



Contributed to Maine Memory Network by an individual through  
Maine Historical Society

MMN #31791

Date: Dec. 3/15, 1855  
Description: Josiah Pierce travelogue

St. Petersburg. Dec<sup>r</sup> 3/15, 1855.

My Dear Parents,

I informed you of my arrival here by a letter mailed day before yesterday (Thursday, the American mail-day), and in my letter from Berlin, I think I gave a description of what I had seen & done up to about November 12<sup>th</sup>. It would be pleasant to describe for your entertainment and that of my friends about home, fully and carefully, the many remarkable buildings and museums of Paris and London, the scenes of the crowded streets, the splendid theatres and ball-rooms and hotel and palaces, the soldiers and the common people, just as they seemed to me during my recent brief but most busy observation of them – but time, and I fear language, would fail me in the attempt, and I shall only venture upon some slight accounts of isolated subjects, hoping in some future family meetings at home to entertain you with more varied and minute tales of my experience in travelling –

You will find among the books in my office several European guide books, which, with their maps and descriptions may aid some fuller understanding of my wanderings, and I believe you may be better satisfied with my letters if you read the statement of my route in connexion with tracing it over some large map of Europe.

Allow me first to add a little to my narrative of occupations in Paris, and then to describe my journey to this city –

The American Minister's –

Mr. Mason, with his family (Mrs. Mason, and several children) reside in what is called a "Hotel", though a private residence – It is indeed something like a Hotel at home from his true Virginian hospitality to the throng of his American visitors – Like the other "Hotels" in Paris, it has a court or yard in front, along the side, of which wings from each end of the principal building extend to the street, and these wings are connected by a high wall along the street, having a large carriage archway in the centre of the wall, and a door at the right of the archway for persons on foot to enter, so that one does not see the main building from the street – This house is in the most distant Western portion of the city, not far from where the beautiful "Champs Elysées" are terminated by the Barrier

"de L'Etoile", and its stupendous triumphal arch.

About twenty Americans (myself included) were at Mr. Mason's dinner-table on Sunday evening, where something much more like the hotels in our own country was presented than is usually found in a bill of fare at Paris - The dinner was at six - afterwards conversation - tea - and ~~Breakfast~~ again - Just as we were from table, a servant said there was a great building on fire, and on looking out of the window, we saw, sure enough, the rare incident

- A Fire in Paris -

The evening was misty, so that the blaze made the whole sky glare with lurid light, and we supposed the fire was a great one; but it was only the burning of one large magazine of grain for the army. Instead of a great throng rushing to the fire, they seemed anxious to keep away; for the power of making spectators on such occasions work for the good of the public is no idle matter for the efficient French Police, and "geus d'armes" (draped in black cocked hats, great-coats & swords) are seen in every direction chasing unwilling laborers who are running away from them at the top of their speed; or forcing them to "man the brakes" - Their fire-engines are not equal to ours in power or convenience, and in working them, as great difference is perceived between them below, unwilling movements, and those of a trained company of American firemen who know every movement and capacity of their "tub," and are burning with zeal to "wash" or "duck" the next one.

A "masheen" from Canada - made on the pattern of ours - and bought for that occasion only from the neighboring Palais de l'Exposition, even with such indifferent meaning as the exhibitor could furnish in the hurry, bore away all the horrors of the night, and I believe astonished the natives very greatly, for it extinguished the fire, I believe, in about an hour - as "Casco, N° 1." could have done in half an hour - The Emperor Louis Napoleon & several officers of his staff came galloping towards the scene, and then a great many carriages filled with spectators, and I suppose a hundred thousand persons must have been looking on, though they very careful to keep at a good distance.

"de L'Etoile", and its stupendous triumphal arch.

About twenty Americans (myself included) were at Mr. Mason's dinner table on Sunday evening, where something much more like the meals in our own country was presented than is usually found in a bill of fare at Paris - The dinner was at six - afterwards conversation - tea - and conversation again - Just as we rose from table, a servant said there was a great building on fire, and on looking out of the window, we saw, sure enough, the rare incident

- A Fire in Paris -

The evening was misty, so that the blaze made the whole sky glare with lurid light, and we supposed the fire was a great one, but it was only the burning of one large magazine of grain for the army. Instead of a great throng rushing to the fire, they seemed anxious to keep away; for the power of making spectators on such occasions work for the good of the public is no idle matter for the efficient French Police, and "geus d'armes" (draped in black cocked hats, great-coats & swords) are seen in every direction chasing unwilling laborers who are running away from them at the top of their speed, or forcing them to "man the brakes" - Their fire-engines are not equal to ours in power or convenience, and in working them, a great difference is perceived, between their slow, unwilling movements, and those of a trained company of American firemen who know every movement and capacity of their "tub," and are burning with zeal to "wash" or "duck" the next one.

A "masheen" from Canada - made on the pattern of ours - and brought for that occasion only from the neighboring Palais de l'Exposition, even with such indifferent meaning as the exhibitor could furnish in the hurry, bore away all the horrors of the night, and I believe astonished the natives very greatly, for it extinguished the fire, I believe, in about an hour - as "Casco, N° 1." could have done in half an hour - The Emperor Louis Napoleon & several officers of his staff came galloping towards the scene, and there a great many carriages filled with spectators, and I suppose a hundred thousand persons must have been looking on, though they very careful to keep at a good distance.

— Sunday sights in Paris. —

Shops, Theatres and Ball-rooms are all open on Sunday afternoon and evening in Paris; The little cigar-shops and cafés are then most thronged by customers: and the streets are very gay. On Sunday, the public are admitted without paying for it to those splendid museums of art which fill the long, long suites of rooms in the Louvre Palace, and the Luxembourg Palace, and to the delightful [?] curious historical and antiquarian collection of the furniture and household utensils, and ornaments and armor, and shrines and carved work of all sorts which remain as relics of the France of many centuries ago; and indeed nearly all the wonderful gatherings of works of art or nature which are rare beautiful or instructive enough for preservation in Paris are freely exhibited to whoever will go to see them, and you may justly believe that these opportunities are not neglected.

— Shops and "shopping" —

Monday, I was obliged to waste two or three hours and all my patience in that sort of all tiresome affairs, the purchase of dry-goods for personal use, and saw a little of what I dare say would make many a good woman crazy with delight, the traffic and display and fine windows, and showy stuffs of the most fashionable shops in Paris -

A man must often in France be reminded of Sterne's sentimental journeys; the pretty shop girls manipulate the gloves one buys and put them on the hands so sweetly and nicely (just as they did in Sterne's time) and in fact keep a fellow in trying on every article of apparel he looks at with intent of purchase (I don't know about <sup>the putting on</sup> any other portions of dress than those "outside garments" shoes + gloves) that it is tempting the temptations one is tempted to pass the whole day in furnishing stores, and it is not difficult to understand why the girls in our country like to linger & loiter among the nice young men of the dry goods business - Most of the shops along the Boulevard <sup>de</sup> Italiens, Montmartre etc., and in the Rue Richelieu, Rue Vivienne, Rue de la Paix are full of "Knick-knacks" of the fashionable kind - Many have great plate glass windows - especially those where are sold the magnificent

— Sunday sights in Paris. —

Shops, Theatres and Ballrooms are all open on Sunday afternoon and evening in Paris; The little cigar-shops and cafés are then most thronged by customers: and the streets are very gay. On Sunday, the public are admitted without paying for it to those splendid museums of art which fill the long, long suites of rooms in the Louvre Palace, and the Luxembourg Palace, and to the delightful [?] curious historical and antiquarian collection of the furniture and household utensils, and ornaments and armor, and shrines and carved work of all sorts which remain as relics of the France of many centuries ago; and indeed nearly all the wonderful gatherings of works of art or nature which are rare beautiful or instructive enough for preservation in Paris are freely exhibited to whoever will go to see them, and you may justly believe that these opportunities are not neglected.

— Shops and "shopping" —

Monday, I was obliged to waste two or three hours and all my patience in that worst of all tiresome affairs, the purchase of dry-goods for personal use & saw a little of what I dare say would make many a good woman crazy with delight, the traffic and display and fine windows, and showy stuffs of the most fashionable shops in Paris - A man must often in France be reminded of Sterne's sentimental journey; the pretty shop-girls manipulate the gloves one buys and put them on the hands so smoothly and smilingly (just as they did in Sterne's time) and in fact help a fellow in trying on every article of apparel he looks

their putting on

at with intent of purchase (I don't know about ^ any other portions of dress than those "outside garments" shoes & gloves) that it is tempting the temptations one is tempted to pass the whole day in furnishing stores, and it is not difficult to understand why the girls in our country like to linger and loiter among the nice young men of the

des

dry goods business - Most of the shops along the Boulevard ^ Italiens, Montmartre etc., and in the Rue Richelieu, Rue Vivienne, Rue de la Paix are full of "knick knacks" of the fashionable kind - many have great plate glass windows — especially those where are sold the magnificent

shaws and silks and fine carpeting - those filled with artificial flowers & bonnets, or hats, or military goods, or perfumery or false hair, or other articles of dress or the toilet, are very conspicuous, and very tasteful in arrangement - and in the best shops a fixed price is marked on each article, which is a great convenience - In the shops where cheaper articles are sold, one is often likely to be cheated and to pay twice as much as the article is really worth -

Hôpital des Invalides, and the Tomb of Napoleon.

On Wednesday, Nov. 20, after the tedious preparation of my passport for the journey. In company with Dr. Edw. Anderson of Portland, I visited the famous Asylum of Invalid Soldiers, and the adjoining chapel in which the remains of Napoleon the great are deposited.

You are familiar with descriptions of the Hôpital des Invalides; but it is a vast building, covering 18 acres on the southern bank of the Seine, garrisoned by old pensioned soldiers, many of them wooden-legged remnants of the "grande armée"; having a great square garden in front, lined on the sides by little bowers kept by the veterans to smoke, and late of "the Emperor" - and separated from the river by a vast esplanade, through which regiments of soldiers are frequently passing - and lined along the moat dividing the garden from the esplanade with superbly finished cannon, trophies of many victories, which these old soldiers have the privilege of firing on any great public festival -

In the rear of the Hospital is the grandest chapel in the world, all marble, gilding and painting, and really sublime in its proportions. Under the lofty dome, in the center of the great circular floor is the round vault, down into which the spectator, leaning over a marble balustrade, looks upon the massive porphyry sarcophagus of the great Emperor; in front is the beautiful altar, lofty and magnificent, supported on steps & basement of polished verde antique, and canopied by a towering, arched dome which rests upon four high, twisting columns of rich black & white marble. In a side chapel, heavily draped with black & banners is the bier, on which the remains were brought through Paris, and the well-known cocked hat & sword of Napoleon are placed before it. It is a fitting monument for the greatest monarch of modern times -

shawls and silks and fine carpeting - those filled with artificial flowers & bonnets, or hats, or military goods, or perfumes or false hair, or other articles of dress or the toilet, are very conspicuous, and very tasteful in arrangement - and in the best shops a fixed price is marked on each article, which is a great convenience - In the shops where cheaper articles are sold, one is often likely to be cheated and to pay twice as much as the article is really worth -

Hôpital des Invalides and the Tomb of Napolean.

