

Sir George Glyn's journal of a visit to Russia in 1866



July 5th 1866. Left the Thames from off Hermitage Stairs, East Lane, London, on board the 'Joseph Somes' at 4 a.m. a screw steamer very comfortably fitted up and an excellent Captain, Matthew Brown, who was most kind and attentive to us and shewed an admirable equanimity of temper throughout the voyage to St. Petersburg. The Steward also was a capable man in all respects – only three passengers besides Henrietta, George, Emily and self [*Henrietta was Sir George's second wife, Emily and George his children from his first marriage*], two were Russian gentlemen and the other an American, who proved a well informed and agreeable man. A beautiful summers morning and we enjoyed the views down the Thames very much, especially Greenwich Hospital which stood out admirably in the morning sun. The day proved fine as we got out into the North Sea and we were all well till the next morning when Emmy and I had seasickness, but were all right again by Saturday morning, the 7th, when we reached Elsinore and had a delightful passage through the Sound by Copenhagen, calm and fine. Maybe it is rightly termed the halfways house for leaving the North Sea. We had land on each side as if we were in the Thames again, until we entered the Baltic, we did not stop but only took a Pilot on board through the Sound. We had one days tossing on the Baltic which made Henrietta, Emmie and I ill again but George continued well throughout. Unhappily Sunday was very wet with a headwind so I could not give Divine Service which the Captain was quite anxious for if it had been possible.

Reached Cronstadt on Tuesday even: July 10th at 8.15 p.m. six days and a half from London, a good passage. Came up from Cronstadt early next morning to a nice clean little Steamer specially provided for us through the forethought of my Brother in Law George Birch [*brother of Sir George's first*

wife, *Emily Jane Birch, who had died in 1854*] who told the Agent of the 'Joseph Somes' that he must not think of sending so important a Person as Sir George Glyn and family by the common passenger boat, they were bound to take us up to St. Petersburg Town but the manner of transport was not specified. So we reached the Custom House in grand style at about 10 a.m. where George met us and got all our luggage passed through the ordeal without difficulty. A curious scene to an English eye occurred on our reaching Cronstadt, about fourteen Custom House officers in uniform with large cloaks as if it were winter swarmed into the vessel and ran up and down above and below looking into every corner and finished by binding thin strips of white tape sealed at intervals with soft wax over the main hatchways and other places till they should all come again next morning, then after turning everything topsy turvy they all hustled out again leaving us in peace and quiet for the night.

St. Petersburg. Population about 5,00,000 [sic]

We are staying at George Birch's summer house at Novri Derevna, four miles from the City, close to the Islands, a sweet situation very like in its main features to the Thames at Windsor, Reading or Maidenhead. The River Neva, a noble stream, divides into two streams above St. Petersburg called the greater and lesser Neva, and the lesser Neva again into two streams called the greater and lesser Nevska, then uniting again extends up the country to the Lake Ladega of about sixty miles. This Delta forms several Islands, of Christopher, Petroski and Apothecaries Island, crossed by bridges. You can drive or walk or row up to George's house, the latter is the pleasantest as the roads are very rough, when paved very jolting, as bad as our country towns used to be in England when not paved, very rough, uneven and full of holes. The house is wooden, very like a Swiss cottage or log house in the back woods of Canada and the whole village is the same. The house is close to the road and very common looking but the interior sufficiently large and very comfortable. At the back are large verandahs on both floors with Marquesa [*sheer or net*] curtains which nicely temper the glare of light. Here we sit and take all our meals when the weather is warm and dry but which was only so on two or three days at the most. A short garden runs down to the river where is a bath and boat house, and on the top of these a floored space about twelve feet square with seats round whence you have a pretty view down and upstream, which just here presents three reaches and there seems always a nice breeze. This is my favourite spot in the morning before breakfast.

The City

The most striking feature is its largeness, not so much as to its circumference or extent from point to point, though these are considerable, but rather in its details. All the buildings, public and private, are on a large scale occupying a good space, the principal Houses being enclosed with a court in the centre. The rooms are lofty on account of the stoves, handsome in appearance and all with tessalated [*sic*] wooden floors. Externally all is poor and unsatisfactory as a whole, no two buildings are faced alike, all are painted,

excepting such a building as the Marble Palace, granite with white marble columns, sometimes yellow, then white, then a grey stone colour well squared in imitation, but no conformity whatever. This seems quite disliked by the Russians. The roofs of the houses are iron, the iron from Siberia is super excellent, it will bend like a Damascus blade without a fracture, it is more expensive than the English and therefore much of the latter is imported. The streets are all broad, so wide that it is difficult to water, the dust in dry weather is abundant. The beauty of St. Petersburg is the Neva, broader than the Thames at London, it has no tide and is always full, the wind only raising it (when opposed to the current) a few feet. The Bridges are wooden and unarchitectural, excepting of Nicolas Bridge of Iron, a noble structure very like our new Westminster Bridge. Its water is so clean that the Washerwomen bring all their clothes to rinse them in it after washing them, before they iron.

The Churches

The Kazan, dedicated to Our Lady of Kazan, a Tartar Town 800 miles east of the City, situated in the Nevski Perspective, is accounted the most sacred in the City. Its architecture is tolerable, a Grecian Portico in front stretches out two ample arms, handsome in execution and good in proportion by themselves but when the eye is cast upon the Cupola of the Church this appears flat and diminutive as contrasted with the Portico. The interior is lofty and large, the sides filled with banners taken in war. The shrines to Mary of Kazan are bright with gold and silver and the Altar Railways are of solid silver, but have on the whole a tawdry appearance and are disfigured by the little candles stuck around and votive offerings of the worshippers, who are constantly entering and retiring. They buy a candle at a large counter near the door, which may be designated from the trade carried on as a chandler's shop. With the candle they go to their favourite shrine, bow, cross, and cast themselves on the floor, a most pitiable sight. We saw two priests passing from shrine to shrine saying a certain number of prayers accompanied by many bowings and scrapings at each. The railings separating *[sic]* the holy place are all solid silver melted down from Plate captured by the Cossacs in the First Napoleonic Wars and presented by them to Holy Church.

The Pictures forming Shrines are curious and remarkable for the expression of deep suffering but are devoid of any human beauty. The face, hands and feet only are painted, the rest is covered with gold and jewels and the whole is put into a wooden frame and placed either against the wall or on wooden stands.

The service began with forty choristers of all ages, arranged in a curious dress of blue cloth trimmed with yellow. These divided themselves on either side of the Screen inside the Rails. Three Priests then appeared, all dressed alike but the principal one wore the tall Black Hat that looked something like a Grenadier's Cap, having no brim. These priests walked up and down incensing and blessing.

The Isaac Church – Dedicated to St. Isaac of Dalmatia

This Church is the gem of St. Petersburg and for its kind I might almost add of the World. It is indeed a noble structure, magnificent in height, ample in size and excellent in its proportions. It is the only Architectural Building in the City that the eye can rest upon and enjoy more and more from whatever point of view you look at it. Like the Kazan and indeed all the churches it is in the form of a Greek Cross, i.e. all its limbs are of equal length, but the grandeur of the size, the correctness of the proportions, the beauty and reality of all the materials of the church, both outside and in, far exceed all other. We ascended to the top by a very easy stair, a handrail all the way. We looked into the Church from the level of the ceiling where are large glass doors to admit heat from stoves behind, the effect is curious and striking but marred by want of light. The highest part of the doors is covered with Frescoes and the effect of great elevation combined with the dim magic light thrown from the windows underneath makes you look as if moving in some heavenly haze. The four outer sides of the Aisles are supported by pillars 60 feet high, all of granite from Finland. It is only ten feet lower than St. Pauls and the view on a fine clear day such as we were favoured with is strikingly beautiful. The whole of the City with the windings of its river and canals lies at your feet spread out like a map with its many domed churches and the houses from this height look boxes each built within a court. You can get an accurate knowledge of its several localities and can see far into the country all round, even to Cronstadt with its forests of masts. This however is uninteresting as there is no distinct object of marked interest, all being quite flat with the exception of a few hills in the far distance. No one should leave St. Petersburg without ascending this Church, the interior is equally admirable, all is so chaste, genuine and rich. The pillars of Siberian marble, two of lapis lazuli as door posts to a shrew door of malachite, three on either side of the shrewdoors *[the doors dividing chancel from nave; this word 'shrewdoors' is not used in other sources and may be a misunderstanding]* 50 feet high and between the pillars six large figures in mosaic from Italy. The floor inside the rail is paved with red jasper. Various others are exceeding rich, so are all its decorations. The eye is enchanted and the mind wonders with contemplation. The cost of this Church is estimated at three million of English pounds. We heard the Evening Service in this Church on Saturday at 7, it is as entirely scenic as the Romish, all in the Slavonic which the people do not understand any more than Latin, they take no part whatever in it, save bowing at intervals; they keep coming in and going out throughout. The prayers are said in a monotone and the Choir join in at intervals with a very fine effect. There are voices of all degrees but the general impression which at first is striking and pleasing ends in weariness by reason of the great sameness. There is this however to be said for the Greek above the Roman, the whole is conducted in a devout manner and there is nothing gross or offensive to the eye or ear, but all is graceful and dignified. The bowing is always so, none of that bobbing which is so offensive and ridiculous in Romish worship. The scenic effect too is grand and picturesque, it was specially so as I saw it in the Isaac Church. A pair of beautiful doors enclosing the Sanctuary or Altar, gradually opened and disclosed a picture of the Saviour and other things, lighted up. The Priests clothed in a yellow dress with gold fringes entered and then after an interval of worship withdrew, the doors closed gradually. Again after a considerable time in which prayers were offered outside the door accompanied by singing, they

(the doors) were again opened as before. The effect was certainly very good for producing pleasing and sensational impressions.

