in the
Rambles in Smyrna—the Armenians.

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sales of his cargo, went for a strict construction, and
excluded him.

The population of Smyrna, professing three distinct
religions, observe three different Sabbaths: the Mahom-
medans Friday, the Jews Saturday, and the Christians
Sunday, so that there are only four days in the week
in which all the shops and bazaars are open together,
and there are so many fete days that these are much
broken in upon. The most perfect toleration prevails,
and the religious festivals of the Greeks often terminate
in midnight orgies, which denase and degrade the
Christian in the eyes of the pious Mussulman.

On Saturday morning I was roused from my bed by a
loud cry, and the tramp of a crowd through the street.
I ran to my window, and saw a Greek tearing down
the street at full speed, and another after him with a
drum and the standard of the Mohammedans. The street
is by far the most
gaunt and filthy place in the city; and his
side, and...
The next day the shops were shut, and the streets again thronged as on the day of my arrival. I went to church at the English chapel attached to the residence of the British consul, and heard a sermon from a German missionary. I dined at one o'clock, and in company with mine host of the Pension Suisse, and a merchant of Smyrna resident there, worked my way up the hill through the heart of the Turks' quarter, to the old castle standing alone and in ruins on its summit. We rested a little while at the foot of the castle, and looked over the city and the tops of the minarets upon the beautiful bay, and descending in the rear of the castle, we came to the river Meles winding through a deep valley at the foot of the hill. This stream was celebrated by Homer as the river of the gods. It was said that some of the women of the old Aegaeans, once to be seen combing their hair at the springs, lived here, and that they were the first women who wore nothing but a tassel. We walked along a little path at the rear of the castle, and there were the graves of the three women of the old Aegaeans, or on the grass, or on the river's brink; and moving among them were Turks cleanly dressed, with trays of refreshments, ices, and sherbet. There were men of all nations, Greeks and Smyrniote women, and an extraordinary display of beauty; none of them were fat, but the Greek women a light gauze turban, and their faces were painted with a kind of orange. The women were gay, wearing gold rings in their ears, and a red cloth, worked with gold, secured on the top of the head by a black silk tassel, and yet they had at the same time one of the most graceful of all the women of the world. They were all grave and quiet, believing that they were paying an acceptable tribute to the souls of the dead. I left the burying-ground, and plunged once more among the crowd. It may be that memory paints these scenes brighter than they were; but if that does not deceive me, I never saw at Paris or Vienna go so gay and beautiful a scene, so rich in landscape and scenery, in variety of costume, and in beauty of female form and feature.

We left the caravan bridge early to visit the Armenian quarter, this being the best day for seeing them collectively at home; and I had not passed through the first street of their beautiful quarter, before I was forcibly struck with the appearance of a people different from any I had yet seen. The Armenians are one of the oldest nations of the civilised world, and, amid all the revolutions of barbarian war and despotism, have maintained themselves as a cultivated people. From the time when their first chieftain fled from Babylon, his native place, to escape from the tyranny of Nebuchadnezzar, to the last days of the last of the kings of Assyria, they have been found among the most active, enterprising and adventurous of the inhabitants of the earth. They have been prominent in every part of Asia, and have maintained their independence against the most powerful empires. Their language, their history, their religion, and their society, have preserved their stern integrity and uprightness of character. The Armenian merchant is now known in every quarter of the globe, and every where distinguished by superior cultivation, honesty, and manners. As early as the fourth century, the Armenians embraced Christianity; they never had any sympathy with, and always disliked and avoided, the Greek Christians, and constantly resisted the endeavours of the popes to bring them within the Catholic pale. Their doctrine differs from the orthodox chiefly in their admitting only one nature in Christ, and believing the Holy Spirit to issue from the Father alone. Their first abode, Mount Ararat, is even at the present day the centre of their religious and political union. They are distinguished by a patriarchal simplicity in their domestic manners; and it was a maxim of the last remaining of the twelve men who followed that struck me on entering their quarter at Smyrna. In style and appearance, their quarter is superior to any in Smyrna; their streets are broad and clean; their houses large, in good order, and well painted; oriental in their style of architecture, with large balconies and latticed windows, and spacious halls running through the centre, floored with small black and white stones laid in the form of stars and other fanciful devices, and leading to large gardens in the rear, ornamented with trees, vines, shrubs, and flowers, then in full bloom and beauty. All along the streets the doors of the houses were thrown wide open, and the old Armenian "knickerbockers" were sitting outside or in the doorway, in their flowing robes, grave and steady; talking to each other, of large amber mouth-pieces, talking with their neighbours, while the older members were distributed along the hall, or strolling through the garden, and children climbing the trees and arbours. It was a fête day for the whole neighbourhood. All was social, and cheerful, and beautiful, without being gay or noisy, and all was open to the observation of the stranger. I entered the house of an old resident of Smyrna, stopped with me at the house of a large banker, whose whole family, with several neighbours, young and old, were assembled in the hall.

In the street the Armenian ladies observe the Turkish custom of wearing the shawl tied around the face, so that it is difficult to see their features, though I had often admired the dignity and grace of their walk, and their propriety of manners; but in the house there was a perfect absence of all concealment; and I have seldom seen more interesting persons than the whole group of Armenian ladies, and particularly the young Armenian girls. They were not so dark, and wanted the bold, daring beauty of the Greek, but altogether were far more attractive. They were modest, and yet there was an exceeding modesty, united with affability and elegance of manner; in fact, there was a calm and quiet loveliness about them that would have made any one of them dangerous to be shut up alone with, that is, if a man could talk with her without an interpreter. This was one of the occasions when I numbered among the means of avoiding the confusion of tongues. But, notwithstanding this, the whole scene was beautiful; and with all the simplicity of a Dutchman's fireside, the style of the house, the pebbled hall, the garden, the foliage, and the oriental costumes, threw a charm around it which now, while I write, comes over me again.

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CHAPTER XI.

An American Original.—Moral Changes in Turkey.—Wonders of Steam Navigation.—The March of Mind.—Classical Localities.—Scots and Abyssins.—Seeds of Pedestals.

On my return from Ephesus, I heard of the arrival in Smyrna of a friend of my father and son, from Egypt; and the same day, at Mr Langdon's, I met the father, Dr N. of Mississippi. The doctor had made a long and interesting tour in Egypt and the Holy Land, interrupted, however, by a severe attack of ophthalmia on the Nile, from which he had not yet recovered, and a narrow escape from the plague at Cairo. He was about fifty-five, of a strong, active, and
inquiring mind; and the circumstances which had brought him to that distant country were so peculiar that I cannot help mentioning them. He had passed all the earlier years of his life in the pursuit of knowledge, and many years had busied himself with speculations in regard to the creation of the world. Year after year he had watched the deposits and the formation of soil on the banks of the Mississippi, had visited every mound and mountain indicating any peculiar geological formation, and, unable to find any data to satisfy him, he started on his plantation directly for the banks of the Nile. He possessed all the warm, high-toned feelings of the southerner, but a thorough contempt for the usages of society, and every thing like polish of manners. He came to New York, and embarked for Havre. He had never been even to New York before; was utterly ignorant of any language but his own; despised all foreigners, and could not talk English. He took his way to Marseilles with the intention of embarking for Alexandria, but was taken sick, and retracted his steps directly to his plantation on the Mississippi. Recovering, he again set out for the Nile the next year, accompanied by his son, a young man of about twenty-three, acquainted with foreign languages, and competent to the management of the boat. This latter was successful, and when I saw him, he had rambled over the pyramids, and explored the ruined temples of Egypt. The result of his observations had been to fortify his preconceived notions, that the age of this world far exceeds six thousand years. Indeed, he was firmly persuaded that some of the temples of the Nile were built more than six thousand years ago; had gone on to Smyrna enormous boxes of earth and stones, to be shipped to America, and was particularly curious on the subject of trees, having examined and satisfied himself as to the age of the olive-trees in the Garden of Gethsemane and the cedars of Lebanon. I accompanied him to his hotel, where I was introduced to his son; and I must not forget another member of this family, Siward, an individual of indescribable appearance and aspect. He was the only Englishman seen by the readers by the name of Paolo Nuazzo, or, more familiarly, Paul. This worthy individual had been travelling on the Nile with two Hungarian counts, who discharged him, or whom he discharged (for they differed as to the fact), at Cairo. Dr N. and his son were in want, and Paul entered their service as dragoon and supernumerary. The two Englishmen were in a desperate situation; they were under the sole care of a dozen of Paul. I have a very imperfect recollection of my first interview with this original. Indeed, I hardly remember him at all until my arrival at Constantinople, and have only an indistinct impression of a dark, surly-looking, mustached man, following at the heels of Dr N., and giving crusty answers in horrible English.

Dr N. had to bid me farewell at Constantinople. He worked his way into the service of a Russian baron of good land by land to Constantinople, but on my return I found myself attacked with a recurrence of an old malady, and determined to wait for the steam-boat. The day before I left Smyrna, accompanied by Mr O. Langdon, I went out to Boujae to dine with Mr Syth. The great beauty of Smyrna is its surly, haughty, unpolish'd, but open-hearted, hospitable spirits. All the villages, Bourabat, Boujaed, and Sediguy, occupied by Franks, of which Boujaé is the favourite. The Franks are always looking to the time of going out to their country houses, and consider their residences in their villages the most agreeable part of their year; and, from what I saw of it, nothing can be more agreeable. Not more than half of them had yet moved out, but after dinner we went round and visited all who were there. They are all well acquainted, and, living in a strange and barbarous country, are drawn closer together than they would be in their own. Every evening there is a reunion at some of their houses, and there is among them an absence of all unnecessary form and ceremony. They are always inhospitable to each other, and great is the amount of the true pleasures of social intercourse. These villages, too, are endeared to them as places of refuge during the repeated and prolonged visitations of the plague, the merchant going into the city every morning and returning at night, and during the whole continuance of the disease avoiding to touch any member of his family. The whole region of Smyrna is comparatively waterless, and the choicest flowers and fruits; the fig tree, particularly, growing with a luxuriance unknown in any other part of the world. But the whole of this beautiful region lies waste and uncultivated, although, if the government could be relied on, holding out, by reason of its fertility, its climate, and its facility of access, may show new inducements to European emigration than any portion of our own country. I will not impose upon the reader my speculations on this subject—my notes are burdened with them; but, in my opinion, the Old World is in process of regeneration, and at this moment offers greater opportunities for enterprise and success than the New.

On my return home, Dr N. and his son, and Paolo Nuazzo, I embarked on board the steam-boat Maria Dorothea for Constantinople; and here follows another letter, and the last, dated from the capital of the eastern empire.

Constantinople, May —, 1833.

My dear **** — Oh, you who hope one day to roam in eastern lands, to bend your curious eyes upon the people warmed by the rising sun, come quickly, for all things are changing. You who have pored over the story of the Turk; who have dreamed of him as a gloomy enthusiast, eating, spurning, and slaying, all who do not believe and call upon the Prophet:

"One of that saintly, murderous brood,
To carnage and the Koran given,
Who think through unbelievers' blood
Lies their direct path to Heaven;"

come quickly, for that description of Turk is passing away. The day has gone by when the haughty Mussulman spurned and persecuted the "Christian dog." A few years since it would have been at the peril of a man's life to address any Dissenter in a European dress; but now the European is looked upon, not only as a creature fit to live, but as a man to be respected. The sultan himself, the great head of the nation and the religion, the viceroy of God upon earth, has taken off the turban, and all the officers of government have followed his example. The army wears a bastard modification of the European dress. The sultan issues edicts to introduce European customs. Thanks to the infinities of human nature, many of these customs have begun to insinuate themselves. The pious follower of the Prophet has dared to raise the wine-cup to his lips; and, in many instances, at the peril of losing his paradise of hours, has given himself up to strong drink. Time was unjustly, again, but little means of discovering the janizaries, a band of men dangerous to government, brave, turbulent, and bloody, but of indomitable pride; who were above doing little things, and who gave a high tone to the character of the whole people. If I was not bent upon a gallop, and could stop for the jog-trot of an argument, I would say that the destruction of the janizaries is a more incidental circumstance, and that the true career of the Turkish interest is less discomfited than not, but listen. The Turks have ever been a proud people, possessing a sort of peacock pride, an extravagantly good opinion of themselves, and a supercilious contempt for all the rest of the world. Herefore they have had comparatively little intercourse with Europeans, consequently but little opportunity of making comparisons, and consequently, but little means of discovering their own inferiority. But lately things have changed; the universal peace in Europe, and the introduction of steam-boats into the Mediterranean, have brought theo
Europeans and the Turks comparatively close together. It seems to me that the effect of steam-boats here has as yet hardly begun to be felt. There are but few of them, indifferent boats, constantly getting out of order, and running so irregularly that no reliance can be placed upon them. Still, the Dardans, the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the Black Sea, from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Sea of Azoff, offer every facility that can be desired for steam navigation; and when we consider that the most interesting cities in the world are on the shores of these waters, I cannot but believe that in a very few years they will be, to a certain extent, covered with steam-boats. At all events, I have no doubt that in two or three years you will be able to go from Paris to Constantinople in fifteen or twenty days; and when that time comes, it will throw such numbers of Europeans into the east as will have a sensible effect upon the manners and customs of the people.

These eastern countries will be invaded by all classes of people, travellers, merchants, and mechanics, gentlemen of elegant leisure, and blacksmiths, shoemakers, tickers, and tailors, nay, even mantuamakers, milliners, and bandboxes, the last being an incident to civilised life as yet unknown in Turkey. Indeed, wonderful as the effects of steam-boats have been under our own eyes, we are yet to see how they will be, to a certain extent, covering with steam-boats.

But this may be, or whatever may be the cause, the Turk who swept the plains of Asia, who leaned upon his bloody sword before the walls of Vienna, and threatened the destruction of Christendom in Europe—the Turk of the turban, and the pipe, and the seraglio—come quickly, for he is becoming another man. A little longer, and the great characteristic distinctions will be broken down; the long pipe, the handsome pipe-bearer, and the amber mouthpiece, are gone; and oh! death to all that is beautiful in Eastern romance, the walls of the seraglio are prostrated, the doors of the harem thrown open, the black veil is cast off, the great European has become more seen, while the honest Turk trudges home from a quiet tea-party stripped of his retinue of fair ones, with his one and only wife tucked under his arm, his head drooping between his shoulders, taking a lecture from his better half for an involuntary sigh to the good old days, the last of the great Ottoman family. But when the glorious victories at such parvenues as Mahommed and the Turks; who would go back to those distant ages which time covers with its dim and twilight glories.

"When the world was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green;"
you who come piping-hot from college, your brains teeming with recollections of the heroic ages, who would climb Mount Ida, and nestle there in the grass and amongst the aristocratic ruins, in the unclassical ruins of the islands of the Archipelago, the Strait-studded Jezan, and the classic waters of the Hellespont. Oh! ye princes and heroes who armed for the Trojan war, and covered these venerable and beautiful ruins with your blood and your bones, must you look down from your blessed abodes upon the impious modern master of the deep, which strips the tall mast of its flowing canvas, renders unnecessary the propitiation of the gods, and flounders on its way in spite of wind and weather!

A new and unaccountable respect for the classics almost makes me scorn the newfangled conveyance, though much to the comfort of wayfaring men; but sundry recollections of Greek caiques, and also an apprehension that there might be those yet living who had heard me in early days speak any thing but respect fully of Homer, suggested to me that one man could have the same effect of steam navigation; and that it was better for a humble individual like myself to float with the tide. This idea, too, of currents and tides made me think better of Prince Metternich and his steam-boat; and smoothing, as well as I could, my sense of shame, I sneaked on board the Maria Dorothea for a race to Constantinople. Join me, now, in this race; and if your heart is at all interested in the history of nations and men, you will not be content with ten miles an hour, I will whip you over a piece of the most classic ground consecrated in history, mythology, or poetry, and in less time than ever the swift-footed Achilles could have travelled it. At eleven o'clock on a bright sunny day, the Maria Dorothea turned her back upon the city and beautiful bay of Smyrna; in about two hours passed the harbour of Vouria, then, as a quarantine station, the yellow-plague flag floating in the city and among the shipping; and towards dark, turning the point of the Gulf, came upon my old acquaintance Peggi, the little harbour into which I had been twice driven by adverse winds. My Greek friend happened to be on board, and, in the honesty of his heart, he took a inflamed excitement, and sang, as independent of the elements, without seeming to care a fig whether he profaned the memory of his ancestors in travelling by so unclassical a conveyance. If he takes it so coolly, thought I, what is it to me! they are his relations, not mine. In the evening we were moving close to the Island of Mytine, the ancient Lesbos, the birthplace of the mother of the ancient music, the country of Sappho, Alceus, and Pindar, famed for the excellence of its wine and the beauty of its women, and pre-eminently distinguished for dissipation and debauchery, the fatal plague-flag now floating mournfully over its walls, marking it as the abode of pestilence and death.

Each morning I awoke, and found myself opposite the promontory of Leuctum, now Cape Baba, separating the ancient Troas from Zolia; a little to the right, but hardly visible, were the ruins of Assos, where the apostles stopped to take in Paul; a little farther the ruins of Alexandria Troas, one of the many cities founded by
Alexander during his conquests in Asia; to the left, at some distance in the sea, is the Island of Lemnos, in the southern coast of which, on the mainland, is the promontory of Byrum, where the Scamander empties into the sea, and near which is the island that received Vulcan after he was kicked out of heaven by Jupiter. A little farther, nearer the land, is the Island of Tenedos, the ancient Leucophris, where Paris first landed after carrying off Helen, and behind which the Greeks withdrew their fleet when they pretended to have abandoned the siege of Troy. Still farther, on the mainland, is the promontory of Sigyrum, where the Scamander empties into the sea, and near which was fought the principal of Homer's battles. A little farther—but hold, stop the engine! If there be a spot of classic ground on earth in which the historical, and the poetical, and the fabulous, are so beautifully blended together that we would not separate them even to discover the truth, it is the land of Troy. For a great distance along the shore, and back as far as the eye can reach, under the purest sky that ever overshadowed the earth, lies a rich and beautiful plain, and it is the plain of Troy, the battle-ground of heroes. Oh field of glory and of blood, little does he know, that surly Turk who is now lazily following his plough over the bare land of the Trojan plain, that those great heroic deeds, the shock of armies, the meeting of war-chariots, the crushing of armor, the swift flight, the hot pursuit, the shouts of victors, and the groans of the dying. Beyond it, towering to the heavens, is a lofty mountain, and it is Mount Ida, on whose top Paris adjudged the golden apple to the goddess of beauty, and Paris was the man who fought the Trojan war. It was during the ten years' siege, and laid in ruins the ancient city of Priam. Two small streams, taking their rise from the mountain of the gods, join each other in the middle of the plain; Scamander and Simois, whose waters once washed the walls of the ancient city of Dardanus; and that small, confused, and shapeless mass of ruins, that became the source of those stories that we take to remain to tell us that "Troy was." Close to the sea, and rising like mountains above the plain, are two immense mounds of earth; they are the tombs of Ajax and Achilles. Shades of departed heroes, fair would we stop and pay the tribute which we justly owe, but we are hurried past by an engine of a hundred horse power!

Onward, still onward! We have reached the ancient Hellespont, the Dardanelles of the Turks, famed as the narrow water that divides Europe from Asia, for the beauties that adorn its banks, and for its great Turkish fortifications. Three miles wide at the mouth, it becomes gradually narrower, until, in the narrowest part, the natives of Europe and Asia can talk together from the banks of the Dardanus on one side, and the Turks on the other. It presents a continued succession of new beauties, and in the hands of Europeans, particularly English, improved as country seats, would make one of the loveliest countries in the world. I had just time to reflect that it was melancholy, and seemed inexplicable, that this and other of the fairest portions of the earth should be occupied by a people, who, having the power, allow themselves nor others to do so. At three o'clock we arrived at the Dardanelles, a little Turkish town in the narrowest and most beautiful part of the straits; a strong fort with enormous cannon stands crowning on each side. These are the terrible fortifications of Mahomed II., the keys of Constantinople. The guns are enormous; of one, in particular, the muzzle is two feet three inches in diameter; but, with Turkish ingenuity, they are so placed as to be discharged when a ship is directly opposite. If the ship is not disabled by the first fire, and does not choose to go back and take another, she is safe. At every moment a new picture presents itself; a new fort, a new villa, or the ruins of an ancient city, of one, in particular, the muzle is two feet three inches in diameter; but, with Turkish ingenuity, they are so placed as to be discharged when a ship is directly opposite. If the ship is not disabled by the first fire, and does not choose to go back and take another, she is safe. At every moment a new picture presents itself; a new fort, a new villa, or the ruins of an ancient city, of one, in particular, the muzzle is two feet three inches in diameter; but, with Turkish ingenuity, they are so placed as to be discharged when a ship is directly opposite. If the ship is not disabled by the first fire, and does not choose to go back and take another, she is safe. At every moment a new picture presents itself; a new fort, a new villa, or the ruins of an ancient city, of one, in particular, the muzzle is two feet three inches in diameter; but, with Turkish ingenuity, they are so placed as to be discharged when a ship is directly opposite. If the ship is not disabled by the first fire, and does not choose to go back and take another, she is safe.
and rains; immense burying-grounds all over the city; tombstones at the corners of the streets; graves gaping ready to throw out their half-buried dead, the whole approaching to one vast charnel-house, dispel all illusion and remove all doubts, and we are ready to ask ourselves if it be possible that, in such a place, health can ever dwell. We wonder that it should ever, for the briefest moment, be free from that dreadful sourness which comes with every summer's sun, and strews its streets with dead.

CHAPTER XII.
Mr. Churchill—Commodore Porter.—Castle of the Seven Towers.—The Sultan’s Naval Admiral—Leaving of the Great Ship.—Sultan Mahmoud.—Jubilato.—A National Grievance.—Visit to a Mosque.—The Burial-grounds.

There is a good chance for an enterprising Connecticute man to set up a hotel in Constantinople. The reader will see that I have travelled with my eyes open; and I trust this shrewd observation, on entering the city of the Cossars, will be considered characteristic and American. Paul was at home in Persia, and conducted us to the Hotel d'Italia, which was so full that we could not get admission, and so vile a place that we were not sorry for it. We then went to Madame Josephine's, a sort of private boarding-house, but excellent of its kind. We found there a collection of travellers, English, French, German, and Russian, and the dinner was particularly social; but Dr. N. was so beset with the closed foreign tongues, that he left the table with the first course, and swore he would not stay there another day. We tried to persuade him. I reminded him that there was an Englishman among them, but this only made him worse; he hated an Englishman, and wondered how I, as an American, could talk with one as I had with him. In short, he was insolvent, and had no time for the legions of society. We left him, however, looking for rooms. Notwithstanding his impracticabilities as a traveller, I liked the doctor, and determined to follow him; and before breakfast the next morning, we were installed in a suite of rooms in the third story of a house opposite the old palace of the British ambassador.

For two or three days I was hors du combat, and put myself in the hands of Dr. Zohrab, an Armenian, educated at Edinburgh, whom I cordially recommend both for his kindness and medical skill. On going out, one of my first visits was to my banker, Mr. Churchill, a gentleman whose name has since rung throughout Europe, and who at one time seemed likely to be the cause of plunging the whole civilised world into a war. He resided in Sedir street in Pera looking for rooms. Notwithstanding his impracticabilities as a traveller, I liked the doctor, and determined to follow him; and before breakfast the next morning, we were installed in a suite of rooms in the third story of a house opposite the old palace of the British ambassador.

About four o'clock we embarked in our caïque, to return to Constantinople. In an hour Mr. D. and I landed at the foot of the Seven Towers, and few things in this ancient city interested me more than my walk around its walls. We followed them the whole extent on the land side, from the Sea of Marmora to the Golden Horn. They consist of a triple range, with five gates, the principal of which is the Cannon Gate, through which Mahomed II. made his triumphal entry into the Christian city. They have not been repaired since the city fell into the hands of the Turks, and are the same walls which procured for it the proud name of the "well-defended city." A great extent of the sea wall was in ruins when it was first laid, but the last Constantine died in defending. Time has laid his ruined hand upon them, and they are every where, weak and decaying, and would fall at once before the thunder of modern war. The moat and fosse have alike lost their warlike character, and bloom and blossom

Stephano, twelve miles from Constantinople, on the borders of the Sea of Marmora. The situation is beautiful, abounding in fruit trees, among which are some fig trees, the largest size; and the commodore was then engaged in building a large addition to his house. It will be remembered that Commodore Porter was the first envoy ever sent by the United States' government to the Sublime Porte. He had formerly lived at Buynakser, on the Bosphorus, with the other members of the diplomatic corps; but his salary as charge being insufficient to maintain him in a befitting style, he had withdrawn to this place. I had never seen Commodore Porter before. I afterwards passed a month with him in the lazaretto at Malta, and I trust he will not consider me presuming when I say that our acquaintance ripened into friendship. He is entirely different from the idea I had formed of him; small, dark, weather-beaten, much broken in health, and remarkably mild and quiet in his manners. His eye is his best feature, though even that does not indicate the desperate hardihood of character which he has exhibited on so many occasions. Perhaps I ought not to say so, but he seemed ill at ease in his position, and I could not but think that he ought still to be standing in the old place, as that suited him much better.

He spoke with great bitterness of the Foxardo affair, and gave me an account of an interesting interview between General Jackson and himself, on his recall from South America. General Jackson wished him to resume his rank in the navy, but he answered he would never accept service with men who had suspended him for doing what he had said to sustain a bee, of condemnation, was done "to sustain the honour of the American flag."

At the primitive hour of one, we sat down to a regular family dinner. We were all Americans. The commodore's sister, who was living with him, praised, and we looked out on the Sea of Marmora, and talked of home. I was told that there were regular meetings of Americans so far from their own country. I have often experienced it most powerfully in the houses of the missionaries in the East. Besides having, in many instances, the same acquaintances, we had all the same habits and ways of thinking; their articles of furniture were familiar to me, and there was scarcely a house in which I was not known except among Americans, a Boston rocking-chair.

We talked over the subject of our difficulties with France, then under discussion in the Chamber of Deputies, and I remember that Commodore Porter was strong in the opinion that the bill paying the debt would pass. Before rising from table, the commodore's janitor came with a message from Commissary Corps; letters just arrived by the courier from Paris. He told me that I should have the honour of breaking the seals, and I took out the paper so well known all over Europe, "Galigani's Messenger," and had the satisfaction of reading aloud, in confirmation of the commodore's opinion, that the bill for paying the American claims had passed the Senate and was on its way to the Chamber.}

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with the vine and fig-tree. Beyond, hardly less interesting than the venerable walls, and extending as far as the eye can reach, is one continued burying-ground, with thousands and thousands of turbaned head stones, shaded by thick groves of the morrning cypresses. Opposite the Damascus Gate is an elevated enclosure, disconnected from all around, containing five headstones in a row, over the bodies of Ali Pacha, the rebel chief of Yanina, and his four sons. The fatal mark of death by the bowstring is conspicuous on the tombs, as a warning to rebels that they cannot escape the sure vengeance of the Porte. It was towards the sunset of a beautiful evening, and all Stamboul was out among the tombs. At dark we reached the Golden Horn, crossed over in a caique, and in a few minutes were in Pera.

The next day I took a caique at Topphane, and went up to the shipyards at the head of the Golden Horn to visit Mr Rhodes, to whom I had a letter from a friend in Smyrna. Mr Rhodes is a native of Long Island, but from his boyhood a resident of this city, and I take great pleasure in saying that he is an honour to our state and country. The reader will remember that, some years ago, Mr Eckford, one of our most prominent citizens, under abnormal and domestic calamities, left his native city. He sailed from New York in a beautiful corvette, its destination unknown, and came to auclor under the walls of the seraglio in the harbour of Constantinople. The sultan saw her, admired her, and bought her; and I saw her, "riding like a thing of life," on the waters of the Golden Horn, a model of beauty.

The fame of his skill, and the beautiful specimen he carried out with him, recommended Mr Eckford to the sultan as a fit instrument to build up the character of the Ottoman navy; and afterwards, when his full value became known, the sultan remarked of him that America must be a great nation of citizens, capable of service in war. Had he lived, even in the decline of life he would have made for himself a reputation in that distant quarter of the globe equal to that he had left behind him, and doubtless would have reaped the attendant pecuniary reward. Mr Rhodes went out as Mr Eckford's foreman, and on his death the task of completing his employer's work devolved on him; it could not have fallen on a better man. From a journeymen shipbuilder, all at once Mr Rhodes found himself brought into close relations with the seraskier pacha, the reis effendi, the grand vizier, and the sultan himself; but his good sense never deserted him. He was then preparing for the launch of the great ship; that was his task, and he was the architect of every ship that floated, in the world. I accompanied him over the ship, and through the yards, and it was with no small degree of interest that I viewed a townsman, an entire stranger in the country, by his skill alone standing at the head of the great naval establishment of the sultan. He was dressed in a blue roundabout jacket, without whiskers or moustache, and, except that he wore the turbouch, was exactly what one would expect in his appearance and manners, while his dragoeman was constantly by his side, communicating his orders to hundreds of mustached Turks; and in the same breath he was talking with me of shipbuilders in New York, and people and things most familiar in our native city. Mr Rhodes knows and cares but little for things that do not immediately concern him; his whole thoughts are of his business, and in that he possesses an ambition and industry worthy of all praise. As an instance of his discretion, particularly proper in the service of that suspicious and despotic government, I may mention that, while standing near the ship, and remarking a piece of cloth fastened to his coat, I said, "I wonder what his name, and he told me he did not know; that it was painted on her stern, and his dragoeman knew, but he had never looked under, that he might not be able to answer when asked. I have seldom met a countryman abroad with whom I was more pleased; and at parting he put himself on a pinnacle in my estimation by telling me that, if I came to the yard the next day at one, I would see the sultan! There was no man living whom I had a greater curiosity to see. At twelve o'clock I was at the yard, and Mr Rhodes was there, and his highness had come two hours before the time; had accompanied Mr Rhodes over the ship, and left the yard less than five minutes before my arrival; his caique was still lying at the little dock, his attendants were carrying trays of refreshment to a shooting-ground in the rear; and two black eunuchs, belonging to the seraglio, handsomely dressed in long black cloaks of fine pellisse cloth, with gold-headed canes, and rings on their fingers, were still lingering about the ship, their effeminate faces and musical voices at once betraying their natural character.

The next was the day of the launch; and early in the morning, in the suite of Commodore Porter, I went on board an old steamer, provided by the sultan expressly for the use of Mr Rhodes's American friends. The waters of the Golden Horn were already covered; thousands of caiques, with their high sharp points, were cutting through it, or resting like gulls upon its surface; and there were ships with the still proud bannera of the enemy, and strangers with the flags of every nation in Christendom, and an occasional sultana, or Turkish row-boats, ambassadors' barges, and caiques of effendis, beyys, and pashas, with red silk flags streaming in the wind, while countless thousands were assembled on the banks to behold the extraordinary spectacle of an American ship, the largest in the world, launched in the harbour of Constantinople. The sultan was then living at his beautiful palace at Topkapi, and was obliged to pass by our boat; he had made a great affair of the launch; had invited all the diplomatic corps, and, through the reis effendi, particularly requested the presence of Commodore Porter; had stationed his harem on the opposite side of the river; and as I saw the Commodore prepared for his seat near the ship, a tent of scarlet cloth trimmed with gold, I imagine, was reared in all the pomp and splendour of the greatest potentate on earth. I had already seen enough to convince me that the days of Eastern magnificence had gone by, or that the gorgeous scenes which my imagination had always connected with the East had never existed; but still I could not divest myself of the lingering ideas of the power and opulence of the Orient; I had a peculiar demandity style to his own subjects: "I command you my slave, that you bring the head of —, my slave, and lay it at my feet!" and then his lofty tone with foreign powers: "I, who am, by the infinite grace of the great, the just, and all-powerful Creator, and the abundance of the miracles of the chief of his prophets, emperor and master of the universe, the first and last comer, the distributor of crowns to the kings of the earth; keeper of the two very holy cities (Mecca and Medina); governor of the holy city of Jerusalem; master of Europe, Asia, and Africa, conquered with our victorious sword and our terrible lance; lord of two seas (Black and White); of Damascus, the odour of Paradise; of Bagdad, the black oil; of Egypt, the fine linen and calicoes; of Agra, and a multitude of countries, Islets, straits, people, generations, and of so many victorious armies who repose under the shade of our Sublime Porte. I, in short, who am the shadow of God upon earth." I was rolling these things through my mind when a marmur, "The sultan is coming!" turned me to the side of the boat, and I saw Mr Rhodes, my neighbor, quicklyls dispelling all my gorgeous fancies. There was no style, no state—a citizen king, a republican president, or a democratic governor, could not have made a more unpretending appearance than did this "shadow of God upon earth." He was seated in the bottom of a large caique, dressed in the military uniform of the chief of the seraglio, and red turbouch, with his long black beard, the only garment he wore. We landed, and he moved slowly along the vacant space cleared for his passage, boats with the flags of every nation, and thousands of caiques falling back, and the eyes of the immense multitude earnestly fixed upon him, but without any shouts or acclamations; and when he landed at the
little cock, and his great officers bowed to the dust before him, he looked the plainest, mildest, kindest man among them. I had wished to see him as a wholesale murderer, who had more blood upon his hands than any other living man, he had slaughtered the Sultans, drenched the plains of Greece, to say nothing of bastinadoes, impelements, cutting off heads, and tying up in sacks, which are taking place every moment; but I will not believe that Sultan Mahmoud finds any pleasure in shedding blood. Dire necessity, or, as he himself would have it, fate, has led him to all his ruinous acts. I look upon him as one of the most interesting characters upon earth; as the creature of circumstances, made bloody and cruel by the necessities of his position. I look at his past life, and at that which is yet in store for him, through all the stormy scenes he is to pass until he completes his unhappy destiny, the last of a powerful and one-eyed race, bearded by those who once crouched at the footstool of his ancestors, goaded by rebellious vassals, conscious that he is going a downward road, and yet unable to resist the impulse that drives him on. Like the strong man encompassed with a net, he finds no avenue of escape, and cannot break through the meshes of his fate.

The seraskier pacha and other principal officers escorted him to his tent; and now all the interest which I had taken in the sultan was transferred to Mr Rhodes. He had great anxiety about the launch, and many difficulties to contend with: first, the Turks' jealousy of a stranger, which obliged him to keep constantly on the alert; and then, the constant fear that some of his vessels should be cut out, the fastenings knocked away; and he had another Turkish prejudice to struggle against: the day had been fixed twice before, but the astronomers found an unfortunate conjunction of the stars, and it was postponed, and even then the stars were unpromising; but Mr Rhodes had insisted that the work had gone so far that it could not be stopped. The circumstances added to the great difficulty in ignorance of their language. With more than a thousand men under him, all his orders had to pass through interpreters, and often, too, the most prompt action was necessary, and the least mistake might prove fatal. Fortunately he was protected from treachery by the kindness of Mr Churchill and Dr Zohrah, one of whom stood on the bow and the other in the stern of the ship, and through whom every order was transmitted in Turkish. Probably none there felt the same interest that we did, for the flags of the barbarian and every nation in Christendom were waving around us, and at that distance from home, that man who had brought us home, and all the feelings of every American. We watched the ship with as keen an interest as if our own honour and success in life depended upon her movements. For a long time she remained perfectly quiet. At length she moved, slowly and almost imperceptibly; and then, as if conscious that the eyes of an immense multitude were on her, and that the honour of a distant nation was in some measure at stake, she marched proudly to the water, plunged in with a force that almost buried her, and, rising like a huge leviathan, parted the foaming waves with her bow, and rode triumphantly upon them. Even Musulman indifference was disturbed; all petty jealousies were hushed; the whole immense multitude was roused into a frenzy; long continued shouts of applause rose with one accord from Turks and Christians, and the sultan was so transported that he jumped up and clapped his hands like a schoolboy.

Mr Rhodes's triumph was complete; the sultan called him to his tent, and with his own hands fixed on the launch, which is a rich and splendid vessel, representing the launching of a ship. Mr Rhodes has attained among strangers the mark of every honourable man's ambition, the head of his profession. He has put upon the water what Commodore Porter calls the finest ship that ever floated, and has a right to be proud of his position and prospects under the "shade of the Sublime Porte." The sultan wishes to confer upon him the title of chief naval constructor, and to furnish him with a house, and a caique with four oars. In compliment to his highness, who detests a hat, Mr Rhodes wears the turbabuy; but he declines all offices and honours, and any thing that may tend to make him a figure on shore, and looks to return and enjoy in his own country and among his own people the fruits of his honourable labours. If the good wishes of a friend can avail him, he will soon return to our city rich with the profits of untiring industry, and an honourable testimony to his countrymen of the success of American skill and enterprise abroad.

To go back a moment. All day the great ship lay in the middle of the Golden Horn, while perhaps more than a hundred thousand Turks shot round her in their little enques, looking up from the surface of the water to her lofty deck; and in Per, wherever I went, perhaps because I was an American, the only person I heard of was the American ship. Proud of the admiration excited so far from home by this noble specimen of the skill of an American citizen, I unburden myself of a long-smothered subject of complaint against my country. I cry out with a loud voice for reform, not only in the state of the present war, but in every transaction in dealings with the Turks. We sought him, we found him. We may talk of republican simplicity as we will, but there are certain usages of society and certain appendages of rank, which, though they may be unmeaning and worthless, are sanctioned, if not by the wisdom, at least by the practice, of all civilised countries. We have committed a fatal error, since the time when the American public, attracted by the prospect of the citizen's dress; every where our representative conforms to the etiquette of the court to which he is accredited, and it is too late to go back and begin anew; and now, unless our representative is rich and willing to expend his own fortune for the honour of the nation, he is obliged to withdraw from the circles and position in which he has a right and ought to move, or to move in them on an inferior footing, under an acknowledgment of inability to appear as an equal. And again; our whole consular system is radically wrong, disreputable, and injurious to our character and interests. While other nations consider the support of their consuls an important interest, distasteful to our government, we suffer ourselves to be represented by politicians, whose pecuniary interests are mixed up with all the local and political questions that affect the place, and who are under a strong inducement to make their office subservient to their commercial relations. I make no imputations against any of them. I could not if I would, for I do not know an American merchant holding the office who is not a respectable man; but the representative of our country ought to be the representative of our country only; removed from any distracting or conflicting interests, standing like a watchman to protect the honour of his nation and the rights of her citizens. And more than this, all over the Mediterranean we are accused of the idea that where commerce presents no injury to the American merchant, and there the office falls into the hands of the natives; and at this day the American arms are blazoned on the doors, and the American flag is waving over the houses, of Greeks, Italians, Jews, and Arabs, and all the mongrel population of that inland sea; and in the ports under the influence of the American consuls, there is a strong feeling, as a means of protecting the holder against the liabilities to his own government, and of revenue by selling that protection to others. I will not mention them by name, for I bear them no ill will personally; and I have received kindness from most of the petty vagabonds who live under the folds of the American flag; but the consuls at Genoa and Algiers are a disgrace to the
A\r\n\nAmerican name. Congress has lately turned its attention to this subject, and will before long, I hope, effect a complete change in the character of our consular department, and give it the respectability which it wants; the only remedy is by following the example of other countries, and taking steps for encouraging the holders to engage in trade. Besides the leading inducements to this change, there is a secondary consideration, which, in my eyes, is not without its value; in that it would furnish a valuable school of instruction for our young men. The offices would be sought by such: A thousand or fifteen hundred dollars a year is not a large sum to be earned by the sons of our consuls on the ports of the Mediterranean; and young men resident in those places, living upon salaries, and not obliged to engage in commerce, would employ their leisure hours in acquiring the language of the country, in communicating with the interior, and among them would return upon us an accumulation of knowledge far more than repaying us for all the expense of supporting them abroad.

Doubtless the reader expects other things in Constantinople; but all things are changing. The day has gone by when the Christian could not cross the threshold of a mosque, and live. Even the sacred mosque of St Sophia, the ancient Christian church, so long closed against the Christians' feet, is now generally open to the faithful, and is the show-piece of the Christian builders. One of these great occasions happened while I was there. The sultan gave a firman to the French ambassador, under which all the European residents and travellers visited it. Unfortunately, I was unwell, and could not go out that day, and was obliged afterwards to content myself with walking around its walls, with uplifted eyes and a heavy heart, admiring the glittering crescent, and thinking of the prostrate cross.

But no traveller can leave Constantinople without having seen the interior of a mosque; and accordingly, under the guidance of Mustapha, the janizary of the British consul, I visited the mosque of Sultan Suliman, now called the Church of St Sophia, though with an inferior historical interest. At an early hour we crossed the Golden Horn to old Stamboul; threaded our way through its narrow and intricate streets to an eminence near the scarpach pasha's tower; entered by a fine gateway into a large courtyard, more than 1000 feet square, handsomely paved, and ornamented with marble columns by a fountain of clear and abundant water, where, one after another, the faithful stopped to make their ablutions; entered a large colonnade, consisting of granite and marble pillars of every form and style, the plunder of ancient temples, worked in without much regard to architectural fitness, yet, on the whole, producing a fine effect and of beauty; left the court, and passed over the Causeway, with tanked feet and noiseless step, crossed the sacred threshold of the mosque. Silently we moved among the kneeling figures of the faithful scattered about in different parts of the mosque, and engaged in prayer; passed for a moment under the beautiful dome, sustained by four columns from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; leaned against the walls, and were told of a white marble column, erected 2000 years ago, the praying figure of a worshipper of the great goddess; gazed at the thousand small lamps suspended from the lofty ceiling, each by a separate cord, and with a devout feeling left the mosque.

In the rear, almost concealed from view by a thick growth of trees, shrubs, and flowers, is a circular building about forty feet in diameter, containing the tomb of Suliman, the founder of the mosque, his brother, his favourite wife Roxaia, and two other wives. The monuments are in the form of sarcophagi, with pyramidal tops, covered with rich Cashmere shawls, having each at the head a large white turban, and enclosed by a railing covered with mother-of-pearl. The great beauty of the sepulchral chamber is its dome, which is highly ornamented, and sparkles with brilliants. In one corner is a plan of Mecca, the holy temple, and tomb of the Prophet.

In the afternoon I went for the last time to the Armenian burying-ground. In the East the grave-yards are the general promenades, the places of rendezvous, and the courts of foreign politics. The Armenian burying-ground is the most beautiful, and the favourite. Situated in the suburbs of Pera, overlooking the Bosphorus, shaded by noble palm-trees, almost regularly towards evening I found myself sitting upon the same tombstone, looking upon the silvery water at my feet, studded with palaces, flashing and glittering through the haze, a seral point, and then turning the animated groups thronging the burying-ground; the Armenian in his flowing robes, the dashing Greek, the stiff and out-of-place-looking Frank; Turks in their gay and bright costume, glittering arms, and solemn beards, enjoying the superlative of existence in dozing over their pipe; women in long white veils apart under some delightfully shaded, in little picnic parties, eating ices and confectionery. Here and there, towards the outskirts, was the arabia, the only wheeled carriage known among the Turks, with a long low body, highly carved and gilded, drawn by oxen fancifully trimmed with ribbons, and filled with soft cushions, on which the Turkish and Armenian ladies almost buried themselves. Instead of cypresses or plane-trees; and the tombstones, instead of being upright, are all flat, having at the head a couple of little niches scooped out to hold water, with the beautiful idea to induce birds to come there, and drink and sing among the trees. Their tombstones, too, have another mark, which in a country where men are apt to forget who their fathers were, would excel all devotion from that place where all mortal distinctions are laid low, viz., a mark indicating the profession or occupation of the deceased; as, a pair of shears to mark the grave of a tailor; a razor that of a barber; and on many of them was another mark, indicating the manner of death, the bowstring, or some other mark, showing that the avocation of the deceased was the hanging. But all these things are well known; nothing has escaped the prying eyes of curious travellers; and I merely state, for my own credit's sake, that I followed the steps of those who had gone before me, visited the Sweet Waters, Scutary, and Belgrade, the reservoirs, aqueducts, and ruins of the Palace of Constantine, and saw the dancing fountains and magnificent buildings. We were perched under the tree where Godfrey encamped with his gallant crusaders, and looked out upon the Black Sea from the top of the Giant's Mountain.

CHAPTER XIII.

Visit to the Slave-market.—Horrors of Slavery.—Departure from Stamboul.—The stormy Buxine.—Odessa.—The Lazaretto.—Russian Civialty.—Returning Good for Evil.

The day before I left Constantinople, I went, in company with Dr N. and his son, and attended by Paul, to visit the slave-market. Crossing over to Stamboul we picked up a Jew in the bazaars, who conducted us through a perfect labyrinth of narrow streets to a quarter of the city from which it would have been utterly impossible for me to extricate myself alone. I only know that it was situated on high ground, and that we passed through a gateway into a hollow square of 700 feet on each side. It was with no small degree of emotion that I entered this celebrated place, where so many Christian hearts have trembled; and before crossing the threshold, I ran over in my mind all the romantic stories and all the horrible realities that I could remember connected with its history; the tears of beauty, the pangs of brave men, and so down to the unsentimental exclamation of Johnson to his new friend Don Juan:—

"You black enchantment seems to eye us;
I wish to God that somebody would buy us."

D
TRAVELS IN TURKEY.

The bazaar forms a hollow square, with little chambers about fifteen feet each way around it, in which the slaves belonging to the different dealers are kept. A large shed or portico projects in front, under which, and in front of each chamber, is a raised platform, with a low railing around it, where the slave-dealers sit and bargain, and does over his coffee and pipe. I have heard so little of this place, and it was so little known among Europeans, taking into consideration, moreover, that in a season of universal peace the market must be without a supply of captives gained in war, that I expected to see but a remnant of the ancient traffic, supposing that I should find but few slaves, and those of doubtful value. I was mistaken, however, to the amount of thirty white women. Bad, horrible as this traffic is under any circumstances, to my habits and feelings it loses a shade of its horrors when confined to blacks; but here whites and blacks were exposed together in the same bazaar. The women were from Cireassia and the regions of the Caucasus, that country so renowned for its regiments of dancing girls, and in my great surprise with the white shawl wrapped around the mouth and chin, and over the forehead, shading the eyes, so that it was difficult to judge with certainty as to their personal appearance. Europeans are not permitted to purchase, and their visits to this bazaar are looked upon with suspicion. If we stopped long opposite a door, it would be opened and a woman would come out and returned so often at odd times, that I succeeded in seeing pretty distinctly all that was to be seen. In general, the best slaves are not exposed in the bazaars, but are kept at the houses of the dealers; but there was one among them not more than seventeen, with a regular Circassian face, a brilliantly fair complexion, a mild and soft expression, accompanied by a mild voice, and in the partial disguise of the Turkish shawl, it required no great effort of the imagination to make her decidedly beautiful. Paul stopped, and with a burst of enthusiasm, the first I had discovered in him, exclaimed, "Quelle beauté!" She noticed my repeatedly stopping before her bazaar, and when I was myself really disposed to be sentimental, instead of dropping her head with the air of a distressed heroine, as I should have done, I gave her a gentle tap on the forehead, and shouted to her. She laughed and nodded, and beckoned me to come to her. Paul was very much struck; and, repeating his warm expression of admiration at her beauty, told me that she wanted me to buy her. Without waiting for a reply, he went off and inquired the price, which was 250 dollars; and added, that he could easily get some Turks to relieve him of the expense. I told him not to put her on board a vessel, and carry her where I pleased. I told him it was hardly worth while at present; and he, thinking my objection was merely to the person, in all honesty and earnestness told me he had been there frequently, and never saw anything half so handsome; adding that, if I let slip this opportunity, I would sorely have another Annette under my roof, and be very significantly by declaring that, if he was a gentleman, he would not hesitate a moment. A gentleman, in the sense in which Paul understood the word, is apt to fall into irregular ways in the East. Removed from the restraints which operate upon men in civilised countries, if he once breaks through the trammels of education, he goes all lengths; and it is said to be a matter of surprise how this particular nation, the mostODessa, and as this mode of traveling at that moment suited my health better, I altered my whole plan, and determined to leave the ruined capital of the Ottoman Empire, and proceed to the Old World for a land just emerging from a state of barbarism, and growing into gigantic greatness. With great regret I took leave of Dr N., and his son, who sailed the same day for Smyrna, and I have never seen them since. Paul was the last man to whom I said farewell. At the moment of starting, my shirts were brought in dripping wet, and Paul least inquired after me, and carried them out and tumbled them into my carpet-bag. I afterwards found him at Malta, whence he accompanied me on my tour in Egypt, Arabia Petrea, and the Holy Land, by which he is perhaps already known to some of my readers.

With my carpet-bag on the shoulders of a Turk, I walked for the last time to Tophana. A hundred passengers, questioned upon the spot, while I was back, and kept guard over my carpet-bag, looking out for one whom I had been in the habit of employing ever since my arrival in Constantinople. He soon spied me; and when he took my luggage and myself into his caige, manifested that he knew it was for the last time. Having an hour to spare, I directed him to Tophana, and ordered him to find out for me the last love, and still loath to leave, I went on shore and walked around the point until I was stopped by a Turkish brazier. The Turk growled, and his mustache curled fiercely as he pointed it at me. I had been stopped by Frenchmen, Italians, and by a mountain Greek, but found nothing that brings a man to such a dead stand as the Turkish brazier.

I returned to my caige, and went on board the steamer. She was a Russian government vessel, more classically called a pyroscaphe, a misserable old thing; and yet as much form and circumstance were observed in sending her off as in setting out an exploring expedition. Consuls' and ambassadors' boats were passing and repassing; and after an enormous fuss and preparations, the last love's caige was taken away, and I answered from one of the sultan's frigates. We had the usual scene of parting with friends, waving of handkerchiefs, and so on; and feeling a little lonely at the idea of leaving a city containing a million inhabitants without a single friend to bid me God-speed, I took my place on the quarter-deck, and waved my handkerchief to my caigue-man, who, I have no doubt, indirectly to the Turk, who, it was not possible to carry me; for we had been so long together, that in spite of our ignorance of each other's language, we understood each other perfectly.