On Tuesday, Nov. 20 - after the tedious preparation of my passport for the journey, in company with Dr. Edw. Anderson of Portland, I visited the famous Asylum of Invalid Soldiers, and the adjoining chapel in which the remains of Napoleon the great are deposited.

You are familiar with descriptions of the Hôpital de Invalides: that it is a vast building, covering 18 acres on the southern bank of the Seine, garrisoned by old pensioned soldiers, many of them wooden-legged remnants of the "grande armée"; having a great square garden in front,

in

lined on the sides by little bowers kept by the veterans to smoke ^ and talk of "the Emperor" - and separated from the river by a vast esplanade, through which regiments of soldiers are frequently passing - and lined along the moat dividing the garden from the esplanade with superbly finished cannon, trophies of many victories, which these old soldiers have the privilege of firing on any great public festival -

In the rear of the Hospital is the grandest chapel in the world, all marble, gilding and painting, and really sublime in its proportions. Under the lofty dome, in the center of the great circular floor is the round vault, down into which the spectator, leaning over a marble balustrade, looks upon the massive porphyry sarcophagus of the great Emperor; in front is the beautiful altar, lofty and magnificent, supported on steps & basement of polished verde antique, and canopied by a towering, arched dome which rests upon four high, twisting columns of rich black & white marble. In a side chapel, heavily draped with black & banners is the bier, on which the remains were brought through Paris, and the well-known cocked hat & sword of Napoleon are placed before it. It is a fitting monument for the greatest monarch of modern times —

2.

Journey from Paris to St. Petersburgh.

All my friends looked at me as about to encounter frightful fatigues and perils, but I could not believe in any such dangers and certainly did not find them, although the journey was long and difficult –

From Paris to Berlin, by the shortest railway route, the distance is seven hundred miles, and is passed over in two days, with rest at Cologne during the intermediate night –

At the great "Railway station of the North": the focus of the convergent lines from Boulogne, Calais, Brussels & Aix la Chapelle, at nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, Nov. 21<sup>st</sup>, I bought tickets and took places for myself & my baggage "through to Berlin"; by which means my baggage was not examined, nor my passport called for in the transit through Belgium – The ticket for the luggage is no trifl. Every pound of luggage is specified, and all over 50 lbs, is heavily chargeable: and as my two great trunks & contents weighed about 200 lbs, they cost for transportation almost as much as myself.

The railway carriages are like those of England: divided into three compartments, each of which has two seats and is entered at the side. The seats face each other and will hold each four persons, and we have not in America any so comfortable as those of the first class cars.

The towns of importance between Paris & Cologne on this line are Creil, Compiègne, Noyon, Chauny, St. Quentin, Busigny, Landrecies, Maubenge, Jeumont, Erquelinnes, Charleroy, Namur, Liège, Aix la Chapelle; the five last named will have a historic familiarity to you, recalling wars & treaties, the lively chronicles of Froissart, the battles of Louis le Grand and the Prince of Orange, and I doubt not as they did more particularly to me, the vivid descriptions of scenery, and gypsies, and Knights

2.

Journey from Paris to St. Petersburgh.

All my friends looked at me as about t encounter frightful fatigues and perils, but I could not believe in any such dangers and certainly did not find them, although he journey was long and difficult –

From Paris to Berlin, by the shortest railway route, the distance is seven hundred miles, and is passed over in two days, with rest at Cologne during the intermediate night –

At the great "Railway Station of the North" the focus of the convergent lines from Boulogne, Calais, Brussels & Aix la Chapelle, at nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, Nov. 21<sup>st</sup>, I bought tickets and took places for myself & my baggage "through to Berlin", by which means my luggage was not examined, nor my passport called for in the transit through Belgium – The ticket for the luggage is no trifl. Every pound of luggage is specified, and all over 50 lbs, is heavily chargeable: and as my two great trunks & contents weighed about 200 lbs, they cost for transportation almost as much as myself.

The railway carriages are like those of England: divided into three compartments, each of which has two seats and is entered at the side – The seats face each other and will hold each four persons, and we have not in America any so comfortable as those of the first class cars.

The towns of importance between Paris and Cologne on this line are Creil, Compiègne, Noyon, Chauny, St. Quentin, Busigny, Landrecies, Maubenge, Jeumont, Erquelinnes, Charleroy, Namur, Liège, Aix la Chapelle; the five last named will have a historic familiarity to you, recalling wars & treaties, the lively chronicles of Froissart, the battles of Louis le Grand and the Prince of Orange, and I doubt not as they did more particularly to me, the vivid descriptions of scenery, and gypsies, and Knights

and ladies, and Louis XI. and Charles the Bold & William de la Marck, in the spirited pages of Quentin Durward. The forest of Ardennes lies on this road. Much of its wood is still standing —

From Paris nearly to the Belgian frontier, the country is, as usual in the north of France, flat, bare of houses, well cultivated, with broad, straight highways lined by poplars, and small stone-built villages, on some eminence above which is now & then picturesquely perched an ancient church or chateau, or the ruins of an abbey —

Some of the towns are half antique, and half of this century, strangely contrasting the large factories & tall chimneys & two storied brick boarding-houses of today with the pointed gables of the gray & mossy cottages of some centuries past. At Creil, there are great manufactures of earthen-ware — At Senlis there are old ramparts of feudal times, a fine cathedral with lofty tower of the 12<sup>th</sup> century, & ruins of castles and a Gothic abbey — also three modern suburbs with modern mills and chimneys — The country grows more undulating & pretty on approaching Belgium — There are more hedges — the people look wilder and in stranger costume, for they are not yet made like the rest of mankind who live along railroad tracks, as this railway was only within a few months opened by a connection between St. Quentin & Charleroi —

Compeigne, on the River Oise, an old Roman town, and once the residence of French monarchs has a Palace & gardens & forest and beautiful old Gothic church, and is interesting as the place where Joan of Arc was made prisoner — Now, where Louis Napoleon was confined in the fortress state-prison is now here.

Chamoy is a very ancient little town, partly on an island in the river. St. Quentin is a large and busy town, with many ancient buildings and more modern manufactories.

From St. Quentin to Aix la Chapelle, the scenery is very varied, even wild & rough in some places, but beautiful, and the country

and ladies, and Louis XI. and Charles the Bold & William de la Marck, in the spirited pages of Quentin Durward. The forest of Ardennes lies on this road. Much of its wood is still standing —

From Paris nearly to the Belgian frontier, the country is, as usual in the north of France, flat, bare of houses, well cultivated, with broad, straight highways lined by poplars, and small stone-built villages, on some eminence above which is now & then picturesquely perched an ancient church or chateau, or the ruins of an abbey —

Some of the towns are half antique, and half of this century, strangely contrasting the large factories & tall chimneys & two storied brick boarding-houses of today with the peaked gables of the gray and mossy cottages of some centuries past. At Creil, there are great manufactures of earthen-ware — At Senlis there are old ramparts of feudal times, a fine cathedral with lofty tower of the 12<sup>th</sup> century, & ruins of castles and a Gothic abbey — also three modern suburbs with modern mills and chimneys — The country grows more undulating & pretty on approaching Belgium — there are more hedges — the people look wilder and in stranger costume, for they are not yet made like the rest of mankind who live along railroad tracks, as this railway was only within a few months opened by a connection between St. Quentin Charleroi —

Compeigne, on the River Oise, an old Roman town, and once the residence of French monarchs has a Palace & gardens & forest and beautiful old Gothic church, and is interesting as the place where Joan of Arc was made prisoner — Ham, where Louis Napoleon was confined in the fortress state-prison is near here.

Chauny is a very ancient little town, partly on an island in the river — St. Quentin is a large and busy town, with many ancient buildings and more modern manufactories.

From St. Quentin to Aix la Chapelle, the scenery is very varied, even wild & rough in some places, but beautiful, and the country

has been called the Belgian Switzerland - The works & factories of coal mines of iron and woolen mills, picturesquely situated villages, wooded hills, deep ravines, and many winding streams are passed in rapid succession - A great development has been made of the industry of this always industrious Country within the recent years of peace, and much more is expected from the railways - The mineral resources of this region are vast (in iron & coal) and it is said to be most interesting to a geologist, and quite new to travellers of these days - It is not even described in Murrays Handbooks.

At Charleroi are still vast fortifications - and great coal-works -

At Namur, a citadel on a steep cliff - a new cathedral and antique church - Manufactories of fire-arms, swords, cutlery of all kinds and hardware & soft ware generally -

About Liège is the greatest activity in mining & manufacturing; but I thought first of Quentin Durward and the Bishops Palace - Liège has many buildings of historic interest, many reminiscences of stormy conflicts, sieges, defences, and civic deeds of virtue & daring of the middle ages but most of all is it glorious, with the still present fancies of unreal events conjured up around it by the mighty magician of the north - It is remarkable, but I believe certain, that all the <sup>in Europe</sup> places described by Scott in his novels, are more visited than those which have been the locality of actual affairs of similar interest -

Between Liège & Aix La Chapelle there are 19 tunnels - a fine bridge resting on seven arches, over the Meuse, and many heavy embankments and deep cuttings, on the railway - Pleasing scenery of cultivated and thickly settled country, nice villas and handsome gardens, with many buildings of manufacturing industry make a panorama for the traveller -

At Habesthal, the Prussian dominions are entered: the railway crosses the Valley of the Geule on a bridge of 17 arches, 120 feet high in the centre, then through two long tunnels (one is 2220 feet long) and then we reach Aix La Chapelle, the city of Charlemagne, which has been too often described for you to require any waste of words here, as it's also the case with

has been called the Belgian Switzerland - The works & factories of coal mines of iron, and woolen mills, picturesquely situated villages, and wooded hills, deep ravines, and many winding streams are passed in rapid succession - A great development has been made of the industry of this always industrious Country within the recent years of peace, and much more is expected from the railways - The mineral resources of this region are vast (in iron & coal) and it is said to be most interesting to a geologist, and quite new to travellers of these days - It is not even described in Murrays handbooks.

At Charleroi are still vast fortifications - and great coal-works -

At Namur, a citadel on a steep cliff - a new cathedral and antique church - manufactures of fire-arms, swords, cutlery of all kinds and hard ware & soft ware generally -

About Liège is the greatest activity in mining and manufacturing; but I thought first of Quentin Durward and the Bishops Palace - Liège has many buildings of historic interest, many reminiscences of stormy conflicts, sieges, defences, and civic deeds of virtue & daring of the Middle ages; but most of all is it glorious with the still present fancies of unreal events conjured up around it by the mighty magician of the north - It is remarkable, but I believe certain, that all the

in Europe

places<sup>^</sup> described by Scott in his novels are more visited than those which have been the locality of actual affairs of similar interest -

Between Liege & Aix La Chapelle there are 19 tunnels - a fine bridge resting on seven arches, over the Meuse, and many heavy embankments

a

and deep cuttings, on the railway - Pleasing scenery of <sup>^</sup> cultivated and thickly settled country, nice villas and handsome gardens, with many buildings of manufacturing industry make a panorama for the traveller -

At Habesthal, the Prussian dominions are entered: the railway crosses the Valley of the Geule on a bridge of 17 arches, 120 feet high in the centre, then through two long tunnels (one is 2220 feet long) and then we reach Aix La Chapelle, the city of Charlemagne, which has been too often described for you to require any waste of words here, as is also the case with

Cologne, where I arrived at ten P.M. and crossing the bridge of boats to the suburb of Deutz on the Eastern bank of the Rhine, passed the night in the excellent Hotel de la Belle Vue, from which the finest view of Cologne is to be had.