July 10th. Preached this Lords Day morning at the English Church, on the English Quay. It is a handsome oblong structure, good for seeing and hearing; and in the evening attended the service. About two miles from George Birch's house and about five from St. Petersburg where there are cotton factories conducted by the English. It was a neat room and nicely fitted up, capable of holding about 100 people, but there were only thirty or so present. Mr. Winslow, the Curate to the Chaplain Mr. Thompson, who is over in England, read and preached. July 29th. Preached in the evening in the above Chapel, it is called the Sampson Church, that being the name of the factory (Psalm LV v. 17 [*Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud: and he shall hear my voice*']. *Sir George preached a sermon again on this verse when he held a Sunday service on the steamer returning to London from Norway*)).

Public Buildings

The Hermitage

A Parallelogram 500 feet long, near 400 feet deep. Principal staircase marble. This is the best architectural structure of its kind, chaste, pure in style and the interior is well laid out and beautifully decorated. It has a good collection of paintings, antiques and the jewellery of the Royal family in presents made from Peter the Great downwards are both curious and beautiful.

The Winter Palace

450 feet long and 80 feet high and 350 in breadth. This has a gorgeous interior but the exterior is very heavy, like a great factory, with lines of windows. The Throne Room is the best proportioned. St. George's Hall and the Ball Room are spoilt by a series of pillars running round them supporting a small gallery which gives the appartments [*sic*] a heavy appearance. The decorations are gorgeous especially the Empresses Drawing Room, but while the whole building is much larger than the Palace at Moscow there is no single room so good as in the Moscow building. This to my mind is far superior in its proportions, chastness [*sic*] of decoration and general appearance. We were shewn the Crown Jewels which are exceedingly beautiful, the pearls very large, the emeralds, the beryls and specially the diamonds. In the sceptre of very chaste formation is the celebrated Orloff Diamond, so called because presented by Count Orloff to Catherine II and considered superior to the Koenor. This jewel is said to have been the eye of an idol in a Hindu Temple, near Trichinopoly and stolen therefrom by a French soldier. It weights 193 carats. The quantity of jewels is great and you see them with much greater ease and nearness than the Crown Jewels in our Tower of London. We saw also the late Emperor Nicolas private appartments, the room in which he died, and the bed, his cloak and military coat, all his toilet and everything else just as it was when he died, even two

clocks were going. Very different this to former times when the room in which an Emperor died was closely sealed and no one after entered it. The rooms are small and the roofs low with arched ceilings like the old Palace at Moscow.

Peterhof

This is to the south of the City about half way to Cronstadt, an hour and ten minutes by steamer and $\frac{3}{4}$ hour by rail. It is an exceedingly pretty place, woods extend for seven or eight miles, intersected in all directions by capital roads and walks, the only smooth roads I have yet seen in Russia. Here is an Imperial Summer Palace, fountains of great variety and picturesque in effect, more striking as a whole than the Crystal Palace, London, but no single fountain can compare with a single one there. There are islands here also on which are built small Summer Palaces in the Italian style of architecture, to one of which we were conveyed on a floating bridge pulled along on ropes by two Tars dressed in white. They are surrounded by a garden well laid out, but all the flowers and shrubs in this country look faded and unhealthy, arising from their being all first grown under glass and then put out when summer comes and they do not seem capable of standing the cold which so oft returns at intervals and causes them to wither. Certain it is that none look healthy and bright and fresh. The vegetables, such as potatoes, beans, French and English, peas and spinnage do well. I observe they take great pains in earthing up of potatoes, each plant being plumped up by itself instead of in rows as with us. We had the pleasure of seeing the Emperor quite close. An entertainment was being given to a number of young girls, several hundred from some charitable Institution in St. Petersburg, we saw them drive along in the Imperial carriages, a sort of outsize Irish Car, holding eight each, with Coachman, two footmen behind each carriage. They had a very pretty appearance dressed in white. Afterwards they had dinner as above and the Emperor came to see them. When he left he came out and talked a minute to some individuals and then mounted a one horse Droysky, quite plain. He was dressed in a sort of grey cloak and military cap. He is a gentlemanly looking man, quite the Emperor in feature and gait, but I did not like the expression of his face, it had a tinge of anxiety and melancholy, showing that he who wears a crown has many thorns in his bed of roses.

Museum

A large well arranged building. The animals peculiar to the north, birds, land and waterfowl, are well worth seeing, specially a mammoth discovered in Siberia, not a fossil but preserved in the ice, it is much larger than the elephant but the same genus. And a good specimen of that curious creature the Ant Hunter – or Eater. There is a good mineral museum, wonderful aerolites, serpents preserved in spirits, and fish, very curious.

The Fortress or Citadel

Here is the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, the Cathedral of St. Petersburg, here are the tombs of the Emperors from Peter the Great downwards; they

are each raised on the floor of the church, the bodies being in the tombs below. They are covered with plain cloth mantles so that excepting the association of the place you see nothing; a gilt medallion lies on the tombs of the Emperors Alexander and Nicolas with their profile. Near the Fortress is the house of Peter the Great built by himself 1703, and in which he lived till he married. It is very small, consisting only of three rooms, low and small but of solid construction; one of them which was a sitting room is turned into a Chapel where is an altar, with a miraculous image of the Saviour to which the people come to pay their devotions. They show you a boat built by him and other reliques. Proceeding hence to the Summer Gardens you can see the Palace Peter had built when he married. This is very interesting as stressing the progress he made in house building. It is a most comfortable and sensible residence of two stories and remains nearly in the same state in which he left it. The ceilings of most of the rooms are painted by no inferior artist and remain as in his time. Some large pieces of carving done by Peter's own hand and the old doors and wainscoat panels. The furniture, some of it made by himself, is solid, quaint and old fashioned, apparantly *[sic]* oak, wood such as you would find in old houses in England. His kitchen and its apparatus for smoking hams and making cakes, which it is said the Empress often made with her own hands, is curious and original for Russia, but apparantly copied from the Dutch. The Summer Gardens are very poor and insignificant, it was here in April that that the Emperor was shot at as he was leaving the principal entrance. They have built a temporary chapel fitted up as usual with a shrine, pictures and candles and here the people bow and pray as they pass along. There are many of these chapels in the City, one is at the north end of the Nicolas Bridge, very chaste and handsome. In the Summer Gardens is a well executed monument of a Russian Esop, Bruloff or some such name, the characteristics of his fables being cast in alto releivo *[sic]* all round the pedestal. The present Kommisseroff who saved his life by striking upwards the arm of the assassin as he was in the act of firing has been made a noble, his wife is being educated. The appearance of the man as photographed before the event in his peasant, and in his noble costume is not only a marked contrast in his dress but also in the expression of his countenance; there is a happy, quiet look as a noble in place of a servile downcast eye so characteristic of the Russian peasant.

Botanical Gardens

These are situated on one of the Islands called appropriately Apothecaries Island. We rowed up to them in the boat and landed close to the entrance. The principal object was to see a fine species of Water Lily, the Victoria Regina, which was just flowering and is rare. The buds however were not expanded, the coldness of the weather having delayed it. There is nothing here worthy of remark after our Kew Gardens but the Palm Trees are good. The gardener pointed out the Screw Palm, the Wax and the Sugar Palm.

Mining Corps.