I found on board two Englishmen whom I had met at Corfu, and a third, who had joined them at Smyrna, going to travel in the Crimea; our other cabin-passen-
gers were Mr. Luft, a Russian officer, an aide-de-camp of the emperor, just returned from travels in Egypt and Syria; Mr. Perseani, secretary to the Russian legation in Greece; a Greek merchant, with a Russian protection, on his way to the Sea of Azoff; and a French merchant of Odessa. The tubbing, a steam tubbing, was kept up the whole day, and the monster turned two revolutions an hour; while the classic waters, as if indignant at having such a bellowing, blowing, blustering monster upon their surface, seemed to laugh at her unwieldy and ineffectual efforts. Slowly we mounted the beautiful strait, lined on the European side almost with one continued range of houses, exhibiting in every bower, as one entered the door, its magnificence and taste. The Buyukdere the palaces of the foreign ambassadors; passed the Giant's Mountain, and about an hour before dark were entering a new sea, the dark and stormy Euxine.

Advancing, the hills became more lofty and rugged, terminating on the Thracian side in high rocky precipices. The shores were once covered with shrines, altars, and temples, monuments of the fears or gratitude of mariners who were about to leave, or who had escaped, the dangers of the inhospitable Euxine; and the remains of these antiquities were so great that a traveller almost in our own day describes the coasts as "covered by their ruins." The castles on the European side of the strait, and the towers and castles and church, which, in ancient days, the great temples of Jupiter Serapis and Jupiter Uranus. The Bosphorus opens abruptly, without any enlargement at its mouth, between two mountains. The parting view of the strait, or, rather, of the coast on each side, was indescribably grand, presenting a stupendous wall opposed to the great waters, as if torn asunder by an earthquake, leaving a narrow rent for their escape. On each side, a miserable lantern on the top of a tower, hardly visible at the distance of a few miles, is the only light to guide the mariner at night; and as there is another opening called the false Bosphorus, the entrance is difficult and dangerous, and many vessels are lost hero annus.

As the narrow opening closed before me, I felt myself entering a new world; I was fairly embarked upon that wide expanse of water which once, according to ancient legends, mingled with the Caspian, and covered the great oriental plain of Tartary, and upon which Jason, with his adventurous Argonauts, having killed the dragon of the lake Scylla, had wrought great mischief, if those same legends be true (which some doubt), sailed across to the great ocean. I might and should have speculated upon the great changes in the face of nature, and the great deluge recorded by Greek historians and poets, which burst the narrow passage of the Thracian Bosphorus for the outlet of the mighty waters, but the sensation of terror and poverty of the Euxine! Oh, Fulton! much as thou hast done for mechanics and the useful arts, thy hand has fallen rudely upon all cherished associations. We boast of thee; I have myself been proud of thee as an American; but as I sat at evening on the stern of the steamer, and listened to the clatter of the engine, and watched the sparks rushing out of the high pipes, and remembered that this was on the dark and gloomy Euxine, I wished that thy life had begun after mine was ended. I trust I did my memory no wrong; but if I had borne him malice, I could not have wished him worse than to have all his dreams of the past disturbed by the cluster of one of his own engines.

I turned away from stowed associations to a new contemplation of the scene. The strait had escaped, and, and, I am obliged to say, without noticing them, the Cyanean, "the blue Sylphegades," or "wandering islands," which, lying on the European and Asiatic side, floated about, or, according to Pliney, "were alive, and moved to and fro more swiftly than the blast," and in passing through which the good ship Argo had a narrow escape, and the city of her mistress, Hecate and poetry, have invested this sea with extraordinary and ideal terrors; but my experience both of the Mediterranean and Black Sea was unfortunate for realising historical and poetical accounts. I had known the beautiful Mediterranean a sea of storm and sunshine, in which the storm greatly predominated. I found the stormy Bosphorus to be a stormy river. The Black Sea is in reality nothing more than a lake, not as large as many of our own, receiving the waters of the great rivers of the north: the Don, the Cuban, the Phasis, the Doniper, and the Danube, and pouring their collected streams through the narrow passage of the Bosphorus into the Mediterranean. Still, if the number of shipwrecks gives any evidence of its character, it is, indeed, entitled to its ancient reputation of a dangerous sea, though probably these accidents proceed, in a great measure, from the ignorance and unskillfulness of mariners, and the want of proper chart and of suitable lighthouses at the opening of the Bosphorus.

At all events, we outblustered the winds and waves with our little launch. The Bosphorus, with a roaring that must have astonished the departed heroes, whose souls, according to the ancient poets, were sent there to enjoy perpetual paradise, and scared the aquatic birds which every morning dipped their wings in the sea, and sprinkled the Temple of Achilles, and swept with their plumage its sacred pavement.

On the European side, the coast was one of the Moldavia, or Bessa Arabia, within a short distance of Odessa, the great sea-port of Southern Russia. Here, too, there was nothing to realise preconceived notions; for instead of finding a rugged region of eternal snows, we were suffering under an intensely hot sun when we cast anchor in the harbour of Odessa. The whole line of the coast is lined with houses of the ancient Greek, with a roaring that must have astonished the departed heroes, whose souls, according to the ancient poets, were sent there to enjoy perpetual paradise, and scared the aquatic birds which every morning dipped their wings in the sea, and sprinkled the Temple of Achilles, and swept with their plumage its sacred pavement.

The harbour of Odessa is very much exposed to the north and east winds, which often cause great damage to the shipping. Many hundred anchors cover the bottom, but it is almost impossible to land a vessel safely, and shallow, vessels are often injured by striking on them. An Austrian brig going out, having struck one, sank in ten minutes. There are two moles, the quarantine mole, in which we came to anchor, being the principal. Quarantine flags were flying about the harbour, the yellow indicating those undergoing purification, and the red, red, the low coast line, purifying those that night, and deliver them in the morning; and, according to his directions, we laid them down on the deck, where he took them up with a pair of long iron tongs, and putting them into an iron box, shut it up and rowed off.

In the morning, having received notice that the quarantine officers were ready to attend us, we went ashore. We landed in a small town, not distant from which we had anchored, and, forgetting our supposed pestiferous influence, were walking up towards a crowd of men whom we saw there, when their retrograde movements, their gestures, and unintelligible shouts, reminded us of our situation. One of our party, in a sort of exacjity at being on shore, ran capping up the docks, putting to flight a group of soldiers, and, single-handed, might have dealt a coup de grace to the city of Odessa, if an ugly soldier with a bayonet had not met him in full career and put a stop to his gambols. The soldier conducted us to a large building at the upper end of the pier; and carefully opening the door, and falling back so as to avoid even the wind that might blow from us in his direction, told us to go in. At the other end of a large room, divided by two parallel railings, sat officers and clerks to examine our passports,
TRAVELS IN RUSSIA

and take a general account of us. We were at once struck with the military aspect of things, every person connected with the establishment wearing a military uniform; and now commenced a long process. The first operation was to examine our passports, take down our names, and, make a memorandum of the purposes for which we severally entered the dominions of the emperor and autocrat of all the Russians. We were all called up, one after the other, captain, cook, and cabin-boy, cabin and deck passengers; and never, perhaps, did steam-boat pour forth a more motley assemblage than we presented. We were Jews, Turks, and Christians; Russians, Poles, and Germans; English, French, and Italians; Austrians, Greeks, and Illyrians; Mol- 
vadies, Wallachians, Bulgarians, and Selavonians; Armenians, Georgians, and Africans; and one American. I had before remarked the happy facility of the Russians in acquiring languages, and I saw a striking instance in the officer who conducted the examination, and who addressed every man in his own language with apparent- 
tly as much facility as though it had been his native tongue. After the oral, commenced a corporal examination. We were ordered one by one into an adjoining room, where, on the other side of a railing, stood a doctor, who directed us to open our shirt bosoms, and alap our hands smartly under our arms and upon our groins in the narrow space where the fatal plague marks first exhibit themselves.

This over, we were forthwith marched to the lazaretto, escorted by guards and soldiers, who behaved very civilly, and kept at a respectful distance from us. Among our deck passengers were forty or fifty Jews, dirty and disgusting objects, just returned from a pil-
grimage to Jerusalem. Their looks were so expressive of contempt, as to be in a manner the head of the party, and excelled them all in rags and filthiness, but was said to be rich, in going up to the lazaretto amused us, and vexed the officers, by sitting down on the way, paying no regard to them when they urged him on, being perfectly assured that they would not dare to touch him. Once he resolute-
ly refused to stand, but the officer drove him, but he kept his place until one got a long pole and pushed him on ahead.

In this way we entered the lazaretto; but if it had not been called by that name, and if we had not looked upon it as a place where we were compelled to stay for a certain time, we should have considered it as a place of health, and have considered ourselves within an enclosure of some fifteen or twenty acres, overlooking the Black Sea, laid out in lawn and gravel walks, and ornamented with rows of acacia-trees. Fronting the sea was a long range of buildings divided into separate apartments, each with a little courtyard in front containing two or three acacias. The director, a fine, military-looking man, with a decoration on his capel, met us on horseback within the enclosure, and, with great suavity of manner, said that he could not bid us welcome to a prison, but that we should have the privilege of walking at will over the grounds, and visiting each other, subject only to the attendance of a guardian, and that all that could contribute to our comfort would be given us.

We then selected our rooms, and underwent another personal examination. This was the real touchstone; the first was a mere preliminary observation by a medical understrapper; but this was conducted by a more knowing doctor. We were obliged to strip naked; to give up the clothes we pulled off, and put on a flannel gown, drawers, and stockings, and a woolen cap pro-
vided by the government, until our own should be smoked and purified. In every thing, however, the most scrupulous regard was paid to our wishes, and a disposition was manifested by all to make this rather vexatious proceeding as little annoying as possible. The bodily examination was as delicate as the nature of the case would admit; for the doctor merely opened the door, looked in, and went out without taking his hand from off the knob. It was none of my business, I know, and may be thought impertinent, but, as he closed the

door, I could not help calling him back to ask him whether he held the same inquisition upon the fair sex; to which he replied, with a melancholy upturning of the eyes, that in the good old days of Russian barbarism, this had been part of his duties, but that the march of civilization had made it incompatible with his station, and given this portion of his professional duties to a female friend.

All our effects were then taken to another chamber, and arranged on lines, each person superintending the disposition of his own, so as to prevent all confusion, and left there to be fumigated with sulphuric acid for twenty-four hours. So particular were they in fumi-
gating everything susceptible of infection, that I was obliged to leave there a black ribbon which I wore round my neck as a guard to my watch. Towards evening the principal director, one of the most gentle-
manly men I ever met, came round, and with many apologies and regrets for his inability to receive us better, requested us to call upon him freely for any thing we might want. Not knowing of any us person-
ally, he did me the honour to say that he understood there was an American in the party, who had been particularly recommended to him by a Russian officer and fellow-passenger. Afterwards came the commis-

sary, or chief of the department, and repeated the same compliments, and left us with an exalted opinion of our CXV.

Russian government, and the kind treatment of travellers in Russia, and I made a note at the time, lest after- vexations should make me forget it, that I had received more politeness and civility from these northern barbarians, as they are called by the people of the south of Europe, than I ever found amid their boasted civilization.

Having left dark, I strolled out, followed by my guardian, to take a more particular survey of our prison. It was a gravel walk lined with acacias, immediately before the door of my little 
court-yard, I came suddenly upon a lady of about eighteen, whose dark hair and eyes I at once recognised as Grecian, leading by the hand a little child. I am sure her face and figure gave me the first glimpse of this vision which promised to shine upon us in our solitude; and perhaps my satisfaction was made too manifest by my involuntarily moving towards her. But my presump-
tion received a severe and mortifying check; for though at first she merely crossed to the other side of the walk, she soon forgot all ceremony, and fairly dragging the child by the hand persuaded the officer to let me avoid me. My mortification, however, was but tempo-

rary; for though, in the first impulse of delight and admiration, I had forgotten time, place, and circum-
stances, the repulse I had received made me turn to myself, and I was glad to find an excuse for the lady's flight in the flannel gown and long cap and slippers, which marked me as having just entered upon my season of purification.

I was soon initiated into the routine of lazaretto ceremonies and restrictions. By touching a quarantine patient, both parties are subjected to the longest term of either; so that if a person, on the last day of his term, should come in contact with another just entered, both would be subjected to the whole term of confinement, and be obliged to wait the full term of the latter. I have, seen, in various situations in life, a system of operations called keeping people at a distance, but I never saw it so effectually practised as in quarantine. For this night, at least, I had full range. I walked where I pleased, and was very sure that everyone would keep out of my way. During their whole time, however, I could not help treasuring up the precipitate flight of the young lady; and I afterwards told her, and, I hope, with the true spirit of one ready to return good for evil, that if she had been in my place, and the days of my purification had been almost ended, in spite of plague and pestilence, she might have run into my arms without my offering the least impediment.

In making the tour of the grounds, I had already an opportunity of observing the relation in which men stand to each other in Russia. When an officer spoke
to a soldier, the latter stood motionless as a statue, with
his head uncovered during the whole of the conference;
and when a soldier on guard 

an officer, no matter
at what distance, he presented arms, and remained
in that position until the officer was out of sight. Return-
ing, I passed a grating, through which I saw our dock
passengers, forty or fifty in number, including the
Jewish pilgrims, miserable, dirty-looking objects, turned
in together for fourteen days, to eat, drink, and sleep,
as best they might, like brutes. With a high idea of
the politeness of the Russians towards the rich and
great, or those who they believed to be so, and with
a strong impression already received confirming the
accounts of the degraded condition of the lower classes,
I returned to my room, and with a Frenchman and a
Greeko for my room-mates, my window opening upon
the Black Sea, I spent my first night in quarantine.

CHAPTER XIV.
The Guardiano.—One too many.—An Excess of Kindness.—The
Last Day of Quarantine.—Mr Baguet.—Rise of Odessa.—Chy-
mych—Count Bronzow.—A Gentleman Farmer.—An American
Russian.

I shall pass over briefly the whole of our 
pratique.
The next morning I succeeded in getting to the room
to myself. A guardiano was assigned to each room, who
took his place in the antechamber, and was always
in attendance. These guardianos are old soldiers, enlisted
by the rules of the establishment to so much a-day;
but as they always expect a gratuity, their attention
and services are regulated by that expectation. I was
exceedingly fortunate in mine; he was always in the
antechamber, cleaning his musket, mending his clothes,
or stretched on a mattress looking at the wall; and
whenever I came through with my hat on, without a
word he put on his belt and followed me; and very soon,
instead of regarding him as an encumbrance, I became
acquainted to him, as he was satisfied to have
him with me. Sometimes, in walking for exercise, I
moved so briskly that it tired him to keep up with me;
and then I selected a walk where he could sit down and
keep his eye upon me, while I walked backwards and
forwards before him. Besides this, he kept my room in
order, set my table, carried my notes, brushed my clothes,
and took better care of me than any servant I
ever had.

Our party consisted of eight, and being subjected to
the same quarantine, and supposed to have the same
quantum of infection, we were allowed to visit each
other; and every afternoon we met in the yard, walked
an hour or two, took tea together, and returned to our
own rooms, where our guardiano mounted guard in
the antechamber; our gates were locked up, and a soldier
walked outside as sentinel. I was particularly intimate
with the Russian officer, whom I found one of the most
gentlemanly, best educated, and most amiable men I
ever met. He had served and been wounded in the
campaign against Poland; had with him two soldiers,
his brother and his servant. He had a heart of
compassion, and had accompanied him in his tour in Egypt
and Syria. He gave me his address at St Petersburg,
and promised me the full benefit of his acquaintance
there. I have before spoken of the three Englishmen.
Two of them I had met at Corfu; the third joined them
at Smyrna, and added another proof to the well-established
maxim that last three spell company; for I soon
found that they had got together by the ears; and the
new-comer having connected himself with one of the
others, they were anxious to get rid of the third. Many
causes of offence existed between them; and though
they continued to room together, they were merely
waiting till the end of our pratique for an opportunity
to separate. One of the party, a Spaniard, who
some time before had come to my room, and told me that he
did not care about going to the Crimean, and proposed ac-
companying me. This suited me very well; it was a
long and expensive journey, and would cost a mere
fraction more for two than for one; and when the
branch was widened past all possibility of being healed,
the cast-off and myself agreed to travel together. I
saw much of the secretaries of both Greek and
American, my room-mates for the first night. Indeed, I think I may say that I was an object
of special interest to all our party. I was unwell, and
my companions overwhelmed me with prescriptions and
advice; they brought in their medicine-chests; one
assuring me that he had been cured by this, another
by that, and each one of them would have been willing to
swallow his own medicines with anecdotes of whole
sets of passengers who had been detained, some
forty, some fifty, and some sixty days, by the accidental
sickness of one. I did all I could for them, always
having regard to the circumstance that it was not of
such vital importance to me, at least, to hold out four-
and twenty days, to say nothing of the last few;
and the very same days the doctor, in one of his rounds, told me he under-
stood I was unwell, and I confessed to him the reason
of my witholding the fact, and took his prescriptions
so well, that at parting he gave me a letter to a friend
in Chioff, and to his brother, a distinguished professor
in the university at St Petersburg.

We had a restaurant in the lazaretto, with a new bill
of fare, on which I tried first, perhaps, but good
enough. I had sent a letter of introduction to Mr
Baguet, the Spanish consul, also to a German, the
brother of a missionary at Constantinople, and a note to
Mr Ralli, the American consul, and had frequent visits
from them, and long talks at the parlour through the
grating. The German was a knowing one, and came
to, and I had no more than a smattering of English, and would talk
in that language, as I thought, in compliment to me;
but the last time he came he thanked me kindly, and
told me he had improved more in his English than by a
year's study. When I got out, he never came near me.

Sunday, June 7th, was our last day in quarantine.
We had counted the days anxiously; and though our
governors had always given us a new day every five or six
forst days, it was not of such vital importance to us, at least, to hold out four-
and twenty days, to say nothing of the last few;
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we had had, in a list of all our effects the night before, in which I intentionally omitted to mention Byron's Poems, these being prohibited in Russia. He had been my companion in Italy and Greece, and I was loath to part with him; so I put the book under my arm, threw my cloak over me, and walked out unmolested. Outside the gate there was a general smell of brandy, the director, whom we had seen every day at a distance, was the first to greet us, and Mr Baguet, the brother of the Spanish consul, who was waiting to receive me, welcomed me to Russia. With sincere regret I bade good bye to my old soldier, mounted a drosky, and in ten minutes was deposited in a hotel, in size and appearance as the place. He worked at the bedstead, and put a floor down of a hair; and, more than once more to get into a wheel-carriage; I had not seen one since I left Italy, except the old hack I mentioned at Argos, and the arabas at Constantinople. It was a pleasure, too, to see hats, coats, and pantaloons. Early associations will cling to a man; and in spite of a transient admiration for the dressing costume of the Goths and Vandals, I could not help remem-

bering the picture of the modern civilised man, even to the long surtout and self-crowned hat of the Russian marchand; and, more than all, I was attracted by an appearance of life and energy particularly striking after coming from among the dead-and-alive Turks.

While in quarantine I had received an invitation to dine with Mr Baguet, and had barely time to make one tour of the city in a drosky, before it was necessary to dress for dinner. Mr Baguet was a bachelor of about forty, living in pleasant apartments, in an unpretending and gentlemanly style. As in all the ports of the Levant, except where there are ambassadors, the consuls are the nobility of the place. Several of them were present, and the European consuls in those places are generally persons of rank, who are paid by their respective governments, while ours, who receive no pay, are generally natives of the place, who serve for the honour, or some other accidental advantage. We had, therefore, the best society in Odessa, at Mr Baguet's, the American consul not being present, which, by the way, I do not mean in a derogatory sense. Mr Baguet and his family were a way deserving of all the benefits that the station gives.

On the evening the consul and myself took two or three turns on the boulevards, and at about eleven I returned to my hotel. After what I have said of this establishment, the reader will be surprised to learn that, when I went to my room, I found there a bed-sitting-room, just like any other in the city, and ordered one to be prepared; but, to my surprise, was told that there were no beds in the hotel. It was kept exclusively for the rich seignours, who always carry their own beds with them. Luckily the bedstead was not corded, but contained a bottom of plain slabs of wood, about six or eight inches wide, and the same distance apart, laid criss-cross, and lengthwise, which latter fact falling through, I wrapping myself in my cloak, and putting my carpet-bag under my head, I went to sleep.

Before breakfast the next morning, I had learned the topography of Odessa. To an American, Russia is an interesting country. True, it is not classic ground; but as for me, who had now travelled over the fabled and worn-out kingdom of the Old World, I was quite ready for something new. Like our own, Russia is a new country, and in many respects resembles ours. It is true that we began life differently. Russia has worked her way to civilisation from a state of absolute barbarism, while we sprang into being with the advantage of all the lights of the Old World. Still there are many subjects of comparison, and even of emulation, between us; and nowhere in all Russia is there a more proper subject to begin with than my first landing-place.

Odessa is situated in a small bay between the mouths of the Dnieper and Dneister. Forty years ago it consisted of a few miserable fishermen's huts on the shores of the Black Sea. In 1796, the Empress Catherine resolved to build a city there, and on land driven from the dominion of the Black Sea, it became a place of resort and speculation for the English, Austrians, Neapolitans, Dutch, Russians, and Greeks of the Ionian republic. In 1802, two hundred and eighty vessels arrived from Constantinople and the Mediterranean; and the Empress, in 1803, to de Richelieu, being appointed governor-general by Alexander, laid out a city upon a gigantic scale, which, though at first its growth was not commensurate with his expectations, now contains sixty thousand inhabitants, and bids fair to realise the extravagant calculations of its founder. Mr Baguet, and the gentlemen whom I met at my table, were of opinion that it is destined to be the greatest commercial city in Russia, as in Italy, there is a long range of the Baltic with ice must ever be a great disadvantage to St Petersburg, and the interior of the country can as well be supplied from Odessa as from the northern capital.

There is no country where cities have sprung up so fast and increased so rapidly as in ours; and altogether, Russia, perhaps more than the other European countries, her Buffalo, Rochester, Cincinnati, &c. But Odessa has grown faster than any of these, and has nothing of the appearance of one of our new cities. We are both young, and both marching with gigantic strides to greatness; but we move by different roads; and the whole face of the country, from the new city on the border of the Black Sea to the hand of the Russian, is so different from our Buffaloes, Rochester, Cincinnati, &c. But Odessa has grown faster than any of these, and has nothing of the appearance of one of our new cities. We are both young, and both marching with gigantic strides to greatness; but we move by different roads; and the whole face of the country, from the new city on the border of the Black Sea to the hand of the Russian, is a different order of government and a different constitution of society. With us, a few individuals cut down the trees of the forest, or settle themselves by the banks of a stream, where they happen to find some local advantages, and build houses suited to their necessities; others come and join them; and by degrees the little settlements which they make form a new town. In Russia, the government, almost with creative power, says, "Let there be a city," and immediately commences the erection of large buildings. The rich seignours, the leading of government, and build hotels to let in apartments. The theatre, casino, and exchange, at Odessa, are perhaps superior to any buildings in the United States. The most beautiful is the Hotel St Paul, built about a hundred feet above the sea; a promenade three quarters of a mile long, terminated at one end by the exchange, and at the other by the palace of the governor, is laid out in front along the margin of the sea, bounded on one side by a abrupt precipice, and adorned with trees, shrubs, flowers, statues, and busts, like the garden of Mr Nair's in the Borghese Villas, or the Villa Reali at Naples. On the other side is a long range of hotels built of stone, running the whole length of the boulevards, some of them with façades after the best models in Italy. A broad street runs through the centre of the city, terminating with a semicircular enlargement at the boulevards, and in the centre of this stands a large equestrian statue, erected to the German who subdued the steppes. The streets of Odessa are wide streets lined with large buildings, according to the most approved plans of modern architecture. The custom which the people have of taking apartments in hotels causes the erection of large buildings, which add much to the general appearance of the city; while with us, the universal disposition of every man to have a house to himself, conduct to the building of small houses, and, consequently, detracts from general effect. The city, as yet, is not generally paved, and is, consequently, so dusty, that every man is obliged to wear a light cloak to save his dress. Paving-stone is brought from Trieste and Malta, and is very expensive.

About two o'clock Mr Hall's, our consul, called upon me. Mr Hall, an American, was in a perfect froth with excitement, and was there to be the last man to return from the island when a boy; he had visited every port in Europe as a merchant, and lived for the last eight years in Odessa. He has several brothers in England, Trieste,
and some of the Greek islands, and all are connected in business. When Mr. Rehine, who negotiated our transactions, and Mr. Rehine man and the Count Ralli to transact whatever commercial business might be required; and on his recommendation, Mr. Ralli afterwards received a regular appointment as consul. Mr. Rehine, by the way, expected a great trade from opening the Black Sea to American vessels: but he was wrong in his anticipations, and there have been but two American vessels that entered the treaty, and both conducted rich and respected, being vice-president of the commercial board, and very proud of the honour of the American consulate, as it gives him a position among the dignitaries of the place, enables him to wear a uniform and sword on public occasions, and yields him other privileges, which are gratifying, at least, if not in reality, of very much value.

No traveller can pass through Odessa without having to acknowledge the politeness of Count Woronzow, the governor of the Crimea, one of the richest seigneurs in Russia, and one of the pillars of the throne. At the suggestion of Mr. Ralli, I accompanied him to the palace, and was presented. The palace is a magnificent building, and the interior exhibits a combination of modern and antique taste; the walls are covered with French and Italian paintings, and, for interior ornaments and finish, the palace is far superior to those in Italy; the knobs of the doors are of amber, and the doors of the dining-room from the old imperial palace at St. Petersburgh. The count is a military-looking man of about fifty, six feet high, with sallow complexion and grey hair. His father married an English lady of the old family, and his grandfather married the Earl of Pembroke. He is a soldier in bearing and appearance, held a high rank during the French invasion of Russia, and distinguished himself particularly at Borodino; in rank and power he is the fourth military officer in the empire. He possesses immense wealth in all parts of Russia, particularly in the Crimea and Odessa, which he acquired from the great property of Echeremetzoff, the richest subject in the whole empire. He speaks English remarkably well; and after a few commonplace, with his characteristic politeness to strangers, invited me to dine at the palace the next day. I was obliged to decline, and he himself suggested the reason, that probably I was engaged with my countryman, Mr. Sontag; for whom I lent my hat, and the count referred to as his old friend, adding that he would not interfere with the pleasure of a meeting between two countrymen so far from home, and asked me for the day after, or any other day I pleased. I apologised on the ground of my intended departure, and took my leave.

My proposed travelling companion had committed to me the whole arrangements for our journey, or, more properly, had given me the whole trouble of making them; and accompanied by one of Mr. Ralli's clerks, I visited all the carriage repositories to purchase a vehicle, after which I accompanied Mr. Ralli to his country-house to dine. He occupied a pretty little place a few versts from Odessa, with a large fruit and ornamental garden. Mr. Ralli's lady is also a native of Greece, with whom he has two sons and two daughters, two of the educated Greeks. One of her bons mots current in Odessa is, that her husband is consul for the other world. A young Italian, with a very pretty wife, dined with us; and after dinner and a stroll through the garden, we walked over to Mr. Perscani's, the father of our Russian secretary; another walk in the garden with Mr. Sontag (of whom more anon), where the count in time for a walk on the boulevards, and the opera.

Before my attention was turned to Odessa, I should as soon have thought of an opera-house at Chicago as there; but I already found, what impressed itself more forcibly upon me at every step, that Russia is a country of anomalies. The new city on the Black Sea contains what I should rather call a free city than a capital, giving all that is not necessary for food and clothing for the opera; the Russians themselves are passionately fond of musical and theatrical entertainments, and government makes up all deficiencies. The interior of the theatre corresponds with the beauty of its exterior. All the decorations are in gold and silver, the Corinthian columns being at the foot to the top, particularly beautiful. The opera was the Barber of Seville; the company in full undress, and so barbarous as to pay attention to the performance. I came out at about ten o'clock, and after a turn or two on the boulevards, took an ice-cream at the café of the Hotel de Petersburgh. This hotel is beautifully situated on one of the arms of the channel facing the foot of the building opposite the statue of the Duke de Richelieu; and looking from the window of the café, furnished and fitted up in a style superior to most in Paris, upon the crowd still thronging the boulevards, I could hardly believe that I was really on the borders of the Black Sea.

Having purchased a carriage, and made all my arrangements, I went to bed early, and rose less early, than usual, with an unusual degree of satisfaction; and I was not disappointed. I have mentioned incidentally the name of a countryman resident in Odessa; and being so far from home, I felt a yearning towards an American. In France or Italy I seldom had this feeling, for there Americans congregate in crowds; but in Greece and Turkey I always felt it strongly, and in the Crimea. When, on my arrival at Odessa, before going into the lazaretto, the captain told me that there was an American residing there, high in character and office, who had been twenty years in Russia, I requested him to present my compliments, and say, that if he had not forgotten his fatherland, a countryman languishing in the lazaretto would be happy to see him through the night. I always mean to do what I say. When I have sent this message, as I heard from other sources that he was a prominent man; and during the whole term of my quarantine, I never heard from him personally. I was most agreeably disappointed, however, when, on the first day of my release, I met him at dinner at the Spanish consul's. He had been to the Crimea, and was there, and was our late envoy in Odessa. He had arrived the morning, and had never heard of my being there until invited to meet me at dinner. I had wronged him by my distrust; for, though twenty years an exile, his heart beat as true as when he left our shores. Who can shake off the feeling that binds him to his native land? Not hardships nor disgrace at home, not favour or success abroad, not even time, can drive from mind the land of his birth and the friends of his youthful days.

General Sontag was a native of Philadelphia; had been in our navy, and served as sailing-master on board the Wasp; became dissatisfied, from some cause which he did not mention, left our navy, entered the Russian, and came round to the Black Sea as captain of a frigate; was transferred to the land service and, in the summer of 1814, entered Paris with the allied armies as colonel of a regiment. In this campaign he formed a friendship with Count Woronzow, which exists in full force at this day. He left the army with the rank of brigadier-general. By the influence of Count Woronzow, he was appointed inspector of the port of Odessa, in which he has now been for the last five years. He is a man of the Crimea, and, in fact, on one occasion, during the absence of Count Woronzow, lived in the palace and acted as governor for eight months. He married a lady of rank, with an estate and several hundred slaves at Moscow; wears two or three ribbons at his button-hole, badges of different orders; has gone through the routine of offices and honours, up to the grade of grand councillor of the empire; and a letter addressed to him under the title of "his excellency," will come to the right hands. He was then living at his country place, about eight versts from Odessa, and asked me to go out and pass the next day with him. I was strongly tempted, but in order that I might have the full benefit of it, postponed the pleasure until I had made new arrangements for travelling. The next day General Sontag accompanied me, but I did not see him; and this morning, accompanied by Mr. Baguet the younger, I rode out to his place. The land about Odessa is a dead level, the road
was excessively dry, and we were begrimed with dust when we arrived. General Sontag was waiting for us, and, in the true spirit of an American farmer at home, he had taken to his own advice; we walked all over it. His crop was wheat, and, although I am no great judge of these matters, I think I never saw finer. He showed me a field of very good wheat, which had not been sowed in three years, but produced by the fallen seed of the previous crops. We compared it with our Genesee wheat, and to me it was an interesting circumstance to find an American cultivating land on the Black Sea, and comparing it with the products of our Genesee flats, with which he was perfectly familiar.

One thing particularly struck me, though, as an American, perhaps I ought not to have been so sensitive. The large number of men were at work in the field, and they were all slaves. Such is the force of education and habit, that I have seen hundreds of black slaves without a sensation; but it struck rudely upon me to see white men slaves to an American, and he one whose father had been a soldier of the revolution, and had fought to sustain the great principle that "all men are born equal." The whole value of his farm was about six thousand dollars, on which he could live well, have a bottle of Crimean wine, and another every day for a friend, and lay up one thousand dollars a-year; but I afterwards heard that he was an enthusiast on the subject of his farm; a bad manager, and that he really knew nothing of its expense or profit. A gentleman who was here with us, thought him quite ready to receive us. She is an authoress of great literary reputation, and of such character that, while the emperor was prosecuting the Turkish war in person, and the empress remained at Odessa, the young archduchesses were placed under her charge. At dinner she talked with much interest of America, and expressed a determination to see the American state.
happen that his office of counsellor will be no sinecure. Next, and this was no trifling matter, we got our passports; and more than once this circumstance, one, not by the way, had given me a new passport in Russian, and my companion, that he might travel with the advantages of rank and title, got himself made "noble" by an extra stroke of his counsellor's pen.

The last thing was to engage a servant. We had plenty of applications, but as very few talked any language we understood, we have not much choice; one, a German, a capital fellow, was exactly the man we wanted, only he could not speak a word of Russian, which was the principal qualification we required in a servant. At length came a Frenchman, with an unusual proportion of whiskers and mustaches, and one of the worst of the desperate emigrés whom the French Revolution, or rather Monsieur de Ralli, the French Peace Commissioner, had so liberally supplied theParisians; but as we could get no one else, we took him, upon little recommendation, the day before our departure, and, during the same day, threatened half a dozen times to discharge him. The police regulation obliging him to pay his debts before leaving Odessa, he seemed to consider peculiarly hard; and all the times with his words, and fore PROMO the whole of the Russian, by frittering away thirty or forty rubles before he could leave. We ought to have furnished ourselves with provisions for the whole road to Moscow, and even cooking utensils; but we neglected it, and carried with us only tea and sugar, a tin teapot, two tin cups, two tin plates, and forks, and some Bologna sausages, trusting, like Napoleon, that when he invaded Russia, to make up the rest by foraging.

Before beginning our journey, we had a foretaste of the difficulty of travelling in Russia. We had ordered post-horses three times, and had sent for them morning and evening, and received for answer that there were none in. At the third disappointment, our own counsellor being out of town, my friend the Spanish counsellor went with me to the director of the post, and found that during the time in which they had told us they had no horses, they had sent out more than a hundred. Instead of taxing them with their rashness, he talked the matter over very politely, paid the price of the horses, gave them a bonus of ten rubles, and obtained a promise, by a letter, that there would be no more in the Russian calendar, for daylight foreign lariats. The next morning at eight o'clock the horses came, four shaggy, wild-looking little animals, which no comb or brush had ever touched, harnessed with a collar and rope lines. They were tied in with rope traces, all abreast, two on each side the pole, and a position with a low wool cap, sheepskin coat and trousers, and with the English whip stripe, mounted the box. Henri followed, and my companion and myself took our seats within. The day before we had a positive quarrel upon a point unnecessary here to mention, in thought, I which, and still think, he acted wrong, and the dispute had run so high that I told him I regretted exceedingly having made arrangements for travelling with him; and then to part company; he objected, and as we had purchased a carriage jointly, and particularly as our passports were prepared, our podorazhnik made out, and servant hired in our joint names, I was fain to go on; and in this insipidious humour towards each other, we set out for a journey of nearly 2000 miles, through a wild and desolate country, interspersed with a half-civilized people, whose language we could not understand, and with a servant whom we distrusted and disliked.

In spite of all this, however, I felt a high degree of excitement in starting for the capital of Russia; and I will do my companion the justice to say that he had been always ready to receive my advances, and to do more than his share of the journey, which I afterwards learned was from an apprehension of the taunts of his companions, who, not satisfied with getting rid of him, had constantly told him that it was impossible for an Englishman and an American to travel together, and that we would quarrel and fight the first day. I believe that I am enough of an American in my feelings, but such an idea had never entered my head; I met more Englishmen, and with some formed a friendship which I trust will last through life; and among all I met, these two were the only young men so far behind the spirit of the age as to harbour such a thought. I did meet one old gentleman, who, though showing me personally the greatest kindness, could not forget the old sad image of America. "My son," he said, "when we came to other's ribs, measuring money accounts, and consulting upon the hundred little things that present themselves on such a journey, without getting upon at least sociable terms; and before night of the first day, the feelings of my companion and myself had undergone a decided change.

We then took the road to Odessa. At the barrier we found a large travelling-carriage stopping the way, in which was my friend M. Ralli, with his lady, on his way to Nicolai; part of his business here was to erect a monument to the memory of a deceased countryman. Mr Munroe, son of a former postmaster in Washington, is another instance of the success of American adventuring in Russia. They have given him three letters from the Russian ambassador and others, and entered the army, the only road to distinction in Russia. He accompanied the Grand-duke Constantine to Poland, and was made one of his aide-de-camps; and on the death of Constantine was transferred to the staff of the Emperor Nicholas. At the time of the invasion of Turkey by the Egyptians or Ibrahim Pacha, Mr Munroe, as aide-de-camp to the Sultan, was at the aid of the sultan. While the Russians were encamped at the foot of the Giant's Mountain, he visited Constantinople, and became acquainted with the American missionaries, who all spoke of him in the highest terms. He was a tall, well-made man, carried himself with a military air, and looked admirably well in the Russian uniform. On the withdrawal of the Russians from the Black Sea, Mr Munroe was left in some important charge at Nicolai, where he died in the opening of a brilliant career. I heard of him all over Russia, particularly from officers of the army; and being often asked if I knew him, regretted to be obliged to answer no. But though personally unacquainted, as an American, I was gratified with the name he had left behind him.

To return again to our journey: a few rubles satisfied the officer at the barrier that we were carrying nothing prohibited out of the "free port" of Odessa, and we started on a full run, to the great peril of our necks, and, to use the climax of a Dutch proclamation, "what's Russian, oh, Russian." On the withdrawal of the Russians from Europe we brought up before the door of a post-house. Our wheels were smoking when we stepped. On our hind axle we carried a bucket of grease; half a dozen bipes in sheepskin whipped off the wheels and grease them; four quadrupeds were tied into the carriage, another bête mounted the box, and we were off again at full run. My companion undertook to keep a memorandum of our distance during the journey, but I trust he did not do this accurately, as he drove of cattle passing over it looked as if they were walking in the water. We rolled on rapidly all day, passed through Balgarha, Kodurseve, and Pakra, timing every post, and noting every village, with a par-
TRAVELS in Russia.

That worthy individual did not oversleep himself, nor did he suffer the Jew to do so either. Early in the morning he started for St. Petersburg, and there, as far as he could, the horses were brought out and harnessed to the carriage, and the same man whom he professed to have hired expressly for us, and who, no doubt, was the regular postilion, mounted the box. The Jew maintained his impudence to the last, coming round to my window, and then asking a few rubles as a douceur. Good English would have been a sieve and the net, so I resented it by drawing up the window at the carriage, and scowling at him through the glass.

Many of the postmasters along this road were Jews; and I am compelled to say that they were always the greatest scoundrels we had to deal with; and this is placing them on very high ground, for their inferiors in rascality and the audacious and accounted masters in any other country. No men can be a worse charlatans than the Russian Jews, and I can truly say that I found them all they were represented to be. They are not allowed to come within the territory of old Russia. Peter the Great refused the application to be permitted to approach nearer, smoothing his refusal by telling them that he had such moral instincts were greater Jews than they were themselves. The sagacity, however, was wrong; for all the money business along the road is in their hands. They keep little taverns, where they sell vodka, a species of brandy, and wring from the peasant all his earnings, lending the money again to the seigneurs at exorbitant interest. Many of them are rich, and though alike despised by rich and poor, by the Jew is the more despised, inasmuch as he is the inhabitant of their wealth, particularly in the jewels and ornaments of their women. At Savonks, a little village on the confines of old Poland, where we were detained waiting for horses, I saw a young girl about sixteen, a Pole, sitting on the steps of a miserable little tavern, sewing together some ribbons, with a hand-bag of jewels, and in the same heap where was worth 600 rubles, diamond earrings worth 100, and a necklace of ducats and other Dutch gold pieces worth 400 rubles; altogether, in our currency, worth perhaps 250 dollars.

Here, too, while sitting with Henri on the steps of the post-house, I asked him in a friendly way how he could be a Russian, and, as we passed with the postmaster to detain us at Voznezeuski, whereupon he went at once into French horoscopes, exclaiming, "Monsieur, je suis vieux militaire—j'etais chef d'armee—mon honneur," etc.; that he had never travelled before except with grand seigneurs, and then in the carriage, more as compagnon de voyage then as a servant, and commanded that it was great condescension to travel with us all.

We passed through several villages, so much alike, and so uninteresting in appearance, that I did not note even their names. As night approached, we had great apprehensions that Henri would contrive to make us stop again; but the recollection of his bed on the box in St. Petersburg, and our desire to reach Bavaria without interruption, at daylight we waked, and found ourselves in the wild steppes of Russia, forming part of the immense plain which, beginning in northern Germany, extends for hundreds of miles, having its surface occasionally diversified by ancient tumuli, and terminates at the long chain of the Urals, which, rising like a wall, separates them from the equally vast plains of Siberia. We were now in a land not of meadows but of prairies, where the horses were fed on luxuriant pasture, but bare of trees like our prairie lands, mostly uncultivated, yet every where capable of producing the same wheat which now draws to the Black Sea the vessels of Turkey, Egypt, and Italy, making Russia the granary of the Levant; and which, within the last year, we have seen brought 6000 miles our goods, and which, during the whole of this immense plain was covered with its natural state; that is to say, a mere track worn by caravans of waggons; there were no fences, and sometimes the route was marked at intervals by heaps of stones, intended as guides when the ground should be
covered with snow. I had some anxiety about our carriage; the spokes of the wheels were all strengthened and interlaced so as to make a network; but the positions were so perfectly joined as to permit of the carriage, that every crack went through me like a shot. The breaking of a wheel would have left us perfectly helpless in a desolate country, perhaps more than a hundred miles from any place where we could get it repaired. Indeed, on the whole road to Chioff there was not a single place where we could have any material injury repaired; and the remark of the old traveller is yet emphatically true, that “there be small succour in these parts.”

At about nine o’clock we whirled furiously into a little village, and stopped at the door of the post-house. Our wheels were breaking bits of road, that had been interlaced with cords wound tightly around them, and interlaced so as to make a network; but the positions were so perfectly joined as to permit of the carriage, that every crack went through me like a shot. The breaking of a wheel would have left us perfectly helpless in a desolate country, perhaps more than a hundred miles from any place where we could get it repaired. Indeed, on the whole road to Chioff there was not a single place where we could have any material injury repaired; and the remark of the old traveller is yet emphatically true, that “there be small succour in these parts.”

The village, like all the others, was built of wood, plastered and whitewashed, with roofs of thatched straw, and the houses were much cleaner than I expected to find them. We got plenty of fresh milk; the fresh milk is taught to the traveller in those countries is emphatically the staff of life, we found good every where in Russia, and at Moscow the whitest I ever saw. Henri was an enormous feeder; and wherever we stopped, he disappeared for a moment, and came out with a loaf of bread in his hand and his mustache covered with the froth of quass, a Russian small beer. He said he was not always so voracious, but his stomach was so weak it was so quickly thinned, that eating did him no good.

Resuming our journey, we met no travellers. Occasionally we passed large droves of cattle; but all the way from Odessa the principal objects we saw were long trains of wagons, fifty or sixty together, drawn by oxen, and transporting merchandise towards Moscow, or grain to the Black Sea. The truth is, each town was at a great distance by immense clouds of dust, which gave us timely notice to let down our curtains and raise our glasses. The waggoners were short, ugly-looking fellows, with huge sandy mustaches and beards, black woolly caps, and sheepskin jackets, the wool side next the skin; perhaps, in many cases, transferred warm from one to another. It is said that these long trains were at a distance as much by the equestrian than by the wheeled portions of the conveyance. A number of the wagons remained till worn out or eaten up by vermin. They had among them blacksmiths and wheelwrights, and spare wheels, and hammers, and tools, and every thing necessary for a journey of several hundred miles. Half of them were generally asleep on the top of their loads; and they encamped at night in caravans style, arranging the waggon in a square, building a large fire, and sitting around it. I could see it, though it was gathering afar off in the horizon, and soon after the rain began to fall, and we could see it advancing rapidly over the immense level till it broke over our heads, and in a few moments passed off, leaving the ground smoking with exhalations.

Late in the afternoon we met the travelling equipage of a government courier returning from Moscow to his estate in the country. It consisted of four carriages, with six or eight horses each. The first was a large, stately, and cumbersome vehicle, padded and cushioned, in which, as we passed rapidly by, we caught a glimpse of a correlative Russian on the back seat, with his feet on the front, bolstered all around with pillows and cushions, almostbunged up; the second belonged to the same person, but his very personification of luxurious indulgence; and yet, probably, that man had been a soldier, and slept many a night on the bare ground, with no covering but his military cloak. Next came another carriage, fitted out in the same luxurious style, with the seigneur’s lady and a little girl; then another with nurses and children; then beds, baggages, cooking utensils, and servants, the latter hanging on every where about the vehicle, much in the same way with the pots and kettles. Altogether, it was an equipment in caravan style, somewhat the same as for a journey in the desert, the traveller carrying with him provision and every thing necessary for his comfort, as much to prevent any thing from happening to the road, and to sleep under a roof during the whole journey. He stops when he pleases, and his servants prepare his meals, sometimes in the open air, but generally at the post-house. We had constant difficulties with Henri and the postmasters, but, except when detained for an hour or two by these petty tyrants, we rolled on all night, and in the morning again woke upon the same bole, refreshed and strengthened.

The post-house was usually in a village, but sometimes stood alone, the only object to be seen on the great plain. Before it was always a high square post, with black and white stripes, marking the number of versata from station to station; opposite to this Henri dismounted, and presented the podoroshni, or imperial order for the post-office. The post-office was a lofty building, with the laws; every one of them seemed a little autocrat in his own right, holding his appointment rather to prey upon than to serve travellers; and the emperor’s government would be but badly administered if his ukas, and other high-sounding orders, did not carry with them more weight than his podoroshni. The postmaster was always a landowner; and advertising any thing to have been lost did not, make a new bargain. They always had an excuse; as, for instance, that they had no horses, or were keeping them in reserve for a courier or grand seigneur; but they listened to reason when enforced by rubies, and as soon as a new bargain was made, half a dozen animals in sheepskin went out on the plain and drove up fifteen or twenty horses, small, rugged, and triumphant, and bellowing as if they had vewn a hundred days of hard riding. The comb or brush had ever touched, and, diving among them promiscuously, caught four, put on rope headstalls, and tied them to our rope traces. The postilion mounted the box, and shouting and whipping his horses, and sometimes shutting his eyes, started from the post on a full gallop, carried us like the wind, à terre, or otherwise for horses. But the postmasters were not above a visible mark to guide him, and brought us up all standing in front of the next post. A long delay and a short post, and this was the same, over and over again, during the whole journey. The time actually consumed in making progress was incredibly short, and I do not know a more beautiful way of getting over the ground than by post. We passed a post-office with a man of high military rank, who can make the postmasters give him horses immediately on his arrival. As for us, after an infinite deal of vexation and at a ruinous expense, on the morning of the fourth day we were within one post of Chioff. Here we heard with great satisfaction that a diligence was advertised for Moscow, and we determined at once to get rid of carriage, posting, and Henri. We took the diligence with the postillion, and in a half an hour saw the ancient town of podoroshni, a million a double allowance of kopeks, and in half an hour saw at a great distance the venerable city of Chioff, the ancient capital of Russia. It stands at a great height, on the crest of an amphitheatre of hills, which rise abruptly in the middle of an immense plain, apparently thrown up by some wild freak of nature, at once curious, terrifying, and abstruse. The whole castellated architecture is admirably calculated to give effect to its position; and after a dreary journey over the wild plains of the Ukraine, it breaks upon the traveller with all the glittering and gorgeous splendour of an Asiatic city. For many centuries it has been regarded as the Jerusalem of the North, the sacred and holy city of the Russians; and long before reaching it, its numerous convents and churches, conspicuous, standing hanging on the sides of the hill, with their quadrupled domes, and spires, and chains, and crosses, gilded with ducat gold and glittering in the sun, gave the whole city
the appearance of golden splendour. The churches and monasteries have one large dome in the centre, with a spire surmounted by a cross, and several smaller domes around it, also with crosses, but by pendant chains, and all gilded so purely that they never tarnish. We drove rapidly to the foot of the hill, and ascended by a long wooden paved road to the heart of the city.

During the whole of our last post, our interest had been divided between the venerable city and the roguish Ham. My companion, who, by the way, spoke but little French, disliked him from the first. We had long considered him in league with all the Jews and postmasters on the road, and had determined, under no circumstances, to take him farther than Chioff; but as we had hired him to Moscow, the difficulty was how to get rid of him. He might take it into his head that, if we resolved not to proceed any further when we had good masters; but he was constantly grumbling about his seat, and calculated upon three or four days' rest at Chioff. So, as soon as we drove up to the door of the hotel, we told him to order breakfast and posthorses. He turned round as if he had not fully comprehended us. We repeated the order, and, for fear of repeating it, showed him something like agility in dismounting, fairly threw himself from the box, swore he would not ride another verst that day for a thousand rubles, and discharged us on the spot. We afterwards paid him to his entire satisfaction, indemnifying him for the money he had squandered in paying his debts at Odessa, and found him in bed, which would have been at the time on the road. Indeed, we afterwards learned what was rather ludicrous, viz., that he, our pilot and interpreter through the wilderness of Russia, knew but little more of Russian than we did ourselves. He could ask for post-horses and the ordinary necessaries of life, count money, &c., but could not support a conversation of the slightest interest. This was a sentence. This changed our suspicions of his honesty into admiration of his impudence; but, in the mean time, when he discharged us, we should have been rather destitute if it had not been for the servant of a Russian traveller who spoke French, and, taking our direction from him, we mounted a drosky and rode to the office of the diligence which was also a sentence.

The early history of this city is involved in some obscurity. Its name is supposed to be derived from Kiovi or Kii, a Sarmatian word signifying heights or mountains; and its inhabitants, a Sarmatian tribe, were denominated Kivi, or mountaineers. It is known to have been a place of consequence in the fifth century, when the Suevi, driven from their settlements on the Danube, established themselves here and at Novgorod. In the beginning of the tenth century, it was the capital, and most celebrated and opulent city in Russia, or in that part of Europe. Boleslaus the Terrible noted upon its "golden gate" his "miracle-producing" sword of the fifth century, and the Poles entered and plundered it of its riches. In the latter part of the same century, the capital of Russia again fell before the conquering arms of the Poles. Kiev was at that time the foster-child of Constantinople and the Eastern empire. The voluptuous Greeks had stored it with all the luxuries of Asia; the noble architecture of Athens was festooned with the glory of the most beautiful spares and swords of Russian gold and Persia. Boleslaus II., shut up within the "golden gate" of this city of voluptuousness, quaffed the bowl of pleasure till its intoxicating draught degraded all the nobler energies of his nature. His army of warriors followed his example, and swept away month after month the soft couches of Kiev; and the bodies of the lotos-trees, at length forgot that their houses were without masters, their wives without husbands, and their children without parents.