Thursday morning, Nov. 22<sup>d</sup>, at half past six, before dawn, I was in the cars & on the way to Berlin - my route being by 1<sup>st</sup> the Cologne & Minden Railway - 2<sup>d</sup> - the Minden & Hanover R.R. 3<sup>d</sup> - the Hanover & Brunswick R.R. - 4<sup>th</sup> the Brunswick & Magdeburg R.R. 5<sup>th</sup> - the Magdeburg & Berlin R.R. - without changing carriages, however, on these connected lines - 403 miles -

The first is perhaps the most profitable Railway in Europe having a good 7 per cent paying stock, and running through an exceedingly prosperous country, full of manufactories & collieries, recently established.

Having coasted the Rhine to Dusseldorf, where is the famous school of painters, we then turned Eastward - passed Dortmund, once a free city, and seat of the famous Vehm gerichte tribunal. Near the R.R. I saw two ancient lime-trees, under which the naked sword and the willow-wand were laid on a stone table when the judges of that dreaded court assembled.

Old churches and round towers, like those along the Rhine, with broad green fields, and quiet country landscapes of farms and dull old farmhouses appear in glimpses as we fly by through Westphalia - the train stops often "for refreshment" and sandwiches of Westphalian ham with German beer in tall glasses are swallowed as voraciously as the unvarying sponge-cake, apple-pie & coffee are at North Berwick. Good smooth highways, lined with trees meander through the landscape. Historical associations of Roman battles with the great Arminius, and of Charlemagne's conquest and treaty conversion to Christianity of Wittikind and the fierce Saxons, are rife among this region - Near Meriden we passed through a wide rent in the Witzengebirge mountains, called the Porta Westphalica, where

Cologne, where I arrived at ten P.M. and crossing the bridge of boats to the suburb of Deutz on the Eastern bank of the Rhine, passed the night in the excellent Hotel de la BelleVue, from which the finest view of Cologne is to be had.

Thursday morning, Nov. 22<sup>d</sup>, at about half past six, before dawn, I was in the cars & on the way to Berlin - my route being by 1<sup>st</sup> the Cologne & Minden Railway - 2<sup>d</sup> - the Minden & Hanover R.R. 3<sup>d</sup> - the Hanover & Brunswick R.R. - 4<sup>th</sup> the Brunswick & Magdeburg R.R. 5<sup>th</sup> - the Magdeburg & Berlin R.R. - without changing carriages, however, on these connecting lines - 403 miles -

The first is perhaps the most profitable Railway in Europe, having a good 7 per cent paying stock, and running through an exceedingly prosperous country, full of manufactories & collieries, recently established.

Having coasted the Rhine to Dusseldorf, where is the famous school of painters, we turned Eastward - passed Dortmund, once a free city, and seat of the famous Vehm gerichte tribunal. Near the R.R. I saw two ancient lime trees, under which the naked sword and the willow-wand were laid on a stone table when the judges of that dreaded court assembled.

Old churches and round towers, like those along the Rhine, with broad green fields, and quiet country landscapes of farms and dull old farmhouses appear in glimpses as we fled by through Westphalia - the train stops often "for refreshment" and sandwiches of Westphalian ham with German beer in tall glasses are swallowed as voraciously as the unvarying sponge-cake, apple pie, & coffee are at North Berwick. Good smooth highways, lined with trees meander through the landscape. Historical associations of Roman battles with the great Arminius, and of Charlemagne's conquest and thereby conversion to Christianity of Wittikind and the fierce Saxons, are rife among this region - Near Meriden we passed through a wide rent in the Witzengebirge mountains, called the Porta Westphalica, where

3.

there is only room for the railway, the highway & the river Weser between the hills Jacobsberg & Wittekindsberg which are the sides —

At Minden is a strong Prussian fortress garrison, a fine stone bridge across the river Weser, a cathedral with deeply carved stonework in its Gothic windows — over the river are the small domains of the Prince of Lippe-Schaumberg, through which we next travel, & where the sovereign keeps up the state of his rank, two companies of soldiers as his army, and a different uniform on the railway servants — After passing some high hills, we enter the level country where lies the dull city and capital of Hanover, surrounded by pretty woods, and parks, and ornamented with fine buildings erected by British gold.

— Not far distant is the very ancient city of Brunswick, capital of the Duchy of that name, picturesque & interesting, with a great Museum, an antique cathedral & many reminiscences of the middle ages.

— The distant hills of the haunted Harz mountains were faintly seen against the Southern sky, as we came through the fertile but dull corn-lands, without house or hedge, near the old town of Magdeburg, which is now a very strong fortress with modern defences, and moats & counterscarps innumerable — Here Baron Frenck was imprisoned: and at a late day Lafayette — The town is prosperous & busy from the inland commerce of the river Elbe — but has often been most pitilessly stormed, besieged, sacked & burnt because it has been so fortified — Especially in the Thirty years war, when during its sack 30,000 of its inhabitants were massacred by Tilly's ferocious soldiers.

Here also is a very fine old Gothic cathedral, and Public gardens, and mediaeval monuments.

The evening came on — and I saw little of the uninteresting land, country between Magdeburg & Berlin — The only towns of importance on the way being Brandenburg & Potsdam — The weather was cold & cheerless — the sky leaden — the small streams frozen — the cars unwarmed — and I was glad to arrive at the Potsdam station at Berlin, and at eleven in the evening be warmly sheltered in Meinhardt's Hotel.

3.

there is only room for the railway, the highway & the river Weser between the hills Jacobsberg & Wittekindsberg which are the sides —

At Minder is a strong Prussian fortress & garrison, a fine stone bridge across the river Weser, a cathedral with deeply carved stonework in its Gothic windows — over the river are the small domains of the Prince of Lippe-Schaumberg, through which we next travel, & where the sovereign keeps up the state of his rank, two companies of soldiers as his army, and a different uniform on the railway servants — After passing some high hills, we enter the level country where lies the dull city and capital of Hanover, surrounded by pretty woods, and parks, and ornamented with fine buildings erected by British gold.

— Not far distant is the very ancient city of Brunswick, capital of the Duchy of that name, picturesque & interesting, with a great Museum, an antique cathedral & many reminiscences of the middle ages.

— The distant hills of the haunted Harz mountains were faintly seen against the Southern sky, as we came through the fertile but dull corn-lands, without house or hedge, near the old town of Magdeburg, which is now a very strong fortress with modern defences, and moats & counterscarps innumerable — Here Baron Frenck was imprisoned: and at a later day Lafayette — The town is prosperous & busy from the inland commerce of the river Elbe — but has often been most pitilessly stormed, besieged, sacked & burnt because it has been so fortified — Especially in the Thirty years war, when during its sack 311,000 of its inhabitants were massacred by Tilly's ferocious soldiers. Here also is a very fine old Gothic cathedral, and Public gardens, and mediaeval monuments.

The evening came on — and I saw little of the uninteresting level country between Magdeburg & Berlin — The only towns of importance on the way being Brandenburg and Potsdam — The weather was cold & cheerless — the sky leaden — the small streams frozen — the cars unwarmed — and I was glad to arrive at the Potsdam station at Berlin, and at eleven in the evening be warmly sheltered in Meinhardt's Hotel.

— Berlin —

This Hotel is about midway on the beautiful street called "Unter den Linden" (Under the Linden trees); which runs through the finer part of Berlin, and is very broad, having a street on each side of the Linden-lined avenue for people on foot along the centre -

Berlin is a sad, lugubrious place in external appearance to one coming from Paris - there is not much refinement in the manners or gaiety of the "common people" - not great wealth - and few elegant things here - Its site is as flat as a table - so flat indeed that there is no drainage for the streets - &c - There is a very tolerable Ballet - which alternates with an Opera Co. through the evenings of the week - I saw the King at the Ballet; His face indicates intellectual culture, but indulgence in eating & drinking - The city covers a great extent of ground - the boundaries having been marked out by old Frederic the Great when he determined to have a great capital - and the houses having been afterwards erected to fill the space - so that they are not lofty or stately - or crowded - There are many cafés, and boutiques of a lower order, and also dance houses, & small theatres for the evening amusements of the mass, but the city is very orderly - especially on Sunday -

The Royal Library

is one of the best & largest in the world, possessing 500,000 vols, and 5000 very valuable manuscripts, and the very liberal manner in which the public are admitted to it, and the peculiar feature of its being a free library from which books are loaned out without price makes it of great practical utility - I saw here manuscripts in the handwritings of Luther, of Melanethous, of Frederic the Great Voltaire & many other distinguished persons - the Bible of Guttenberg the first book printed - Charles I<sup>st</sup> Prayer book carried to the scaffold - many beautifully illuminated works in parchment - papyrus manuscripts and all sorts of literary curiosities -

— Berlin —

This Hotel is about midway on the beautiful street called "Unter den Linden" (Under the Linden trees); which runs through the finest park of Berlin, and is very broad, having a street on each side of the Linden-lined avenue for people on foot along the centre -

Berlin is a sad, lugubrious place in external appearance to one coming from Paris - there is not much refinement in the manners or gaiety of the "common people" - not great wealth - and few elegant things here - Its site is as flat as a table - so flat indeed that there is no drainage for the streets - &c - there is a very tolerable Ballet - which alternates with an Opera Co. through the evenings of the week - I saw the King at the Ballet. His face indicates intellectual culture, but indulgence in eating & drinking - The city covers a great extent of ground - the boundaries having been marked out by old Frederic the Great when he determined to have a great capital - and the houses having been afterwards erected to fill the space - so that they are not lofty or stately - or crowded - There are many cafés and beerhouses of a lower order, and also dance house & small theatres for the evening amusements of the mass, but the city is very orderly - especially on Sunday -

The Royal Library

is one of the best & largest in the world, possessing 500,000 vols, and 5000 very valuable manuscripts, and the very liberal manner in which the public are admitted to it, and the peculiar feature of its being a free library from which books are loaned out without price makes it of great practical utility - I saw here manuscripts in the handwritings of Luther, of Melanethous, of Frederic the Great Voltaire & many other distinguished persons — the Bible of Guttenberg the first book printed — Charles I<sup>st</sup> Prayer book carried to the scaffold — many beautifully illuminated works in parchment — papyrus manuscripts — and all sorts of literary curiosities —

The Museum.

It is a great square building opposite the King's Palace - It contains many admirable paintings & statues - the former are especially valuable, including a large number of those of the very "old masters"; and many of the little minutely finished pictures of tavern & family scenes by Dutch Painters -

The New Museum.

