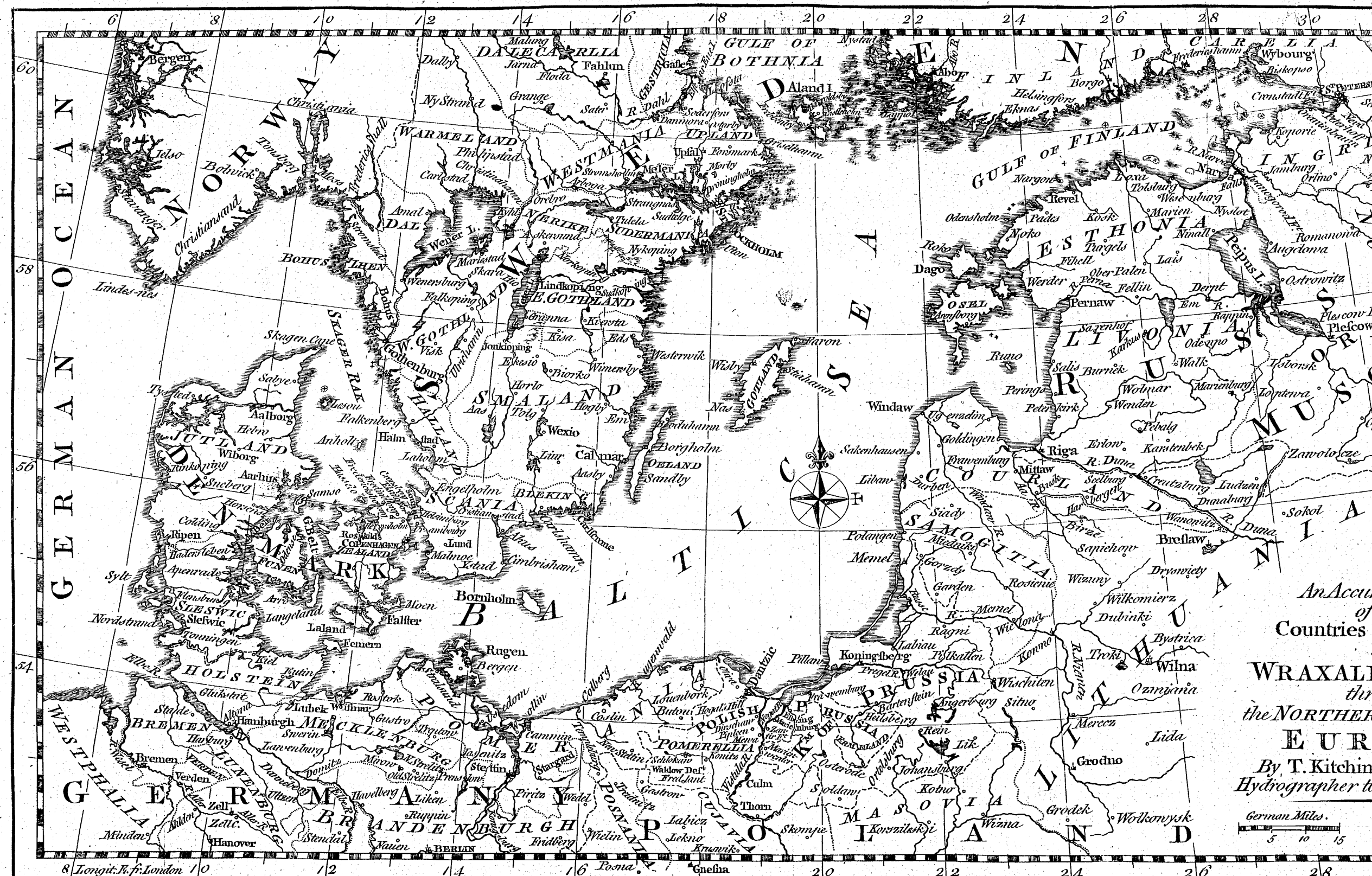
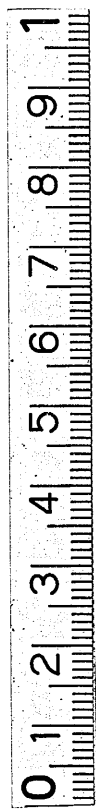


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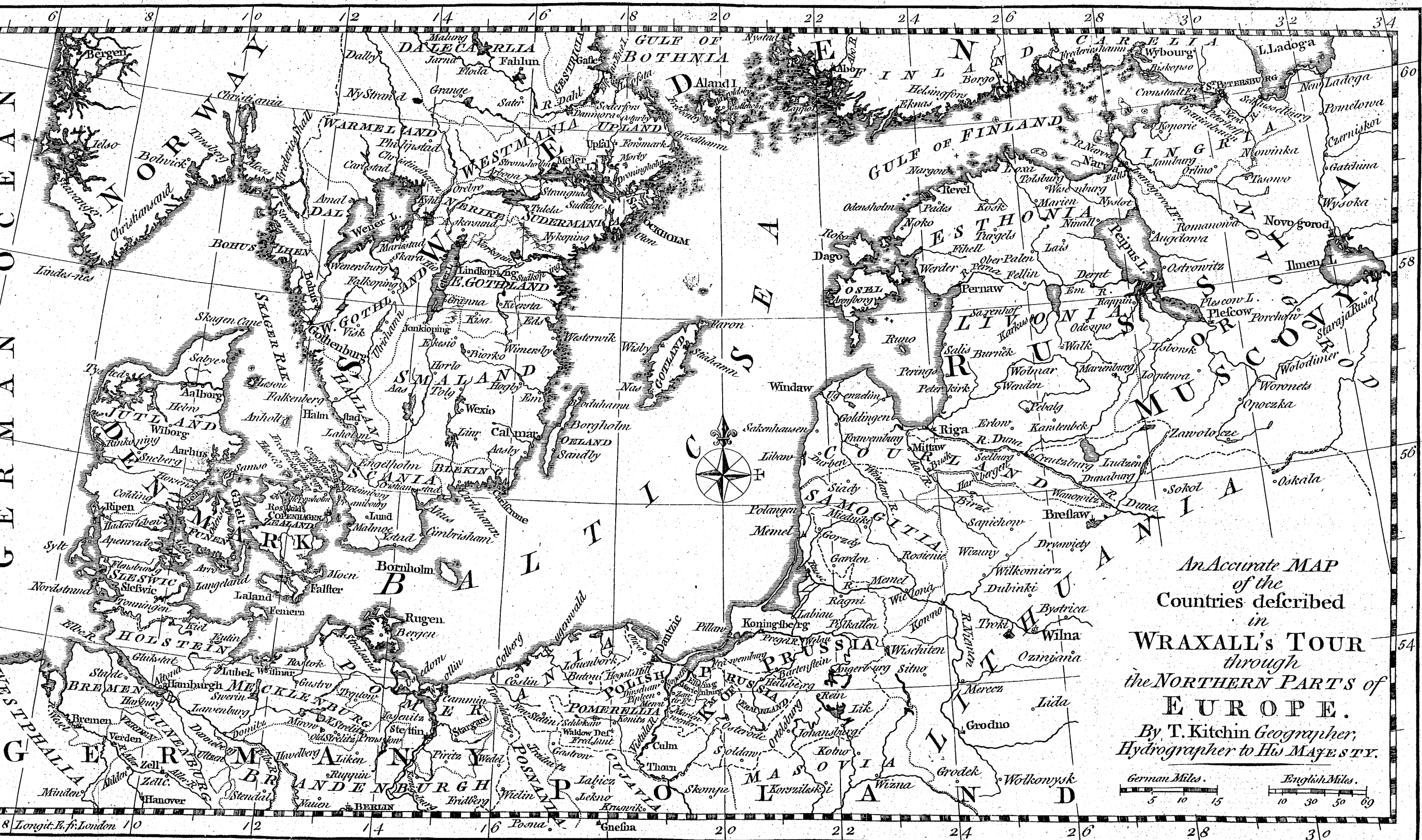
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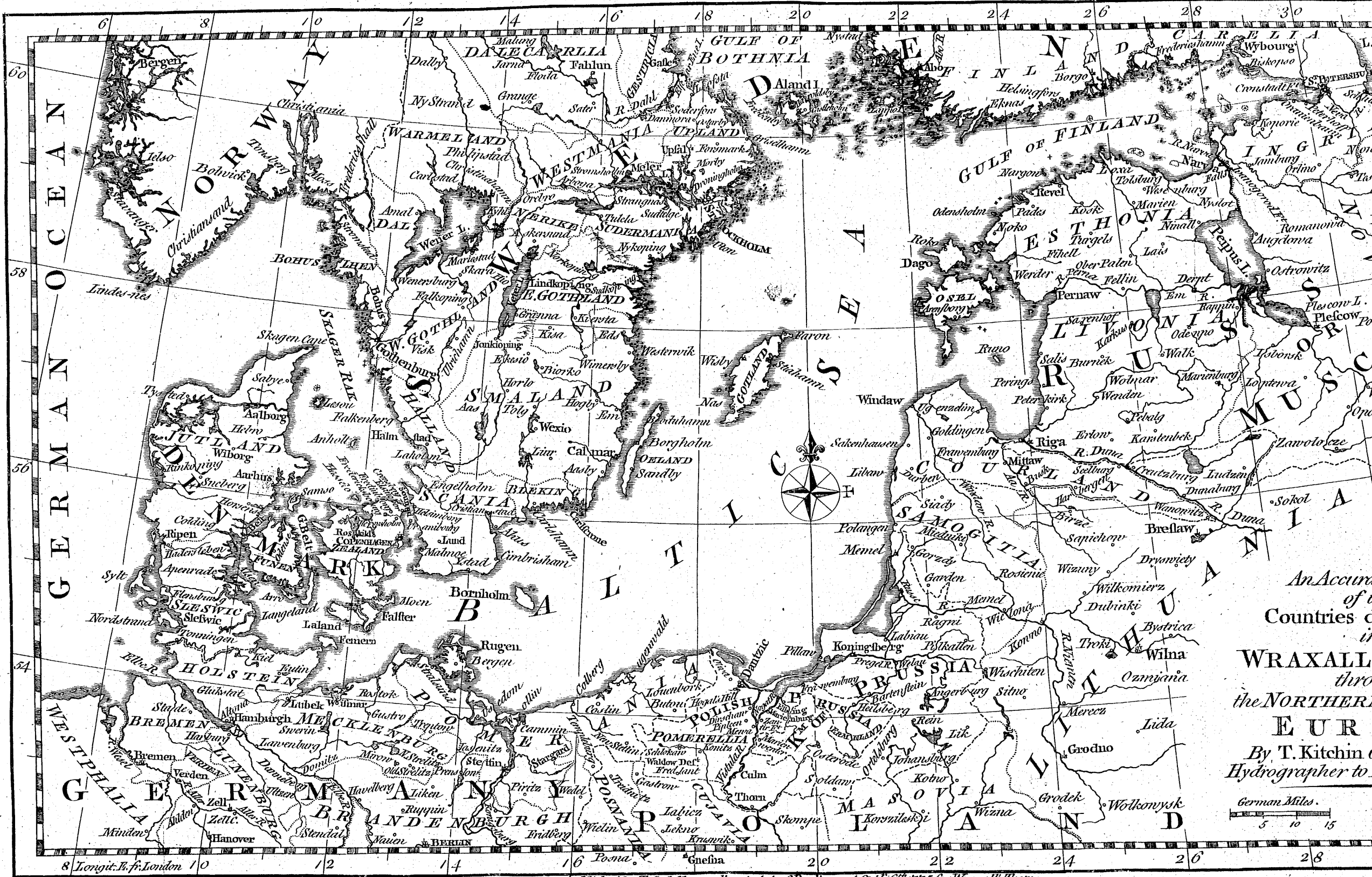
An Account of the Countries of the North of Europe
By T. Kitchin Hydrographer to the Admiralty



Published by T. Cadell, according to Act of Parliament Oct. 16th 1775 for Wraxall's Tour.



An Accurate MAP
of the
Countries described
in
WRAXALL'S TOUR
through
the **NORTHERN PARTS** of
EUROPE.
By T. Kitchin Geographer,
Hydrographer to His MAJESTY.



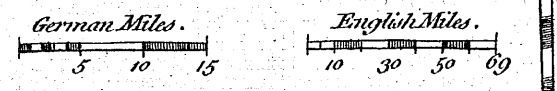
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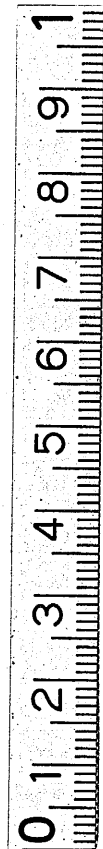


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A *H. d. 5.*

T O U R

Lauderdale THROUGH SOME OF *A. Travels &c. A. 76.*

The Northern Parts of EUROPE;
PARTICULARLY
COPENHAGEN, STOCKHOLM,
AND
PETERSBURGH.

IN A
SERIES OF LETTERS.

BY N^L. WRAXALL, JUN.

The SECOND EDITION, corrected.

L O N D O N:
Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand.
M.DCC.LXXV.

T O

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

Lord Viscount CLARE.

MY LORD,

AS real merit is averse to ostentation, I could not obtain permission to dedicate the subsequent Letters to your Lordship without an injunction to forbear any eulogium on your Lordship's Character.

This injunction, therefore, precludes me from the liberty of saying the respectful things I cannot but think of Lord CLARE's Literary Talents, and Public Services, especially

iv DEDICATION.

pecially in the great Assembly of this Nation.

But I humbly hope your Lordship will condescend to accept this sincere, though inconsiderable tribute of my gratitude and respect, and permit me thankfully to acknowledge the honor conferred on a young man, by your patronage in this his first attempt to appear before the tribunal of the Public.

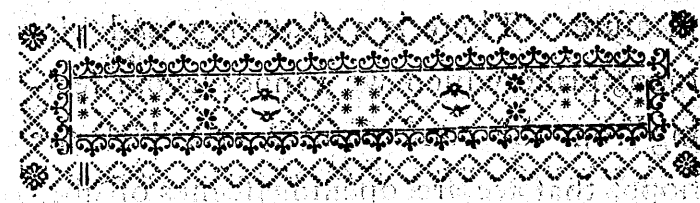
I am, my LORD, with great deference, and the highest respect,

Your Lordship's most obliged

and very humble servant,

London,
Jermyn-Street,
1st Feb. 1775.

NATHL. WRAXALL, Junr.



TOUR, &c.

LETTER I.

On board the Friendship, in the German Ocean,
Thursday, 14th April, 1774.

Consider the injunction which you laid on me at parting, to inform you constantly and minutely of all those events which elucidate the characters or manners of the countries through which I propose travelling, as not only doing me the highest honor, but opening to me a source of the most elevated and rational pleasure.

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pleasure. There is a flattering and virtuous pride which we cannot avoid feeling from the consciousness, or at least the hope, that we are opening scenes of liberal knowledge, and elegant curiosity, to our listening friends; and to a mind where gratitude prevails, this is one of the most animating considerations in nature. It must likewise be confessed, that the survey of nations and view of foreign and dissimilar modes of acting and thinking to our own, is not only formed to enlarge the human mind, and correct its early prejudices; but is calculated to charm and delight in a supreme degree, as it has for its basis two passions most powerfully conducing to pleasure, I mean novelty and admiration. So much, indeed, have travellers in all ages been conscious of this bias in nature, and so ready to take advantage of it, that the most improbable and ridiculous fictions have been invented and imposed upon the credulity

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dulity of mankind; recourse has been had to the marvellous, and the imagination entertained by amusing recitals of manners and actions which never existed;—but the age of imposition on one side, and of credulity on the other, seems now to be over: truth and sound knowledge are introduced into subjects where formerly they scarce ever intruded. Mankind are become more sceptical, and refuse to be amused with superstitious legends, or the wanton fallies of a luxuriant and fertile imagination. The refinement and civilization of modern manners has rendered it no difficult matter to inspect kingdoms and provinces, to which access was formerly barred by bigotry, barbarism, and want of all police. Even Spain herself is not now impervious to curiosity, and superstition is declining in these her favorite dominions. Notwithstanding this diminution of the traveller's powers of entertainment, by excluding any address

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to the imagination, there are still objects sufficient left to charm the attentive and curious mind.

Some parts of the globe are, however, infinitely more exuberant and rich in the materials for producing elegant delight than others. In some they are so wantonly and plenteously scattered, that stupidity itself must catch some portion of their power of pleasing. In others they lie deeper beneath the surface, and like unpolished gems only glitter in the eye of clear and perspicuous observation.—Such are the kingdoms which I am about to visit, covered during many months with snow, and wrapt in all the horrors of a polar winter: unpolished in their manners, and still retaining the vestiges of Gothic ignorance, they present not many charms to tempt the traveller. The Roman arms never penetrated into these inhospitable climes, nor is the Antiquarian allured

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allured to pass their snows by the venerable remains of amphitheatres, temples, and naumachiæ. Yet even in these remote and inclement kingdoms, are the seeds of knowledge scattered; and if the mind receives no pleasure from the reflection of their past greatness or refinement, yet may it be enlarged and improved from the consideration of their present comparative power and importance in the scale of Europe. I purpose, as you know, to visit the three northern capitals, and to spend some small time in each, though probably more in St. Petersburg than either of the other two, as I regard it by far the greatest object of true curiosity. We are now beating against a contrary wind, and heaven only knows when a better may spring up. I shall continue this sheet on my landing.

[6]

Copenhagen, Tuesday Night, 19th April, 1774.

THIS morning I rose with the sun, to land on the island of Zealand, at Elsinoor: it was a pleasant day, though cold. I presented my letters of introduction to the English consul (Mr. Fenwick) who received me very politely; and as he was much engaged with a multitude of ships which came in at the same time with us, he sent a domestic to attend me over the Castle of Cronenberg. This fortress stands at the narrowest part of that channel, which is called the Sound, and was doubtless intended to command the entrance of it: whether it would be able now to prevent a fleet of men of war from passing it, I however much question. It is a fine Gothic chateau or palace, built early in the last century by Christian the IVth, and was then often honored with

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with the royal residence. It is of a square form, and within is a fine quadrangle. The turrets at the corners are very superb, and in the most improved style of Gothic architecture. They shewed me several large apartments, which are still denominated the king's: there is nothing, however, in them, except some gilt leather chairs of equal antiquity with the castle, and several daubings of their kings prancing about on white steeds. I desired to see the chambers which were occupied by her present majesty during her confinement here; I mean the queen Matilda, so lately dethroned; but they are, I find, those in which the Colonel Commandant resides, who it seems had humanity and politeness enough to resign his, during her stay, as the royal apartments were not fit at that inclement season of the year when she was brought down here, it being the seventeenth day of January 1772, to receive any person. They are vast, unfur-

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nished,

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nished, hideous, bare walls, never warm in July, I should suppose.

While I was looking about in the court below, a poor slave * fettered came up, and taking off his cap, addressed me in French; I was charmed to meet with anything with which I could converse; for the Danish centinel who accompanied me could only transmit his ideas in his own language, which I understood no more than the Chinese. I therefore began a conversation with the French captive, and asked him, if he was here when the queen Matilda was confined? Ah! Monsieur! said he, I saw her every day; I had the honor *a tourner la broche* for her majesty's dinner; she even promised to endeavor to procure me my liberty. I assure you, added he warmly,

* His crime most probably was theft, as all misdemeanors are punished with the Danes by servitude in chains a longer or shorter time.

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she was *la princesse du monde la plus aimable!* Whether the fellow said this because he apprehended it would please an Englishman, or whether it was the genuine effusion of respectful gratitude, I cannot tell; but certainly it produced the effect on me he wished. I could not resist the force of his compliment to an English and an injured queen—I put my hand in my pocket, and gave him some half dozen stivers; nor was it, I must own, either general philanthropy, or private commiseration, which drew most of them out—It was Matilda gave them, and I bid him thank her, not me,

There is a little hunting seat or palace about a quarter of a mile from Elsinoor, where the king drives down frequently for a few hours in the summer. There is nothing worth seeing in or about the building; but the prospect from the roof is beautiful beyond expression; it looks
down

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down on the town of Elsinoor and Castle of Cronberg, and commands beyond these the Sound and coast of Sweden for a vast way. The town of Helsingborg in Sweden, which is exactly opposite, forms a fine object. I think it one of the most elegant and picturesque landscapes I ever surveyed.—I peeped into the Danish church here—The woman carried me up to the high altar, which was entirely covered with a curtain; and the boy who accompanied me told me it was very fine. I expected a Corregio, or a Raphael, and wondered how they had got any such piece of painting. However, on drawing aside the veil, I found it was only a collection of saints, martyrs, and apostles in wooden alto relievo, all dressed out in gold leaf, with king Christian the Vth, I believe it was, in the middle of them, who seemed to stare like a man in amazement; probably, at finding himself in such company: I was disappointed, and
yet

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yet could not help smiling at my mistake. In this situation I continued looking at the gaudy figures, while the woman kindly read me a long Danish dissertation; I suppose, on the history of the altar.—On turning round, I found myself surrounded by a number of yellow-haired boys and girls, who had formed themselves into a semi-circle to look at the stranger. I was as much pleased to look at them, as they could be at me; and selecting one of the girls, whose *cheveux blondins* hung down on her neck in loose disorder, and whose whole figure was a beauty in miniature, for I suppose she could not count above eleven years—I went up to her and presented her a stiver in a manner, which said, as well as mute eloquence could express it, ‘tis your pretty form, ‘sweet maid, which draws this present.’—The “*detur pulchriori*” was not more legibly written by the hand of nature on Paris’s apple, than it was on my bit of silver;
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but my goddess was too young, and too innocent, to read it.

Mr. Fenwick's hock, and what was ten times more powerful, his lady's company and conversation, detained me at Elfinoor till four o'clock or later, and I had then twenty-two miles to go in a chaise to Copenhagen. This vehicle, which was an indefinable something, begot by a coach upon a cart, and partaking very much of both kinds, was drawn by four little Danish horses; and notwithstanding it appeared to me when I got into it, surmounted as it was with trunks and hay for the horses, very ill calculated for speed, yet the fellow, who was a laughing, merry, talkative Dane, whipped his cattle so frequently and so well, that I got to the capital about nine o'clock, which in this country is driving at a great rate.