But these tender relations were not in like manner obviou.; and after seven years of absence, the Poles returned. We reached Moscow by the tidings of a revolt among the women at home, who, tired of waiting their return, in revenge gave themselves up to the embraces of their slaves. Burning under the disgrace, the Poles hurried home to wreak their vengeance on wives and paramours; but they met at Warsaw a bloody resistance; the women, maddened by despair, sapped and mined the royal palace of the king, fighting in person, and seeking out on the battle-field the ruthless husbands—an awful warning to married men!

For a long time Kiev was the prey alternately of the Poles, the Lithuanians, and the Tartars, until, in 1660, it was finally ceded by the Poles to the Russia. The city is composed of three distinct quarters—the old, with its palaces and mansions, and its eight thousand able-bodied men; the Podol, or business part, situated at the foot of the hill on the banks of the Dnieper. It contains 20,000 inhabitants, and is a large market-town; and, lastly, the Cossacks, troops, and one pretty good hotel; but no beds, and none of those soft couches which made the hardy Poles sleep away their senses; and though a welcome resting-place for a traveller through the wild plains of Russia, it does not now possess any such attraction as to put in peril the faith and duties of husbands. By its position, it is the headquarters of the Tartars and Cossacks, and, if not of exacting, is at least one of the retired places of the road between Moscow and the Black Sea, few European travellers visit it; and though several of them have done so since, perhaps I was the first American who ever passed through it.

We passed the morning in riding round to the numerous convents and churches, amongst which is the church of St. Sophia. The vast size of the dome and the proportions of the great St. Sophia at Constantinople, at least of Byzantine design; and towards evening went to the emperor's garden. This garden is more than a mile in length, bounded on one side by the high precipitous bank of the hill, undulating in its surface, and laid out like an English park, with lawn, gravel-walks, and trees; it contains houses of refreshment, arbours or summer houses, and a summer theatre. At the foot of the hill flows the Dnieper, the ancient Borysthenes, on which, in former days, the descendants of Odin and Rurie descended to plunder Constantinople. Two or three sloops were lying, as it were, asleep in the lower town, telling of a still interior country, and beyond was a sea ofounded houses and trees. The view from this bank was unique and extraordinary, entirely different from anything I ever saw in natural scenery, and resembling more than anything else a boundless marine prospect.
At the entrance of the garden is an open square or table of land overlooking the plain, where, every evening at seven o'clock, the military band plays. The gardener plied to this effect, the higher classes resorting to it in carriages and on horseback, and the common people on foot; the display of equipages was not very striking, although there is something stylish in the Russian manner of driving four horses, the leaders with very long traces and a postilion; and soldiers and officers, with their splendid uniforms, caps, and plumes, added a brilliant effect.

Before the music began, all returned from the promenade or drive in the garden, and gathered in the square. It was a beautiful afternoon in June, and the assemblage was unusually large and brilliant; the carriages drew up in a line, the ladies let down the glasses, and the cavaliers dismounted, and talked and flirted with each other. The air was fresh and motion, and in a few moments, except by a few stragglers, of whom I was one, the garden was deserted. At about ten o'clock I returned to my hotel. We had no beds, and slept on our cloaks on settees stuffed with straw and covered with leather. We had no coverlets; still, after four days and nights in a carriage, it was a luxury to have plenty of kicking room.

CHAPTER XVI.

A lucky Encounter.—Church of the Catacombs.—A Visit to the Saints.—A Tender Parting.—Pilgrimage—Rough Treatment.—A Scene of Starvation.—Russian Serfs.—Devotion of the Serfs.—Approach to Moscow.

Early in the morning, while I was standing in the yard of the hotel, chaffering with some Jews about the sale of our carriage, an officer in a faded, threadbare uniform, with two or three ribbons at his button-hole, and stars sparkling on his breast, came up, and taking me by the hand, told me, in capital English, that he had just arrived from the capital of two English gentlemen, and had hurried down to see them; that he was a great admirer of the English, and happy to have an opportunity, in the interior of his own country, to show its hospitality to the natives of the Island Queen. At the risk of losing the benefit of his attentions, I was obliged to disclaim my supposed English character, and, in the heart of a grinding despotism, that I was a citizen of a free republic. Nor did I suffer for my candour; for, by one of those strange vagaries which sometimes happen, we cannot tell how or why, this officer in the service of Russia had long looked to America and her republican government as the perfection of an ideal system. He was in Chioff only by accident, this officer, long in the last campaign against the Turks, he had taken up his abode at Ismail, where, upon a pension and a pitance of his own, he was able to live respectably as a poor officer. With no friends or connexion, and no society at Ismail, his head seemed to have run principally upon two things, apparently having no connection with each other, but intimately connected in his mind, viz., the British possessions in India and the United States of America; and the cord that bound them together was the wide diffusion of the English language by means of these powerful agents. He told me more than I ever knew of the constitution and government of the East India Company, and their plan of operations; and in regard to our own country, his interest in his mind, viz., the British possessions in India and the United States, and character, and talked familiarly of all our principal men, from the time of Washington to the present day; had read all our standard works, and was more familiar with those of Franklin, Irving, &c., than I was; in short, he told me that he had read every American book, pamphlet, or paper, he could lay his hands on; and some months before he came to the catacombs of St. Peter, he had visited the catacombs of the Petcherskiy monastery. I have before remarked that Chioff is the holy city of the Russians, and the crowds of pilgrims we met at every turn in the streets constantly reminded us that this was the great season of the pilgrimage. I was but imperfectly acquainted with the Russian character, but in no one particular had I been so ignorance as to their religious institutions. We had seen Italian, Greek, and Turkish devotees, but the Russian surpassed them all; and though deriving their religion from strangers, they exceed the punctilious Greeks themselves in the observance of its minutest forms. Censurable, indeed, would he be considered who should pass, in city or in highway, the figure of the double-breasted or triple-breasted family of saints, without taking off his hat and making on his breast the sacred sign of the cross; and in a city like Chioff, where every turn presents some new object claiming their worship, the eyes of our drowsy boy were rapidly turning from one side to the other, and his hand was almost constantly in a quick mechanical motion.

In the immense catacombs under the monastery lie the unburied bodies of the Russian saints; and year after year thousands and tens of thousands come from the wilds of Siberia and the confines of Tartary, to kneel at their feet and pray. In one of the porches of the church we bought wax tapers, and, with a long procession of pilgrims, bare-headed and with lighted tapers, we entered through a long, narrow passage under the bed of the catacomb. On each side along the staircase was ranged a line of kneeling devotees, of the same miserable description I had so often seen about the churches in Italy and Greece. Entering the excavated passages of the catacombs, the roof of which was black from the smoke of candles, we saw on each side, in niches in the walls, and in open coffins, envelopes of silk, embroidered and ornamented with gold and silver, the bodies of the Russian saints. These saints are persons who have led particularly pure and holy lives, and by reason thereof have ascended into heaven, where they are supposed to exercise an influence with the Father and Son; and their bodies are left unburied, that their brethren may come to them for intercession, and, after their holy deaths, study to imitate them in the purity of their lives. The bodies are laid in open coffins, with the stiffened hands so placed as to receive the kisses of pilgrims, and on their breasts are written their names, and sometimes a history of their virtuous actions. But we saw there other and worse things than these, monuments of wild and despo- litative fanaticism. At the day of death, study to imitate them; the moment the body has died at God's appointed time, in one passage is a range of small windows, where men had with their own hands built themselves in with stones against the wall, leaving open only a small hole by which to receive
their food; and died with the impious thought that they were doing their Maker good service. These little windows close their dwelling and their tomb; and the dead of Russian, while he knew before him, beheld the fact that the natural death has purchased for them everlasting life, and place and power among the spirits of the blessed.

We wandered a long time in this extraordinary burial-place, where every steward with the kneeling figures of praying pilgrims. At every turn we saw hundreds from the fatherland, and descended immense empire; perhaps, at that time more than 3000 were seen in those sepulchral chambers.

The last scene I shall never forget. More than a hundred were assembled in a little chapel around which were arranged the bodies of men who had died in peculiar sanctity. All were kneeling on the rocky floor; an old priest, with a long white beard streaming down, was reading the prayers to a crowd there, even to the little children, were listening with rapt attention, as if he were preaching to them matters of eternal moment. There was no hypocrisy or want of faith in that vast sepulchre; surrounded by their sainted dead, they were searching their way to everlasting life, and in all honesty believed that they saw their dead and heard them talk and speak. We found two regions of upper air, and stopped a few moments in the courtyard of the monastery, where the beggar pilgrims were eating the hard bread distributed to them by the monks from the bounty of government. No man seemed more relieved than the major. He was a liberal in religion as well as in politics, but he crossed himself several times, of the imposition, which was offending the prejudices of his countrymen, though once he rather scandalised a group of pilgrims by cross-questioning a monk about a new saint, who seemed to be receiving more than a usual share of veneration, and who, he said, had been canonised since he was there last.

But there is a time for all things, and nothing is more absolutely fixed by nature's laws than a time for dinner. Almost at the first moment of our acquaintance, the major had told me of an engraving representing a scene in New York, which was to be found at a second or third rate hotel; and I proposed to him, in compliment to the honest publican who had the good taste to keep such a picture in his hotel, to have him take it, with all his style, on himself. We went to an large room, something like a bar-room in our hotels, saw on one of the walls, in a black wooden frame, a gaudy and flaring engraving, representing the pulling down of the statue of George II. in the Bowling Green. The Bowling Green was associated with my earliest recollections. It had been my play-ground when a boy; hundreds of times I had cycled and run, and found that it would be charming, to see a band of boys who held on to it long after the corporation invaded our rights. Captain Cook mentions the effect produced upon his crew by finding at one of the savage islands he visited a silver spoon marked "London," my feelings were, in a small way, of the same nature. The grouping of the picture was rude and grand, but I was pleased with the bearing of the picture. The major, with his trousers, and straining with all his might upon a rope, one end of which was fastened to the head of the statue, and the other tied around his own waist, his white teeth and the whites of his eyes being particularly conspicuous on a heavy ground of black. It was a poor specimen of art, but it was a home scene; we drew up our table opposite the picture, and, in the very head-quarters of despotism, I found a liberal spirit in an officer wearing the uniform of the autocrat, who pledged me in the toast, "Success to liberty throughout the world."

I had another occupation which savoured more of home, and served to keep my faculties from rusting; and that was the sale of our carriage. We had made a calculation that we should have found nothing of other advantages, to give it away, and take the diligence to Moscow, than go on posting. We accordingly offered it for sale, and every time we returned to the house found a group of Jews examining it. The poor thing found no favour in their eyes; they told us that we were riding in it at peril of our lives; that we might be left by the wayside; that the old Turk (he was a Jew turned Christian, and in his regenerated worse than his natural state) refused our offer, thinking that we would go away and leave it on his hands. But we resolved to burn it first; and while hesitating about offering it to our friend the major, he relieved us from all delicacy by telling us he had no use for it in Russia, but for three days' board, and ordered his forlorn we were generously disappointed both the Jews and our landlord.

In the morning the proprietor of the diligence, learning that we had sold our vehicle, raised the price of places fifty rubles a-piece; the major heard of it, and insisted upon our taking back the carriage, when the proprietor took another tone, talked of the expense of our keeping it, and forced us to take it for a little short, or the closedutter, and a few rubles more than we had accepted the offer, and herent and dragged on the ground. We picked him up, and carried him into the hotel. He was a noble-looking man, who, but a few minutes before, had treated us with the greatest kindness, his face being, now a miserable mangled object, his clothes torn, his plume soiled with mud, and his face covered with dust and blood, and, when we left, it was uncertain whether he would live or die.

The major accompanied us to the office of the diligence, and our parting was rather tender; he rubbed the young man's arm, expressed by his name in my memorandum-book, and I gave him my address, he said that our visit had been an interlude relieving the dull monotony of his life; that we were going to new scenes, and would soon forget him, but he would not forget us. Nor shall I forget him, although it is not probable that he and I will ever meet again.

We took our seats in the diligence for Moscow, and set off, and were happy, and free from satisfaction at having got rid of posting and of Henri, and, with them, of all our troubles. We had nothing to do; no wrangling with postmasters, no cheating to undergo from Jews, and we were in that happy state which made the honest Hibernian indifferent to an upset or a breakdown; that is to say, we were merely passengers. With great exactitude we sat in an arm-chair, looking up the streets, to advise the Knickerbockers of Chioff of the actual departure of the long-talked-of diligence, the conductor sounding his trumpet, and the people stopping in the streets and running to the doors to see the extraordinary spectacle.

We descended the long wooden road to the river, and crossed the Dniester on a bridge half a mile long. On the opposite bank I turned for the last time to the sacred city, and I never saw any thing more unique and strikingly beautiful than the high, command- ing position of "this city on a hill," crowned with its golden cupolas and domes, that reflected the sun with dazzling brightness.

For a short distance the country was rather unat- tractive, but soon settled into the regular steppe. We rolled on all day without any thing to annoy us, or even to interest us, except processions of pilgrims on their way
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to Chioff. They travelled on foot in bands of one or two hundred, men, women, and children, headed by a white-bearded monk, barefooted, and leaning on a staff. During the night I was roused by a loud chant, and, looking out of the window, I saw a vast procession of peasants and monks gathering around a crucifix, with an old monk in the midst of them, breaking the stillness of night with songs of devotion; and all the long night, as we rode swiftly by, I saw by the bright moonlight groups of forty, fifty, or a hundred, lying by the roadside asleep under the trees. More than fifty thousand pilgrims that year visited the holy places of Jerusalem, and walking between these two immense cities, I have passed through the midst of the vast crowds of Russian pilgrims, many from Kamschatka, and the most distant region of Siberia, performing the whole journey on foot, seldom sleeping under a roof, and living upon the precarious charity of the miserable peasants on the road. I have seen the great caravan of forty thousand true believers tracking their desolate way through the deserts of Arabia to the tomb of the Prophet at Mecc; but I remember, as if they were before me now, the groups of Russian pilgrims strewed along the road, and sleeping under the pale moonlight, the bare canvas of their bed, the heavens their only covering.

In the morning we stopped at a little house where the post-house had in front four Corinthian columns supporting a balcony. Inside, mats were placed against the broken windows, the walls were rough logs, the floor of mud, with pigs and children disputing its possession, and the master and mistress stood in special need of the purifying influence of a Russian bath. We broke our fast in the yard of the cottage, and they brought up and milked in our presence. After breakfast, we lighted our pipes and strolled up the street. At the upper end, an old man in a civilian uniform hailed us from the opposite side, and crossed over to meet us; supposing him to be some dignitary disposed to show us the civilities of the town, we waited to receive him with all becoming respect; but, as he advanced toward us, he rather startled us with the loud tone of his voice, and the angry expression of his face, and more so when, as soon as within reach, he gave my pipe-stick a severe rap with his cane, which knocked it out of my mouth, broke the bowl, and scattered the contents on the ground. I picked up the stick, and should, perhaps, have laid it over his head but for his grey hairs; and my companion, seeing I was on the point of replying, said to me: "You see, sir, there was a severe penalty in Russia against smoking in the streets. The houses are all of wood; whole villages and towns are often burned down at once, and probably the old man had begun by a civil intimation to that effect; but, indignant at my quietly smoking in his face, had used more summary measures. He was in a perfect fury, and calling at the top of his voice to a man up the street, the latter went off with such a suspicious looking-for-a-police-officer movement, that we hurried back to the diligence, which happened to be ready and waiting for us, and started from the town on a full run.

That night, in a miserable post-house in a miserable village, we found an old bilberry table. It seemed strange to find a table laid for seventy of the poorest serfs. I wanted to know how it found its way there; but it was twelve o'clock, and all were asleep but the postilion. I can give no account of the rest of the night's work. I had a large cushioned seat of the diligence to myself, certainly the softest bed I had yet had in Russia; and when I put my feet out of the window, it was so comfortable that I felt myself in some danger of falling into luxurious habits.

At daylight we arrived in a large village, the inhabitants of which were not yet stirring, and the streets were strewed with peasants, grim yellow-bearded fellows, in sheepskin dresses and caps, lying on their backs asleep, each of them with a log of wood under his head for a pillow. I descended from the diligence, and found that the whole village consisted of a single street, with log-houses on each side, having their gable ends in front; the doors were all open, and I looked in and saw men and women with all their clothes on, pigs, sheep, and children strewed about the floor.

In every house was the image of the Panagia, or all holy Virgin, or the picture of some tutelary saint, the face only visible, the rest covered with a tin frame, with a lamp or taper burning before it; and regularly as the serf rose, he prostrated himself and made his orisons at this domestic shrine.

About noon we passed the chateau and grounds of a superintendent, the manse was a large church standing in a conspicuous situation, with a green dome, surmounted by the Greek cross; and round it were the miserable and filthy habitations of his slaves. Entering the village, we saw a spectacle of wretchedness and misery seldom surpassed even on the banks of the Nile. The whole population was gathered in the streets in a state of absolute starvation. The miserable serfs had not raised enough to supply themselves with food, and men of all ages, half-grown boys, and little children, were prowling the streets, or sitting in the door-ways, ravenous with hunger, and waiting for the agent to come down from the chateau and distribute among them bread.

I had found in Russia many interesting subjects of comparison between that country and my own, but it was with deep humiliation I felt that the most odious feature in that despotick government found a parallel in ours. At this day, with the exception of Russia, some of the West India Islands, and the republic of the United States, every country in the civilised world can respond to the proud boast of the English common law, that the nation is a nation of free men; in Russia a man may commit murder, and he is free. I respect the feelings of others and their vested rights, and would be the last to suffer those feelings or those rights to be wantonly violated; but I do not hesitate to say that, abroad, slavery stands as a dark blot upon our national character. There it will not admit of any palliation; it stands in glaring contrast with the spirit of our free institutions; it belies our words and our histories; and a people who would have ventured to repel any calumny upon his country, withers under this reproach, and withers with mortification when the taunt is hurled at the otherwise stainless flag of the free republic. I was forcibly struck with a parallel between the white serfs of the north of Europe and African bondsmen at home. The Russian boor, gene-

eralized among the poorer classes, who would have been applied to the negro on our best ordered plantations, appalled me to be not less degraded in intellect, character, and personal bearing. Indeed, the marks of physical and personal degradation were so strong, that I was insensibly compelled to abandon certain theories not uncommon among my countrymen at home, in regard to the intrinsic superiority of the white race over all others. Perhaps, too, this impression was aided by my having previously met with Africans of intelligence and capacity, standing upon a footing of perfect equality as soldiers and officers in the Greek army and the sultan's.

The serfs of Russia differ from slaves with us, in the important particular that they belong to the soil, and cannot be sold; they cannot be detacht from the estate; they may change masters, but cannot change the soil, which over which they work, and upon which is fixt the right of property. This has been the cause of the rest of the serfs belong to the nobles, and are the absolute property, and subject to the absolute control, of their masters, as much as the cattle on their estates. Some of the seigneurs possess from seventy to more than a hundred thousand, and their wealth depends upon the skill and management with which the labour of these
serfs is employed. Sometimes the seigneur sends the most intelligent to Petersburg or Moscow to learn some handicraft, and then employs them on his own estates, hires them out, or allows them to exercise their trade on their own account, on payment of an annual sum. And sometimes, the serf is transported unawares, without his consent, to a place in the country, and engages in trade, and very often accumulates enough to ransom himself and his family. Indeed, there are many instances of a serf’s acquiring a large property, and even rising to eminence. But he is always subject to the control of his master; and I saw at Moscow what a populace who are accustomed to acquire a very large fortune, but was still a slave. His master’s price for his freedom had advanced with his growing wealth; and the poor serf, unable to bring himself to part with his hard earnings, was then rolling in wealth with a collar round his neck—struggling with the inborn spirit of freedom, and hesitating whether to die a beggar or a serf.

The Russian serf is obliged to work for his master but three days in the week; the other three he may work for himself on a portion of land assigned to him by law on his master’s estate. He is never obliged to work on Sunday, and every saint’s day, or fete day of the church, is a holiday. This might be supposed to give him an opportunity of elevating his character and condition; but it does not; on the contrary, the feeling himself the absolute property of another, he labours grudgingly for his master, and for himself barely enough to supply the rudest necessities of life and pay his tax to the seigneur. A few rise above their condition, but millions labour like beasts of burden, content with bread to put in their mouths, and never even thinking of freedom. A Russian nobleman told me that he believed, if the serfs were all free, he could cultivate his estate to better advantage by hired labour; and I have no doubt a dozen Connecticut men would cultivate more ground than a hundred Russian serfs, allowing their usual non-working days and holidays. They have no interest in the soil, and the desolate and unenclosed plains and fields are too evident to be concealed by the judicious reflection of Catherine II., “that agriculture can never flourish in that nation where the husbandman possesses no property.”

It is from this great body of peasantry that Russia recruits her immense standing army, or, in ease of invasion, raises in a moment a vast body of soldiers. Every five years, in the month of May, a draft is made to the government, as well as the number of peasants on his estate; and upon receiving notice of an imperial order to that effect, the numbers required by the levy are marched forthwith from every part of the empire to the places of rendezvous appointed. It might be asked, What have these men to fight for? They have no country, and are attached to no man; they reverence the rocks, rivers, and mountains, that inspire local attachments. It is a singular fact, that, with the Russian serf, there is always an unbounded love for him who stands at the head of the system of oppression under which they groan, the emperor, whom they regard as their protector against the oppression of their immediate lords, with as much love as is ascribed, whether inability to estimate the value of any change in their condition, or a feeling of actual love for the soil on which they were born, during the invasion of Napoleon the serfs of Russia presented a noble spectacle; and the spirit of devotion which animated the corps of ten thousand in the north, extended to the utmost bounds of the empire, and further north. It must not be supposed that the French army arrived here unmet, in order to advance the French army; the emperor ordered them, and is said to have shed tears at their departure. Arrived at the place appointed, Wittgenstein ordered them to fall back to a certain point, but they answered, “No; the last promise we made the emperor our father was, that we would never fly before the enemy, and we keep our word.” Eight thousand of their number died on the spot, and the spirit which animated them fired the serfs throughout the whole empire. The scholar may sneer, but I defy him to point to a nobler page in Greek or Roman history.

I shall make amends for this long discussion by hurrying on to Moscow. We rode hundreds of miles without encountering anything to the country but bare of trees, and almost every where presenting the same appearance. We saw the first disc of the sun peeping out of the earth, watched it while soaring on its daily round, and, without a bush to obstruct the view, saw it sink below the horizon; and woke up at all times of night and saw the stars.

“Rolling like living cars of light For gods to journey by.”

The principal and only large towns on our road were Orel and Tula, the former containing a population of 4000 or 5000, and presenting an imposing display of churches and monasteries, gaudily painted and with gilded domes; the houses were principally of wood, painted yellow. Tula is the largest manufacturing town, and is called the Sheffield of Russia, being particularly celebrated for its cutlery. Every where the diligence created a great sensation; the knowing ones said it would never do; but at Orel one spirited individual said if we would wait three days for him, he would go on with us. It can hardly seem credible, in our steamboat and railroad community, that a public conveyance could roll on these many villages and towns, through many and many villages and towns, towards the capital of an immense empire, and not take in a single way-passenger; but such was the fact: and on the morning of the seventh day, alone, as we started from Chioff, we were approaching the burned and rebuilt capital of the Czars, Moscow with gilded cupolas, the holy Moscow, the sanctified city, the Jerusalem of Russia, beloved of God, and dear to us.

CHAPTER XVII.

Moscow.—A Severe Operation.—An Exile by Accident.—Meeting with an Emigré.—A Civil Stranger.—A Spy.—The Kremlin.—Sepulchres of the Czars.—The Great Bell.—The Great Gun.—Precious Relics.

At daylight we arrived at the last post; and here, for the first time, we saw evidences of our approach to a great city. Four or five travelling carriages were waiting or passing before the one of which had been waiting all night; but our diligence being a “public accommodation,” we were preferred, and had the first that came in. We took our places for the last time in the diligence, and passed two or three fine chateaux, our curiosity and interest increasing as we approached, until, at about five versts from Moscow, as we reached the summit of a gentle eminence, the whole city broke upon us at a glance, situated in the midst of a great plain, and covering an extent of more than thirty versts. Moscow is emphatically the city of churches, containing more than 600, many of which have five or six domes, with steeples, and spires, and crosses, gilded and connected together with golden chains like those of Chioff. Its convents, too, are almost innumerable, rivaling the churches in height. All the refinements of modern manufactures are coming directly from the capital of the Eastern empire, presenting a most striking and extraordinary appearance. As we passed the barrier, two of the most conspicuous objects on each side were the large Greek convents, enclosed by high walls, with noble trees growing above them; and as we rode through the wide and showy streets of the city, the neatness and order, and the grandeur of the Christian edifices, seemed to raise us to a new pitch of comfort and happiness. We can never fly before the enemy, and we keep our word.”

Eight thousand of their number died on the spot, and the spirit which animated them fired the
ornamented with plants, and shrubs, and flowers, and
flowers, and into a glowing though unnatural beauty. The whole appearance of the city is Asiatic; and as the exhibition of House. He was a better class of houses with almost universal, Moscow said, and kept. I remember the mild climate of Southern Asia, rioting in its brief period of vernal existence, and forgetting that in a few weeks a
frost would come and cover their beauty with the dreary drapery of winter.

At the office of the diligence my companion and myself separated. He went in and left me; and I ascended a narrow, steep, and dark flight of steps, which led me to a plain and dingy building, forming part of a vast, sprawling, and squalid portion of the city. I went up to a door, the knocker of which was a brass key, and knocked. A woman opened it; and I entered to find myself in a long, low, dark, and dirty room, with a bare, concrete floor, and a vaulted ceiling; and I saw a man, with English company, and I believe, too, with English comfort, and I rode to the Hotel Germanicus, an old and favourite stopping-place with the Russian seigneurs when they come up from their estates in the country. Having secured my room, I mounted a drosky, and hurried to a bath. Reception of ships, to the sudden, drowsy, heavy knock at a door with an immense
building, pouring forth steam from every chink and crevice. At the entrance stood several half naked men, one of whom led me to an apartment to undress, and then conducted me to another, in one end of which were a furnace and apparatus for generating steam. I was then familiar with the Turkish bath, but the worst I had ever been in, and the worst I ever shall be in. The temperature of the air inside the wind compared with the heat of this apartment. The operator placed me in the middle of the floor, opened the upper door of the stove, and dashed into it a bucketful of water, which sent forth volumes of steam like a thick fog into every part of the room, and then laid me down on a platform about three feet high, and rubbed my body with a mop dipped in soap and hot water; then he raised me, and deluged me with hot water, pouring several tubfuls on my head; then laid me down again, and scrubbed me with soap and water from my head to my heels, long enough, if the thing were possible, to make a blackamoor white; then gave me another sousing with hot water, and another scrubbing with pure water, and then conducted me up a flight of steps to a high place, and mine eyes beheld a vaulted hall, a few feet of the ceiling, and commenced whipping me with twigs of birch, with the leaves on them, dipped in hot water. It was hot as an oven where he laid me down on the bench; the vapour, which almost suffocated me below, ascended to the ceiling, and, finding no avenue of escape, gathered round my devoted body, fairly scorching me, and scattering down the very perspiration from my face, I felt as if I had carried away my whole profile. I tried to hold out to the end, but I was burning, scorching, and consuming. In agony I cried out to my tormentor to let me up; but he did not understand me, or was loath to let me go, and kept thrashing me with the bunch of twigs, until, perfectly desperate, I raised my hands, and deluged me with hot water, and descended to the floor. Snow, snow, a region of eternal snow, seemed paradise; but my tormentor had not done with me; and as I was hurrying to the door, he dashed over me a tub of cold water. I was so hot that it seemed to hiss as it touched me; he came at me with another, and at that moment I could imagine, with what a low state of civilization the Russian was accustomed, the satisfaction and perfect safety with which the Russian in mid-winter rushes from his hot bath and rolls himself in the snow. The grim features of my tormentor relaxed as he saw the change that came over me. I withdrew to my dressing-room, dozed an hour on the settee, and went out a new man. In half an hour I stood in the palace of the Czars, within the walls of the Kremlin.

Towards evening I returned to my hotel. In all the large hotels in Russia, it is the custom for every man to dine in his own apartment. Travelling alone, I always avoided this when I could, as, besides my dislike of the thing itself, I prevented my making acquaintances and obtaining such information as I needed in a strange city; and I was particularly averse to dine alone the first day of my arrival at Moscow; but it was the etiquette of the house to do so, and as I had a letter of introduction which I intended to deliver, from Count Voronzov to Prince Galitzin, the governor of Moscow, I was bound to make some sacrifice for the credit of my acquaintance. After the table was spread, however, finding it too severe a test, I yielded to my landlady. He was a German of about fifty-five or sixty, tall, stout, with grey hair, a frank, manly expression, and great respectability of appearance and manners; and before the dinner was over, I regarded him emphatically as what a Frenchman would call un brave homme. He had been in Russia during the whole of the French invasion, and, among the other incidents of a stirring life, had been sent an exile to Siberia; and the curious part of it was, that he was sent there by mistake. Rather an awkward mistake, though, as he said, not so bad as being knotted or hanged by mistake; and in his case it turned out a rather interesting adventure. He was acquainted with a number of persons of all ranks, especially by the Russians as a French spy, when, as he said, he did not care a fig for either of them. He was hurried off to Siberia, but on the journey succeeded in convincing the officer who escorted the prisoners that there was an error in the case; and on his arrival was merely detained in exile, without being put to hard labour. He had been a long time in Russia, and the matter brought before the proper tribunal, and the mistake corrected, when he came back post, in company with a Russian officer, smoking his pipe all the way, at the expense of the government. He gave me many interesting particulars in regard to that celebrated country, its mines, the sufferings of the noble exiles, etc.; but which I do not now recall. For myself, the wonderful and the comfort and of a residence there. He spoke of Tobolsk as a large, gay, and populous city, containing hotels, theatres, and all kinds of places of amusement. The exiles, being many of them of rank, have introduced there all the luxuries of the capital, and life at Tobolsk is much the same as at Petersburg.

As the rage for travelling is excited by hearing from the lips of a traveller stories of the countries he has visited, before dinner was over I found myself infected with a strong disposition for a journey to Siberia. Small matters, however, produce great changes in the current of a man’s feelings, and in a few moments I had entirely forgotten Siberia, and was carried directly on to an incident which happened to me. A gentleman entered, of singularly aristocratic appearance, whom my host received with the greatest consideration and respect, addressing him as the Marquis de P——. He was a Frenchman, an old military, and a noble specimen of a race almost extinct; tall, thin, and grey-headed, wearing a double-breasted blue frock-coat, buttoned with gold, black trousers with a large gold button in a red ribbon in his button-hole, the decoration of the Knights of Malta; and when my host introduced me as an American traveller arrived that day in Moscow, he welcomed me with more than the usual forms of courtesy, and told me that, far off as it was, and little as he knew of it, he almost regarded America as his own country, and in a season of universal scattering, some of his nearest relatives, particularly a sister married to a fellow-soldier and his dearest friend, had taken refuge on the other side of the Atlantic; that, eighteen years before, he had met an American secretary of legation who knew them, but since that time he had not heard from them, and did not know whether they were living or dead. I asked him the name, with very little expectation of being able to give him any information about them; and it was with no small degree of pleasure that I found I was particularly acquainted with the condition of his relatives. His brother-in-law and old comrade was dead, but I brought him a satisfaction to which he had long been a stranger, by telling him that his sister was still living, and had married a large Russian, in a flourishing state, surrounded by a family of children in character and standing ranking among the first in our country. They were intimately connected with the
TRAVELS IN RUSSIA.

family of one of my most intimate friends, letters to
and from different members of which had very often
passed through my hands; I knew the names of all his
nephews, and personally one of his nephews, a lieutenant,
and one of the girls, a journalist. About a year before I had accompanied the friends to
whom I refer on a visit to these relatives. At Phila-
delphia I left them under the charge of the lieutenant;
and on my return from Washington, according to
agreement, the lieutenant came down to an intersecting point on the railroad to take me home with him; but cir-
cumstances prevented my going, and much as I regretted
my disappointment then, I regretted it far more now,
as otherwise I might have gladdened the old man's
heart, by telling him that within a year I had seen his
sister. His own history was brief. Born to the pos-
session of rank and fortune, and having won honours
and decorations by long service in the field, and risen
to the rank of inspector-general, he had, as he told me,
been taken prisoner during the Russian campaign in the
year 1812; and, having been then ordered to return to
Paris, he had, as he said, determined, if not to yield,
then to relieve himself from the necessity of living
among conditions which, however exasperating, he
considered too cruel to be endured.

He had been a prisoner at the Palace of Versailles,
and had remained there, except during the short per-
iod in which he then resided at the Russian embassy
in Paris, a whole year, when he had been transferred
by order of the Czar to a country estate, near the
town of Tver. When I first saw him, he was just
returning to Moscow from a sojourn of several months
in Moscow, during which he had been much occupied
and particularly at home in Moscow; and he offered his services in showing me all that was
curious and interesting. We sat together more than
two hours; and in our rambling and discursive conver-
sation, I could not help remarking that he seemed
particularly fond of relating at the greatest length,
his tyranny and despotism, and appealing to me, as an
American and a liberal, to sustain him. I did not
think any thing of it then, though in a soldier under
Charles X., driven out, as he said, by the revolution
of July, it was rather strange; but, at any rate, either
from a spirit of contradiction, or because I had not
already a good feeling towards every thing in Russia, I
disagreed with him throughout; he took upon himself
the whole honours of the entertainment, scolded the servants,
called in the landlord, and as I observed, after a few
words with him, went out without paying. I saw that
the landlord knew him, and that there was something
very curious in his behaviour; but, as the reader will
probably infer, I had no time to question at the moment
confess, however, that I did not notice these things at
the time so clearly as when I was induced to recur to
them by after circumstances, for we went out of
the house the best friends in the world; and as it was then
raining, we took a drosky and rode home together, with
our arms around each other's neck, and my cloak
rolled up over our shoulders. At twelve o'clock, in a heavy
rain, I stopped at my hotel, bade him good night, and
tempted my cloak to go home with.

The reader, perhaps, smiles at my simplicity, but he
is wrong in his conjecture; my cloak came home the
next morning, and was my companion and only covering
many a night afterwards. My friend followed it, sat
with me at my breakfast, and when he left his departure,
having made an apartment to call for me at twelve
o'clock, when there was a knock at the door, and my
friend the marquis entered. I presented them to each
other; and the latter was in the act of bending his body
with the formality of a gentleman of the old school,
when he caught a full view of my friend of the theatre,
and his face changed; he raised his eyebrow slightly,
made a direct position, and starting from me to, and from
me to him, seemed to demand an explanation. I had
no explanation to give, nor had my friend, who, cocking
his hat on one side, and brushing by the marquis with
more than his usual Swagger, stamped down stairs.
The marquis looked after him till he was at the foot of
the stairs, and then said, "I knew him for a rascal,"
putting the name of wunder. He had already contrived to pick up
such an acquaintance. I told him the history of our
meeting at the theatre, our supper at the restaurant,
and our loving ride home, to which he listened with
breathless attention; and after making me tax my
memory for the particulars of the conversation at the
restaurant, told me that the dinner was a disgrace to
his country, that he had, for what, because I did not
consider France for some rascality, and was now entertained
by the Emperor of Russia as a spy, particularly upon his
own countrymen; that he was well fed and clothed,
and had the entrée of all the theatres and public houses
without paying. With the earnestness of a man
long used to a despotic government, and to seeing slight
offences punished with the most terrible penalties,
the marquis congratulated me upon not having fallen into
what he called the snare laid for me.

It is almost impossible for an American to believe
that even in Russia he incurs any risk in speaking what
he thinks; he is apt to regard the stories of summary
punishment for freedom of speech, as hugbears or by-
some things. In my own case, even when men learnt
that I had run any great risk, I was rather pleased
that I had said nothing exceptional; and though I had
no apprehension, particularly since I had been put

On my guard, I determined to drop my new acquaintances, and did not consider myself bound to observe any great courtesy in the mode of doing it. I had had a sudden and wild wish to return to the Kremlin that evening with a dinner, but I did not consider myself under any obligation to him for civilities shown in the exercise of his despicable calling. The first time I met him I made no apology for having been out when he called according to appointment, and did not ask him to come again. I continued to meet him in the streets and at every public place, but our greatest walk became colder and colder; and the day before I left Moscow, we brushed against each other without speaking at all. So much for acquaintances, who, after an intimacy of three or four hours, had ridden home under the same cloak, with their arms around each other's neck.

But to return: as soon as the marquis left me, I again went to the Kremlin, and the place has almost said the only object of interest in Moscow I always detested a cicerone; his bowing, fawning, and prating, annoyed me; and all through Italy, with my map and guide-book under my arm, I was in the habit of rambling about alone. I did the same at Moscow, and again walked to the Kremlin unaccompanied. Unlike many of the places I had visited, all the interest I had in Moscow was to see the Kremlin, and that was when I stood within its walls. I had thought of it as the rude and barbarous palace of the Czars, but I found it one of the most extraordinary, beautiful, and magnificent objects I ever beheld. I rambled over it several times with admiration, without attempting to comprehend it all. Its commanding situation on the banks of the Moskwa and the smallest of its numerous battlements, towers, and steeples; its magnificent and gorgeous palaces; its cathedrals, churches, monasteries, and belfries, with their gilded, coppered, and tin-plated domes; its mixture of barbarism and decay, magnificence and ruins; its strong contrast of architecture, including the Tartarian, Hindoo, Chinese, and Gothic; I walked over its highest and most venerable walls, and saw the Ivan Veliki, with its golden hall reflecting the sun with dazzling brilliance, all together exhibited a beauty, grandeur, and magnificence, strange and indescribable.

The Kremlin is "the heart" and "sacred place" of Moscow, once the old fortress of the Tartars, and now the centre of the modern city. It is nearly triangular in form, and stands on a high and a more elevated ground, and nearly two miles in extent, and is in itself a city. It has five gates, at four of which there are high watch-towers. The fifth is "our Savour's," or the Holy Gate, through whose awe-commanding portals no male, not even the emperor and autocrat of all the Russians, can pass, except with uncovered head and bended body. Behind and engraved on the wall are repeated the noble esplanade, commanding one of the most interesting views of Moscow, and having in front the range of palaces of the Czars. I shall not attempt to describe these palaces. They are a combination of every variety of taste, and every order of architecture, Grecian, Gothic, Italian, Tartar, and Hindoo, rude, fanciful, gorgeous, and classical, all wrought in gold and silver, and gilt. Under the town, in the whole range of churches, monasteries, arsenals, museum, and public buildings, are erected with no attempt at regularity of design, and in the same wild confusion of architecture. There are no regular streets, but three open places or squares, and abundance of room for carriages and foot passengers, with which, in summer afternoons, it is always thronged.

Having strolled for some time about the Kremlin, I entered the Cathedral of the Assumption, the most splendid church in Moscow. It was founded in 1325, and rebuilt in 1472. It is loaded with gorgeous and extravagant ornaments. Theicosastos or screen which divides the sanctuary from the body of the church, is in many parts covered with plates of solid silver and gold, nearly and finely wrought. On this wall are painted the images of more than 2300 saints, some at full length and some of a colossal size, and the whole interior seems illuminated with gold, of which more than 210,000 leaves have been employed in embalming it. From the centre of the roof is suspended a crown of massive silver, with forty-eight candlestalls, all in a single piece, and so light that the whole weight of it can be removed with a hand. Indeed, there is little difficulty in removing this entire structure, for there are entrances and windows in the dome of the church, through which the massive structure can be carried away. In the ceiling and walls are painted portraits of the old historians, whose names, to prevent confusion, are attached to their resemblances, as Aristotle, Ananias, Thucydides, Plutarch, &c. Some of the paintings on wood could not fail to delight an antiquary, inasmuch as every vestige of paint being obliterated, there is a transparency of form, furnishing the most beautiful traits of saints and martyrs, there are portraits of the old historians, whose names, to prevent confusion, are attached to their resemblances, as Aristotle, Ananias, Thucydides, Plutarch, &c. Some of the paintings on wood could not fail to delight an antiquary, inasmuch as every vestige of paint being obliterated, there is a transparency of form, furnishing the most beautiful traits of saints and martyrs, there are portraits of the old historians, whose names, to prevent confusion, are attached to their resemblances, as Aristotle, Ananias, Thucydides, Plutarch, &c. Some of the paintings on wood could not fail to delight an antiquary, inasmuch as every vestige of paint being obliterated, there is a transparency of form, furnishing the most beautiful traits of saints and martyrs, there are portraits of the old historians, whose names, to prevent confusion, are attached to their resemblances, as Aristotle, Ananias, Thucydides, Plutarch, &c. Some of the paintings on wood could not fail to delight an antiquary, inasmuch as every vestige of paint being obliterated, there is a transparency of form, furnishing the most beautiful traits of saints and martyrs, there are portraits of the old historians, whose names, to prevent confusion, are attached to their resemblances, as Aristotle, Ananias, Thucydides, Plutarch, &c. Some of the paintings on wood could not fail to delight an antiquary, inasmuch as every vestige of paint being obliterated, there is a transparency of form, furnishing the most beautiful traits of saints and martyrs, there are portraits of the old historians, whose names, to prevent confusion, are attached to their resemblances, as Aristotel...
I examined this monstrous piece of metal. I have no knowledge of or taste for mechanisms, and no particular penchant for bells; even when spelled with an additional e; but I knew all about this one, and it added wonderfully to the interest with which I viewed the Kremlin, from accidental circumstances, I was familiar with every object within its walls. I impede, no doubt, my classical taste, but, before seeing either, I had dwelt with more interest upon the Kremlin, and knew more of it, than of the Acropolis at Athens; and I stood at the foot of the great bell almost with a feeling of reverence. The pendulum, or pendular height, is twenty feet four inches, and the extreme thickness of the metal twenty-three inches; the length of the clapper is fourteen feet, the greatest circumference sixty-seven feet four inches, its weight upwards of 400,000 pounds English, and its cost has been estimated at more than £355,000 sterling. There is some question whether this immense bell was ever hung, but it is supposed that it was suspended by a great number of beams and cross-beams; that it was rung by forty or fifty men, one half on either side, who pulled the clapper by means of ropes, and that the sound amazed and deafened the inhabitants. On one side is a crack large enough to admit the figure of a man. I went inside and called aloud, many of the spectators regarding the bell as the butt of many jests.

Besides the great bell, there is another noisy musical instrument, namely, the great gun—like the bell, the largest in the world, being a 4320-pounder. It is sixteen feet long, and the diameter of its calibre nearly three feet. I jumped in and turned round in its mouth, and sat upright, my head not reaching the top. All around were planted canes which had been planted to prevent an explosion against the capital of Russia; immense field-pieces, whose muzzle once poured their iron hail against the walls within which they now repose as trophies. I was attracted by a crowd at the door of one of the principal buildings, which I found to be the treasury, containing what a Russian prizes as his birthright, his earliest recollection. The door-keeper demanded a permit, and I answered her with rubles, and entered the treasury. On the first floor are the ancient imperial carriages; large, heavy, and extraordinary vehicles, covered with carving and gilding, and having large plate glass windows; amongst them was an enormous sleigh, carved and profusely gilded, such as the French would have thought fit to present to the Tsar. There were morocco-bound albums of pictures on one side; altogether, these vehicles were most primitive and Asiatic in appearance, and each one had some long and interesting story connected with it.

I ascended by a noble staircase to the belle étage, a gallery composed of five parts, in the first of which are the portraits of all the Emperors and Czars and their wives, in the exact costume of the times in which they lived; in another is a model of a palace projected by the Emperor Catherine, to unite the whole Kremlin under one roof, having a circumference of two miles, and made of it one magnificent palace; if it had been completed according to the plan, this palace would probably have surpassed the Temple of Solomon, or any of the other wonders of the world. The treasure of this collection of precious relics, such as the crowns worn by the different Emperors and Czars, loaded with precious stones; the dresses worn at their marriages; the canopies under which the emperors are married, surmounted by magnificent plumes; two canopies of red velvet, studded with gold, and a throne with two seats. The crown of Prince Vladimir is surmounted by a golden cross, and ornamented with pearls and precious stones, and, until the time of Peter the Great, was used to crown the Czars; the crown of the conquered kingdom of Cazan was placed there by the victorious hands of John Vassilivitch. Besides these were the crowns of the conquered countries of Astrachan, Kalac, and Kazan, and the crown of Catherine 1, his widow, containing 2536 fine diamonds, to which the Empress Anne added a ruby of enormous size, bought by the Russian ambassador at Pekin; and, lastly, the crown of unhappy Poland! It is of polished gold, surmounted by a cross, but no other ornament. And there were various tombs of royalty, one a Greek feintake of ivory, in arseneque, presented to John the Great by the ambassadors who accompanied from Rome to Moscow the Princess Sophia, whom he had demanded in marriage. She was the daughter of Thomas Paleologus Porphyrogenitus, brother of Constantine Paleologus, who died in 1455, after seeing his empire fall into the hands of the Turks. By this marriage John considered himself the heir of Constantine, and took the title of Czar, meaning Cesar (this is one of the derivations of the name), and thus the emperor and autocrat of all the Russians has the fairest claim to the throne of the Czars, and, consequently, has always had an eye upon Constantinople; then there are the throne of Boris, adorned with 2796 turquoise and other precious stones; that of Michel, containing 8824 precious stones; that of Alexius, containing 876 diamonds, 1224 other jewels, and many pearls, bought of a company of merchants trafficking to Isaphau; the throne of the Czars John and Peter, made of massive silver, separated in the middle, the back a cloth of gold, concealed cups, and round a gold frame on which was fastened leather, all of which were designed to dictate answers to the foreign ambassadors; and, lastly, the throne of Poland!

In the armory are specimens of ancient armour, the workmanship of every age and nation; coats of mail, sabres adorned with jewels, swords, batons, crosses in armour, imperial robes, ermine in abundance, and, finally, with the French flags, sabres, and swords. Amongst these is the armory of Saardam, including his old boots, from which it appears that he had considerable of a foot. These memoirs were all interesting, and I wandered through the apartments till ordered out by the footman, when I returned to my hotel to meet my old friend the marquis, who was engaged to dine with me. At his suggestion we went to a restaurant, and dined in company with quite a large party of people from those who frequented the Restaurant au coin du point des Maresheaux, being chiefly Frenchmen, manufacturers, and small merchants of various kinds, who, while they detested the country, found it a profitable business to introduce Parisian luxuries and refinements among the barbarous Russians. A party of French officers made a sentence of death to one of the guests for the severity of exile by talking of their beautiful and beloved France; many of them were old militaires; and my octogenarian friend, as a soldier distinguished under the empire, and identified with the glory of the French arms, was treated with a consideration and respect honourable to them and flattering to himself. And a young man when he regarded as a disgrace and considered almost exclusively of Swiss, forming here, as elsewhere, one of the most valuable parts of the foreign population; keeping alive by intercourse with each other the recollections of home, and looking to the time when, with the profits of successful industry, they might return to their wild and beloved native mountains.

"Dear is that hill to which his soul conforms, And dear that cliff which lifts him to the storms."

Before we rose from table, my friend of the theatre came in and took his seat at one end; he talked and laughed louder than any one else, and was received generally with an outward appearance of cordiality; but the old marquis could not endure his presence. He said he was too old to learn, and it was too late in life to temporise with dishonour; that he did not blame his countrymen; fair words cost nothing, and it was not worth their while wilfully to make an enemy who would always be on their haunches; but as to himself, he had but a few years to live, and he would not sully the last moments of his life by being a victim whom he regarded as a disgrace and contempt almost exclusively of Swiss, forming here, as elsewhere, one of the most valuable parts of the foreign population; keeping alive by intercourse with each other the recollections of home, and looking to the time when, with the profits of successful industry, they might return to their wild and beloved native mountains.
CHAPTER XVIII.

The Drosky.—Salle des Nobles.—Russian Gaming.—Gastronomy.

—Pedrosi.—A Sunday in Moscow.—A Gipsy Belle.—Tea-drinking.—The Emperor’s Garden.—Retrospective.

Early the next morning I mounted a drosky, and rode to a celebrated garden, or springs, furnished with every description of mineral water. I have several times spoken of the drosky. This may be called the Russian national vehicle, for it is found all over Russia, and nowhere else that I know of, except at Warsaw, where it was introduced by its Russian conquerors. It is on four wheels, with a long cushioned seat running lengthwise, on which the rider sits astride as on horseback, and so low that he can mount from the street. It is drawn by two horses; one in shafts, with a high-arched headstall, and the other behind, which is called "le furieux," in traces alongside, this last being trained to curb his neck and cauter while the shaft-horse trots. The seat is long enough for two besides the driver, the riders sitting with their feet on different sides; or sometimes there is a cross-seat behind, on which the riders sit, with their faces to the horses, and the drosky boys inside, with the passengers, and a bell-crowned hat turned up at the sides, sits on the end. But to return to the springs. The waters are prepared under the direction of medical men, who have the chemical analysis of all the principal mineral waters known, and manufacture them to order. As is universally the case in Russia, where there is any attempt at style, the establishment is upon a magnificent scale. The building contains a room perhaps 150 feet long, with a clean and highly polished floor, large looking-glasses, elegant sofas, and mahogany chairs and tables.

The windows open upon a balcony extending along the whole front, which is furnished with tables and rustic chairs, and opens upon a large garden ornamented with gravel-walks, trees, and the most rare and valuable plants and flowers, at the time of my visit in full bloom, and every morning a very numerous and distinguished company, and particularly the nobility and higher classes, frequent this establishment, and that morning there was a larger collection than usual. Russian hospitality is conspicuous at a place like this. A stranger, instead of being avoided, is sought out; and after one or two promenades, I was accosted by more than one gentleman, ready to show me every civility. In the long room and on the balconies, scattered about at the different tables, I saw the gourmets who had distended his stomach almost to bursting, and near him the gaunt and bilious dyspeptic, drinking their favourite waters; the dashing officer and the blooming girl, the lover and coquette, and, in short, all the style and fashion of Moscow, their eyes occasionally turning to the long mirrors, or then singly, in pairs, and in groups, strolling gently through the gardens, enjoying the music that was poured forth from hidden arbours.