This is a large building on the side of the river the opposite side to the English Quay and lower down. It has an excellent collection of Mineral Specimens,

very large and fine, many much finer than the British Museum, especially all connected with Siberia. We saw a piece of gold ore so pure that it seemed not to need the art of the Refiner, weighing about 100 lbs, also one of copper, a ton weight; all kinds of precious stones, marble, also a pearl oyster shell with the pearls attached as found. Some splendid pieces of amethyst [*sic*] crystals, a wonderful piece of green Beryl, crystals of various colours, topazes, emeralds, opals, all from Siberia. There were models of the working of the mines in Siberia and every article of steel and other productions, cutlery, swords etc. manufactured there.

Tsarskoe Selo

This is a favourite Imperial Residence, and place of resort in the Summer for the Upper and more respectable classes, it is about 15 miles from Petersburg. We went by Mail and saw the Old Palace built by Catharine II, it is a very large erection and contains a number of handsome appartments, the walls of which are panelled with amber. The walls are covered with it and where it projects in frames and medallions it is beautiful. A Lapis Lazuli Room also, strips of this stone are actually inlaid in the walls (a piece an inch long will cost £5) the floor of this room Ebony relieved by Mother of Pearl. Some interesting pictures – the Entry of the Emperor into Moscow before the Coronation, the Procession at Novgorod celebrating the 1,000 anniversary of the Empire, the late Heir taking the Oath to the Standard before the Emperor. Some rooms frequently used by the Royal Family, one contained all their toys and gymnastic implements for exercise. The Chapel is a beautiful room, blue and gold. We were shewn the rooms of the Emperor Alexander I who principally lived here, and are left in the same state as when he was last there, his coat and all his toilet, bed etc. being there as those of Nicolas in the Winter Palace. There is a new Palace here which was under alterations and several other residences of members of the Imperial family, indeed there seems no end to the Royal residences in Russia. We then drove to the Railway Station at Pavlofski around which are gardens, beyond these gardens attached to the above residences which the public may walk in. It set in however a wet evening so we could not see them. There is a very large room, or rather suite of rooms, where an excellent band, about 50 performers, conducted by a German, played for several hours from 7.30 till 11. Refreshments of all kinds were at hand from a dinner to a simple tea, there were many hundred people who all seemed to enjoy themselves in a very quiet and orderly manner, very superior in all respects is this place to any of our English Vauxhalls. As the darkness increased it was partially lighted up out of doors and there were to be some fireworks which we did not remain for. It is the best place to give you a notion of Russian Summer amusements of the higher class, and what struck me was the general decorum and quietness of the scene, no sensational exhibitions.

Moscow

July 23rd. Left Petersburg by Rail at 2.30 p.m. reaching Moscow at 10 a.m. the 24th. We had a saloon carriage to ourselves, about 10 foot square with sofa, cushions all round, this is priced for the journey at 150 Rubles, but as no

party wanted it we took Five First Class tickets, they allowed us to occupy it and so far the journey was very comfortable. The country all the way was most uninteresting, very flat, a few fir and beech plantations but the soil apparently poor and barren; no roads in any direction to be seen till we reached near the City, no towns unless we passed any between 12 and 2 o'clock in the night. I found this was the case in one instance, the large City of Iver, 26,000, a manufacturing city on the river Volga which becomes navigable at Iver for steamers all the way to the Caspian Sea, 2,100 miles and where the Volga enters it at Astrachan.

The numerous and unnecessary stoppages from 5 minutes to half an hour continually made it also very tedious but gave plenty of time to eat and drink as often as you pleased, tea, coffee, fruit, cakes and other more substantial fare were in abundance. We might easily have arrived at 6 or 7 a.m. without mending the slow pace but for the stoppages, the distance is about 400 miles. Population about 350,000. We are staying at Mr. Billo's Hotel, he speaks English, was formerly in business in Petersburg and is well known to the Birchs. He is very attentive and will shew us all that time will allow on our limited stay. First impressions of Moscow are favourable, a light and cheerful appearance, the air clear and dry, but warmer than Petersburg.

The Shops

These are better dressed far than Petersburg where the windows are so darkened and the space to show goods so limited as to look paltry after Paris and London. The display of articles to lure is elegantly set out and in good taste. The shops for Church furniture are specially beautiful and are principally situated north of the Kremlin and are entered by a Gateway with old Chinese Towers, they form a large square block called the Kitai Gorod or Chinese Town.

The Kremlin

We found our way there on foot by the shops above mentioned, passed in by one of its four gates, passed the Arsenal, outside of which are numbers of the brass cannon taken from Napoleon in his flight from the city in 1812, and proved to be so by a large N and the French arms; thence we reached the great Bell with its piece broken out by its fall lying by it, showing its thickness, more than 2 feet. Going on a little further we gained a beautiful and picturesque view of Moscow from the platform on which the Kremlin stands, below you winds the River Mosca, across which is quite a panorama of streets and churches with the Sparrow Hills beyond from whence Napoleon obtained his first view of the City. This view from the Kremlin is quite original and peculiar to itself and must be seen to be realised, I have never seen or expect to see anything like it. I have again surveyed the above in the evening twilight and only confirm previous impressions of delight.

The Sparrow Hills

We drove out in the afternoon to these so called Hills, but very small elevations. The road abominable as all Roads that I have seen in Russia except at Peterhoff, rough stones till the city end and then muddy pools and deep cart rutts [*sic*]. It is well worth a jolting however for you have a charming view of Moscow and the spot from whence Napoleon first saw Moscow and you are not surprised when on the spot at the joyous exclamation of him and his soldiers, 'Moscow, Moscow'. We saw it in perfection, the sun shining full upon it, without which from the distance and slight elevation the whole becomes indistinct, as we saw when a passing cloud intervened, but this cloud made the contrast greater. Indeed, Moscow from hence with the evening sun shining on its hundreds of gilded domes and spires looked like an enchanted city.

We visited the large Riding School, the largest room known unsupported by any pillars. I stepped its length and found it more than 200 yards which agrees nearly with the estimated proportions of 560 feet, 158 Breadth and 40 in Height. It must be a fine sight to see Cavalry Manoeuvres in it. It is in itself a heavy building.

Troitsaw Monastery, or Trinity Monastery

This lies N.E. of the City, distant 40 miles and is reached by rail in about two hours. Here are ten churches within the monastery, the principal in the Cathedral of the Trinity, within which is the Shrine of St. Sergious, all of solid silver with a large Sarcophagus weighing 936 lbs in the whole and the reliques are seen within, the lid being open. All the walls of the Church are covered with plated gold and silver intermingled with numerous pictures. In the Sanctuary, a separate [*sic*] building of four rooms, is shewn a marvellous collection of Jewels, Church Furniture, Altar Cloths and Priests' Vestments, being offerings from Royal Personages, in number and value beyond the powers of description. Diamonds and other precious stones are abundant and as for pearls of all sizes they are so plentiful as if to be nothing accounted of. What most struck me was a sacramental Gold Cup of exquisite workmanship set in precious stones; a stone with white lines in the form of a cross, also an Agate in the material of which is seen a monk worshipping a cross produced apparantly by the natural shading assisted by a little art. Mitres, Croziers and all sorts of vessels abounded. Also some ancient copies of the Scripture in Slavonic, the binding covered with precious stones and a curious Prayer Book in fine Persian parchment.

About 1½ miles from the Monastery is the Hermitage of 'Gethsemane' in which are subterranean cells where monks have formerly lived and done penance, and also a holy well. Excepting for the association of humans being submitted to such misery this is nothing here worth a visit. As my partner observed 'Le jeu ne vaut pas la Chandelle', we each carried a candle.

St. Sergious founded Troitsa about the year 1342. It is a very pleasant excursion in fine weather, the situation is pretty and the Rail specially easy and well managed and punctual in time. We saw the process of painting Church figures in this Monastery – a mixture of yellow pudding-like gold leaf is

spread thick upon wood, when quite dry and hard and polished the subject is painted on it and ornaments all round are cut out by the hand with a chisel. It has when finished all the appearance of brass. Some of the paintings are very good, we saw young lads being taught; you can buy what you please and not dear, a considerable business is being done there.

Buildings Within the Kremlin

We ascended the Tower of Ivan (John the Great) from which you obtain a splendid and accurate view of Moscow, it is far more interesting than that from the Isaac Church at Petersburg, being so surrounded with objects. Church spires, magnificent structures of all sorts. The ascent is easy; there are 32 bells in this Tower, two of which are silver, and when I knocked my head against them sent forth a most melodious sound, ringing, clear and silvery sweet.

The Treasury

A ménage of curiosities, from armour, a cannon, state carriages to silver, gold and jewels of all descriptions presented to the different Emperors by Eastern and European Powers. Among others, silver ornaments presented to Boris Godonof, also the Crowns, Robes and Thrones of several of the former Emperors, the crowns studded with jewels.