Behind the old one, is of greater interest and higher merit rich in antiquarian & historical treasures - A complete Egyptian chamber from one of the temples has been here reconstructed, and a very great variety and collection of sarcophagi, sphinxes, implements of every art & trade and of household economy as well as ornaments of all kinds illustrative of the ancient civilization of Egypt are here exhibited - The collection was far more instructive to me than any I have seen in London or Paris - There is here also an extremely interesting & large gathering of the arms & tools & simple ornaments of the ancient Germans & Scandinavians - and the walls <sup>& ceilings</sup> are decorated with the grandest and most beautiful fresco paintings, of great historical events, or portraying the deities of the old Northern Pagan mythology -

I dined in Berlin with Gov. Vroom, the American Minister, and passed a very pleasant evening at his house. Mr. Vroom inquires for Hon. Reuel Williams & Mrs. Williams of Augusta whom she had formerly known & expressed much regard for them -

— Dr. J.P. Abbot, a dentist, from Bangor, Maine, was that evening at Gov. Vroom's. He has been 5 years in Berlin, and is very successful in business - occupies fine apartments - and, most important of all to a Yankee, gets about \$6000 per annum by his practice - I dined with him twice - we found we had many acquaintances in common - and much to talk about -

— In Berlin I bought furs for Russia - a huge pelisse, lined with Raccoon-skins - only think - a Democrat in coon-skins, which came down to my feet and went over my head - also

The Museum

is in a great square building opposite the King's palace - It contains many admirable paintings & statues - the former are especially valuable, including a large number of those of the very "old masters", and many of the little minutely finished pictures of tavern & family scenes by Dutch Painters -

The New Museum

behind the old one, is of greater interest and higher most rich in antiquarian & historical treasures - A complete Egyptian chamber from one of the temples has been here re-constructed, and a very great variety and collection of sarcophagi, sphinxes, implements of every art & trade and of household economy as well as ornaments of all kinds illustrative of the ancient civilization of Egypt are here exhibited - The collection was far more instructive to me than any I have seen in London or Paris - There is also an extremely interesting & large gathering of the arms & tools & implem ornaments of & ceilings

the ancient Germans & Scandinavians - and the walls ^ are decorated with the grandest and most beautiful fresco paintings, of great historical events, or portraying the deities of the old Northern Pagan mythology -

I dined in Berlin with Gov. Vroom, the American Minister, and passed a very pleasant evening at his house. Mrs. Vroom inquired for Hon. Reuel Williams & Mrs. Williams of Augusta whom she had previously known & expressed much regard for them —

— Dr. J.P. Abbot, a dentist, from Bangor, Maine, was that evening at Gov. Vroom's. He has been 5 years in Berlin, and is very successful in business - occupies fine apartments - and, most important of all to a Yankee, gets about \$6000. per annum by his practice - I dined with him twice - we found we had many acquaintances in common - and much to talk about -

— In Berlin I bought furs for Russia - a huge pelisse, lined with Raccoon-skins - only think - a Democrat in coon-skins, which came down to my feet and went over my head - also

a fur cap - and fur-lined boots which went over my other boots, and came up to my hips - You would not have known me in this "rig" - it was very uncomfortable at first - but proved useful enough on my journey in Russia when the thermometer stood at 25° below zero, and we ~~shall~~ must travel on -

Berlin is thronged with soldiers - erect, manly fellows - the officers have a particularly good military bearing - their uniform is varied - that of the infantry being dark blue - and all wearing the metal helmets.

The Brandenburg gateway is at the end of the Ueber den Lustgarten, a beautiful stone archway, surmounted by a spirited group in bronze - the goddess of victory in her car - outside the gateway is a charming little park with fine avenues & walks, for carriages & pleasure-trotters - Now one of these avenues is a great building, <sup>parade</sup> of flowers, ~~of~~ <sup>parade</sup> leaves called Kroll's Establishment, which contains a fine Restaurant - and a very showy lofty hall which is occupied either as a ball room, a theatre or concert room -

On Sunday forenoon I went to church in the Dora or Cathedral, a very ugly & rather pretentious building - where the services are performed in a long, narrow, high, ill proportioned edifice - the congregation sat in pews - the Lutheran clergyman wore a black gown - the choir of boys & men sang delightfully - and I was carried back <sup>in feeling</sup> to boyhood & the old Jerusalem at Gorham, when suddenly the congregation "joined in singing Old Hundred" -

At ten o'clock P.M. of Monday, Nov. 26. I left in the express train of the Berlin, Frankfurt & Breslaw road - and of course saw nothing ~~worth~~ particular of the scenery till the next morning, about six o'clock when we left Breslaw on the Breslaw & Cracow R.R.

We could not purchase our tickets at Berlin, or had our luggage to any station farther than Silesowitz, on the Russian frontier, now which is the junction (at Szerakowa) with the R.R. to Warsaw -

a fur cap and fur-lined boots which went over my other boots, and came up to my hips - You would not have known me in this "rig" -- it was very uncomfortable at first - but proved useful enough on my journey in Russia when the thermometer stood at 25° below zero, and we still must travel on --

Berlin is thronged with soldiers - erect, manly fellows - the officers have a particularly good military bearing - their uniform is varied - that of the infantry being dark blue - and all wearing the metal helmets.

The Brandenburg gateway is at the end of the Unter der Lenden, a beautiful stone archway, surmounted by a spirited group in bronze -- the goddess of victory in her car - outside the gateway is a charming little park with fine avenues and & walks, for carriages & pedestrians -- famous

Near one of these avenues is a great building, &<sup>^</sup> resort of pleasure-seekers called Kroll's Establishment, which contains a fine Restaurant - and a very showy lofty hall which is occupied either as a ball room, a theatre or concert-room -

On Sunday forenoon I went to church in the Dora or Cathedral, a very ugly & rather pretentious building - where the services are performed in a long, narrow, high, ill proportioned edifice - the Congregation sat in pews - the Lutheran clergyman wore a black gown - the choir of boys & men sang delightfully - and I was carried back <sup>in feelings</sup> to boyhood & the old Jerusalem at Gorham,

when suddenly the congregation "joined in singing Old Hundred" --

At ten o'clock P.M. of Monday, Nov. 26. I left in the express train of the Berlin, Frankfurt & Breslaw road - and of course saw nothing ~~worth~~ particular of the scenery till the next morning, about six o'clock when we left Breslaw on the Breslaw & Cracow R.R. We could not purchase our tickets at Berlin, or book our luggage to any station farther than Myslowitz, on the Prussian frontier, near which is the junction (at Szerakowa) with the R.R. to Warsaw -

I was very sorry to be unable to visit Dresden, Leipsic, Prague, Vienna & Cracow. You may see by the map that I was not very distant from these places at several points where there are railway communications with them -

The line to Breslaw passed through Frankfurt on the Oder, & Brieg, towns of considerable importance, but I drowsed away all the night in the comfortable second class cars of Germany, which are only different from the first class cars in that the well-stuffed backs & seats are covered with drab woolen cloth instead of with red velvet.

Breslaw is 222 miles distant from Berlin; it is a large city of 160,000 inhabitants, prosperous from country traffic, and picturesque with old churches, public edifices and middle-age associations - From Breslaw to Myslowitz, about 125 miles, we passed through a rather monotonous, unfenced, rolling country, covered with snow, windmills the highest buildings, occasional neat railway stations, at each of which the train stopped for refreshment, and in the most obliging manner, the conductors waited until the passengers finished their repasts, and even hunted up the persons who delayed too long, and put them in the cars.

At Myslowitz we were detained a long time - 3 hours - waiting for a train - then crossed a little corner of Austria at Leczkowa, and at Granica, entered the Russian dominions - Having a Courier's passport, my luggage was not searched, but the train had been so long delayed that we were obliged to pass the night at Czentochoa, in a dirty Polish inn: Myslowitz is 125 miles distant from Breslaw - Warsaw is 190 miles from Myslowitz - Petrikau, and Skiernewicz are the only important towns we passed in Poland - The country looked cultivated, though thinly covered with snow - quaint village churches & wooden houses gave quite an aspect to the country very different to Germany - The railway stations are very good -

We arrived at Warsaw about six o'clock P.M. on Wednesday night; with the aid of a little German, I arranged my affairs very well & got to the hotel, riding from the station in a great black omnibus, over rough & noisy streets, at last into a dimly-lighted, dingy court enclosed by buildings, and was shown up into the third story of a dirty cream-colored edifice, which I was told was the Hotel Angleski (i.e. the English Hotel) - I was shown straightway from the carriage to the room I was to occupy, there being no public room for guests - In this apartment I found the usual furniture, since familiar, of a Russian chamber which may be a sitting-room by day, viz; a handsome sofa - and card table before it - four or five neat stuffed chairs, very weak in the legs - a large Russian stove in one corner - a fine great mirror - a smooth, polished hard wood floor, composed of ~~strips~~<sup>crossed out</sup> of wood about a foot long by two inches broad, arranged in lozenges & squares - a sort of bedstead, which at first seems a lounge - being about 3 feet wide by six  $\frac{1}{2}$  long, with curve-topped end-boards, and a seat between, stuffed & covered with cloth like

I was very sorry to be unable to visit Dresden, Leipsic, Prague, Vienna & Cracow. You may see by the map that I was not very distant from these places at several points where there are railway communications with them -

The line to Breslaw passed through Frankfurt on the Oder, & Brieg, towns of considerable importance, but I drowsed away all the night in the comfortable second class cars of Germany, which are only different from the first class cars in that the well-stuffed backs & seats are covered with drab woolen cloth instead of with red velvet.

Breslaw is 222 miles distant from Berlin; it is a large city of 160,000 inhabitants, prosperous from country traffic, and picturesque with old churches, public edifices and middle-age associations - From Breslaw to Myslowitz, about 125 miles, we passed through a rather monotonous, unfenced, rolling country, covered with snow, windmills the highest buildings, occasional neat rail way stations, at each of which the train stopped for refreshment, and in most obliging manner, the conductors waited until the passengers finished their repasts, and even hunted up the persons who delayed too long, and put them in their cars.

At Myslowitz we were detained a long time - 3 hours - waiting for a train - then crossed a little corner of Austria at Leczkowa, and at Granica, entered the Russian dominions - Having a Couriers passport, my luggage was not searched, but the train had been so long delayed that we were obliged to pass the night at Czentochoa, in a dirty Polish inn; Myslowitz is 125 miles distant from Breslaw - Warsaw is 190 miles from Myslowitz - Petrikau, and Skiernewicz are the only important towns we passed in Poland - The country looked cultivated, though thinly covered with snow - quaint village churches & wooden houses gave quite an aspect to the country very different to Germany - The railway stations are very good -

We arrived at Warsaw about six o'clock P.M. on Wednesday night; with the aid of a little German, I arranged my affairs very well & got to the hotel, riding from the station in a great black omnibus, over rough & noisy streets, at last into a dimly-lighted, dingy court enclosed by buildings, and was shown up into the third story of a dirty cream-colored edifice, which I was told was the Hotel Angleski (i.e. the English Hotel) - I was shown straightway from the carriage to the room I was to occupy, there being no public room for guests - In this apartment I found the usual furniture, since familiar, of a Russian chamber which may be a sitting-room by day, viz; a handsome sofa - and card table before it - four or five neat stuffed chairs, very weak in the legs - a large Russian stove in one corner, - a fine great mirror -

strips

a smooth, polished hard wood floor, composed of [crossed out]<sup>^</sup> of wood about a foot long by two inches broad arranged in lozenges & squares - a sort of bedstead, which at first seems a lounge - being about 3 feet wide by six  $\frac{1}{2}$  long, with curve-topped end-boards, and a seat between, stuffed & covered with cloth like

the chairs & sofa, having no sheets, or anything of that kind, to show that it is a bed - but two great square pillows, covered with the same cloth, completing its resemblance to a sofa - On this excellent Coast as well as upon the high & plains & in the carriages & other resting-places, are often found colonies of fleas and other "small devils", who crawl about & deplete the tired traveller in a most loving & insatiable manner, - but I will say for them that they are not so voracious as those of Italy -

The Russian stoves are the most comfortable furnaces - usually from 8 to 10 feet high (the rooms are always 3 or more feet higher) and from 14 to 16 feet square, they project from the wall (on each side) of the two rooms they warm, and covered with glazed white tiles, and often ornamented at the top with a pretty moulding & cornice, they are by no means ugly & are very comfortable to lean against - They diffuse an equal, steady, constant warmth through the houses, in which nothing freezes and tropical plants will grow - At a stove near the bottom of the stone, an ample of wood ~~is~~<sup>will</sup> fit in, and a fire kindled like those in our brick ovens; as soon as the wood is all reduced to coal, an iron plate is placed, through another aperture above, over the fire beding & the chimney, the stove-door is shut, and the great heated stove retaining its warmth keeps the room at a summer temperature, without further trouble, for hours afterwards, at a very trifling expense, you may perceive of time or fuel.