Returning through a street not far from my hotel, I saw a line of carriages, and gentlemen and ladies passing under a light arcade, which formed the entrance to the "Salle des Nobles," of which I shall now speak in detail. This building, the masterpiece of the French in the capital of the north, almost every shop having an inviting sign of nouveauûtts from Paris. Foiled in their attempt with the bayonet, they are now advancing with apparently more feeble, but far more insidious and fatal weapons; and the rugged Russian, whom French arms could not conquer, bows to the supremacy of the French modistes and artisans, and quietly wears the livery of the great mistress of fashion.

THE DROSKY—RUSSIAN GAMING.
friend spoke with the prejudices of a soldier of France, aggrieved by more than twenty years of exile. So far as my observation extended, the higher classes are rather extraordinary for talent and acquisitions. Their government is unfortunate for the development and exercise of abilities. They have none of the learned professions; means of acquiring them are almost unknown to them. In the only field.

With an ardent love of country and an ambition to distinguish himself, every nobleman becomes a soldier, and there is hardly an old or middle-aged individual of this class who was not in arms to repel the invasion of Napoleon, and hardly a young man who did not serve lately in a less noble cause, the campaign. It is necessary to understand this to see that what the army seems to have been generally a passion for display and expensive living, which sent them back to their estates, after their terms of service expired, over head and ears in debt. Unable to come to the cities, and obliged to live at their chateau, deprived of all society, surrounded only by slaves, and feeling the want of the chateau is an old and aristocratic one, many of them become great gourmands, or rather, as my French friend said, gluttons. "They do not eat," said he; "they swallow;" and the manner in which, with the true spirit of a Frenchman who still remembered the cuisine of the Palais Royal, he commented upon their eating enivres, hors d'oeuvres, rois, and desserts, all pillowed, was never repeated with equal effect, I think, to his hostess, Hinton's chapter upon Americans eating eggs out of wine-glasses. The old marquis, although he retained all his French prejudices against the Russians, and always asserted, as the Russians themselves admit, that but for the early setting-in of winter, Napoleon would have conquered Russia, allowed them the virtue of unbounded hospitality, on which no Russian family at whose house he could at any time take a seat without any express invitation, and with whom he was always sure of being a welcome guest; and he mentioned the case of a compatriot, who for years had a place regularly reserved for him at the table of a seigneur, which he took whenever he pleased without any questions being asked, until, having paid away long enough, the seigneur sent to inquire for him, and learned that he was dead.

But to return. Towards evening I parted with the marquis, mounted a droshky, and rode to the country theatre at Pedroski. Pedroski is a place dear to the heart of every Russian, having been the favourite residence of Peter the Great, to whom it owes its name. It is about three versts from the barrier, on the St. Petersburg road. The St. Petersburg Gate is a very imposing piece of architecture. Six spirited horses rest lightly upon the top, like the brazen horses at St. Mark's in Venice. A wide road, divided into avenues for carriages and pedestrains, gravelled and lined with trees, leads from the gate. The principal entrance is in front, a large and imposing building of red brick, with a green dome and white cornices, and enclosed by a circular wall flanked with turrets. In the plain in front, two regiments of Cossack cavalry were going through their exercises. The grounds around the chateau are very extensive, handsomely laid out for carriages and promenades, public and retired, to suit every taste. The present building is about a mile in length, through a forest of majestic old trees. On each side is a handsome footpath of continual shade; and sometimes, almost completely hidden by the luxuriant foliage, are beautiful little summer-houses, abundantly supplied with all kinds of refreshments.

The theatre is at a little distance from the extreme end of the grounds. There is a long, low, rectangle building; and this and the grand opera-house are the only theatres I have seen built like ours, merely with continued rows of seats, and not partitioned off into private boxes. The opera was some little Russian piece, and was followed by the grand ballet, the Revolt of the Seraglio. He who goes to Russia expecting to see a people just emerging from a state of barbarism, will renounce the idea to find a most sudden scene of Parisian elegance and refinement; and in no place will he feel this wonder more than in an opera-house at Moscow. The house was rather full, and contained more of the Russian nobility than I had yet seen at any one time. They were well dressed, adorned with stars and ribbons, and, as a class of men, the "biggest" in Russia, as the officers and gentlemen are called, in the dress and orders and titles of nobility, by the way, are given with a pravity which makes them of no value; and all over Russia princes are as plenty as pickpockets in London.

The seigneurs of Russia have jumped over all intermediate grades of civilisation, and plunged at once into the luxuries of metropolitan life. The ballet was, of course, at the Opera at London, but it is speaking in no mean praise of it to say that in this country theatre it might be made a subject of comparison. The dancers were the prettiest, the most interesting, and, what I was particularly struck with, the most modest-looking, I ever saw on the stage. It was melancholy to look at these beautiful girls, who, amid the glare and glitter of the stage, and in the graceful movements of the dance, were perfectly captivating and entrancing, and who, in the shades of domestic life, might fill the measure of man's happiness on earth, and know them to be slaves. The whole troop belongs to the emperor. They are selected when young with reference to their beauty and talents, and are brought up to it with the greatest care. They are dressed in light fairy figures, seeming rather spirits than corporeal substances, and trained to inspire admiration and love, they can never give way to these feelings themselves, for their affections and marriages are regulated entirely by the manager's convenience. What though they are taken from the very poorest class of life, leaving their parents under bonds, and even, at times, to be their idea is a-rolling in luxuries—a chain does not gall the less because it is gilded. Raised from the lot to which they were born, taught ideas they would never have known, but they feel more sensibly the weight of their bonds; and the veriest syph, whose graceful movements were despised on the earth, is not down in the slightest degree, but is the subject of applause, and whose little heart flutters with the admiration she has excited, would probably give all her shortlived triumph for the privilege of bestowing that little flatterer where it would be loved and cherished. There was one among them whom I long remembered. I followed her with my eyes till the curtain fell and left her with my heart. The next day, as I passed by, she saw me, and as I passed me in one of a long train of dark blue carriages belonging to the directors, which they had carried about like merchandise from theatre to theatre; but, like many other bright visions that broke upon me for a moment, I never saw her again.

At about eleven, I left the steps of the theatre to return to the Savoy. I was a little startled at first, or, rather, it is almost profession to call it by so black a name, for in that bright northern climate the day seemed to linger, unwilling to give place before the shades of night. I strolled alone, wrapped in loneliness but not melancholy meditations; the carriages rolled rapidly by me, and I was almost the last of the throng that entered the gates of Moscow.

Sunday. At the Theatre! To one who had for a long time been a stranger to the sound of the church-going bell, few things could be more interesting than a Sunday at Moscow. Any one who has rambled along the Maritime Alps, and has heard from some lofty eminence the convent bell ringing for matins, vespers, and midnight prayers, will long remember the not unpleasing sound. The rattle of the wheels, the roll of the sound of the church bell; in itself pleasing by its effect upon the sense, but far more so in its associations. And these feelings were exceedingly fresh when I awoke on Sunday in the holy city of Moscow. In Greece and Turkey there are no bells; in Russia they are almost innumerable; but this was the first time I had happened to pass the Sabbath in a city. I lay and listened, almost fearing to move lest I should lose the sounds; thoughts
of home came over me; of the day of rest, of the gathering for church, and the greeting of friends at the church door. But he who has never heard the ringing of bells on a festal morning, who has never been awakened by a city containing more than 600 churches and innumerable convents, all with bells, and these all sounding together, from the sharp, quick hammer-note, to the loudest, deepest peals that ever broke and lingered on the ear, struck at long intervals, and swolling on the air as if unwilling to die away, I rose and threw open my window, dressed myself, and, after breakfast, joining the throng called to their respective churches by their well-known bells, I went to what is called the English chapel, where, for the first time in many months, I joined in a regular church service, and listened to an orthodox sermon. I was surprised to see so large a congregation, though I remarked among them many English families. I mounted the hiss escort, mounting a drosky, to a great promenade of the people, called l’Allée des Peuples. It lies outside the barrier, and beyond the state prisons, where the exiles for Siberia are confined, on the land of Count Seremetow, the richest nobleman in Russia, having 150,000 slaves on his estate; the chateau is about eight versts from the city, and all noble houses through their own land leads from the barrier to his door.

This promenade is the great rendezvous of the people; that is, of the merchants and shopkeepers of Moscow. The promenade is simply a large piece of ground ornamented with noble trees, and provided with everything necessary for the enjoyment of all the national amusements, among which the “Russian mountain” is the favorite, and a most extraordinary place for romance. The abundance. Soldiers were stationed at different points to preserve order, and the people seemed all cheerful and happy; but the life and soul of the place were the Bohemian or gipsy girls. Wherever they moved, a crowd gathered round them. They were the first I had seen of this extraordinary people, coming no one knew where, with fierce features and somber countenances, from their birth, and with a history enveloped in doubt. It was impossible to mistake the dark complexion and piercing coal-black eyes of the gipsy women. The men were nowhere to be seen, nor were there any old women with them; and these young girls, well dressed, though, in general, with nothing peculiar in their costume, attracted, in particular, five or six, singing, playing, and dancing, to admiring crowds. One of them, with a red silk cloak-trimmed with gold, and a gold band round her hair, struck me as the very beauideal of a gipsy queen. Recognising me as a stranger, she stopped just in front of me, struck her castanets and danced, at the same time directing the movements of her castanets to the music of a street organ. There was a beauty in her face, combined with intelligence and spirit, that rivetted my attention; and when she spoke, her eyes seemed to read me through. I ought, perhaps, to be ashamed of it, but in all my wanderings I never regretted so much my ignorance of the language as when it denied me the pleasure of conversing with that gipsy girl. I would fain have known whether her soul did not soar above the scene and the employment in which I found her; whether she was not formed for better things than to display her beautiful person before crowds of boors; but I am sorry to add, that the character of my queen was not above reproach; and as I had nothing but my character to stand upon in Moscow, I was obliged to withdraw from the observation which her beauty attracted, and being by the hour the promenade of the great Peter. There all was solitude; the footman and I had the palace to ourselves. I followed him through the whole range of apartments, in which there was no appearance of stayed respectability that quite won my heart, neither of them being any better furnished than one of our old-fashioned country houses. The ceiling was a very fine piece of workmanship, and the openings in the trees were unknown in the days of the good old Peter; the chateau was silent and deserted; the hand that built it was stiff and cold, and the heart that loved it had ceased to beat; old Peter was in his grave, and his descendants loved better their splendid palaces on the banks of the Neva.

When Moscow was burning, Napoleon fled to this chateau for refuge. I stopped for a moment in the chamber, where, by the blaze of the burning city, he dictated his dispatches for the capital of France; gave the attendant a ruble, and again mixed with the throng, with whom I rambled up and down the principal promenade, and at eleven o’clock was at my hotel. I ought not to forget the Russian ladies; but after the gipsy girl, I cannot say what. I mean, the gipsy girl was uppermost in my thoughts.

The reader may perhaps ask if such is indeed what
the traveller finds in Russia; "Where are the eternal snows that cover the steppes and the immense wastes of that northern empire—that chill the sources of enjoyment, and congeal the very fountains of life?" I answer, they have been just conveyed, from quarter to quarter. But although it is the duty of a traveller to see every thing that is to be seen, and although there is a kind of excitement in hurrying from place to place, which he is apt to mistake for pleasure, it is not in this that his real enjoyment is found. His true pleasure is in turning quietly to those things which are interesting to the imagination as well as to the eyes, and so I found myself often turning from the churches and palaces, specimens of architecture, and to the painted walls of the Kremlin. Here were the first and last of my visits; and whenever I sauntered forth without any specific object, perhaps to the neglect of many other places I ought to have seen, my footsteps involuntarily turned in that direction.

But although it is the duty of a traveller to see every thing that is to be seen, and although there is a kind of excitement in hurrying from place to place, which he is apt to mistake for pleasure, it is not in this that his real enjoyment is found. His true pleasure is in turning quietly to those things which are interesting to the imagination as well as to the eyes, and so I found myself often turning from the churches and palaces, specimens of architecture, and to the painted walls of the Kremlin. Here were the first and last of my visits; and whenever I sauntered forth without any specific object, perhaps to the neglect of many other places I ought to have seen, my footsteps involuntarily turned in that direction.

It is of the Kremlin, and running almost the whole extent of its circumference, are boulevards and a public garden, called the Emperor's, made within a few years, and the handsomest thing of the kind in Moscow; I am not sure but that I may add any where else. I have compared it in my mind to the Gardens of the Luxemburg and Tuileries, and its Consentient river to the Seine. Although the walls of the Kremlin, and running almost the whole extent of its circumference, are boulevards and a public garden, called the Emperor's, made within a few years, and the handsomest thing of the kind in Moscow; I am not sure but that I may add anywhere else. I have compared it in my mind to the Gardens of the Luxemburg and Tuileries, and its Consentient river to the Seine. Although the walls of the Kremlin, and running almost the whole extent of its circumference, are boulevards and a public garden, called the Emperor's, made within a few years, and the handsomest thing of the kind in Moscow; I am not sure but that I may add anywhere else. I have compared it in my mind to the Gardens of the Luxemburg and Tuileries, and its Consentient river to the Seine.

I loved to stroll through this garden, having on one side of me the magnificent buildings of the great Russian princes, seigniors, and merchants, among the finest and most conspicuous of which is the former residence of the unhappy Queen of Georgia; and on the other side, visible through the foliage of the trees, the white walls of the Kremlin, and, towering above them, the domes of the palaces and churches within, and the lofty tower of Ivan Vitali. Through the keyhole of the Kremlin and the Gate of the Kremlin. It is a vaulted portal, and over the entrance is a picture, with a lamp constantly burning; and a sentinel is always posted at the gate. I loved to stand by it and see the haughty seigniors and the degraded serf alike humble themselves on crossing the sacred threshold, and then, with my hat in my hand, for the full extent of the閟e, I attempted to brave the interdict, and go in with my head covered; but the soldier at the gate stopped me, and forbade my violating the sacred prohibition. Within the walls I wandered about, without any definite object, sometimes entering the great church and beholding for a moment the prostrate Russian praying before the blood-stained throne of the Czar. Once I attempted to look at the great bell, or at other times mounting the tower, and gazing at the beautiful panorama of the city.

On the last day of my stay in Moscow, a great crowd drew me to the door of the church, where some fête was in course of celebration, in honour of the birth, marriage, or some other incident in the life of the emperor. The archbishop, a venerable-looking old man, was officiating; and when he came out, a double line of men, women, and children, was drawn up from the door of the church to his carriage, all pressing forward and struggling to kiss his hands. The crowd dispersed, and I strolled once more through the streets of heelcorns, and imperial reliques and trophies; but, pausing by the carriage of the empress, the canopies and thrones adorned with velvet and gold, I paused before the throne of unhappy Poland! I have seen great cities desolate and in ruins, magnificent temples buried in the sands of the African desert, and places once teeming with fertility now lying waste and silent; but no monument of fallen greatness ever affected me more than this. It was covered with blue velvet, and studded with golden stars. It had been the throne of the Czar of Leopold I., and Stanislaus Augustus. Brave men had gathered round it, for it was to defend it, and died in redeeming their pledge. Their oaths are registered in heaven, their bodies rest in bloody graves; Poland is blotted from the list of nations, and her throne, unspotted with dishonour, brilliant as the stars which glitter on its surface, is exhibited as a Russian trophy, before which the stoutest manhood need not blush to drop a tear.

Towards evening I returned to my favourite place, the porch of the palace of the Czars. I seated myself on the step, took out my tablets, and commenced a letter to my friends at home. What should I write! Above me was the lofty tower of Ivan Vitali; below, a solitary soldier, in his grey overcoat, was striving to a sentry-box to avoid a drizzling rain. His eyes were fixed upon me, and I closed my book. I am not given to musing, but I could not help it. Here was the theatre of one of the most extraordinary events in the history of the world. After sixty battles, and a march of more than 2000 miles, the grand army of Napoleon entered Moscow, and, having issued from a single chimney, nor a Muscovite even to gaze upon them from the battlements or walls. Moscow was deserted, her magnificent palaces forsaken by her owners, her 300,000 inhabitants vanished as if they had never been. Silent and amazed, the grand army filed through its desolate streets. Approaching the Kremlin, a few minutes before the sun set, I saw a solitary figure from a left behind as a savage token of the national hatred, poured a volley of musketry from the battlements. At midnight the flames broke out in the city; Napoleon, driven from his quarters in the suburbs, hurried to the Kremlin, ascended the steps, and entered the door at which I sat. For two days the French soldiers laboured to extinguish the flames; but the flames were not extinguished, nor were they suffered to eliminate the walls. Russian police-officers were seen stirring up the fire with tarred lances; hideous-looking men and women, covered with rags, were wandering like demons amid the flames, armed with torches, and striving to spread the conflagration. At midnight again the whole city was in a blaze; and at the roof of the Kremlin was on fire, and the towers and spires were burning to the touch, Napoleon watched the course of the flames, and exclaimed, "What a tremendous spectacle! These are Scythians indeed!" Amid volumes of smoke and fire, his eyes blinded by the intense heat, and his hands burned in shielding his face from its fury, and traversing streets arched with fire, he escaped from the burning city.

Russia is not classic ground. It does not stand before us covered with the shadow of great men's deeds. A few centuries ago it was overrun by wandering tribes of barbarians; but what is there in those lands which stand forth on the pages of history, crowned with the glory of their ancient deeds, that, for extraordinary bravery, or for valor unexampled, or for the beauty of the scene, or the grandeur of the objects, or the glory of the action, or the remembrance of a name, will exceed the burning of Moscow? Neither Marathon nor Thermopylae, nor the battle of the Horatii, nor the defence of Coetes, nor the devotion of the Deci, can equal it; and when time shall cover with its dim and quiet glories that bold and extraordinary deed, the burning of Moscow will be regarded as outstripping all that we read of Greek or Roman patriotism, and the name of the Russian governor (Rostopchin), if it be not too tough a name to hand down to posterity, will never be forgotten.

CHAPTER XIX.

Getting a Passport.—Paring with the Marquis.—The Language of Significance.—The Conductor.—The Mail Coach from Petersburg.—The Wolga.—Novgorod.—Newski Perspective.—An unfortunate Mistake.—Northern Twilight.

Unable to remain longer in Moscow, I prepared for my journey for St Petersburg. Several diligences run
regularly between these two great cities; one of which, the Velosofere, is superior to any public conveyance on the Continent of Europe. I took my place in that, and two days later, kept me waiting two hours; and when, at length he took it up and arranged it, he led me down stairs out of sight to receive the expected douche. He was a well-dressed man, with the large government button on his coat, and rather distinguish in his appearance and manners. I took the passport, folded it up, and put it in my pocket. I was very glad for, and with malicious pleasure put into his hand a single ruble, equal to twenty cents of our money; he expected at least twenty-five rubles, or about five dollars, and his look of rage and disappointment amply repaid me for all the vexation he had caused by his delay. I bade him farewell, with a smile that almost drove him mad.

He was ordered to be almost universal among the inferior officers of government, and there is a story of a Frenchman in Russia which illustrates the system. He had an office, of which the salary was so small that he could not live upon it. At first he would not take bribes, but stern necessity drove him to it; and while he was about it, he did the thing handsomely. Having overheard a conversation, and been guilty of being detected, he was brought before the proper tribunal; and when asked "Why did you take a bribe?" his answer was original and conclusive, "I take, thou takest, he takes, we take, you take, they take!"

I told the marquis the story of my parting interview at the police-office, which he said was capital, but startling. He would never tell me why this particular story, to be any irregularity, I would have great trouble in getting it rectified; even this, however, did not disturb my immediate satisfaction, and, fortunately, all was right.

The morning of my departure, before I was out of bed, the marquis was in my room. Meeting with me had revived in him feelings of quaint curiosity, and at the moment of parting he told me, what his pride had till that moment concealed, that his heart yearned once more to his kindred; and that, if he had the means, old as he was, he would go to America. And yet, though his frame trembled, and his voice was broken, and his lanp was almost burned out, his spirit was as high as when he fought the battles of the empire; and he told me to say to them that he would not come to be a dependent upon their bounty; that he could repay all they should do for him by teaching their children. He gave me his last painting, which he regarded with the pride of an artist, as a souvenir for his sister; but having no means of carrying it safely, I was obliged to refer him to a travelling书籍. He showed me in the moment of my departure, belonging to my hand after I had taken my place in the drosky; and when we had started, I looked back and saw him still standing in the road. It seemed as if the last link that bound him to earth was broken. He gave me a letter, which I forwarded to his friends at home; his sister was still living, and had not forgotten her long lost brother; she had not heard from him for ten years; her true love had long believed him dead. Pecuniary assistance was immediately sent to him, and, unhappily, since my return home, intelligence has been received that it arrived only at the last moment when human aid could avail him; in time to smooth the pillow of death by the assurance that his friends had not forgotten him. And, perhaps, in his dying moments, he could have seen his eyes again lighted with the regard and affection, amid the recollections of an unhappy life, to think that, when his chequered career was drawing to its close, I had been the means of gladdening for a moment the old exile's heart.
TRAVELS IN RUSSIA.

tin`tess; and regularly, when he took his place in the diligence, he accompanied the significant movements of his hand, head, and heart, to me with the not very elegant address taught him by my companion. With some mention of the absurdity of the thing, I could not but feel the inherent impropriety of the conduct of my eccentric fellow-traveller; and ventured to suggest to him that, though he had an unbounded right to do as he pleased in matters that could not impli-
cate me, yet, independent of the very questionable character of the joke itself (for the words sounded more of Wapping than of St James's), as we were known to have travelled together, a portion of the credit of having taught the old Russian English might fall upon me—an honour of which I was not covetous, and, therefore, should tell the old man never to repeat the words he had been taught, which I did without hesitation, and respectfully. When we arrived at St Petersburg, he had forgotten them.

The road from Moscow to St Petersburg is now one of the best in Europe. It is Macadamised nearly the whole way, and a great part is bordered with trees; the post-houses are generally large and handsome, under the direction of government, where soup, cutlets, &c., are served in generous measure. The ghastly but- lated by a tariff hanging up in the room, which, however, being written in Russian, was of no particular use to us. The country is comparatively thickly settled, and villages are numerous. Even on this road, however, the villages are forlorn things, being generally the property, and occupied by the serfs, of the seigneurs, and consisting of large and walled houses separated by wide roads built of logs, the better sort squared, with the gable-end to the street, the roofs projecting two or three feet from the houses, and sometimes ornamented with rude carving and small holes for windows. We passed several chateaux, large, imposing buildings, with parks and gardens, and a large church, painted white, with a green dome surmounted by a golden cross. In the gardens were chapels with figures of the Panaga, or all Holy Virgin, or some of the saints; and our old Russian, constantly on the look-out for them, never passed one without taking off his hat and going through the whole formula of crosses; sometimes, in entering a town, they came upon us in such quick succession, first on one side, then on the other, that he felt his heart sank at the sight of his accursed ceremony, his hurry and perplexity would have been ludicrous. During the night we saw fires ahead, and a little off the road were the bivouacs of teamsmen or wayfarers, who could not pay for lodging in a miserable Russian hut. All the way we met the great caravan teams carrying tallow, hides, hemp, and other merchandise, to the cities and towns, and brought back fabrics, groceries, &c., into the interior. They were generally thirty or forty together, one man or woman attending to three or four carts, or rather neglecting them, as the driver was generally asleep on the top of his load. The horses, however, seemed to know what they were about; for as the diligence came rolling towards them, before the polished wooden wheels, the horses, as if taught by instinct, hurried out of the way. The bridges over the streams and rivers are strong substantial structures, built of heavy hewn granite, with iron balustrades, and orna-
mented in the centre with the double-headed eagle, the arms of Russia.

At Tver we passed the Wolga on a bridge of boats. This noble river, the longest in Europe, navigable almost from its source for an extent of 4000 versts, dividing, for a great part of its course, Europe and Asia, runs majestically through the city, and rolls on, bathing the walls of the city of Astrachan, till it reaches the distant Caspian; its banks still inhabited by the same tribes of warlike Cossacks who hovered on the skirts of the Caspian, resisting their invasion of Russia. Almost in junction with the Tvera, a communication is made between the Wolga and Neva, or, in other words, between the Caspian and Baltic. The impetus of internal improvements has extended even to the north of Europe, and the Emperor Nicholas is now actively engaged in directing surveys of the great rivers of Russia, for the purpose of connecting them by canals and railroads, with the object of securing communications throughout the whole interior of his empire. A great number of boats of all sizes, for carrying grain to the capital, were lying off the city. These boats are generally provided with one mast, which, in the largest, may equal a frigate's mainmast. The weight of the masts, an English officer remarks, "must be prodigious, having no fewer than 100 breadth in it; yet the facility with which it is manipulated bears comparison with that of the Yankees with their boom-mainmast in their fore-and-aft clippers." The rudder is a ponderous machine, being a broad piece of timber floating astern twelve or fifteen feet, and fastened to the tiller by a pole, which descends perpen-
dicularly into the water; the tiller is from thirty to forty feet long, and formed into a scaffold at that distance from the stern. Down the stream a group of Cossacks were bathing, and I could not resist the temptation to throw myself for a moment into this king of rivers. The diligence hurried me, and, as it came along, I gathered up my clothes and dressed myself inside.

In down the river, we came to the ancient city of Novgorod. In the words of an old traveller, "Next unto Moscow, the city of No-
vgorod is reputed the chiefest in Russia; for although it be in majestic inferior to it, yet in greatness it goeth beyond it. It is the chiefest and greatest mart-town of all Muscovy; and albeit the emperor's seat is not there at present, yet his figure is to be seen by many, falling into that gulph which is called Sinus Finnicus, whereby it is well frequented by merchants, makes it more famous than Moscow itself." Few of the ruined cities of the Old World present so striking an appearance of fallen greatness, as this comparatively unknown place. There is an ancient saying, "Who can resist the gods at Novgorod, to whom do I offer my decrees?" Here were several are of sixty-three vers in circumference, and contained a population of more than 400,000 inhabitants. Some parts of it are still in good condition, but the larger portion has fallen to decay. Its streets present marks of desolation, mouldering walls, and ruined churches, and its population has dwindled to little more than 4000. The steeples in the ancient city beseem the cross, unaccom-
panied by the crescent, the proud token showing that the Tartars, in their ancient invasions, never conquered it, while in the reconquered cities the steeples all exhibit the crescent surmounted by the cross.

Late in the afternoon of the fourth day we were approaching St Petersburgh. The ground is level, and I was delighted with the first view of the capital of Russia; but passing the barrier, and riding up the Newski Perspective, the most magnificent street in that magnificent city, I felt that the stories of its splendour were not exaggerated, and that this was, indeed, entitled to the proud appellation of the "Pal-
myra of the North." My English companion again kept me company, that day, and I heard him say, through his countryman, and I took an apartment at a hotel in a broad street, with an unpronounce-
able Russian name, a little off the Newski Perspective. I was worn and fatigued with my journey, but I could not resist the inclination to take a gentle promenade along the Newski Perspective. While in the coffee-
room refreshing myself with a cup of the best Russian tea, I heard some one outside the door giving directions to a tailor, and presently a man entered, whom, with-
out looking at him, I told he was just the person I wanted to see, as I had a pair of pantaloons to be measured. He made no answer, and, without being able to see distinctly, I told him to wait till I could go up to the counter and speak to him. He stepped forward strongly and bring them back in the morning. In all probability, the next moment I should have been sprawling on the floor; but the landlord, a clever Frenchwoman, who saw my error, stepped up, and cry-
ing out, "Ah, Monsieur Colonel, attendez, attendez," explained my mistake as clearly as I could have done myself, and I followed closely with an apology, adding that my remark could not be intended as disrespectful to his person, even with the thickest关我 could scarcely distinguish his person. He understood the thing at once, accepted my apology with great frankness, and, instead of knocking me down, or chal-

lenging me to fight with sabre or some other diabolical thing, finding I was a stranger just arrived from Mos-

cow, sat down at the table, and before we rose offered to accompany me in my walk.

There could be no mistake as to the caste of my new friend. The landlady had called him colonel, and, in repelling the imputation of his being a tailor, had spoken of him as a rich seigneur, who for ten years had occupied the front apartments au premier in her hotel. We walked out into the Novski Perspective, and strolled along that magnificent street down to the Admiralty, and along the noble quays of the Neva. I had reached the terminus of my journey; for many months I had been moving farther and farther away, and the next step I took would carry me towards Rome. It was the eve of the 4th of July; and as I strolled through the broad streets and looked up at the long range of balconies that I passed through, I paused to recall the recollections connected with this moment at home: in boyhood, crackers and fireworks in readiness for the great jubilee of the Morrow; and, latterly, the excursion into the country to avoid the bustle and confusion of the "glorious fourth."

At Moscow, and during the journey, I had admired the Northern lights, and the sunsets over the northern latitudes, but this night in St Petersburg it was magn-

ificent. I cannot describe the peculiar shades of this northern twilight. It is as if the glare and brilliancy of the sun were softened by the mellowing influence of the moon, and the city, with its superb range of palaces, its statues, its bridges, and its clear and rapid river, seen from my own window, cast a new and far more vivid picture of a brilliant and almost unearthly beauty. I felt like rambling all night. Even though worn with three days' travel, it was with me as with a young lady at her first ball; the night was too short. I could not bear to throw it away in sleep. My companion was tough, and by no means sentimental, and the scene was familiar to him; but he told me that, even in his eyes, it never lost its interest. Moonlight is something, but this glo-

rious twilight is a thing to enjoy and to remember; and, as the colonel remarked when we sat down in his apartment to a comfortable supper, it always gave him such an appetite. After supper I walked through a long corridor to my apartment, threw myself upon my bed and tried to sleep, but the mellow twilight fed through my window, and reproached me with the base attempt. I was not restless, but I could not sleep; least, however, the reader should find himself of a dif-

ferent humour, I will consider myself asleap the first night in St Petersburg.

CHAPTER XX.

Police Requisites.—The Russian Capital.—Equestrian Statue of Peter the Great.—The Alexandrine Column.—Architectural Wonders.—The Summer Islands.—A Perilous Achievement.—

Orles of St Petersburg.—Tombs of Dead Monarchs.—Origin of the Russian Navy.

July 4th.—I had intended to pass this day at Moscow, and to commemorate it in Napoleon style by issuing a bulletin from the Kremlin, but it was a long time since I had heard from home. At Constantinople I had written to Paris, directing my letters to be sent to Petersburg; and notwithstanding my late hours the night before, I was at the post-office before the door was open. I had never been so long without hearing from home, and my lips quivered when I asked the letters, my hand shook when I received them, and I hardly drew breath until I had finished the last post-

script.

My next business was at the bureau of general police for a carte de sejour, without which no stranger can remain in St Petersburg. As usual, I was questioned as to my profession, and the purpose of my visit. I turned in my every number, destination, &c.; and satisfied that I had no intention of preaching democratic doctrines, or subver-
ning the government of the autocrat, I received permi-
sion to remain two weeks, which, according to direction, I gave to my landlord, to be entered at the police-office of his district. As no stranger can stay in Petersburg without permission, a failure can be without consequence; and to obtain this, he must advertise three times in the Government Gazette, stating his name, address, and intention of leaving the empire; and as the Gazette is only published twice a-week, this formality occupies eight days. One of the objects of this is to apprise his creditors, and give them an opportunity of securing him. The other is to show that, by the grace of the autocrat, the imperfect civilization of the Russians more clearly than this; making it utterly impossible for a gentleman to spend a winter in St Petersburg, and go away without paying his landlord. This must prevent many a sorrowing spirit from wending its way hither, and keep the residents from being enlivened by the flight of those who have left the country, and have moved to the capitals of other cities. As there was no other way of getting out of the dominions of the Czar, I caused my name and intention to be advertised. It did not create much of a sensation; and though it was proclaimed in three different languages, no one except my landlord seemed to feel any interest in it. After all, to get in debt is the way to Washington; but to go out of it is to friends; a man's creditors always feel an interest in him. I hope no misfortune may happen to him, and always wish him prosperity and success.

These formalities over, I turned to other things. Different from every other principal city I had visited, St Petersburg had no storied associations to interest the traveller. There is no Colosseum, as at Rome; no Academia, as at Athens; no Rialto, as at Venice; no Palatine, as at Naples; nor any other place which radiates the men and scenes hallowed in our eyes, and nothing that can touch the heart. It depends entirely upon the interest it creates in the mind of the traveller.

St Petersburg is situated at the mouth of the Neva, at the eastern extremity of the Gulf of Finland. It is 30 miles from the Baltic, and from the other towns on both sides of that river. But little more than a century ago, the ground now covered with stately palaces, consisted of wild morasses and primeval forests, and a few huts tenanted by savage natives, who lived upon the fish of the sea. In 1703, Peter the Great appeared as a captain of grenadiers, under the orders of one of the towns of a large family, the Czar, and from the Neva, drove the Swedes from their fortress at its mouth, cut down the forests on the rude islands of the river, and laid the foundations of a city which now surpasses in architectural magnificence every other in the world. I do not believe that Rome, when Adrian reared the mighty Colosseum, and the palace of the Cæsars covered the Capitoline, was more considerable in interest. As the buildings of modern structures as now exist in the Admiralty Quartz, The Admiralty itself is the central point, on one side front-

ing the Neva, and on the other a large open square, and has a façade of marble, with ranges of columns, a quarter of a mile in length. A beautiful golden spire shoots up from the centre, towering above every other object, and seen from every part of the city glittering and sparkling among the trees and on the principal streets, each not more than two miles in length, radiate from this point. In front is a range of boulevards, ornamented with trees, and an open square, at one extremity of which stands the great church of St Isaac, of marble, jasper, and porphyry, upon a foundation of granite; it has been once destroyed, and reared again with increased splendour, enormous cost, and many difficulties, for the rock of granite already lifting their capitals in the air.

On the right of the façade, and near the Isaac Bridge, itself a magnificent structure, 1050 feet long and 60 feet
wide, with two draw-bridges, stands the well-known equestrian statue of Peter the Great. The huge block of granite forming the pedestal is 1500 tons in weight. The height of the figure of the emperor is 11 feet, that of the horse 17 feet, and the weight of the metal in the group nearly 37,000 pounds. Both the idea and the execution of this superb monument are regarded as masterpieces of genius. To immortalize this personal and personal courage with which that extraordinary man conquered all difficulties, and converted a few fishermen’s huts into palaces, Peter is represented on a fiery steed, rushing up a steep and precipitous rock to the very brink of a precipice; the horse rears with his fore-feet in the air, and seems to be impatient of resistless obstacles. A Temple rising from triumph, extends the hand of protection over his capital rising out of the waters. To aid the inspiration of the artist, a Russian officer, the boldest rider of his time, daily rode the wildest Arabian of Count Orloff’s stud to the summit of a steep mound, where he halted him suddenly, with his fore-legs raised pawing the air over the bridge of his neck. The monument is surrounded by an iron railing, and the pedestal bears the simple inscription, “Petro Primo, Catharina Secunda, MDCCCLXXXII.”

On the other side of the square, and in front of the Winter Palace—raised within the last two years, and the most gigantic work of modern days, rivaling those magnificent monuments in the Old World, whose ruins no man, and seldom a single column, has ever beheld, and whose names, as if to proclaim that the days of architec-tural greatness are not gone by for ever—is the great Alexandrine Column, a single shaft of red granite, exclusive of pedestal and capital, eighty-four feet high. On the summit stands an angel holding a cross with the left hand, and pointing to heaven with the right. This monument bears the simple inscription, “To Alexander I. Grateful Russia.”

Surrounding this is a crescent of lofty buildings, denominated the Etat Major, its central portion having before it a majestic colonnade of the Corinthian order, placed on a high rustic basement, with a balustrade of solid bronze gilt between the columns. In the middle is a triumphal arch, which, with its frieze, reaches nearly to the roof, and from the top extends, in a span of seventy feet, the entablature sculptured with military trophies, allegorical figures, and groups in alto relievo. Next, on a line with the Admiralty, and fronting the quay, stands the first of a long range of imperial palaces, extending in the form of a crescent for more than a mile along the Neva. The Winter Palace is a gigantic palazzo, and wholly stately by its granite, yet a façade of 740 feet. Next are the two palaces of the Hermitage, connected with it and with each other by covered galleries on bold arches; the beautiful and tasteful fronts of these palaces are strangely in contrast with their simple and unpretending name. Next is the stately Grecian theatre of the Hermitage. Beyond this are the palaces of the French ambassadors, and in the grand parlour of the French ambassador, then the marble palace built by Catherine II. for her favourite, Prince Orloff, with a basement of granite and superstructure of bluish marble, ornamented with marble columns and pillars. In this palace died Stanislaus Poniatowski, the last of the Polish sovereigns. This magnificent range, presenting an uninterrupted front of marble palaces, upward of a mile in length, and covering a ground of 25 acres, is terminated by an open square, in which stands a colossal statue of Swarow; beyond this, still on the Neva, is the beautiful summer garden fronting the palace of Paul II.; and near it, and at the upper end of the square, is the palace of the Grand Duke Michael.

Opposite is the citadel, with its low bastions of solid granite, and crowned by a tower of solid granite, beautified by the tall, slender, and richly-gilded spire of its church. On the one side of the Admiralty is the senatorial palace, and beyond opens the English Quay, with a range of build- ings that might well be called the residence of “mer-

chant princes,” while the opposite bank is crowded with public buildings, among which the most conspicuous are the palace of the Academy of the Fine Arts; the Obelisk, rising in the centre of a wide square, recording the glory of some long-remembered Russian hero; the build- ing of the Naval Cadet Corps, with its handsome front, and the barracks of the Guard of Finland; finally, the great pile of palace-like buildings belonging to the Military Cadet Corps, reaching nearly to the palace of the Academy of Sciences, and terminating with the magnificent Grecian front of the Exchange. I know that a verbal description can give but a faint idea of the character of this scene, nor would it help the understanding of it to say that it exhibits all that wealth and magnificence and splendour of which we can do, for few in our country know what even these powerful magnificences are. For myself, hardly noting the details, it was my greatest delight to walk daily to the bridge across the Neva, at the summer gardens, the view from which more than realised all the crude and imperfect notions of architec-tural magnificence that had ever floated through my mind. A result that I had never found in any other country is the pleasure of seeing Venice the Rich, or Genoa the Proud, although the latter is designated in guide-books the city of palaces.

Next to the palaces in solidity and beauty of structure, are the bridges crossing the Neva, and the magnificent quays along its course, these last being embankments of solid granite, lining the stream on either side with the side-walk of marble, two feet wide, covered with a beautiful, tasteful pavement.

I was always at a loss whether to ride or walk in St. Petersburg; sometimes I mounted a drosky, and rode up and down the Newski Perspective, merely for the sake of rolling over the wooden pavement. This street is perhaps more than twice as wide as Broadway; the gutter is in the middle, and on each side are wooden parapets, projecting about a foot, and forming a guard rail. The experiment of wooden pavements was first made in this street, and found to answer so well, that it has since been introduced into many others; and as the frost is more severe than with us, and it has stood the test of a Russian winter, if rightly constructed it will, no doubt, prove equally successful in our own city. This road is first covered with broken stone, or more frely. The experiment of wooden pavements was first made in this street, and found to answer so well, that it has since been introduced into many others; and as the frost is more severe than with us, and it has stood the test of a Russian winter, if rightly constructed it will, no doubt, prove equally successful in our own city. This road is first covered with broken stone, or more frely. The experiment of wooden pavements was first made in this street, and found to answer so well, that it has since been introduced into many others; and as the frost is more severe than with us, and it has stood the test of a Russian winter, if rightly constructed it will, no doubt, prove equally successful in our own city. This road is first covered with broken stone, or more frely.

When I left Paris, I had no expectation of travelling in Russia, and, consequently, had no letter of introduc-tion to Mr. Williams, our engineer, but I little thought of reaching St. Petersburg, I had made it a rule, imme-diately on my arrival in a strange place, to call upon our representative, whatever he might be, from a minister plenipotentiary down to a little Greek consul. I did so here, and was probably as well received upon my own introduction as if I had been recommended by letter to the highest. I was conducted to a square, with a dinner, usually consequent upon a letter, and, besides, much interesting information from home, and, more than all, a budget of New York newspapers. It was a long time since I had seen a New York paper, and I hailed all the well-known names, informed myself of every house to let, every vessel to sail, all the cotton in the world, and as many and more than that, in Hart’s Bazaar; read with particular interest the sales of real estates by James Bleecker and Sons; wondered at the rapid increase of the city in creating a demand for building lots in one hundred and twenty-seventh street, and reflected that some of my old friends had probably grown so rich that they would not recognise me on my return.

Having made arrangements for the afternoon visit to the Summer Islands, I dined with my friend the colonel, in company with Prince —. (I leave his name in my pocket-book, written by himself, and could give a foto simile of it, but I could not spell it.) The prince was about forty-five, a high-toned gentleman, a nobleman in

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his feelings, and kindly in his manners, though, for a
prince, rather out at elbows in fortune. The colonel
and guard of honor were second in rank to the
prince. All the guards during the whole of the French
invasion, and entered Paris with the allied armies as
officers in the same regiment. Like most of the
Russian seigneurs, they had run through their fortunes
in their military career. The colonel, however, had been
set up again by an inheritance from a deceased relative, but the
prince remained minute, and was now living upon a
fragment saved from the wreck of his estate, a pension
for his military services, and the bitter experience
acquired by a course of youthful extravagance. Like
many of the reduced Russian seigneurs, he was disaffec-
ted towards the government, and liberal in politics; he
was a warm admirer of liberal institutions, had
speculated upon and invested in them; and, like the
domestic, and the spirit of liberty as developed by the
American and French revolu-
tions; when he talked of Washington, he folded his
hands and looked up to heaven, as if utterly unable
or his sight of his emotions. With us, the story
of our revolution is a hackneyed theme, and even the
sacred name of Washington has become almost com-
ommonplace. But the young
prince spoke of him, invested him in my eyes with a
new and holy character. After dinner, and while on
our way to the summer islands, we stopped at his
apartments, where he showed me the picture of Washington
conspicuous on the wall; under it, by way of contrast, was
that of Napoleon; and he summed up the characters
of both in a few words. In them, he said, one was all
for himself, the other all for his country.

The Summer Islands on Sundays and fete-days are
the great promenade of the residents of the capital, and the
approach to them is either by land or water. We
preferred the latter, and at the Admiralty took a boat
on the Neva. All along the quay are flights of steps
cut in the granite, and descending to a granite platform,
where piles of logs are laid for passengers to sit upon.
These boats are fantastically painted, and have the
stern raised some three or four feet; sometimes they
are covered with an awning. The oak is of dispropor-
tionate thickness towards the handle, the blade very
broad, always feathered in rowing, and the boatman, in
calico or linen shirt and pantaloons, his long yellowish
beard, his mustaches, and his boatman's hat, are
much like a gondolier of Venice. In passing down the
Neva I noticed, about half way between low-water mark and the top of
the quay, a ring which serves to fasten vessels, and is
the mark to which, if the water rises, an inundation
may be expected. The police are always on the watch,
and the fearful moment is announced by the firing
of cannon, by the display of white flags from the Admiralty
steeples by day, and by lanterns and bells at night.
In the last dreadful inundation of 1824, bridges were swept away, boats flotanted in some parts of
the town above the tops of the houses, and many villages
were entirely destroyed. At Cronstadt, a vessel of 100
tons was left in the middle of one of the principal streets; 8000
dead bodies were found and buried, and probably many who were not
immediately hurled on to the waters of the
Gulf of Finland.

It was a fete-day in honour of some church festival, and a great portion of the population of St Petersburg
was bending its way towards the Summer Islands. The
emperor and empress were expected to honour the
promenade with their presence, and all along the quay
boats were shooting out loaded with gay parties, and
as the fete-day continued to pass, there was a
appearance of things almost covering the surface of the river. We were
obliged to wait till perhaps a dozen boats had discharged
their passengers, before we could land.

These islands are formed by the branches of the Neva,
at about three versts from St Petersburg. They
are beautifully laid out in grass and gravel walks, orna-
mented with trees, lakes, shrubs, and flowers, connected
together by light and elegant bridges, and adorned with
beautiful little summer houses. These summer-houses
are perfectly captivating; light and airy in their con-
struction, and completely buried among the trees. As
we walked up we were surrounded by shrubs, and
there they do not want a flora, with a
beautiful lawn or garden, just enough exposed to let the
passer-by imagine what he pleased; and on the lawn
was a light fanciful tent, or an arbour hung with foliage,
der which the occupants, with perhaps a party of
friends from the city, were taking tea, and groups of
rosy children were romping around. While the
lands were passing by and looking on, with as perfect
appearance of domestic abandon as if in the privacy
of the fireside. I have sometimes reproached myself
that my humour changed with every passing scene;
but, insomuch as it generally tended towards at least a
momentary satisfaction, I did not seek to check it; and
although, perhaps, I did not always feel as
I ought to have felt, I am sure I have often
experienced a sort of elation from such a family exhibition, here it was perfectly
delightful. It seemed like going back to a simpler
and purer age. The gay and smiling faces seemed to
indicate happy hearts; and when I saw a mother playing
on the green with a little cherub daughter, I felt how
I hung upon the community, a loose and disjoined
member, and would fain have added myself to some
such close and happy circle. Never however, I saw a papa
flogging a chubby urchin, who drownded
with his bellowing the music from a neighbouring
arbour, which somewhat broke the charm of this public
exhibition of scenes of domestic life.

Besides these little retiring-places, or summer resi-
dences of citizens, restaurans, and houses of
relishes, there are numerous groups of
residences created by the taste, luxury, and
wealth of private individuals, there are summer theatres and
imperial villas. But the gem of the islands is the
little imperial palace at Cammenoi. I have walked
through royal palaces, and admired their state and
grandeur without one wish to possess them, but I felt
these little groupings on the banks of the Neva,
so grand and stately as to freeze and chill one, but a
thing of extraordinary simplicity and elegance, in a
beautiful picturesque situation, heightened by a charmin-
g dispositions of lawn and trees, so elegant, and, if
I may add such an unpoetical word in the description of
this imperial residence, so comfortable, that I told the
prince if I were a Rasselas escaped from the
Valley I would look no farther for a resting-place.

The prince replied, that in the good old days of Russian
barbarism, when a queen swept the sceptre, Russia
had been a great field for enterprising and adventurous
young men, and in more than one instance a palace had
been the reward of a favourite. We gave a sigh to the
memory of those good old days, and at eleven o'clock
that evening, by the light of lanterns, we crossed the
whole road from the Summer Islands, and the great
street leading to the Admiralty, were lighted with little
glass lamps, arranged on the side walks about six feet
apart, but they almost realised the conceit of illuminat-
ing the sun by hanging candles around it, seeming
ashamed of their own sickly glare, and struggling vainly
with the glorious twilight.

The valet who had taken me
as his master, and who told others in the house that
he could not attend to them, as he was in my service,
informed me that a traveller, arrived from Warsaw
the night before, had taken apartments in the same hotel,
and could give me all necessary information in regard
to that route; and after breakfast I sent him with my
compliments, to ask the traveller if he would admit me,
and shortly after called myself. He was a young man,
under thirty, above the middle size, strong and robust
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"TRAVELS IN RUSSIA."

"TRAVELS IN RUSSIA."

TRAVELS IN RUSSIA.

of frame, with good features, light complexion, but very much freckled, a head of extraordinary red hair, and a mustache of the same brilliant colour; and he was dressed in old, long, mornig-gown, and smoking a pipe with an air of no small dignity and importance. I explained the purpose of my visit, and he gave me as precise information as possibly be had; and the most gratifying part of the interview was, that before we separated, he told me that he intended returning to Warsaw in about ten days, and would be happy to have my company. I crossed the bridge, and entered the gate of the fortress. It is built on a small island, and originally formed part of the river; and on the river side it is surrounded by walls cases with granite, in the centre of which is a large gate or sallyport. As a fortress, it is now useless; but it is a striking specimen of the ancient art of fortification. I found the river, and an interesting monument in the history of the place, and Peter I. had selected this spot for his citadel and the foundation of his city. At that time it contained two fishing-huts in the ruins, the only original habitations on the island. It was necessary to cut down the trees, and elevate the surface of the island with dirt and stone brought from other places, before he commenced building the fortress; and the labour of the work was immense, no less than 40,000 workmen being employed at one time. Soldiers, Swedish prisoners, Ingrains, Carelians and Cossacks, Tartars and Calmuses, were brought from their distant solitudes, to lay the foundation of the imperial city, labouring entirely destitute of all the comforts of life, sleeping on the damp ground and in the open air; often standing without shelter from the rain and wind, and living on a daily meal; and, moreover, without pickaxes, spades, or other instruments of labour, and using only their bare hands for digging; but in spite of all this, the work advanced with amazing rapidity, and in four months the fortress was completed. The principal objects of interest it now contains are the Imperial entrance, the St. Michael Gate, the Russian Gate, the St. Peter Gate, and the place called the Park. Brought up in a community where "making money" is the great business of life, I ought perhaps to have entered the former, but I turned away from the ingots of gold and silver, and entered the old church, the burial place of Peter the Great, and nearly all the czars and czarinas, emperors and empresses, since his time. Around the walls were arranged flags and banners, the broken and decayed, the waving mournfully over the tombs of the dead. Some bright light broke through the lofty windows, and I moved directly to the tomb of Peter. It is near the great altar, of plain marble, in the shape of a square coffin, without any ornament but a gold plate, on one end of which are engraved his name and title; and at the other, the monogram of the empire above a large cross, cut with a brush. It was with a mingled feeling of veneration and awe that I stood by the tomb of Peter. I had always felt a profound admiration for this extraordinary man, one of those prodigies of nature which appear on the earth only once in many centuries; a combination of greatness and cruelty, the sternness of whose temper spared neither age nor sex, nor the slightest ties of kindred; whose single mind changed the face of an immense empire, and the character of millions, and yet who often remarked with bitter compunction, "I can reform my people, but I cannot reform myself." By his side lies the body of his wife, Catherine I., the beautiful Livonian, the daughter of a peasant girl, and the wife of a common soldier, who, by a wonderful series of events, had founded and conducted the gigantic empire. Her fascination soothed the savage Peter in his mostatous. She was the mediatrice between the stern monarch and his subjects; mercy was ever on her lips, and one who knew her well writes what might be inscribed in letters of gold upon her tomb:—"She was a pretty well-looked woman, but not of that sublimity of wit, or rather that quickness of imagination, which some people have supposed. The great reason why the Czar was so fond of her was her exceeding good temper; she never was seen peevish or out of humour; obliging and civil to all, and never forgetful of her former condition, and withal mighty grateful." Near their imperial parents lie the bodies of their two daughters, Anne of Holstein and the Empress Elizabeth. Peter, on his death-bed, in an interval of
delirium, called to him his daughter Anne, as it was supposed, with the intention of settling upon her the crown, but suddenly relapsed into insensibility; and Anne, his only married daughter, being domiciled in exile, leaving one son, the unfortunate Peter III.