I did

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I did not admire the appearance of objects between Elfinoor and this place; but, indeed, I must confess, I saw them through a very bad medium, as I could not keep myself warm the whole way, though I wrapt myself up in my great coat. The day closed in a good league before I reached the metropolis, and I was indebted to the moon for her light the rest of the road. After they had stopt me at the gates, enquired my name, and searched my trunks, I was set down at the inn, where I now am, opposite the royal palace.—But I can write no more. 'Tis midnight, and you may imagine, after the adventures of the day, I shan't quarrel with my pillow.

So good night!

LET-

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to dictate to a heart, all alive to its divine impressions.—How I said them, I leave you to judge from your own feelings, since language constitutes no part of our interchange of ideas, as I am unhappy enough not to speak Danish, and she can converse in no other. But the most animated expression of admiration may be conveyed without the aid of words or sounds; and there is a language, and that an eloquent one too, which is given by bounteous nature in common to the inhabitants of England and of Norway.

She sometimes plays to me on an instrument which resembles our spinnet, and which they call a pantaloon.—She accompanies the music with her voice, and sings me twenty Danish songs from a book which usually lies on the table. I do not apprehend that the language is much better calculated in itself for harmony, than the Dutch or Flemish; and

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yet, by what fascination I know not, I am more delighted than ever I was at hearing the finest of Metastasio's *Arrias* from *Cæcilia Davies's* mouth. There is one in particular which has something in it peculiarly touching; and as she turns over the leaves, I stop at that, lay my finger on it, and humbly request, in that language I mentioned before, that she will oblige me with it. When she has done, I take her hand, and while I press it to my lips, they inform her, that she has not played to a heart incapable of tasting the delights, which beauty and harmony united must ever produce. You may laugh at this dumb tête à tête if you please; and, perhaps, if I was inclined to burlesque instead of admire it, I could myself suppose it sometimes ridiculous enough.—Let that be as it may, I can only say the time slips unperceived away in this occupation; and it is at least an agreeable relaxation and alternative from the more noisy amusements,

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ments, or from the closer applications of the mind: but you must not therefore imagine, that she engrosses my whole time or attention; I have been employed in viewing several objects of curiosity in this capital.

I was accompanied this morning, by two gentlemen, to Count Moltcke's palace. It is very splendid, and a fine taste is shewn in the collection of the paintings which cover the grand drawing-room. They are as much superior in excellence, as they are inferior in number, to those I have seen in the king's cabinet of curiosities; or, as it is called here, the Museum. This last I have likewise seen once; but as I intend revisiting it, and it contains a number of curious and extraordinary productions peculiar to the Danish dominions, I shall mention it by and by in a future letter.—Count Moltcke himself, whom you may probably recollect in
7. England,

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England, when he accompanied his present Danish Majesty, lives now in a state of retirement, suited to his advanced age, and diminish'd influence over affairs of state. He was the favorite and the minister of Frederic the Vth; and so despotic was his sway during the concluding period of the late reign, when the king from personal and mental incapacities scarce held the sceptre in his hand, that he was commonly called "Konig," or "King Moltcke."

The round tower here is very singular. —It was built by Christian the IVth, under whom the celebrated Tycho Brahé flourished, and designed for an observatory. —There is not a single step in it, though very lofty.—You ascend by a spiral road, of near fourteen feet broad, from the bottom to it's summit. A professor, who shewed me over it, assured me, that one of their kings, (Christian the Vth as I recollect),
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recollect), drove in his carriage up and down it; and he even produced a book, as I doubted it, to prove the veracity of his assertion. I must own it may be easily done, though probably at some risk of the driver's neck.

Was it not for the fair Norwegian, with whom, after all, it must be owned I could wish to converse with the tongue, as well as the eye or hand, I find hardly any inconveniency resulting from my ignorance of the Danish language. Every person of fashion speaks French, and many of them English. The gentlemen of the army and navy here in particular, are almost universally used to these languages:—they are, at least several of them, with whom I have fallen into company, extremely disposed to treat a stranger with every mark of urbanity and politeness. One of them has already promised to accompany me over the island of Zealand,

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and to be my conductor on a tour I propose making to see the royal palaces; and I am engaged to-morrow morning with two others, to view a private collection of natural curiosities, which I am told is made with great taste and judgment.

The weather is still very cold: we have had hail almost every day since my arrival; nor are there as yet any marks of that sweet season, which the Italians so justly denominate the *gioventu del anno*, but which is pretty much unknown to Danish poets. Indeed, I apprehend the year is more properly divided here into the summer and winter, than as with us into four seasons. A short summer succeeds to the long series of cold and darkness, which environs them from October till April; and during this period, they often experience very great heats for a few days, or sometimes weeks. Certainly man is much affected by physical causes,

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and one is not surpris'd to find the elegant arts chiefly confin'd to luxurious and southern climates, and faintly raising their heads amid these snowy and inhospitable regions, where the inhabitants seem in some degree to partake of the asperities of their soil, and where royal munificence, however unbounded, can only raise a few sickly and straggling plants.

They seem to have a great turn for politics here, and as it may not be quite so safe to inspect too deeply into the conduct of their own sovereign and statesmen, they make themselves some amends by interesting themselves in those of the English nation. I am asked a thousand questions here, in every company, about the inhabitants of Boston, and relative to the East India affairs. They are unanimous in opinion, that the colonies will be soon absolutely free; and they give me a look of incredulity, and a significant shake of the

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he head, when I assure them that all will terminate quietly, that Boston must submit, and that government have uniformly embraced the most gentle, mild, and parental measures; I see they don't believe me, and I am oblig'd to refer them to futurity for the test of my assertions.

So few persons visit this metropolis or kingdom from motives of curiosity, that they are quite surpris'd when I assure them I have no sort of business here, and am only employ'd in the search of knowledge. Indeed, I apprehend, a month or five weeks is fully adequate to the completion of these purposes, and I shall not delay my departure an hour after that time.

There is no face of industry or business here; and Copenhagen, though one of the finest ports in the world, can boast of lit-

the commerce. The public places are filled with officers either in the land or sea service, and they appear to constitute three-fourths of the audience at the comedy and the opera. The number of forces are, indeed, much too large for this little kingdom, which has not been engaged in war these fifty years. They can boast, 'tis true, a vast extent of dominion; but of what importance are the barren and almost uninhabited mountains of Norway and Lapland, stretching to the pole; or the plains of Iceland, where the inhabitants are yet, and will probably ever remain, in the most profound barbarism? Their German dominions in Holstein are by far the most rich, and furnish a large part of the royal revenue. There needs, indeed, no stronger proof of the poverty of the kingdom, than the scarcity of specie. I have seen no gold, and hardly any silver. They pay every thing in paper; and if
you

you lose a single dollar at the card-table, or the billiard-table, it is given in a bill. I received two hundred rix-dollars yesterday morning, and not a single one in money.

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LETTER III.

Copenhagen, Friday, 29th of April, 1774.

I shall continue my remarks on the chief objects of curiosity here. I went Wednesday morning with a party of ladies to see the palace of Rosenbourg. It was constructed, as I am assured, by our celebrated Inigo Jones, and stands in the middle of a large garden. It is small, and at present very little used by the king, or royal family. There is an air of antiquity in all the apartments, tapestry, and furniture, which is not displeasing, and impresses with respect. The grand sala or dining-room, in particular, is in this style. The hangings, which are not ill executed, represent the various actions by sea and land, which diversified the antient wars

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wars between the Swedes and Danes, who seem always to have had the same national rivalry and animosity, which the French and English are distinguished for in Europe, and which, 'tis probable, they will ever in some degree retain. At one end of this grand apartment, are three silver lions as large as the life, who seem, by the ferocity and rudeness of their appearance, designed to characterize the age and nation in which they were cast. It is a sort of savage magnificence, which strikes more effeminate and luxurious times with wonder, to introduce such forms into a banqueting room of state. Here are several small cabinets full of curious rarities, which the various sovereigns of Denmark have successively collected, and left to their posterity. Many of them are intrinsically valuable; others, only preserved from some event or accident connected with them. Among the first is a fiddle,

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on which Christian the IVth made a sort of triumphal entry into Copenhagen. It is covered with pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones, and the spurs are of gold, enriched with jewels. The coat worn by the king, and a light helmet on the same occasion, are likewise covered with pearls. I forget the sum at which it was then estimated; but you may easily suppose it to be immense. They preserve likewise, with great care, a handkerchief of this prince dyed with his blood, from a wound he received by a ball which deprived him of an eye. The man who accompanied us, shewed me, with exultation in his countenance, a sword of Charles the XIIth of Sweden; it is just such a sword as such a monarch may be supposed to have used, and would well become the meanest soldier; it, indeed, evinces his strength and vigorous frame of body, by its size and weight. I question whether his present
 majesty

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majesty of Denmark could heave it, and I think I may be sure he could not draw it. The blade is at least four feet long, and both the hilt and garde are entirely composed of brass.

I could not help smiling when I entered the chamber in which Christian the IVth died. There are, indeed, some figures in it which may not improperly be termed celestial and angelic; but they are rather ill calculated for the regards of an expiring man, and would better become the cabinet of a young and elegant voluptuary. I remarked this to our conductor, who only shook his head, and shrugged his shoulders, but said nothing. If his majesty had been a Mussulman, I should have supposed he designed them as representative of the Houris, in whose arms he was so soon to repose his wearied virtue, and forget the toils annexed to royalty: but it seems he died a Lutheran.

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The gardens of this palace constitute one of the chief diversions of the city, as they are always open, and on festivals or Sundays are crowded with company. They are large, but not laid out with taste, or adorned with any productions of art, one statue only excepted of Hercules vanquishing the Nemean lion, which stands under a portico raised to defend it from the inclemencies of the weather. This is of Italian workmanship, and the artist has found means to display great anatomical skill and beauty in the attitude and muscles of the hero, who by an extraordinary exertion of strength, forces open and breaks the jaw of his adversary.

I went yesterday to see the private collection of rarities, paintings, &c. I mentioned to you before. It is made by a Monsieur Spengler, who, I apprehend, is well known in the literary world. He is by birth a Swiss, but his urbanity and learning

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learning have made him a citizen of the world. I have always found the great and good to be of no country. His pieces of painting are, for a private individual, numerous, and yet very select. Many of them have been presented by the masters themselves, as tributes of friendship or admiration, made to his genius or his heart. They are, indeed, mostly the production of German, Dutch, and Flemish artists. He is a fine mechanist and anatomist, and has some pieces of workmanship in both those branches of science, cut by himself in ivory, which are chefs d'œuvres. I was not surprized to hear him call Dr. Fothergill his intimate friend, or to find that he kept up the closest correspondence with the celebrated Linnæus in Sweden. I assured him of my intention to visit that great man in his retreat at Upsal, and that I had already procured letters of introduction to him. In justice to Denmark, I ought to add, that his

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his late majesty made this gentleman keeper of the Musæum, and that he enjoys a very easy competence. I was charmed to find that his elevated understanding, and uncommon talents, had not allied him to poverty.

I have been into all the churches here, whether German, French, or Danish; but it is not in Lutheran places of devotion, one must search for the productions of art and elegance: Madonnas and Magdalens are confined to catholic walls, and form one of the most enviable parts of the Roman form of worship and decoration. There is one church here, indeed, where they have placed six statues of plaster before the high altar. As they have armed two of these with monstrous gilt swords, as big as Charles the XIIth's, and a third is employed in blowing a trumpet, I must own I took them, at first sight, for a kind of guard drawn up to defend the

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holy

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holy place; but on a nearer approach, I found (probably for fear of such a mistake) that they had christened them all, and placed their names, severally and respectively, at their feet. To four of them they have applied the Jewish appellations of the angels, which occur in scripture, Gabriel, Uriel, Raphael, and Michael; but unhappily when they had got so far, having yet two nameless figures, and no more angelic titles, they seem to have been at a sad loss: under one of them they have put the word Cherub, and left it undetermined who he might be; and to the other, is affixed Jeremiell. Who Jeremiell is, I don't know. I should have thought it to be the prophet Jeremiah, only a little altered in one syllable of his name, and to confirm this suspicion he holds a book in his hand: but then he has a pair of wings, which puzzle one confoundedly. I could not satisfy myself quite about this personage, and must leave

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it to King Christian the Vth, who built the church and put up the statues, to answer for his own works, and unfold the enigma.

The police of Copenhagen is exceedingly good, and one may walk through the whole city at midnight with the most perfect safety. No robberies, no assassinations heard of. They wear no cloaks, nor conceal any filletoes under their habits, as in the southern kingdoms of Europe. Indeed, it is usually almost as quiet here at eleven o'clock at night, as in a country village, and scarce a coach rattles through the streets.

I don't apprehend this capital can be above the fourth part of the size of London, possibly not so much. It is fortified towards the land by a fossè, always full of water. The streets are commonly of a good breadth, and the houses very neat
and

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and handsome. There is one very beautiful place here, which approaches nearer to a circus than a square; each side or division of which is only one palace, and in the centre is an equestrian statue in bronze of the late King Frederic the Vth. I must own I was much more pleased with this, than with the Place de Victoires at Paris, and think it has a much better effect.

I have now written a long letter, and must put an end to it, as the post goes for England to-morrow. I shall yet stay here a fortnight, and in my next you may expect an account of the court. They are all in town at present, and don't go into the country these three weeks, as I am informed. Adieu! I am, ever,

My dear Sir,

Your most devoted, &c,

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LETTER IV.

Copenhagen, Tuesday, 3d of May, 1774.

I promised in my last letter to give you some little account of the court. I must, however, premise, that I have not had the honour of being presented to the sovereign here, as is customary with strangers from the other kingdoms of Europe. It is sufficient that I am an Englishman, not to wish it; and, indeed, with so jealous an eye are we regarded, at present, in this capital, that I can assure you, because I have it from the most respectable and incontestible authority, that so little an individual as myself, so humble and unknown a traveller as I am, is not only publickly talked of, but even suspected as a spy, because I come from England, and have no avowed motive,

except curiosity and knowledge. I have never, therefore, been at the levee, which is every Friday; but I go to the drawing-room, and mingle unnoticed among the crowd. I was there last night, when his majesty, the queen dowager, and Prince Frederic the king's brother, were present. To give you a picture of the court, as it now exists, I must carry you back to the time of the late celebrated, and unhappy favorite, Count Struensee. I have made it my endeavor, since my arrival here, to gain the most authentic and unprejudiced intelligence respecting him, and the late extraordinary revolution which expelled a queen from her throne and kingdom, and brought the ministers to the scaffold. I shall only inform you of some few anecdotes, which elucidate his character, and with which you may be unacquainted; though, as I never perused the printed account of his life and trial, which appeared in England, you must

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excuse me if I repeat what you have seen there.

Struensee, as you know, had not any noble blood in his veins, or consequently any hereditary and prescriptive title to the immediate guidance of affairs of state. Fortune, and a train of peculiar circumstances, coinciding with his own talents and address, seem to have drawn him from his native mediocrity of condition, and placed him in an elevated rank. He originally practised physic at Altena on the Elbe, and afterwards attended the present king of Denmark on his travels into England, in quality of physician. On his return, he advanced by rapid strides in the royal favor, and seems to have eminently possessed the powers of pleasing, since he became equally the favorite of both the king and queen. He was invested with the order of St. Matilda, instituted in honor of her majesty, created a count, and possessed

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possessed unlimited ministerial power: his conduct, in this sudden and uncommon eminence, marks a bold and daring mind; perhaps I might add, an expanded and patriotic heart. Unawed by the precarious tenure of courtly greatness, and more peculiarly of his own, he began a general reform. The state felt him through all her members: the finances, chancery, army, navy, nobles, peasants—all were sensible of his influence. He not only dictated, but penned his replies to every important question or dispatch; and a petition, or a scheme of public import and utility, rarely waited two hours for an answer. At present, I am told, you may be two months without receiving any. The civil judicature of this capital was then vested in thirty magistrates. Struensee sent a message to this tribunal, demanding to know the annual salary or pension annexed to each member: rather alarmed at this enquiry, they sent an answer,

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swer, in which they diminished their emoluments two thirds, and estimated them at 1500, instead of 4000 rix-dollars.* The count then informed them, that his majesty had no farther occasion for their services, but in his royal munificence and liberality, was graciously pleased to continue to them the third part of their avowed incomes, as a proof of his satisfaction with their conduct. He at the same time constituted another court, composed only of six persons of approved integrity, to whom the same power was delegated. He proceeded to purge the chancery, and other bodies of the law. Then entering on the military department, he, at one stroke, broke all the horse-guards, and afterwards the regiment of Norwegian foot-guards, the finest corps in the service, and who were not disbanded without a short, but very dan-

* A piece, value about 4s 6d English.

gerous

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gerous sedition. Still proceeding in this salutary, but most critical and perilous atchievement, he ultimately began to attempt a diminution of the power of the nobles, and to set the farmers and peasants at perfect liberty. You must not,—you will not wonder that he fell a victim to such measures, and that all parties joined in his destruction. These were his real crimes, and not that he was too acceptable to the queen, which only formed a pretext. It was the minister, and not the man, who had become obnoxious. I do not pretend, in the latter capacity, either to excuse or condemn him; but as a politician, I rank him with the Clarendons and the Mores, whom tyranny, or public baseness, and want of virtue, have brought, in almost every age, to an untimely and ignominious exit; but to whose memory impartial posterity have done ample justice. Yet I must avow, that though I cannot think Struensee made

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made a bad use, he certainly made a violent and imprudent one, of his extensive power. He seems, if one may judge from his actions, to have been in some measure intoxicated with royal favor, and such accumulated honors; and not to have adverted sufficiently to the examples which history furnishes of Wolseys in former days, and of Choiseuls in modern times, who most strikingly evince the slippery foundation of political grandeur. When he was even pressed only a short time before his seizure, to withdraw from court, and pass the Belts, with the most ample security for his annual remittance of forty, fifty, a hundred thousand dollars, an unhappy fascination detained him, in defiance of every warning, and reserved him for the prison and the block. The queen dowager, and Prince Frederic, were only the feeble instruments to produce this catastrophe, as being by their rank immediately about the person of the sovereign; though common
report

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report has talked loudly of the former's intrigue, and attributed it to her imaginary abilities. The only mark of capacity or address they exhibited, was in preserving a secrecy, which deluded Struensee and the queen Matilda, 'till the time of their being arrested. I have been assured, that on the last levee day preceding this event, the count was habited with uncommon magnificence, and never received greater homage or court servility from the crowd, than when on the verge of ruin. On the night fixed for his seizure, there was a *bal paré* in the palace; the queen, after dancing, as usual, one country dance with the king, gave her hand to Struensee during the rest of the evening. She retired about two in the morning, and was followed by him and Count Brandt. The moment was now come. The queen dowager, and her son Prince Frederic, hastened to the king's private chamber, where he was already in bed. They
kneeled

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kneeled down beside it, and implored him with tears and expostulations to save himself and Denmark from impending destruction, by arresting those whom they called the authors of it. 'Tis said, the king was not easily induced to sign the order, but did it with reluctance and hesitation. At length, their entreaties prevailed, and he affixed his sign manual to the paper. Colonel Koller Banner instantly repaired to Struensee's apartment, which, as well as Brandt's, was in the palace; they were both seized nearly at the same instant, and, as all defence was vain, hurried away immediately to the citadel. When Count Struensee stepped out of the coach, he said with a smile to the commandant, who received him into custody, "I believe you are not a little surprized at seeing me brought here a prisoner." "No, and please your excellence," replied the old officer bluntly; "I am not at all surprized, but, on the contrary, have long expected

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expected you."—It was five o'clock in the morning when the Count de Rantzau came to the door of her majesty's antichamber, and knocked for admittance. One of the women about the queen's person, was ordered to wake her, and give her information that she was arrested. They then put her into one of the king's coaches, drove her down to Elsinoor, and shut her up, as you know, in the Castle of Cronberg.—Mean while, as they dreaded an insurrection in Copenhagen, every military precaution was taken to prevent it; the most infamous and filly reports were circulated among the populace, to render the state prisoners odious: that they had put poison in the king's coffee, to destroy him: that they intended to declare him incapable of governing; to send the Dowager Queen Juliana out of the kingdom, as well as her son Prince Frederick, and to proclaim Matilda regent. To confirm these extraordinary and contradictory reports,

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ports, the king himself and his brother appeared in a state-coach, and paraded through the streets of the city, to show himself unhurt, and as if escaped from the most horrid conspiracy. During these transactions, Struensee and Brandt were detained in the most rigorous imprisonment. They loaded the former with very heavy chains about his arms and legs, and he was at the same time fixed to the wall by an iron bar. I have seen the room, and can assure you it is not above ten or twelve feet square, with a little bed in it, and a miserable iron stove. Yet here, in this abode of misery, did he, though chained, complete with a pencil an account of his life and conduct as a minister, which is penned, as I have been assured, with uncommon genius. A tribunal was appointed for the trial of the queen and the two counts, and a council assigned for each, to preserve an appearance of justice and equity. You know the result, and the winding up of
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the whole, on the 28th of April, 1772. I must, however, mention to you some few particulars relative to Count Brandt, as they are very remarkable, and equally true; nor do I apprehend you have ever heard them,

This unfortunate man rose chiefly under Struensee's auspices, though he was originally of an honourable descent. During a residence which the court made at one of the royal palaces, that of Hershholm, it happened that his majesty quarrelled with Brandt, and, which was singular enough, challenged him. This the count, you may imagine, declined. When they met soon after, the king repeated his defiance; called him coward; and Brandt still behaving with temper, as became a subject, he thrust his hand into his mouth, seized his tongue, and had very nearly choked him. In this situation can it be wondered at, that he should bite the
king's

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king's finger, or strike him, or both? Self-preservation must necessarily supersede every other feeling at such a moment, and plead his pardon. By Struenfee's mediation the quarrel was immediately made up, and the king promised never more to remember or resent the circumstance of his striking him. Yet was this blow, given to preserve himself from imminent destruction, and from the fury of an enraged man, made the pretence for his condemnation. They said, he had lifted his hand against the king's sacred person, which was death by the laws of Denmark.—His lawyer, I am told, made an excellent defence for him, and very forcibly remarked the essential difference between assaulting the sovereign, and only defending himself from a private attack. 'One

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'The king is not at home.'" All the courtiers then behaved with the utmost freedom and familiarity, unrestrained by the royal presence. When he chose to resume his kingly dignity, he said—"The king is again at home." But what, added he, must we do now, when the king is never at home?—This seems more like the speech of an Englishman than a Dane, and breathes a manly and unfettered spirit.