As to the beds, I forgot to say above, that in Russia & Poland, if a Traveller wants sheets, pillow-cases, blankets, &c., or any bed-articles, he must bring them with him, or specially order and separately pay for them.

Well, here I was, nearly arrived at Warsaw, repeating "Freedom Shouted" when Kosciusko fell "de, & anxious to expedite my departure for St. Petersburg. Two Doctors, (American) had accompanied me from Berlin, and we had agreed to go through together to the capital of the Czars - no easy matter, now we had reached the end of railways: And we passed our two days in Warsaw mostly in preparations, but saw almost all the sights - The population is about 150,000 - including many Jews - Some of the women are very handsome - I fell in love with a beautiful cigar-seller in the square of the Hotel de Ville - There is a pretty good theater - when I saw Verdi's Opera. A Rovatore, an odd compound of instrumental music & brilliant groups & farce - In one scene, Walksmith kept time on their swords to the air. A review of 15,000 soldiers - Splendid troops - with a military religious ceremony & Mass of the Greek Church was held in the great public square "the Place de L'Or" in the centre of the town - These troops are of all kinds - The Cavalry i wild-looking Cossacks, with long spurs, loose breeches & leather caps.

the chairs & sofa, having no sheets, or anything of that kind to show that it is a bed - but two great square pillows, covered with the same cloth, completing its resemblance to the sofa - On this excellent couch as well as upon the sofa & chairs in the carriages & other resting - places, are often found colonies of fleas and other "small deer" who crawl about & deplete the the tired traveller in a most loving and irresistible manner, - but I will say for them that they are not so voracious as those of Italy —

The Russian stoves are the most remarkable furniture – Usually from 8 to 10 feet high ( the rooms are always 2 or more feet higher ) and from 4 to 6 feet square, they project from the wall (on each side) of the two rooms they warm, and covered with glazed white tiles, and often ornamented at the top with a pretty moulding & cornice, they are by no means ugly & are very comfortable to lean against – They diffuse an equable, steady, constant warmth through the houses, in which nothing freezes and tropical plants will grow — At a door near the

is                      is  
bottom of the stove, an armful of wood being put in, and a fire ^ kindled like  
those in our brick ovens; as soon as the wood is all reduced to coal, an iron  
plate is placed, through another aperture above, over the flue leading to the chimney,  
the stove-door is shut, and the great heated stove retaining its warmth keeps  
the room at a summer temperature, without farther trouble, for hours afterwards,  
at a very trifling expense, you may perceive of time or fuel.

As to the beds, I forgot to say above, that in Russia & Poland, if a traveller wants sheets, pillow-cases, blankets, &c. or any bed-clothes at all, he must bring them with him, or specially order and separately pay for them.

Well, here I was, newly arrived at Warsaw, repeating "Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell" &c. & anxious to expedite my departure for St. Petersburg. Two Doctors, (American) had accompanied me from Berlin, and we had agreed to go through together to the capital of the Czars – no easy matter, now We had reached the end of railways: and we passed our two days in Warsaw mostly in preparations, but saw almost all the sights —

The population is about 160,000 – including many Jews – some of the women are very handsome – I fell in love with a beautiful cigar-seller in the Square of the Hotel de Ville – There is a pretty good theatre – where I saw Verdi's Opera, *Il Trovatore*, an odd compound of instrumental music & brilliant groups & tableaux – In one scene, blacksmiths keep time on their anvils to the air. A review of 15,000 soldiers – splendid troops – with a military religious ceremony & Mass of the Greek church was held in the great public square “the Place de Saxe” in the centre of the town = These troops were of all kinds – The cavalry; wild-looking Cossacks, with long spears, loose breeches & Tartar caps;

Circassian horsemen, with a costume something like the Greek; curious Asiatic guns whose long barrels & crooked stocks were various inlaid & damascened – and wearing silver-hilted pistols & daggers – with tall conical black caps – the bridles of their horses jingling with round bits of brass which looked like coins – The regular Dragoon guard, on fine black horses, and equipped in European style, with cuirasses & helmets gleaming brightly – All these horsemen were well mounted. – The horse-artillery, in considerable force – say with 30 guns – Several regiments of infantry (well equipped) in long grey great-coats – & the universal helmet. and a regiment of newly arrived militia in black, also well equipped, were drawn up, each regiment by itself, in close columns, around the square – The commandant of the garrison, an old General in a coat covered with stars & ribbons, rode along their front, kindly addressing them a few words in a kind tone, and they cheered lustily – the gorgeously dressed Greek priests, in green & gold, performed a mass, the singing during which was clear, loud, and grand – and the troops ~~left~~ then marched in review, saluting & past their General.

Warsaw is built upon a slope receding from the Vistula, and on a plain above, it covers a great deal of ground & has many extensive suburbs. I usually, on arriving in a large city climb the <sup>high place</sup> most favorable for a view of its extent and situation – and so in Warsaw, ascended the tower of the Lutheran church, the first thing on Thursday – The view from this tower, even now in the beginning of winter, is one of the most beautiful and interesting I have ever seen – For miles & miles, the broad course of the Vistula winds beneath the eye through fertile plains, and at the foot of the wide city – Battle-fields, are all around – and monuments to mark them rise North & South – Suburban palaces & parks bound the city – ribbon-like roads stretch away from it – and many great buildings, rising from its streets of rather low and dingy houses, attract the attention by the novelty or imposing character of their architecture – Thus the Zamek, the former palace of the Polish Kings, an old brown building of great extent, on the slope from the River, in the centre of the town – the beautiful Palais de Saxe, beneath the spectator, with the great square & lofty monument in front, and beautiful gardens like those of the Tuilleries behind – the huge Opera house, facing the handsome Hotel de Ville on the square of that name – The Asiatic <sup>turnip-shaped</sup> domes of the Greek church glittering with green & gold roofs – the churches of varied architecture, rising above the long principal street at the top of the slope – the great bridge of boats, 3,000 feet long, across the Vistula, lie in the circle below, and well repay a long look and high climbing –

Circassian horsemen, with a costume something like the Greek, curious Asiatic guns whose long barrels & crooked stocks were various inlaid & damascened[?] – and wearing silver-hilted pistols & daggers – with tall conical black caps – the bridles of their horses jingling with round bits of brass which looked like coins – the regular Dragoon guard, on fine black horses, and equipped in European style, with cuirasses & helmets gleaming brightly – All these horsemen were well mounted. – The horse artillery, in considerable force – say with 30 guns – Several regiments of infantry (well equipped) in long grey great-coats – & the universal helmet, and a regiment of newly arrived militia in black, also well equipped, were drawn up, each regiment by itself, in close columns, around the square – The commandant of the garrison, an old General in a coat covered with stars & ribbons, rode along their front, kindly addresssing them a few words in a kind tone, and they cheered lustily – the gorgeously dressed Greek priests, in green & gold, performed a mass, the singing during which was clear, loud, and grand – and the troops ~~dep~~ then marched in review, saluting, past their General.

Warsaw is built upon a slope ascending from the Vistula, and on a plain above. It covers a great deal of ground & has many extensive suburbs. I usually, on

high plain

arriving in a large city climb the ^ most favorable for a view of its extent and situation – and so in Warsaw, ascended the tower of the Lutheran church, the first thing on Thursday – The view from this tower, even now in the beginning of winter, is one of the most beautiful and interesting I have ever seen – For miles & miles, the broad course of the Vistula winds beneath the eye through fertile plains, and at the foot of the wide city – Battle-fields are all around – and monuments to mark them rise north & south – Suburban palaces & parks bound the city = ribbon-like roads stretch away from it – and many great buildings, rising from its streets of rather low and dingy houses, attract the attention by the novelty or imposing character of their architecture – thus the Zamek, the former palace of the Polish Kings – an old brown building of great extent, on the slope from the river, in the centre of town = the beautiful Palais de Saxe, beneath the spectator, with the great square & lofty monument in front, and beautiful gardens like those of the Tuilleries behind – the huge Opera house, facing the

turnip shaped handsome Hotel de Ville on the square of that name – The Asiatic ^ domes of the Greek church, glittering with green and gold roofs – the churches of varied architecture, rising above the long principal street at the top of the slope – the great bridge of boats, 3,000 feet long, across the Vistula, lie in the circle below, and well repay a long look and high climbing —

There are monuments in the streets & churches to the great men of Poland, and among the most interesting, are the trophies brought by Sobieski from his victories over the Turks which saved Christian Europe —

— Whatever we may think of the partition of Poland or the exile of its nobles, the country at large, and the masses of the people, though perhaps not the aristocracy, are more prosperous & progressive than ever before — Trade, manufactures, and agriculture seem to be going steadily on, even in this time of war, as if there was public confidence in their encouragement & good laws well administered —

I expected to go to St. Petersburg in the Diligence which leaves twice a week — but only one seat was disengaged for either journey during the three next weeks, and the two Doctors were unwilling that I should separate from them as I was their interpreter and general agent — The only other mode of conveyance was that usually adopted by people of wealth in Europe, posting — that is travelling — on the post-roads, with their own carriage, drawn by relays of horses, obtained, at a price fixed by law, at the post-houses along the road, and driven by postillions —

— This is not an expensive mode of travelling — and is very pleasant, as the tourists can stop where & as long as they please — The "Posts" (distances between the change of horses) vary in length from 6 to 15 miles: the postillions expect about twenty cents (drink-money) for their services through each post; and from 2 to 3 cents per mile for each horse is a fair charge per mile. At almost every station, the carriage rates are greased by the idlers at the Post-houses, which requires another small payment — Rich persons of wealth travel with a courier who settles all these small charges — The Postillions usually prefer to drive as fast as possible, and crack their whips, shout, & blow horns with startling energy — and it is really fun to be taken along rapidly thus over the smooth macadamized roads, with the horses galloping, galloping and running at the top of their speed — The great thing is to have a good carriage — and we met with peculiar good fortune in this respect, and, being compelled, by the want of other conveyances, to post, decided, at once, to take the Imperial travelling carriage which was offered to us; for although this caused a great expense — yet the only alternative would have been to buy one, at still more cost — This carriage was very heavy & strong — and very convenient — & elegant arrangement — luxurious seat, so broad that we three sat on it, all the way — green satin linings — silk tassels — pockets innumerable —