Elizabeth died on the throne, a motley character of goodness, indulgence, and voluptuousness, and extremely admired for her great personal attractions. She was never married, but, as she frequently owned to her confidants, never happy but when in love. She was so tender of heart that she made a vow to inflict no capital punishment during her reign; she shed tears upon the news of every victory gained by her troops, from the reflection that it could not have been gained without bloodshed, and would never give her consent for the execution of a felon, however deserving; and yet she condemned two noble ladies, one of them the most heretofore wond to a large measure vicissitudes of the knot in the open square of St Petersburg.

I strolled for a few moments among the other imperial sepulchres, and returned to the tomb of Peter's family. Separate monuments are erected over their bodies, all in the shape of large oblong tombed stones, ornamented with gold, and enclosed by high iron railings. As I leaned against the wall of the mosque, I beheld the sepulchre of one of the chief member of his imperial family. It was an awful chasm; Where was his first-born child and only son—the presumptive heir of his throne and empire! Early the object of his unnatural prejus, excluded from the throne, imprisoned, tortured, tried, condemned, sentenced to death, by the stern decrees of his offended father.

The ill-starred Alexius lies in the vaults of the church, in the imperial sepulchre, but without any tomb or inscription to perpetuate the recollection of his unhappy existence. And there is something awful in the juxtaposition of the dead; he lies by the side of his unhappy consort, the amiable Princess Charlotte, who died the victim of his brutal neglect; so as the last relics of the family were given to Peter, unwilling to disturb the tranquillity of her last hour, she never mentioned his name, and welcomed death as a release from her sufferings.

Leaving the church, I went to a detached building within the fortress, where is preserved, in a separate building, the four-sailed boat, as a memorial of the voyage of Peter to Orthrop, in the year 1697. About the year 1691, Peter saw this boat at a village near Moscow; and inquiring the cause of its being built differently from those he was in the habit of seeing, learned that it was contrived to go against the wind. Under the direction of Brandt, the Dutch shipwright who built it, he acquired the art of managing it. He afterwards projected and contrived the same model; and from this beginning went on till he surprised all Europe by a large fleet on the Baltic and the Black Sea. Twenty years afterwards he laid it down, and gave a grand public entertainment, which he called the consecration of the little grandire. The fleet, consisting of twenty-six vessels, was adorned with the full moon of a shape of a half moon. Peter embarked in the little grandire, himself steering, and three admirals and Prince Mendickow riving, and made a circuit in the gulf, passing by the fleet, the ships striking their flags and saluting it with their guns, while the little grandire returned each salute by a discharge of three small pieces. It was then towed up to St Petersburg, where its arrival was celebrated by a masquerade upon the waters, and Peter again steering, the boat proceeded to the fortress, and under a discharge of all the artillery, it was deposited where it now lies.

Returning, I took a bath in the Neva. In bathing, as in every thing else, the Russians profit by the short breezes. It was then towed up to St Petersburg, where it was stationed at intervals along the quay of the river, besides several smaller ones, tasteful and ornamental in appearance, being the private property of rich seigneurs. I went into one of the former, where a swimming-master was teaching a school of boys the art of swimming. The water of the Neva was the first thing I had found regularly Russian, that is, excessively cold; and though I bathed it several times afterwards, I always found it the same.

At five o'clock I went to dine with Mr Wilkins. He had broken up his establishment, and taken apartments at the house of an English lady, where he lived much in the same style as at home. He had been at St Petersburg but a short time, and, I believe, was not particularly well pleased with it, and was then making arrangements to return. I had never met with Mr Wilkins in our own country, and I consider myself under obligations to him; for, not bringing him any letter, I stood an entire stranger in St Petersburg, with nothing but my passport to show that I was an American citizen, and he might have even avoided the bother of a reception, and left the country; but he affected far more about me. But the politeness which he had shown me as a stranger increased to kindness; and I was in the habit of calling upon him at all times, and certainly without any expectation of ever putting him in print. We had at table a parti quarré, consisting of Mr Wilkins, Mr Gibson, who has been our consul, and Mr Wakefield, who is a relation of the late Mr Clay, the secretary of legation, who had been twice left as chargé d'affaires at the imperial court, and was then lately married to an English lady in St Petersburg. After dinner, three or four American merchants came in; and at eleven o'clock, having made an appointment to go with them, and to be by him in the evening, Mr Clay and I walked home along the quay, under that enchanting twilight which I have already so often thrust upon the reader, and which I only regret that I cannot make him realize and enjoy.

CHAPTER XI.

A New Friend.—The Winter Palace.—Importance of a Hat.—An Artificial Mine.—Remains of a huge Monster.—Peter the Great's Workshop.—The Greek Religion.—Tomb of a Hero.—A Small Militant.—Another Love Affair.—The Hermitage.—The Winter and Summer Gardens.

Early in the morning, while at breakfast, I heard a loud knock at my door, which was opened without waiting for an answer, and in walked a tall, stout, dashing-looking young man, with a blue frock, white pantaloons, and a vest of many colours, a heavy gold chain around his neck, an enormous Indian cane in his hand, and a broad-brimmed hat brought down on one side, over his right eye in particular. He had a terrible secon on his face, which seemed the worse to his pleasure, and the dignity of his amazing costume, and he bowed on his entrance with as much hauteur as if he meant to turn me out of my own room. I stared at him in unfeigned astonishment, when, putting his cane under his arm, and pulling off his hat, his intensely red head broke upon me with a blaze of beauty, and I recognised my friend and his fellow-traveller, the French Belgian Pole, whom I had seen in an old morning-gown and slippers. I saw through my man at once; and speedily knocking on the head his overwhelming formality, came upon him with the old college salutation, asking him to pull off his clothes and stay a week; and he complied almost literally, for in less than ten minutes he had off his coat and waistcoat, cravat and boots, and was kicking up his heels on my bed. I soon discovered that he was a capital fellow, a great beast in his little town on the frontiers of Poland, and one of a class by no means uncommon, that of the very ugly men who imagine themselves very handsome. While he was kicking his heels over the footboard, he asked me what I believed for twenty years, and told him that I could not undertake to speak the public view of such a man; so that, for myself, I did not admire it as much as some people did, though, as to his, there was something striking about it, which was strictly true, for it was such an
enormous mop, that as his head lay on the pillow, it looked like a bust set in a large red frame. All the time, he held in his hand a pocket-looking-glass and a small brush, with which he kept brushing his mustaches, giving them a polish that I thought to have been wrong on the mustache; and, taking the brush, brought them out of their twist, and gave them an inclination à la Turque, recommending my own as a model; but he soon got them back to their place, and, rising, shook his gory locks, and began to dress himself, or, as he said, to put himself in perdicment for a walk. My new friend was for no small game, and proposed visiting some of the palaces. On the way he confided to me a conquest he had already made since his arrival: a beautiful young lady, of course, the daughter of an Italian music-master, who resided directly opposite our hotel. He said he had applied for an apartment next to mine, which commanded a view of the window at which she sat, and asked me, as a friend, whether it would be interfering with me. Having received my assurance that I had no intentions in that quarter, he said he would order his effects to be removed the same day.

By this time we had arrived at the Winter Palace, presenting, as I have before remarked, a marble front on the Neva of more than 700 feet, or as long as the side of a palace more than twice as impressive as that of the Tuileries, or any other royal palace in Europe. We approached the large door of entrance to this stately pile, and, notwithstanding my modest application, backed by my companion's dashling exterior, we were turned away by the imperial footman because we had not on dress-coats. We went home, and soon returned on being assured we were admitted to the imperial residence. We ascended the principal story by the great marble staircase, remarkable for its magnificence and the grandeur of its architecture. There are nearly 100 principal rooms on the first floor, occupying an area of 400,000 square feet, and forming almost a labyrinth of splendour. The grand staircase of the finest marble, with a row of columns at each end, and the side decorated with attached columns, rich gilding, and splendid mirrors. The great Hall of St George is one of the richest and most superb rooms on the Continent, not excepting the pride of the Tuileries or Versailles. It is a parallelogram of 140 feet by 90, decorated by the celebrated Chiparus, and covered with porphyritic marble, with capitals and bases of bronze, richly gilded, and supporting a gallery with a gilded bronze balustrade of exquisite workmanship. At one end, on a platform, is the throne, approached by a flight of eight steps covered with the richest Genon velvet, embroidered with gold, with the double-headed eagle expanding his wings above it. The large windows on both sides are hung with the richest drapery, and the room is embellished by magnificent mirrors and colossal candelabras profusely gilded.

We passed on to the salle blanche, which is nearly of the same dimensions, and beautifully chaste in design and finish. Its elevation is greater, and the sides are subdivided by large columns, supporting reliefs of a soft white tint, without the least admixture of gaudy colours. The space between the Hall of St George and the salle blanche is occupied as a gallery of national portraits, where the Russians who distinguished themselves during the French invasion are exhibited in half-length portraits, as rewards for their military services. The three field-marshals, Kutuzow, Barclay de Tolly, and the Duke of Wellington, are represented at full length. The symbol which accompanies the hero of Waterloo is that of imperishable strength, the British oak, "the triumphant of many storms."

I will not carry the reader through all the magnificent apartments, but I cannot help mentioning the Diamond Room, containing the crowns and jewels of the imperial family. Diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, are arranged round the room in small cases, of such dazzling beauty that it is almost bewildering to look at them. I had already acquired almost a passion for gazing at precious stones. At Constantinople I had wandered through the bazaars, under the guidance of a Jew, and seen all the diamonds collected and for sale at the capital of the East; but I was astonished at the brilliancy of this little chamber, and, in my strongly awakened admiration, looked upon the miser, who, before the degrading days of bonds and mortgages, converted his wealth into jewels and precious stones, as a man of elegant and refined taste. The crown of the emperor is adorned with a chapelet of oak-leaves made of diamonds of an extraordinary size, and the imperial sceptre contains one supposed to be the largest in the world, being the celebrated stone purchased by the Empress Catherine II. from a Greek slave, for 450,000 rubles and a large pension for life. 80,000 persons were employed in the construction of this palace; upwards of 2000 habitually reside in it, and even a larger number when the emperor is in St Petersburg. The imperial flag was then floating from the top of the palace, as an indication to his subjects of his majesty's presence in the capital; and about the time that his majesty sat down to his royal dinner, we were working upon a cotelle de mouton, and drinking in vin ordinaire health and long life to Nicholas I.; and afterwards, in talking over a glass of wine, one of the courtiers, who was a courier, said that, at the expense of courtesy of the imperial footmen, we added health and long life to the Lady Autocat and all the little autocrats.

After dinner we took our coffee at the Café Chinois, on the Newski Perspective, equal, if not superior, in style and decoration, to any thing in Paris. Even the English Government have not attempted to reach the standard of this establishment. We were received at an elevation of 150 feet above the street, by an accommodation of Chinese servants, who conducted us to a tasteful sitting-room covered with tapestries, and containing a table of rich lacquer inlaid with mother of pearl, a large mirror embarrassed with Chinese figures of liveries, and beautiful vases and bottles of Chinese porcelain. At a table of two, we were engaged in the conversation of the Chinese manager, or consul, who, having observed that we were Americans, asked us to accompany him to some of the public institutions, I called for him, and finding him disengaged, we took a boat on the Neva, and went first to the Academy of Arts, standing conspicuously on the right bank opposite the English Quay, and, perhaps, the most splendid structure in St Petersburg. In the concert-room are two noble Egyptian sarcophagi. A magnificent staircase, with a double flight of granite steps, leads to a grand landing-place with broad galleries around it, supporting, by means of Ionic columns, the cupula, which crowns the whole. The Rotunda is a fine apartment of exquisite proportions, decorated with statues and busts; and at the upper end of the Conference-room stands a large table, at the head of which is a full length portrait of Nicholas under a rich canopy. In one room are a collection of models from the antique, and another of the paintings of native artists, some of which are considered as indicating extraordinary talent.

That night my new friend had his effects removed to a room adjoining mine, and the next morning I found him sitting in his window with a book in his hand, watching the young lady opposite. He was so pleased with his occupation that I could not get him away, and went off without him. Mr. Wilkins having offered to accompany me to some of the public institutions, I called for him, and finding him disengaged, we took a boat on the Neva, and went first to the Academy of Arts, standing conspicuously on the right bank opposite the English Quay, and, perhaps, the most splendid structure in St Petersburg. In the concert-room are two noble Egyptian sarcophagi. A magnificent staircase, with a double flight of granite steps, leads to a grand landing-place with broad galleries around it, supporting, by means of Ionic columns, the cupula, which crowns the whole. The Rotunda is a fine apartment of exquisite proportions, decorated with statues and busts; and at the upper end of the Conference-room stands a large table, at the head of which is a full length portrait of Nicholas under a rich canopy. In one room are a collection of models from the antique, and another of the paintings of native artists, some of which are considered as indicating extraordinary talent.

From hence we went to the Hotel des Mines, where the name of the American minister procured us admis-
tion without the usual permit. The Hotel des Mines was instituted by the great Peter for the purpose of training a mining engineer corps, to explore scientifically the vast mineral resources of the empire, and also engineers for the army. Like all the other public edifices, the building is grand and imposing, and the arrangement of the different rooms and galleries is admirably done, and in a large collection of medals, and in another of coins. Besides specimens of general mineralogy of extraordinary beauty, there are native iron from the Lake Olenotz, silver ore from Tobolsk, and gold sand from the Oural Mountains; and in iron-bound cases, beautifully ornamented, there is a rich collection of native gold, found either in the mines before the building was begun, 3456 of which one piece of which was discovered at the depth of three and a half feet in the sand, weighing more than 24 pounds. The largest piece of platinum in existence, from the mines of Demidoff, weighing 10 pounds, is here also; and, above all, a colossal specimen of amala- chatite weighing 3456 pounds, and, at the common average price of turquoise of copper and carbonic acid, worth £3750 sterling.

But the most curious part of this valuable repository is under ground, being a model of a mine in Siberia. Furnished with lighted tapers, we followed our guides through winding passages cut into the bowels of the earth, the sides of which represented, by the aggregation of real specimens, the various stratifications, with all the characteristic plants, and the different minerals of earth, as they were found in the natural state; the coal formation, veins of copper, and in one place of gold, being particularly well represented, forming an admirable practical school for the study of geology, though under a chillness of atmosphere which would be likely very soon to put an end to studies of all kinds.

We passed through one of the grand halls of the Academy of Sciences, by far the most interesting part of our day’s visiting. This, too, was founded by the Great Peter. I hardly know why, but I had already acquired a warm admiration for the stout old czar. There was nothing high or chivalric about him, but every step in Russia, from the Black Sea to the Baltic, showed me what he had done to advance the condition of his people. I knew all this as matter of history, but here I felt it as fact. We strolled through the mineralogical and zoological repositories, and stopped before the skeleton of that stupendous inhabitant of a former world, denominated the mammuth, whose fame had been carried over the waste of waters even to our distant country, and beside which even the skeletons of elephants looked insignificant. What was he, who could he have, and is his race extinct! It gave rise to a long train of interesting speculation, to endow him with life, and see him striding with gigantic steps, the living tenant of a former world; and more interesting still to question, as others had done, whether he was not, after all, one of a race of animals not yet extinct, and perhaps wandering even now through unknown regions of the earth.

There is also in this part of the museum a collection of anatomical specimens and of human monsters; an unpleasing exhibition, though, on doubt, useful to medical science; among them was a child with two heads from America. More interesting to me was a large collection of insects, of medals, and particularly of the different forms of the Asiatic, African, and American coins, consisting of bracelets, vases, crowns, bucklers, rings, sabres with golden hilts, Tartar idols, &c., many of them of great value, and of very elegant workmanship, which have given rise to much interesting speculation in regard to the character of the people who formerly inhabited that country. The Asiatic museum contains a large collection of Chinese porcelain, books and manuscripts; Mahommedan, Chinese, and Japanese coins; an interesting assemblage of Mongoloid idols cut in bronze and gilded, and illustrating the religious of Buddha. There is also an Egyptian museum, containing about a thousand articles. The cabinet of curiosities contains figures of all the different people conquered under the government of Russia, inhabited in their national costumes; also of Chinese, Persians, Aleutans, Cabelians, and the inhabitants of many of the Eastern, Pacific, or Northern Islands, discovered or visited by Russian travellers and navigators, as well as of the different nations inhabiting Siberia.

But by far the most interesting part of the museum is the cabinet of Peter himself, consisting of a suite of apartments, in which the old czar was in the habit of passing his leisure hours engaged in some mechanical employment. In one room are several brass cylinders turned by his own hands, and covered with battle-scenes of his own engraving. Also an iron bar forged by him; bas-reliefs executed in copper, representing scenes in his long reign; a mandrel of curious and highly wrought workmanship, and a group in ivory representing Abraham offering up his son Isaac, the ram and the angel Gabriel cut out entire. In another room is his workshop, containing a variety of vessels and models etched in copper, and a copperplate with an unfinished battle-scene. His tools and implements are strewed about the room, sometimes by his own hands; he left them the last time he was there. In another chamber were the distended skin of his French body-servant, seven feet high; the Arabian horse which he rode at the bloody battle of Pultowa, and the two favourite dogs which always accompanied him; and in another the figure of the old czar himself in wax, as large as life; the features, beyond doubt, bear the likeness of the actual face, being taken from a cast applied to his face when dead, and shaded in imitation of his real complexion. The eyebrows and hair are black, the eyes dark, the complexion swarthy, and aspect stern. This figure is surrounded by the portraits of his predecessors, in their barbarian costumes, himself seated in an arm-chair in the same splendid dress which adorned with a crown on the head of his beloved Catherine. Here, also, are his uniform of the guards, gorget, scarf, and sword, and hat shot through at the battle of Pultowa; and the last thing which the guide put into my hands was a long stick measuring his exact height, and showing him literally a great man, being six Russian feet. It was a strange association to consider that this great and mighty sovereign, who had fled from the kingdom, was not, as his eyes met the mirror, 3456 feet high, but the old czar was no shoemaker. Nevertheless, these memorials were all deeply interesting; and though I had seen the fruits of his labours from the Black Sea to the Baltic, I never felt such a strong personal attraction to him as I did here.

I was obliged to decline dining with Mr Williams, in consequence of an engagement with my friend the Pole; I returned him at the window with a book in his hand, precisely in the same position in which I had left him. After dinner, a servant came in and delivered a message, and he proposed a walk on the Admiralty Boulevards. It was the fashionable hour for promenades, and, after a turn or two, he discovered his fair enamelier, accompanied by her father and several concierges of the palace, whom he was particularly devoted to her. She was a pretty little girl, and seemed to me mere child, certainly not more than fifteen. His admiration had commenced on the Boulevards the first afternoon of his arrival, and had increased violently during the whole day, while he was sitting at the window. He paraded me up and down the street, by the waiter himself, who shrank back, and with the eyes of the principal, and particularly devoted to her. She was a pretty little girl, and seemed to me mere child, certainly not more than fifteen. His admiration had commenced on the Boulevards the first afternoon of his arrival, and had increased violently during the whole day, while he was sitting at the window. He paraded me up and down the street, by the waiter himself, who shrank back, and with the eyes of the principal, and
me from joining his evening promenades. Soon after, they left the Boulevards, and we returned to our hotel, where he entertained me with a history of his love adventures at home, and felicitations upon his good fortune in finding himself already engaged in one here.

Sunday. Until the early part of the tenth century, the religion of Russia was a gross idolatry. In 835, Olga, then a widow of Igor, the son of Rurik, and from Denmark to Kiev, was baptised at Constantinople, and introduced Christianity into Russia, though her family and nation adhered for a long time to the idolatry of their fathers. The great schism between the Eastern and Western churches had already taken place, and the Christianity derived from Constantinople was of course of the Greek persuasion. The Greek Church believed to the godhead of the Trinity, but differed from the Catholic in some refined and subtle distinction in regard to what is called the procession of the Holy Ghost. It enjoins the invocation of saints as mediators, and permits the use of pictures, as a means of inspiring and strengthening devotion. The well-informed understand the use for which they are intended, but these forms are a very small portion of the community, and probably the great bulk of the people worship the pictures themselves. The clergy are, in general, very poor and very ignorant. The priests are not received at the tables of the upper classes, but they exercise an almost controlling influence over the lower, and they exhibited this influence in rousing the surfs against the French, which may be ascribed partly, perhaps, to feelings of patriotism, and partly to the fact that Napoleon would strip their churches of their treasures, tear down their monasteries, and turn themselves out of doors. But of the population of 55,000,000, 15,000,000 are divided into Roman Catholics, Armenians, Protestants, Jews, and Mahomedans, and among the Caucasians, Georgians, Circassians, and Mongol tribes, nearly 2,000,000 are pagans; the Brahmans, Lamists, and worshippers of the sun.

For a people so devout as the Russians, the utmost toleration prevails throughout the whole empire, and particularly in St Petersburg. Churches of every denomination stand but a short distance apart on the Neisvski Perspective. The Russian cathedral is nearly opposite the great Catholic church, and between the Armenians, the Lutherans, the churches for Dissenters, and a mosque for the Mahomedans; and on Sunday thousands are seen bending their steps to their separate churches, to worship according to the faith handed down to them by their fathers.

Early in the morning, taking with me a valet, and joining the crowd that was already hurrying with devoutness to the great churches, the crowds and the architecture, and the fine workmanship, supported on a large gilded ball. Within, fifty noble columns, each of one piece of solid granite from Finland, forty-eight feet high and four feet in diameter, surrounded by a rich capital of bronze, and resting on a massive bronze base, support an arched roof richly ornamented with flowers in bas-relief. The decorations of the altar are rich and splendid, the draperies of crimson, the images of the saints in front, being of silver. As in the Catholic churches, there are no pews, chairs, or benches, and all over the floor were the praying figures of the Russians. Around the walls were arranged military trophies, flags, banners, and the keys of fortresses wrested from the enemies of Russia; but far more interesting than her columns, and colossal statues, and military trophies, is the tomb of the warrior Kutuzow; simple and remarkable for the appropriate warlike trophy over it, formed of French flags and the eagles of Napoleon. Admiration for heroism owns no geographical or territorial limits, and I ply the man who could stand by the grave of Kutuzow without feeling it a sacred spot. The Emperor Alexander with his own hands took the most precious jewel from his crown, and sent it to the warrior, with a letter announcing to him his elevation to the rank of Prince of Smolensk; but richer than jewels or principalities is the tribute which his countrymen pay at his tomb.

The cathedral of our Lady of Kazan contains another monument of barbarian patriotism. There is a celebrated leader of the Cossacks, during the period of the French invasion, having intercepted a great part of the booty which the French were carrying from Moscow, sent it to the metropolitan or head of the church, with a characteristic letter, directing it to be "made into an image of the four Evangelists, and adorn the church of the Archangel Michael, and glorify God." The letter says: "Hasten to erect in the temple of God this monument of battle and victory; and while you erect it, say, with thankfulness to Providence, the enemies of Russia are no more; the vengeance of God has overthrown them on the soil of Russia; and the road they have gone has been strewn with their bones, to the utter confusion of their frantic and proud and ignoble Gauls.

(Signed) Platoff.

From the church of our Lady of Kazan I went to the Protestant church, where I again joined in an orthodox service. The interior of the church is elegant, though externally it can scarcely be distinguished from a private building. The seats are free, the men sitting on one side, and the women on the other. Mr Law, the clergyman, said these men of God are greatly loved by their congregation. After church I walked to the convent of Alexander Newski, the burial-place of Prince Alexander, who obtained in the thirteenth century a splendid victory over the allied forces of Sweden, Denmark, and Livonia; afterwards became a monk, and for his pure and holy life was canonised, and now ranks as a saint in the Church of Russia.

The warrior was first buried at Moscow, but Peter the Great had his remains transported with great ceremony to this place, a procession of 1000 priests walking barefoot all the way. The monastery stands at the extreme end of the Newski Perspective, and within its precincts are several churches and a large cemetery. It is the residence of a distinguished prelate of the Greek Church and a large fraternity of monks. The dress of the monks is a loose black cloak and round black cap, and no one can be admitted a member until the age of thirty. We entered a grand portal, walked up a long avenue, and, crossing a bridge over a stream, worked our way between lines of the carriages of nobles and ladies, and crowds of the people in their best bell-crowned figures; and among the warriors, also of bronze, are dedicated to the door of the principal church, a large and beautiful specimen of modern Corinthian architecture. I remarked the great entrance, the lofty dome, the fresco paintings on the ceilings, and the arches, and decorations on the walls; the altar-piece of white Carrara marble, paintings by Rubens and Vandyck, the holy statues in the niches, the gilded and scintillating splendours, and all, as well as the great gilded bronze, and surrounded by the representation of a dazzling aureo of different coloured metals, and in the centre the initials of that awful name which none in Israel save the initiated were permitted to pronounce. I walked around, and paused before the tomb of the warrior saint.

A sacred censer, or coffin of massive silver, standing on a pedestal, ornamented in bas-relief, representing scenes of battles with the Swedes, contains his relics; a rich ermine lies upon the coffin, and above is a silver canopy. On each side is a warrior clothed in armour, with his helmet, breastplate, shield, and spear, also of massive silver. The altar rises thirty feet in height, of solid silver, with groups of military figures, and many trophies of war, and, in short, everything is thrown, as it were, into this vessel of curious workmanship holding the bones of several holy men, the whole of extraordinary magnificence and cost-
lines of material, upwards of 4000 pounds' weight of silver having been used in the construction of the chapel and shrine. The dead sleep the same whether in silver coffins or in the bare earth, but the stately character of the church, dimly lighted, and the splendour and richness of the material, gave a peculiar solemnity to the tomb of the warrior saint.

Leaving the churches, I strolled through the cloisters of the monastery, and entered the great cemetery. There, as in the great cemetery of Père la Chaise at Paris, all that respect, and love, and affection can do to honour the memory of the dead, and all that vanity and folly can do to ridicule it, have been accomplished. There are seen epitaphs of affecting brevity and elaborate amplification; every design, every device, figure, emblem, and device, am; every species of material, from native granite to Carrara marble and pure gold. Among the simpler tombs of poets, warriors, and statesmen, a monument of the most gigantic proportions is erected to snatch from oblivion the name of a rich Russian merchant. The base is a solid cubic block of the most superb marble, on which is a solid pedestal of black marble, seven feet high, and of most elegant proportions, surmounted by a gold cross twenty feet in height. At each of the four corners is a colossal candelabrum of cast iron, with entwining serpents of bronze gilded. The ground alone cost $10,000, and the whole monument about 20,000 dollars. Near the centre of this asylum of the dead, a text in Italian records the virtues of an interesting lady, the Countess of Potemkin; and altro relievo of the most exquisite execution, on three sides of the temple, tell the melancholy story of a mother snatched from three lovely children. The countless, prophetically conscious of her approaching fate, is looking up calmly and majestically to meet the approaching destiny, and in her right hand on her left hand on the symbol of Christianity. In front are the inscription and arms of the family in solid gold.

But what are the Russian dead to me? The granite and marble monument of the merchant is a conglomeration of hides, hemp, and tallow; a man may be excused if he linger a moment at the tomb of an interesting woman, a mother cut off in her prime; but melancholy is infectious, and induces drowsiness and closing of the book.

In consideration for my valet, at the grand portal I took a brisky, rolled over the wooden pavement of the Newski Perspective, and, with hardly motion enough to disturb my reverie, was set down at the door of my hotel. I have been more accurately and vividly conditioned than I had been for ages. I closed my eyes, and from my dreams of the dead to recount his dreams of the living. All day he had sat at his window, and a few straggling glances from the lady opposite had abundantly rewarded him, and given him great spirits for his evening promenade on the Boulevards. I declined accompanying him, and he went alone, and returned in the evening almost in raptures. We strolled an hour by the twilight, and retired early.

It will hardly be believed, but early the next morning he came to my room with a letter on fine pink paper addressed to his fair enslaver. The reader may remember that this was not the first time I had been made a confidant in an affaire de cœur. To be sure, the missionary at Smyrna turned out to be crazy; and on this point at least, my Pole was a little touched; nevertheless, I listened to his epistle. It was the regular old-fashioned document, full of hanging, shooting, drowning, and other extravagances. He sealed it with an amatory device, and, calling up a servant in his confidence, told him to carry it over, and then took his place in the carriages of the city, and refused to dismount until he found it impossible to dislodge him, and that I could not count upon him to accompany me on my visits to the palaces as he had promised, I went to the Hermitage alone. The Great and Little Hermitages are connected with the Winter Palace, and with each other, by covered galleries, and the theatre is connected with the two Hermitages by means of another great arch thrown over a canal, so that the whole presented a continued line of imperial palaces, unequalled in extent in any part of Europe, measuring 1596 feet, or one third of an English mile. If I were to select a building designed to realise the most extravagant notions of grandeur and luxury, it would be the gorgeous palace known under the modest name of the Hermitage. I shall not attempt any description of the interior of this splendid edifice, confined myself to a brief enumeration of its contents. I ascended by a spacious staircase to the ante-room, where I gave, or, rather, where my cane was demanded by the footman, and proceeded through a suite of magnificent rooms, every one surpassing the last, and richer in objects of the fine arts, science, and literature; embellished throughout by a profusion of the most rare and exquisite furniture, and paintings for beauty of proportion and variety of design. In rooms and galleries appropriated to the separate schools and masters, are upwards of 1300 paintings by Raphael, Titian, Guido, Andrea del Sarto, Luca Giordano, the Caracci, Perugino, Coreggi, and Leonardo da Vinci; here is also the best collection in existence of pictures of the school of Van Dyck. In the gallery of pieces of Rubens and Vandyck, of the French Claude, Poussin, and Vernet. The celebrated Houghton collection is here, with a gallery of paintings of the Spanish schools, many of them Murillo's. In one room is a superb vase of Siberian Jasper, of a line colour, five feet high, and of exquisite form and polisher; in another are two marble candelabras, under which are inscribed the names of 220,000 rubles, or about 50,000 dollars; I must mention also the great musical clock, representing an antique Grecian temple, and containing within a combination of instruments, having the power of two orchestras, which accompany each other; two golden tripods, seven feet high, supporting the golden salvers on which salt and pepper are kept; a large Roman clock, on his triumphal return from Paris, as emblems of wisdom and plenty; a large musical and magical secretary, which opens spontaneously in a hundred directions at the sound of music, purchased by the late emperor for 800 guineas; a room surrounded with books, some of which were original, placed there by Catherine for the use of the domestics, as she said to keep the devil out of their heads; a saloon containing the largest collection of engravings and books of engravings in Europe, amounting to upwards of 30,000; a library of upwards of 110,000 volumes; an extensive cabinet of medals, and another of gems and pastes; a jewel-cabinet, containing the rich ornaments which have served for the toilettes of all the empresses of Russia, a large collection of gold and pearls, of extraordinary magnitude; a superb collection of antiques and cameos, amounting to upwards of 15,000, the cameos alone affording employment for days. In one room are curious works in ivory and fishbones, by the inhabitants of Archangel, who are skilled in that species of workmanship; and in another is the clock block, known by the name of L'Horloge du Paon. It is enclosed in a large glass case ten feet high, being the trunk of a golden tree, with its branches and leaves all of gold. On the top of the trunk sits a peacock, which, when the chimneys begin, expands its brilliant tail, while an owl rolls its eyes with its own peculiar stare, and, instead of a bell striking the hours, a golden cock flies with its wings, and crows. The clock is now out of order, but when it worked, so it is said, that an artist has hitherto been able to repair it.

But perhaps the most extraordinary and interesting of the wonders of the Hermitage, are the Winter and Summer Gardens. As I strolled through the suites of apartments, and looked out through the windows of a long gallery, it was hardly possible to believe that the winter streets, the shops, the gardens, and the artificial soil, raised nearly fifty feet above the surface of the earth. The Winter Garden is a large quadrangular conservatory, planted with laurels and orange trees, in which lilnuts and Canary birds formerly flew about enjoying the freedom of nature; but the feathered tribe have disappeared. The Summer Garden con-
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nected with it is 400 feet long; and here, suspended, as it was, in the air, near the top of the palace, I strolled along gravel walks, and among parterres of shrubs and flowers growing in rich luxuriance, and under a thick foliage inhaled their delightful fragrance. It is idle to attempt a description of this scene.

I returned to my Pole, whom I found at his window with a melancholy and sentimental visage; his beautiful epistle returned upon his hands—having in sportsman's phrase, 'in very good order, and I think you will find a most agreeable look on his table.' My friend had come up to St. Petersburg in consequence of a law-suit; and as this occupied but a small portion of his time, he had involved himself in a love-suit, and, so far as I could see, with about an equal chance of success in both.

L'amour was the great business of his life, and he could not be content unless he had what he called une affaire de cœur on hand.

CHAPTER XXII.

An Imperial Fête.—Nicholas of Russia.—Varied Splendours.—A Soliloquy.—House of Peter the Great.—A Boat-race.—Czarakovo.—The Amber Chamber.—Catherine II.—The Emperor Alexander.

The next day was that appointed for the great fête at Peterhof. In spite of the confining nature of his two suits, my Pole had determined to accompany me thither, but his appearance somewhat by the expectation of seeing his damsel; and, no way disserted by the fate of his first letter, he had manufactured another, by comparison with which the first was an icicle. I admitted it to be a masterpiece, though when he gave it to a servant to carry over, as we were on the point of setting off, suggested that it might be worth while to wait and pick up where he threw it out of the window. But he had great confidence, and thought much better of her spirit for sending back his first letter.

The whole population of Petersburg was already in motion, and on the way to Peterhof. It was expected that the fête would be more than usually splendid, in account of the presence of the Queen of Holland; then on a visit to her sister the empress; and at an early hour the splendid equipages of the nobility, carriages, droskies, telegas, and carts, were hurrying along the banks of the Neva, while steam-boats, sail-boats, row-boats, and craft of every description, were gliding on the bosom of the river.

Thus we came a steam-boat, and at twelve o'clock embarked at the English Quay. The boat was crowded with passengers, and among them was an old English gentleman, a merchant of thirty years' standing in St. Petersburg. I soon became acquainted with him, how I do not know, and his lady told me that the first time I passed them she remarked to her husband that I was an American of Holland, then may remember that a lady made the same remark at Smyrna; without knowing exactly how to understand it, I mention it as a fact, showing the nice discrimination acquired by persons in the habit of seeing travellers from different countries. Before landing, the old gentleman told me that his boys had gone down in a pleasure-boat, abundantly provided with materials, and asked me to give them board and lunch with them, which, upon the invitation being extended to my friend, I accepted.

Peterhof is about twenty-five versts from St. Petersburg, and the whole bank of the Neva on that side is adorned with palaces and beautiful summer residences of the Russian nobility. At the mouth of the Neva, on the borders of the Gulf of Finland. Opposite is the city of Cronstadt, the seaport of St. Petersburg, and the anchorage of the Russian fleet. It was then crowded with merchant ships of every nation, with flags of every colour streaming from their spars in honour of the day. On landing we accompanied our new friends, and found "the boys," three fine young fellows just growing up to manhood, in a handsome little pleasure-boat, with a sail arranged as an awning, waiting for their parents. We were introduced and had a short conversation with a very fine-looking man, inquired about my parents, brothers and sisters, &c.; and I made my way with the frank-hearted "boys" by talking "boat." Altogether, it was a regular home family scene; and, after the lunch, we left the old people under the awning, promising to return at nine o'clock for tea, and with "the boys" set off to view the fête.

From the time when we entered the grounds until we left, at three o'clock the next morning, the whole was a fairy scene. The grounds extended some distance along the shore, and the palace stands on an embankment 150 feet high, commanding a full view of the Neva, Cronstadt with its shipping, and the Gulf of Finland. The palace itself was about 500 yards long, bordered by noble trees. On each side of the canal were large wooden frames about sixty feet high, filled with glass lamps for the illumination; and at the foot of each was another high framework with lamps, forming, among other things, the arms of Russia, the double-headed eagle, and under it a gigantic star of thirty-one rays. On the right bank of the canal was a large basin of water, and in the centre of the basin stood a colossal group in brass, of a man tearing open the jaws of a rampart lion; and out of the mouth of the lion rushed a jet d'eau perhaps 150 feet high. On each side of this basin, at a distance of about 300 feet, was a smaller basin, with a jet d'eau in each about half its height, and all around were jets d'eau of various kinds, throwing water vertically and horizontally; among them I remember a figure larger than life, leaning forward in the attitude of a man throwing the discus, with a powerful stream of water rushing from his clenched fist. These basins were at the foot of the embankment on which stands the palace. In the centre was a broad flight of steps leading to the palace, and on each side was a continuous range of marble slabs to the top of the hill, over which poured down a sheet of water, the slabs being placed so high and far apart as to allow lamps to be arranged behind the water. All over, along the public walks and in retired alleys, were fountains and streams, with jets and cascades, with trees and on the open lawn, were tents of every size and fashion, beautifully decorated; many of them, oriental in style and elegance, were fitted up as places of refreshment. Thousands of people, dressed in their best attire, were promenading the grounds, but no vehicles were to be seen, until turning a point we espied a hundred or more carriages up an avenue, and coming quietly towards us, a plain open carriage, with two horses and two English jockey outriders, in which were a gentleman and lady, whom, without the universal taking off of hats around us, I recognised at once as the emperor and empress. I am not apt to be carried away by any profound admiration for royalty, but without consideration of their rank or appearance, I thought the empress unusually gentle; in fact, he looked every inch a king, and she was my beau ideal of a queen in appearance and manners. They bowed as they passed, and as I thought, being outside of the line of Russians, and easily recognised as a stranger, their courtesy was directed particularly to me; but I found that my companion took it for granted he need not show me the finer specimens of true Russian near us did the same. In justice to myself, however, I may almost say that I had a conversation with the emperor; for although his imperial highness did not speak to me, he spoke in a language which none but I (and the queen and her jockey outriders) understood; for waving his hand to them, I heard him say in English, "To the right." After this interview with his majesty, we walked up to the palace. The splendid
regiments of cavalier guards were drawn up around it, every private carrying himself like a prince; and I did not admire all his palaces, nor hardly his queen, so much as this splendid body of armed followers. Behind them, all the rest of the court, in magnificent state, was measured through the dazzling brilliancy of the scene within the semicircular illumination around the waterworks was beyond description. This semicircular framework enclosed in a large sweep the three basins, and terminated at the embankment on which the palace stands, presenting all around an immense fiery scroll in the air, sixty or eighty feet high, and filled with all manner of devices; and for its background a broad sheet of water falling over a range of steps, with lighted lamps behind it, forming an illu-
minated cascade, while the basins were blazing with the light thrown upon them from myriad of lamps, and the colossal figures of a rededened and unearthly hue were spouting columns of water into the air. More than 5000 people were present at the illuminations in the palace garden, in every variety of gay, brilliant, and extraordi-
nary costume. St Petersburg was half depopulated, and thousands of peasants were assembled from the neighbouring provinces. I was accidentally separated from all my companions; and, alone among thousands, sat down on the grass, and for an hour watched the throng ascending the broad steps leading towards the palace. Among all this immense crowd, there was no rabble; nor a dress that could offend the eye; but intermingled with the ordinary costumes of Europeans, were the Russian shopkeeper, with his long surlout, his bell-
crowned hat, and solemn beard; Cosseks, and Circas-
stantes in glittering state, bears arms and magnificent hussars, with the sleeves of their rich jackets dangling loose over their shoulders, tossing plumes, and helmets glittering with steel, intermingled throughout with the gay dresses of ladies; while near me, and like me, care-
lessly stretched on the grass, under the light of thousands of lamps, was a group of peasants from Finland riddling and talking about the new hussar uniforms of their regiment, and the splendid spoils with which they had enriched their heads, and long jackets enveloping their square forms, and the men with long greatcoats, broad-brimmed hats, and a bunch of shells in front.

Leaving this brilliant scene, I joined the throng on the steps, and by the side of a splendid hussar, stooping his manly figure to whisper in the ears of a lovely young girl, I ascended to the palace, and presented my ticket of admission to the bal masqué, so called from there being no masks there. I had not been presented at court, and, consequently, had only admission to the outer apartments with the people. I had, however, the range of a succession of splendid rooms, richly decorated with vases and tazzas of precious stones, canelabrous, candelabrous, and other lights, with wainscots painted, and the centre room, extending several hundred feet in length, had its lofty walls covered to the very ceilings with portraits of all the female beauties in Russia about eighty years ago. I was about being tired of gazing at these pictures of long-sleeping beauties, when the great doors at one end were thrown open, and the emperor and empress, attended by the whole court, passed through on their way to the banqueting-hall. Although I had been in company with the emperor before in the garden, and though I had taken off my hat to the empress, both passed without recognising me. The court at St Petersburgh is admitted to be the most brilliant in Europe; the dresses of the members of the court, the ladies in particular, the courtiers in general, and the staff officers being really magnificent, while those of the ladies sparkled with jewels. Besides the emperor and empress, the only acquaintance I recognised in that constellation of brilliantly dressed people were Mr Wilkins and Mr Clay, who, for republicans, made a very fair blaze. I saw then the banqueting-hall, painted in oriental style to represent a tent, and might have had the pleasure of seeing the emperor and empress upon the throne; but I was allowed to be present only a few minutes, turning away from a noise that destroyed much of the illusion, viz. the clatter of knives and forks, and a little piqued at the cavalier treatment I had received from the court circles, I went out on the balcony and soliloquised—
"Fine feathers make fine birds; but look back a little, ye dashing cavaliers and supercilious ladies, in the last part of the seventeenth century, a French trav-
eller in Russia wrote that most of their wives as a necessary evil, regarding them with a proud and stern eye, and even beating them after." Dr Collins, physician to the czar in 1670, as an evidence of the progress of civilization in Russia, says that the custom of tying up wives by the hair of the head and flogging them 'begins to be left off,' accounting for it, however, by the prudence of parents, who made a stipulative provision in the marriage contract that their daughters were not to be whipped, struck, kicked, &c. But, even in this improved state of society, one man 'put upon his wife a shirt dipped in ardent spirits, and burned her to death,' and was not punished, there being, according to the law of that country, a penalty of death for burning a wife or a slave.' When no provision was made in the marriage contract, he says they were accustomed to discipline their wives very severely. At the marriage, the bridegroom had a whip in one boot and a jewel in the other; and the poor girl tried her fortune by choosing. 'If she happens upon the jewel,' says another Russian writer, 'she is saved; but if the whip, she is certain of being burnt out.' The bridegroom rarely saw his companion's face till after the marriage, when, it is said, 'if she be ugly, she pays for it soundly, maybe the first time she sees her.' Ugliness being punished with the whip, the women painted to great excess; and a traveller in 1636 saw the grand duchess and her ladies on horseback astride, one with white eyebrows, another with a red eye, and another whose face was a complete sheet of red from end to end. In the seventeenth century the ladies never put on the counterpane, and all the ladies who had been at an entertainment, the hostess was accustomed to ask how she got home; and the polite answer was, 'Your ladyship's hospitality made me so tipsy that I don't know how I got home; and for the chinax of their barbarity, it can scarcely be believed, but it is recorded as a fact, that the women did not begin to wear shift or chemise before the beginning of the eighteenth century.'

Soothed by these rather ill-natured reflections, I turned to the illuminated scene and the thronging thou-
sands below, descended once more to the garden, passed down the steps, worked my way through the crowd, and fell into a long avenue, like all the rest of the gar-
den, brilliantly lighted, but entirely deserted. At the end of the avenue, I came to an artificial lake, opposite which was a small square two-story cottage, had the old residence of Peter the Great, the founder of all the magnificence of Peterhof. It was exactly in the style of our ordinary country-houses, and the furniture was of a simplicity that contrasted strangely with the sur-
rounding luxury and splendour. The door opened into a small room, with an open fireplace, a couple of Dutch mahogany tables, with oval leaves, legs tapering, and enlarging at the feet into something like a horse-shoe; just such a table as every one may remember in his grandfather's house, and recalling to mind the simple style of our own country some thirty or forty years ago. In a room on one side was the old czar's bed, with a low, broad, wooden bedside, with a sort of canopy over it, the covering of the canopy and the coverlet being of striped calico; the whole house, inside and out, was hung with lamps, illuminating, with a glare that was almost distressing, the simplicity of Peter's residence; and, as if to give greater contrast to this simplicity, while I was standing in the door of the hall, I saw roll through a large room, a long tassled horse hair, covered with the whole of the brilliant court which I had left in the banqueting-hall, now making a tour of the gardens. The carriages were all of one pattern, long, hung low, without any tops, and somewhat like our omnibuses,
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except that instead of the seats being on one side, there was a partition in the middle not higher than the back of a sofa, with large seats like sofas on each side, on which the company sat in a row, with their backs to each other; in front was a high and large box for the coachman, and a footman behind. It was so light that I could distinguish the face of every gentleman, and look as they passed; and there was something so unique in the exhibition, that, with the splendour of the court dresses, it seemed the climax of the brilliant scenes at Peterhoff. I followed them with my eyes till they were out of sight, gave one more look to the modest pillow on which old Peter reposed his care-worn head, and at a cross-road, the nearest to the entrance of the beautiful park, I frigiate brilliantly illuminated was firing a salute, the flash of her guns lighting up the dark surface of the water as I embarked on board the steam-boat. At two o'clock the morning twilight was like that of day; at three o'clock I was at my hotel, and probably, at ten minutes past, asleep.

About six o'clock the next morning, my Pole came into my room. He had returned from Peterhoff before me, and found waiting for him his second epistle, with a note from the mother of the young lady, which he read to me as I lay in bed. Though more than half asleep, I was rather roused by the strange effect this letter had upon him, for he was now encouraged to go on a visit to her. The modesty, the reserve, the awkwardness of the young lady was to be ascribed to the influence of the mother, and not to any indifference on her part.

In the afternoon I went to a boat-race between English amateurs that had excited some interest among the English residents. The boats were badly matched; a six-oared boat was pitting against the large, clumsy, four-oared, being pitted against three pairs of sculls, with a boat twenty-eight feet long and weighing only 108 pounds. One belonged to the English legation, and the other to some English merchants. The race was from the English Quay to the bridge opposite the Suwarrow monument at the foot of the Summer Garden, and back, a little more than two miles each way. The race started was between two and three miles an hour, though its full strength was avoided by both boats keeping in the eddies along shore. It was a beautiful place for a boat-race; the banks of the Neva were lined with spectators, and the six-oared boat beat easily, performing the distance in thirty-one minutes.

The next morning, in company with a Frenchman lately arrived at our hotel, I set out for the imperial palace of Czarskoselo, about seventeen versts from St Petersburg. About seven versts from the city, we passed the imperial seat of Zecchenne, built by the Empress Catherine to commemorate the victory obtained by Orloff over the Turks on the coast of Antalisk. The edifice is in the form of a Turkish palace, with a central terra-cotta containing the full length portraits of the sovereigns contemporary with Catherine. Since her death, this palace has been deserted. In 1825, Alexander and the empress passed it on their way to the south of Russia, and about eight months after, their mortal remains found shelter in it for a night, on their way to, the imperial palace of Tsarskoselo. The road was obstructed on the road, until we approached Czarskoselo. Opposite the "Caprice Gate" is a cluster of white houses, in two rows, of different sizes, diminishing as they recede from the road, and converging at the farthest extremity; altogether a bizarre arrangement, and showing the magnificence of Russian gallantry. The Empress Catherine, at the head of the French, took possession of the place at a very disadvantageous perspective view of a small town, and the next time she visited Czarskoselo, she saw the scene realised in a town erected by Count Orloff, at immense expense, before the gate of the palace. The façade of the palace is unequalled by any royal residence in the world, being 1200 feet in length. Originally, every statue, pedesta, and capital, of the numerous columns, the vases, carvings, and other ornamens in front, were covered with gold leaf, the gold used for that purpose amounting to more than a million of ducats. In a few years the gilding wore off, and the contractors engaged in repairing it offered the empress nearly half a million of rubles (silver) for the fragments of gold; but the empress scornfully refused, saying, "I will not take your money to buy the remains of my rulers." But even the most "vieilles hardes." I shall not attempt to carry the reader through the magnificent apartments of this palace. But I must not forget the famed amber chamber, the whole walls and ceilings being of amber, some of the pieces of great size, neatly fitted together, and even the frames of the pictures an elaborate workmanship of amber. The empress had engaged the celebrated Frenchman, Jean-Baptiste Pillement, to furnish the apartments, but he could not strike me so forcibly, as when, conducted through a magnificent apartment, the walls covered with black paper shining like ebony, and ornamented with gold and immense looking-glasses, the footman opened a window at the other end, and we looked down into the chapel, an Asiatic structure, presenting an ensemble of rich gilding of surpassing beauty, every part of it, the groups of columns, the iconostas, and the gallery for the imperial family, resplendent with gold. In one of the state-rooms, where the empress's mother resides, the floor consists of a parquet of fine wood inlaid with wreaths of mother-of-pearl, and the panels of the room were encrusted with sapphires, rubies, and diamonds. The magnificent chambers were as nothing, compared with those which were associated with the memory of the late occupant. "Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown;" and perhaps it is for this reason that I like to look upon the pillow of a king, far more on that of a queen. The bed-chamber of Catherine II. is adorned with walls of porcellain and gold; the empress's dressing-rooms are handsomely carpeted with Turkish rugs, and loaded with scent. The footman refused all my ideas of showing them, he thought them so unsuitable. The apartments were so vast and so unoccupied, that I thought it a fine idea if all the apartments were furnished rather than empty. We were allowed to pass into the dressing-rooms of the Czar and Czarina, which are so vast that no one, on beholding them, can possibly think of remaining there long. The apartments were occupied by some pages, and there was a large collection of pictures in the rooms. We were shown over the large room, which faced the courtroom, a large drawing-room, and the room in which the Czarina sits at the commencement of the Czars' audience, and the apartment of the Czar. The room appeared vast, and so also the library, with its rows of books. A great staircase led to the upper floor, and from the top was a view of one of the most magnificent courtyards in the world, and the spacious terraces.
flowers; and a Gothic building called the Admiralty, on the borders of an extensive lake, on which lay several boats rigged as frigates, elegant barges and pleasure-boats, and beautiful white swans floating majestically upon its surface; on the islands and the shores of the lake were little summer-houses; at the other end was a superb collection of goats and lambs from Siberia. Amid this congregation of beauties, one thing offended me; a Gothic tower, built as a ruin for the sake of the picturesque, which, wanting the associations connected with monuments ruined by time, struck me as a downright mockery. We had intended to visit the palace of Paulowsky, but time slipped away, and it was six o'clock before we started to return to St Petersburgh.