The Palace

This newly erected by the Emperor Nicolas is a beautiful structure, very splendid in its dimensions, the rooms of lofty design far superior to anything in England and very chaste in decoration; indeed both the Palaces and monuments of all kinds in Russia make one blush for one's own country and make one think how paltry all we can show in England must appear to foreigners.

The Cathedral Church

The Emperors are crowned in this, otherwise it is much like the others, covered with gold and silver and pictures to the highest roof. We did not visit the other churches being quite tired of looking at so many. We had a delightful drive for our last evening in Moscow, to the Race Course, visiting the Zoological Gardens in our way, which are quite worth a visit, fitted up with much taste in the Floral way. It is not a large collection but very good, a very fine lion and tiger, bears not so, as might have been expected being I suppose of little account by reason of their being so many close at hand. We returned through the Petrowsky Palace Gardens which are very pretty, well wooded. The trees and shrubs here look healthy, like England, quite different from Petersburg and altogether the air of Moscow is much more bracing and healthy, its climate is in all respects superior.

Romanof House (not far from the Kremlin)

This gives you the Architecture and mode of life of the Russians in the Middle Ages. It was the birth place of Michael I, Sovereign of the Romanof family, the reigning dynasty. The external walls of stone are the original but the interior having been sacked by the French is entirely restored as it was originally. The appartments [*sic*] are small and low, arched after the manner of a crypt. The garments and all the material etc. of Michael down to his baby toys are shewn. I conclude these were carried away before the French arrived. It is a very curious and interesting place.

The Church of the Saviour (near the Kremlin)

This beautiful structure bids fair to rival that of St. Isaacs at Petersburg, it is somewhat similar in external aspect, in the usual form of a Greek cross but more strictly Byzantine in Architecture, with Norman arches. Outside are four principal Entrances in the centre of each limb of the cross with handsome brass doors, adjoining which are large alto relievo stone figures in compartments, executed in life size and different subjects in a lively and admirable style, such as David with the Philistine's head after his victory, Christ after his resurrection, St. Sergius blessing one of the Czars before a battle. The whole of the outside of this church is finished but only about a quarter of the interior, it is being lined like the Isaac with rare marble and fine stones. It promises to be a gorgeous yet chaste structure and will be yet twenty years in finishing, it is meant as a commemoration of the victory over Napoleon in 1812, and will probably be a chief line in Moscow.

The Foundling Hospital, Moscow

This is situated on the same side of the River as the Kremlin, it is a large square building, the galleries running through it are about 216 feet in length. You are shewn the way in which the babies are admitted, each a number on a small oblong piece of bone which is appropriated to the child and a card kept in the Register so that the person bringing the infant can see it again at any time. Orphans are taken and also the infants of persons who cannot support them. Thus there is a great mixture, there are many children of the Russian nobility who may have been left without the means of bringing up. For admission no other question is asked but 'Has this child been Baptized?' and if not it is Baptized, for which ample means are provided, a large plated Font, the Greek Church like our own one preferring immersion if it may be. There is a handsome Chapel in the building, fitted up chastely and in much better taste than the overdone Churches. While this shews the admirable care of the Government for religious profession may it not also indicate that the more recent Institutions as this are opened they attain greater simplicity of decoration. This was first opened by the Empress Catharine II in 1763, it admits yearly about 12,000 children. When we were in it, July 26th, new style [*in the Gregorian calendar of western Europe; Russia used the older Julian calendar and was twelve days behind*], there had been admitted since the 1st January 6,546. We were there about 1.30 p.m. and seven had been received since daybreak. The day before the number admitted was 34. There are 1,400 nurses. The effect of all this is that in Moscow the number of

illegitimate children is 37¾%, in Petersburg where there is another, 20½%. There are 10% more of illegitimate births in Moscow than in Paris.

We left Moscow on our return to Petersburg on Friday July 27th, having been there since Tuesday the 24th and having much enjoyed our visit. We are obliged again to be a night on the way, starting at 2 p.m. and reaching St. Petersburg at 9 a.m. there being no day train, a strange way of going; punctual however both in starting and arriving. We have been well entertained by Mr. Billo, the house is clean and meals abundant and good and the whole establishment conducted in good order. The bill for the above time charged as for four days including Rooms large and airy fitted up as sitting rooms, also Wine, Beer, Carriages each day, was 129 Rubles 30 Copecks, in English money about £15. The Sherry was extravagant, 7/- a bottle, it was good, so were all the provisions. The Railway Carriages are comfortable and all is conducted in an orderly manner, the guards civil and attentive as are all the waiters, both on the Rail and at Inns and Hotels. The train starts from each station after ringing a bell three times, ending with a single stroke of the clapper thrice repeated. One rather strange thing is peculiar as far as I know to Russia, the necessary closets are in the train at each end of every compartment.

Carriages

These are very much as in England except the Drosky, which is peculiar to Russia; this is a low fourwheeled carriage, carrying one passenger, but two may be accommodated – not comfortably. The driver sits in front. The harness is peculiar in having a half circular hoop suspended above the collar, to which the shafts are attached and this keeps them from pressing the horse's shoulders, for the same reason a trace is fastened from the axle of the front wheel. The bearing rein is also attached to the hoop and the vehicle is drawn by the shafts instead of traces as with us. I am told this mode is needful in sledge driving, but in summer private droskys use harness like ours, but the public carriages do not go to the expense of two sets of harness. Private droskys have frequently two horses, one as an outrigger which is trained to curve its head and neck outward as if it were shying or wishing to turn away from its companion. It canters while the other trots and presents a dashing appearance when well got up. The omnibus has three or four horses abreast, all the carts and wagons use the hoop. There is one other native carriage to be seen in Moscow and country places, it is an outside Irish Car slung between two pair of wheels with springs, it will carry six or less according to the length between the fore and aft wheels. The passengers sit back to back, three on either side, their legs as in the Irish Car exposed to the weather or to anything coming against them. They are very convenient but must be heavy on account of the distance between the wheels.

Horses

The horses of the country are small but well shaped and hardy, English blood has introduced a better sort. I saw many handsome horses in Petersburg and Moscow, both in single and double harness. Riding is the exception, all drive

and all but the poorest in carriages, never walking if they can avoid it. The horses are well treated, I have never seen horses with galled shoulders or sores or savagely beaten as in England and for the most part they are in good condition, the same is true of Sweden and Norway.

Coachmen

They have a becoming dress when good, public and private Coachmen dress alike. It is a long robe or gown, usually blue, down to the heels with a band round the waist and a neat low crowned hat with a very narrow rim, they hold the rim firm with both hands, seldom using the whip which is but a short handled stick with a short thong. They work the horse or horses with the reins and a whip is hardly necessary. How this acts upon their mouths I know not, but it must in a certain degree harden them and render them what we call 'hard mouthed'. The bits however do not seem heavy, the harness is always light and nothing superfluous for mere ornament sake.

Principles of the People

In the mass they are dishonest and untrustworthy, no high standard of morality or agreeable to God's word and how can it be for there are no Bibles to be seen in the land or in their places of worship, liars and immoral. Their religion does not seem to influence them beyond the act and exercises. No salutary control over their conduct. An English merchant told me if the Russians could be trusted they might all pack up and depart but as it is not so, the English are employed generally as Factors.

The common people are abject and servile, very civil to all superiors. The next generation now that Serfdom is abolished may improve but at present they all have a downcast look, fear and uncertainty are betrayed in their looks. The Russians are hospitable after their fashion. Habits decidedly bad – drunkenness and dirt prevail, but setting these aside they appear on Sundays and other holidays simple and cheerful in their ways. They make the most of their short summer, which in reality seems a pursuit *[sic]* after it under difficulties, and sit in open seats by the roadside opposite their houses or cottages seeing and to be seen in weather that we should be indoors, but then the Russian is seldom without his long coat or gown, sheepskin in winter and some kind of cloth in summer. All kinds of work goes on on Sunday, the same as in Paris. The common people never wash. In English families the servants are never provided with any washing apparatus as they would never use it. Happily they all take a Bath as a rule once a week, usually on Saturday evening.

Food

The common people live hardly. I have seen them taking their Breakfast and dinner in the street, the Breakfast being black bread with a little salt sprinkled on the surface, and water. The dinner a kind of soup, white as if it was milk and water, or green as if made of vegetables; hard boiled eggs and sausages are sold in the streets and black and white bread. Cakes and tea also

everywhere and at all the stations wherever a train stops you see the Semapher [*sic*], a large Brass Urn with a chimney and burning charcoal where the Heater is put in our Urns. Tea is good when of proper strength, but the Russians deem [*sic*] strong tea unwholesome and so there are two Pots always on the Board, one of tea the other of water and the waiter pours it into a glass or cup in equal quantities unless you can stop him, which is no easy matter. The Russians often put a slice of Lemon into their Tea instead of Milk and always on Fast days.