There are monuments in the streets & churches to the great men of Poland, and among the most interesting, are the trophies brought by Sobieski from his victories over the Turks which saved Christian Europe —

— Whatever we may think of the partition of Poland or the exile of its nobles, the country at large, and the masses of the people, though perhaps not the aristocracy, are more prosperous & progressive than ever before — trade, manufactures, and agriculture seem to be going steadily on, even in this time of war, as if there was public confidence in their encouragement & good laws well administered —

I expected to go to St. Petersburg in the Diligence which leaves twice a week — but only one seat was disengaged for either journey during the three next weeks, and the two Doctors were unwilling that I separate from them as I was their interpreter and general agent — The only other mode of conveyance was that usually adopted by people of wealth in Europe, posting — that is travelling, on the post roads, with their own carriage, drawn by relays of horses, obtained at a price fixed by law, at the post-houses along the road, and driven by postillions —

— This is not an expensive mode of travelling — and is very pleasant, as the tourists can stop when, where & as long as they please — The "Posts" (distances between the change of horses) vary in length from 6 to 15 miles: the postillions expect about twenty cents (drink-money) for their services through each post: and from 2 to 3 cents per mile for each horse is a fair charge per mile. At almost every station, the carriage axles are greased by the idlers at the Posthouse, which requires another small payment = most persons of wealth travel with a courier who settles all these small charges — the Postillions usually prefer to drive as fast as possible, and crack their whips, shout, & blow horns with startling energy — and it is really fun to be taken along rapidly thus over the smooth macadamized roads, with the horses galloping, galloping and running at the top of their speed — The great thing is to have a good carriage — and we met with peculiar good fortune in this respect, and, being compelled, by the want of other conveyances, to post, decided, at once, to take the Imperial travelling carriage which was offered to us; for although this caused a great expense — yet the only alternative would have been to buy one, at still more cost = This carriage was very heavy & strong = with every

a

convenience — & elegant arrangement —^ luxurious seat, so broad that we three sat on it, all the way — green satin linings — silk tassels — pockets innumerable —

We obtained the carriage in this manner - At Berlin, the Russian Minister was very civil to me, and to aid my journey through his country, gave me a letter to Krusenstern, Chief of the Office of foreign affairs at Warsaw -

- Mr. Krusenstern gave me what advice & information I could, and offered to loan me a carriage of the Emperors which had recently brought some great person from St. Petersburg & must be returned -

The carriage was heavy as I said, and needed five or six horses to draw it - but we made a grand appearance I assure you, with our six horses and this great coach, and a strong impression of our importance was I believe communicated to the natives along the road, for the soldiers halted & took off their caps, and the beggars surrounded us & beset us past endurance, and we had to pay exorbitantly for everything - but had post horses put in very promptly & even I believe taken away from others to be given to us - as I had a courier's "padaroshna" or pass, giving me the right to have 5 horses, at once, in haste, and before any one else anywhere along the route -

We needed a good carriage - for we ~~were~~ in it & slept in it, travelling night & day; it had well-fitted glass windows <sup>in front & sides</sup>, which protected the occupants from the intensely cold, piercing winds which swept over the Polish plains -

On Friday evening <sup>Nov. 30</sup> about 7 o'clock, we left Warsaw, the carriage rattling loudly over the stony pavements, and the postillion blowing his horn lustily, and soon drove rapidly down the hill, passed the Zamek, and crossed the Vistula on the long bridge of boats - with one thousand & seventy eight versts (about 720 miles) of posting before us - which we expected to accomplish in seven days at most - The road was frozen hard, and rather rough, though lightly covered with snow, which in some places had a depth of two or three inches, but not enough for sledging anywhere along our route until we reached Durnaberg, and thence quite as good for wheels - I did not sleep any the first night - the jolting, and the novelty of my circumstances prevented anything more than a doze, which was often broken in upon by wakeful watchings from the window of the broad expanse of snowy country, and the long line of road in front & rear, only varied by the post-posts & the post-houses, & the telegraphic wires (which were stretched along by the wayside, having a homelike look, all the way to St. Petersburg - This road is the best & greatest carriage road for horses I ever saw - broad, well graded, hard, rounded at the centre, and in constant repair.

We obtained the carriage in this manner - At Berlin, the Russian Minister was very civil to me, and to aid my journey through his country, gave me a letter to Krusenstern, Chief of the office of foreign affairs at Warsaw -

- Mr. Krusenstern gave me what advice & information I could, and offered to loan me a carriage of the Emperors which had recently brought some great person from St. Petersburg & must be returned -

The carriage was heavy as I said, and needed five or six horses to draw it - but we made a grand appearance I assure you, with our six horses and this great coach, and a strong impression of our importance was I believe communicated to the natives along the road for the soldiers halted & took off their caps, and the beggars surrounded us & beset us past endurance, and we had to pay exorbitantly for everything - but had post horses put in very promptly & I believe taken away from others to be given to us - as I had a courier's "padaroshna" or pass, giving me the right to have 5 horses, at once, and before any one else anywhere along the route -

We needed a good carriage - for we ate in it & slept in it, travelling in front & at the sides

night & day; it had well-fitted glass windows <sup>^</sup> which protected the occupants from the intensely cold, piercing winds which swept over the Polish plains -

Nov. 30

On Friday evening <sup>^</sup> about 7 o'clock, we left Warsaw, the carriage rattling loudly over the stony pavements, and the postillion blowing his horn lustily, and soon drove

rapidly down the hill, passed the Zamek, and crossed the Vistula on the long bridge of boats - with one thousand & seventy eight versts (about 720 miles) of posting before us - which we expected to accomplish in seven days at most - The road was frozen hard, and rather rough, though lightly covered with snow, which in some places had a depth of two or three inches, but not enough for sledging anywhere along our route until we reached Durnaberg, and thence quite as good for wheels - I did not sleep any the first night - the jolting, and the novelty of my circumstances prevented anything more than a doze, which was often broken in upon by wakeful watchings from the window of the broad expanse of snowy country, and the long line of road in front & rear, only varied by the post-posts & the post-houses, & the telegraphic wires (which were stretched along by the wayside, having a homelike look, all the way to St. Petersburg - This road is the best & greatest carriage road for horses I ever saw - broad, well graded, hard, rounded at the centre, and in constant repair.

By nine o'clock on Saturday morning we had travelled 110 versts - passed 5 stations - the chief of which was Pultusk, and arriving at the small town Bielowka, breakfasted there in the Post-house, on bread, Bologna sausage, & tea which we had brought with us from Warsaw. It is customary, but I believe, needless, on this road for travellers to carry their food with them on account of an uncertainty of finding it at the Post-houses - And we had "laid in" supplies for 3 days, like the militia - it was a kind of camp life - all we wanted was the "tea-machine" which we called for at each station - This "Machine" is admirable - a tall, handsome, brass urn, at the base of which is a space for charcoal which is placed therein and kindled, its heat passing through a pipe leading through the centre & the top and surrounded by the hot water - as the boilers in locomotives have pipes through them - The water soon gets hot, & is drawn off at the side. The little tea-pot, elegant in shape & material, is placed as a cover over the top of the urn - and so "tea" is ready in no time -

Instead of cups, glass tumblers are used for the hot beverage - and I learned, a secret useful in the art of making toddy, an infallible rule for pouring ~~boiling~~<sup>cold</sup> water into a tumbler without breaking it - which is to first put & keep in the tumbler a stout spoon, touching the bottom - After breakfast, we rode two posts to Lomsha, a small garrisoned town built on a hill - dined there in a restaurant, very good & with moderate charges, where Russian officers were dancing & playing billiards - Then rapidly rode away again, and passed the night with warmth but little sleep, wrapped in our great furs, and only once getting out of the carriage, to help drive the horses up a slippery hill - where we made an odd appearance, beating the animals with great sticks, yelling at them, and running about and getting tripped up by our long schoobas - Sunday morning - we breakfasted at Angostovo, having passed 5 posts in the night, and dined that day at the small town of Suwalki - passing on Sunday as well as week-days, as it was necessary to do; the country presented no remarkable scenery - there were few fences - those we saw were rail-fences, like our own - no castles - no large towns - or large buildings except the windmills, and the small churches - & post-houses - The dwellings are of wood, unpainted - The post-houses, of brick, covered with plaster, yellow-washed, very neat & pleasing in appearance, and much alike all along the road to St. Petersburg - forming with

By nine o'clock on Saturday morning we had travelled 110 versts - passed 5 stations - the chief of which was Pultusk, and arriving at a small town Ostrolenka, breakfasted there in the Post-house, on bread, Bologna sausage, & tea which we had brought with us from Warsaw. It is customary, but I believe, needless, on this road for travellers to carry their food with them on account of an uncertainty of finding it at the Post-houses - And we had "laid in" supplies for 3 days, like the militia - it was a kind of camp life - all we wanted was the "tea-machine" which we called for at each station - This "machine" is admirable - a tall, handsome, brass urn, at the base of which is a space for charcoal which is placed therein and kindled, its heat passing through a pipe leading through the centre to the top and surrounded by the hot water - as the boilers in locomotives have pipes through them - the water soon gets hot, & it is drawn off at the side. The little tea-pot, elegant in shape & material, is placed as a cover over the top of the urn - and so "tea" is ready in no time - Instead of cups, glass tumblers are used for the hot beverage = and I learned a secret useful in the art of making toddy, an infallible rule cold

for pouring boiling water into a ^ tumbler without breaking it, which is to first put & keep in the tumbler a stout spoon, touching the bottom - After breakfast, we took two posts to Lomsha, a small garrisoned town built on a hill - dined there in a restaurant, very good & with moderate charges, where Russian officers were smoking & playing billiards - then rapidly rode away again, and passed the night with warmth but little sleep, wrapped in our great furs, and only once getting out of the carriage, to help drive the horses up a slippery hill - where we made an odd appearance, beating the animals with great sticks, yelling at them, and running about and getting tripped up by our long schoobas - Sunday morning, we breakfasted at Angostovo, having passed 5 posts in the night, and dined that day at the small town of Suwalki - pushing on Sunday as well as week-days, as it was necessary to do; the country presented no remarkable scenery - there were few fences - those we saw were rail-fences, like our own - no castles - no large towns - or large^ buildings except the windmills, and the small churches - & post-houses - The dwellings are of wood, unpainted - The post-houses, of brick, covered with plaster, yellow-washed, very neat & pleasing in appearance, and much alike all along the road to St. Petersburg: - forming with

thin out-buildings, a "hollow square" – the stables & great square, covered well being in the rear – and on one side, the office – in which the Padaroshna & passports are examined, on the other side, a suite of well-warmed, elegantly furnished waiting-rooms for travellers, rather better than the reception rooms at our railway stations – and with broad sofas in them on which a delayed voyager may sleep – Like all the Russian dwellings, they have double windows & thick walls – the space – on the <sup>frame</sup>~~frame~~ at the bottom between the windows, is filled with sand or salt to absorb moisture, on which are scattered with pleasing effect, pretty sea-shells, or bits of Berlin wool made to resemble mosses –