CHAPTER XXIII.
The Soldier's Reward.—Review of the Russian Army.—American Cannibals—Palace of Peter—Palace of the Grand-duke Michael.—Equipments for Travelling—Rough Riding.—Poland.—Vitebsk—Napoleon in Poland.—The Disastrous Retreat.—Passage of the Berezina.

Early the next morning I went out about twelve versets from the city, to attend a grand military review by the emperor in person. The government of Russia is a military despotism, and her immense army, nominally amounting to 1,000,000, even on the personal establishment numbers actually 600,000, of which 60,000 follow the person of the emperor, and were at that time under arms at St Petersburgh. When I rode on the parade-ground, the spectacle of this great army, combining the élite of barbaric chivalry, with soldiers trained in the best schools of European discipline, drawn up in battle-stations, into whose elegant formation the pride of nations, almost sublime; in numbers and military bearing, in costliness of armour and equipment, far surpassing any martial parade that I had seen, not excepting a grand review of French troops at Paris, or even a fourth of July parade at home. I once had the honour to be a paymaster in the valiant 19th regiment of New York State. I could then see a pay day with a brilliant and most manly man who ever served in our army can say, that I served out my whole term without being once promoted. Men came in below, and went out above me; ensigns became colonels, and lieutenants generals, but I remained the same; it was hard work to escape promotion, but I was resolute. Associated with me was a friend as quarter-master, who as little of the spirit of a soldier in him as myself, for which we were rather looked down upon by the warriors of our day; and when, at the end of our term, in company with several other officers, we resigned, the next regimental orders were filled with military panegyrics, such as, "the colonel has received, with the greatest regret, the resignation of A. " the country has reason to deplore the loss of B. " and wound up with "Quarter-master G. and Paymaster S. have tendered their resignations, both of which are hereby accepted." But when strains of martial music burst from a hundred bands, and companies, and regiments, and brigades, wheeled and manoeuvred before me, and the emperor rode by, escorted by general staff magnificence, of that magnificent staff in Europe, and the earth shook under the charge of cavalry, I felt a strong martial spirit roused within me; perhaps I was excited by the reflection that these soldiers had been in battles, and that the stars and medals glittering on their breasts were not mere holiday ornaments, but the tokens of desperate service on bloody battle-fields.

In a body, the Russian soldiers present an exceedingly fine appearance. When the sort is enrolled, his hair and beard are cut off, except on the upper lip; his uniform is simple and graceful; a belt is worn tightly round the waist, and the breast of the coat is thickly padded, increasing the manliness of the figure, though sometimes at the expense of comfort. The soldiers are about like a great machine, as if all the arms and legs were governed by a single impulse.

The army under review was composed of representatives from all the nations under the sway of Russia; Cossacks of the Don, and the Wolga, and the Black Sea, in jackets and wide pantaloons of blue cloth, riding on smaller steeds than those of the French and English, and measuring eight or ten feet in length. One regiment had the privilege of wearing a ragged flag and caps full of holes, as proofs of their gallant service, being the only regiment that fought at Pultowa. And there were Calumnes in their extraordinary war-dresses; a helmet with a girded crest, or a chain cap with a network of iron rings fastening the helmet to the head and shoulders, and hanging as low as the eyebrows in front; a shirt of mail, composed of steel rings matted together and yielding to the body, the arms protected by plates, and the back of the hand by steel network fastened to the plates on each side; their offensive weapons were bows and arrows, silver-mounted pistols peeping out of their holsters, cartridge-boxes on each side of the breast, and a magnificent sword for the instant of action.

The Kirghis, a noble-looking race, come from the steppes of Siberia. Their uniform is magnificent, consisting of a blue frock-coat and pantaloons covered with silver lace, a Grecian helmet, and a great variety of splendid arms, the yataghan alone costing 1000 rubles. They are all noble, and have no regular duty, except to guard the imperial family on extraordinary occasions. At home they are always at war among themselves. They are Mahommedans; and one of them said to an American friend who had a long conversation with him, that he had four wives at home; that some had more, but it was not considered becoming to exceed that number. A bearded Russian came up, and said that he had only one wife, and not less than eight children. But the Kirghis protested. The same Russian afterwards observed that the Americans were worse than the Kirghis, for that a patriarch of the church had written, and therefore it must be true, that the number of human beings eaten by Americans could not be counted; adding, with emphasis, "Sir, you were created to be a comfort to the world, and it is not fair to you to keep yourself so." He continued that the Russians were the first Christians, and he felt much disposed to send missionaries among the Americans to meliorate their condition.

The Imperial Guards are the finest looking set of men I ever saw. The standard is six feet, and none are admitted below that height. Their uniform is a white cloth coat, with buckskin breeches, boots reaching up to the hips, and swords that Wallace himself would not have been ashamed to wield. But perhaps the most striking in that brilliant army was the emperor himself; seeming its natural head, towering even above his gigantic guards, and looking, as Mr Wilkins once said of him, like one who, among savages, would have been chosen as their chief. In the midst of this magnificent spectacle, the thought came over me of militia musters at home; and though smiling at the insignificance of our military array as I rode back in my dressy, I could but think of the happiness of our isolated position, which spares us the necessity of keeping a large portion of our countrymen constantly in arms, to preserve the peace in the world.

The next morning my Polish friend, hopeless of success either in his law-suit or his love-suit, fixed a day for our departure; and, with the suggestion that I am about leaving St Petersburgh, I turn once more, and for the last time, to the imperial palaces. Not far from the Hermitage is the marble palace; a colossal pile, built by the Empress Catherine for her favourite Count Paul, presenting one of its fronts to the Neva.
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All the decorations are of marble and gilded bronze, and the capitals and bases of the columns and pilasters, and the window-frames and balustrades of the balconies, of cast bronze richly gilded. The effect is heightened by the unusually large dimensions of the squares of fine plate glass. A traveller in 1739, says, "that the prodigies of enchantment which we read of in the tales of the genie are here called forth into reality; and the temples reared by the luxurious fancy of our poets may be considered as a picture of the marble palace, which Jupiter, when the burden of cares drives him from heaven, might make his delightful abode." At present, however, there are but few remain of this Olympian magnificence, and I think Jupiter, at the same expense, would prefer the Winter Palace at Hermitage. But how unfortunates, indeed, are we, that, from the chilly region of our latitudes, we may not enjoy the splendours contained in this building, in its marble magnificence, its splendid decoration, and its grand mass of columns.

The Taurida Palace, erected by Catherine II. for her lover Potemkin, in general effect realise the exaggerated accounts of travellers. The entrance is into a spacious hall, which leads to a circular vestibule of extraordinary magnitude, decorated with busts and statues in marble, with a dome supported by white columns. From this room, a few steps ascend to an immense hall or ball-room, 280 feet long and 80 wide, with double colonnades of lofty Ionic pillars decorated with gold and silver festoons, 35 feet high and 10 feet in circumference. From the colonnade, running the whole length of the ball-room, you enter the Winter Garden, which concealed fountains and statues keep always at the temperature of an atmosphere in summer or winter. On public occasions, under the light of magnificent lustres and the reflection of numerous mirrors, during the fierce heat of the Russian winter, when the whole earth is covered with snow, and "water tossed in the air drops down in ice," the imperial visitor may stroll through gravel-walks bordered with the choicest plants and flowers, and inhale the fragrance of an Arabian garden. Paul, in one of his "darkened hours," converted this palace into barracks and a riding-school; but it has since been restored, in some degree, to its ancient splendour.

The palace of Paul, in which he was assassinated, has been uninhabited since his death. But the triumphs of modern architecture in St Petersburg is the palace of the Grand Duke Michael. I shall not attempt any description of this palace; but to give some notion of its splendours to my calculating countrymen, I shall merely remark that it cost upwards of 17,000,000 of rubles. But I am weary of palaces; of wandering through magnificent apartments, where scene after scene succeeds. I am rather disposed to be contented when I come home, and, after an hour's absence, my servant will not find me altered; and yet, when I was in St Petersburgh; but this did not suit me, and I afterwards fell in with the Pole, who had his own vagaries, too, and who, being the proprietor of a cloth manufactury, did not suit the aristocratic notions of the colonel, and so our friendship cooled. My intimacy with his friend the prince, however, increased. I called upon him frequently, and he offered to accompany me every where; but as in sight-seeing I love to be alone, I seldom asked him, except for a twilight walk. Old associations were all that now bound together him and the colonel; their feelings, their fortunes, and their habits of life, were entirely different; and the colonel, being a man of the world, in order to get some taste of the world in preference to himself, was rather gratified. Altogether, the colonel told me, he was much mistaken in me, but he believed I was a good fellow after all; excused my regular habits somewhat on the ground of my health; and the day before that fixed for my departure, asked me to pass the evening with him, and to bring my chapmans. In the evening we went to the colonel's apartments. The prince was there, and, after an elegant little supper, happening to speak of a Frenchman and a Russian living in the hotel, with whom I had become acquainted, he sent down for them to come up and join us. The table was cleared, pipes and tobacco were brought on, and champagne was the only beverage. We had the Pole. In the evening we went to the subject of the road to Warsaw, and particularly in regard to the bloody passage of the Beresina, at which both the colonel and the prince were present. The servant, a favourite serf (who the next day rode the colonel of every valuable article in his apartment), being clumsy in opening a new bottle of champagne, spilt the colonel's share, and was on the point of reaching down his sabre, when a scientific blow took off the neck without materially injuring the bottle or disturbing the contents. This military way of decanting champagne aided its circulation, and head after head fell rapidly before the naked sabre. I had for some time avoided emptying my glass, which, in the general hurry of business, was not noticed; but as soon as the

spir of the church of the citadel glittering in the sunbeams, and reminding me that in its dismal charnel-house slept the tenant of the humble cottage, the master-spirit which had almost created out of nothing all this splendour. I saw at the same time the beginning and the end of greatness. The humble dwelling is preserved with religious reverence, and even now is the most interesting monument which the imperial city can show.

And here, at this starting-point in her career, I take my leave of the Palmyra of the North. I am compelled to omit many things which he who speaks of St Petersburgh at all ought not to omit; her magnificent churches; her gigantic and splendid theatres; her literary, scientific, and eclecsmynary institutions, and that which might form the subject of a chapter in her capital, her government and laws. I might have seen something of Russian society, as my friend Luoff had arrived in St Petersburgh; but, with my limited time, the interchange of these civilities interfaced with my seeing the curiosities of the capital.

My intimacy with the colonel had fallen off, though we still met occasionally. The fact is, I believe I fell into rather queer company in St Petersburgh, and very soon found the colonel to be the most thorough roué I ever met. He seemed to think that travelling meant dissipating; he had never travelled but once, and that was with the army to Paris; and, except when on duty, his whole time had been spent in riot and debauchery, in constant company with his brothers in fighting, he talked more of the pleasures of that terrible campaign than of its toils and dangers. In consideration of my being a stranger, and a young man, he constituted himself my Mentor, and the advice which, in all soberness, he gave me as the fruits of his experience, was a beautiful guide for the road to ruin. I have no doubt that he might have enticed me at any time to follow him, but I should have detested him all the time I was in St Petersburgh; but this did not suit me, and I afterwards fell in with the Pole, who had his own vagaries, too, and who, being the proprietor of a cloth manufactury, did not suit the aristocratic notions of the colonel, and so our friendship cooled. My intimacy with the prince, however, increased. I called upon him frequently, and he offered to accompany me every where; but as in sight-seeing I love to be alone, I seldom asked him, except for a twilight walk. Old associations were all that now bound together him and the colonel; their feelings, their fortunes, and their habits of life, were entirely different; and the colonel, being a man of the world, in order to get some taste of the world in preference to himself, was rather gratified. Altogether, the colonel told me, he was much mistaken in me, but he believed I was a good fellow after all; excused my regular habits somewhat on the ground of my health; and the day before that fixed for my departure, asked me to pass the evening with him, and to bring my chapmans. In the evening we went to the colonel's apartments. The prince was there, and, after an elegant little supper, happening to speak of a Frenchman and a Russian living in the hotel, with whom I had become acquainted, he sent down for them to come up and join us. The table was cleared, pipes and tobacco were brought on, and champagne was the only beverage. We had the Pole. In the evening we went to the subject of the road to Warsaw, and particularly in regard to the bloody passage of the Beresina, at which both the colonel and the prince were present. The servant, a favourite serf (who the next day rode the colonel of every valuable article in his apartment), being clumsy in opening a new bottle of champagne, spilt the colonel's share, and was on the point of reaching down his sabre, when a scientific blow took off the neck without materially injuring the bottle or disturbing the contents. This military way of decanting champagne aided its circulation, and head after head fell rapidly before the naked sabre. I had for some time avoided emptying my glass, which, in the general hurry of business, was not noticed; but as soon as the...
colonel discovered it, he cried out, "Treason, treason against good-fellowship. America is a traitor!" I pleaded ill health, but he would not listen to me; upbraided me that the friend and old ally of Russia should fall liame to the English and French; and if he would not touch it again unless I did him justice. All followed his example; all decided that America was disturbing the peace of nations; the glasses were turned up all around, and a dead stop was put to the merriment. I appealed, begged, and protested; and the colonel became positive, dogged, and outrageous. The prince came to my aid, and in the talk that the difficulty between Russia and America should be submitted to the arbitration of France and Prussia. He had observed these powers rather backing out. The eyes of France were already in a fine phrenzy rolling, and Prussia's tongue had long been wandering; and, in apprehension of her own fate these mighty powers leaned to mercy. It was necessary, however, to pro- pitate the colonel, and they decided, that to prevent the effusion of blood, I should start once more the flow of wine; that we should begin again with a bumper all around; and after that every man should do as he pleased. The colonel was obliged to be content; and swearing and drinking, it was dark when we entered the hotel.

The Prussian was from Berlin, and this led the colonel to speak of the stirring scenes that had taken place in that capital on the return of the Russian army from Paris; and, after a while, the Prussian, personally unknown to the colonel, told him that his name was still remembered in Berlin as a leader in Russian riot and revolution. He was a Pole, and in a most dashing manner, a lady of distinguished family; and—"go on," said the colonel—"killed her husband." "He refused my challenge," said the colonel, "but sought my life, and I shot him like a dog." The whole party now became uproarious; the colonel begged me, by all the friendly relations between Russia and Ame- rica, and the mutual gratitude of the Pole and the coolest man present, and not knowing what further developments might take place, I broke up the party.

In the morning my passport was not ready. I went off to the office for it, and when I returned the horses had not come, and the valet brought me the usual answer, that there were none. My Pole was glad to see me, and offered me the saddle of the little girl opposite, and so we lounged through the day, part of the time in the bazaar of a Persian, where I came near ruining myself by an offer I made for a beautiful emerald; and after one more and the last twilight stroll on the banks of the Neva and up the Newski Perspective, we returned at an early hour, and the colonel was waiting for me.

At nine o'clock the next morning a kibitka drove up to the door of our hotel, demanding an American and a Pole for Warsaw. All the servants of the hotel were gathered around, arranging the luggage, and making a great parade of getting off the distinguished travellers. The travellers themselves seemed equipped for a long journey. I was offered the pole bed, a cap and cloak, with whiskers and a mustache tending to red; the other, a tall, stout, Hercules fellow, was habited in the most outré costume of a Russian travel- ler; a cotton dressing-gown of every variety of colours, red and yellow predominating; coarse grey trousers; boots coming above his knees; a cap tout a fait farouche, and there was no mistake about the colour of his hair, or his mustaches; he was moving slowly around the kibitka in his travelling dress, and looking up to the window opposite, to give his dulcinea the melancholy intelligence that he was going away, and perhaps to catch one farewell smile at parting. The carriage of these distinguished travellers was the kibitka, one of the native Russian wagons. It had a man, a horse, and a bottomed box or cradle on four wheels, probably the old Sicythan waggons, resting, in proud contempt of the efficacy of springs, on the oaken axles; the hubs of the wheels were two feet long, the linch-pins of wood, the body of the carriage fastened to the wheels by wooden pins, ropes, and sticks; and, except the tires of the wheels, there was not a nail or a piece of iron about it. The hinder part was covered with matting, open in front, sometimes, to which a rain was tied for holding up the arch of an arched stick, which served as a linepin for the hind wheels; a bucket of grease hung under the hind axle, and the bottom of the kibitka was filled with straw; whole cost of outfit, thirteen dollars. Before it were three horses, one in shafts and one on each side, the coure one having a high bow over his neck, painted yellow and red, to which a rein was tied for holding up his head, and also a bell, to a Russian postilion more necessary than harness. The travellers took their places in the bottom of the kibitka, and the postilion, a rough, brutal-looking fellow, in grey coat and hat turned up at the sides, mounted in front, catching a seat where he could on the rim of the waggon, about three inches wide; and in this dashing up and down we started for a journey of a thousand miles to the capital of another kingdom. We rolled for the last time through the streets of St Petersburgh, gazed at the domes, and spires, and magnificent palaces, and in a few moments passed the barrier.

I left St Petersburgh, as I did every other city, with a certain amount of feeling that in all probability I should never see it more; still the cracking of the postilion's whip and the galloping of the horses created in me that high excitement which I always felt in setting out for a new region. Our first stage was to Czarsko- sels, our second to Kazena, where there was another palace. It was dark when we reached the third, a little town of considerable size, where we were to stop. I shall not linger on this road, for it was barren of interest and incident, and through a continued succession of swamps and forests. For two hundred miles it tried the tenure of adhesion between soul and body, being made of the trunks of trees laid transversely, bound down by long poles or beams fastened into the ground, and the whole strewed with sand and earth; the trunks in general were decayed and sunken, and the sand worn or washed away, reminding me of the worst of our western corduroy roads. Our waggon being without springs, and our seats a full-length extension on straw on the bottom, without the bed, pillows, and cushions a little Pole named Huc, my companion, took the ride one of the severest trials of physical endurance I ever experienced. My companion groaned and brushed his mustaches, and talked of the little girl at St Petersburgh. In my previous journey in Russia, I had found the refreshment of tea, and on this, often when almost exhausted, I was revived by that precious beverage. I stooped down to my horse, and when the road became completely broke down. I leisurely slipped down at full length in the bottom of the waggon; the night was cold and rainy; my companion covered me up to the eyes with straw, and I slept from the early part of the evening like a dead man. The horses were changed three times; the waggon was lifted up under me, and the whole strewed with sand and earth; the horses quarrelled with the postmaster over my body without waking me. About six o'clock in the morning, I roused me. I could not stir hand or foot; my mouth was full of dust and straw, and I felt a sense of suffocation. In a few moments I crawled out, staggered a few steps, and threw myself down on the floor of a wretched post- house. My companion put my carpet-bag under my head, wrapped cloaks and greatcoats around me, and prepared me some tea; but I loathed everything. I was in that miserable condition which every traveller has some time experienced; my head ringing, every bone aching, and perfectly reckless as to what became of me. While my companion stood over me I fell asleep, and had my carpet-bag under my head, yet if he had not waked me. He said we must go on at all risks, until we found a place where we could remain with some degree of comfort. I begged and entreated to be left to myself, but he was inexorable. He lifted me up, hauled me out to the kibitka, which
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was filled with fresh straw, and seated me within, sup-
porting me on his shoulder.

It was a beautiful day. We moved moderately, and
towards evening came to a post-house kept by a Jew,
or rather a Jewess, who was so kind and attentive that
we determined to stay at it all night. I wrapped the
straw and spread it on the floor, where I slept gloriously. My companion was tougher than I,
but he could not stand the fleas and bugs, and about
midnight went out and slept in the kibika. In
the morning we found that he had been too late; that the
kibika had been stripped of every article except him-
self and the straw. Fortunately, my straw-bag had
been brought in; but I received a severe blow in the
loss of my carpet-bag. I felt the want of it very moment; I had
matted it on the boulevards of Paris, in the eternal
city, the Colosseum, and the places thereabout; had
carried it up the burning mountain, and poked it into
the red-hot lava; had borne it in the Acropolis, on the
field of Marathon, and among the ruins of Ephesus; had
observed it, in his wild and solitary state, the eyes and
nose of the emperor and autocrat of all the
Russians; in deserts and in cities it had been my com-
padion and friend. Unfearing Nemesis, let loose your
vengeance upon the thief who stole it! The rascals
had even carried off the rope traces, and every loose
article about the kibika.

No; but I sought and found. However, I ought not to omit
remark ing the general security of travelling in Russia
and Poland. The immense plains; the distance of
habitations; the number of forests; the custom of tra-
vel ling by night as well as by day; the negligence of all
measures to ensure the safety of the roads, all con-
tribute to favour robbery and murders; and yet an instance
of the promptness with which such delinquent
was apprehended, is difficult, on those immense levels, which seemed inde-
pendent of either general or individual proprietors, to
recognise even the bounds of empire. The Dvina,
however, a natural boundary, rolls between Russia and
Poland; and at Vitebsk we entered the territories of
what was once another kingdom. The surface of Poland
forwards to the sea consists of the immense plain,
which constitutes the northern portion of all the central Euro-
pean countries. A great portion of this plain is over-
spread with a deep layer of sand, alternately, however,
with large clayey tracts and extensive marshes; a
winter nearly as severe as that of Sweden, and violent
winds blowing uninterruptedly over this wide open
region, are consequences of its physical structure and
position. The Roman arms never penetrated any part
of this great level tract, the whole of which was called
by them Sarmatia; and Sarmatia and Scythia were in
their descriptions always named together as the abode
of nomadic and savage tribes. From the earliest era,
it appears to have been peopled by the Scavonic tribes; a
course of migrations in different periods and in different
languages, by a strong national feeling, and by a particu-
lar train of superstitious ideas. Though shepherds,
they did not partake of the migratory character of the
Teutonic or Tartar nations; and were long held in
the most cruel bondage by the Huns, the Goths, and other
nations of Asia, for whom their country was a path to
the conquest of the west of Europe.

In the tenth century the Poles were a powerful and
warlike nation. In the fourteenth Lithuania was incor-
porated with it, and Poland became one of the most
powerful monarchies in Europe. For two centuries it
was the bulwark of Christendom against the alarming
invasions of the Turks; the reigns of Sigismund and
Sophiski hold a high place in military history; and
until the beginning of the last century, its martial char-
acter gave it a commanding influence in Europe.

It is unnecessary to trace the rapid and irrecover-
able fall of Poland. On the second partition, Kossiúsko,
animsted by his recent struggle for liberty in America,
roused his countrymen to arms. But the feet of three
giants were upon her breast; and Suwarow, marching
upon the capital, storming the fortress of Praga, and
history in Russia and Poland presents a continued
series of bloodstained pages. Battle after battle has
nourished their mutual hate, and for a long time it has
been the settled feeling of both that Russia or Poland
must fall. It is perhaps fortunate for the rest of Europe
that this feeling has always existed; for if they were
united in heart, the whole south of Europe would lie
to the mercy of their invading armies. Napoleon
committed a fatal error in tampering with the brave
and patriotic Poles; for he might have rallied around
him a nation of soldiers, who, if gratitude would have
stood by him until they were exterminated.

But to return to Vitebsk. Here, for the first time,
we fell into the memorable road traversed by Napoleon
and his army on the march to Moscow. The Dvina,
now called the Dnieper, was in ancient times a
series of lakes, built on both sides of the river, and
contains a population of about 15,000, a great portion
of whom are Jews. In itself, it has but little to engage
the attention of the traveller; but I strolled through
its streets with extraordinary interest, remembering it
as the place where Napoleon decided on his fatal march
to Moscow. The Dvina in its course contained that
same day of the year, that the "grand army," having
traversed the gloomy forests of Lithuania in pursuit of
an invincible and intangible enemy, with the loss of
more than 100,000 men, emerged from the last range
of woods, and halted at the presence of the hostile fires
that covered the plain before the city. Napoleon slept
that night on a high eminence, placed in the middle of
the road, and before sunrise appeared at the advanced posts,
and by its first rays saw the Russian army, 80,000 strong,
encamped on a high plain commanding all the avenues
of the city. 10,000 horses made a show of defending
its passes; and at about ten o'clock, Murat le Beau
Sabreur, intoxicated by the admiration his presence
had excited, announced to his master that he had
charged the whole Russian cavalry. He was repulsed,
and driven back to the foot of the hillock on which
Napoleon stood. The chasseurs of the French guards
formed a circle around him, drove off the assailant
lancers, and the emperor ordered the attack to cease;
and, pointing to the city, his parting words to Murat
were, "To-morrow at five o'clock the sun of Auter-
litz." At daylight the camp of Barclay de Tolly was
deserted; not a weapon, not a single valuable, left
behind; and a Russian soldier asleep under a bush
was the sole result of the day expected to be so deci-
sive. Vitebsk, except by a few miserable Jews and
abandoned huts, was deserted; not the least sign of
life appeared. The emperor mounted his horse, and rode through the
deserted camp and desolate streets of the city.
Chagrined and mortified, he pitched his tents in an
open courtyard; but, after a council of war with Murat,
Eugene, and others of his principal officers, laid his
sword upon the table, and resolved to finish in Vitebsk
the campaign of that year. Well had a change been
for him had he never changed that determination. He traced
his line of defence on the map, and explored Vitebsk
and its environs as a place where he was likely to make
a long residence; formed establishments of all kinds;
created large ovens capable of baking at once 30,000
loaves of bread; pulled down a range of stone houses
which injured the appearance of the square of the
palace, and made arrangements for opening the theatre
with Parisian actors. But in a few days he was
observed to grow restless; the members of his house-
hold recollected his expression at the first view of the deserted Vitebsk, "Do you think I have come so far to conquer these miserable huts?" Segur says that he was observed to wander about his apartments as if pursued by some dangerous temptation. Nothing could rouse him from this melancholy stupor; he threw himself with a haughty frankness of a warrior—Caulaincourt with obstinacy and impetuosity amounting to violence—Duroc by a chilling silence, and afterwards by stern replies—and Daru, straightforward and with firmness immovable, opposed his going; but, as if driven on by that fate he almost defied, he broke up the council with the fatal determination that these men were naked, and that he was determined to yield without fighting. Alexander can only negotiate after a great battle. I will proceed to the holy city in search of that battle, and I will gain it. Peace waits me at the gates of Moscow." From that hour commenced that train of terrible disasters which finally drove him from the throne of France, and sent him forth to meet with the world. In the Battle of the Baltic Sea, in the Battle of the Sea, he was for the last time victorious. In the Battle of the Baltic Sea, he was for the last time victorious. In the Battle of Vitebsk in regard to the circumstances attending the occupation of the city by Napoleon. A Jew was my companion, who talked of the great scenes of which this little city had in its own day been the theatre almost as matter of tradition, and without half the interest with which, even now, the Greeks point the stranger to the ruins of Athens. As the Greek, Mosh-Kos, of Mogadiscio, related the events to me, I could scarce believe the particulars. I was therefore not unprepared for the events of the battle of Vitebsk, for I have learned to observe, regard to the only matters that give an interest to a dreary road, I remarked during the whole journey. I was so unsuccessful in my questions, and the answers were so unsatisfactory, that my companion soon became tired of acting as my interpreter. Indeed, as he said, he himself knew more than any one I met, for he had travelled it before in company with an uncle, of that Polish legion; but even he was by no means familiar with the ground.

We left Vitebsk with a set of miserable horses, rode all night, and at noon of the next day we were approaching the banks of the Berezina, memorable for the dreadful passage which almost annihilated the wretched remnant of Napoleon's army. It was impossible, in passing over this enormous sheet of water, to imagine even a small fraction of which it had been the scene. The "invincible legions," which left Vitebsk 200,000 strong, were now fighting their dreadful retreat from Moscow through regulars and Cossacks, reduced to less than 12,000 men marching in column, with a train of 30,000 undisciplined followers, sick, wounded, and marauders of every description. The cavalry which crossed the Nemunas, 27,000 in number, was reduced to 150 men on horseback. Napoleon collected all the officers who remained mounted, and formed them into a body, in all about 500, which he called his sacred squadron; officers served as privates, and generals of divisions as captains. He ordered the carriages of the officers, many of the wagons, and even the eagles belonging to the different corps, to be burned in his presence; and drawing his sword, with the stern remark that he had sufficiently acted the emperor, and must once more play the general, marched on foot at the head of his old guard. He had hardly reorganised before the immense pine forests which border the Berezina echoed with the thunder of the Russian artillery; in a moment all remains of discipline and order were lost. Under the confusion, they were roused by loud cries before them, and, to their great surprise and joy, recognised the armies of Victor and Oudinot. The latter knew nothing of the terrible disasters of the army of Moscow, and they were thrown into consternation, and then distracted to tears, when they saw behind Napoleon, instead of the retreating legions which had left them in splendid equipments, a train of gaunt and spectral figures, their faces black with dirt, and long, bristly beards, covered with rags, female pelisses, pieces of carpet, with bare and bleeding feet, or bundled with rags, and colonels and generals marching pell-mell with soldiers, unmanned and shameless, without any order or discipline, kept together only by the same fires only by the instinct of self-preservation.

About noon we drove into the town of Borjizoff. It stands on the banks of the Berezina, and is an old, irregular-looking place, with a heavy wooden church in the centre of an open square. As usual, at the door of the post-house a group of Jews gathered around us. When they gathered around us, they were the only inhabitants who remained; and they, a scattered, wandering, and migratory people, without any attachment of soil or country, were ready to serve either the French or Russians, according to the inducements held out to them. A few noble instances are recorded where this persecuted and degraded people proved themselves to be up to the noblest heroic purposes. They were the only inhabitants who remained; and they, a scattered, wandering, and migratory people, without any attachment of soil or country, were ready to serve either the French or Russians, according to the inducements held out to them. About noon we drove into the town of Borjizoff. It stands on the banks of the Berezina, and is an old, irregular-looking place, with a heavy wooden church in the centre of an open square. As usual, at the door of the post-house a group of Jews gathered around us. When they gathered around us, they were the only inhabitants who remained; and they, a scattered, wandering, and migratory people, without any attachment of soil or country, were ready to serve either the French or Russians, according to the inducements held out to them. About noon we drove into the town of Borjizoff. It stands on the banks of the Berezina, and is an old, irregular-looking place, with a heavy wooden church in the centre of an open square. As usual, at the door of the post-house a group of Jews gathered around us. When they gathered around us, they were the only inhabitants who remained; and they, a scattered, wandering, and migratory people, without any attachment of soil or country, were ready to serve either the French or Russians, according to the inducements held out to them.
faces bare to take the blows. My friend was a sublime spectacle. Like a rock, firm and immovable, he stood and met the charge of the postilion; in short, in the twinkle of an eye, he knocked the postilion down.

Those who know that it is more trying to walk over a field of battle after all is over than to be in the fight; and I believe that I had the worst of it. All great victories are tested by their results, and nothing could be more decisive than that over the postilion. He arose a wiser and much more tractable man. At first he looked very stupid and disheartened. I begged him to let me alone. He started when he rubbed his hand over his face and saw it stained with blood; but, raising himself, he caught sight of his victor, and without a word got into the waggon, walked the horses over the bridge, and at the other end got out and threw himself on the ground.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and we lingered on the bridge. Crossing it, we walked up the bank on the opposite side towards the place where Napoleon erected his bridges for the passage of his army. All night the French worked at the bridges by the light of the enemy's fires on the opposite side. At daylight the fires were abandoned, and the Russians, supposing the attempt here to be a feint, were seen in full retreat. The French were on the opposite side bank, pointed out it to the bravest. A French aide-de-camp and Lithuanian count threw themselves into the river, and in spite of the ice, which cut their horses' breasts, reached the opposite bank in safety. About one o'clock the lock on which we stood was entirely cleared of Cossacks, and the bridge for the infantry was finished. The first division crossed quickly with its cannon, the men shouting "Vive l'empereur!" The passage occupied three days. The number of stragglers and the quantity of baggage were immense. On the night of the 27th, the stragglers left the bridge, tore down the whole village, and made fires with the materials, around which they crouched their shivering figures. It rained the next day, but to hear them selves away. At daylight they were roused by the report of Witgenstein's cannon thundering over their heads, and again all rushed tumultuously to the bridges.

The Russians, with Platow and his Cossacks, were now in full communication on both sides of the river. On the left bank, Napoleon's own presence of mind, and the bravery of this master of war, which was so evident when he saw the Cossack in the field, and in the language of Scott, the scene on the right bank had become the wildest and most horrible which war can exhibit.

"Victor, with eight or ten thousand men, covered the retreat over the bridges, while behind his line thousands of stragglers, old men, women, and children, were wandering by the side of this river like the fabled spectres which throng the banks of the infernal Styx, seeking in vain for passage. The balls of the Russians began to fall among the disordered mass, and the whole body rushed like distracted beings towards the bridges, every feeling of prudence or humanity swallowed up by the animal instinct of self-preservation. The weak and helpless sprang to their horses, the strong waited their fate at a distance, or, mixing in it, were thrust over the bridges, crushed under carriages, cut down with sabres, or trampled to death under the feet of their countrymen. All this while the action continued with fury; and, as if the heavens meant to match their wrath with that of man, a hurricane arose and added terrors to the scene. The crowns of the flying carriages. About mid-day the larger bridge, constructed for artillery and heavy carriages, broke down, and multitudes were forced into the water. The scream of the despairing multitude became at this crisis for a moment so universal, that it rose shrilly above the wild whistling of the tempest, and the sustained and redoubled howl of the Cossacks. The dreadful scene continued till dark.

As the obscurity came on, Victor abandoned the station he had defended so bravely, and led the remainder of his troops in their turn across. All night the miscellaneous multitude continued to throng across the bridge, under the fire of the Russian artillery. At day-break the French engineers finally set fire to the bridge, and all that remained on the other side, including many prisoners, and a great quantity of guns and baggage, became the property of the Russians. The amount of the French loss was never exactly known; but the Russian report concerning the bodies of the invaders, which were collected and burned as soon as the thaw permitted, states that upwards of 36,000 were found in the Berezina.

The whole of this scene is a familiar chapter of history; the passage of the Berezina had in some way fastened itself upon my mind as one of the most fearful scenes in the annals of war; and, besides this, at St Petersburg the colonel and prince had given me a detailed account of the horrors of that dreadful night, for they were both with Witgenstein's army, by the light of the snow, the course of the river, and the noise, directing a murderous fire of artillery against the dark mass moving over the bridge; and nearer still, my companion had visited the place in company with his uncle, of the Polish legion, and repeated to me the circumstances of individual horror which he had heard from his relative, surpassing human belief. The reader will excuse me if I have lingered too long on the banks of that banked Berezina. I can imagine how, when I tell him, that before leaving it, I walked down to its brink and bathed my face in its waters. Others have done so at the classic streams of Italy and Greece; but I rolled over the Arno and the Tiber in a vetturino without stopping, and the reader will remember that I jumped over the Illissus.


CHAPTER XXIV.

Travel by night.—A Rendezvous.—A Traveller's Massage.—Lithuania.—Poverty of the Country.—Agicultural Implements.—Minsk.—Polish Jews.—A Coin of Freedom.—Riding in a Basket.—Breez.—The Bug.—A Searching Operation.—Women Labourers.—Warsaw.

It was after dark when we returned to our waggon, still standing at the end of the bridge opposite Borizoff. Our postilion, like a sensible man, had lain down to sleep at the head of his horses, so they could not move without treading on him and waking him; and when we asked him to try to move us a mile or two, he said it was too late to think of it with all sense of the indignity; and, in fact, we made him very grateful for the flogging by promising him a few additional kopeks.

We hauled up the straw, and seated ourselves in the bottom of our kibitka. Night closed upon us amid the gloomy forests bordering the banks of the Berezina. We talked for a little while, and by degrees, drawing our cloaks around us, each fell into a reverie. The continued tinkling of the bell, which on my first entering Russia grated on my car, had become agreeable to me, and, in a dark night particularly, was a pleasing sound. The song of the postilion, too, harmonised with the repose of spirit at that moment most grateful to us; and, twenty miles harder up the river, we could hear, and, in spite of the alarum of war which we had all day been ringing in our own ears, we should probably soon have fallen into a sleep as sound, for a little while at least, as that of them who slept under the waters of the Berezina, but we were suddenly roused by a shock as alarming to quiet travellers as the horrra of the Cos- sacker. The sudden breaking of the对你.
 deliver," I should probably have given up my carpet
bag without asking to reserve a change of linen. But
I was restored by the return fire of our position, who
drowned completely the attack of his adversary by his
outrageous clamour; and when he stopped to take
breath, my companion followed up the defence, and this
brought our opponents, fearfully as they were, in the
opposite waggon. A truce was called, and waiving
the question on which side the fault lay, we all got out to
ascertain the damage. Our antagonist passenger was
a German merchant, used to roughing it twice every
year between Berlin, Warsaw, Petersburg, and Mos-
cow, and took our smashing together at night in this
desertous country facetiously as a part of the business in
the streets; and when satisfied that his waggon was not
injured, kindly asked us if we had any bones broken.
We returned his kind inquiries; and after further
interchanges of politeness, he said that he was happy
to make our acquaintance, and invited us to come and
see him at Berlin. We wanted him to go back and let
us have a look at him by torchlight, but he declined;
and, after feeling him stretched out in his bed in the
bottom of his waggon, we started him on his way.

We resumed our own places, and, without dozing
again, arrived at the post-house, where, first of all, we
made ourselves agreeable to the postmaster by deliver-
ing our German friend's message to him, that he ought
to bring us a thousand pounds on horseback; and then
he was a hundred years old for putting the neck of a
traveller at the mercy of a sleepy position; but the
postmaster was a Jew, and thought the vilo place where
he lived equal to any on earth. He was a miserable,
squalid-looking object, with a pine torch in his hand,
lighting up the poverty and filthiness of his wretched
hut. Our gates were closed, and both were cooly
happily to enjoy the fortune which the German would have
entailed upon him as a curse. He offered to make us a
bed of some dirty straw which had often been slept on
before; but we shrank from it; and as soon as we could
get horses, returned to our kibitka, and resumed
our journey.

The whole province of Lithuania is much the same
in appearance. We lost nothing by travelling through
it at night; indeed, every step that we advanced was a
decided gain, as it brought us so much nearer its
furthermost border. The vast provinces of Lithuania,
formerly a part of the kingdom of Poland, and, since
the partition of that unhappy country, subject to the
throned partitions of Russia and Prussia, are a
independent of either. The Lithuanians and Samogi-
tians are supposed to be of a different race from the
Poles, and spoke a language widely dissimilar to the
Polish or Russian. Their religion was a strange
idolatry; they worshipped the god of thunder, and paid
homage to a god of the harvest; they maintained priests,
who were constantly feeding a sacred fire in honour of
the god of the seasons; they worshipped trees, fountains,
and plants; had sacred serpents, and believed in guar-
dian spirits of trees, cattle, &c. Their government, like
that of all other barbarous nations, was despotic, and
the nobles were less numerous and more tyrannical than
in Poland. In the latter part of the fourteenth century,
on the division of the united kingdom of Lithuania and
Gallia, Gedwiga was called to the throne of Poland, under
a stipulation, however, that she should follow the will of
the Poles in the choice of her husband. Many candidates
offered themselves for the hand dowered with a kingdom;
but the offers of Jagellon, duke of Lithuania, were most
tempting; he promised to unite his extensive dominions
to Lithuania; and in the new kingdom, which was to be
converted to Christianity of his Lithuanian subjects.

But queens are not free from the infirmities of human
nature; and Gedwiga had fixed her affection upon her
cousin, William of Austria, whom she had invited into
Poland; and when Jagellon came to take possession of
his wife and crown, she refused to see him. The nobles,
however, sent William back to his papa, and locked her
up as if she had been a boarding-school miss. And
again, queens are not free from the infirmities of human
nature: Gedwiga was inconstant; the handsome Lithu-
anian made her forget her first love, and Poland and Lithuania were united under one crown. Jagellon was
baptised, but the inhabitants of Lithuania did not so
readily embrace the Christian religion; in one of the
provinces they clung for a long time to their own strange
religion, and wild and savage customs. Gedwiga, it
seems, said the peasants obstinately refused to use ploughs
or other agricultural instruments furnished with iron,
for fear of winding the bosom of mother earth.

All the way from Borzoff the road passes through a
country but little cultivated, dreary, and covered with
forests. When Napoleon entered the province of
Lithuania, his first care was to mop up all the
remnants of the fighting Tatars; and in modern times, it is
probably that Russia so formidable a distance! It is a des-
ert for which its scattered population is wholly insuffi-
cient. They will be vanquished by the very extent of territory
which ought to defend them; and before I had trav-
elled in it a day, I could appreciate the feeling of the
soldier from La Belle France, who, hearing his Polish
comrades boast of their country, exclaimed, "Et ces
gueules la appellent cette pays une patrie!"

The villages are a miserable collection of straggling
huts, without plan or arrangement, and separated from
each other by large spaces of ground. They are about
ten or twelve feet square, made of the misshapen trunks
of trees heaped on each other, with the ends projecting
over the house; this, the floor, the roof, and window a
small hole in the wall, answering the double
purpose of admitting light and letting out smoke.
The tenants of these wretched hovels exhibit the same miser-
able appearance both in person and manners. They are
hard-boned and sallow-complexioned; the men wear
crude white woollen frocks, and a round felt cap lined
with coarse cloth, and which when large enough is
made round the brim of the bark of trees, or
uncombed hair hangs low over their heads, gene-
 rally of a flaxen colour. Their agricultural implements
are of the rudest kind. The plough and harrow are
made from the branches of the fir-tree, without either
iron or ropes; their carts are put together without iron,
consisting of four wheels, through which the spokes are
made of the bark of a tree bent round, and the shafts are a couple of fir branches; their
bridles and traces platted from the bark of trees, or
composed merely of twisted branches. Their only
instrument to construct their huts and make their carts
is a hatchet. They were servile and cringing in their
expressions of respect, bowing down the ground, and
lowering their heads; but some of them, and stood
with their caps in their hands till we were out of
sight. The whole country, except in some open places
around villages, is one immense forest of firs, perhaps
sixty feet in height, compact and thick, but very slender.
As we approached Minsk, the road was sandy, and we
entered by a wooden bridge over a small stream, and
aloft an avenue of trees.

Minsk is one of the better class of Lithuanian towns,
being the chief town of the government of Minsk, but
very dirty and irregular. The principal street termin-
ates in a large open square of grass and mean wooden
huts. From this another street goes off at right angles,
containing large houses, and joining with a second
street, the main thoroughfare of the town, which is
broad with a pavement of brick. From this square several streets branch off,
and enter a crowd of wooden hovels irregularly tumbled
huddling together, and covering a large space of
ground. The churches are heavily constructed, and in a style pecu-
nar to Lithuania, their gable ends fronting the street,
and terminated at each corner by a square spire, with
a cupola on the top. The great majority of the people
are Catholic and half Jewish, and the Jews are of the most
filthy and abject class.

A few words with regard to the Jews in Poland.
From the moment of crossing the borders of Lithuania,
I had remarked in every town and village swarms of
people differing entirely from the other inhabitants in
physical appearance and costume, and in whose sharply
drawn features, long beards, and flowing dresses,
with the coal-black eyes and oriental costumes of the women,
I at once recognised the dispersed and wandering children of Israel. On the second destruction of Jerusalem, when the Roman general drove a plough over the site of the Temple of Solomon, the political existence of the Jewish nation was annihilated, their land was partitioned among strangers, and the descendants of Abram were forced to pollute with their presence the holy city of their fathers. In the Roman territories, their petition for the reduction of taxation received the stern answer of the Roman, 'Ye demand exemption from tribute for your soil; I will lay it on the air you breathe'; and in the words of the historian, "Dispersed and vagabond, exiled from their native soil and air, they wander over the face of the earth with weeping, either human or divine, and, even as strangers they are not permitted to salute with their footsteps their native land." History furnishes no precise records of the emigration or of the first settlement of the Israelites in the different countries of Europe; but for centuries they have been found dispersed, as it was foretold they would be, over the whole habitable world, a strange, unsocial, and isolated people, a living and continued miracle. At this day they are found in all the civilised countries of Europe and America, in the wildest regions of Asia and Africa, and even within the walls of China; but, after Palestine, Poland is regarded as their Land of Promise; and there they present a more extraordinary spectacle than in any country where the Jewish people have been of recent settlement. Great revolutions have convulsed the globe, new and strange opinions have disturbed the human race, but the Polish Jew remains unchanged: the same as the dark superstition of the middle ages made him; the same in his outward appearance and internal dispositions, in his physical and moral condition, as when he fled forth from Palestine to the ends of the earth.

As early as the fourteenth century, great privileges were secured to the Jews by Casimir the Great, who styled them his "faithful and able subjects," induced, according to the chronicles of the times, like Ahahuerus of old, by the love of a beautiful Esther. While in Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and even in England and France, their forlorn remains of one country after persecution, oppressed by the nobles, anathematised by the clergy, despised and abhorred by the populace, flying from city to city, arrested and tortured, and burned alive, and sometimes destroying themselves by thousands to escape horrors worse than death; while all orders were arrayed in fierce and implacable hatred against them, their property confiscated and their persons torn and there they remain at this day, after centuries of residence, still a distinct people, strangers and sojourners in the land, mingling with their neighbours in the everyday business of life, but never mingling their blood; the direct descendants of the Israelites, who, 3000 years ago, went out from the land of Egypt; speaking the same language, and practising the laws delivered to Moses on the mountain of Sinai; mourning over their fallen temple, and still looking for the Messiah who shall bring together their scattered nation, and restore their temporal kingdom.

But notwithstanding the interest of their history and position, the Polish Jews are far from being an interesting people; they swarm about the villages and towns, infesting the Seats of Government and confounding the country. Outward degradation has worked inward upon their minds; confined to base and sordid occupations, their thoughts and feelings are contracted to their stations, and the despised have become despisable. It was principally in his capacity of Innkeeper that I became acquainted with the Polish Jew. The inn is generally a two-storied building, a room partitioned off in one corner of a large shed serving as a stable and yard for vehicles; the entrance is under a low porch of timber; the floor is of dirt; the furniture consists of a long table, or two or three small ones, and in one corner a bunch of straw, or sometimes a few raised boards formed into a platform, with straw spread over it, for beds; at one end a narrow door leads into a sort of hole filled with dirty beds, old women, half-grown boys and girls, and children not over burdened with garments, and so filthy that, however fatigued, I never felt disposed to venture among them for rest. Here the Jew, assisted by a dirty-faced Rachel, with a keen and anxious look, passes his whole day in serving out to the meanest customers beer, and meat, and corn; wrangling with and extorting money from intoxicated peasants; and it is said, sometimes, after the day's drudgery is over, retires at night to his miserable hole to pore over the ponderous volumes filled with rabbinical lore; or sometimes his mind takes a higher flight, meditating upon the nature of the human soul; its relation to the Divinity; the connexion between spirit and body; and indulging in the visionary hope of gaining, by means of cabalistic formula, command over the spirits of the air, the fire, the flood, and the earth.

Though the days of bitter persecution and hatred have gone by, the Jews are still objects of contempt and loathing. Once I remember pointing out to my position a beautiful Jewish girl, and, with the fanatic spirit of the middle ages, himself one of the most degraded serfs in Poland, he scorned the idea of marrying the fair daughter of Israel. But this the Jew does not regard; all he asks is to be secured from the active enmity of mankind. "Like the haughty Roman banished from the world, the Israelite throws back the sentence of banishment; and, whilst his race is not excluded as an unworthy, but kept apart as a sacred, people; humiliated, indeed, but still hallowed, and reserved for the sure though tardy fulfillment of the divine promises."

The Jews in Poland are still excluded from all offices and honours, and from all the privileges and distinctions of the nation, and exempted from military service on payment of a tax; but since his time, they have been subject to the regular conscription. They regard this as an alarming act of oppression, for the boys are taken from their families at twelve or thirteen, and sent to the army or the common military school, where they imbibe notions utterly at variance with the principles taught them by their fathers; and, probably, if the system continues, another generation will work a great change in the character of the Jews of Poland.

But to return to the Jews at Minsk. As usual, they gathered around us before we were out of our kibbitz, clad hold of our baggage, and in Hebrew, Lithuanian, and Polish, as a present at the end of this brief sojourn they were spare in figure, dressed in high for caps and long black muslin gowns, shining and glossy from long use, and tied around the waist with a sash; and here I remarked what has often been remarked by other travellers, when the features were at rest, a style of face and expression resembling the pictures of the Saviour at the galleries in Italy. While my companion was arranging for post-horses and dinner, I strode through the town alone, that is, with a dozen Israelites at my heels; and on my return I found an accession of the stiff-necked and unbelieving race, one of whom arrested my attention by thrusting before me a silver coin. It was not an antique, but it had in my eyes a greater value than if it had been dug from the ruins of a buried city, and was worth more to me than the thousand francs I was earning out of the late revolution, one of the first acts of sovereignty exercised by the provincial government, was to issue a national coin stamped with the arms of the old kingdom of Poland, the white eagle and the armed cavalier, with an inscription around the rim, "God protect Poland." When the revolution was cancelled, this coin was worth nothing, stamped with devices of the Roman emperors, in the name of the Poles every moment of their brief but glorious moment of liberty, this coin was called in and suppressed, and another substituted in its place, with the Polish eagle, by way of insult, stamped in a small character near the tip end of the wing of the double-headed eagle of Russia. The coin offered me by the Jew was one of the emission of the revolution, and my companion told me it was a
rare thing to find one. I bought it at the Jew's price, and put it in my pocket, as a memorial of a brave and fallen people.

I will not inflict upon the reader the particulars of our journey through this dreary uninteresting country. We travelled slowly, except when we were detained for horses. We never stopped at night, for there seldom was any shelter on the road better than the Jew's inns, and even in our kibitka we were better than there. But, unluckily, on the seventh day, our kibitka broke down; the off hind wheel snapped in pieces, and let us down rather suddenly in one of the autocrat's forests. Our first impulse was to congratulate ourselves that this accident happened in daylight; and we had a narrow escape, for the sun had hardly begun to find its way into the dark forest. Fortunately, too, we were but two or three versts from a post-house. I had met with such accidents at home, and rigged a small tree (there being no such things as rails, properly there not being divided by rail fences) under the rear of the coach, and supporting it on the front. We lighted our pipes and escorted our crippled vehicle to the post-house, where we bought a wheel off another waggon, much better than the old one, only about two inches lower. This, however, was not so bad as might be supposed, at least for me, who sat on the upper side, and had the stout figure of my companion for a bolster.