The white bread is excellent in Russia. Hard boiled eggs are sold in the streets and Railway Stations and great quantities are consumed, especially at the end of Lent; when taken along with much Brandy many die yearly.

Fish. A white fish called Seigh is the best in Petersburg, it is very delicate, something like a John Dory, but superior. The Sudak, a white fish, is also good. The Neva Salmon is nice but not rich or comparable to our salmon. At Moscow they have the Stevlet, a very rich delicious fish, they have none of our salt water fish, except the Salmon.

The Neva Fishery

This is farmed out by the Government and taken by one or more head men who employ workmen under them, like our Lord's Disciples who were 'Mastermen' and had 'hired men' under them. You may see these establishments on the river bank at many places, they consist of a platform of wood at the side of one bank of the stream, the lower part level with the stream, from which the net is carried out by a boat and drawn in. Higher up a few steps is another platform on the side of the other, where the fish caught is put in a sort of box with ice and taken thence to market or sold on the spot. Here they cook their meals and live all the summer. The cook was cutting up a savory [*sic*] piece of boiled beef into very small slices which he said would then be put into a soup and eat with bread. I thought it a far more sensible and supporting meal than many of our labourers get. They keep casting, the weather permitting, from 4 a.m. to 11 a.m. or so, then they repose till evening and again cast till midnight. Many persons come to them in boats and either buy the fish when caught or bargain for a throw taking their risk of the produce. My relative, George Birch, took us to one on Saturday evening, July 28th, he and I rowed Henrietta, George and Emmie, as we approached they were drawing the net. George Birch offered the man two Rubles and a half for the draw, he wanted three Rubles and was firm. It was drawn and not a fish. Again the net went out and this time the man took the money and George B. said it should be Henrietta's draw but alas no fish were taken. On another occasion when George and I were rowing up from Petersburg we came to one of the places just as the bag, or end of the net was being hawled [*sic*] up and we had two fish, Salmon, in it; one a fine Salmon and weight 16½ lbs and he bought it after a deal of jabbering in Russian for about 14 shillings; nothing is cheap in Russia.

Climate

Petersburg in the Summer is much the same as Glamorganshire in Wales, occasional heats followed by cold and damp. I was not as well as usual all my stay of three weeks or so, I found myself all right in Moscow, dry and bracing. The three days we were in Moscow dry and warm, were wet and cold in Petersburg. The extreme severity of the climate may help to contribute to the prevalent habit of drinking. Master George Turberville, Secretary to the English Embassy to Moscow 1568 says of the Russians:

'Folk fit to be of Bacchus' train so quaffing is their kind,
Drink is their whole desire, the pot is all their pride,
The sob'rest head doth once a day stand needful of a guide.
If he to banquet bid his friends he will not shrink
On them at dinner to bestow a dozen kinds of drink.
Such liquor as they have and as the Country gives
But chiefly two, one called Kwas whereby the Mousiki lives,
Small ware of water like but somewhat tart in taste.
The rest is Mead of home made wherewith their lips they taste,
And if he go unto his neighbour as a guest
He cares for little meat, if so his drink be of the best.'

The climate of St. Petersburg must be considered as unhealthy. It is not only very changeable as England but damp with short intervals throughout the year. Its situation so low and surrounded by water, only kept from overflowing by embankments, contributes to this characteristic. The Neva being a now tidal river while it has its advantages in point of sewage and purity, all going down and nothing returning, nevertheless is wanting in that freshness which always attends a flowing tide; then as the River gets lower during the summer, miasma necessarily prevails in all the half dry places which so continue until a strong west wind up the River retards its flowing downwards and the river rises again in consequence. The same occurs when the Winter Ice begins to dissolve. Then again the Lake Ladoga causes even the East Wind coming from Inland to be a moist wind and to bring much rain. The effect upon the Inhabitants seems to be that shutting themselves up in their houses as much as business permits the greater part of the year they look attenuated and pale faced, very few indeed have any colour in their faces and during their short summer they are very seldom without cloaks. All air being carefully excluded by double windows. The Russians never think of opening their windows even in summer. The Climate of Moscow as I have remarked is the very reverse. I felt the difference at once and so did my niece, Mrs. George Birch. She got rid of a Cough during our short stay of only a few days and which came back on our return to St. Petersburg though not so bad as before. I should consider Moscow and its neighbourhood healthy, though subject to greater cold and heat than St. Petersburg.

Money Matters

Everything of whatsoever kind or quality is dear in Russia. This arises partly from the greater portion being imported from other countries. They are troublesome people to deal with, always asking more than they mean to take. I went with Mr. Billo at Moscow to buy a few common pictures, coarsely

painted but characteristic of the country, exhibited under an archway leading from a principal street and a thoroughfare. When I pointed out what I wanted the man cooly [*sic*] took them down instead of giving me clean copies, having no regard to appearances even. And while engaged in this Mr. Billo pointed to a dirty clad lad of about sixteen and bid me take care of my pocket as he had just tried his. Paper is generally in circulation, very little silver or gold to be seen, plenty of heavy copper like our old coinage.

Dress

All the common orders dress much alike – a loose shirt of Pink or Blue over a pair of trowsers which are tucked into high Hessian Boots, a long coat or Gown covers this, made of sheepskin or Cloath according to the season. It looks awkward and hindering in walking but the Russians never walk if they can help it. I observe that the common European Dress is rapidly being adopted in the Metropolis. Boots and shoes of all kinds are good. Wet Nurses are dressed in a peculiar and becoming style, a mantle red or some striking colour, ornamented with gold and a small upright hat. The higher Classes dress well and handsomely, very expensively I should say, in the French fashion.

Face and Stature of the Russians

They are usually very plain, I may say positively ugly and ill looking. I never saw but one handsome Girl of Russian birth all the time and that was at Peterhoff, a young Lady. The men are not much better – very few exceptions. In stature short as a rule, but I saw many fine men, tall and well made, but they do not average 10% I should say.

The Religion and Worship of the Russians

Their religion is what is known as the Greek or Eastern Church, which separated from the Western when the Popes began to assume Universal Authority and are at this day quite opposed to each other. The Greek or Russian Church is a very important Engine for political power. The Emperors rule the people very easily under its influence as Kings in the West have done repeatedly by the Roman Church, only with this great and very important difference that whereas the Western powers have always suffered by such aid, the Papal Church never giving its influence to the State to make some quid pro quo, without obliging the State to make some sacrifice in its favour, the Russian Church is entirely dependent upon the State and on the Will of the Emperor and so long as he does not interfere with its ritual and worship he has uncontrolled power over it. Thus for instance in the Crimean War Nicolas intimated to the Troitsa Monastery in a way that could not be misunderstood that they must part with some of their rare jewels and the result was that they contributed a good many thousand pounds. The influence of the Church and Priesthood on the people at large is evident so far as externals go. They endure much self sacrifice and personal discomfort in their prolonged Fasts, especially the Lenten, when not even Milk or Eggs are permitted and when from the general low diet of the people their stamina does not readily sustain,

the extreme recurrence at Easter to excessive feeding and drinking which as soon as the hour of 12 p.m. has struck and Easter Morning has begun they at once indulge in, beginning with hard boiled eggs and brandy, induces many deaths. I saw a Russian Almanack (George will procure me one) with all the Fasts marked in it as black, and very many indeed they are, for the rest of the year the Services of the Church are well attended at the most holy times and what is a contrast with the Romish and most other Communions as many men as women; besides this they are paying their devotions all day in the streets. Shrines are put up at short distances and in all kinds of situations, even in the Government Offices and public places. They are sometimes merely a glass case suspended containing a picture, odds and ends of candles look in some instances very tawdry and contemptable [*sic*] but in others handsome and well executed, according to the part of the Town in which they are situated or the Church to which they are attached. You will see persons of all classes worshipping at these as they pass along, some crossing and bowing with hardly a slackening of their pace, others standing still a minute or so. I saw persons on omnibuses paying their devotions as the vehicle passed them. The result is that very little or any influence is exercised on the life and conduct, evil doings, cheating, lying and other sins and evils are sanctified and passed over in their eyes by such reparations in worship. The Lords Day is sadly desecrated both by Priests and people, work of all kinds is carried on as usual. On coming down on Sunday morning I find a man cutting the grass on the plot behind the house and another sweeping the walk. Taking a walk in the afternoon we see a Priest surrounded by some females and children, apparantly his own family, haggling with a seller of fruit and vegetables, and so it goes on just the same as in Roman Catholic countries. In both the Holy Days of the Church are more esteemed than Our Lord's Day, so are realized His words – Mark VII.9 ['And he said unto them, full well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition']. The Priests generally exhibit heavy unintelligent faces, and as to the lower orders, are very uneducated and of low debasing animal habits. The following are facts: In a Parish near Moscow the Priest after a long course of bad conduct had ended by stealing some of the Church Charity money, whereupon a Superior was sent from Moscow who shut up the Church and sealed it. Why, I could not learn. Another came to administer the Lord's Supper to a dying person and was in such a drunken condition that as he was administering the Wine he fell down, cup and all. The Lord's Supper is administered to the youngest, even infants, but only the wine. The superior Orders of the Clergy are however a body of learned men and many of them devoted men of God. Doctrine. The Greek Church holds transubstantiation, the praying to the Virgin Mary and Saints, prayers for the Dead. It is more liberal in allowing the use of the Scriptures but practically this allowance is a dead letter as none are to be seen. Reliques. These are abundant, of all kinds, hands and arms and blood of John the Baptist, others are abundant. Dissenters. I am told these number about six million. One sect is called the Milk Drinkers because they abjure the severity of the Greek fast in this article and take milk on Wednesdays and Fridays.