The horses are small, shaggy, but like singed cats, much better than they look, and hardly ever stop their gallop when fairly started, but have a great indifference to whipping if they don't wish to go – the postillions wear long thick woolen over-coats often lined with sheep-skins, and girdled by a sash – The people are most warmly clad, wearing furs – the poorer people wear sheepskins – sewed on woolen overcoats – the fur being worn inside – Between Warsaw & St. Petersburg, I saw little variety in people, manners, or costumes, unless that the stature & bearing of the Russians appeared more manly & their faces more frank & benevolent than those of the Poles, among whom there are many disgusting Jews –

Now & then I saw old well-sweeps like ours at home, and thought of watering houses in the Paine neighborhood, and often passing through wooded regions where the trees were mostly pine & fir & white birch, especially through Lithuania (in Russia) I was strongly reminded of Standish plains –

Sunday afternoon & night, it was excessively cold – there being 25° of frost (Reaumur) – and as my feet were nipped in spite of fur boots, and from actual fear that the conductor's riding outside would be frozen, we stopped & passed the night at the small town of Kalvarija – sleeping on the sofa's in the Post-house –

"Our conductor" was a Courlander, <sup>^</sup> brisk and good-humored & very obliging man of fifty years, who spoke Russian, Polish, German & French – and had been for 25 years a "Conductor of the Post" – a sort of mail agent; we hired him for about 60 rubles, to make the journey with us, and he was of great service – doing all the business of the Padarostna, the passports, the getting horses put in, directing postillions, changing money, & translating from my bad German & French into Russ or Polish, very honestly & pleasantly – His name was Casimir Monkawiecz –

the out-buildings, a "hollow square" – the stables & great square, covered well being in the rear – and on one side, in which the Padaroshna & passports are examined, on the other side, a suite of well-warmed, elegantly furnished waiting-rooms for travellers, rather better than the reception rooms at our railway stations – and with broad sofas in them on which a delayed voyager may sleep – Like all the Russian dwellings, shelf

they have double windows & thick walls – the space on the <sup>frame</sup>~~frame~~ at the bottom between the windows, is filled with sand or salt to absorb moisture, on which are scattered with pleasing effect, pretty sea shells, or bits of Berlin wool made to resemble mosses –

The horses are small, shaggy, but like singed cats, much better than they look, and hardly ever stop their gallop when fairly started, but have a great indifference to whipping if they don't wish to go – the postillions wear long thick woolen over-coats often lined with sheep-skins, and girdled by a sash – The people are most warmly clad, wearing furs – the poorer people wear sheepskins – sewed on woolen overcoats – the fur being worn inside – Between Warsaw and St. Petersburg, I saw little variety in people, manners, or costumes, unless that the stature & bearing of the Russians appeared more manly & their faces more frank & [?] than those of the Poles, among whom there are many disgusting Jews –

Now & then I saw old well-sweeps like ours at home, and thought of watering houses in the Paine neighborhood, and passing through wooded regions where the trees were mostly pine & fir & white birch, especially through Lithuania (in Russia) I was strongly reminded of Standish plains –

Sunday afternoon & night, it was excessively cold – there being 25° of frost (Reaumur) – and as my feet were nipped in spite of fur boots, and from actual fear that the conductor, riding outside would be frozen, we stopped & passed the night at the small town of Kalvarija – sleeping on the sofas in the Post-house –

a

"Our conductor" was a Courlander, <sup>^</sup> brisk good-humored & very obliging man of fifty years, who spoke Russian, Polish, German, & French – and had been for 25 years a "Conductor of the Post" – a sort of mail agent; we hired him for about 60 rubles, to make the journey with us, and he was of great service – doing all our business of the Padarostna, the passports, the getting horses put in, directing postillions, changing money, & translating from my bad German & French into Russ or Polish, very honestly & pleasantly – His name was Casimir Monkawiecz –

Monday morning - passing through Mariempol. By 4 stages, we arrived on the banks of the Nieman, opposite Kovno, about 2 o'clock P.M: and found to our disgust, that the ice was not considered strong by the Police to be strong enough for our carriage to cross upon it = so we left the carriage and walked over to the town and took quarters at the Hotel. Kovno is quite a large town - and on the frontier of Russia - has several churches - and many government buildings, and the river is navigable for light vessels from the Baltic - There is no bridge - In summer, huge bateaux ferry the carriages across - Near here is a monument commemorating the sad passage of the ruins of Napoleons army (Dec. 18, 1812) on its retreat from Moscow - Out of the 450,000 men who sanguine of victory had gallantly passed here in June of that year, only 20,000 broken down, undisciplined stragglers recrossed in December.

Kovno is now a place of immense traffic - all the imports into<sup>Egypt</sup> from St. Petersburg & northern Russia are carried through it - from Memel, & Konigsberg, & Hamburg - the banks of the river are piled with merchandise which the warehouses will not hold, and 30,000 men are engaged in the transportation - From Kovno to St. Petersburg, we saw an almost endless succession of loaded carts - hundreds of them were together at once by some wayside inn -

On Tuesday afternoon, our carriage was dragged by men across the river on planks laid down upon the ice - and at 5 P.M. we were again on the road - (Kovno is about 380 versts from Warsaw.) However, at eleven in the evening we were again compelled to stop and pass the night in the Post-house of Ianova, on the river Neva, the ice of which also was insufficiently frozen for the weight of our carriage. But the next morning, the carriage was dragged over in the same manner as at Kovno, by a gang of fifty men, shouting, screaming & tugging at the long ropes they tied to it -

We dined on Wednesday (Dec 5) at Vilkomir, took tea at Utziani, rode all night - breakfasted on Thursday at Egypten, and about noon arrived at the considerable & very strongly fortified town of Dunaborg, situated on the river Dwina, which we rode over, on its ice, without difficulty - then had a good dinner, on roast goose & apple-sauce, at Kusker, and stopped & passed the night, on account of the fatigue of one of my companions, at the Post-house of Regictza, kept by an old soldier decorated with many medals.

Monday morning - passing through Mariempol, [?] 4 stages, we arrived on the banks of the Nieman, opposite Kovno, about 2 o'clock P.M: and found to our disgust, that the ice was not considered strong by the Police to be strong enough for our carriage to cross upon it = so we left the carriage and walked over to the town and took quarters at the Hotel. Kovno is quite a large town - and on the frontier of Russia - has several churches - and many government buildings, and the river is navigable for light vessels from the Baltic - There is no bridge - In summer, huge bateaux ferry the carriages across - Near here is a monument commemorating the sad passage of the ruins of Napoleons army (Dec. 13, 1812) on its retreat from Moscow - Out of the 450,000 men who sanguine of victory had gallantly passed here in June of that year, only 20,000 broken down, undisciplined stragglers recrossed in December,

& exports from

Kovno is now a place of immense traffic - All the imports into<sup>Egypt</sup> & to

St. Petersburg & northern Russia are carried through it - from<sup>^</sup> Memel, and Konigsberg, & Hamburg - the banks of the river are piled with merchandise which the warehouses will not hold, and 30,000 men are engaged in the transportation - From Kovno to St. Petersburg, we saw an almost endless succession of loaded carts - hundreds od them were together at once by some wayside inn —

On Tuesday afternoon, our carriage was dragged by men, across the river on planks laid down upon the ice - and at 5 P.M. we were again on the road - (Kovno is about 380 versts from Warsaw.) However, at eleven in the evening we were again compelled to stop and pass the night in the Post-house of Ianova, on the river Vilna, the ice of which also was insufficiently frozen for the weight of our carriage. But the next morning, the carriage was dragged over in the same manner as at Kovno, by a gang of fifty men, shouting, screaming, & tugging at the long ropes they tied to it —

We dined on Wednesday (Dec 5) at Vilkomir, took tea at Utziani, rode all night - breakfasted on Thursday at Egypten, and about noon arrived at the considerable & very strongly fortified town of Dunaborg, situated on the river Dwina, which we rode over, on its ice, without difficulty - then had a good dinner, on roast goose & apple-sauce, at Kusker, and stopped & passed the night, on account of the fatigue of my companions, at the Post-house of Regictza, kept by an old soldier decorated with many medals.

Friday, Dec 7. we continued our journey as before, through a well-wooded country, otherwise not remarkable — saw a great many birds — a very fat kind of blue crow looked like an overgrown pigeon — a jolly magpie, with very black tipped wings and elegant long swallow-tail, hopped about as restlessly as a blue jay — snow-birds ran around — we saw many wolf-tracks, or what we thought such along the edges of the forest, and once caught a glimpse of a fine gray fox with a large bushy tail —

We dined, this day, at Vishgodok, passed the night on the road, along which Ostroff was the only place of importance — It was intensely cold — The conductor fingers were frozen — though he had warm mittens on —

Saturday, 8<sup>th</sup> Dec. we breakfasted at Stremalka, dined at Kateshna, where a post-road to Kief diverges — and at midnight took tea at Plusa: continuing our journey all night again, we breakfasted at Luga, a large market town, with a pretty church, and dined on Sunday at Yatshera, in a large, elegant Post-house, which had a German landlady who gave us excellent pancakes & roast partridges — Passing through several forests today, we arrived in the evening at Gatshina, a town of 3000 inhabitants, a fine palace, and a railway station — the line from St. Petersburg (42 versts distant) towards Warsaw being finished as far as this place — and we were glad to hear a locomotive whistle again, as well as to rest all night in the large Post-house of Gatshina.

The construction of the railway to Warsaw has been interrupted by the war, chiefly because the Russians were obliged to procure their rails from abroad, but they are now beginning to make good rails in Russia, and war or no war, the railway is to be pushed forward in the spring —

On Monday morning, we rode over a fine road, past several villages of pretty wooden houses whose projecting roofs were at the gables ornamented with pendant fringes of carved woodwork & with wooden balconies much like those in Switzer-land, — and near the gates of Tsarkoe-Selo, and the towers of palace of Tsarkoe-Selo, till at one P.M. we reached the long-desired end of our journey, and were driven through the stately streets of this magnificent city, crowded by the bustle and throngs, and the busy shops, and fine equipages pertaining to the civilization of a great capital, and gladly removed from the now familiar carriage to warm & comfortable lodgings here —

Friday, Dec 7. we continued our journey as before, through a well-wooded country, otherwise not remarkable — I saw a great many birds — a very fat kind of blue crow looked like an overgrown pigeon — a jolly magpie, with very black tipped wings and elegant long swallow-tail, hopped about as restlessly as a blue jay — snow-birds ran around — we saw many wolf-tracks, or what we thought such along the edges of the forest, and once caught a glimpse of a fine great fox with a large burley tail —

We dined, this day, at Vishgodok, passed the night on the road, along which Ostroff was the only place of importance — It was intensely cold — The conductors fingers were frozen — though he had warm mittens on — Saturday, 8<sup>th</sup> Dec. we breakfasted at Stremalka, dined at Kateshna, where a post- road to Kief diverges — and at midnight took tea at Plusa: continuing our journey all night again, we breakfasted at Luga, a large market town, with a pretty church, and dined on Sunday at Yatshera, in a large, elegant Post-house, which had a German landlady who gave us excellent pancakes & roast partridges — Passing through several forests today, we arrived in the evening at Gatshina, a town of 3000 inhabitants, a fine palace, and a railway station — the line from St. Petersburg (42 versts distant) towards Warsaw being finished as far as this place — and we were glad to hear a locomotive whistle again, as well as to rest all night in the large Post-house of Gatshina.