The skulls and bones of these unhappy men are yet exposed on wheels about a mile and a half out of town. I have viewed them with mingled commiseration and horror. They hold up an awful and affecting lesson for future statesmen.

I have been assured that Struenfee resigned himself to his own sentence without murmuring, or attempting to depre-

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cate the blow ; but that he expressed the utmost pity and abhorrence at the flagrant injustice committed in sentencing Count Brandt to the same death. They have portraits of Struensee in all the shops, with this motto round them:—*Mala multa Struens-se ipsum perdidit.* You see it is a miserable sort of pun upon his name. Yet, in defiance of all the calumnies of a triumphant party, the terrors of a despotic government, and the natural reserve among the people, there are, even here, who dare to speak, though ambiguously, their genuine sentiments. ‘Sir,’ said a man of sense and honor to me, a few days since, ‘between ourselves, all is not as it should be; we have at present neither king nor minister: an imbecility, mingled with disorder, characterizes our government: the effects are too visible: the blue and white ribbons are prostituted, and contemptible. The finances are in a worse state than when Struensee

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‘ found them: the army devour us. In Norway, affairs are yet worse: the king is unpopular there, and so little is his authority respected, that the Norwegians have refused, and still refuse, to pay the capitulation tax, nor can it be levied among them.’ I have not amplified or exaggerated in this picture, which I really believe is too just in most of the particulars. The king has certainly suffered much in his intellectual capacity, and they make very little scruple in general to own it. He can play, indeed, at cards; he can dance, or go to an opera; but he is doubtless in a state of debility, which disqualifies him for the conducting or superintending affairs of national import, and public consequence: these are left to the ministers, who tread very cautiously, and will not presently prosecute Struensee’s patriotic measures. His fall is too recent, nor have his bones yet returned to their parent earth. There is a vacuity in his af-

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pect,

pect, which is strongly marked; and he is much paler and thinner, than when you remember him on his tour in England. The queen dowager and Prince Frederic live in the palace with him, and accompany him, like his shadow, wherever he moves. The prince has received no other mark of bounty from nature, or fortune, than royal birth. He is very much deformed, and this personal imperfection has gained him the appellation of Richard the III^d, among those who do not love the court, though it doubtless originated among the English.

They have a Danish comedy here twice a week, and an Italian opera in the king's own opera house in the palace every Saturday, but I neither admire their singers or dancers.

I have not said a word to you in this letter of my fair Norwegian. She has lost
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her father since I wrote last, and I saw her not for two days, which she dedicated to his memory in retirement. She then burst upon me in all the melancholy splendor of mourning, her eyes red with weeping, and her beauty heightened by her dress. Was I to be much longer acquainted with her, I should make a very rapid progress, I believe, in Danish. My heart has done it already. Except this humble fair one, I have not seen above three or four very handsome or very elegant women in Copenhagen. Perhaps I may be too premature in my determination, but I do not think them, in general, to be compared for loveliness with our own women. I have heard this court likewise decried as very profligate, and very licentious. It may be so, for any thing I can say to the contrary; but upon my word, there are no symptoms of it visible. The king, though in the bloom of youth, and without a wife, lives as continent as Joseph
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seph Andrews; and as to Prince Frederic, nature, it is said, has very compleatly disqualified him for affairs of gallantry. It must be confessed at the same time, that the king acted very differently only a few years ago.

I shall go to-morrow morning in a large party to the town of Malmoe in Sweden: it is four leagues distant, on the opposite coast. The weather, which has been fine these three days, and rather resembled summer than spring, has put on a different aspect to-night, and threatens rain. If so, we shall delay it till Friday, as there will be a *bal paré* at the palace on Thursday, where I purpose to be present. On Sunday next I shall set out on a tour to the palaces. Mean while I dispatch this letter by the post, which goes for England this evening. Adieu!

I am ever

Your's, &c.

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L E T T E R V.

Copenhagen, Saturday, 7th May, 1774.

I Went through the royal cabinet or Musæum yesterday morning, accompanied by Monsieur Spengler. This collection is very large, and extends through all the vegetable, mineral, and metallic worlds, as well as the finer arts. It is more indebted to Frederic the IVth, than to any other sovereign. Every nation has produced her heroes and her patriots, on whom history delights to dwell. Some countries are, however, more fruitful in great and sublime spirits, than others. In Denmark, they have had very few to grace their annals. Sweden can boast her two Gustavus's, the first and second; nor are her Christina, or her Charles, unknown to fame. In what country, is not the

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name

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name of Peter celebrated, the greatest legislator that modern times have seen? But here the sun of genius has not yet blazed from a throne, and shed a temporary lustre on the surrounding darkness. There are, however, two favorite monarchs of Danish story, whose memories are revered, and whose golden days are frequently recalled with a sigh. The first of these was Christian the IVth, who was the opponent and competitor of Gustavus Adolphus, tho' with far inferior fame. The last was Frederic the IVth. This prince loved the arts, and attached from that principle to the land where they seemed to hover and reside, he made two visits to Italy; one previous to his ascending the throne, and one after it. As Christian the IVth is usually depicted on canvas or tapestry clad in armour, and holding a javelin in his hand, so this latter sovereign appears the patron of science, and the friend of the elegant and softer occupations,

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pations. I cannot omit to mention one action, however incredible, well authenticated of him, which displays a noble munificence of temper. During a carnival at Venice, he resided in that city, and in one evening is said to have won at the card-table, a bank worth 200,000 zechins, or nearly 100,000l. sterling, which he immediately presented to a noble Venetian lady, in whose house this happened, and whose whole fortunes were involved in this prodigious game of chance. They showed me at the Rosembourg palace, the dress in which he was habited, when he did this gallant action. It was that of a pilgrim, all the company being in masque.

They now keep among the greatest and most valuable curiosities, the chair in which Tycho Brahe was used to sit, when he made his astronomical observations at Uranibourg. The wood which composes it, is held in reverence, and preserved

ferred with the utmost care, as having belonged to so great a man. Thus it ever happens! I need not remind you, that the astronomer himself was driven from his native country by faction and malevolence; or that he died at Prague, in the court, and under the protection, of the Emperor Rodolphus, who sheltered this illustrious fugitive, and afforded him an asylum. It reminds one of Dr. Johnson's lines, so often quoted on similar occasions.

“ See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
To bury'd merit raise the tardy bust !”

The collection of paintings in the royal Museum is very large; and though it consists mostly of Flemish and German pieces, yet there are some few beautiful originals of Guido, Titian, Angelo, and even of Raphael's hand. Our own
Charles

Charles the Ist by Vandyke, and his sons by Kneller, hold a distinguished place. They were, you know, by the mother's side of Danish extraction. Their own painters or sculptors scarce appear in this numerous assemblage. There are, however, some paintings, chiefly historical, by Charles Dremander a Dane, not ill executed. Among these is one of the famous Margaret de Waldemar, who united in her person the three kingdoms of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, receiving the homage of this latter from it's sovereign.

I have never yet said a word relative to the palace itself, of which the whole Museum constitutes only a very small part. It was built by the present king's grandfather Christian the VIth; and, though it cost six millions of dollars, yet the inscription over the grand portal declares, that the sovereign erected it from the ordinary
ordinary

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dinary revenues of the crown, without laying any additional taxes or imposts on his subjects. This was, however, owing to the wondrous and laudable parsimony of his father Frederic the IVth, who, notwithstanding the almost continual hostilities he was engaged in with Charles the XIIth, yet left his dominions in the most flourishing state, and an immense treasure, at his death, behind him, in the coffers of the crown. It is of a prodigious size; and if I was inclined to find fault with it, I should say, it is too splendid and too magnificent for a king of Denmark; on the same principle, as foreigners constantly remark, that the palaces in England are far beneath the dignity and greatness of the British empire. I have only seen a few of the apartments of state, the far greater part of the internal structure being never shewn, while the royal family reside in town. One of these is very remarkable, and may be properly

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perly called the chamber of kings, as it contains no other paintings except the portraits of all the present reigning monarchs throughout Europe. These have been presented by the respective sovereigns. I could not but smile at the different manner in which they have been pleased to habit themselves. The king of Prussia, who has spent his life amid camps and armies, and has oftener slept in a uniform than a coat of velvet, has modestly dressed himself in a plain blue suit of cloaths, and the vizor peeps out at one corner of the piece just to mark the warrior; while Charles the IIIrd of Spain, who has scarce ever heard the clash of arms, "nor the division of a battle knows more than a spinster," has arrayed himself in compleat armour, and frowns dreadful from the canvas. This ridiculous ostentation of war only excites laughter, and stands finely opposed to the modest portrait of a prince, who might
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with so much propriety have invested himself with military trophies.

I went last Wednesday, in the party I mentioned, to Malmoe in Sweden: instead of four leagues, the distance is near double, and I am persuaded the passage is, at least, as broad as from Dover to Calais. We were, however, favoured by the wind, and got back again to Copenhagen about ten o'clock at night. It is a poor town, though fortified, and we procured with difficulty a miserable dinner at a wretched inn.—I must carry every thing with me in the carriage, I am told, in my intended journey by land from hence to Stockholm, as not any thing is to be procured in many of the villages. I have, however, some difficulty to conceive any country so very bad, and do not doubt the Danes exaggerate matters. We were very ill repaid at Malmoe for our trouble in visiting it. Except the body of a
monk,

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monk, who was immured in the wall of the great church, I saw not any thing curious. Tradition says, this wretch lived nine days, as they fed him through a hole with eggs, and that his punishment was inflicted for adultery.

I cannot say I am charmed with this metropolis, or find much to admire in it. To-morrow I set out for the country, to view the palaces, and probably shall not return till Wednesday. I intend only to remain here a day or two afterwards, and then begin my rout through Sweden. The coldness—not to give it a harsher name—with which an Englishman is regarded at present in this court, is an additional motive to accelerate my departure. In Stockholm and Peterburgh, we are, I apprehend, regarded with very different eyes. Pray, is it not somewhat singular, that neither the Danish or English envoys are at present in their respective departments?

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ments? Mr. Woodford has been in London some months, and I saw the Baron de Dieden in the drawing room here last Monday. It has an odd appearance, and several of the Danes have remarked it to me, and asked the reason of it. I assure them, I am totally ignorant, and know nothing.

The king was present at the *bal paré* last Thursday, and danced minuets and country dances as usual; in these, he excels. He afterwards played at cards till two o'clock, when he retired, and the company separated. This is the last, I am informed, which will be given this season, as the summer now approaches, and the court will soon go into the country.

One may with justice remark, that there is hardly any intermediate season here between winter and summer. Eight
days

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days ago, the former predominated; and now, so rapid is the alteration, the leaves are all out, and the weather during the day is extremely warm. This sudden change is by no means so grateful as our more slow and progressive one.

I shall reserve this letter till I return from my intended tour: I promise myself a very agreeable one, as we are two coaches and a large party. I am going now to the Italian opera.

So farewell!

Copenhagen, Thursday, 12th May, 1774

I Returned yesterday from my tour through the northern part of Zealand, and must own I have received great pleasure in this little excursion. Our first stage was to Roskild, which is four Danish, or sixteen English miles from Copenhagen.

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penhagen. It is one of the most antient places on the island, and is said to have been a considerable city several centuries before the present metropolis had any existence. This capital owed its commencement, like Venice, to a few fishermen, who erected their huts on the sea shore, and finding it convenient for traffick, gave it the name it now bears of Kiobenhaven, or merchants haven. The only remaining mark of the royal residence which Roskild yet retains, is, that of the burial of the kings. From the most remote antiquity, the sovereigns of Denmark have been interred in the cathedral. I spent two or three hours among the tombs and coffers in which repose their remains. The vaults under the church are very numerous, and the ground is covered with the coffins of kings, queens, and princes, who, though born in different centuries, are all now collected together, and placed in the same gloomy chambers,

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chambers, with no other attendants than silence and darkness. The splendor which accompanies those of exalted birth, even after death, is in many of these almost vanished, and time has destroyed the gold and velvet which originally marked their dignity.

I enquired for the celebrated Margaret de Waldemar, to whom history has given the epithet of the Semiramis of the North, and who united under her reign all the kingdoms beneath the polar sky. The man who accompanied us over the vaults, assured me her body was interred here, and by the light of his candle, enabled me just to perceive an iron-door, all access to which was blocked up by intervening coffers of monarchs her successors. "Within that door," said he, "is another vault, where rests the queen you enquire for. You can see no more." In such a situation, it was impos-

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sible not to be impressed with that sublime and awful melancholy, which scenes of this nature are peculiarly calculated to produce. The chilly and unwholesome dampness of the air, the mournful light produced by a solitary taper intruding on these abodes of darkness, the numerous dead arranged side by side, and marked with crowns to denote their departed grandeur—All these have a most forcible effect on the mind, and will tinge with a temporary solemnity the gayest temper. I found it so, and returned with pleasure from such a survey, to the upper air and chearful day.

Here, in one of the chapels, are two of the most magnificent monuments in Europe: they were made in Italy, by order of Christian the IVth, and are erected to the memory of his father and grandfather, Frederic the II^d and Christian the III^d. Those of Francis the first and Louis the XIIth,

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XIIth, in the Abbey of St. Dennis, are not equal in beauty to these, which are master-pieces of sculpture. Round the tomb of Frederic the II^d, all the events and warlike achievements which marked his reign, are exquisitely designed in bas relief. I could not but remark that Christian the IVth, who erected these monuments, and who is the idol of Danish story, has yet received no such honorary tribute from his posterity, nor has any marble tomb raised to his memory.

Besides those two last mentioned, there are four others lately brought here, of two later Danish sovereigns and their queens. These are done by the celebrated Wiedewelt, a native of this country, who is now alive. I may have occasion to mention him again to you by and by.

We drove twenty miles from Roskild to see a foundery for cannon, begun by

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the late king, and called from his name Frederic's Work. This the Danes expatiate on as the most extensive and astonishing undertaking in Europe, both as to utility and curiosity. I went over every part of it, and must own it by no means impressed me with any sensations of wonder or pleasure. They may make very good cannon, and other warlike stores, the work being exceeding large; but it is certainly no such extraordinary production, either of genius or magnificence, as they esteem it.

The palace of Fredericksbourg is only about five or six miles distant from this foundery. It is a very large chateau, moated round with a triple ditch, and calculated, like all the antient residences of princes, for defence against an enemy. It was built by Christian the IVth, and, according to the architecture of the times, partakes of the Greek and Gothic styles.

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In the front of the grand quadrangle, appear Tuscan and Doric pillars, and on the summit of the building are spires and turrets. It is at present very little visited by the kings, and his present majesty even altered the ceremony of the coronation, which was always performed at this palace by his predecessors. He was crowned in Copenhagen: the expence, and unfitness of the apartments at present for the reception of the nobility and court, were the reasons assigned for this choice. Some of the rooms are very splendid, though furnished in the antique taste. The knights hall is of a great length. The tapestry represents the wars of Denmark, and the cieling is one of the most minute and labored performances of sculpture I ever saw. The chimney-piece was once entirely covered with plates of silver, richly ornamented; but the Swedes, who have often landed on this island, and even besieged the capital, tore them all away,

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and rifled the palace, notwithstanding its triple moat and formidable appearance. The present banished Queen Matilda spent much of her time at this place, during the king's tour through Europe.

It is a beautiful ride through the royal woods from hence to Fredingborg. This was the favorite residence of the late King Frederic, who spent the greater part of his time here during the latter years of his life, in a kind of seclusion from his court and people. The Danes universally agree in saying, that he was generous, compassionate, mild and virtuous: his heart was full of humanity, and he was infinitely beloved by his subjects, till he unhappily contracted a fatal passion for wine, which incapacitated him for every public concern; and brought him to an untimely death.—The palace is small, but the gardens are laid out very prettily, and adorned with a number of statues done
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by Wiedwelt, the Rubiliac of Denmark. The surrounding country too is very fine, and there is an air of sequestration and retirement spread through the whole, which highly pleases.

I have yet one more palace to carry you over, and shall then quit the dwellings of princes, and return to humbler life. This is Herchholm, the most magnificent and spacious of any, built by Christian the VIth. It was the favorite residence of the court during the Queen Matilda's stay; and the man who shewed us the apartments, did not omit to mention the names of Struensee and Brandt, or to shew me the chamber in which the unhappy accident happened, when the latter struck the king, and paid for it with his life.

However dreary and comfortless the island of Zealand may be in the winter, when covered with snow, it exhibits

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bits at this season of the year a most pleasing aspect. It is flat every where, but covered with corn, or woods, and cultivated with great industry. I more than once thought myself on some of the Wiltshire or Hampshire Downs, by the great number of tumuli scattered on all sides. These exactly resemble in size and appearance those in England, and are probably antient Saxon sepulchres. I enquired if any of them had been opened by curious Antiquarians, as many of ours have been; but they only stared in answer to my question. Here are no Dr. Stukelys, to investigate the monuments of piety or magnificence, left by our ancestors! I observed likewise several collections of stones in a circular form, some of which are very large, and reminded me of Stonehenge, though on a smaller scale. About these likewise they are totally ignorant; and it would only be lost time to attempt to gain any account of their origin.

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gin or construction from the people who live near them.

I cannot help mentioning to you a lively description, which a gentleman, remarkable for his wit, gave me of Zealand, soon after my arrival. I dined with him, and among other questions natural to a stranger, I asked him, if the country was pleasant and agreeable. His answer was short, but very full. I shall give it you in French, as it was said, without translating it. "*Monfieur, il n'y a sur cette ifle, ni montagne ni riviere; mais pour des lacs, grace à Dieu, il y en a assez.*" This is as just, as it is keen; and I had often occasion to recollect the expression during my late tour.

The weather is at present very warm, and I promise myself an agreeable journey through Sweden, in defiance of bad inns, and every inconvenience I am threatened with.

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with. The season is, indeed, uncommonly favorable. Only three years ago, they were yet buried in all the horrors of winter at this very time, accompanied with a dearth of provisions which approached to a famine. Carriages and horses loaded with wood came over from Sweden on the ice, and returned again, at the end of April. It was the 6th of May, when four English vessels broke up the ice, and entered the port of Copenhagen, which could hardly have suffered greater hardships from the closest siege by an enemy, than it had done by the inclemency of the weather. It was midsummer before the leaves appeared on the trees, or summer changed the aspect of nature. I must own, the relation of these facts reconciles one to England with all its fogs and changes of climate, which, compared with these inhospitable countries, appear as trifles.

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I am much pressed by my friends here, to protract my departure for Stockholm a few days longer. If I obeyed the impulse of my heart, I should most readily comply with their request; but as I intend yet to visit Petersburg and Moscow during the summer, besides the last mentioned capital, I am proof to any solicitations of friendship; and as to more soft and tender ties, they are broken and dissolved. My fair Norwegian is no longer here, to fascinate me with her music, and break my resolutions by the magic of her eyes. She left Copenhagen the day before I set out for the palaces, and is gone to reside in a distant part of Zealand, where I shall never find her more. I had not even the wretched consolation to take her in my arms, and bid her a last adieu; and I have now only to endeavor to erase her image from my heart.

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On Sunday morning, at latest, I purpose to set out for Elfinoor; where I shall cross the Sound to Helfimborg in Sweden. I shall be six or seven days from thence to the metropolis, as I intend proceeding leisurely. I shall scarce have been a month in Copenhagen when I leave it, and yet I have very compleatly viewed every object worthy a traveller's attention. What ideas I have transmitted of them to you, I know not. I wish to amuse you; and as charity covers a multitude of sins, so friendship can hide a multitude of faults: I repose an unbounded confidence in your's. My next will probably be from Stockholm. Mean while I remain,

Your most affectionate, &c.

L E T -

L E T T E R VI.

Jonkioping, Wednesday Night, 18th May, 1774.

I Write to you at present from a little town in the heart of Sweden, where I arrived this morning, after a three days most disagreeable journey. As my stay here allows me an hour or two of leisure, I dedicate them to you, and shall give you some particulars of my rout, as they occur, without studying correctness or precision.

I left Copenhagen, as I purposed, last Saturday morning, and reached Elfinoor at noon. I could not help stopping on the road for a few minutes at the village of Nivad, to see the celebrated spot, on which Charles the XIIth of Sweden landed. The Danes opposed his descent,
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and erected a battery of twelve cannon for that purpose; but the young warrior, who was at that time, if I recollect right, only sixteen years old, drove them from their entrenchments, and was himself among the first of those who leaped from the boats on shore. Is it not my Lady Montague, who remarks in one of her letters, that great events, or actions, stamp a veneration on the spot where they were performed, and impress the spectator with lively sentiments of pleasure many ages after? I had occasion to remember this observation, while I stood upon the battery, the embrasures of which are now almost grown up to a level with the rest of the turf, and which will scarce exhibit, in another century, any traces of this engagement. It was a beautiful day, and I could not resist the united attractions of Mrs. Fenwick and Elfinoor, the former of which requested, and the latter demanded my stay till Sunday. Whether I was more influenced by the charms

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charms of the woman, than of the place, is a secret which I shall not unfold; but if you can draw any deductions on either side from your knowledge of my heart, you are at full liberty. This lady, whom I believe I mentioned to you before, is a native of Archangel in Russia, and is an eminent proof that those frozen countries can produce minds as highly tempered, and as exquisitely fashioned, as the most happy and genial soils.—But whither am I running? I had forgot I am to give you a description of my journey, and not a picture of a lady. Let us go on!

I crossed the celebrated passage of the Sound next morning, though it blew very fresh. We were over in little more than half an hour. At Helfimborg, where I entered the Swedish dominions, I had the pleasure of viewing the beautiful landscape reversed, which I had seen the preceding evening

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from the island of Zealand. Which of the two is actually the most charming, I leave connoisseurs to determine. I must confess I liked the view from Elsinor infinitely beyond the other. In the first, Mrs. Fenwick formed the principal figure in the fore-ground of the piece; but from the tower of Helsingborg, I could hardly with my glass distinguish the house in which she resided. Can you wonder at my preference?