Buildings

Wood, being plentiful, is very generally used for building. We saw on the way to Moscow many villages or clusters of houses all of wood and very like the Swiss chalets. The stations are partly built of Brick with coats of stone or compositum: The bricks are of two kinds – a light coloured Brick, I was told of an inferior quality, and a purple or dark red Brick with a highly glazed or polished surface. These make a handsome facing, but I saw in several of the stations patches broken off here and there apparently from exposure to the weather, but on putting my hand to the remaining surface it felt very hard and impenetrable [sic]. In building they use an inclined plane for carrying up the material and very few ladders are used. They also frequently, I believe usually, build from the inside, making use of the first floor as soon as it is laid for support in erecting the exterior of the second story and so upwards. Their Roofs are almost always of Iron laid upon wood like slating and is painted, green being a favorite color, tiles do not stand the Climate, slates are sometimes used. There is a very fine Iron brought from Siberia with which the best houses are roofed, it is limber and will bend like steel without breaking, it is much dearer than what is imported and is not in general use.

The stone mostly comes from Finland where there are Quarries of fine Granite and other kinds. They have a simple, ingenious and primitive way of splitting the blocks in the Quarry, they bore small holes in the line they wish the Block to split, into these holes is inserted a piece of Birch Wood thoroughly dried and then when it has quite filled the hole and is tightly fixed in it they pour water upon it, which causes the dry wood to expand and so splits the Block of granite. This of course cannot be done until the large Blocks have been separated from the Mass by blasting.

The difficulty of getting a sound foundation in Petersburg is great. I was told three tiers of Piles, one upon the other have been driven to obtain it. The Isaac Church in spite of all care has perceptibly sunk on the riverside, i.e. the side towards the River.

Saturday, August 4th. Left Petersburg by the Steamer at 10 a.m. for Stockholm by Viborg, Helsingfors [*the Swedish form of Helsinki; the Grand Duchy of Finland Finland had been annexed by Russia from Sweden in 1809*] and Abo. The Birchs saw us off. George B. did all the needful for us in business matters. The morning was beautiful, it rained however at midday, was fine when we arrived at Viborg at 7.40, here the Steamer remained for the night and we had a pleasant walk for about two hours and a half about the town. There is nothing worth mentioning in it. Returned to the vessel, supped and sailed next morning at 4 a.m.

Sunday the 5th. The day proved to be very wet and cold for the season. We got to Helsingfors at 6.45, the weather had cleared and so we had another long walk, a very pleasant conclusion of each day's voyage. The principal Church is Lutheran, but a handsome new Greek Church is nearly finished in a commanding position. The Government here, as throughout Finland, are doing their utmost to convert the people to the Greek Church short of open persecution. There is a monument erected here on the Quay to Alexander I commemorating his first visit.

Helsingfors is a large Town, the Capital of Finland, public Buildings well placed and the streets broad, at right angles. It is almost an Island. We passed Sweaborg and its fortifications close in, nearing the Town they are only a mile distant. Left next morning at 4 a.m., this day fine but blowing strong from the S.W. It would have been very rough had we not been protected by the multitude of Islands among which we had been passing ever since we neared Viborg. These Islands are extraordinary for their number and variety, some are bare rocks composed of large boulder stones, others, and the greater part, have small Fir and Beech trees growing on them, a few have Timber trees; in many parts it is like passing along a river only instead of continuous banks there are all these Islands of every imaginable shape opening up pretty little Inlets and bays. Reached Abo at 6.30. The Fins are a much nicer looking people than the Russians, a few have ruddy faces and they are generally taller and better made, they have a less senile look. I am told all their affinities and sympathies are towards Sweden rather than Russia. Russia however has ruled them mildly and allowed their old constitution laws and coinage. Our vessel is Swedish and the Sailors look quite English, she is called the Portian after a gentleman of that name to whom a handsome statue is erected in Abo. He is sitting in a chair and has an intelligent pleasing face. He deserved this of his Country for spending all his time and energy in advancing the interests of Finland and so he being dead yet speaketh. There is a Cathedral at Abo which was originally of Early English Architecture but has been so disfigured in its repairs that only one Door remains to shew what it once was. The islands between Helsingfors and Abo were specially picturesque, we passed so close to many that we could have almost sprung on them from the Deck. Left Abo at 2 a.m. and reached Stockholm at 8 p.m. The Islands after leaving Abo were chiefly barren till we reached the Aland Isles. Here we saw the last of Finland in the shape of a Custom House, well placed and nestling in a pretty sheltered spot. We stopped here while a boat went on shore with the necessary Papers. After leaving Aland we entered the open sea in crossing the Gulph of Bothnia and for 2½ hours were tossed about. Then we again came among Islands, exactly like the Finnish only higher and better wooded. As you near Stockholm the approach is beautiful, the sea is like a river with constantly varying reaches. The first large building is the Castle of Warsal and then a large Deaf and Dumb institution, till the whole City opened up, the ground rising on the South Side like an amphitheatre and the houses built up it. Some churches are conspicuous. The King's Palace is across the water and the Historical Museum.

The whole way to Stockholm was a series of beautiful scenery which must be seen to be appreciated. We had as fellow travellers many agreeable men of diverse nations but a sufficient number spoke English to enable us to join in the general conversation at meal times. Among them was the celebrated violinist Ole Bull, a Norwegian, he was a gentlemanly man and rather a character, very impulsive and enthusiastic especially in his love of his country which was perfection in his sight. He utters his thoughts without scruple and with a haste that must often engage him in needless and unpleasant controversy, but with all this he seemed of a genial and kindly disposition. I was told he had made a large fortune by his talents in playing the Violin but

lost the greater part in a well intended project of founding a Norwegian Colony in the United States to which he is much attached, while equally prejudiced against England. He has redeemed his circumstances again and now lives comfortably in a property of his own near Bergen.

Stockholm

The first impressions of this city were particularly pleasing and I did not find them removed by further acquaintance. It is but a small city but its situation is very picturesque. It is an English Town in respect of the width of the streets in which it altogether differs from the Russian Cities, being narrow in comparison. The shops look like English shops and the people like English people, they are very civil and kindly mannered. The carriages and horses are much the same as in England. The little steamers running in every direction are a striking and picturesque peculiarity, they dart about very fast on all sides and the way in which the City is surrounded, nearly intersected by streams, makes it somewhat like Venice on a larger scale. Their steamers are not more than 35 feet or so long and about 10 wide, the Boiler is all in sight and the passengers sit round it like a company at tea round a tea kettle.

We obtained a good view of the City from 'Hill of Moses', it is a very pretty, indeed, charming, prospect but is wanting in any prominent public Building and in Church Towers. The ten that are to be seen are poor and insignificant, the best is a miniature St. Pauls and a bad copy. The Deer Garden near the City presents a pleasant walk and drive and has some fine Oak and Fir Timber, the best I have ever seen in this part of the world.

The Palace

We were shewn the private apartments of the King, just as he uses them, like in the Russian Palaces, a smoking room was curiously hung with Chintz and ornaments in Turkish and Circassian style. They are small, low roofed, comfortable to those who do not care for much air and light. The state apartments cannot be compared to the Petersburg and Moscow Palaces but they are furnished in much better taste. One room all the furniture of which, mirrors, cabinets, chairs, etc. were all of Dresden China, specially struck us. The ceilings of the various apartments which are tame and neglected (comparatively speaking) in Russia are here very elegantly finished. The present King is himself an Artist and we were shewn one or two of his paintings of very creditable composition. We also saw the King's bedroom with all its accustomed furniture etc. Some of the furniture is very handsome and in good taste, beautiful satin woven in Sweden.