At Sliogh, about 200 versts from Breze, the frontier town of Poland, we sold our kibitka for a breakfast, and took the char de post, or regular troika. This is the postboy's favourite vehicle; the body being made of twigs interlaced like a long basket, without a particle of iron, and so light that a man can lift up either end with his hands. The seats were plain and comfortable, by the change; the horses fairly played with the little car at their heels; the drivers vied with each other, and several posts in succession we made nearly twenty versts in an hour. It will probably be difficult to throw the charm of romance around the troika driver; but he comes from the flower of the peasantry; his life, passed on the wild highways, is not without its vicissitudes, and he is made the hero of the Russian's favourite popular ballads:

"Away, away, along the road
The gallant troika bounds;
While 'neath the dougs, sadly sweet,
Their Valdai bell resounds."

We passed the house of a very respectable seigneur who had married his own sister. We stopped at his village and talked of him with the postmaster, by whom he was considered a model of the domestic virtues. The streets of it were paved with the chippings of a nobleman who wrote himself cousin to the Emperors of Russia and Austria, confiscated for the part he took in the late Polish revolution, a melancholy-looking object, deserted and falling to ruins, its owner wandering in exile with a price upon his head. It rained hard during the day, for the first time since we left Petersburg; at night the rain ceased, but the snow came down in a long distance, and, in fact, a great part of the way from Petersburg, the road was bordered with trees. At eleven o'clock we stopped at a wretched post-house, boiled water, and refreshed ourselves with deep potations of hot tea. We mounted our troika, the position shouted, and set off on a run. Heavy clouds were hanging in the sky; it was so dark that we could not see the horses, and there was some little danger of a breakdown; but there was a high and wild excitement in hurrying swiftly through the darkness on a run, hearing the quick tinkling of the bell and the regular fall of the horses' hoofs, and seeing only the dark outline of the trees. We continued this way all night, and towards morning were rattling on a full gallop through the streets of Warsaw. We drove into a large house filled with kibitkas, troikas, and all kinds of Russian vehicles, at one end of which was a long low building kept by a Jew. We dismounted, and so ended nearly 3000 miles of posting in Russia. The Jew, roused by our noise, was already at the door with a lighted taper in hand, and gave us a room with a leather-covered sofa and a large cushion for a pillow, where we slept till eleven o'clock the next day.

We breakfasted, and in the midst of a violent rain crossed the Bug, and entered the territory of Poland Proper. For many centuries the banks of the Bug have been the battle-ground of the Russians and Poles. In the time of Boleslaus the Terrible, this river was a barrier between the mighty empires, and the river was so stained with blood that it has retained ever since the name of the Horrid. Before crossing, we were obliged to exchange our Russian money for Polish, rubles for florins, losing, of course, heavily by the operation, besides being subjected to the bore of studying a new currency; and the moment we planted our feet on the conquered territory, though now nominally under the same government, we were obliged to submit to a most vexatious process. The custom-house stood at the end of the bridge, and, as a matter of course, our postilion stopped there. Our luggage was taken off the waggon, carried inside, every article taken out and laid on the floor, and a Russian soldier stood over, comparing them with a catalogue of prohibited things. As for me, unfortunately for me, the Russian government had not prohibited travellers from wearing pantaloons and shirts in Poland, though it came near faring hard with a morning gown. My companion, however, suffered terribly; his wearing apparel was all laid out on one side, while a large collection of curious and pretty nothing, which we had been so careful to preserve, was all laid on the other side. A large pile was retained for the examination of another officer, to be sent on to Warsaw in case of their being allowed to pass at all. I had frequently regretted having allowed the trouble and inconvenience to prevent my picking up curiosities; but when I saw the treasures of my friend taken from him, or, at least, diminished so much, I considered it the better of my fortune. My friend was a man not easily disheartened; he had even got over the loss of his love at St Petersburg; but he would rather have been turned adrift in Poland without his pantaloons, than be stripped of his precious baubles. I had seen him roused several times on the road, quarrelling with postmasters for the postmaster's daughter was brilliantly foreseen the full development of that extraordinary head of hair.

He ground his teeth, and cursed the whole Russian nation, from the Emperor Nicholas down to the soldier at the custom-house. He was ripe for revolution, and if a new standard of rebellion had been set up in Russia, he would have hurried to range himself under its folds. I soothed him by brushing the knots of his hair, and the truth was, he had sat mechanically, with his pocket-glass and brush, dressing his mustaches; but his heart was not in the work, until, as we approached the borders of Poland, he began to recover from his Petersburg afflatus, and to talk of the beauty of the Polish women. I turned him to this now.

It is a fact, that while for ages a deep hatred has existed between the Poles and the Russians, and while the Russians are at this day lording it over the Poles with the most arbitrary insolence and tyranny, beauty still asserts its lawful supremacy, and the Polish women bring to their feet the conquerors of their fathers, and husbands, and brothers. The first post-house at which we stopped confirmed all that my companion had said; for the postmaster's daughter was brilliantly foreseen particularly in the melting wildness of a dark eye, indicating an Asiatic or Tartar origin; and her gentle
We had scarcely left the postmaster's daughter, on the threshold of Poland, almost throwing a romance about the Polish women, before we saw the most degrad- ing spectacle I ever beheld in Europe, or even in the barbarous countries of the East. Forty or fifty women were at work in the fields, and a large, well-dressed man, with a pipe in his mouth and a long stick in his hand, was walking among them as overseer. In our country the Steps in the open fields would be at the head of his wife or daughter working in the open fields. I had seen it, however, in gallant France and beautiful Italy; but I never saw, even in the barbarous countries of the East, so degrading a spectacle as this; and I could have borne it almost any where better than in chivalric Poland.

We were now in the territory called Poland Proper; that is, in that part which, after the other provinces had been wrested away and attached to the dominions of the colossal powers around, until the revolution and conquest of 1830 had retained the cherished name of the kingdom of Poland. The whole road is Macedamised, smooth and level as a floor, from the banks of the Bug to Warsaw. The post-houses are numerous and well kept, and nothing could be better, and posting is better regulated, though more expensive. The road lay through that rich agricultural district which had for ages made Poland celebrated as the granary of Europe; and though the face of the country was perfectly flat, and the scenery tame and uninteresting, the soil was rich, and, at that time, in many places teeming with heavy crops. As yet, it had not recovered from the desolate effects of the war of the revolution. The whole road has been a battle-ground, over which the Poles had chased the Russians to the frontier, and been driven back to Warsaw; time after time it had been drenched with Russian and Polish blood, the houses and villages sacked and burned, and their hinecked ruins still cumbered the ground, nursing in the conquered but unsubdued Pole his deep, unyielding hatred of the Russians.

On this road Diebitz, the crosser of the Balkan, at the head of 80,000 men, advanced to Warsaw. His right and left wings manoeuvred to join him at Sicedler, the principal town, through which we passed. We changed our horses, passed through, and arrived at night without stopping. In the morning my companion pointed out an old oak, where a distinguished colonel of the revolution, drawing up the fourth Polish regiment against the Imperial Guards, with a feeling of mortal hate, commanded them to throw away their primings, and charge with the bayonet, "œuvr a œuvr." In another place 500 gentlemen, dressed in blue, with scarlet pumps, silk stockings, and small swords, in a perfect wantonness of pleasure at fighting with the Russians, and, as they said, in the same spirit with which they would go to a ball, threw themselves upon a body of the guards, and, after the most desperate fighting, were cut to pieces to a man. Farther on, a little off from the road, a gentle hill sloping down, was a large mound covered with black crosses, thrown up over the graves of the Poles who had fallen there. About eleven o'clock we approached the banks of the Vistula. We passed the suburbs of Praga, the last battle-ground of Kosciusko, where the blood-stained Siwarrow butchered in cold blood 30,000 Poles. Warsaw lay spread out on the opposite bank of the river, the seat of the capital of Poland, the city of brave men and beautiful women; of Stanislaus, and Sobieski, and Poniatowski, and Kosciusko, and, I will not withhold it, possessing, in my eyes, a romantic interest from its associations with the hero of my schoolboy days, Thaddeus of Warsaw. On the right is the chateau of the old kings of Poland, now occupied by a Russian vicerey, with the banners of Russia waving over its walls. We rode over the bridge, and entered the city. Martial music was sounding, and Russian soldiers, Cossacks, and Circassians, were filing through its streets. We held up to let them pass, and they moved like the keepers of a conquered city, with bent brows and stern faces, while the citizens looked at them in gloomy silence. We drove up to the Hotel de Leipsic (which, however, I do not recommend), where I took a bath and a doctor.

CHAPTER XXV.

WARSAW.—A Polish Doctor.—Battle of Grokov.—The Outbreak. —The Insurrection.—The Present Condition.—Polish Exiles.—Aspect of Warsaw.—The War of the Poles.

A letter dated at Warsaw to my friends at home begins thus:—"I have reached this place to be put on my back by a Polish doctor. How long he will keep me here, I do not know. He promises to set me going again in a week; and as he has plenty of patients without keeping me down, I have great confidence in him. Besides, having weathered a Greek, an Armenian, and a Russian, I think I shall be too much for a Pole." There was not a servant in the house who understood any language I spoke, and my friend kindly proposed my taking a room with him; and as he had many acquaintances in Warsaw, who thronged to see him, he had to tell them all the history of the American in the morning of the next day. All the next day I lay in the room alone on a low bedstead, looking up at the ceiling, and counting the cracks in the wall. I was saved from a fit of the blues by falling into a passion, and throwing my boots at the servant because he could not understand me. Late in the evening my friend returned from the theatre with three or four companions, and we sat down and amused ourselves with the story of a pipe. They were all excellent fellows, and, as soon as they heard me moving, came over to me, and, when I fell back on my pillow, covered me up, and went back, and talked till I wanted them again. Towards day-light I fell asleep, and when the doctor came in the morning, felt myself a new man. My doctor, by the way, was not a Pole, but a German, physician to the court, and the first in Warsaw; he occupied a little country-seat a few miles from Warsaw belonging to Count Nymyswiethe, the poet and patriot, who accompanied Kosciusko to this country, and married a lady of New Jersey; returned with him to Poland, was with him on his last battle-field, and almost cut to pieces by his side.

In the afternoon one of my companions of the night before came to see me. He had been in Warsaw during the revolution, and talked with enthusiasm of their brief but gallant struggle; and, as it was a beautiful afternoon, proposed strolling to a little eminence near at hand, commanding a view of the first battle-ground, and a meeting with him, and he pointed out on the other side of the Vistula the field of Grokov. Below it was the bridge over which General Romarino carried his little army during the night, having covered the bridge, the hores' hoofs, and the wheels of the carriages, with straw. This general is now in France under sentence of death, with a price set upon his head. The Poles fought the battle of Grokov, the greatest in Europe, in front of Warsaw, on the 20th of December, 1794. The Russian force was arranged in two lines of com- batants, and a third of reserves. It left, between the Wawre and the marshes of the Vistula, consisted of four divisions of infantry of 47,000 men, three of cavalry of 10,500, and 108 pieces of cannon; the right consisted of three and a half divisions of infantry of 31,000 men, four divisions of cavalry of 15,750 men, and 52 pieces of cannon. Upon the borders of the great forest opposite the Forest of Elders, conspicuous from where I stood, was placed the reserve, commanded
BATTLE OF GROKOW.

by the Grand-duke Constantine. Against this immense army the Poles opposed less than 50,000 men and 100 pieces of cannon, under the command of General Skrzynecki.

At break of day the whole force of the Russian right wing, with a terrible fire of fifty pieces of artillery and columns of infantry, charged the Polish left, with the determination of carrying it by a single and overpowering effort. The Poles, with 6500 men and 12 pieces of artillery, not yielding a foot of ground, seeing that they could hold out no longer, resisted this attack for several hours, until the Russians slackened their fire. About ten o'clock the plain was suddenly covered with the Russian forces issuing from the cover of the forest, seeming one undivided mass of troops. 200 pieces of cannon, posted on a single line, commenced a fire which made the earth tremble, and was more telling than that of the oldest officers, many of whom had fought at Marengo and Austerlitz, had ever beheld. The Russians now made an attack upon the right wing; but foiled in this as upon the left, Diebitsch directed the strength of his army against the Forest of Elders, hoping to divide the Poles into two parts. 120 pieces of cannon were brought to bear on this one point, and fifty battalions, incessantly pushed to the attack, kept up a scene of massacre unheard of in the annals of war. A Polish officer, who was in the battle, told me that the small streams which intersected the forest were so choked with dead that the infantry marched directly over their bodies. The heroic Poles, with twelve battalions, for fifteen minutes held their ground, then suddenly fell back, and renewed the attack. Nine times they were driven out, and nine times, by a series of admirably executed manœuvres, they repulsed the Russians with immense loss. Batteries, now concentrated in one point, were in a moment hurried to another, and the artillery advanced to the charge like cavalry, sometimes within a hundred feet of the enemy's columns, and there opened a murderous fire of grape.

At three o'clock, the generals, many of whom were wounded, and most of whom had their horses shot under them, and fought on foot at the head of their divisions, resolved upon a retrograde movement, so as to draw the Russians on the open plain. Diebitsch, supposing it to be a flight, looked over to the city and exclaimed, "Well, then, it appears that, after this bloody day, I shall take ten in the Belvidere Palace." The Russian troops debouched from the forest. A cloud of Russian cavalry, with several regiments of heavy cuirassiers at their head, advanced to the attack. Colonel Dr. Liebling, a German regiments of horse, thrown from his battery for five hours, seated with perfect sang froid upon a disabled piece of cannon, remained to give another effective fire, then left at full gallop a post which he had so long occupied under the terrible fire of the enemy's artillery. This rapid movement of his battery animated the Russian forces. The cavalry advanced on a trot upon the line of a battery of rocketts. A terrible discharge was poured into their ranks, and the horses, galloping to madness by the flares of fire, became wholly ungovernable, and broke away, spreading disorder in every direction; the whole body swept headlong along the fire of the Polish infantry, and in a few minutes was so completely annihilated, that, of a number of official descriptions, only one was signed, that described the remains of the Russian army as "the Invincibles," not a man escaped. The wreck of the routed cavalry, pursued by the lancers, carried along in its flight the columns of infantry; a general retreat commenced, and the cry of "Poland for ever!" reached the walls of Warsaw to cheer the hearts of its anxious inhabitants. So terrible was the fire that General Tomaszkowski, a single general or staff officer who had not his horse killed or wounded under him; two-thirds of the officers, and, perhaps, of the soldiers, had their clothes pierced with balls, and more than a tenth part of the army were wounded. 30,000 Russians and 10,000 Poles were left on the field of battle; rank upon rank lay prostrate on the earth, and the Forest of Elders was so strewn with bodies that it received from that day the name of the "Forest of the Dead." The execrable and bloody work was done. All Europe with astonishment, that the Poles, the last of the Balkan had been foiled under the walls of Warsaw.

All day, my companion said, the cannonading was terrible. Crowds of citizens, of both sexes and all ages, were assembled on the spot where we stood, earnestly watching the progress of the battle, sharing in all its vicissitudes. At the moment when, in the highest state of excitement as the clearings up of the columns of smoke showed when the Russians or the Poles had fled; and he described the entry of the remnant of the Polish army into Warsaw as sublime and terrible. Their hair and faces were begrimed with powder and blood; their armour shattered and broken, and all, even dying men, were singing patriotic songs; and when the four thousand remnants of the Polish host, the true companion, and who had particularly distinguished themselves in the battle, crossed the bridge and filed slowly through the streets, their lances shivered against the cuirasses of the guards, their helmets broken, their faces black and spotted with blood, some erect, some tottering, and some barely able to sustain themselves upon their horses, the streets were crowded with the people, who rose the distracted cries of mothers, wives, daughters, and lovers, seeking among this broken band for forms dearer than life, many of whom were then sleeping on the battle-field. My companion told me that he was then a lad of seventeen, and had begged with tears to be allowed to accompany his brother; but his widowed mother, after hugging him tenderly, had told him to attempt it. All day he had stood with his mother on the very spot where we did, his hand in hers, which she grasped convulsively, as every peal of cannon seemed the knell of her son; and when the lancers passed, she sprang from his side as she recognised in the drooping figure of his sister the figure of her gallant boy. He was then reeling in his saddle, his eye was glazed and vacant, and he died that night in their arms.

The tyranny of the Grand-duke Constantine, the imperial viceroy, added to the hatred of the Russians, which is the birthright of every Pole, induced the unhappy revolution of 1830. Although, on the death of Alexander, Constantine waived in favour of his brother Nicholas his claim to the throne of Russia, his rule in Poland shows that it was not from any aversion to the exercise of power.

When Constantine was appointed its commander-in-chief, the Polish army ranked with the bravest in Europe. The short and successful war of 1828 in which Poniatowski had kept alive the recollections of the military glory of their fallen nation. Almost annihilated by the bloody battles in Italy, where they met their old enemies under Suwarrow, the butcher of Praga, the proud remnants re-organised, and formed the fifth corps of the "grande armée," distinguished themselves at Smolensk, Borodino, Kalons, and the passage of the Berezina, took the field with the wreck of the army in Saxony, fought at Dresden and Leipsic; and when Napoleon told them, brave as they were, that they were free to go home if they pleased, they scorned to desert him in his waning fortunes, and accompanied him to Paris. Alexander promised an amnesty to the Poles, and returned to Warsaw, which he entered in triumph.

Within the first six months many officers of this army had been grossly insulted; an eyewitness told me that he had seen, on the great square of Warsaw, the high sheriff tear off the epaulettes from the shoulders of an officer, and, in the presence of the whole troops, strike him on the cheek with his hand.

If I were to enumerate, as I heard them, the many causes of oppression that roused to revolt the slumbering spirit of the Poles; in the midst of which the French revolution threw all Poland into commotion. The three days of July were hailed with rapture by every patriotic heart; the new revolutionary movements in Belgium cheered them on; and eighty young men, torn from the altars when praying
for the souls of their murdered countrymen on the anniversary of the butchery at Praga, thrilled every heart, and hurried the hour of retribution. The enthusiasm of youth struck the first blow. A band of ardent young men of the first families attended the meetings of secret patriotic associations; and six of them, belonging to the military school, suspecting they were betrayed, early in the evening went to their barracks, and presented their sabers, a present from a priest, to a private of the guard. The whole corps, not excepting one sick in bed, amounting in all to about a hundred and fifty, took up arms, and under a lieutenant of nineteen, attacked the palace of Constantine, and almost secured his person. The grand-duke was then asleep on a couch in a room opening upon a corridor of the Belvedere Palace, and, surrounded by a faithful valet, had barely time to throw a robe over him and fly. The insurgents, with cries of vengeance, rushed into the interior of the palace, driving before them the chief of the city police, and the aide-de-camp of the grand-duke. The latter had the presence of mind to close the door of the grand-duke's apartment before he was pierced through with a sword. The guards of the grand-duke, the beautiful and interesting princess for whom he had sacrificed a crown, bearing the struggle, was found on her knees offering up prayers to Heaven for the safety of her husband. Constantine escaped by a window; and the young soldiers, foiled in their attempt, marched into the city, and passing the barracks of the Russian garrison, occupied the wholeof the city. Entering the city, they broke open the prisons and liberated the state prisoners, burst into the theatres, crying out, "Women, home! men, to arms!" forced the arsenal, and in two hours, 40,000 men were under arms. Very soon the fourth Polish regiment joined them; and before midnight the remainder of the Polish troops in the city had joined also. Thus the grand-duke, deeply implicated to be abandoned, espoused the popular cause. Some excesses were committed; and General Stanislaus Potocki, distinguished in the revolution of Kosciusko, for hesitating, was killed, exclaiming with his last breath that it was dreadful to die by the hands of his countrymen.

Chłopicki, the comrade of Kosciusko, was proclaimed dictator by an immense multitude in the Champ de Mars. For some time the inhabitants of Warsaw were in a delirium; the members of the patriotic association, and citizens of all classes, assembled every day, carrying arms, and with glasses in their hands, in the saloon of the theatre, and at a celebrated coffee-house, discussed the political future of the country, the fate of the theatres, the least allusion brought down thunders of applause, and at the end of the piece heralds appeared on the stage waving the banners of the dismembered provinces. In the pit they sang in chorus national hymns; the boxes answered them; and sometimes the spectators finished by scaling the stage, and dancing the Mazurka and the Creacovia.

The fatal issue of this revolution is well known. The Polish nation exercted and exhausted its utmost strength, and the whole force of the colossal empire was brought against it, and in spite of prodigies of valour, crushed it. The moment, the only moment, when gallant, chivalric, and heroic Poland could have been saved and rescued from her misfortunes, was suffered by, and no one came to her aid. The minister of France threw out the bold boast that 100,000 men stood ready to march to her assistance; but France and all Europe looked on and saw her fall. Her expiring diet ordered a levy in mass, and made a last appeal "in the name of God; in the name of liberty; of a nation placed between two fires; in the name of my country and the country of those who have fought for religion and humanity; in the name of future generations; in the name of justice and the deliverance of Europe?" but her dying appeal was unheard. Her last battle was under the walls of Warsaw; and then she would not have fallen, but even in Poland there were traitors. The governor of War saw blasted the laurels won in the early battles of the revolution by the blackest treason. He ordered General Romarino to withdraw 8000 soldiers, and chase the Russians beyond the frontier at Brest, while it was gone, the Russians pressed Warsaw; he could have returned in time to save it, but was stopped with directions not to advance until further orders. In the meantime Warsaw fell, with the curse of every Pole upon the head of its governor. The traitor now lives ingloriously in Russia; her old and noble exile is in unhappy but not unhonoured exile in Siberia.

So ended the last heroic struggle of Poland. It is dreadful to think so, but it is greatly to be feared that Poland is blotted for ever from the list of nations. Indeed, by a late imperial ukase, Poland is expunged from the map of Europe; her old and noble name was murdered, imprisoned, or in exile; her own language is excluded from the offices of government, and even from the public schools; her national character destroyed; her national dress proscribed; her national colours trampled under foot; her national banner, the white eagle of Poland, is in the dust. Warsaw is now divided into three distinct districts; At Carussian city; her attitutides are wandering in exile in foreign lands, while Cossack and Circassian soldiers are felling through her streets, and the banner of Russia is waving over her walls.

Perhaps it is not relevant, but I cannot help saying that there is no exaggeration in the stories which reach us at our own doors of the misfortunes and sufferings of Poland. The Polish national spirit is extension to different countries, and particularly I remember one at Cairo. He had fought during the whole Polish revolution, and made his escape when Warsaw fell. He was a man of about thirty-five years of age, dressed in a worn military frock-coat, and carrying himself with a manly martial air. He had left a wife and two children behind him, and with a few companions, had followed the emperor requesting permission to return, and even promising never again to take up arms against Russia, but had received for answer that the amnesty was over, and the day of grace was past; and the unfortunate Pole was then wandering about the world, like a cavalier of fortune, a knight of romance, with nothing to depend upon but his sword. He had offered his services to the sultan and to the pacha of Egypt; he was then poor, and with the bearing of a gentleman and the pride of a soldier, was literally begging his bread. I could sympathise in the misfortunes of an exiled Pole, and felt that his distress must indeed be great, that he who had perilled life, and tis dearer the life, in the cause of his country, and who fight for the cause of humanity, should be the last to be forgotten. Perhaps the old fashioned sword to the greatest despot that ever lived.

The general appearance of Warsaw is imposing. It stands on a hill of considerable elevation on the left bank of the Vistula; the Zamech, or Chateau of the kings of Poland, spreads its wings midway between the river and the summit of the hill, and churches and towns are placed at different heights the distant horizon. Most of the houses are built of stone, or brick stuccoed; they are numbered in one continued series throughout the city, beginning from the royal palace (occupied by Paskiewitch), which is numbered one, and rising above number five thousand. The churches are numerous, and the largest, St. John's, is finished; and many of the mansions of noblemen, are on a large scale, very showy, and, in general, striking for their architectural designs. One great street runs irregularly through the whole city, of which Miodowa, or Honey Street, and the Novov Street, or New World, are the principal and most modern portions. As in all aristocratical cities, the streets are divided into trottoirs for the foot-passengers. The Russian dressy is in common use; the public carriages are like those in western Europe, though of a low form; the linings generally painted red; the horses large and handsome, with large collars of red or green, covered with small brass rings, which sound like tinkling bells; and the cabs are like those in our own city, only longer and lower, and more like our brearer's dray. The
hotels are numerous, generally kept in some of the old palaces, and at the entrance of each stands a large porter, with a cocked hat and silver-headed cane, to show travellers to their apartments, and receive the names of visitors. There are two principal kukiernia, something like the French cafes, where many of the Vasaers and French are accustomed to spend their leisure hours, which characterises this race; and this is particularly manifest at Warsaw. An eyewitness, describing the appearance of the Polish deputies at Paris sent to announce the election of Henry of Anjou as successor of Sigismund, says, "It is impossible to describe the general astonishment when we saw these ambassadors in long robes, fur caps, sabres, arrows, and quivers; but our admiration was excessive when we saw the sumptuousness of their equipages; the scabbards of their swords adorned with jewels; their bridles, saddles, and horse-cloths decked in the same way, &c.

But none of this barbaric display is now seen in the streets of Warsaw. Indeed, immediately on entering it, we observed a considerable change on the manners of the people. The streets seemed almost, though not quite, like a city of western Europe, which may perhaps be ascribed, in a great measure, to the entire absence of the semi-Asiatic costumes so prevalent in all the cities of Russia, and even at St. Petersburg; and the only thing I remarked peculiar in the dress of the inhabitants was the running-in of a bow, a busk, a large bust, and a black hat, worn by the men, in large breastpins, shirt-buttons, and gold chains over the vest; the mustache is universally worn. During the war of the revolution immediately succeeding our own, Warsaw stood the heaviest brunt; and when Kosciusko fell fighting before it, its population was reduced to 75,000. Since that time it has increased, and is supposed now to be 100,000 souls. The political commotions of the last century, and the calamity which has befallen Warsaw; still its appearance is that of a gay city. Society consists altogether of two distinct and distant orders, the nobles and the peasantry, without any intermediate degrees. I except, of course, the Jews, who form a large item in her population, and whose long beards, thin and anxious faces, and peculiarly parti-coloured capes, are a mark even to strangers to Warsaw. The peasants are in the lowest stage of mental degradation. The nobles, who are more numerous than in any other country in Europe, have always, in the eyes of the public, formed the people of Poland. They are brave, prompt, frank, hospitable, and gay, and have long been called the French of the North, being French in their habits, fond of amusements, and living in the open air, like the loungers in the Palais Royal, the Tuileries, the Boulevards, and Luxembourg, and particularly French in their political feelings, the surges of a revolution in Paris being always felt at Warsaw. They regard the Germans with mingled contempt and aversion, calling them "dumb," in contrast with their own "liveliness of speech," and before their fall were called by their neighbours the "proud Poles." They consider it the deepest disgrace to practise any profession, even law or medicine, and, in case of utmost necessity, prefer the plough. A Sicilian, a fellow-passenger from Parma to Naples, who one moment was groaning in the agony of sea-sickness, and the next pleased all with his soulful singing to me, "Canta il Signor," when I asked him, with great simplicity, "Cosa fatta? Niente?"—"What do you do? Nothing?" and I might have addressed the same question to every Pole in Warsaw.

The whole business of the country is in the hands of the Jews, and all the useful and mechanical arts are practised by strangers. I did not find a Pole in a single shop in Warsaw; the proprietors of the hotels and coffee-houses are strangers, principally Germans; my tailor was a German, my shoemaker a Frenchman, and the man who put a new crystal in my watch an Italian from Milan. But though this entire absence of all useful employment is, on grounds of public policy, a blot on their national character, as a matter of feeling, it rather added to the interest with which I regarded the "proud Poles," and perhaps it was imaginary, but I felt all the time I was in Warsaw, that though the shops and coffee-houses were open, and crowds thronged the streets, a sombre air hung over the whole city; and if for a moment this impression left me, a company of Polish Dragoons, in ordinary dress, one of the troops of the garrison, or a single Russian officer riding by in a drosky, wrapped in his military cloak, reminded me that the foot of a conqueror was upon the necks of the inhabitants of Warsaw. This was my feeling after a long summer day's stroll through the streets; and in the evening I went to the theatre, which was a neat building, well filled, and brilliantly lighted; but the idea of a pros- trating and gloomy spirit so haunted me that in a few moments I left what seemed a heartless mockery of pleasure. I ought to add that I did not understand a word of the piece; the triste air which touched me may have been induced by the misfortunes of the stage hero; and, in all probability, I should have astonished a few of my Polish friends, by my interpretation of his visage, I had expressed to him my sympathy in the sufferings of his country.

CHAPTER XXVI.
Religion of Poland.—Sunday in Warsaw.—Baptised Jews.—Palaces of the Polish Kings.—Sobieski.—Field of Vola.—Wreck of a Warrior.—The Poles in America.—A Polish Lady.—Troubles of a Passport.—Departure from Warsaw.—An official Rachel.—A mysterious visitor.

Sunday at Warsaw. Poland is distinguished above the other nations of Europe as a land of religious toleration. It was one of the first countries in which the principles of the Christian religion were established; and by the constitution of Poland was a gross idolatry; and, mingled with the rites of their own country, they worshipped, under other names, Jupiter, Pluto, Mars, Venus, Diana, and others of the pagan deities. During the reign of Miecziaus I. of the Piast dynasty, the monks introduced Christianity. The prince himself was proof against the monks, and refused to receive the points of dogma, and the principles of Christian religion. Enamoured of Dombrowska, the daughter of the Duke of Bohemia, a country which had then lately embraced Christianity, who refused to accept his suit unless he was baptised, Miecziaus sacrificed the superstitions and prejudices of his fathers on the altar of love. But the religion which he embraced for the sake of his mistress afterwards perished for its own; became an ardent champion of the cross; broke down with his own hands the idols of his country; built Christian churches on the ruins of pagan temples; and, in the ardour of his new faith, issued an edict that, when any portion of the Gospel was read, the hearers should half draw their swords to testify their readiness to defend it.

In the reign of the "famous" John Sobieski, the annals of Poland, till that time free from this disgrace, were stained by one of the most atrocious acts of bar- barity recorded in the history of religious persecution. A Lithuanian nobleman, a religious and benevolent man, but sufficiently intelligent to ridicule some of the current superstitions, was very rich, on account of a note made in the margin of a book, which he had seen, was tried for atheism by a council of bigoted Catholic bishops, and found guilty, not only of "having denied the existence of a God, but the doctrine of the Trinity and the divine maternity of the Virgin Mary." Zaluski, one of the villains concerned in the torment, writes, "The convict was led to the scaffold, where the executioner, with a red-hot iron, tore his tongue out, and burnt his mouth, with which he had been cruel toward God; then
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They burned his hands, instruments of the abominable production, at a slow fire. The sacrilegious paper was thrown into the flame; himself last; that monster of the age, that decide, was cast into the flames of expiation, if such a crime could be atoned.

In 1726, the Jesuits, making a public procession with the Host in the streets of Thorn, the young scholars of the order insisted that some Lutheran children should kneel; and on their refusal a scuffle ensued between the Jesuits and townspeople, most of whom were Lutherans, in which the enraged townspeople broke open the Jesuits' college, profaned all the objects of worship, and, among others, an image of the Virgin. The Catholics of Poland, assembled in the diet, almost infuriated with fanatic zeal, condemned to death the magistrates of Thorn for not exercising their authority. Seven of the principal citizens were also condemned to death; many were imprisoned or banished; three persons, accused of throwing the Virgin's image into the fire, lost their right arms, and the whole city was deprived of the freedom of public worship.

This was the last act of religious persecution in Poland; but even yet the spirit of the reformation has made but little progress, and the great bulk of the people are still groping in the darkness of Catholicism. On a Sunday in all their promenades, people are seen standing crosses, sometimes thirty feet high, with a figure of the Saviour large as life, sometimes adorned with flowers, and sometimes covered with rags.

As in all Catholic cities, a Sunday in Warsaw is a fete day. I passed the morning in strolling through the churches, which are very numerous, and some of them, adorned with frescoes, finely carved pulpits, and altars, and the groups of angels and saints, which adorn the altars, are very tasteful. Then I went to the Church of St. John the Baptist, and that of the Holy Cross, of colossal dimensions. The scene was the same as in the Catholic churches in Italy; at every door crowds were entering and passing out, nobles, peasants, shopmen, drowsy boys, and beggars; the high-born lady descended from her carriage, dipped her fingers in the same consecrated water, and knelt on the damp gravel-walks, looking out of a window by side with the beggar; alike equal in God's house, and outside the door again an immeasurable distance between them.

At twelve o'clock, by appointment, I met my travelling companion and another of his friends, in the Jardin de Saxe, the principal public garden in Warsaw. It stands in the very heart of the city, It is the most beautiful of all the palace gardens abjured by the Electors of Saxony when called to the throne of Poland. It is enclosed all around by high walls, screened by shrubs and vines, and trees rising above, so as to exclude the view of the houses facing it. It is handsomely laid out with lawns and gravel-walks, and adorned with trees; and as the grounds are exceedingly rural, one may walk for hours through the thick foliage, darkening the sky on a fine day, and again lighting up the vista through the trees, gave a beauty to the landscape, and a variety and animation to the scene, that I had not yet found in Warsaw. Passing the Belvedere Palace, my companions described the manner in which the students had made their attack upon it, and pointed out the window by which Constantine P. Paper, the founder of the university, was thrown out. From the garden, we walked to the Ujazdow, crossed a stone bridge, on which stands the equestrian statue of John Sobieski, his horse rearing over the body of a prostrate Turk; it was erected to him as the saviour of Christendom, after he had driven the Turks from the walls of Vienna. Beyond this we entered the gardens and park of Lazienki, formerly the country residence of Stanislaus Augustus, and situated in a most delightful spot on the banks of the Vistula.

The royal villa stands in the midst of an extensive park of stately old trees, and the walks lead to a succession of delightful and romantic spots, adorned with appropriate and tasteful buildings. Among them, on a knoll, is a small church, built in pure classical style, and a summer theatre, the latter constructed so as to resemble, in a great measure, an ancient amphitheatre in ruins; it in performances used formerly to take place in the open air. I am not given to dreaming, and there was enough in the scenes passing under my eyes to

which kept them away, for Russian officers, with their rattling swords and nodding plumes, and carrying themselves with a proud and lordly air, were the most conspicuous persons present. I had noticed one party, a dark, pale, and interesting looking man, with an elegant lady and several children and servants, walking, altogether, a singularly melancholy and aristocratic appearance; but the interest I was disposed to take in them was speedily dispelled by hearing that he was a baptized Jew, a money broker, who had accumulated a fortune by taking advantage of the necessities of the Patriotic Society. Indeed, next to the Russian officers, the baptized Jews were the most prominent persons on the promenade. These persons form a peculiar class in Warsaw, occupying a position between the Israelites and Christians, and amalgamating with neither. Many of them are rich, well educated, and accomplished, and possess great elegance of appearance and manner. They hate most cordially their unregenerated brethren, and it is unnecessary to say that this hate is abundantly reciprocated. It was with a feeling of painful interest that I strolled through this once favourite resort of the nobility of Warsaw; and my companions added to this melancholy feeling by talking in a low tone, almost in whispers, and telling me that now the promenade was only frequented by the Jews, who had withdrawn through a private walk, where an old noble, unable to tear himself from a place consecrated by the recollections of his whole life, still continued to take his daily walk apart from the crowd, wearing out the evening of his days in bitter reflections on the fallen condition of his kindred and country.

We dined, at a restaurant, where at one table was a party of Swiss, here, as at Moscow, exercising that talent, skill, and industry, which they exhibit all over the world, and consoling themselves for the privations of exile, with the hope of one day being able to return to their native mountains, never to leave them again.

After dinner we took an open carriage, and at the barrier entered one of the numerous avenues of the Ujazdow, leading to Belvedere, the country residence of the late Grand-duke Constantine. The avenue is divided by rows of old and stately trees, terminating in a large circular octagon, from which branch off eight other avenues, each at a short distance crossed by others, and forming a sort of labyrinth, said to be one of the finest drives and promenades in Europe, and on Sundays the rendezvous of nearly the whole population of Warsaw. It was a beautiful afternoon, and the throng of carriages, and horsemen, and thousands of pedestrians, and the sun, occasionally obscured, and then breaking through the thick foliage, darkening the sky again, lighting up the vista through the trees, gave a beauty to the landscape, and a variety and animation to the scene, that I had not yet found in Warsaw. Passing the Belvedere Palace, my companions described the manner in which the students had made their attack upon it, and pointed out the window by which Constantine P. Paper, the founder of the university, was thrown out. From the garden, we walked to the Ujazdow, crossed a stone bridge, on which stands the equestrian statue of John Sobieski, his horse rearing over the body of a prostrate Turk; it was erected to him as the saviour of Christendom, after he had driven the Turks from the walls of Vienna. Beyond this we entered the gardens and park of Lazienki, formerly the country residence of Stanislaus Augustus, and situated in a most delightful spot on the banks of the Vistula.
employ my thoughts; but as I wandered through the beautiful walks, and crossed romantic bridges, composed of the trunks and bended branches of trees, I could not help recurring to the hand that had planned these beauties, the good King Stanislaus.

"Dread Pultowa's day,
When fortune left the royal Swede," hurled Stanislaus from his throne; and as I stood under the portico of his palace, I could but remember that its royal builder had fled from it in disguise, become a prisoner to the Turks, and died an exile in a foreign land.

From here we rode to the chateau of Villanow, another, and one of the most interesting of the residences of the kings of Poland, constructed by John Sobieski, and perhaps the only royal structure in Europe which, like some of the great edifices of Egypt and Rome, was erected by prisoners taken in war, being constructed entirely by the hands of Turkish captives. It was the favourite residence of Sobieski, where he passed most of his time when not in arms, and where he closed his days. Until lately, the chamber, and bed on which he died, might still be seen. The grounds extend for a great distance along the banks of the Vistula, and many of the trees were planted during Sobieski's reign, the shade the walks were planted by Sobieski's own hands. The reign of Sobieski is the most splendid era in the history of Poland. The great statue I had just passed presented him as the conqueror of the Turks, the deliverer of Christendom, the redoubtable warrior, riding over the body of a prostrate Mussulman; and every stone in the palace is a memorial of his martial triumphs; but if the sunken chambers could tell the scenes of which they had been the witness, loud and far as the trumpet of glory has sounded his name, no man would envy John Sobieski.

The last time he unsheathed his sword, in bitterness of heart he said, "It will be easier to get the better of the enemies I am in quest of than my own sons." He retired to his tented encampment, wounded, more than sixty years old, and two-thirds of his life spent in the tented field; his queen drove his friends from his side, destroyed that domestic peace which he valued above all things, and filled the palace with her plots and intrigues. He had promised to Zaluski an office which the queen wished to give to another, and had swindled him, and the queen, he said, knew the rights of marriage, and you know if I can resist the prayers of the queen; it depends, then, on you that I live tranquil, or that I be constantly miserable. She has already promised to another this vacant office, and if I do not consent to it, I am obliged to fly my house. I know not where I shall go to die in peace. You pity me; you will not expose me to public ridicule."

Old and infirm, with grey hairs and withered laurels, a prey to lingering disease, the deathbed of the dying warrior was disturbed by a noise worse than the din of battle; and before the breath that had left him, an intriguing wife and unnatural children were wrangling over his body for the possession of his crown. A disgraceful struggle, which continued when he was no more. One by one his children died, and there is not now any living of the name of Sobieski.

The next day I visited the field of Vola, celebrated as the place of election of the kings of Poland. It is about five miles from Warsaw, and was formerly surrounded by a ditch with three gates, one for great Poland, one for little Poland, and one for Lithuania. In the middle were two enceolures, one of an oblong shape, surrounded by a kind of rampart or ditch, in the centre of which was erected, at the time of election, a vast temporary building of wood, covered at the top and open at the sides, which was called the sapo, and surrounded on three sides by a circular trench, called the kola, in which the nuncios assembled in the open air. The nobles, from 150,000 to 200,000 in number, encamped on the plain in separate bodies under the banners of their respective palatines, with their principal officers in front on horseback. The prime, having declared the names of the candidates, kneeled down and chantied a hymn; and then, mounting on horseback, went round the plain and collected the votes, the nobles not voting individually, but each palatine voting as a body. It was necessary that the election should be unanimous, and a single nobleman peremptorily stopped the election of Ladislaus VII. Being asked what objection he had to him, he answered, "None at all; but I will not suffer him to be king." After being by some means brought over, he gave the king as the reason for his opposition, "I had a mind to know whether our liberty was still in being or not." And I am satisfied that it is, and your majesty shall not have a better subject than myself." If the palatines agreed, the primate asked again, and yet a third time, if all were satisfied; and after a general approbation, three times proclaimed the king; and the grand-marshal of the crown repeated the proclamation three times at the gates of the camp. It was the exercise of this high privilege of electing their own king which created and sustained the lofty bearing of the Polish nobles, inducing the proud boast which, in a moment of extremity, an intrepid band made to their king, "What hast thou to fear with 20,000 lances! If the sky should fall, we would keep it up with their points." But, unhappily, the opportunity of proving their courage to the nobles, the election of a king often exhibited a worse picture than all the evils of universal suffrage with us. The throne was open to the whole world; the nobles were split into contending factions; foreign gold found its way among them; and sometimes they deliberated under the bayonets of foreign troops. Warsaw was often the scene of the most bloody events, and sometimes the field of Vola was stained with blood. Still no man can ride over that plain without recurring to the glorious hour when Sobieski, covered with laurels, won in fighting the battles of his country, amid the roar of cannon, and the loud acclamations of the senate, the nobles, and the army, was hailed the chosen king of a free people.

I had enough of travelling post, and was looking out for some quiet conveyance to Cracow. A Jew applied to me, and I went with him to look at his carriage, which I found at a sort of "Bull's-head" stopping-place, an enormous vehicle without either bottom or top, being a species of framework like our present Omnibuses, where three hundred and eighty passengers from spilling out. He showed me a couple of rough-looking fellows, who would be my compagnons de voyage, and who said that we could all live very comfortably in the bottom of the vehicle. Their appearance did not add to the recommendation of the waggon; nevertheless, if I had understood the language and been strong enough for the rough work, I should perhaps have taken that conveyance, as, besides the probable incidents of the journey, it would give me more insight into the character of the people than a year's residence in the capital. Returning to my hotel, I found that a Polish officer had left his address, with a request for me to call upon him. I went, and found myself in a hotel, to which I had been conducted by a short way. The officer was a wounded and an invalid, wearing the Polish revolutionary uniform. It was the only instance in which I had seen this dress. After the revolution it had been absolutely proscribed; but the country being completely subdued, and the government in this particular case not caring to exercise any unnecessary harshness, he was permitted to wear it unmolested. It was, however, almost in mockery that he still wore the garb of a soldier; for if Poland had again burst her chains, and the unsheathed sword were put in his hands, he could not have struck a blow to help her. Unfortunately, he could not speak French, or rather I may say fortunately, for in consequence of this I saw his lady, a beautiful woman, was speaking French. She was, however, dressed in black, in mourning for two gallant brothers who died in battle under the walls of Warsaw.

Their business with me was of a most commonplace nature. They had lately returned from a visit to some
friends at Cracow in a calèche hired at the frontier; and hearing from the peasant who drove them that a stranger was looking for a conveyance to that place, out of good will to him desired to recommend him to me. The after a few words finished a sort of acquaintance, before I had resolved to assent to almost any thing she proposed; and when she stated the whole case, it was so exactly what I wanted, that I expressed myself under great obligations for the favour done me. I suggested, however, my doubts as to the propriety of undertaking the journey alone, without any interpreter; but she replied, that she would give full directions to the peasant as to the route. As the carriage could not go beyond the frontier, her husband would give me a letter to the commissaire at Michoof, who spoke French, and also to the postmaster; and, finally, she would herself make out for her passport, which I judged necessary, so as to enable me to ask for bread, milk, eggs, & c.; and with this, and the Polish for "how much," I would get along without any difficulty. While she was writing, another officer came in, old and infirm, and also dressed in the Polish uniform. She rose from the table, met him almost at the door, kissed him affectionately, and said, "You will receive a letter to her, from me, containing all that I have given him to you as "mon beau père," resumed her work. While she was writing, I watched attentively the whole three, and the expression of face with which the two officers regarded her was unspeakably interesting. They were probably unconscious of it, and perhaps it was only my fancy; but if the transient light of the sudden eyes met, the interest, in some sense, sat there in the garb and equipment of soldiers, who had stood in all the pride and vigour of manhood on bloody battle-fields, now looked to a feeble and lovely woman as their only staff and support in life. I would have told them how deeply I sympathised in the misfortunes of their suffering country, but their sober gravity and stern rigidity would have made it impossible to strike a responsive chord by telling them that I was an American, but I would not open their still bleeding wounds; at parting, however, I told them that I should remember in my own country and to their countrymen the kindness shown me here; and as soon as I mentioned that I was an American, the lady asked me if the fate of our unhappy countrymen who had been landed as exiles on our shores, and I felt proud in telling them that they had found among our citizens that sympathy which brave men in misfortune deserve, and that our government had made a provision in land for the exiled compatriots of Kosciusko. She inquired particularly about the details of their occupation, and expressed the fear that their labours might be thrown away. Perhaps I might have been brought up as officers, united them for usefulness among us. I did not then know how prophetic were her forebodings, and was the necessity of telling her what I afterwards read in a newspaper, that an unhappy portion of that band of exiles, discontented with their mode of life, in attempting to cross the Rocky Mountains were cut to pieces by a band of their immediate misfortunes, they had not heard the fate of the exiles, and a ray of satisfaction played for a moment over their melancholy features in hearing that they had met with friends in America; and they told me to say to the Poles, wherever I found them, that they need never again turn their eyes towards home. She added that the fact of her unhappy countrymen who had been extended the hand of welcome to a stranger in Poland; that, when a child, she had heard her father and brothers talk of liberty and the pressure of a foreign yoke, but living in allusion, surrounded by friends and connexions, she could not sympathise with them, and thought it a feeling existing only in men, who were transported from their own homes; but when she opened her eyes; her family had been crushed to the earth, her friends imprisoned, killed, or driven into exile; and yet, she added, turning to her husband and father, she ought not to mourn, for those dearest to her on earth were spared. But I could read in her face, as she bent her eyes upon their pallid features, that she felt they were spared only for a season.

Reluctantly I bade them farewell. A servant waited to go with me almost to the coach, but told him it was not worth while. I was in no humour for examining the spokes of carriage-wheels; and if I had been obliged to ride on the tongue, I believe I should have taken it. I went to my hotel, and told my friend of my interview with the major and his lady. He knew all the Polish reputation, and confirmed and strengthened all the impressions in my mind, adding that both father and son had been among the first to take up arms during the revolution, and at its unhappy termination were so beloved by the people of Warsaw, that, in their wounded and crippled state, the Russian government had not proceeded to extremities with them.

At last evening the day was spent, and in Warsaw, in my Pole and several of his friends at a herba tea, that is, a sort of confectioner's shop, like a café in the south of Europe, where, as in Russia, tea is the popular drink. The next morning, as usual, my passport was not ready. My valet had been for it several times, and could not get it. I had been myself to the police-office, and waited there with my friends, until about noon, when the morn- ing, I went at a little after eight, but I will not obtrude upon the reader the details of my vexation, nor the amiable feelings that passed in my mind in waiting till twelve o'clock in a large ante-room. In my after wanderings I sometimes sat down upon a stump, or on the sands of the desert, and meditated upon my folly in underestimating the pride that I might sit quietly at home; but when I thought of passports in Russia and Poland, I shook myself with the freedom of a son of the desert—and with the thought that I could turn my cromedary's head which way I pleased, other difficulties seemed light. Ancient philosophers extolled uniformity as a great virtue in a town, and I sat, in my own uniform, in the highest praise, for the matter of arranging my passport I was always in a passion. I do not know a single exception to the contrary. And if there was one thing more vexatious than another, it was in the case at Warsaw, where, after having been bailed from office to office, I received my passport, still requiring the signature of the governor, who walked up to the palace, nursed my indignation, and expecting an accumu- lation. I was ushered in by guards and soldiers, and at once disarmed of all animosity by the politeness and civility of the principal officers of government. I was almost sorry to be obliged to withhold my intended malediction. I hurried back to my hotel. My friend, with whom I was then staying, was in the act of waiting to see the last of me; my calèche was at the door, and I was already late for a start. I took my seat, and bade them farewell. I promised to write to him on my arrival in Paris, and to continue a corres- pondence on my return home. Most unfortunately, I lost his address. He lived in some town in Poland, near the border. The name was too long for me to remember; the moment thinks of me unkindly for my apparent neglect. Possibly we may meet again, though probably never; but if we do, though it do not happen till our heads are grey, we will have a rich fund of satisfaction in the recollections of our long journey to Warsaw.

I was again setting out alone. My guide or conduiteur was a Polish peasant. Without having seen him, I had calculated upon making ordinary human intelli- gence, to some extent, a medium of communication; but I found that I had been too soaring in my ideas of the divinity of human nature. When I returned to the hotel, I found him lying on the side-walk asleep; a servant kicked him up, and pointed me out as his master for the journey. I ran out to him, and, by signs, expressed his intention, stood up, repeated the same salutation on my boot. An Ame- rican, perhaps, more than any other, scorns the idea of man's debasing himself to his fellow-man; and so powerful was this feeling in me, that before I went abroad I

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almost despised a white man whom I saw engaged in menial offices. I had outlived this feeling when I saw a tall, strong, athletic white man kneel down and kiss my foot, I could almost have spurned him from me. His whole dress was a long shirt coming down to his feet, supported by a broad leathern belt eight inches wide, which he used as a pocket, and a low, broad-brimmed hat, turned up all round, particularly at the sides, and not unlike the headgear of the Lebanon Shakers.