I drove twenty miles in the afternoon, and was then obliged by the approach of night, and the want of horses, to stop at a miserable little inn, or rather cabin, where I could procure nothing besides milk; I lay down five hours in my cloaths, and got again into the carriage at three o'clock on Monday morning. Had I understood properly the manner of travelling in this country, which is to send a peasant forward from every post-

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house, to procure horses in readiness, I should have doubtless made a considerable progress on my way; but as I neglected this necessary step, I was obliged to wait at every stage an hour or two, while the horses were brought from the neighboring villages.

I was again forced to spend the night in a more desolate and dirty hovel than the first, where I wrapped myself in my great coat, and slept upon a table. In the morning, when I continued my journey, the whole aspect of nature was changed. The snow lay upon the ground two feet deep, and the winter seemed to have renewed its empire over these inhospitable plains, from whence the smiling month of May cannot banish him. In the hope of reaching Jonkioping at night, I set out, however, in defiance of the inclemency of the weather, which from having been very warm, was become

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in a few hours as cold and piercing as our Decembers. The drivers seemed totally unaffected by this sudden alteration, which did not produce any in their dress or cloathing; and the peasants, both men and women, were all bare-footed as before. The snow, however, conspiring with the want of horses, prevented me from reaching this town, and I remained last night at a house, which for horror of situation I never remember paralleled. It is quite detached from any village or hamlet, and the spot on which it stands, is a bare rock destitute of any covering or earth, and surrounded on every side by the deepest woods it is possible to conceive, and in which I had not seen one human creature for two leagues before my arrival. Yet in this situation, fatigue made me sleep very sound, and my servant by me, till three in the morning, when with the return of day, I entered my carriage, and left this most melancholy and wretched habitation.

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tion. Had I been in Spain or Portugal, I own my fears would have kept me awake, and I should have recollected every dismal recital of murders and assassinations, which nurses or novels had informed me of; but here these accidents rarely or never happen, and one may travel in perfect safety.

I got here about ten o'clock this morning, and gladly enjoyed a few hours of relaxation after so many unpleasing occurrences. It is difficult to give you a picture of the country through which I have passed from Helfimborg, the colours of which you will not imagine are heightened by fancy or invention. The first twenty miles exhibited some few marks of cultivation and agriculture; and though there was not one collection of huts or houses, which could be denominated a village, yet scattered cottages, and a little plowed land, amid an immense waste, informed

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the passenger that it was not totally unoccupied or unpeopled. But as I advanced farther into the Province of Scania, and afterwards into that of Smaland, even these faint traces of human residence vanished. Groves of fir or aspin covered the country; and in the course of sixty miles, I can safely assure you, I saw not a hundred people, and not ten hamlets: villages there are not any. I have drove from one stage to another, of twelve or fourteen English miles, without meeting or seeing a single person, though I cast my eye impatiently round on every side, in hopes to discern the countenance of man.

In many places the firs on either side the road formed avenues, as noble as those which are often planted in the entrance to palaces, or noblemen's seats; and through the whole was spread a kind of rude and gloomy magnificence, which, superadded

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peradded to their silence and loneliness, very strongly affected the mind. Even the birds seem to have abandoned these dreary forests, and I heard or saw none, except woodpeckers, and now and then the cuckoo. I enquired if they did not afford refuge to wolves or bears, as these animals are commonly found in those countries and places, which want population; but the peasants assured me the former were only in small numbers, and rarely seen: and as to bears, there are not any.

This deplorable want of inhabitants is one of the many evils which Charles the XIIth entailed on his unhappy kingdom. Unchecked by the defeat of Pultowa, by the loss of his richest provinces, and bravest subjects, his rage for war, heightened by personal animosity to the King of Denmark, induced him still to exert new

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efforts, and make fresh levies of soldiery from his bleeding and exhausted country: and though more than half a century has now elapsed since his death, Sweden has by no means recovered herself, or repopled her uninhabited plains.

The peasants are civil and humble to obsequiousness, grateful for the third part of a halfpenny, and infinitely less uncivilized and barbarous, than one would be tempted to suppose from the appearance of every thing around them. I saw a number of very pretty forms among the women, who used to crowd round the carriage at every post-house; and I must own that I distributed my schellings more in proportion to their beauty, than their age, infirmities, or poverty. Such is the enchantment of this captivating endowment, that I attempted in vain to resist its influence: my head condemned me, but my heart

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heart counteracted all its dictates, and warped my benevolence in compliance with its own feelings.

Had I not taken the precaution to carry wine and provisions with me in the chaise, I must have been almost starved in three or four days journey through these miserable provinces, where the peasants are strangers to every kind of aliment, except bread, and salt pork or fish. It is, indeed, a question whether the former of these deserves the name of bread, as it is a compound of rye and oats; among which they mingle, in times of dearth and famine, a kind of flour made of the internal bark of trees rasped: it is of a colour approaching to black, and of a taste which you must be as hungry as I was to relish. I imagine it must have been some of this kind, which their own Charles is said to have tasted, and remarked at the same time to the complaining

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ing soldier who presented it, that it was bad, but it might be eaten. You remember the anecdote, no doubt.

My servant, who is a German, and has wandered over half Europe in various services, was quite tired with four days of such miserable accommodation, and exclaimed in a rapture, at the sight of this place, that it was "*le paradis terrestre.*" It is, indeed, in itself a very neat country town, and most delightfully situated on the lake Veter. I am just returned from looking down from the top of the church on it, and the surrounding meadows, which are all cultivated, and, after the deserts I have passed, are peculiarly grateful to the eye. The lake itself, which is near a hundred English miles in length, extends far beyond the view to the north, and resembles rather the sea, than a piece of inland water. I could add some other remarks, but, upon my word, I am too
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much fatigued; and after my late journey, and three nights without having pulled off my cloaths, a pair of clean sheets has charms not to be resisted. So, for the present, adieu!

I shall continue my letter from Norkoping, or possibly not till my arrival at Stockholm.

Saturday Night, May 21st.

I Left Jonkioping Thursday morning, after the enjoyment of all that luxury of repose, which can only be purchased by preceding fatigue. My journey from thence, for near thirty miles, lay along the shore of the lake Veter, under the high mountains which bound it on the east side. I then entered the province of East-Gothland, and reached the city of Lindkoping, which is the capital, the
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same night. I was charmed to find myself once more in a civilized and inhabited country; every thing had assumed a cheerful appearance, and the groves of fir were succeeded by a cultivated and liberal soil, covered with grain, and exhibiting marks of industry.

Lindkoping is an inland place, very antient, and has nothing to detain a traveller, except its cathedral. It was, however, so crowded at the time I was there with the Swedish noblemen and their train who were sent to conduct the Princess of Holstein-Eutin, designed for Prince Charles his Swedish majesty's brother, that I had no little difficulty to procure a bed.

I lay at Norkoping last night, which is only twenty miles distant from the former. It is a very large town, and remarkable for its manufactures of fire-arms,

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arms, and every sort of military weapons. I went over the whole work, accompanied by the landlord of the inn, who spoke Italian, and must confess, though I am no judge of these sort of fabrics, which depend wholly on principles of mechanism, that it appeared to me highly to deserve attention.

About four miles north of the town, I passed the high mountains which separate East-Gothland from the province of Sudermania. Here the country again becomes rocky, barren, and woody. The flat and fertile fields which I saw yesterday, have been succeeded by a much less pleasing appearance. A scanty soil, where industry, however indefatigable, can only produce a sickly harvest, covers the bosom of a vast expanse of rock, which in many places appears bare and hideous, or only gives birth to a number of firs, which run up to a vast height on its naked surface,

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and seem kindly lent by nature to conceal in some degree her penurious and inhospitable aspect.

I now write from a little village about twenty-seven miles from Stockholm, and as I have ordered horses at three o'clock in the morning, I hope to reach the capital by ten or eleven.

I should not forget to say, that the road from Helfimborg to this place cannot be exceeded by any in Europe, that not excepted between London and Bath! It is made by the government, as those in France, and renders travelling very expeditious, where the relays of horses are provided by a courier. The horses are all very small, and, as they harness them abreast of each other, and never drive with a fewer number than four, it has the air of a triumph, rather than a post-chaise.

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My servant is this moment come to inform me, that to-morrow is the feast of Pentecost; and such is the fervor of religious severity in this kingdom, that the landlords on the road will not dispatch me during divine service, nor will the gates of Stockholm be opened to me, should I arrive at them before it is concluded. There is, however, one sovereign remedy in all these cases, which, I make no doubt, is equally efficacious in Sweden as in England: a remedy, which had it been timely applied by Pope Leo, even to the great father of Lutheranism, before his zeal and his ambition were stimulated by opposition, it is more than probable, would have stopt his mouth! I do not absolutely and literally mean gold, though it is somewhat nearly synonymous. To explain this, you must know, that whatever quantity of precious metals they have in the metropolis of this kingdom, I have not yet seen one bit,
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however small, either of gold or silver, in my long journey from Helfimborg to this palace; nor have they, I am well assured, any such commodities in the provinces. In lieu of these two articles generally used among us, they have two other species, which supply their place, namely, copper and paper. Their bank-notes are as low as one shilling and six-pence, and they have them of all values, rising gradually from that sum. It is often not a little diverting, when I tender them one of fifty copper dollars, which is adequate to 12s. 6d. English, to see them bring both their hands full of copper coins; nor can they convert it into current money by any other means.

I remember to have read, though I don't exactly know where, that the celebrated Corregio caught the fever of which he died, by wheeling home in a barrow the money he had received in payment

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for one of his pieces, in a very hot day, from the country, the price having been laid down in copper. Had Corregio been a Swede, I should not have been surpris'd at this story; and if there were any painters in this country, I should think it must be a very natural and common death among them, unless they were fortunate enough to procure bank-notes.

This extreme scarcity, or rather this absolute want of all gold and silver, is another evil which originated from Charles the XIIth's passion for war. It is well known, that towards the end of his reign, he obliged his subjects to give up all the silver of which they were possessed, and in its place he returned them small copper pieces, which he ordered to pass as silver dollars, value nine-pence each, throughout his dominions. This was Baron Gortz's invention, to supply the king with money to carry on the

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war in Norway; and it cost him his head after the death of his master. Numbers of these coins yet remain, though their imaginary value exists no longer, and they are reduced to their intrinsic worth, which is somewhat less than a farthing, three of them constituting a halfpenny. I have collected several, as I cannot but esteem them very curious, and have no doubt, that in another century, they will be purchased by Medallists and Antiquarians at a great price.

The weather is still extremely cold, and I have been this very day in two hard showers of hail. There is likewise an evident difference between this province, and that of East Gothland; in the latter, the trees were mostly in leaf, whereas here the spring is much more backward, and in some parts there are scarce any signs of its approach. These kingdoms may well be called the domain of winter, since he

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reigns here for nine months in full possession.

I shall send this by the post immediately on my arrival at Stockholm. You may expect to hear of me again in a few days, when I have recovered the fatigue of this long rout. Mean while, I remain,

Your affectionately devoted.

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LETTER VII.

Stockholm, Saturday, 28th May, 1774.

I continued my journey early next morning to this capital. As I approached it, the country appeared more rocky, barren and desert, and at the distance of a single mile from it, one is tempted to suppose oneself in the most unfrequented and desolate wild. Nothing marks the vicinity of a great metropolis. Agriculture cannot exert her powers, or labour produce harvests, where nature has denied the means. The eye discerns nothing on every side except firs and rugged rocks; and it would seem as if famine had here fixed her eternal residence.

I entered Stockholm over a floating bridge of a very considerable length across

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the river. I was, indeed, stopt at the gates, according to the prediction; but policy, and not religion, was the cause. After having undergone a very strict search, I was permitted to enter the city.

I am lodged at present close to the palace; and, as my landlord informs me, in the very apartments where his Grace the archbishop of Upsal resided during six months, previous to the coronation of his present majesty, which office he performed. You will perhaps suppose from this, that they are very elegant; that the hangings are of tapestry, and the chairs covered with velvet. Nothing less so, I assure you! A monk of La Trappe might almost occupy them without an infringement of his vow of mortification; and though I pay a ducat and a half, or 14s. a week, I was scarce ever so indifferently lodged in any city of Europe. The qua-

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lity which induced the archbishop to take them, was, no doubt, their neighbourhood to the palace. It would be difficult to discover any other to recommend them.

I cannot say that I have found many charms as yet in this city; the court are all in the country, at their respective palaces, and there is only one public diversion during the week, which is a Swedish opera. What kind of an entertainment this is, and how far the language is capable of musical beauty, I am not yet a judge, as there was no representation last Thursday, which is the night when they usually perform. For want, therefore, of other avocation, I have wandered over every part of the metropolis, and taken different views of it from the numerous eminencies which surround it. You may possibly accuse me of presumption when I assert, that almost in every point of view, the

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the situation of Stockholm is injudicious and improper for the capital of the kingdom. Policy, plenty, and commerce, seem all to dictate another part of Sweden as much more eligible. Permit me to justify my opinion by a few remarks.

The inhabitants themselves assure me, that the place owed its original, only about three centuries ago, to an accidental contingency. The viceroy, who at that time governed the country under Christian the II^d of Denmark, determined to found a city, and instead of fixing on a proper spot for the execution of his plan, he very wisely set a large piece of wood afloat down the Meler Lake, and resolved that at whatever place it should stop, there to build his projected town. A small island arrested the stick in its progress, and the name of Stockholm is said to have been given it from this circumstance.

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I was shewn the exact point of land where tradition says it happened, and where the first buildings of the city were erected. However this be, it was hardly possible to have found a more barren desert, or a less inviting situation in almost all respects. Even the river has a number of inconveniencies, as it winds in a surprising manner, and having no tides, ships must have a fair wind to reach the town; and should it be contrary, it is absolutely impossible. If I pointed out that part of Sweden, which appears to me designed by nature and wisdom for the foundation of a capital, I should mention Carlscrone. It's central situation between Copenhagen and Petersburg; it's vicinity to Pomerania and Germany; the fertile province of Scania, accounted the finest in Sweden, behind it; a port capable of containing the whole fleet, and in which they are at this time always stationed; it's climate, more mild and
southern

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southern than that of Stockholm by some degrees; all these circumstances seem to leave an unprejudiced person little room to dispute it's more advantageous situation.

There is somewhat uncommonly savage and inhospitable in the whole circumjacent country here. Even in this lovely season, when all animate and inanimate nature wakes from the long slumber of a polar winter, every thing is joyless and unfruitful, and the rays of the sun are reflected from the expanse of stone which invests the city round on every side, and from whose bosom no verdure springs to regale the eye. I repeat instinctively as I gaze around the celebrated lines in Churchill's Prophecy of Famine, which, however exaggerated they may be for the country he intended to paint, are almost strictly and literally true here; nor am I surpris'd to find a Christina flying from these uncivilized

lized and unlettered kingdoms, to the abodes of art and elegance.

This kingdom has, however, been more productive of immortal and sublime spirits, than all the others of the north. I feel myself affected with a reverential awe, as I walk through the church where repose the great names of Gustavus Adolphus, of Torstenfon, of Baner, and Charles the XIIth. I tread with decent humility over the vaults where their bodies are interred, and find a melancholy satisfaction in surveying the marble raised to their deathless fame.

I have conversed several times since my arrival here with Swedes on the subject of the victories and death of the last of these heroes. They are almost unanimous in the apprehension, or rather avowal, that he was put to death by those about him, and did not fall by a shot from the walls
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of Fredericshall, as is commonly supposed. As every circumstance relative to the fall of so extraordinary a man interests; and as there seems great reason to imagine he did not die by the chance of war, you will, I doubt not, forgive me if I am somewhat minute on this article.

Monfieur Voltaire has taken great pains to prove the contrary, and to vindicate the engineer who accompanied him, at the time, from so foul a suspicion. I, however, think his reasons very apocryphal, and even some of the facts he relates, as rather tending to give rise to an opposite conclusion. "The king," says he, "walked out to view the state of the
" advances made by his forces: it was
" night; he kneeled down the better to
" inspect them, and leaned his head on
" his hands. In this attitude, amid the
" darkness, he received a ball into his
" temple, and fell on the parapet, fetch-
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“ing a deep sigh. He was dead in an
 “ instant; but in that instant he had yet
 “ force and courage to put his hand to
 “ his sword, and lay in that posture.
 “ Megret, a French engineer, immedi-
 “ ately said with a coolness which distin-
 “ guished his character—“ The play is
 “ over; let us be gone!” I quote by
 memory, and therefore ask Voltaire’s par-
 don if I do not exactly and literally relate
 it as he has given it to the world; but
 nothing material is added or omitted.

The Swedes allow most of these cir-
 cumstances to be true, though they infer
 very differently. Is it, say they, proba-
 ble, that a ball from the fort fired at ran-
 dom, and in the night, should so exactly
 enter the king’s brain? Or is it not much
 more natural to believe that a pistol from
 some nearer hand gave so well-aimed and
 decisive a blow? His attitude indicated
 an intention of defence from some near
 attack;

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attack; nor would he have laid his hand
 on his sword to resist a cannon shot.

Megret’s remark was such, as one can
 with difficulty suppose any man to make
 on so disastrous and unexpected an event,
 as the king’s death, and seems rather that
 of a man who had a pre-sentiment of the
 winding up of this bloody catastrophe.
 Add to this, that the Swedes were tired
 of a prince, under whom they had lost
 their richest provinces, their bravest troops,
 their national riches; and who yet, un-
 tamed by adversity, pursued an unsuc-
 cessful and pernicious war, nor would
 ever have listened to the voice of peace,
 or consulted the internal tranquillity of
 his country. Baron Gortz’s oppressions,
 superadded to these, were intolerable;
 and no resource remained, unless to dis-
 patch the king. It was a very favorable
 opportunity, and was improved to the ut-
 most. The prince of Hesse, his brother-
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in-law, made little enquiry into the affair, and all passed without noise or tumult.

I have been the more inclined to give credit to this relation of Charles's death, from my own remarks on his dress. In the arsenal they preserve with great care, the cloaths he was habited in at the time he fell. These I have examined very minutely. The coat is a plain blue cloth regimental one, such as every common soldier wore. Round the waist he had a broad buff-leather belt, in which hung his sword. The hat is torn only about an inch square in that part of it which lies over the temple, and certainly would have been much more injured by a large shot. His gloves are made of very fine leather, and as the left one is perfectly clean and unsoiled, could only have been newly put on. The right hand glove is covered in the inside with blood, and the belt, at that part where the handle or hilt of

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of his sword lay, is likewise bloody; so that it seems clear he had previously put his hand to his head on receiving the blow, before he attempted to draw his sword, and make resistance. However, as he expired in the instant, no absolute inference can be made; and after having exhausted conjecture, we must draw a veil over this ambiguous and dark transaction, and rest contented with that ignorance and uncertainty which so often waits on the deaths of sovereigns. Dr. Johnston has drawn the most finished and masterly portrait of this extraordinary man, which ever fell from the pen of genius. Do you remember the four concluding lines? They describe his death.

“ His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
 “ A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
 “ He left the name at which the world
 grew pale,
 “ To point a moral, or adorn a tale.”

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I shall not take up your time by a description of palaces, which are ever a repetition of the same ideas, and usually present nothing besides hangings, gilding, and paintings, all over the world. Those in Sweden, though numerous enough, are even less splendid or magnificent than I have seen in most other countries of Europe. Neither architecture or painting display their beauties here, in any great degree; and their monarchs, though crowned with laurels and military trophies, have never signalized themselves by the protection of the softer arts, which humanize and refine a nation. There is, however, one signal exception to this remark in the person of the present Queen Dowager. This exalted lady, who is sister to the reigning king of Prussia, is the avowed protectress of letters, and encourager of merit. During her husband's life she possessed an almost unlimited influence over affairs of state; but at present she

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she leads a more retired and secluded life. Her summer residence is at Droningholm. This palace is the only one I shall minutely describe to you. It is neither large or splendid, but on the contrary is composed of brick, and was erected by Charles the Xth, about the middle of the last century. It's situation is singular, on the banks of the Meler Lake, which almost washes one of it's sides. The gardens, which are large, and extend in front of it, form a fine contrast to the prospects from every other part, which are only rude rocks, firs, and water. It is the triumph of cultivation and elegance, opposed to that of a savage wilderness. All the apartments of the palace demonstrate the fine taste of it's owner. Some of them contain collections of gems and medals; others are filled with natural curiosities, marbles, petrifications, and insects. The names of Paul Veronese, of Rubens, and of Rembrandt, are not here unknown, and several

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of their best pieces appear in the rooms. —I was astonished to see so ample a library; the books are collected with great judgment, and are in every branch of science. I have been assured the queen understands Latin as well as the modern languages; and I could not help remarking a Horace which lay open on her reading desk, among several English, French, and Italian authors. She has enriched this palace with many valuable antiquities brought from Herculaneum; and the idols of Egypt, Serapis, Isis, and the Dog Anubis, are among her collection. I must own I was very agreeably disappointed to find myself surrounded with all the richest productions of Greece and Italy, at a little villa on the banks of a lake in Sweden, the very name of which is hardly known in Europe, and where I only expected to see the standards of Charles the XIIth, or the battles of Gustavus Adolphus, wove in tapestry. I should not forget, however,

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to mention two galleries which are painted in that style: one is decorated with the victories of Charles the Xth, and the other with those of his son Charles the XIth. The kings of this country seem to have possessed talents for war by hereditary right; and we find not one of them, who appears in that point of light, to have degenerated from their great founder Gustavus Vasa. In the gardens, the queen dowager has lately built a little palace of pleasure, in a semi-circular form, composed of several apartments fitted up in that taste which we usually call the Chinese; though, unless a few Mandarins and Vases of China form this style, of which we really know scarce any thing, it may just as well be called an European structure, where whimsy and caprice form the predominant character, and spread a grotesque air through the whole. I have, however, received high entertainment from the view of this little sequestered retreat, which

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perhaps,

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perhaps, from the many various objects of curiosity it contains, merits the attention of a traveller above any thing in the kingdom.