The Museum

This is a beautiful building of excellent proportions and finish outside and in and the cream of Stockholm as the Isaac Church is of St. Petersburg. The architect is a Berlin man and I have never seen a building better adapted to its purpose or which looks so well in all respects. Its contents, like other Continental Museums are of a varied character. The whole of the upper story

is occupied at present by Pictures, very many of which are interesting as descriptive of Sweden and Norway, especially a few by Tideman, a living Norwegian artist. The first floor is called fitly an historical museum and has a fine collection of Armour, the Kings of Sweden on horses clad in the armour they used. Gustavus Adolphus is on a very fine horse, stuffed, on which he was mounted when he fell in the battle of Lutzen. There is also a fair collection of statuary, Roman antiquities, Bronzes and other curiosita.

The Swedes

The more I see of their manners, habits and ways the more I like them, they are clean and healthy looking and in all their rooms, whether in Palaces, Hotels or Shops that I entered there was a good ventilation, wholesome and airy, never poisonous as in Russia with foul, stifling and hot atmosphere. Considering that the Climate is almost as cold I doubt not their healthy appearance is very much owing to this. I should judge them also to be a sober people in the main from what I have witnessed in the Caffes and every place of out door amusement. I never saw a drunken person in the streets as is so often the case in Russia. They seem a simple minded, industrious and contented people, very civil, orderly, accurate and honest; liberty and a sense of freedom and independence seems stamped on all their faces.

Saturday, August 11th. Left Stockholm by Rail at 6½ a.m. for Gottenburg. Time in Moscow 2½ hours faster than England, Petersburg 2, Stockholm one hour, Gottenburg and Christiania [*now Oslo*] 35 minutes. A beautiful day, and a very pleasant journey, this line well managed and keeps its time. It is a happy medium between the tedious slowness of the Russian and the exciting speed of the English; nearly the whole way is open to views, very few short cuttings so that you get a good impression of the South of Sweden. Its main characteristics are water, lake after lake, large woods and forests, chiefly of the Fir; one was pointed through which we passed that extended 47 miles. The land is rocky with cultivated patches here and there, the corn and vegetable crops looked much as in England, at least round the large Estates, a few of which were pointed out. The Stations are pretty and the country generally picturesque, and near Gottenburg hill and dale and rushing streams of water, where manufacturies have been introduced. Reached Gottenburg at 6, the distance about 250 miles. Left Gottenburg by a Steamer for Christiania, the vessel called on its way from Copenhagen and we could not avoid going on Sunday, as there is only one more in the week. It proposed to leave at 2 a.m. but did not come in till 3 and sailed again at 5 a.m. so we had a terrible night sitting in a room waiting for it. The morning was stormy but the after part of the day beautifully fine. Reached Christiania at 11½ p.m. the last 70 miles is up a Fiord and is very lovely on such a fine evening as we had. It differs from the Finland and Swedish Inlets and Islands in bolder outline, beginning with low Rocky Islands then small Firs till as you approach the City, lined with hills of large timber then expands for the last few miles. One interesting part was a Fort and Custom House. We stopped and a Boat came off with an Officer, he looked at the Captain's papers then presented him with a pretty nosegay. They were evidently on good terms. The view all around here was very striking, such large distances and variety of heights, such as we have not

met in Russia or Sweden. This is a peculiarity of this Fiord as distinguished from the Islands on the Baltic Coast.

We are staying at the Scandinavian Hotel, a large, comfortable Establishment; the Weather here is warm and fine. I thought this morning, the 13th, the first real Summer day since I left England. I am told that they have had the like weather the past month, while it has been so wet and cold in Russia and Sweden, and yet very hot in England. Christiania is a cheerful looking clean Town, laid out in large streets at right angles like the Russian Towns but otherwise just like a city in England, the pavements both for Carriages and foot passengers and goods. The University is a large Building containing besides the rooms for the students a Museum of Northern Antiquities, a Zoological Museum and some others.

Public Buildings in Christiania

None of these have any architectural pretensions, all the Churches are bad ones, positively hideous. The Palace, the Storting or Parliament House and the University are tolerable Buildings and well situated, especially the Palace, which stands in a most commanding position and from the roof of which you obtain a beautiful panoramic view of the city and surrounding country. We were shewn through the interior, it is a comfortable residence, the furniture of Swedish satin as in Stockholm. But nothing in it worth the trouble of the walk through. The Fortress or Castle of Agurhas is a very picturesque old place and from the Ramparts and also from the grounds beneath you get sweet views of the Fiord and approach to the City. The sunset and afterglow was enchanting.

Wednesday, August 15th. Went in the morning by a Steamer across a part of the Fiord to Oscarshald a villa belonging to the King, on Ladigaardsen. We obtained lovely views of the Town and of the Islands in the Fiord and also of the distant hills which present a range of some grandeur from their height and distance. In this respect Christiania excels Stockholm where the scenery is more confined. The villa is a small building on a high elevation surrounded with pretty grounds and trees, anyone may walk all round it, no one interfering with you. We had an order to see the Inside but we could see through the windows that there was nothing worthy of note, so we did not use it. We were mistaken we afterwards found in this, so we paid a second visit and were repaid by finding in the Dining Room the following set of small Pictures painted by Tidieman representative of a peasant's life. They are in circular frames over some larger paintings of Norway scenery. (1) The Peasant in Childhood, a Boy and a Girl, the one knitting and the other blowing a horn. (2) The same Boy and Girl as young man and maiden in the act of Betrothal sitting lovingly on a bench. (3) The marriage, the party returning in procession to the house. (4) The first Baby, the Mother caressing it in her arms, the father with joyous face dancing something before its eyes. (5) The child very ill, lying on a bed, father and mother in grave perplexity and sorrow. (6) The son learning his trade, the father teaching him. (7) The mother with a baby in her arms, another child saying its lesson, a third knitting. (8) Whole family fishing, spearing fish by torchlight, the light and shadows very good. (9) The

son leaving home to make his way in the world, the mother very sorrowful, the father giving him farewell. (10) The old couple, alone, sitting at a table, the father with an open book before him, apparently a Bible, they are all sweet pictures, so true to nature and indicative of a virtuous home loving mind in the artist. The view from the top of the villa is exquisite on such a fine evening as we were favoured with on our second visit.

Botanical Gardens

These are a mile from the City on an elevation commanding views of the Harbour, shipping and City and repay a walk. Beyond these in the same direction is a Hill with a very extensive view of the Town and Harbour, it is called a Watering Place. There is a kind of Hotel or Boarding House and very nice walks in a fir wood which covers the top of the Hill. The distance is about three miles from the City. We enjoyed an hour there very much, going and returning in a two horse carriage, the charge there and back including the stay of one hour was 6 Marks and one Mark to the Driver.

Friday, August 17th. Agreed to start this morning for Honefos, the same carriage as before, a sort of Britska, to open and shut, holding four inside, two horses, was engaged for nine dollars and half a dollar to the Driver; two whole days there and back. We gave him a whole Dollar on our return as he took us well and was attentive. Left Christiania at 9.15 reached Sunvolden at 3 p.m. The day which had been wet happily cleared so Henrietta and I ascended the Hill or small Mountain to what is called the King's View (George and Emmy preferred remaining at the Inn) and it is worthy of the name. Henrietta rode a poney [*sic*] I walked. The ascent is very steep and towards the top through a fir wood very unsound, full of holes and muddy places as bad as I have been up anywhere, below snow, but when you reach the view the toil is amply repaid by the magnificent sight, the view is most extensive, range after range of hills to be seen all round and in the furthest distance towards the West is the snow mountain of Gousta. It took us two hours and a quarter to go and return, the time allotted usually is 3½ hours.

Left Sunvolden at 6.30 and reached Hornfos at 8 p.m. Here in passing over a bridge a wondrous mass of water in the shape of a Waterfall met our view, the depth is not very great at any point but the width and vast volume of water is very fine, fall upon fall rolling down in beautiful succession. It is in the midst of the village and saw and flour mills are constructed on it which somewhat mars the effect, but by ascending the stream a mile and a half the next morning we found a splendid Cascade called Hoffos with such a volume of water as might convey a good idea of Niagara on a small scale, the shape too is a little like, being a kind of Horseshoe. The depth here is not great, the altitude being hardly more than 40 feet but the rush of the Cataract is very grand and the walk to it very picturesque. We had a comfortable night's rest and refreshment at Madame Glatveds Hotel which realized what we had been told of it. We left Hornfos at 10 a.m., reached Hundedal, the Post Station of Sunvolden, on our way back at 2 p.m. At the back of the Inn is a fine view of the Icivi Lake and of the Gouda Range, the Mount Blanc of Norway. We could see the patches of snow on the top. We had the same view from the

King's View at Sunvolden but not so clear as today. They gave us a comfortable repast consisting of roast Game, like grouse, Potatoes, never good in Norway so far as I have seen, being waxy and hard, Cheese, Butter, a sort of fruit like Mulberry called Multa, with fresh Milk, also excellent Bottled Beer, which seems good everywhere in Norway and refreshing and not so heady. The Wheaten Bread in Norway is good but still scarce, it is only eaten by the higher classes. There was none to be had here, nor is there at the generality of Post Stations; the Rye Bread improves on acquaintance. We saw several Churches on our way, prettily situated, generally on an elevation. They will not bear architectural examination but they are much prettier and better looking than the Finland churches, and have airy spires or a small Turret.