Before putting myself out of the reach of aid, I held a conversation with him through an interpreter. The lady of the major had made out a chart for me, specifying each day’s journey, which he promised to observe, and added, that he would be my slave if I would give him not to make an agreement; that would be, such “a matter may say most emphatically that I was again setting out alone; but my caleche was even better than the Polish officer represented it, abundantly provided with pockets for provisions, books, &c., and altogether so much more comfortable than anything I was used to, that I threw myself back in it with a feeling of great satisfaction. I rolled for the last time through the streets of Warsaw; looked out upon the busy thorough and though, in the perfectly indifferent air with which they turned to me, I felt how small a space I occupied in the world, I lighted my pipe and smoked in their faces, and with a perfect feeling of independence towards all the world, at one o’clock I arrived at the barrier. I must observe, yours, that I was an object of special consideration to the Emperor of Russia. A soldier came out for my passport, with which he went inside the guardhouse, and in a few minutes returned with the paper in his hands to ask me some question. I could not answer him. He talked to me a little while, and again went within doors. After sitting for a few minutes with the gatekeeper, he returned, congratulating myself that if there was any irregularity it had been discovered before I had advanced far on my journey, I dismounted and went inside, where, after detaining me long enough to make me feel very uncomfortable, they endowed the caleche, and let me go. I again lighted my pipe, and felt the mildness of the day, the comfort of my caleche, and the docility and accommodating spirit of my peasant, forgot my past, and even the chance of future, difficulties. There was nothing particularly attractive in the road; the country was generally fertile, though tame and uninteresting. Late in the afternoon we stopped at a little town, where the peasant who drove the waggons said that there was another town on this side of Warsaw, in the corner of the square, with a range of wooden houses built all around fronting on the square, and the inhabitants were principally Jews. My peasant took off his horses and fed them in the square, and I went into a little kukernia, much cleaner and better than the town promised, where I had a cup of coffee and a roll of bread, and then strolled around the town, which, at this moment presented a singular spectacle. The women and children were driving into the square herds of cows from the pasture-grounds in the unclosed plains around; and when all were brought in, each proprietor picked out his own cow and drove her home, and in a few moments, opposite almost every house stood the family cow, with a woman or child milking her. After the cows strolled back into the square to sleep till morning.

A little before dark we started, and after a fine moonlight ride, at about ten o’clock we drove into a sort of caravanserai, being simply a large shed or covered place for waggons and horses, with a room partitioned off in one corner where the master of the stable, perhaps, fifteen or twenty waggons under the shed, and their waggons were all assembled in this room, some standing up and eating off a board stretched along the wall, some drinking, some smoking, and some already asleep on the floor. In one corner was a party of Jews, with the contents of a purse emptied before them, which they were dividing into separate parcels. The place was kept by a Jew, who, with his wife, or some woman belonging to the establishment, old and weather-beaten, was rummaging about serving, and apparently quarrelling with all the waggons. She seemed particularly disposed to quarrel with me, I believe because I could not talk to her, this being, in her eyes, an unpardonable sin. I could understand, however, that she wanted to prepare me a supper; but my appetite was not tempted by what I saw around me, and I lighted my pipe and smoked away. I believe afterwards saw something which made her like me better; for while the waggons were strewing themselves about the floor for sleep, she went out, and returning with a tolerably clean sheaf of straw under each arm, called me to her, and shaking them out in the middle of the floor, pointed me to my bed. My pipe was ended, and putting my carpet-bag under my head, and my clean shirt to the bottom, and the old woman climbed up to a sort of platform in one corner, where a moment after, I saw her sitting up with her arms above her head, with the utmost nonchalance changing her innermost garment.

I was almost asleep, when I noticed a strapping big man, muffled up to the eyes, standing at my feet and looking in my face. I raised my head, and he walked round, keeping his eyes fixed upon me, and went away. Shortly after, he returned, and again walking round, stopped and addressed me, “Sprechten Sie Deutsch?” I answered by asking him if he could speak French; and not being able, he went away. He returned again, and again walked round as before, looking steadily in my face, and then walking away, put his hand into his pocket, and brought out my glasses, which I took in my eyes till I had turned completely round with him, when he stopped as if satisfied with his observations, and in his broadest vernacular opened bluntly, “Hadn’t we better speak English?” I need not say that I entirely agreed with him. I sprang up, and catching his hand, asked him what possessed him to begin upon me in such a manner in the street. He understood me in French, adding that his stout English figure ought to have made me know better; and after mutual good-natured recriminations, we kicked my straw bed about the floor, and agreed to make a night of it. He was the proprietor of a large iron manufactory, distant about three days’ journey, and was then on his way to Warsaw. He went out to his carriage, and one of his servants produced a stock of provender like the larder of a well-furnished hotel; and as I had gone to bed supplerless, he seemed a good, stout, broad-shouldered guardian angel sent to comfort me. We sat on the back seat of the carriage, making a table of the front; and when we had finished, and the fragments were cleared away, we sat at the table, and I talked to him. He talked to me and as I talked to him the eyes, which had at first been closed, opened slowly, and his whole deportment assumed a sort of nonchalance, which I believe, was very well intended to make me feel as if I belonged to the class I was in, and to one of his servants, and that my mind was entirely under his control. He talked to me in the same language in which I had spoken to him, and I talked to him in the same language in which I had spoken to him, and we talked till we fell asleep on each other’s shoulder. Notwithstanding our intimacy so far, we should not have known each other by daylight, and at the break of day we went outside to examine each other. It was, however, perhaps hardly worth while to retain a recollection of features; for unless by some such accident as that which brought us together, we never shall meet again. We had our meal round in each other’s houses, and gave a memorial of our meeting, and at the same moment started on our opposite roads.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Friendly Solicitude.—Raddom.—Symptoms of a Difficulty.—A Court of Inquisition.—Showing a proper spirit.—Troubles thickening.—Approaching the climax.—Woman’s Influence.—The Pinace.—Utility of the Classics.—Another Latinsist.—A Lucky Accident.—Arrival at Cracow.

At about eight o’clock we stopped to feed, and at the feeding-place met a German waggonsman, who had lived in Hamburgh, and spoke English. He seemed much distressed at my not understanding the language of the country. He was a stout burly fellow, eating and drinking all the time, and his great anxiety was lest I should starve on the road. He insisted upon my providing against such a fatality, and had a couple of fowls roasted for me, and wrapped in a piece of coarse brown paper;
and, at parting, backed by a group of friends, to whom he had told my story, he drank schnaps (at my expense) to my safe arrival at Cracow.

At eleven o'clock we reached Raddom. There was a large swinging gate at the barrier of the town, and the soldier opening it with a flourish of his sword, at once went after me by the way that he had taken into the calèche with me, and we drove into the town, stopped in the public square, and went to the bureau together. He left me in an ante-chamber, and went within, promising, by his manner, to expedite the business, and intimating an expectation of schnaps on his return. In a few minutes he returned, and barely opening the door for me to enter hurriedly shut it off, apparently with some misgivings about his schnaps.

I entered, and found three or four men, who took no notice of me. I waited a few moments, and seeing my passport on a table before one of them, went up, and, certainly without intending any thing offensive, took up the passport with a view of calling his attention to it; he jerked it out of my hand, and looked at me with an imperious and imperious air, at the same time saying something I have no doubt in character with the expression of his face, he slapped it down on the table. Two or three officers coming in, looked at it, and laid it down again, until at length one man, the head of that department I suppose, took it up, wrote a note, and gave it to another, who, after a respectful bow to me following him, roused me to follow him. The soldier conducted me to the bureau of the government, the largest building, and occupying a central position in the town, and left me in an ante-chamber with the usual retinue of soldiers and officers. In about a quarter of an hour he came out without the passport, and pulled me by the sleeve to follow him. I was well aware he was there for the passport, and, in fact, moved towards the door he had left. He seemed a good-hearted fellow, and, anxious to save me from any imprudence, pulled me back, held up his fingers, and pointing to the clock, told me to return at one; and touching his hat respectfully, with probably the same interest, gave me the name, 'Seigneur,' and a look of real interest, hurried away.

I strolled about the town, dropped in at a kukiernia, went to the square, and saw my peasant friend feeding his horses, apparently in some trouble and perplexity. I went back at one, and was ordered to come again at four. I would have remonstrated, but, besides that I could not bear to be interfered with, I was disposed to speak they turned rudely away from me. I was vexed by the loss of the day, as I had agreed to pay a high price for the sake of going through a day sooner, and this might spoil my plan; and I was particularly vexed by the rough manner in which I was treated. I returned at four, and was conducted into a large chamber, in which were perhaps twenty or thirty clerks and inferior officers in the uniform of the government.

As soon as I entered, there was a general commotion. They had sent for a young man who spoke a little French, to act as interpreter. The passport was put into his hands, and the first question he asked me was how I, an American, happened to be travelling under a Polish passport. I was much interested that it was not from any wish of mine, but in obedience to their own laws, and added the fact that this passport had been made out by the Russian ambassador at Constantinople; that under it I had been admitted into Russia, and travelled from the Black Sea to St Petersburg, and from there down to Warsaw, as he might see from the paper itself, the pieces of the proper authorities, down to that of the governor of Warsaw, being regularly endorsed.

He then asked what my business was in Poland, and what had induced me to come there. I answered, the same that had carried me into Russia, merely the curiosity of a traveller; and he then inquired what in particular I was doing. On my relating it to him and confusing my feelings, I should have told him that, besides being attracted by the interest of her heroic history, I wished to see with my own eyes the pressure of a colossal foot upon the necks of a conquered people; that this very system of inquisition and espionage was one of the things I expected to see; but I, of course, forbore this, and answered only in general terms, and my answer was not satisfactory. He then began a more particular examination; asked my age, my height, the colour of my eyes, &c. At first I did not see the absurdity of this examination, and answered honestly according to the facts, but he asked me if I had the passport in my hands, and might himself compare it with the description there given of me. He then read aloud the whole of the description; I struck so many feet; eyes, such a colour, &c. &c.; scanned me from head to foot; peered into my eyes, stopping after each article to look at me and compare me with the description. By this time every man in the room had left his business and gathered round looking at me, to add to the reading of each article and the subsequent examination, there was a general shaking of heads and a contemptuous smile.

At the time I remembered, what had before suggested itself to me rather as a good thing, that before embarking for Europe, I had written on to the department of state for a passport, with a description of my person and the article thereof, with the outside of the passport there given of me, and perhaps not very true, but good enough for the Continent, which I expected to be the extent of my tour; and I felt conscious that, on a severe examination, my nose might be longer, or my eyes greyer, or in some other point different from the description. This, added to their close and critical examination, at first unburdened of papers, but the supercilious and insulting manner in which the examination was conducted, roused my indignation and restored my self-possession. I saw, from the informal way in which the thing was done, that this was a mere preliminary inquisition, and not the court to sit in judgment; and I had been informed from the beginning that most of these men were Poles, who had sold themselves, but the supercilious and insulting manner in which the examination was conducted, roused my indignation and restored my self-possession.

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For the rest, I had been received by the officers from the beginning with the greatest distinction, and pay in her offices, traitors in their hearts and lives, apostates from every honourable feeling, and breathing a more infernal spirit against their enslaved country than the Russians themselves; and I told the interpreter, as coolly as the nature of the case would admit, that I should proceed to Warsaw myself, and to convey to his associates, the assurance that I would return as long as I lived; that I had then travelled from England through France, Italy, Greece, Turkey, and Russia, and had nowhere met such wanton rudeness and insult as from them; that I did not think it possible that in any European government twenty of its officers would laugh and sneer at the embarrassment of a stranger, without a single one stepping forward to assist him; that I deeply regretted the occurrence of such a circumstance in Poland; that I felt convinced that there was not a true-hearted Pole among them, or my character as an American would have saved me from insult.

The interpreter seemed a little abashed, but I could see in his face that he had been greatly irritated. The examination was cut short, and I was directed to come again at half past five, when the commandant, who had been sent for, would be there. By this time there was some excitement in the streets, and, as I afterwards learned, it was noise through the little town that an American was detained on suspicion of travelling under a false passport. My calèche had been standing in the public square all day. I had been noticed going to and from the offices with a soldier at my heels, and my poor Pole had been wandering up and down the streets, telling every body his fear and interest in me, and particularly his anxiety about ten rubles I had promised him. As I passed along, people looked at me as a foreigner, and I felt an interest of which the place had been very smiling and attentive, and could not get even a look from her. I went to another; several men were earnestly talking, who became silent the moment I entered. A small matter
created an excitement in that little place. It was a rare thing for a traveller to pass through it; the Russian government threw every impediment in the way, and had made the road so vexatious that it was almost broken up. To Frenchmen, to Americans, who tried to keep America, were always suspected of being political emissaries to stir up the Poles to revolution, and it seemed as if, under that despotic government, to be suspected was to be guilty. The Poles were in the habit of seeing slight offences visited with terrible punishments, and probably half the little town looked on me as a doomed man. I went back to the square, and took a seat on my calèche; my poor Pole sat on the box looking at me; he had followed me all over, and, like the rest, seemed to regard me as lost. I had probably treated him with more kindness than he was accustomed to receive, though, for every new kindness, he vexed me anew by stopping down and kissing my foot.

At half-past five o'clock I was again at the door of the palace. On the staircase I met the young man who had acted as interpreter; he would have avoided me, but I stopped him, and asked him to return with me. I held on to him, asking him if the commandant spoke French, and he promised to prove it. We were而言 kind in a strange country, to go back and act as a medium of translation; but he tore readily away, and hurried down stairs. A soldier opened the door, and led me into the same apartment as before. The clerks were all at their desks writing; all looked up as I entered, but not one offered me a seat, nor any the slightest act of civility. I waited a moment, and they seemed studiously to take no notice of me. I felt outrageous at their rudeness. I had no apprehensions of any serious consequences, beyond, perhaps, that of a detention until I could write to Mr Wilkins, our ambassa-
dor at St Petersburgh, and resolved not to be trampled upon by the understrappers. I walked up to the door of the palace, where a large guard of officers had been particularly insulting during the reading of the passport, rudely intercepted me, and leaving his back against the door, flourished his hands before him to keep me from entering. Fortunately, I fell back in time to prevent even the tip of his fingers touching me. My blood flashed through me like lightning, and even now, as I think of him, I feel myself a miracle of forbearance that I did not strike him.

In a few moments the door opened, and a soldier beckoned me to enter. Directly in front, at the other end of the room, behind a table, sat the commandant, a grim, gaunt—looking figure about fifty, his military coat buttoned tight up in his throat, his cap and sword on the table between us. I told him that I was a stranger, and had been particularly insulting during the reading of the passport, rudely intercepted me, and leaving his back against the door, flourished his hands before him to keep me from entering. Fortunately, I fell back in time to prevent even the tip of his fingers touching me. My blood flashed through me like lightning, and even now, as I think of him, I feel myself a miracle of forbearance that I did not strike him.

I was walked towards him, he looked from the passport to me, and from me to the passport; and when I stopped at the table, he read over again the whole description, at every clause looking at me; shook his head with a grim smile of incredulity, and laid it down, as if perfectly satisfied. I felt that my face was flushed with rage, my hands were clenched, and a certain kind of distress with passion that it would have been difficult to recognise me as the person described. I suggested to him that the rude treatment I had met with in the other room, had no doubt altered the whole character of my face, but he waved his hand for me to be silent, and, taking up a sheet of paper, wrote a letter or order, or something which I did not understand, and gave it to a soldier, who took it off to one corner and stamped it. The commandant then folded up the passport, enclosed it in the letter, and handed it again to the soldier, who carried it off and affixed to it an enormous wax seal, which looked very ominous and solemn. I was told that I was to suffer from the want of any effort on my part, and that in my opinion the American passport, under which I had travelled in France and Italy, and also a new one which Commodore Porter had given me in Constantinople. He looked at them without any comment, and without understanding them; and when the soldier returned with the paper and the big seal, he rose, and without moving a muscle, waved with his hand for me to follow the soldier. I would have resisted if I had dared. I was indignant enough to do some rash thing, but, at every step, as trylike America, we were always suspected of being political emissaries to stir up the Poles to revolution, and it seemed as if, under that despotic government, to be suspected was to be guilty. The Poles were in the habit of seeing slight offences visited with terrible punishments, and probably half the little town looked on me as a doomed man. I went back to the square, and took a seat on my calèche; my poor Pole sat on the box looking at me; he had followed me all over, and, like the rest, seemed to regard me as lost. I had probably treated him with more kindness than he was accustomed to receive, though, for every new kindness, he vexed me anew by stopping down and kissing my foot.

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must be a witchery about Polish ladies. I was almost savage against all males. I had been kept up to the extremest point of indignation, without any opportunity of exploding, all day, and it would have been a great favour for some one to knock me down; but in a few minutes all my bitterness and malevolence melted away, and before tea was over I forgot that I had been banded all day from pillar to post, and even forgave the boors who had mocked me, in consideration of their being the countrymen of the ladies who were showing me such kindness. Even with them I began with the shaded spirit that had been goading me on all day; but when I listened to the calm and sad manner in which they replied; that it was annoying, but it was light, very light, compared with the scorns through which their countrymen had passed, and the hardships of my petulance. A few words convinced me that they were the Poles of my imagination and heart. A widowed mother and orphan children, their staff and protector had died in battle, and a gallant brother was then wandering an exile in France. I believe it is my recollection that the ladies had given me a leaning towards rebels. I never met a Polish lady who was not a rebel, and I could but think, as long as the startling notes of revolution continue to fall like music from their pretty lips, so long the Russian will sleep on an unquiet pillow in Poland.

It was more than an hour before the brother returned, and when he came he found me in tears. For after my professions of haste, I had made a longer stay. I was the first American they had ever seen; and if they do not remember me for anything else, I am happy to have disabused them of one prejudice against my country, for they believed the Americans were all black. At parting, and at my request, the eldest daughter, who had written my name in my memorandum-book, and I bade them farewell.

It was eleven o’clock when I left the house, and at the first transition from their presence the night seemed of pitchy darkness. I groped my way into the square, and found my calèche gone. I stood for a moment on the spot where I had left it, ruminating what I should do. I espied my poor little calèche had given me up as lost, and taken over letters of administration upon my carpet-bag. Directly before me, intersecting the range of houses on the opposite side of the square, was a street leading out of the town. I knew that he was a man to go straight ahead, turning neither to the right hand nor the left. I walked on to the opening, followed it a little way, and then, finding the street too narrow for stable, I went in, making towards the house unharnessed, feeding them, whipping them, and talking at them in furious Polish. As soon as he saw me he left them, and came at me in the same tone, throwing up both his hands, and almost flourishing them in my face; then went back to his horses, began petitioning on the harness, and, snatching up the meal-bag, came back again towards me. I had time to advise him, in proper Polish, like a Bedlamite. I was almost in despair. What have I done now? Even my poor peasant turns against me; this morning he kissed my foot, now he is ready to brinme with a meal-bag. Roused by the uproar, the old woman, proprietor of the shed, came out, accompanied by her daughter, a pretty little girl about twelve years old. I thought the latter might be of some use in expecting any help. My peasant moved between them and me and the horses, flourishing his meal-bag, and seeming every moment to become more and more enraged with me. I looked on in dismay, when the little girl came up, and drooping a curtesy before me, in the purest French I ever heard, asked me, "Quelle avez-vous, monsieur?" I could not resist taking up my arms and kissing her. I have had a fair share of the perplexity which befalls every man from the sex, but I hold many old accounts cancelled by the relief twice afforded me this day. Before coming to a parley with my Pole, I took her by the hand, and, sitting down on the tongue of a waggon, learned from her that she had been taken into the house of a rich seigneur to be educated as a companion for his daughter, and was then at home on a visit to her mother; after which she explained the meaning of my petition’s errantry. Besides his apprehensions for me personally, he had been tormented with the no less powerful one of losing the promised ten rubles upon his arrival at a fixed time at Michoof, and all his earnestness was to hurry me off at once, in order to give him a chance of still arriving within the time. This which I had expected and wished for me, with which I wanted to find him, for I had expected great difficulty in making him go on that night; so I told him to hitch on his horses, and at parting did give the little girl a kiss, and the only other thing I could give her without impoverishing myself was a silk purse as a momento. I lighted my pipe, and, worn out with the perplexity of my seigneur, I could not forget besides, the passports, rude Russians and dastardly Poles, and even the Polish ladies and the little girl. I woke the next morning under a shed, horses harnessed, postilion on the box whisking, and a Jew at their head holding them, and the two guides quarrelling furiously about the stableing. I threw the Jew a florin, and he let go his hold, though my peasant shook his whip, and roared back at him long after we were out of sight and hearing. At a few miles’ distance we came to a stopping-place, where we found a large calèche with four handsome horses, and the postilion in the costume of a peasant of Crawee, a little square red cap with a crown, on it, a large roll of white cloth on his right shoulder, with a pair of red, a belt covered with pieces of brass like scales lapping over each other, and a horn slung over his right shoulder. It belonged to a Polish seigneur, who, though disaffected towards government, had succeeded in retaining his property, and was the proprietor of many villages. He was accompanied by a young man of the sort who spoke a very little French; but than any man whom I ever heard attempt to speak it all. They had with them their own servants and cooking apparatus, and abundance of provisions. The seigneur superintended the cooking, and I did them the honour to breakfast with them. While we were breakfasting, a troop of waggoneers or faribunda were under the shed dancing the waltz. The better class of Poles are noble, high-spirited men, warm and social in their feelings, and to them, living on their estates in the interior of their almost untrodden country, a stranger is a curiosity and a treasure. The old seigneur was exceedingly kind and hospitable, and the young man and I soon became on excellent terms. They were care of me as if I was a small boy, and after some import difficulty, and at starting gladly embraced his offer to ride with me. As soon as we took our seats in the calèche, we lighted our pipes and shook hands as a bargain of good-fellowship. Our perfect flow of confidence, however, was much broken by the up-hill work of making ourselves understood. I was no great scholar myself, but his French was excusable; he had studied it when a boy, but for more than ten years had not spoken a word. At one time, finding it impossible to express himself, he said, "Parlais Latinum?"—"Can you speak Latin?" I at first thought it was some dialect of the country, and could not believe that he meant the veritable stuff that had been whipped into me at school, and which, if properly learned and employed, would presently develop all that a man has, and for three hours we kept up an uninterrupted stream of talk in bad Latin and worse French.

Like every Pole whom I met, except the employees in the public offices, from the bottom of his heart he detested a Russian. He had been a soldier during the revolution, and lay as I heard, in a rapturous description of his land under the caprice of Warsaw. I showed him the coin which had accidentally come into my hands, and when we came to the point where our roads separated, he said that he was ashamed to do so, but could not help begging from me coin; to me it was merely a curiosity, to him it was a trophy of the brilliant but short-lived independence of his country. I was loath to part with it, and would rather have given
him every button on my coat; but I postponed my patriotic feeling and could not refuse. I got out, and he threw his arms around me, kissed me on both cheeks, called me his friend and brother, and mounted the kibitka with the old seigneur. The latter invited me to go with him to his chateau, about a day's journey distant; and if I had expected to write a book, I should certainly have done so.

I went on alone. At about twelve o'clock we arrived at the town of Kielce. I felt nervous as we approached the barrier. I threw myself back in the calèche, and drew my cap over my eyes in grand seigneur style, the soldier touched his hat as he opened the gate, and we drove into the public square unmolested. I breathed more freely, but almost hesitated to look out of the window. My companions acted however, at thinking that any effort to avoid observation was the very way to attract it, and went to a kukiernia, where I drank coffee, ate bread encrusted with sugar, and smoked a pipe until my Pole came in and kissed my foot, as an intimation that the horses were ready.

No questions were asked at the barrier; and we rode on quietly till nine o'clock, when we drove under the shed of a caravanseri. Fifteen or twenty waggoners were eating off a bench, and as they finished, stretched themselves on the floor for sleep. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and I strolled out for a walk. The whole country was an immense plain. I could see for a great distance, and the old shed was the only roof in sight.
numerous churches, some of them very large, and remarkable for their style and architecture, and more than a hundred monasteries and convents. In the centre is a large square, on which stands the church of Notre Dame, an immense Gothic structure, and also the old palace of Sobieski, now cut down into shops, and many large private residences, unhallowed, and falling to ruins. The principal streets terminate in this square. Almost every building bears striking marks of ruined grandeur. On the last partition of Poland in 1815 by the Holy Alliance, Cracow, with a territory of 500 square miles and a population of 160,000, including about 50,000 Jews, was erected into a republic; and at this day it exists nominally as a free city, under the protection of the three great powers; emphatically such protection as vultures give to lambs; three masters instead of one, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, all claiming the right to interfere in its government.

But even in its fallen state Cracow is dear to the Pole's heart, for it was the capital of his country when Poland ranked high among nations, and, down to him who last sat upon the throne, was the place of coronation and of burial for his kings. It is the residence of many of the old Polish nobility, who with reduced fortunes prefer this little foothold in their country, where liberty nominally lingers, to exile in foreign lands. It now contains nominally about 30,000 souls. Occasionally the seigneur is still seen, in his short casock of blue cloth, with a red sash and a white square-topped cap; a costume admirably adapted to the tall and noble figure of the proud Pole, and the costume of the peasant of Cracow is still a striking feature in her streets.

By a stroll through the churches, I walked on the old ramparts of Cracow. The city was formerly surrounded with regular fortifications, but, as in almost all the cities of Europe, her ancient walls have been transformed into boulevards; and now handsome avenues of trees encircle it, destroying altogether its Gothic military aspect, and on Sundays and feast days the whole population gathers in gay dresses, seeking pleasure where their fathers stood clad in armour and arrayed for battle.

The boulevards command an extensive view of all the surrounding country. * All the sites of my country," says a national poet, * are dear to me; but above all, I love the environs of Cracow; there at every step I meet a monument to the memory of our ancient glory and our once imposing grandeur.*

On the opposite bank of the river is a large tumulus of earth, marking the grave of Cracov, the founder of the city. A little higher up is another mound, revered as the sepulchre of his daughter Wenda, who was so enamoured of war that she promised to give her hand only to the lover who should conquer her in battle. Beyond this is the field of Zechino, where the brave Kosciusko, after his return from America, with a band of peasants, again struck the first blow of revolution, and, by a victory over the Russians, roused all Poland to arms.

About a mile from Cracow are the ruins of the palace of Lubowz, built by Casimir the Great, for a long time the favourite royal residence, and identified with a crowd of national recollections; and until lately, a large mound of earth in the garden was revered as the grave of Esther, the beautiful Jewess, the idol of Casimir the Great. Poetry has embellished the tradition, and the national muse has hallowed the palace of Lubowz by the name of Esther. * * * "Passer-by, if you are a stranger, tremble in thinking of human destruction; but if you are a Pole, shed bitter tears; heroes have inhabited this palace. * * * * * * Can anyone equal them? * * * * * * Casimir erected this palace: centuries have hailed him with the name of the Great. * * * * * * * Near his Esther, in the delightful groves of Lubowz, he thought himself happy in ceasing to be a king to become a lover. * * * * * * * But fate is inimitable for kings as for us, and even beauty is subject to the common law. Esther died, and Casimir erected a tomb in the place she had loved. "Oh! if you are moved by the grief caused by love, drop a tear at this tomb, and adorn it with a crown. If Casimir was tied to humanity by some weaknesses, they are the appendage of heroes! In presence of this chateau, in finding again noble remains, sing the glory of Casimir the Great!"

I was not a sentimental traveller, nor susceptible of the grief caused by love, and I could not drop a tear at the tomb of Esther nor sing the glory of Casimir the Great; but my heart beat high as I turned to another monument in the environs of Cracow, an immense mound of earth, standing on an eminence visible from every quarter, towering almost into a mountain, and sacred to the memory of Kosciusko! I saw it from the palace of the kings and from the ramparts of the fallen city, and, with my eyes constantly fixed upon it, descended to the Vistula, followed its bank to a large convent, and then turned to the right, direct for the mound. I walked to the foot of the hill, and ascended to a broad table of land. From this table the mound rises in a conical form, from a base 300 feet in diameter to a height of 172 feet. Four of the corners formerly stood small houses, which were occupied by revolutionary soldiers who had served under Kosciusko. On the farther side, enclosed by a railing, was a small chapel, and within it a miracle tomb covering Kosciusko's heart! A circular path winds round the mound; I ascended by this path to the top. It is built of earth sodded, and was the work of thousands of people, with barks and grass, and reminded me of the tumuli of the Greek heroes on the plains of Troy; and, perhaps, when thousands of years shall have rolled by, and all connected with our age be forgotten, and time and exposure to the elements shall have changed its form, another race of men shall admire it, not for the story of the dead, and wonder why and for what it was raised. It was erected in 1819 by the voluntary labour of the Polish people; and so great was the enthusiasm, that, as an eyewitness told me, wounded soldiers brought earth in their helmets, and women in their slippers; and I remembered, with a swelling heart, that on this consecrated spot a nation was numbered among the heroes that have given liberty, and that here a banner had been unfurled and hailed with acclamation by assembled thousands, bearing the sacred inscription, "Kosciusko, the friend of Washington."

The morning was cold and dreary, the sky was overcast with clouds, and the sun, occasionally breaking through, lighted up for a moment with dazzling brilliance the domes and steeples of Cracow, and the palace and burial-place of its kings, emblematic of the fitful gleams of her liberty flashing and dazzling, and then dying away. I drew my cloak about me, and remained there till I was almost drenched with rain. The wind blew violently, and I descended and sheltered myself at the foot of the mound, by the grave of Kosciusko's heart!

I returned to the city, and entered the Cathedral Church. It stands by the side of the old palace, on the summit of the rock of Wauvel, in the centre of and commanding the city, enclosed with walls and towers, and allied in its history with the most memorable events that belong to the history of Poland. It is the object of the church and his sepulchre. The rain was pattering against the windows of the old church as I strolled through the silent cloisters, and among the tombs of the kings. A verger in a large cocked hat, and a group of peasants, moved, like myself, with noiseless steps, as if afraid to disturb the repose of the royal dead. Many of the kings of Poland fill but a corner of the page of history, and of obscure memory. Some of their names I had forgotten, or perhaps never knew, until I saw them inscribed on their tombs; but every monument covered a head that had worn a crown,
and some whose bones were moulder ing under my feet will live till the last records of heroism perish.

It is in the tomb of Casimir the Great, built of stone, without any inscription, but adorned with figures in bas-relief, which are very much injured. He died in 1333, and chose himself the place of his eternal rest. Charles XII., of Sweden, on his invasion of Poland, visited the Cathedral Church, and stopped before this tomb. A distinguished canon who attended him, in allusion to the position of John Casimir, who was then at war with the king of Sweden, remarked, "And that king was also driven from his throne, but he returned and reigned until his death." The Swede answered with bitterness, "But your John Casimir will never return." The canon replied respectfully, "God is great, and fortune is fickle;" and the canon was right, for his Casimir was John Casimir, the man 

I approached with a feeling of veneration the tomb of Casimir the Great. It is of red marble; four columns support a canopy, and the figure of the king, with a crown on his head, rests on a coffin of stone. An iron railing encloses the monument. It is nearly 500 years since the palatins and nobles of Poland, with all the insignia of state, accompanied the remains of the king, where his ashes now repose. The historian writes, "Poland is indebted to Casimir for the greatest part of her churches, palaces, fortresses, and towns," adding that "he found Poland of wood, and left her of marble." He patronised letters, and founded the University of Cracow; promoted industry and encouraged trade; digested and arranged the laws and regulations of the state; instigated the code; established courts of justice; repressed the tyranny of the nobles, and died with the honourable title of King of the Peasants; and I did not forget, while standing over his grave, that beneath me slept the spirit that loved the groves of Lobzow, and the heart that beat for Esther the Jewess.

The tomb is of fine marble, with a figure as large as life reclining upon it. It is adorned with bas-reliefs and the arms of the republic, the white eagle and the armed cavalier of Lithuania. He died in 1341, and his monument bears the following inscription in Latin: "Sigismund Jagellon, King of Poland, Grand-duke of Lithuania, Conqueror of the Tartars, of the Wallachians, of the Russians and Prussians, reposes under this stone, which he prepared for himself." Forty years ago Thaddeus Czacki, the Polish historian, opened the tombs of the kings, and found the head of Sigismund resting upon a plate of silver bearing a long Latin inscription; the body measured six feet and two inches in height, and was covered with three rich ermines; on his face was a nobly set plume, with a gold cross on each of his feet. At his feet was a small pewter coffin enclosing the body of his son by Bona Sforza.

By his side lies the body of his son Sigismund II., the last of the Jagellons, at whose death began the cabals and convulsions of an elective monarchy, by which Poland lost her influence among foreign powers. His memory is rendered interesting by his romantic love for Barbe Radzewizz. She appeared at his father's court, the daughter of a private citizen, celebrated in Polish history and romance as uniting to all a woman's beauty a mingled force and tenderness, energy, and good fortune. Her princely love overawed the ardour of youth; disappointed and listless amid pleasures, his energy of mind destroyed by his excesses, inconsistent in his love, and at the summit of human prosperity, living without a wish or a hope; but he saw Barbe, and his heart beat anew with the pulsations of life. In the language of his biographer, he proved, in all its fulness, that sentiment. The drawings to earthly life he passed to heaven by its delights. He married her privately, and on his father's death proclaimed her queen. The whole body of nobles refused to acknowledge the marriage, and one of the nuncios, in the name of the representatives of the nation, supplicated him for himself, his country, his blood, and his children, to extinguish his passion; but the king swore on his sword that neither the diet, nor the nation, nor the whole universe, should make him break his vows to Barbe; that he would never leave her out of the kingdom than keep a throne which she could not share; and was on the point of abdicating, when his opponents offered to do homage to the queen. When Czacki opened the coffin of this prince, he found the body perfectly preserved, and the head, as before, resting on a silver plate containing a long Latin inscription.

On the lid of this coffin is that of his sister and successor, Anne; and in a separate chapel is the tomb of Stephen Battory, one of the greatest of the kings of Poland, raised to the throne by his marriage with Anne. I became more and more interested in this asylum of royal dead. I read there almost the entire history of the Polish republic, and again I felt that it was but a step from there to the tombs of the forefathers, and then the great chair in which the kings of Poland were crowned. I paused before the tomb of John Casimir; and there was something strangely interesting in the juxtaposition of these royal dead. John Casimir lies by the side of the brother whom he endeavoured to supplant in his election to the throne. His reign was a continued succession of troubles and vicissitudes. Once he was obliged to fly from Poland. He predicted what has since been so fearfully verified, that his country, enfeebled by the anarchy of its government and the licentiousness of the nobles, would be dismembered among the neighbouring powers; and, worn out with the cares of royalty, abdicated the throne, and died in a convent in France. I read at his tomb his pathetic farewell to his people.

People of Poland: It is now 260 years that you have been governed by my family. The reign of my ancestors is past, and mire is going to expire. Fatigued by the labours of war, the cares of the cabinet, and the weight of years; oppressed with the burdens and vicissitudes of a reign more than twenty-one years, I, your king and father, return into your hands what the world esteems above all things, a crown, and choose for my throne six feet of earth, where I shall sleep with my fathers. When you show my tomb to your children, tell them that I was the foremost in battle and the last in retreat; that I renounced regal grandeur for the good of my country, and restored my sceptre to those who gave it me.

By his side, and under a monument of black marble, lies the body of his successor, Michel Wisniowiecki, an obscure and unambitious citizen, who was literally dragged to the throne, and wept when the crown was placed on his head; opposed with the burdens and vicissitudes of a reign of more than twenty-one years, I, your king and father, return into your hands what the world esteems above all things, a crown, and choose for my throne six feet of earth, where I shall sleep with my fathers. When you show my tomb to your children, tell them that I was the foremost in battle and the last in retreat; that I renounced regal grandeur for the good of my country, and restored my sceptre to those who gave it me.

One of the few, the immortal names, That were not born to die.

On the lower floor of the church, by the side of Poniatowski, the Polish Bayard, is the tomb of one noble in my eyes than all the kings of Poland or of the Hapsburgs. It is of red marble, and ornamented with the cap of a steambot, and at whose base I had often stood, bore also in majestic simplicity the name of Kosciusko. It was late in the afternoon, and the group of peasants, two Poles from the interior, and a party of the citizens of Cracow, among whom were several ladies, joined me at the tomb. We could not speak each other's language; we were born and lived thou-

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sauds of miles apart, and we were strangers in our thoughts and feelings, in all our hopes and prospects, but we had a bond of sympathy at the grave of Kosciusko. One of the ladies spoke French, and I told them that, in my far distant country, the name of their nation's idol was hallowed; that schoolboys had erected a monument to his memory. They knew that he had fought bravely, but I said that in Washington, but they did not know that the recollection of his services was still so dearly cherished in America; and we all agreed that it was the proudest tribute that could be paid to his memory, to write merely his name on his monument. It meant that it was needless to add an epitaph, for no man would ask, Who was Kosciusko? If my linenmaid had been my guide, I was at home to my hotel. In the great dam at a small table directly opposite me sat the celebrated Chlopicki, to whom, on the breaking out of the last revolution, Poland turned as to another Kosciusko, and who, until he faltered during the trying scenes of that revolution, would have been deemed worthy to lie by Kosciusko's side. Born of a noble family, a soldier from his birth, he served in the memorable campaigns of the great patriot, distinguished himself in the Polish legions in Italy under Dombrowski, and, as colonel of a regiment of the Vistula, behaved gloriously in Prussia. In Spain he fought at Saragossa and Sagunt, and was called by Sucket le brave des braves; as general of brigade in the army of Russia, he won fame at Smolensk, and was general of a division in 1814, when Poland fell under the dominion of the autocrat. The Grand-duke Constantine censured him on parade, saying that his division was not in order; and Chlopicki, with the proud boast, "I did not gain my rank on the parade-ground, nor did I win my decorations there," asked him if he was prepared to be induced to return to the service. The day after the revolutionary blow was struck, all Poland turned to Chlopicki as the only man capable of standing at the head of the nation. The command of the army, with absolute powers, was conferred upon him by acclamation; and one of the great colonels who saluted him with this address to him with these words:— Brotner, take the sword of your ancestors and predecessors, Czarniecki, Dombrowski, and Kosciusko. Guide the nation that has placed its trust in you in the path of honour. Save this unhappy country." Chlopicki, with his silver head grown white in the service of Poland, was hailed by 100,000 people, nor did he decline to accept the offer. "Our country and its brave defender, Chlopicki, for ever!" He promised never to abuse their confidence, and swore that he would defend the liberty of Poland to the last moment. The whole nation was enthusiastic in his favour; but in less than three months, at a stormy session of the diet, he threw up his high office of dictator, and refused peremptorily to accept command of the army. This brave army, enthusiastically attached to him, was struck with profound grief at his estrangement; but with all the faults imputed to him, it never was charged that he attempted to take advantage of his great popularity for any ambitious purposes of his own.

At the battle of Grokow he fought nominally as a private soldier, though Skrzyniowski and Radziwill being both deficient officers, in this army, who looked to him for guidance. Once, when the battle was setting strong against the Poles, in a moment of desperation he put himself at the head of some disposable batallions, and, turning away from an aide-de-camp who came to him for orders, said, "Go and ask Radziwill; for me, I want only death." In that flight, he wounded his horse, who was beloved; but his presence in the enemy's line; but two o'clock he was borne off the field, the hopes of the soldiers died, and the army remained without any actual head. Throughout the revolution his conduct was cold, indifferent, and inexplicable; private letters from the Emperor of Russia were talked of, and even treason was whispered in connexion with his name. The Poles speak of him more in sorrow than in anger; they say that it was not enough that he exposed his person on the field of battle; that he should have given them the whole weight of his great military talents, and the influence of his powerful name; that, standing alone, without children or relations to be compromised by his acts, he should have consummated the glory of his life by giving its few remaining years for the liberty of his country. He appeared about sixty-five, with hair partly white, a high florid complexion, a firm and determined expression, and in still unbroken health, carrying himself with the proud bearing of a distinguished veteran soldier. I could not believe that he had barred the precious satisfaction of a long and glorious career for a few years of ignoble existence; and though a stranger, could but regret that, in the name of his country, he must not, and sullied an honoured name. I spoke loudly against him that I saw him sitting in a public restaurant at Cracow, unmolested by the Russian government.

The next day I visited the celebrated salt-mines at Wielisza. They lie about twelve miles from Cracow, in the province of Galicia, a part of the kingdom of Poland, which, on the unrighteous partition of that country, fell to the share of Austria. Although at so short a distance, it was necessary to go through all the passport formalities requisite on a departure for a foreign country. I took a fiacre, and rode to the different bureaux of the city police; and having procured the permission of the municipal authorities to leave the little town, I crossed the mountains, and in a few minutes crossed the Vistula. At the end of the bridge an Austrian soldier stopped me for my passport, a douanier examined my carriage for articles subject to duty; and these functionaries being satisfied, in about two hours from the time at which I began my preparations I was fairly out of the town.

Leaving the Vistula, I entered a pretty, undulating, and well cultivated country, and saw at a distance a high dark line, marking the range of the Carpathian mountains. It was a long time since I had seen any thing that looked like a mountain. From the Black Sea the whole of my journey had been over an immense plain, and I hailed the wild range of the Carpathians as an evidence of a country's progress towards regions of civilization.

In an hour and a half I arrived at the town of Wielisza, containing about 3000 inhabitants, and standing, as it were, on the roof of the immense subterraneous excavations. The houses are built of wood, and the first thing that struck me was the almost bareness of men in the streets, the whole male population being employed in the mines, and then at work below. I rode to the office of the superintendant, and presented my letter, and was received with great civility of manner; but his Polish was perfectly unintelligible. A smutty-faced operative, just out of the mine, accosted me in Latin, and asked me if I had a gun with me, but hailed off on the appearance of a man whom the superintendant had sent for to act as my guide; an old soldier who had served in the campaigns of Napoleon, and, as he said, became an amateur and proficient in fighting and French. He was dressed in miner's costume, fanciful, and embroidered with gold, holding in his hand a large flat iron. In a warm weather he conducted me to a wooden building covering the shaft which forms the principal entrance to the mine. This shaft is 10 feet square, and descends perpendicularly more than 200 feet into the bowels of the earth. We arranged ourselves in canvas seats, and several of the miners who were waiting to descend, attached themselves to seats at the end of the ropes, with lamps in their hands, about eight or ten feet below us.
When my feet left the brink of the shaft, I felt, for a moment, as if suspended over the portal of a bottomless pit; and as my head descended below the surface, the rope, winding and tapering to a thread, seemed letting me down to the realms of Pluto. But in a few seconds, we touched down with a gold ring; short distance of the surface, the shaft is cut through a solid rock of salt; and from the bottom, passages almost innumerable are cut in every direction through the same bed. We were furnished with guides, who went before us bearing torches, and I followed through the whole labyrinth of passages, forming the largest excavations in Europe, peopleed with upwards of 2000 souls, giving a complete idea of a subterraneous world. These mines are known to have been worked upwards of 600 years, being mentioned in the Polish annals as early as 1237, under Boleslaus the Chaste, and then not as a new discovery, but how much earlier they had existed cannot now be ascertained. The tradition is, that a sister of St Casimir, having lost a golden ring, prayed to St Anthony, the patron saint of Cracow, and was advised in a dream, that by digging in such a place she would find a treasure far greater than that she had lost, and within the place indicated these mines were discovered.

There are four different stories or ranges of part mines, the whole length of the excavations is more than 6000 feet, or three-quarters of an hour's walk, and the greatest breadth more than 2000 feet; and there are so many turnings and windings that my guide told me, though I hardly think it possible, that the whole length of all the passages cut through this bed of salt amounts to more than 300 miles. Many of the chambers are adorned with statues of their possessors, by timber, others by vast pillars of salt; several are without any support in the middle, and of vast dimensions, perhaps 80 feet high, and so long and broad as almost to appear a boundless subterraneous cavern. In one of the largest is a lake covering nearly the whole area. When the King of Saxony visited this place in his journey from Cracow to Warsaw, he occupied a chamber like a Duke of Warsaw, this portion of them was brilliantly illuminated, and a band of music, floating on the lake, made the roof echo with patriotic airs. We crossed the lake in a flat boat by the rope, the dim light of torches, and the hollow sound of our voices, giving a lively idea of a passage across the Styx; and we had a scene which delighted me, the sight of that figure round the aureole of the Prince of the infernal, for our torch-bearers guarnéed, and in a scuffle that came near carrying us all with them, one was tumbled into the lake. Our Charon caught him, and without stopping to take him in, hurried across, and as soon as we landed beat him both unmercifully.

From this, we entered an immense cavern, in which several hundred men were working with pickaxes and hatches, cutting out large blocks of salt, and trimming them to suit the size of barrels. With their black faces begrimed with dust and smoke, they looked by the light of the scattered torches like the journeymen of Bed-zebub, the prince of darkness, preparing for some great blow-up, or like the spirits that aspect the frame of the great tomb of the Archduke, called up a party, who disengaged with their pickaxes a large block of salt from its native bed, and in a few minutes cut and trimmed it to fit the barrels in which they are packed. All doubts as to their being creatures of our upper world were removed by the eagerness with which they accepted the money I gave them; and I am to be satisfied by the confidence put in them by a very large sum of money to know that paper money passes readily in these lower regions.

There are more than a thousand chambers or halls, most of which have been abandoned and shut up. In one is a collection of fanciful things, such as rings, books, crosses, &c., cut in the rock-salt. Most of the principal chambers had some name printed over them, as the "Archduke," "Carolina," &c. Whenever it was necessary, my guides went ahead and stationed themselves in some conspicuous place, lighting up the dark caverns with the blaze of their torches, and, after allowing me a sufficient time, struck their flambeaux against the wall, and millions of sparks flashed and flitted around and filled the chamber. In one place, at the end of a long dark passage, a door was thrown open, and we found the passage lit with torches, and directly in front, at the head of the room, was a transparency with coloured lights, in the centre of which were the words "Excelsior hospitii;" "To the illustrious guest," which I took to myself, though I believe the greeting was intended for the same royal person for whom the lake chamber was illuminated. Lights were ingeniously arranged around the room, and at the foot, about twenty feet above my head, was a large orchestra. On the occasion referred to, a splendid ball was given in this room; the roof echoed with the sound of music; and nobles and princely ladies flirted and coquetted the same as above ground; and it is said that the splendid dresses of a numerous company, and the blaze of lights reflecting upon the surface of the rock-salt, produced an effect of inconceivable brilliancy. My chandeliers were worse than Allan MacAulay's strapping Highlanders with their pine torches, being dirty, ragged, smutty-faced rascals, who threw the light in streaks across the hall. I am always willing to believe fanciful stories; and if my guide, who had been for some time a member of the welcome to the "Excelsior hospitii," I would have subscribed to any thing he said; but, in the absence of a consideration, I refused to tax my imagination up to the point he wished. Perhaps the most interesting chamber of all, is the chapel dedicated to that Saint Anthony who brought about the discovery of these mineral regions. The columns, with their ornamented capitals, the arches, the images of the Saviour, the Virgin and saints, the altar and the pulpit, with all their decorations, and the figures of two priests represented at prayers before the shrine of the patron saint, are all carved out of the rock-salt, and to this day grand mass is regularly celebrated in one of these chapels.

Following my guide through all the different passages and chambers, and constantly meeting miners and seeing squads of men at work, I descended by regular stairs cut in the salt, but in some places worn away and replaced by wood or stone, to the lowest gallery, which is nearly a thousand feet below the surface of the earth. Here, we found the miners working, all with an air of contentment, which was not unlaidly, as it is a fact that the time it had been my business to move quietly on the surface of the earth, or, when infected with the soaring spirit of other travellers, to climb to the top of some lofty tower or loftier cathedral; and I had fulfilled one of the duties of a visitor to the eternal city by perching myself within the great ball of St Peter's; but here I was far deeper under the earth than anything per been above it; and at the greatest depth from which the human voice ever rose, I sat down on a lump of salt and sohiloquised,

"Through what varieties of ustried being, Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!"

I have since stood upon the top of the Pyramids, and admired the daring genius and the industry of man, and at the same time smiled at his feebleness, when, from the mighty pile, I saw in the dark ranges of mountains, the sandy desert, the rich valley of the Nile, and the river of Egypt, the hand of the world's great Architect; but I never felt man's feebleness more than here; for all these immense excavations, the work of more than six hundred years, were but as the work of ants by the roadside. The whole of the immense mass above me, and around, and below, to an unknown extent, was of salt; a wonderful phenomenon in the natural history of the globe. All the different strata have been carefully examined by scientific men. The uppermost bed at the surface is sand; the second clay, occasionally mixed with sand and gravel, and containing layers of marine bodies; the third is calcareous stone; and from these circumstances it has been conjectured.
that this spot was formerly covered by the sea, and that
the salt is a gradual deposit, formed by the evaporation
of its waters. I was disappointed in some of the partic-
ulars which had fastened themselves upon my imagi-
nation. I had heard and read glowing accounts of the
brilliance and luminous splendour of the passages and
chambers, compared by some to the lustre of precious
stones; but the salt is of a dark grey colour, almost
black, and although sometimes glittering when the light
was thrown upon it, I do not believe it could ever be
lighted up to shine with any extraordinary or dazzling
brightness. Early travellers, too, had reported that these
mines contained several villages inhabited by colonies
of miners, who lived constantly below; and that many
were born and died there, who never saw the light of
day; but all this is entirely untrue. The miners de-
scend every morning and return every night, and live
in the village above. None of them ever sleep below.
There are, however, two horses which were foaled in
the mines, and have never been on the surface of the
earth. I looked at these horses with great interest.
They were growing old before their time; other horses
had perhaps gone down, and told them stories of a world
above, which they would never know.

It was late in the afternoon when I was hoisted up
the shaft. These mines do not need the embellishment
of fiction. They are, indeed, a wonderful spectacle, and
I am satisfied that no traveller ever visited them with-
out recurring to it as a day of extraordinary interest.
I wrote my name in the book of visitors, where I saw
those of two American friends who had preceded me
about a month, mounted my barouche, and about an
hour after dark reached the bank of the Vistula. My
passport was again examined by a soldier, and my car-
rriage searched by a custom-house officer; I crossed the
bridge, dined with my worthy host of the Hotel de la
Rose Blanche, and, while listening to a touching story
of the Polish revolution, fell asleep in my chair.

And here, on the banks of the Vistula, I take my
leave of the reader. I have carried him over seas and
rivers, mountains and plains, through royal palaces and
peasants' huts; and in return for his kindness in accom-
panying me to the end, I promise that I will not again
burden him with my Incidents of Travel.

END OF INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN GREECE, TURKEY, &c.