The city of Stockholm forms a very striking contrast to the capital of Denmark, from whence I am lately come. It is larger considerably; but its superiority of size results more from singularity of situation, than any real advantage it has over Copenhagen in that respect. It is built on seven small islands or rocks formed by the river, and the suburbs extend on the main land to a considerable distance north and south. The inequality of the ground renders almost all the streets steep and inconvenient for carriages, but the houses are lofty and handsome, though chiefly composed of brick. It is enlarged nearly or quite half since the death of Charles the XIIth, and there are many very noble streets in these new quarters, of a vast length.

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In the midst of the city, stands the royal palace, on a hill very steep on every side, and commands a complete prospect of the metropolis, the river, and circumjacent country. It is square, fronting every way, and though much inferior in convenience or splendor in the internal part to that of Copenhagen, has a better effect when viewed from without. It was begun by Charles the XIth, continued under Frederic and the late king, but is not yet totally compleated.—During the winter, the whole royal family reside in it, though dispersed in the summer months at their respective country-seats. I have seen all the apartments, many of which are splendidly furnished; but there is nothing which can vie with Droningholm in the exhibition of art and refinement.

Scarce any thing can be imagined more lovely and agreeable, than the appearance

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of the river; it is divided into a number of branches, the sides of which are covered with public buildings, and elegant houses. In some places, where the breadth is very considerable, its stream is perfectly tranquil and slow: in others, where the channel is narrow, it rushes through with the impetuosity of a torrent. So many small islands are formed by it below the town, that almost every magazine of naval or military stores possesses a detached one; and there is a wild and romantic cast through the whole landscape, which is not unpleasing to the spectator.

The quay is not long, but of a prodigious breadth, exceeding in that respect any I ever saw in my life; and I am assured there is ten fathom water close to the shore.

I shall have the honor of being presented to the king Thursday next. You may expect

expect to hear from me, after I have seen a prince so distinguished for his abilities, and who, at the age of twenty-six, has changed the form of government without blood or difficulty: till then adieu!

Your's, &c.

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LETTER VIII.

Stockholm, Friday, 3d June, 1774.

I Will endeavor, as far as possible, to comply with your request relative to the young king of Sweden, and to draw a faithful portrait of him from the lights I have been able to obtain. His person, character, and actions, are all subjects so agreeable and flattering, that there is little need to request a Swede to converse upon them. You must excuse me if I carry you a little back in their history, in order to give you a more complete idea of the late revolution, and present form of government.

The oppression of the concluding years of the reign of Charles the XIIth was such, that on his death in 1718, the states

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states obliged his sister Ulrica Eleonora, previous to her ascending the throne, to renounce all hereditary right, or absolute power, and to hold the crown merely by elective consent. She resigned even this limited sovereignty two years after, into the hands of her husband the prince of Hesse, who died in 1751. He had the reputation of a brave and active king, and it is generally apprehended, would have repossessed himself of that power which his queen had been deprived of, if his want of children had not made him indifferent to an acquisition, which he could not transmit to his descendants.

Adolphus, the late sovereign, was a weak man, and under him the democratical authority attained it's utmost height. The royal revenue was very inadequate to his dignity, and his weight in the scale of government inconsiderable and despised.

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In this situation Gustavus the III^d succeeded to the crown. He possessed the same advantage over his two immediate predecessors, which his present majesty George the III^d of England did over his, on his accession; that he was born in the country over which he reigned, and spoke the language perfectly. The Swedes, who, since the year 1720, had seen only foreigners on the throne, were charmed to have once more a king from among themselves; and I have been shewn, since my arrival here, several silver medals struck to commemorate this happy æra, on the reverse of which is this inscription — *Fadern's land et*, “It is my native land.”

If one may credit the accounts given of the late procedures of government, while vested in the senate, it was high time to redress the injuries they did the state, which suffered greater evils from the irre-

solution, the delays, the divisions of a large assembly, than it can even undergo from an absolute monarch. Time had matured these seeds of dissatisfaction, and a young prince beloved by his subjects, was ready to take advantage of them.

I do not intend here to give an account of a revolution, the minutest particulars of which were transmitted at the time through all Europe, and which is too recent to be forgotten.

On the 19th of August, 1772, this extraordinary event was produced, which again restored to the crown those prerogatives she had lost for more than half a century. The king's secrecy, address, and diffimulation in so dangerous and critical a juncture, far surpassed what might have been expected from his age. It is said only five persons in the kingdom were entrusted with the design, which was car-

ried into execution with as much vigor, as it had been planned with sagacity and judgment. The soldiery and the people were successively gained by the eloquence with which the young king addressed them, who plainly evinced the vast importance of this quality in popular commotions, and public affairs. Very few persons were imprisoned, and that only for a short time; nor have any of them experienced, in the smallest degree, any diminution of the royal favor on account of their opposition. The senate took a new oath of allegiance to the prince, and tranquillity was restored throughout the kingdom.

You must not, however, suppose that an unlimited monarchy, resembling either that of France or Spain, is established in Sweden. On the contrary, they pretend that the present form of government is built on the model of the English one, and that in some important particulars, the

the sovereign is more restricted than ours, since he can neither make war or peace without the approbation of the other branches of the administration. It is, however, difficult to say, what limits are exactly fixed, or how far they may be enlarged and infringed, particularly under a prince who has already succeeded in his first enterprize, and certainly possesses, in an eminent degree, many of those qualifications and talents, which have a prodigious effect on the multitude. He is affable in his manners and conversation to condescension, and often makes unexpected visits to persons of very inferior rank, where he behaves with an ease and politeness which must infallibly render him beloved. He inspects into every department of state in his own person, and the meanest subject may present his grievances without fear of repulse. His soldiery adore him, and the peculiar attention he pays to their discipline, the continual re-
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views he makes of his regiments in different parts of his dominions, his disdain of fatigue, and undoubted personal courage, may probably render Sweden some years hence more important in the scale of Europe, than she has been since Charles's death. At this instant, there is a camp formed only half a mile without Stockholm, where his majesty is present every day, where he receives the compliments of the nobility and people of condition in his tent, and where he usually sleeps. Very large reviews are intended in Scania, and in Finland; great military stores are continually laid up, and every thing has the appearance of forecast and design. Unable to reward those officers who adhered particularly to him at the revolution, with pensions or pecuniary emoluments, he has found means to attach them by ribbons and stars, which he distributed without parsimony, and which are equally effectual, without draining an exhausted treasury.

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treasury. He has likewise founded a new order of knighthood, known by the name of Vasa, designed for men of merit in every station, and which is conferred, without the least attention to birth or distinction, on every man who deserves well of his country. He is active on all occasions, more commonly on horse-back than in a carriage, and has rarely any of the parade of royalty. In his person he is rather low, and inclined to thinness; his face is not handsome, and, what is singular, one side of it does not resemble the other, his features being a little distorted; an accident which probably happened in the birth.

The Swedes universally lament that he has no children by the queen; and it is on this account, that his next brother Prince Charles is now married, in hopes of an heir to the throne. The king is said not to be of an amorous complexion, or attached to women.

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When I went over the palace some days ago, I was struck with a small head of a beautiful woman, in his own private apartment. The attendant informed me, it was a lady to whom the king was much devoted, when on his travels; that she is since dead; and that when he received the news, he burst into tears, and would not be seen for two days; so passionate was his regard to her memory*.

I could not help remarking likewise, in those rooms which his majesty occupies, that the walls were covered with views of Narva and Pultowa, and on the tables lay plans of battles and sieges innumerable, chiefly those fought by Charles the XIIth and the other Swedish kings.

* I have been since assured this person was a French lady of high rank, and daughter to the minister who was disgraced only a few years ago.

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You may perhaps esteem these anecdotes too trivial and unimportant to merit recital, but as they may tend in some degree to elucidate the private character of a man who has already rendered himself celebrated throughout Europe, I hope you will excuse the minuteness I have been led into, from the desire of conveying to you a faithful and accurate picture of him.

The two grand obstacles which must prevent this kingdom from answering to the views of an ambitious or enterprising sovereign, are the want of population, and the scarcity of coin. I am surprised to hear that marriage is not encouraged by every honorary or emolumentary mark of favor, which the government can confer on it, since it seems the most essential and necessary policy they can adopt.

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If the report be true which is commonly circulated relative to the other object, I mean the finances and public money, it doubtless marks a superior genius, and a sound train of ministerial management. This plan is to call in at once all the paper credit now in circulation, and to pay the whole of it's amount in specie, from the treasury; but if this be really intended, it must require a considerable time to carry it into execution, and make so surprizing an alteration in the state.

If one may form any judgment from the appearance of affairs in the North at this time, Sweden seems to have little to fear from any of those great powers who combined against Charles, and in the end were victorious. Ruffia is engaged in a tedious and expensive war with the Porte, which has drained her treasury and provinces. The imbecility of Denmark,
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more than the alliance between the crowns, renders them secure on that quarter; and Poland, torn by intestine commotions, is not now in the condition she was, under Augustus, who joined Saxony to his elective kingdom. Pruffia is in the closest union of blood and friendship; but experience has taught how brittle are all the ties which unite monarchs and politicians.

I shall reserve this till I return from my proposed tour to Upsal and the iron mines. I set out this evening. Mean while, adieu!

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Elfcar-Eue, Thursday Night, 8th June, 1774.

UNEQUAL as I find my powers of description to the beautiful displays of nature I have been witness to since quitting Stockholm; mean and imperfect as must be the idea I can convey of objects which elude the chains of language, and to be fully felt must have been seen; I shall yet adhere to my promise, and endeavor to give you a narrative of my journey, while the impressions it has made on my imagination are still lively, and the traces undecayed by succeeding ideas.

I quitted Stockholm last Friday, in company with a gentleman who did me the honor to be my guide, and to whose polite-

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politeness and attention I am exceedingly indebted. We stepped into our vis-à-vis about six in the evening, after storing it with wine and cold provisions sufficient for a much longer journey, and which the Swedish hospitality has hardly suffered us yet to diminish; we only stopped to change horses, and about three o'clock in the morning arrived at the gentleman's seat where we proposed making a short stay. I can hardly say we drove by night, since at this season of the year, darkness is unknown, and I could have very easily read a good print at midnight. The house is built in one of the most eligible and pleasant situations I have seen, on the banks of a lake, about nine English miles in circumference, and in a cultivated country. In the afternoon of the ensuing day, we crossed the lake in a boat where it was about a league broad, to view the ruins of a castle on the opposite side, which exactly faces the house where

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we were entertained, and forms a beautiful termination of the view. An antient peasant, who was at work in the garden adjoining to it, conducted us through such of the apartments as are yet accessible. He said, it was called Morby Palace, and had been built no less than eleven hundred years ago, as tradition delivered, by a bishop's daughter. It passed afterwards into the renowned family of the Oxenstierns, who inhabited it in the last century, but quitted it on account of it's continual want of repairs, which rendered it untenable. He added, that many of the Swedish sovereigns in days of yore, had visited it, and that national diets had been held within it's walls. It has, indeed, a most venerable and majestic appearance at this time, and there seemed to be an air of departed splendor spread through the whole, which corroborated very strongly the peasant's story. The evening was uncommonly fine, the sun shone full upon
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the ruins of the building, and it's walls were washed by the waters of the lake. All nature around was serene and placid; no wind ruffled the surface. I rowed out a small distance from the palace, and plunged into the water: I think I never enjoyed the luxury of bathing in a higher degree. We returned before supper to our benevolent host, who omitted nothing to render our visit agreeable, and pressing-ly solicited us to prolong it some days. Early next morning, however, we proceeded on our journey, and were entertained at another magnificent country seat belonging to the same gentleman, about thirty miles from the first, by his steward, to whom he had previously sent orders for that purpose. We drove twenty miles in the afternoon, and alighted about five at a palace rather than a villa belonging to a lady, whose husband was an Englishman, and is lately dead. The name of the house is Forsmark. She was
K 4 playing

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playing at chess with an old nobleman when we entered, and most politely bid us welcome, requesting us at the same time to make as long a stay as our time would admit. I complied with so polite an invitation without knowing the super-added inducements I afterwards found, and which were but too powerful in their influence over me. Tea was brought, and two ladies, who as well as ourselves were visitors, entered the room. The eldest of these might, perhaps, be about sixty. She not only spoke French perfectly well, but conversed very fluently in English, which she acquired from Count Gyllenbourg's lady, who was a native of England, and was married to the count during his residence as envoy at the court of London, in the reign of George the First. The youngest, who was her niece, might have passed her nineteenth, but I think could not have completed her twentieth year. A few
freckles

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freckles which the sun had produced on her skin, in spite of every care to prevent it, only served to set off the fairest complexion in the world. Her features were very small, and the contour of her face more approaching to the round than oval. Her under lip in speaking hung a little down, and disclosed at times a range of teeth perfectly clean and white. The colour of her eyes was grey; but nature had given them a persuasive and affecting eloquence, which left the gazer no power to remark critically that defect, if such it was. Her hands were exquisitely formed; her fingers long, and her nails finely shaped. Her habit was a *jesuite a la campagne*. It was of a purple brown, trimmed with white silk, and reaching to the wrists. What it denied, however, to the view in one part, it disclosed in another. Her arms were invisible; but her neck, down to that part where it swells into the bosom, was exposed to view; it's white-
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ness might challenge a comparison to snow without any metaphor: round it she wore a blue and white satin binding, and from that depended a little diamond cross, which in any other situation might have attracted notice, but here was lost in the superior charms of the breast on which it reposed. Her hair was light, and dressed with a very becoming grace. When she went out, she wore a white riding hat surmounted with a black feather, and covered her face with a thin veil of green silk. Through her whole person and dress was a *propreté* and neatness which was strikingly attractive, and which had peculiar merit in a country where the women of every condition are rather liable to the contrary imputation. You must not wonder at the minuteness of this portrait, which had you conversed with the original, you would be tempted easily to forgive. Her conversation was such as became a person of education and condition.

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She spoke the purest French, and with the most graceful delivery. She sung prettily, and at my request favored me with two or three Swedish as well as French songs. I was more pleased with the former, which I did not understand, than with the latter, which I could perfectly comprehend. The reason was, I remarked, or thought I could remark, a something in her manner, in her eyes, in her action, when she sung the first, which was not to be traced in the other. I wished to know the sentiment couched under the words, and desired her to inform me what was the subject of them. She declined this explanation, from an incapacity of transfusing its beauty into another language; and I seemed perfectly convinced that her avowed excuse was just, though my heart assigned a truer reason for her refusal, and gave me perhaps as faithful an idea of the song, as a literal translation could have done. It is needless to say I paid to such a wo-

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man all that humble and assiduous attention which her personal and mental accomplishments so justly challenged, and to which I could not be insensible. She seemed pleased with my endeavors to render myself acceptable to her, and I had the vanity and the weakness to imagine that when I kissed her hand, and held it a moment between mine, before I parted with her to retire to our respective apartments at night, that I had some little interest in her esteem. We all breakfasted in our separate rooms the next morning, according to the custom here, where people never meet, as in England, to eat toast and butter and drink tea round a large table.

On coming down I found the nobleman whom I mentioned at my first arrival. He is by birth a Pomeranian, and is called Count Liewen: he possesses the highest honors Sweden can bestow, being

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being one of the sixteen senators, and a knight of the Seraphim, which is the most honorable of any order. Our conversation turning on Charles the XIIth, his character, and victories, I asked him, if he remembered that monarch's death, and would favor me with the particulars of it. He gave me the fullest answer to this question, which, as it is perhaps the most authentic and indisputable authority to be procured, I shall repeat, as nearly as my memory assists me, in his own words.

“There are now very few men alive, said he, who can speak with so much certainty to that point as myself. I was in the camp before Fredericshall, and had the honour to serve the king in quality of page, on that night when he was killed. I have no doubt that he was assassinated. The night was extremely dark, and it was almost an impossibility that a ball from the fort

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fort could enter his head at the distance, and on the spot where he stood. I saw the king's body, and am certain the wound in his temple was made by a pistol bullet. Who gave it, is unknown. Siker was suspected, because he was not with his majesty previous to the blow, but appeared a moment after. Those, added he, who are used to military affairs, know the report and noise which a cannon ball makes; but the report of the shot which destroyed the king was that of a piece close at hand, and totally different. I do not believe the prince of Hesse was concerned, or privy to it, in any degree; but the belief that he was put to death by a private hand, was general in the army at the time."—I leave you to make your own reflections on this very extraordinary and dark transaction.

The Count had visited, after Charles's death, almost all the courts of Europe; he was in England in 1722, and knew Mr.

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Walpole (afterwards so celebrated) at that time. He had been in company with the celebrated regent of France, and Augustus king of Poland. He visited the beautiful Countess of Konigsmarc, mistress of that monarch, after her retreat to the Abby of Quedlingbourg, and assured me her person was then wondrously attractive, though she was in the decline of life. He was in the court of Denmark during the reign of Frederic the IVth; but had never the pleasure to see the greatest prince and man of his age, Peter the Ist.

I was absolutely enchanted with the conversation of this venerable nobleman, and felt that wisdom can fascinate as much as beauty, where it is so pre-eminently possessed. Will you not then applaud my philosophy and self-command, when I inform you, that in spite of so many inducements to prolong my stay, I yet forced myself away the following evening, and pursued,

pursued; though with reluctance, my intended journey? I must, however, mention to you one circumstance relative to the young lady of whom I spoke before, which may perhaps make you smile at my expence. There is an odd *etiquette* adjusted in this part of the world for female deportment, which permits to a lover or an acquaintance the most unbounded familiarity with the hand of his mistress, which he may kiss, squeeze, press, or do with almost whatever he has a mind; but her lips, nay, her very cheek is a palladium which she guards with unremitting vigilance, and to which neither eloquence or subtilty can usually procure him any access. I was resolved to try whether I could not surmount this vexatious obstacle, and obtain one conquest over the tyranny of prescription. I was convinced no address or contrivance would avail me, without the additional force of authority and example to influence her.

I bethought me of a stratagem, and already bound my brow with the myrtles I was certain to gather. When I bid the whole company adieu, I began with the mistress of the mansion, and returning her my warmest acknowledgments for her bounty and hospitality, bowed most respectfully on her hand, which she gave me to salute. "And now, madam," said I in English to the old lady, "I shall take leave of you in the English style: I am sure you have no objection." So saying, I put my arms about her neck, and kissed her cheek. She was very well satisfied with this piece of gallantry, and said to me, laughing, "Go and serve Charlotte so." I advanced elate with joy, and throwing into my attitude and countenance the utmost humility and supplication, asked, if I might not aspire to such an honor. I should not, however, have waited for an explicit consent, and was just going to reap the fruit of my intrigues

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trigues and labors, when stepping back hastily two paces, she laid her hand on her breast, with an air which implied more than any words could have done, and throwing a look at me of surprise and refusal—" *Monsieur,*" said she, "*il faut souvenir que je suis Suedoise.*"—She needed not to be more minute or firm in her determination: I saw that I had undertaken an enterprize above my capacity, and had only to endeavor to retire with honor. I disdained all approach to violence, and was resolved that what I could not receive from her own consent, I would never attempt to seize by compulsion. Her hand she tendered me, and making a virtue of necessity, I imprinted on it a cold kiss, and bid her farewell. She looked at me, when I left the room, and accompanying us to the gate, followed the carriage with her eye till it was out of sight. Whether she intended this as some compensation for her rejection of my attempt, or whether

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ther she did not partly repent of having refused, from an illiberal prejudice, so innocent a liberty, I cannot pretend to say; and I was too much mortified and too much vexed at the time by so unimportant and ridiculous a trifle, to concern myself to ascertain the principles on which her behaviour was founded. I soon, however, recovered my gaiety, which this accident had clouded, and prepared myself for a very different scene, than that of Forfmark.

We lay at a very pretty village called Ostarby on Monday night, and went about three miles next morning to see the mines of Danmora. They are celebrated for producing the finest iron-ore in Europe, the iron of which is exported into every country, and constitutes one of the most important sources of the national wealth and royal revenue. The ore is not dug, as in the mines of tin or coal,

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which we have in England, but is torn up by powder. This operation is performed every day at noon, and is one of the most tremendous and awful, it is possible to conceive. We arrived at the mouth of the great mine, which is near half an English mile in circumference, in time to be present at it. Soon after twelve, the first explosion began. I cannot compare it to any thing so aptly as subterraneous thunder, or rather volleys of artillery discharged under ground. The stones are thrown up by the violence of the powder to a vast height above the surface of the earth, and the concussion is so great as to shake the surrounding earth or rock on every side. I felt a pleasure corrected with terror as I hung over this vast and giddy hollow, to the bottom of which the eye attempts in vain to penetrate. As soon as the explosions were finished, I determined, however, to descend into the mine. There is no way to do this, but in a

large

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large deep bucket capable of containing three persons, and fastened by chains to a rope. The inspector, at whose house I had slept the preceding night, took no little pains to dissuade me from the resolution, and assured me not only that the rope or chains sometimes broke, but that the snow and ice which lodged on the sides of the mine frequently tumbled in, and destroyed the workmen, nor could he warrant my absolute security from one or both of these accidents. Finding, however, that I was deaf to all his remonstrances, he provided me a clean bucket, and put two men into it to accompany me. The gentleman who travelled with me, had already been into the mines of Fahlun in Dalecarlia, where there is a ladder for that purpose, and he did not chuse to see a second mine, after having once gratified his curiosity. I wrapped myself therefore in my great coat, and stepped into the bucket. The two men

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followed, and we were let down. I am not ashamed to own that when I found myself thus suspended between heaven and earth by a rope, and looked down into the deep and dark abyss below me, to which I could see no termination, I shuddered with apprehension, and half repented my curiosity. This was, however, only a momentary sensation, and before I had descended a hundred feet, I looked round on the scene with very tolerable composure. I was near nine minutes before I reached the bottom, it being eighty fathoms, or four hundred and eighty feet. The view of the mine, when I set my foot to the earth, was awful and sublime in the highest degree; whether terror or pleasure formed the predominant feeling as I looked at it, is hard to say. The light of the day was very faintly admitted into these subterranean caverns. In many places it was absolutely lost, and flambeaux supplied its place.