The construction of the railway to Warsaw has been interrupted by the war, chiefly because the Russians were obliged to procure their rails from abroad, but they are now beginning to make good rails in Russia, and war or no war, the railway is to be pushed forward in the spring —

On Monday morning, we rode over a fine road, past several villages of pretty wooden houses whose projecting roofs were at the gables ornamented with pendant fringes of carved woodwork & with wooden balconies much like those in Switzer-land, — and near the gates of Sophia, and the town & palace of Tsarkoe-Selo, till at one P.M. — we reached the long-desired end of our journey, and we were driven through the stately streets of this magnificent city, revived by the bustle and throngs, and the busy shops, and fine equipages pertaining to the civilization of a great capital, and gladly removed from the now familiar carriage to warm & comfortable lodgings here —

This letter is already too long - You must be wearied by reading it,  
as my hand is by writing it - I think I never shall write another  
of such length -

Since my arrival I have been chiefly occupied with getting  
"at home" in my comfortable quarters, & in learning the duties of  
my office - and have not seen any of the sights of the capital.  
On Friday last, I was presented to Count Nesselrode, Chancellor  
of the Empire, & chief of the Department of foreign affairs - a  
most remarkable man - not only for his distinguished abilities  
& acquirements, and the part he has taken in the history of  
the last half-century in the international concerns of Europe  
and internal progress of Russia, but now, in these days  
of war & most stirring times for the empire, as the manager  
of the State Department of Russia and the head of its diplomacy -  
he being an old man, seventy-five years of age - still vivacious,  
bright-eyed - and mentally vigorous, and physically able to endure  
patiently & amiably the toils of his office - He received me  
very politely - Talking English - asked about my journey - &c -

On Monday, I was introduced to the Emperor - Alexander II.  
He is taller by two or three inches than myself, and with a serious,  
grave, but kind face - has simple, earnest manners - and appears  
to be a very good, and benevolent and sensible man - I really  
forgot while he was talking with me that he was the Czar of  
all the Russias - Three others of the Diplomatic Corps were  
"presented" at the same time - the Chargé from Brazil - the  
~~Secretaries~~ of Legation from Naples & from Austria - they in their  
splendid court-dresses, swords, & decorations of nobility - I, in  
black coat, vest, trousers & boots, with a white neck-cloth,  
looking like a green Theological student let loose in a ball-room.  
We stood in line, while the Emperor, (dressed in full military uniform)  
walked along in front, addressing a few words, in French, very  
affably, to each of us in turn; saying he was happy to see us here,

This letter is already too long - You must be wearied by reading it,  
as my hand is by writing it - I think I never shall write another  
of such length -

Since my arrival I have been chiefly occupied with getting  
"at home" in my comfortable quarters, & learning the duties of  
my office - and have not seen any of the sights of the capital.  
On Friday last, I was presented to Count Nesselrode, Chancellor  
of the Empire, & Chief of the department of foreign affairs - a  
most remarkable man - not only for his distinguished abilities,  
& acquirements, and the part he has taken in the history of  
the last half-century in the international concerns of Europe  
and intellectual progress of Russia, but now, in these days  
of war & most stirring times for the Empire, as the manager  
of the State Department of Russia and the head of its diplomacy -  
he being an old man, seventy-five years of age - still vivacious,  
bright-eyed - and mentally vigorous, and physically able to endure  
patiently & amiably the toils of his office - He received me  
very politely - talking English - asking about my journey - &c -

On Monday, I was introduced to the Emperor - Alexander II.  
He is taller by two or three inches than myself, and with a serious,  
grave, but kind face - has simple, earnest manners - and appears  
to be a very good, and benevolent and sensible man - I really  
forgot while he was talking with me that he was the Czar of  
all the Russias - Three others of the Diplomatic Corps were  
"presented"

introduced at the same time - the Chargé from Brazil - the  
Secretaries of Legation from Naples & from Austria - they in their  
splendid court-dresses, swords, & decorations of nobility - I, in  
black coat, vest, trousers & boots, with a white neck-cloth,  
looking like a green Theological student let loose in a ball-room.

We stood in line, while the Emperor, (dressed in full military uniform)  
walked along in front, addressing a few words, in French, very  
affably, to each of us in turn; saying he was happy to see us here,

asked if we had a comfortable journey &c – and he asked me also if I had ever travelled in Europe before – and if I was a relative of the Presidents – and that was all – The Emperors epaulettes are still dressed with crape in mourning for his father –

He is much liked and respected by all classes of the people, I believe; besides being reverenced as the head of the church and the omnipotent Czar, as no other monarch is reverenced.

You would doubtless like to hear something of the war: I can only say that although Russia has now six large armies in actual service, and though her expenses in supplying them & paying them must be enormous, yet so far as I can candidly judge from the little I have seen, the burdens of the war are not by any means so severely felt here as in France & England – The Czar, it is said, desires peace – an honorable, just peace – but great preparations are made for the continuance of the war in the spring – A new loan of 50 million rubles has just been advertised – it was expected that it would be provided for in Hamburg & Amsterdam, but it is already been rapidly taken up by Russians here – I see a great many soldiers – and mostly bright-looking fellows they are – especially their officers – I have seen none better excepting always the French –

We saw or see nothing here of a scarcity of food, as in London or Paris – the people in the streets seem well-fed, good-humored, and happy – In Paris & London, the poor people look discontented, and ill-fed – Here everyone is warmly clad – I find my furs really necessary – there having been 20° & more of frost – (13° below zero) during several days – The day-light is very short – from nine in the morning to three in the afternoon – and the sun does not get high enough above the horizon to shine down into the middle of a street, and I have seen no snow melting on the roofs, and no icicles hanging along the window-sills – The Nevskoi Prospect is the gayest street, the most fashionable promenade & shopping-place,

asking if we had a comfortable journey &c – and he asked me also if I had ever travelled in Europe before – and if I was a relative of the Presidents – and that was all – The Emperors epaulettes are still dressed with crape in mourning for his father –

He is much liked and respected by all classes of the people, I believe; besides being reverenced as the head of the church and the omnipotent Czar, as no other monarch is reverenced.

You would doubtless like to hear something of the war; I can only say that although Russia has now six large armies in actual service, and though her expenses in supplying them & paying them must be enormous, yet so far as I can candidly judge from the little I have seen, the burdens of the war are not by any means so severely felt here as in France & England – The Czar, it is said desires peace – an honorable, just peace – but great preparations are made for the continuance of the war in the spring – a new loan of 50 million rubles has just been advertised – it was expected that it would be provided for in Hamburg & Amsterdam, but it is already been rapidly taken up by Russians here – I see a great many soldiers – and manly, bright-looking fellows they are – especially their officers – I have seen none better excepting always the French –

We hear or see nothing here of a scarcity of food, as in London or Paris – the people in the streets seem well-fed, good-humored, and happy – In Paris & London, the poor people look discontented, and ill-fed – Here everyone is warmly clad – I find my furs really necessary – these having been 20° & more of frost – (13° below zero) during several days – The day-light is very short – from nine in the morning to three in the afternoon – and the sun does not get high enough above the horizon to shine down into the middle of a street, and I have seen no snow melting on the roofs, and no icicles hanging along the window-sills – the Nevskoi Prospect is the gayest street, the most fashionable promenade & shopping-place,

*I have this news very much & strongly in view & often  
think it to me, and send it to S. B. Glass, U. S. Despatch Agent at Boston, to be forwarded to me.*

and at two o'clock in the afternoon is full of dashing sledges & covered carriages drawn by beautiful horses, and filled with fine ladies, officers, &c -

You can find a map of St. Petersburg in Granville's St. Petersburg which is in the Athanaeum Library - if you have the curiosity to consult it you may see there where I live - in the "6<sup>th</sup> line," on the Vassili Ostrov (a great island) near the north side of the Island.

I think I left a small debt unpaid - which I wish Lewis to attend to - due to the Daguerreotype artist whose rooms are over Anderson & Harmon's Office -

I arrived here with only one rouble left - shall get my salary from Dec 10. to Dec. 31. on the 31<sup>st</sup> and then get no more until April - and may have to borrow from Gov. Seymour, unless you can make arrangements for loaning me some - I can get along until I hear from you in reply to this without borrowing, and do not wish you to trouble yourself about it unless it is perfectly convenient - I should be able to repay the sum in July.

If you can borrow 200 dollars, you can get it to me in this manner - Write to Duncan, Sherman & Co., of New York City, to send you 5 ten pound notes, payable to my order, and corresponding & connected with their circular letter issued to me on the 22<sup>d</sup> day of October last - and send these notes to me - They will cost a little less than 200 dollars - I suppose enough of the \$500. borrowed of Mr. Otis, will be repaid by this time, to warrant a renewal of so much -

A gentleman connected with a manufacturing establishment here wishes the enclosed questions about smelting, &c, answered - Ask Lewis to get the answers & have them sent at the earliest possible moment to me. With much love to all.

I remain, Your affectionate son, Josiah -

and at two o'clock in the afternoon is full of dashing sledges & covered carriages drawn by beautiful horses, and filled with fine ladies, officers, &c -

You can find a map of St. Petersburg in Granville's St. Petersburg which is in the Athanaeum Library - if you have the curiosity to consult it you may see there where I live - in the "6<sup>th</sup> line," on the Vassili Ostrov (a great island) near the north side of the island.

I think I left a small debt unpaid - which I wish Lewis to attend to - due to the Daguerreotype artist whose rooms are over Anderson & Harmon's Office -

I arrived here with only one rouble left - shall get my salary from Dec 10. to Dec. 31. on the 31<sup>st</sup> - and then get no more until April - and may have to borrow from Gov. Seymour, unless you can make arrangements for loaning me some = I can get along until I hear from you in reply to this without borrowing, and do not wish you to trouble yourself about it unless it is perfectly convenient - I should be able to repay the sum in July. If you can borrow 200 dollars, you can get it to me in this manner - Write to Duncan, Sherman & Co., of New York City, to send you 5 ten pound notes, payable to my order, and corresponding & connected with their circular letter issued to me on the 22<sup>d</sup> day of October last - and send three notes to me - They will cost a little less than 200 dollars - I suppose enough of the \$500. - borrowed of Mr. Otis, will be repaid by this time, to warrant a renewal of so much -

A gentleman connected with a manufacturing establishment here wishes the enclosed questions about smelting, &c, answered - Ask Lewis to get the answers & have them sent at the earliest possible moment to me. With much love to all, I remain, your affectionate son, Josiah —

A person here wishes very much to read the "Potesshov Papers" - Can Lewis enclose my copy strongly in brown paper.