Left Hundedal at 4 and got back to the Scandinavian at 7.45 having very much enjoyed our excursion. The distance from Christiania to Honefoss is 37 miles, our horses did the distance both days without any apparant distress. The driver hardly used the Whip. The horses are small but strong and fast trotters, they are well used and never seen galled with sores or bad legs and feet as is so often to be seen in England. Indeed there is no occasion to open [one's] mouth for the Dumb in Russia, Finland, Sweden or Norway so far as I have seen.

Sunday, August 19th. Attended English Service at 11 a.m. It is held in a room and very nicely conducted. The Chaplain, the Rev. S. Bryan Crowther, preached a faithful, spiritual sermon from the 1st Lesson of the Morning, II Kings, X15, 'Is thine heart right'. After saying that John put this question to Johonadal, probably for merely ascertaining if he were politically on his side he applied the subject as the question everyone should put to himself as before God, 'Is my heart right?' and treated it in a very experimental and searching way, bringing it home to everyone of his hearers if the Spirit would incline them to receive the truth as it is in Jesus.

There is very good Sea Bathing here. I enjoyed a Bath every morning. You go into a kind of Boat House where are a number of Dressing Rooms along a Passage, these open to the Sea with steps leading down. There is also a good Reading Room where are the English Papers and Periodicals. The Consul, a nice Elderly Man, Mr. Crowe, gave me an order of admission. The Room with two other rooms is called the Atheneum.

The Cemetery

This is well placed on a rising Hill, nearly parallel with the Palace, it is very pretty chiefly by reason of the quantity of Flowers planted round nearly every grave and making a perfume as of a Flower Garden. Many of the graves have a seat whereon the Relations can sit and contemplate the tomb. We saw a widower, apparently, with his son and daughter come and occupy one of these seats. We also saw a funeral arrive and followed it to the grave. It was preceeded [*sic*] by about ten Boys who sang a Hymn (one of our Tunes) in parts very correctly and sweetly, the Coffin was of wood covered with wreaths of Flowers instead of a Pall (often not over clean) as with us and

looking much nicer. The Clergyman followed the Singers dressed in a Black Gown with a white Frilled Ruff, the usual Dress of a Lutheran Minister. Then came the Corpse and after it the Mourners; arrived at the grave the Coffin was placed at one side of the grave, then the Minister took off his hat and bowed to the Mourners and they to him in return, after which all putting on their hats he delivered an address without any Book or Paper. Beginning quietly he gradually warmed on his subject and he became earnest and impressive without any excitement. His action was good and the matter, though I could not understand it, evidently had its due effect on the hearers. I recognized the words Christ and the Resurrection often. It lasted about a quarter of an hour and concluded with the word 'Amen' pronounced exactly as we do. He then took a small Iron Shovel handed to him by an attendant and threw some dirt thrice on the Coffin (previously lowered after the Address) using some such words as it seemed to me as we do, three times, then the Boys sang another Hymn and the Minister bowed again and shook hands with one or two of the Mourners and they all left. The grave was surrounded with small green Fir Branches, some of which were thrown upon the Coffin and the rest laid aside, probably to serve again. It was altogether an impressive and pathetic sight. I supposed prayers had been previously offered in the Cemetery Chapel, but that we did not see. The Chaplain has since told me that they have no previous service unless it is a prayer in the House.

We walked one day into the small Churchyard of St. Oslo, situated under the Egeberg Hill, east of the City; there we saw a Stone erected to the Memory of George Bradshaw, of Railway Gide notoriety. He died here on a visit of the Cholera, in September 1853, aged 53. In this Church of St. Oslo (not however the same building) our James I then the 6th of Scotland was married to Ann of Denmark.

The Established Church here, as in Sweden, is Episcopal, I am told the Clergy are becoming an active and Evangelical body, the Bible Society is active here and has one or more Colporteurs [*carriers of religious publications and tracts*].

Customs in Norway, Population etc.

They put their Corn in the field on a high stick like a Hop Pole eight or nine feet high, the ears are bending one way, towards the South. It has a curious appearance, looking at a distance like so many tall figures bending downwards, but it seems an excellent plan for thoroughly drying the Corn and giving it as we say in England plenty of field room. The Farm Buildings around Christiania are large and solid erections and the farming good. The Rye is the staple crop, Wheat I did not see. The Barley is large in the ear, much finer than any I have seen in England. The Oats were long in the straw but being green I could not judge of the quality.

Emigration goes on rapidly, owing I am told to the want of good roads and of opportunities of bringing the produce to any market, this is lamented as the existing population is small and sparse – it was estimated to me as not exceeding 150 million [*sic*] only half of London alone. The Roads are

improved and the new Roads are scientifically constructed, the one to Bergen from Christiania about 350 English miles is excellent I am told all the way and we found the statement correct as far as we went – the Norwegian mile is seven English miles. The Roads once made are kept in repair by the landholders all along. You see at short distances, some longer than others according to the properties, small red posts with letter on them indicating the liability of the adjoining Proprietor or Owner of the land to keep so much of the road in repair. I believe however it is allotted to the whole Parish through which the road passes, then divided by the Parish authorities and not nearly [*sic*] to the individual who happens to own land close to the Road. No Turnpikes anywhere in the North.

August 23rd. Left Christiania by the 'North Star' at 8 p.m. for London. She is a new vessel, a screw steamer but fitted up in a rational manner as all screw steamers ought to be, this is, the first Class Passengers are placed in the middle of the Vessel with a nice Deck overhead, away from the noise of the Screw and the Engine and Engineers which are all placed at the Stern, the Sailors only who work the Ship and the 2nd Class Passengers being in the Fore Part. This is absolutely necessary for comfort as the screw being always at the Stern. The first class in other vessels (as in all we have hitherto been in) have actually the worst position in the ship, both for noise and motion. The Passage Money is £4 per head, but as a family they only charged £12 for us four.

24th. We reached Christiansand at 2 p.m. Passengers dined as soon as the Steamer touched the Quay; had a short walk after in the Town which is a poor place, but prettily situated with some bold rocks in the background. The harbour excellent, deep, completely landlocked. Left at 4 p.m. overnight across the North Sea to London, the night calm, steamer a steady boat and comfortable, about twenty Passengers.

25th. Fine, calm, Morning a fog came on at midday and continued till 8 p.m. when it cleared and the Moon close upon the Full shone out. We were all glad for during the eight hours of fog the Engine Whistle shrieked horribly every ten minutes to warn vessels of our whereabouts.

August 26th. Lord's Day. A beautiful morning. I offered Divine Service to the Captain and he proposed it in the Saloon. I wished it in the open air for the sake of the Men but the Captain said they were all Norwegian and though they could speak a little English they could not understand it in an address, about half of the Passengers attended, the rest remained on deck. I was sorry to see these were mostly English, among them the Marquis of Beaumont, son of the Duke of Roxburgh; some of these played at Chess and Cards in the afternoon. The Norwegian Passengers, about six or seven were all present though perhaps hardly understanding much and ignorant of our Litany. I gave the Morning Prayers and Litany, omitting the Commandments. I preached from Ps. 55 v.17. We reached the Nore Light at 9 p.m. and were off the Newcastle Wharf at 1½ a.m.

August 27th. The night was noisy enough, Engine shrieking continually in going up the river as in the fog time, then of sailors shouting and running backwards and forwards as we approached the terminus and finally letting off the steam which seemed to convulse the whole vessel, but happily did not last long; then there was perfect quiet till about 6 a.m. as if all were exhausted. I slept comfortably at intervals and rose at 6, sufficiently refreshed, such is the result of custom, after a while. The Custom House Officers gave us little trouble and we left the Steamer at 7.10 in a boat for London Bridge. The Waterman agreed for 2/- a head to take us and carry our luggage to the station. There we had Breakfast and left at 9.15 for Ewell, which we reached at 1.15 and found all well. The Captain said it was very seldom the North Sea was so calm as we had it, and so has ended our long journey in much peace and comfort. Praise be to the Lord for all His preserving and sustaining mercies.