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place. I saw beams of wood across some parts from one side of the rock to the other, where the Miners sat, employed in boring holes for the admission of powder, with as much unconcern as I could have felt in any ordinary employment, though the least dizziness, or even a failure in preserving their equilibrium, must have made them lose their seat, and dashed them to pieces against the rugged surface of the rock beneath. The fragments torn up by the explosion previous to my descent lay in vast heaps on all sides, and the whole scene was calculated to inspire a gloomy admiration in the beholder. A confinement for life in these horrible iron dungeons, must surely, of all punishments which human subtlety has devised, be one of the most terrible. I remained three quarters of an hour in these gloomy and frightful caverns, and traversed every part of them which was accessible, conducted by my guides. The weather above was

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very warm, but here the ice covered the whole surface of the ground, and I found myself surrounded with the colds of the most rigorous winter, amid darkness and caves of iron. In one of these, which ran a considerable way under the rock, were eight wretches warming themselves round a charcoal fire, and eating the little scanty subsistence produced from their miserable occupation. They rose with surprise at seeing so unexpected a guest among them, and I was not a little pleased to dry my feet, which were wet with treading on the melted ice, at their fire. There are no less than 1300 of these men constantly employed in the mines, and their pay is only a copper dollar, or 3d. English, a day. They were first opened about 1580, under the reign of John the IIIrd, but have only been constantly worked since Christina's time. After having gratified my curiosity with a full view of these subterranean apartments, I made the signal for being drawn

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drawn up, and can most seriously assure you I felt so little terror while reascending, compared with that of being let down, that I am convinced, in five or six times more I should have been perfectly indifferent to it, and could have solved a problem in mathematics, or composed a sonnet to my mistress, in the bucket, without any degree of fright or apprehension. So strong is the effect of custom on the human mind, and so contemptible does danger or horror become when familiarized by continual repetition!

Leaving the mines of Danmora, we proceeded to the seat of Baron de Geer at Lofsta, which is about twenty miles distant. He was gone himself into the province of Gestricia only the day before; but had left the strictest orders for our entertainment and reception with his steward, who performed with punctuality his master's command, and seemed to know

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no bounds to his hospitality and respect. This is one of the handsomest country seats in Sweden, and is, I believe, one of the most northern in Europe. Nature is every where forced at an immense expence, and art has omitted nothing to embellish and adorn a spot, which, without it, must be a melancholy marsh, devoid of any beauty or charm. It may be a very agreeable residence for a few weeks in July and August, but is too near the pole to be tolerable the far greater part of the year, during six months of which it is buried in snows. The ground has not been totally free from it more than three weeks at this time; and though the sun shone very clear yesterday morning, yet the wind being at north-east, which comes from the deserts of Lapland, it was so cold, that I was half froze even in a great coat. Such is my detestation of these inhospitable and polar countries, that no honors or fortunes

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tunes could tempt me to remain in them, and I would rather reside in a cottage beneath a temperate and genial heaven, than in a palace invested so many months with ice and darkness. This sentiment the Swedes laugh at, and assure me that there are pleasures in furs and sledges, and the rigors of winter, of which I have no conception. I am very ready to allow it, and only desire to be excused from experiencing them in my own person. I presume the inhabitants of Karga under the Pole, where the Russian nobles are often sent, can likewise find reason to admire their native climate, and justify the predilection we always feel for those objects to which we are accustomed.

From Baron de Geer's seat, we had about twenty-five miles to the river Dahl, which divides the provinces of Upland and Gestricia. Here we left our carriage, and passed over in a boat to the island of Elfskar-

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Elfcar-Eue, from whence I now write. It is about three miles in circumference, and almost entirely covered with woods of aspin, birch, and fir, which at this season of the year are very beautiful, and spread a gloom and awfulness not unpleasing to a contemplative mind. We are lodged at a very genteel house, the master and mistress of which omit no endeavors to render our stay agreeable. As we arrived here yesterday about noon, it was our intention to have left it this morning; but I have found it impossible so soon to quit a place where I have enjoyed the most sublime and wondrous prospect I can almost conceive. This is the cataract of the river Dahl, about a mile and a half distant from the house where I am at present. It is now eleven o'clock at night, and I can most distinctly hear its roar, which alone interrupts the solemn silence spread over the face of nature. I have spent near five hours in gazing upon it

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at different times to-day, and am yet unsatisfied with so confined a view. In vain would I attempt to raise in your bosom the tumultuous feelings of wonder, rapture, and awful delight, which I have experienced from it: in vain shall I endeavour, by a laboured description of its minute parts, its size and depth, to give you correspondent and similar emotions. It is one of those objects which to be felt must be seen, and before which language sinks unequal. Yet what I can do to convey some idea of it I shall.

The Dahl rises in Norwegian Lapland, and after passing through a vast extent of country, empties itself into the sea about twenty miles from this place. It is above half a mile broad between the island I now write from and the falls; but at the cataracts, its banks being much narrower, it runs with vast impetuosity. A small island, or rather rock, of half a quarter of

a mile

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a mile in circumference, divides the river at the place. In the winter, when one of the cataracts is frozen over, the island is accessible, but at this time it would be impossible to reach it alive. The eye takes in both falls at once from either bank. The depth of each is about forty feet; but one is abrupt and perpendicular, the other oblique and shelving. As nearly as I can judge by my eye, the breadth is not in either less than eighty or ninety yards, and I am inclined to believe it more. The tremendous roar of these cataracts, which, when close, is superior far to the loudest thunder; the vapour which rises incessantly from them, and even obscures them from the eye in many parts; the agitation of the river below for several hundred yards before it resumes its former tranquillity; and the sides covered with tall firs, which seem like silent and astonished spectators of it; form one of the most picturesque and astonishing

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nishing scenes to be beheld in nature's volume; nor would I have resigned the pleasure I experienced, as I lay on the loose stones almost immediately beneath it, and was covered with the spray from its dashing billows, for the most voluptuous banquet a sovereign could bestow. —It is only nine days ago since six unhappy fishermen were carried down by the rapidity of the current, and forced over the precipice, where they all perished. Four of their bodies were found, but so disfigured and torn by the water, that they could not be known, and many similar accidents have happened.

After having viewed the cataracts this afternoon, I drove about three miles along the banks of the river to see the intrenchments made by the Russians when they landed in 1719, and burnt the country on every side. Here I alighted from my carriage, and as this spot is the boundary

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dary of my journey to the north, and the nearest approach I shall probably ever make to the pole, I could not help leaving some memento of my wanderings, by engraving with a pen-knife on the bark of a tall aspin the name of my mistress, and the year when I visited these inclement kingdoms. At this island, from whence I now write, I am only about two hundred miles from Umea Lapland, and even the intermediate provinces are sufficiently barbarous and uncivilized to deter any traveller from entering them. The gentleman who resides on this island has given me such a picture of the winter as makes me shudder; and I bless my fortune that I have only seen it in June. To-morrow morning early we shall turn our faces to the south, and expect to reach the city of Upsal at night, which, as we do not pursue the direct road, is distant from hence between fifty and sixty miles. I cannot promise to write to you from
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thence, as our stay will not probably exceed a day, but from Stockholm expect the conclusion of my tour.

Stockholm, Tuesday, 14th June, 1774.

WE arrived at Soderfors, which is twenty miles distant from Elfcareue, about ten o'clock Friday morning. The road lies along the sides of the Dahl, on which the village itself is situated. After staying to view the forges for anchors at this place, we proceeded to Upsal, and arrived there early in the evening. I intended to devote the following day to the survey of the colleges, public buildings, curiosities, paintings, and all those exhibitions of art and learning usually found in seminaries of knowledge and study. The Swedes had inspired me with such exalted ideas of this university, that I was only fearful lest a single day might be far inadequate to such an undertaking,

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and wished to have spent a longer time in so agreeable an occupation. I am, however, at present most compleatly undeceived, and can assure you that Upsal has hardly one inducement to draw a man of taste to visit it, unless from being the residence of a Linnæus. This Lycæum of the north has not one piece of painting within it's walls, and only two of sculpture, which are busts of Gustavus Adolphus and Charles the XIth. A gentleman who resides here, and who is son of the late archbishop of Upsal, did us the honor to be our Ciceroni, and to conduct us over the place. I enquired of him how many colleges there were, and which was the most celebrated. "Sir," said he, "we have three; but I cannot say that any one of them deserves your notice. The principal objects of attention are the library, the cathedral, and the botanical garden. I know not of any thing else." The first of these is a neat good building,
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and there is a cabinet in it, at which for want of a better employment I spent an hour or two, while the librarian shewed me a number of little trinkets, rather than rarities, which are preserved with great care. Among these, is the identical bag which Judas kept, one of the thirty pieces of silver money which he received for his perfidy in delivering up his master, and a pair of red slippers in which the Virgin Mary paid a visit to her cousin Elizabeth. I must do the man the justice to say, that he blushed as he shewed them to me; and I could not help telling him, that I thought the university would not do amiss to send these precious relics to St. Januarius, or my lady of Loretto, who, if they were not already provided with others, might probably be highly obliged by so valuable an accession.

As to the cathedral, it is built of brick, and as the two towers at the west end

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lately wanted repair, they have with great taste added a Doric architrave to these Gothic walls, and placed two great domes of copper on the top. It must notwithstanding be for ever venerable, while the remains of Gustavus Vasa, and Chancellor Oxenstiern repose in it. The last of these great men, whose virtue and wisdom Sweden yet reveres, rests in an obscure chapel, beneath a common stone. He has no monument erected, or epitaph inscribed to his memory; while a St. Eric, who was a king and a devotee in some barbarous age, is preserved in a shrine of silver gilt, and placed on the right hand of the high altar.

There are at this time, as I am assured, near 1500 students in the university of Upsal. They are not, however, young men of family and condition as with us, but for the most part are miserably poor, and lodge five or six together in wretched hovels amid dirt and penury. The professors

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professors in different branches of literature are about twenty-two, the largest of whose salaries does not exceed 130l. or 140l. per annum, and are in general not half that sum.

On our first arrival, the gentleman who accompanied me, and who was intimately acquainted with Linnæus, sent his compliments to say, that he would do himself the honor to wait on him if agreeable immediately, and would introduce at the same time an English gentleman, who had been induced to visit Upsal from the fame of so great a man. He sent us word in return that he would pay us a visit in the afternoon at three o'clock, when he had done dinner. He came punctually at the hour marked, and after staying some time conducted us to the botanical garden, where he shewed us his collection of plants, shrubs, and flowers, which are very numerous, and have been presented

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to him from every part of the globe. At the door he took his leave and quitted us. This celebrated botanist is now in the sixty-ninth year of his age, having completed his sixty-eighth only last month. He is of a middle size, inclining to short, which is still increased by his stooping prodigiously when he walks. He was dressed in a plain blue suit of cloaths, and booted, as is common with the Swedes. At his button-hole hung the white cross of the order of the polar star, which was conferred on him by the late King Adolphus, who admired and honored him. He enjoys a very easy independence from his salary, and pupils in the university; besides which, he is said to be possessed of a considerable fortune acquired by his profession. He has a country-house about five miles out of town, and keeps his chariot. He has one son and four daughters alive; but I don't find they possess any of their father's genius. At present he
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very rarely attends the botanical parties which are made twice every week round Upsal, and are conducted by his son, who is botanical professor. Monsieur Linnæus has been in England, France, and Germany, but speaks no languages except the Latin and Swedish; in the former of which he converses with perfect facility. His knowledge, I am assured, is by no means universal, but confined almost absolutely to natural history, in which it is unbounded. His faculties are as yet unimpaired except his memory, which begins to suffer some diminution. The remark, that a prophet has no honor in his own country, is very much verified in him; and I found those persons who were intimately conversant with his life and actions, more inclined to dwell on his personal imperfections, his foibles, and his weaknesses, than to expatiate on his astonishing talents, and extended fame. Thus it always is where we view the object at too inconsiderable

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a distance, and through the medium of those littleneſſes, which are inſeparable from humanity. Well might the witty Rochefoucault aſſert, that "Admiration and acquaintance are incompatible." Time only can hold up to view pre- eminent merit, and aſſign it the due rank in the temple of memory.

Upſal was antiently the chief reſidence of the kings of Sweden, and is much older than the preſent metropolis. It is ſituate in a vaſt plain, open on all ſides, and at preſent covered with grain. The houſes are moſtly of wood, nor is there one public or private edifice of ſtone in the city.—We left it Sunday morning, and arrived here the ſame evening. In this journey of near ten days, I have almoſt made the complete tour of the Province of Upland. The country is chiefly a horrid deſert, covered with ſhapeleſs ſtones, or with impenetrable woods, in-
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capable of cultivation, and devoid of inhabitants. The quantity of land employed in tillage does not bear the proportion of one to twenty; perhaps I might ſay even leſs, without any violation of truth. Nature has, however, made them in ſome degree amends for this pariſimony, by enriching theſe barren waſtes with inexhauſtible mines of copper, iron, and ſilver. The peaſants are chiefly employed in the manufacture of theſe metals, and I have viſited fix or ſeven forges on my journey, each of which conſtantly employs from four to fourteen hundred workmen only in iron. Wherever there is a country feat, you may be certain to ſee one of theſe fabrics; and no Cyclops were ever more dextrous in working their materials. I have ſeen them ſtand cloſe to, and hammer, in their coarſe frocks of linen, a bar of ore, the heat and refulgence of which were almoſt inſupportable to me at ten feet diſtance,
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and with the sparks of which they are covered from head to foot. I had the pleasure of viewing the whole process used to reduce the ore into iron, and must own it is very curious and instructive. They first roast it in the open air for a considerable time, after which it is thrown into a furnace, and when reduced to fusion, is poured into a mould of sand, about three yards in length. These pigs, as they are then denominated, are next put into a forge heated to a prodigious degree; they break off a large piece with pinchers when red hot, and this is beat to a lesser size with hammers. It is put again into the fire, and from thence entirely finished by being laid under an immense engine resembling a hammer, which is turned by water, and flattens the rude piece into a bar. Nothing can exceed the dexterity of the men who conduct this concluding part of the operation, as the eye is their sole guide, and it requires an exquisite

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exquisite nicety and precision.—It is certainly a most happy circumstance that Sweden abounds with these employments for her peasants, as from the ungrateful soil and inclement latitude, they must otherwise perish of misery and famine.

Through the whole country are lakes, and pieces of inland water, on the banks of which their palaces and villas are usually built. My late tour has been entirely from one to another of these houses, and nothing can exceed the generous hospitality I have found every where. It would even be resented if a stranger visited a forge, without paying his compliments to the owner, who expects that mark of his attention and respect. This custom plainly shews how few persons travel in these parts of Europe: if they were numerous, it would be quickly laid aside, or at least restrained within narrower limits. I cannot say as much in praise of the Swe-

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dish refinement or elegance, as of their benevolence and civility: there is, indeed, one quality which must precede these among a people; I mean neatness, a virtue which I have ever found in an eminent degree among the inhabitants of warm climates, where nature and necessity oblige them to extreme cleanliness. There is a profusion of dishes at their entertainments, but no taste in the arrangement or disposition of them. The table groans beneath a number of covers, which are all brought in at once, and then left to cool during a ceremonious meal of at least two hours. But the prologue to this play is even worse. Before they sit down to dinner, the company take bread and butter, which they wash down with a glass of brandy, and this horrid fashion prevails not only among persons of condition, but extends even to the ladies as well as the men. I must own I cannot reconcile myself to a custom, which, though

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though it doubtless originated from the extreme coldness of the climate, is only worthy the Muscovites before the reign of their reformer Peter.

I have made it an object of my endeavours since my arrival, and during my residence in this capital, to know if there are at this time any men of genius, or persons eminent in painting, sculpture, or poetry, as I should have endeavored to procure an introduction to their acquaintance. They have mentioned two or three names to me, and lavished encomiums on their productions; but I apprehend their rarity, rather than intrinsic greatness or lustre, has given them some reputation in a country, where nature has been fertile of laurels, but not of bays. The names of Steinboch, Piper, Lewenhaupt, and Oxenstiern, yet survive in their immediate descendants; and the present court is composed of the grand-children

dren of those celebrated generals who fought at Narva and at Pultowa.

I am now just going to bid adieu to Sweden: where my next letters will be dated from is very uncertain, possibly from Abo, or some parts of Finland.

I remain, with devotion,

Your most affectionate, &c.

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LETTER IX.

Abo in Finland, Tuesday, 21st June, 1774.

YOU will see by the place from whence I date, that I have now reached the eastern side of the gulf of Bothnia. A spectacle of a singular kind detained me, however, at Stockholm, a day longer than I had intended. The scene lay in a large park, about an English mile without the gates of the city, where the camp has been pitched some weeks, and which is finely adapted for a martial entertainment, from the nature of the ground, which is irregular and full of declivities: the rising parts of it are covered with small woods of fir, and it is divided by a branch of the Meler Lake, over which is a floating bridge. The king of Sweden commanded about two regiments, mostly

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mostly infantry; his youngest brother, Prince Frederic, had under him near 1000 troops horse and foot. They were entirely ignorant of each others motions, his majesty only endeavouring to surround the inferior army, and the prince exerting his endeavors to effect a secure retreat. The queen dowager with her daughter the princess of Sweden were present in a little open chaise, which permitted them to follow the soldiery over the field, and be present every where. The king, dressed in his uniform, was mounted on a cream-coloured horse, and appeared as much animated and interested in this essay of arms as he could have been on a day of action. It was about five in the evening when it began. I cannot pretend to pursue the two generals through the different manœuvres of their conduct, which passed in too rapid a succession, and were of too intricate and uncertain a nature to admit of a minute description. The result was,

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however, favorable to the king; his brother having neglected to seize on a post which might have commanded a retreat in case of emergency, found his error too late, and when he would have availed himself of this passage, discovered that his rival's troops were already in possession of it, having crossed the river in boats for that purpose. After having endeavored in vain to force them from this post, he formed his infantry into a hollow square, and maintained a brisk fire on all sides for a considerable time; but finding himself environed by a much superior body of forces, and no possibility of escape, he delivered up his sword to the king, and his soldiers remained prisoners of war. His cavalry had, however, seized on a small but most advantageous spot, and, unterrified by the fate of their companions, refused to surrender, and demanded permission to march off the ground with all military honors. Their fate was not

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must be a stranger, very politely accosted me. I was glad to have such an opportunity of gaining a little information relative to the island. He said, it was about one hundred and eighty miles in circumference, and had upon it between five and six thousand inhabitants; that they paid no pecuniary taxes, but were only obliged to furnish a certain number of men for the defence of the kingdom; and that vassalage was unknown, they being all free in the most extensive sense. 'There is no town,' continued he, 'upon the island, and the peasants have always remonstrated against the founding any, as the Swedish government have repeatedly intended. My residence is at Castleholm, about three miles from hence, and close to which you must pass. It is an antient fortress, built by the viceroy who founded Stockholm, and repaired by our celebrated Christina. It contains at present little worthy a traveller's

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veller's attention. There is, indeed, a room where the unhappy King Eric the XIVth was confined. I have had the curiosity some few years ago to visit it; but the access is at this time so ruinous and even dangerous, that I cannot advise you to attempt it.' I returned him thanks for his advice, though I was fully determined to act in opposition to it; and having bid him adieu, pursued my journey. I arrived in half an hour at the castle, and alighted under the walls: it stands in a beautiful situation on the banks of a river, and commanding an extensive view on every side. It was not till after a quarter of an hour's search, that the peasant who drove the carriage, and who had known the castle forty years, could discover the passage which led to the chamber, where the king had been imprisoned; and it was with still greater difficulty I could enter it when found. I crawled upon my hands and knees under an arch, the stones of

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which having fallen down in a course of years, had almost filled up the way; and after passing this narrow entrance, I had two ladders to mount, which did not appear capable of bearing much pressure. I followed, however, where my guide led the way, and entered the apartment through a trap-door. I must own I was struck with compassion and horror to think that a sovereign had been the tenant of such a dungeon, which is too miserable for the worst malefactor. It is composed of stone, and vaulted overhead: I measured it by my paces; it was about twenty-three feet long, and twelve broad. The light is admitted by a narrow window, through a wall five feet in thickness. In one corner is a little fire-place, and in the other a cupboard hollowed in the wall. The flooring is of brick, and, as the peasant pretended to shew me, is worn away in those places where the king was used to walk. I should be ashamed to say, that

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that all my knowledge relative to this royal captive, and the circumstances which produced his confinement, are drawn from conversation, if I could not assure you that this is almost the only source from whence such information can be derived. Gustavus Vasa, Gustavus Adolphus, Christina and Charles the XIIth, have all had their biographers, and may be procured in every language; but I attempted in vain to buy at Stockholm a history of the Swedish kings, there being no such production. I am chiefly indebted to the gentleman of whom I have just made mention, for the little I know relative to Eric. He was the eldest son of Gustavus Vasa, and succeeded his father in 1560. His name appears among the list of our Elizabeth's suitors, but he seems to have been ill formed by nature for success in gallantry. He was immoderately addicted to the study of astrology, a weakness not confined to him

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alone, but which characterized the century in which he lived. He was deposed in 1568, by his brother John the IIIrd, and after being removed to different prisons, he ended his days at Gripsholm in Sweden, though whether by a violent or a natural death is more a matter of speculation and suspicion, than of certainty or fact. Every nation seems to have had it's Eric. The Wenceslaus of the empire, the Peter the IIIrd of Russia, the Alfonso the VIth of Portugal, and the Henry the IVth of Castile; are only the same sad story differently told, and varying in minute circumstances. The English have had many Erics: our annals are more stained with royal blood, than any others of Europe, and foreigners justly remark, that one hardly passes the ruin of a castle, where some one of our princes has not been imprisoned or beheaded. But to return from this digression.

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I left Castleholm after I had gratified my curiosity, and continuing my journey, arrived at the termination of the island, as the sun set. It was my intention to have gone on to Finland by the post rout, through several small islands or rocks, from one to another of which, there are constantly boats provided to convey travellers. Just as I was on the point of carrying this design into execution, four or five of the country people came, and proposed to convey me from thence strait to Abo. They said, the distance was only about one hundred and twenty English miles, that the wind was very fair; that they had often made the passage in twelve or fourteen hours, and doubted not to do the same now; that I needed not lose a moment, as their little vessel was in readiness, and only waited my orders. I did not hesitate long, but complied with the offer, and left Aland about midnight on Saturday. I slept, as I had done the preceding

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ceding night, in my carriage, and at seven in the morning found myself in a narrow passage, surrounded by high rocks, and the people employed in rowing. I made no question that we were already in the river of Abo; but was not a little chagrined to find on enquiry, that the wind had fallen away, that we were hardly thirty miles from the place we had quitted, and that I must not flatter myself with landing in Finland that day. They added, that the whole way was thro' such channels as I was then in; that several of the islands by which I sailed were inhabited; and that if I pleased they would land me on one of them, where I might procure some refreshment. To this I gladly consented, and about nine o'clock I went ashore on one called Lappo. I walked to a little hamlet at a mile distance from the shore: the poor peasants very cheerfully brought me some cream, and assisted in boiling my coffee. No-
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thing could exceed their poverty; a little black bread, fish, pork, and a sort of mixture they called beer, constituting all their sustenance. After having made a very comfortable breakfast on this unknown and sequestered island, I returned again to the boat. During the whole day, we pursued our voyage through a labyrinth of small rocks and isles, many of them covered with firs and aspens; some few green and beautiful, but far the greater number barren and rugged. I could have fancied myself among the Cyclades, so famous in antient story; but here were no temples sacred to Apollo or to Juno, nor had genius and poetry conspired to render every cliff and promontory immortal. Many of the prospects were, however, wondrously picturesque and romantic, and I frequently stopped the boatmen for a minute, to gaze upon the extraordinary scene around me. Sometimes we went through channels of only twenty or
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thirty feet in breadth; sometimes the water opened into a considerable expanse, and often there appeared to be no avenue on any side. I was astonished how they so exactly knew their track, in this intricate and perplexing maze, through which nothing besides long experience could have conducted them. We were about forty miles from Abo when the sun went down, and I was once more obliged to sleep in my carriage: we entered the river early yesterday morning, and about eight o'clock I finished my voyage.

There is not any thing in Abo, which has entertained me in the survey, or can amuse you by the description. It is a wretched capital of a barbarous province. The houses are almost all of wood, and the archiepiscopal palace is composed of no better materials, except that it is painted red. I enquired if there was not any thing in the university to merit attention;

tion; but they assure me it would be regarded as a piece of ridicule to visit it on such an errand, there being nothing within it's walls except a very small library, and a few philosophical instruments.

I waited on the governor soon after my arrival; he has procured me horses on the road from hence to Helfingfors, the first town in my way to St. Petersburg, and which is one hundred and twenty miles distant. As the weather during the day is at present very hot, I shall delay my departure till the evening. There is at this time a great annual fair, and I have amused myself this hour past in looking from the window of my apartment, at a croud of three or four thousand Finland peasants, who are collected together, and form a curious *coup d'œil* in their country dresses. Adieu! I shall write as I continue my journey.

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Wybourg in Carelia, Wednesday, 29th June, 1774.

FINLAND is not so very unfertile or uncultivated a province as I had been taught to expect. I saw no part of Sweden, except East Gothland, which is so free from those vast stones which nature in her anger scattered over these kingdoms; nor any, where the soil is apparently more fertile, or the country better peopled. The peasants speak a barbarous jargon equally unintelligible to a Swede or a Russian; but in the towns the former language is generally used, and generally understood. I staid at Helsingfors a day, more to recover my past fatigue, than from the desire of seeing an immense fortress built as a barrier against the Russians, and in which there is at this time a garrison of 8000 men. It is not yet entirely compleated;

but as more than two-thirds of the soldiery are constantly at work on the fortifications, it is to be presumed it will be in full readiness for the next rupture between these rival nations.

I slept at the city of Borgo Friday night, and at ten the ensuing evening I arrived at the confines of the Swedish monarchy. The river Kymen divides the empire of Russia from the dominions of Sweden: across it is a wooden bridge, one half of which is constantly repaired by the one, and the other half by the other nation. I was stopped by the guards on either side, and underwent a very minute search before I was permitted to proceed. At about a league beyond this boundary, my carriage broke down in a deep wood, more than two English miles from any cottage: it was about four in the morning when the accident happened; I left the postilion to guard the chaise, and walked

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on with my servant to the next Russian hamlet. We addressed ourselves to the first peasant we met, who was a Swede by birth, and understood the language. After much entreaty, I prevailed on him to furnish me with a wheel from his own little charrette, as mine could not have been repaired in many hours, and they even declared it incurable from its long services, and numerous ailments. I thought myself very happy to procure this temporary aid, and by the help of it I arrived at Frederichamn the same evening. Here every thing announced a different people from those I had just quitted. The features, the complexion, the manners, the dress of the inhabitants were all Muscovite; and a thousand leagues could not have made a more striking alteration than a few miles had done. It is exactly the same in crossing the Pyrenees from French into Spanish Navarre; and plainly evinces how strongly

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the character of the individuals which compose society is tinged and formed by the government, policy, and religion of the nation.

The plan of Frederichamn is one of the most elegant I have ever seen, and realizes in miniature that attributed to Sir Christopher Wren, after the fire of London; in 1666, all the streets going off like radii from a centre, in which is a handsome hôtel de ville. The unaffected politeness and hospitality with which I was received by General Sestikoff, to whom as governor of the city I paid my compliments on my arrival, detained me here a day. He introduced me to the prince of Iffembourg, a German in the empress of Russia's service. I mention his name, only to give you a picture of this country as he described it to me himself. "These provinces were, as you know," said he, "conquered from Frederic, king of Sweden,

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den, by the late Empress Elizabeth. On the cession of them to her, and the evacuation of the Swedes, the best estates were bought by peasants, priests, and mechanics for the smallest trifles. It is unpeopled, uncultivated, and unfertile. I have myself purchased above forty English miles of land since my arrival for only 2000* rubles."—I recollected the prince's words, as I drove from Frederichamn to this city, the whole intermediate country being the most savage, rocky, and inhospitable desert you can conceive: from the gates of one to the entrance of the other, I saw scarce any other signs of population than at the little hamlets where I stopped to change horses; yet has this frontier of the Swedish and Russian territory been as obstinately disputed, and caused the effusion of as much blood, as the most plentiful and happy regions of the earth.

* About 400l. sterling.

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I have seen no place since Stockholm, where there seems so much the face of industry and commerce as here. It is a fortified city, and during the wars between Charles and Peter, when it belonged to the former of those princes, was reputed strong, the Russians having been more than once forced to raise the siege; but at present the fortifications are very ruinous.—I arrived here last night, and shall quit it this evening. I hope to reach St. Petersburg to-morrow, though in all probability late, as the distance is one hundred and ten English miles. I shall dispatch this as soon as I get there. Farewell!

Your's, &c.

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L E T T E R X.

St. Peterburgh, Monday, 11th July, 1774.

YOU must not yet expect any description of this great capital, which though only a creation of the present century, has already grown to a vast size, and contains infinitely higher matter of entertainment and instruction than either of those from whence I am lately come. I am struck with a pleasing astonishment, while I wander among havens, streets, and public buildings, which have risen, as by enchantment, within the memory of men still alive, and have converted the marshy islands of the Neva into one of the most magnificent cities of the earth. The imagination, aided by so many visible objects, rises to the wondrous founder, and

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beholds in idea the tutelary genius of Peter, yet hovering over the child of his own production, and viewing with a parent's fondness it's rising palaces and temples. The names on which antient story dwells with so much fondness, sink on a comparison with this immortal man, and the fabulous legislators of Greece and Egypt never presumed to attempt the mighty transformation which the Czar completed. The followers of Cadmus, of Theseus, and of Romulus, were animated with the same ardor as their leader; but the Muscovites, wrapt in the most profound barbarism, secluded by their illiberal prejudices from an intercourse with European nations, and equally the slaves of superstition and long prescription, were forcibly torn from this night of ignorance, and compelled to accept of knowledge, of refinement, and of civilization. I must own I never consider this so recent and so wondrous an event, without being

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hurried away by an enthusiasm I cannot avoid feeling, and from which I now return, to give you some imperfect description of the festivities to which I have been a witness during my stay here, and from which I am only just returned.

I had the pleasure to accompany Sir Robert Gunning last Saturday to the palace of Peterhoff, where the empress at present resides. It was the anniversary of her accession, when there is generally a very brilliant court. As we arrived early, I had an opportunity of viewing the gardens before her majesty's appearance. They are very extensive, lying along the shore of the gulf of Finland, and washed by its waters. In the midst of them stands the palace itself, situate on an eminence, and commanding a fine view. It was begun by Peter the Ist, but has been enlarged and improved by the empresses his successors, so that it is become now very large.

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large. In the front is a canal of some hundred yards in length which joins the gulf, and from which three *jets d'eau* are supplied, which do not, like those of Versailles, only play on great festivals, but constantly throughout the year. The apartments are all very splendid; but my attention was chiefly engrossed by the drawing-room, where hung five matchless portraits of the sovereigns of Russia. They are all length pieces, but by what master I cannot say. Peter himself is the first, and opposite to him appears the Livonian villager whom he raised from a cottage to the most unbounded sovereignty. I stood for some moments under this painting in silent admiration of the woman, who had passed from so humble a station to an imperial diadem, of which her genius, her fidelity, and her virtue made her worthy. She is drawn by the painter as in middle life; her eyes and hair black, her countenance open, smiling

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ing and ingratiating, and her person not exceeding the middle size. The Empresses Anne and Elizabeth fill their respective places in this apartment, but did not long detain me from a portrait of the reigning sovereign, which is of a singular kind. She is habited in the Russian uniform, booted, and sits astride on a white horse. In her hat is the oaken bough, which she wore at the memorable revolution which placed her on the throne, and which was likewise taken by all her adherents. Her long hair floats in disorder down her back; and the flushing in her face, the natural effect of the heat and fatigue she had undergone, is finely designed. It is a faithful and exact resemblance of her dress and person, as she appeared twelve years ago, when she came to Peterhoff, and seized the throne of Russia.

While my eyes were rivetted to this picture, and my thoughts employed on the

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the melancholy catastrophe of the unhappy emperor which so soon followed, the empress's entrance was announced. She was preceded by a long train of lords and gentlemen. I felt a pleasure corrected with awe as I gazed on this extraordinary woman, whose vigor and policy, without any right of blood, has seated and maintains her in the throne of the Czars. Though she is now become rather corpulent, there is a dignity tempered with graciousness in her deportment and manner, which strikingly impresses. She was habited in a deep blue silk with gold stripes, and her hair ornamented with diamonds. After the foreign ministers had paid her the customary compliments on this day, I had the honor to be presented and to kiss her hand. The grand duke and duchess of Russia followed the empress, who continued scarce a minute in the circle, but sat down at the card table. I followed the croud to the other end of the

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the apartment, where a sovereign of a different kind, and perhaps not less despotic or unlimited in her empire, had drawn another circle of votaries by the magic of her voice, and received a homage from her personal accomplishments, perhaps more flattering than that paid to greatness, because more the offering of the heart. This was no other than Gabrieli, whom Brydone saw at Palermo, and I was destined to meet at Petersburg: she had just began an air as I came up, and I listened in deep attention for some minutes that it lasted. When she had finished, I continued to look at her till Count Rzewusky, a young Polish nobleman, came up to me, and asked me if I wished to be introduced to her. I assured him, he could not confer a greater obligation on me. She rose up with great politeness on the Count's introducing me to her as an English gentleman who was lately arrived; and I did not lose the opportunity to enter

from

into

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into a conversation with her. She was perfectly free and unreserved in her replies to a number of little questions which I put to her. She said, that though used to the warmer climates of Italy and Sicily, her constitution was not impaired or injured by the severity of that here; that the empress was a bounteous mistress, and she had no reason to be dissatisfied with her present situation; but that, notwithstanding, she had a passionate desire to visit England; a journey she had been many times on the point of executing, but had never yet accomplished. I assured her how happy the English nation would be to see among them a woman of such pre-eminent merit, and how generous their patronage was to all the performers in the fine arts. I mentioned Mademoiselle Heinel to her, as a proof of the justice of my assertion, and told her that the name of La belle Gabrieli was already too well known among us, not to insure her the

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most welcome reception. I seized this moment to ask her, if she had never heard of or known a Mr. Brydone, who was at Palermo a very few years since, and had given us a description of her person and voice, as far as they admitted of it. She said, she had not the pleasure to know him, nor recollected to have heard his name; but mentioned Sir William Hamilton and Lord Cowper, as persons with whom she was well acquainted. Our conversation was most agreeably interrupted by her standing up to sing. I must own I never heard any voice so perfectly sweet, melting, and absolute in its command over the soul: nor can any thing exceed the negligent carelessness apparent in her whole manner, while employed in this occupation, as if she despised the appearance of exertion or any labor to please. I am assured, however, her powers are somewhat impaired since her arrival here, and that she does not possess that

compass

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compass or extent at present, which she had two years ago. The character of caprice, which she maintained in the southern parts of Europe, she has not lost here, as they universally ascribe this quality to her in the highest degree. She was at Milan when the empress engaged her to sing in her court. The price she demanded was 7000 rubles (or about 1500l. sterling) a year, besides a house and carriage; nor would she relax the least article of this sum. They remonstrated with her on the unreasonableness of so enormous a salary, and to induce her to diminish it, informed her that a field marshal had no more. "If that be the case," said she, "I would advise her majesty to make one of her marshals sing." Her person, strictly considered in itself, is by no means irresistible; she does not exceed, if she reaches, the middle size; her features are small, and her eyes blue; but her neck is exquisitely white; and as her dress usually

discloses

discloses more than can strictly be confined to that part of the human body; it cannot be gazed on with impunity. Her attractions have not failed to procure her many admirers during her stay here; and she has had her favored Muscovite, as well as her Sicilian lover. Though her salary is so ample, it is only on peculiar occasions and great festivals that she usually sings, and it is possible I may not hear her again while I stay in this capital.

The court broke up between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, and I returned to Peterburgh; though I went down to Peterhoff yesterday again, when there was a masquerade and illuminations in the gardens. The former of these is rather a *bal paré en domino*, as there are very few or no fancy dresses, nor is any character supported. Every person, without distinction, is admitted on this occasion, and

and there were not less than 4 or 5000 persons present. Her majesty was dressed in a blue domino, and played cards most of the night. The illuminations in the gardens far surpassed any I ever saw in my life. In these, as also in fire-works of every kind, I am assured the Russians excel any nation of Europe. Two prodigious arcades of fire extended in front of the palace: the canal, which reaches to the gulf of Finland, was illuminated on both sides, and the view terminated by a rock, lighted in the inside, and which had a beautiful effect. From either side of the canal went off long arched walks illuminated; and beyond these, in the woods, were hung festoons of lamps differently coloured. All the jets d'eau played. Artificial cascades, where the water tumbled from one declivity to another, and under each of which lights were very artfully disposed, amused and surpris'd the spectator at the same time. Besides these, there were
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the splendor of this dazzling scene, which required the canopy of night to give it any lustre. That lassitude and bodily fatigue which I had not felt before, now reminded me of the necessity of repose. The lamps were expiring on every side; the company began to disperse, and quit the place; each moment diminished the magic which had charmed erewhile, and the fugitive enchantment was passed. I was glad to leave it before it totally left me; and between four and five I got into my carriage, and in a few minutes fell fast asleep. It was eight o'clock when I arrived in town, and the sun began to grow already very warm. I threw myself on the bed, quite spent with the pursuit of pleasure, and glad to retire to silence and quiescence.—As magnificent and princely as was this illumination, they assure me it is not to be compared with those which the empress made about two years ago, when the prince royal of Prussia

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Prussia was here. Her majesty went a considerable distance to meet him, and it was so contrived, that their interview should take place about the dusk of the evening: they then returned back to the city through a road illuminated in the most splendid manner it is possible to conceive. The fire-works and masquerades were in the same taste, and not any thing was omitted which sovereign power could produce to please and astonish. If the king of Sweden's intended visit to St. Peterburgh should take place, which is expected, these superb spectacles will be renewed.

There is not only a magnificence and regal pomp in this court, which far exceeds any I have beheld elsewhere, but every thing is on a vast and colossal scale, resembling that of the empire itself. The public buildings, churches, monasteries, and private palaces of the nobility, are of an immense size, and seem as if designed

P 2

for

for creatures of a superior heighth and dimensions to man; to "a puny insect shivering at the breeze!"

The statue and pedestal which will soon be set up of Peter the Great, are of the same enormous and gigantic proportions, and may almost rank with the sphynxes and pyramids of Egyptian workmanship. At Moscow, I am told, this style is yet more common and more universal. The palace which the present empress has begun, is designed to be two or three English miles in circumference; and in the mean time they have erected a temporary one of brick, for her reception. The city itself is an immense aggregate of villages, and the Muscovite lords commonly go fifty and sixty versts, which are at least forty of our miles, to make visits to each other. There is a sort of savage and barbarous grandeur in this taste, which never appears in the edifices and produc-

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tions of Athenian sculpture or architecture. I know it may be said, that the difference of extent and greatness between the little republic of Attica, and the wide empire of Russia, may give rise to a different standard of beauty and elegance; but this is not sufficient to alter the original and invariable criterion of nature, which is the same in every country.

As the festivities are now finished at court, I shall have time to visit the principal objects of curiosity and entertainment in this city, and you may expect in my next letter some account of them. My intention of going to Moscow, I have at length, though very reluctantly, laid aside, on account of the advancement of the season, it being too long and disagreeable a journey to undertake by land, through Livonia, Courland, Prussia, and Germany, after the 1st of September, when the autumnal rains make the roads

P 3 in

in some of these countries almost impassable. The weather is at present insufferably hot, and far exceeds that which you ever experience in England.

I remain, with attachment,

Your's, &c.

L E T -

L E T T E R XI.

St. Petersburg, Friday, 15th July, 1774.

THE veneration of the Russians for their hero and legislator Peter, approaches, as you will naturally imagine, to idolatry, and increases as they recede from the time in which he personally flourished. The impartial and discerning few, who can divest themselves of prejudice, and view objects free from the blaze which usually dazzles and deludes the multitude, have, however, regarded his character and conduct with different eyes, and even made those actions on which his fame is built, the subject of criticism, if not of censure. Fifty years which have

P 4 now

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now nearly elapsed since his death, have drawn the veil in some degree from before the political sanctuary, and experience of the beneficial or pernicious nature of his regulations, has affixed to them the stamp of excellence or error. So imperfect and short-sighted is man, so limited the sphere of human foresight, that those causes which seem at a first view replete with blessings, often contain a latent poison, which, when matured by time, can destroy these expected consequences, and force us to condemn, on a retrospect, that which we at first applauded. Monsieur Voltaire, who, through all his writings, is more commonly led by genius and fancy, than a strict regard to truth and impartiality, has conducted not a little to complete the general delusion, and to invest his hero Peter with a false and mistaken splendor. There are only three grand points of light in which we can regard him;

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him; as the civilizer, the sovereign, and the law-giver of his country; and there are persons who assert, that he only succeeded partially even in the first of these, to the completion of which he sacrificed the other two, or else he evidently mistook them. Hear their arguments, and decide for yourself. 'The Muscovites were no doubt,' say they, 'at the commencement of the present century, wrapt in deep and total ignorance; they had no communication with the European nations, whom they disliked and despised. The Czar broke down this barrier; he forced upon them arts and refinements, of which they never before had a conception; he obliged them to adopt a different habit, and different manners: —but all this change was external; and though it has destroyed that rude originality of character which marked them heretofore, has not given them any thing valuable

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' valuable or ennobling in it's stead. Far
 ' the greater number of the Ruffian boyars
 ' or nobles have never seen the present
 ' court or capital, but live on their own
 ' estates about Moscow; totally regardless
 ' of the reigning prince, and little affected
 ' by or attentive to regulations made at
 ' the distance of four or five hundred
 ' miles, and imperfectly carried into exe-
 ' cution. But whatever judgment we
 ' form relative to their civilization, it is
 ' impossible not to pronounce Peter's con-
 ' duct as a monarch pernicious, mistaken,
 ' and injudicious. The vast dominions
 ' of Muscovy, which extend to the nor-
 ' thern frontier of China, Persia, and
 ' Turkey, render the empire more a mem-
 ' ber of Asia than of Europe: the metro-
 ' polis of this immense tract of country
 ' was very wisely established at Moscow;
 ' which from it's situation in the internal
 ' part of it, enabled the government to
 ' extend

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' extend it's authority over the most re-
 ' mote provinces, and to restrain by it's
 ' presence and vicinity, the many wan-
 ' dring and ferocious tribes which com-
 ' pose it, and whom nothing except the
 ' immediate and visible hand of despotic
 ' power can ever reduce within allegiance
 ' and subjection. But all these important
 ' considerations were overlooked by the
 ' Czar, who, inflamed with desire to be-
 ' come an European sovereign, resigned
 ' all his natural importance and weight
 ' as an Asiatic one, to possess himself of
 ' two or three barren provinces of Swe-
 ' den; and wasted his life amid intrigues
 ' and battles to maintain himself in his
 ' acquisitions. His establishment of the
 ' capital in the extreme corner of the
 ' empire on the banks of the gulf of Fin-
 ' land, in a morass to which nature has
 ' denied every advantage, and in a most
 ' inclement latitude, was the effect of
 ' these

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' these politics. If he had only made
 ' commerce the object of his care when
 ' he founded this city, he would doubtless
 ' have acted wisely, since his people might
 ' then have reaped the advantages of a
 ' connection with Europe, and yet have
 ' maintained their rank in the system
 ' of Asia.—As the father of his people,
 ' to whom their happiness should have
 ' been ever dear, and which is the last
 ' character in which we consider him,
 ' what can we say? The multitudes who
 ' fell a sacrifice to the erection of his new
 ' capital, from the unwholesome and nox-
 ' ious vapours of the marshy islands on
 ' which it is situate, and the unlimited
 ' severity, perhaps cruelty, practised to
 ' introduce and enforce his regulations a-
 ' mong his subjects, rather make a mind
 ' of benevolence and humanity, wish to
 ' draw a veil over the unhappy necessity
 ' urged to apologize for this branch of
 ' his

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' his public conduct.—Notwithstanding
 ' all these diminutions of his glory, it must
 ' still be ever avowed that he was a great
 ' prince, and that his errors were such,
 ' as, had he enjoyed a longer life, and
 ' of consequence a more extensive expe-
 ' rience, he himself would have amended.
 ' If Peter could have insured to himself
 ' immortality, such was his wisdom and
 ' discernment, that he would have cor-
 ' rected his own mistakes, and have risen
 ' upon his very faults; but the reverse
 ' has unhappily been the case. His suc-
 ' cessors, who knew not how to separate
 ' the wise from the unwise parts of his
 ' administration, have prosecuted to their
 ' utmost extent his errors, and blindly ad-
 ' hered to all his intentions, from reve-
 ' rence to his memory. The genius of
 ' Peter survived for a moment under Ca-
 ' therine; but her reign was very short:
 ' and so far have the Muscovites been from
 ' an

' an advance in real greatness since that
 ' time, that the year 1730 may be fixed
 ' as the period from which their affairs
 ' have returned in a contrary direction.
 ' Under the Empress Anne, this decay
 ' was not so apparent: she governed the
 ' Russians by terror, and held the knout
 ' constantly in her hand. Elizabeth, her
 ' successor, relaxed the reins of govern-
 ' ment, and the indulgence which she
 ' allowed herself she extended to her sub-
 ' jects. She made a vow not to shed any
 ' blood by the executioner's hand during
 ' her reign, and kept it; but she need-
 ' lessly engaged in the late general war,
 ' and sacrificed thousands during its con-
 ' tinuance. The reigning empress is mild,
 ' humane, and passionately anxious to pro-
 ' mote the happiness of her subjects; but
 ' the peculiar circumstances which seated
 ' her in the throne, fetter her conduct, and
 ' deprive her in a great measure of the pow-

er

' er to act in conformity with the dictates
 ' of her own judgment.'—I know you will
 be surpris'd at so different a picture from
 the usually received ones of this great em-
 pire, which we regard every day as more
 an object of political terror and watchful-
 ness, and from whose arms Europe has
 even been taught to dread another uni-
 versal monarchy. But it must be remem-
 bered, that the lights by which we judge
 are very few, and very fallacious; nor are
 we acquainted with those secret causes
 which operate most powerfully, and which
 will probably ever prevent this nation from
 the attainment of any dangerous superior-
 ity over its neighbours.—I have been led
 much farther than I at first intended by
 these reflections, and shall most gladly
 quit this train of speculation, where I
 may at once delude and be deluded, to
 return to incidents and feelings more a-
 dapted to my comprehension, and more
 interesting to my heart.

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One of the noblest monuments of the gratitude and veneration universally paid to Peter the Ist, is that which her present majesty has ordered to be erected. It is an equestrian statue, and has been some years under the hands of Monsieur Falconette. I was introduced to this great statuary only a few days ago, and had the pleasure to see the model, which is already compleated. In this production he has united the greatest simplicity with the truest sublimity of conception. No other statue, whether antient or modern, gave him the design, which is singular in it's kind, and is admirably adapted to express the character of the man, and the nation over which he reigned. Instead of a pedestal adorned with inscriptions, or surrounded by slaves, he appears mounted on a rock or stone of a prodigious size, up the ascent of which the horse labors, and appears to have nearly reached it's summit. This attitude has given him

room

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room to exert great anatomical beauty and skill in the muscles of the horse's hind thighs and hams, on which the whole weight of his body is necessarily sustained. The Czar's figure is full of fire and spirit: he sits on a bear's skin, and is clad in a simple habit not characteristic of any particular country, but such as may be worn, without violation of propriety, by an inhabitant of any. His eye is directed to some apparently distant object, designed to be the citadel, and on his features are most strongly impressed the sentiment of "deliberation and public care:" his left hand holds the bridle, and his right is extended, as the artist himself expressed it, *en pere & en maitre*. Under the figure on the rock is this inscription: PETRO PRIMO, CATHERINA SECUNDA POSUIT, 1777. "I have endeavored," said Monsieur Falconette, "while I worked on this model, to catch, as far as possible,"

Q "ble,

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“ ble, the genuine feelings of the Mus-
 “ covite legislator, and to give him such
 “ an expression as himself would have
 “ owned. I have not decked his person
 “ with emblems of Roman consulage, or
 “ plac'd a Marechal's baton in his hand:
 “ an antient dress would have been un-
 “ natural; and the Russian he wished to
 “ abolish. The skin on which he is feat-
 “ ed, is emblematical of the nation he
 “ refined. Possibly,” said he, “ the Czar
 “ would have asked me, why I did not
 “ put a sabre into his hand; but, perhaps,
 “ he made too great a use of it when
 “ alive, and a sculptor ought only to ex-
 “ hibit those parts of a character which
 “ reflect honor on it, and rather to draw
 “ a veil across the errors and vices which
 “ tarnish it. A labored panegyric would
 “ have been equally injudicious and un-
 “ necessary, since history has already per-
 “ formed that office with impartial justice,
 “ and

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“ and held up his name to universal re-
 “ gard; and I must do her present ma-
 “ jesty the justice to say, she had taste
 “ and discernment enough perfectly to
 “ see this, and to prefer the present short
 “ inscription to any other which could
 “ be composed.”—Every thing is now in
 preparation to cast the statue itself, which
 will, when finished, be perhaps incon-
 testibly the most matchless production of
 it's kind in Europe.—Apart from his ge-
 nius as an artist, Falconette is a man of
 uncommon talents, erudition, and expan-
 sion of sentiment: he is a citizen of
 the earth, and totally unfettered by the
 little mean distinctions of climate or of
 country, which diminish the benevolence
 of the heart, and set bounds to philanthro-
 py. He is, however, said to possess, in a
 high degree, that *soreness*, as Pope expres-
 sed it, that impatience of unmerited cen-
 sure and little peevishness, which men of

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fine

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fine parts often discover, on account of the erroneous judgment which the multitude form of their abilities and execution. He paid many fine encomiums to the merit of our present painters in England, particularly to Sir Joshua Reynolds, with whom, he said, he maintained a constant correspondence, and interchange of their respective compositions. "Count Hugolino in the dungeon," hung over his chimney-piece, which, he said, the Chevalier Reynolds had lately presented him, and the exquisite expression of which, he could not behold without mingled terror and admiration. He enquired of me if I knew Mademoiselle Angelica, almost all whose pieces he has, and is a passionate esteemer of them. In a word, I have received peculiar pleasure from his acquaintance, which he has permitted me to cultivate during my stay here, and from which I derive no less honor than instruction.

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tion. As he has past the middle stage of life, and has been a resident in St. Peterburgh near eight years, I could not help asking him, a few days ago, whether he had not any design to return to France, his native country, particularly when a young prince, who seemed to open his reign with great applause, might employ him in some work ornamental to his kingdom? "Alas! Sir," said he, "I have lived long enough to know, that every monarch, more especially a youthful one, begins his career with honor and approbation, though time usually crops these early and immature trophies. For me, I have nothing, when I revisit my native land, to ask from it, besides a few feet of earth to inter my remains, and that it cannot refuse me."—I have often observed, that all men of superior talents hold the same language, and, when the tumultuous season of life is over, where

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ambition

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ambition or hope may have tendered them ideal blessings, and deluded their sober judgments, they have not any other wish, than humble sequestration, and say with Tibullus,

*Me, mea paupertas vitæ traducat inertæ,
Dum meus assiduo luceat igne focus.*

But you will tell me I am running into reflection when you expect description. I have done then, and will endeavor, if I can, in a day or two, to give you some idea of this capital from my imperfect views of it.

THIS

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St. Peterburgh, Wednesday, 20th July, 1774.

THIS city is as yet only an immense outline, which will require future empresses, and almost future ages, to complete. It stands at present on a prodigious extent of ground; but as the houses in many parts are not contiguous, and great spaces are left unbuilt, it is hard to ascertain it's real size and magnitude. Devotion has not been wanting to add her magnificence, and to erect places of worship in almost every part. Curiosity and novelty have carried me to all of them. The external architecture differs very little in any: the Greeks seem as fond of domes, as the Mahomedans are of minarets in their churches. They usually encircle one large with four smaller cupolas, and cover them with copper gilt,

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which

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which has a fine effect to the eye when the sun shines upon it. The ornaments within are costly and barbarous: a Mexican temple can hardly be more so. They surround a daubing of the Virgin and Jesus, with gold or silver head-dresses, and sometimes complete habits, and only leave exposed the fingers, which the multitude very devoutly kiss. Some of these strange compound figures of paint and metal are very laughable, and the poor Madonna seems like a prisoner in golden fetters. The papas or priests are dressed in vestments which very much resemble the Romish, and are generally composed of tissue and expensive silks. The manner in which they perform the service rather reminds one of an incantation, than of a prayer offered to the Deity; and they repeat much of it so incredibly fast, that one is tempted to suppose it impossible the auditory can understand one articulate word the priest utters, let
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their attention be ever so strong. St. Nicholas still holds his rank and veneration in the Russian calendar, and has almost as many altars as the Virgin herself. By the way, I do not know their reason for it, but I have remarked, that in nine out of ten heads of her and the infant Jesus, they represent them as black, or at least a deep Indian olive colour, nearly approaching to it; and in this it is not improbable they give a juster idea of her person, than Raphael or Guido, since the Syrian women of inferior condition, who are exposed to the sun in the climate of Palæstine, must necessarily be of a very deep tawny complexion. In the church of the citadel repose the body of Peter the Ist, and the successive sovereigns since his death, who are ranged in coffers side by side, but have not any of them marble monuments erected to their memories; nor is there any other motive to induce a traveller to enter this
 church,

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church, except the consciousness that he beholds the wood which contains the ashes of Peter, and that mingled sentiment of reverence and pleasure which the mind may experience from the contemplation of it. Only one monarch is excluded, as if unworthy to be entombed with his progenitors and predecessors in the throne of Russia. This is the late unhappy Peter the III^d, who, after his death, was exposed during some days in the monastery of St. Alexander Newfskoi, a few miles out of town, to convince the people that he had not suffered any violence, but ended his life naturally: he was afterwards privately interred there.—As I have mentioned his name, I am led to make a few remarks on his life and character. Though under the present reign it may be imagined, that few persons either dare or chuse to speak their sentiments freely with respect to him, yet I am induced to believe, from universal testimony,

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timony, that he was very unworthy and unfit to reign, and that whatever private condemnation the empress, as his wife, may undergo, it was a most salutary and requisite policy for Russia to depose him. He brought to St. Peterburgh all the illiberal and pernicious prejudices of a German; he avowed his open contempt for their religion, their manners, their laws; he was on the point of commencing a war with Denmark for the recovery of his Holstein dominions, and would have begun his march across the immense tract of country which separates these kingdoms in a few days; he had personally ill-treated and injured his wife, and alienated by his imprudence and folly every heart. The vigor and celerity with which the empress acted in effecting the revolution, could only be exceeded by the pusillanimity and meanness with which Peter resigned the crown. He was himself, on the day which preceded this event,

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at the palace of Oranienbaum, and totally unprepared for such a change, of which he entertained no suspicion. She departed from Peterhoff, where she then was, by a postern door in the gardens, very early in the morning, Prince Orloff conducting her in his coach, and reached Petersburg before her absence was known. She instantly took possession of the palace without difficulty or opposition, and putting herself in a uniform at the head of the guards, marched towards Peterhoff. As soon as the emperor received this intelligence, he embarked immediately from Oranienbaum, which is situate on the shore of the gulf of Finland, in one of the imperial yachts, in hopes to reach Cronstadt, which is nearly opposite, and in the fortrefs of which he would have been secure. Here, however, he was disappointed, as the empress had already anticipated his intention, and dispatched two admirals, who secured it. When he
came

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came near the fortrefs, they ordered him to keep off, or they would sink him, and at the same time pointed the guns for that purpose: besides his mistress, the Countess of Voronzoff, he had a number of women and attendants in the vessel with him: terrified with the appearance of opposition, they knelt around him, and rent the air with their cries, to induce him to relinquish his purpose: effectively he did so, and yielding to his own fears, and their importunities, he had not the courage to attempt to land, but returned back to Oranienbaum. It proved afterwards that these guns were not loaded. The old Felt-Marechal Count Munich, who had been newly recalled from his long exile in Siberia, was with him at this critical emergency, and gave him the only advice which could possibly have saved him. He implored him to go boldly and meet the empress, to charge the guards on their allegiance to obey his orders as their sovereign,

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reign, and offered to lose his own life in his defence. Peter had not sufficient magnanimity and greatness of mind, either to perceive the absolute necessity of this conduct, or to embrace it instantly. On the contrary, consulting only with his terrors, he threw himself on the ground before the empress, in the gardens of Oranienbaum, covering his face with both his hands, burst into all the impotence of tears, and only implored in terms of the most abject submission, that his life might be spared, and his paternal dominions of Holstein assigned him. She commanded him to rise, and conducted him to the palace of Peterhoff, where he signed a paper, by which he resigned all power into her hands. Mean while covered waggons were provided, which took different roads, that it might not be known in which was the deposed prince; and this mighty revolution, which transferred the greatest empire on earth, was effected

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effected in a few hours, almost without any confusion or uproar. The people, accustomed to despotism, and indifferent who was the ruler, remained silent and quiet spectators of it, the guards being the only actors, and the whole a repetition of the Princess Elizabeth's conduct some years before, when young Ivan was deposed and she seized the throne.—Over the rest of this mournful story we must draw a veil. Such a prisoner it is natural to suppose could not long remain in that condition. On the ninth day consequent to his seizure it was reported he had a disorder in his bowels, and soon after his death was announced. We know no more. History, in some future age, may possibly elucidate his end; but in this century it is not likely such a secret will be divulged.

Though I would not, however indirectly, appear the apologist of crimes, yet
justice

justice requires I should say, that it is universally allowed the empress might plead self-defence, if not even self-preservation, to justify her conduct, as it is known that Peter had concerted and would have carried into execution the most severe measures against her, if he had not been prevented by so vigorous an attack. If we add to this, the uniform tenor of her life and reign since that æra, during which humanity and wisdom seem scarce ever to have forsaken her, candor will, perhaps, be induced to pass over one spot, which state-policy rendered necessary, and which from the moment of her resistance became unavoidable.—I return to Petersburg.

The public buildings of different kinds are so prodigiously numerous in this city, that I am inclined to believe they constitute a fifth or sixth part of the whole capital. Some of them are of stone, but the larger part are only brick, or wood plastered.

tered. The winter-palace is composed of the former materials, and was erected by the late Empress Elizabeth: it is very large and very heavy: one would have supposed Sir John Vanbrugh was invoked to lend his aid in the plan of it, since nothing can more strikingly resemble his style. It is not yet quite finished, like almost every thing else in Russia. The situation is very lovely, on the banks of the Neva, and in the center of the town. Contiguous to it is a small palace, built by the present empress, and called, why I know not, *The Hermitage*. It no more resembles our idea of a hermitage than it does a temple; but when her majesty resides in this part of the building she is in retreat, and there is no drawing-room or court. I was admitted a few days ago to see these apartments, which are very elegant, and furnished with great taste. There are two galleries of paintings,

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which have been lately purchased at an immense expence in Italy, and among which I would willingly, was it permitted, spend some hours every day during my residence here. The crown, which I saw in the palace itself, is perhaps the richest in Europe. It is shaped like a bonnet, and totally covered with diamonds. In the sceptre is the celebrated one, purchased by Prince Orloff for 500,000* rubles, and presented by him to his sovereign mistress only a few months ago. It far exceeds Pitt's diamond in size, and is not inferior in water. Lapidaries declare it the most beautiful and rare ever brought from Golconda.

There are two academies here, one of arts and the other of sciences, both of which I have repeatedly visited. The

* A coin value about 4s. 6d. English.

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present empress has founded the first, which will be, when finished, a superb edifice: it is furnished with masters in the different branches of polite letters, and filled with casts from the most renowned models of Greek and Roman sculpture. I do not, however, find that as yet any eminent geniusses have appeared, though they have not been without artists. Nature seems to have confined perfection in these elegant and exquisite productions, to certain climates and people, among whom they sprung spontaneous for centuries; and which are only imperfectly copied by other nations, where the seeds are not so happily disposed, or the organs so justly adapted.

I am more charmed with the river Neva itself, than with any thing I see here. The Thames is not comparable to it in beauty; and as the stream sets constantly

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out of the Lake Ladoga into the gulf of Finland, it is always full, clear, and perfectly clean. Along its banks is beyond all doubt the finest walk in the world. It is not a quay, as vessels never come up to this part, but a parade, running a mile in length; the buildings on which are hardly to be exceeded in elegance. It is yet to be continued to double the length. Over the river in the narrowest part is a bridge on pontoons. From this noble river, canals are cut to all parts of the city; nor could any situation be more favorable to the genius of commerce, if the inclemency of the latitude did not keep it froze up at least five months annually. As this place is the formation of so few years, it is laid out with great regularity: there is not any thing which looks old, and much is still imperfect and unfinished. The buildings have throughout a very handsome appearance, and are,

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like every thing else, on a larger scale than I have ever seen elsewhere. The streets are mostly paved; but they have a custom here of laying in many places a flooring of timber on the ground. This, I am told, was yet more common formerly in Moscow, where, in the frequent fires they used to have, the street itself caught the flames, and the conflagration became terrible, as the houses likewise are mostly made of wood even at present.

The police of Peterburgh is very good, and one may walk with great safety at any hour. Now and then a murder happens, but they are not frequent.

At this season of the year, when the court are out of town, there are scarce any public spectacles, except at the imperial palace, where a Russian and French comedy are performed generally once a

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week. The seats are adjusted by rank, and no money is paid for entrance, as it is the empress's own amusement, and limited to people of condition. For my own part, I find a much superior entertainment in walking every evening till eleven or midnight on the banks of the Neva, or in the Summer Gardens, which likewise belong to the crown, and are always open. They are situate at one end of the walk I mentioned, and are full of statues, jets d'eau, and fountains. The hour is now come when I usually set out, and the night is too fine and serene to miss the opportunity. So for the present, adieu!

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St. Peterburgh, Saturday, 23d July, 1774.

THE genuine Russians who are undeluterated by a commerce with other nations, evidently partake much more of Asiatic than of European manners: the men among the lower class universally wear the beard, in defiance of all the rigorous edicts issued by Peter the Ist to abolish this barbarous custom. The women in general only bind their heads with pieces of silk or linen, very nearly resembling in appearance the eastern turband, and accommodate the other parts of their dress pretty nearly to our's. I have, however, seen many of them in the old Muscovite habits of the different provinces, which are curious and grotesque in

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the highest degree. In some the head-dress projects six or eight inches from the forehead, and is enriched with pearls; in others it is a sort of bonnet laced, and fitting close round the head; nor is the rest of their habit less singular.

I am only just returned from being a spectator of one of their customs, at which I could not help being a little surpris'd. It was a promiscuous bathing of not less than two hundred persons of both sexes. I know you will immediately recollect Lady Montague's description of the baths of Sophia, and expect somewhat of the same nature; but nothing can be more opposite or unlike. The vivid colouring of her pen has called up a scene more voluptuous and glowing, than any which Ovid imagined, or Titian drew; we see the houris of Mahommed realized, and beauty in all its naked magnificence; but

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but this was a sight rather excitiv'e of disgust than desire, and to which only curiosity could ever have led me. There are several of these public bagnios in Peterburgh, and every one pays a few copiques (value a halfpenny English each) for admittance. There are, indeed, separate spaces for the men and women; but they seem quite regardless of this distinction, and sit or bathe in a state of absolute nudity among each other. What is equally extraordinary, they go first into a room heated to so intense a degree that it is scarce possible to breathe in it; and after having remained there till their bodies are in the most violent perspiration, they instantly either plunge into the cold water of the Neva, or else throw a quantity of it over them from little buckets with which they are all provided for that purpose. This may only harden a Russian constitution, but, I believe, would be found

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found to have very different effects on an English one. The greater part of the women were the most hideous figures I ever beheld, and reminded me of Horace's Canidia, for whom they were very proper companions. I counted half a dozen young girls who appeared tolerably pretty, and they never could have been viewed to more advantage than near such foils. As a student of nature I confess this is as proper a school as can be imagined, since fancy can hardly figure an attitude which may not be found here; but as a voluptuary I would never visit it more.

A gentleman with whom I happened to be in company some days since, communicated to me a remark on the Muscovite women, which I thought ingenious, and may very possibly be true. We were talking of the Indian dancing girls, whom I have seen at Goa, Mangalore, and other places

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places on the coast of Malabar, who, it is known, are capable of cohabitation at eleven years of age, and frequently have children at those years: a circumstance resulting in a great degree from their proximity to the sun, which ripens men as well as plants much earlier in those tropical latitudes! "You must not, however," said he, "apprehend that the same rule reversed holds good among us, and that because an Indian is arrived to maturity at eleven, a Russian is not so till twenty-two. The females in this country are all forced, and brought forward in despite of nature: during the winter months they are constantly in apartments heated by stoves to a vast degree, from which they enter upon a hasty, but hot summer of two or three months. The consequence of this, superadded to their warm baths, of which they are very fond, is, that they want, like every other artificial

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artificial production, the genuine flavor which only nature can give. That charming firmness and elasticity of flesh, so indispensibly requisite to constitute beauty, so delicious to the touch, and so provoking to the appetite, exists not among the Russian females, or in very few of them." —I must own this observation not only appears founded in reason, but was most strikingly exemplified in the assembly where I was present this afternoon.

Apart from this concealed and uncertain defect, I cannot say much in praise of the charms which the ladies discover; indeed, I am told, the stile of loveliness here is not a little different from ours, and that to possess any pre-eminent degree of it a woman must weigh at least two hundred weight. Prior's criterion won't do here, and they would laugh at his "*Fine by degrees, and beautifully less,*" as a false
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and vitiated taste. The late empress Elizabeth was one of these ponderous and massy beauties, and such she appears in the portraits I have seen of her.—They pretend to say there is not a court of more gallantry than this in Europe, and that the ladies who compose it would not have disgraced that of Joan of Naples itself; so famous in story. Her majesty's conduct, however, as soon as she could with propriety shew her resentment on the affair of a late minister, who, if fame say true, was rather seduced by than the seducer of a maid of honor, was very spirited and severe. The lady is sent into retirement, to fast away her trespass.

The climate is prodigiously altered within this last week. All the violence of the heat is past, and they say it will return no more this summer. They have no fruits here, except strawberries and raspberries:

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berries: wall-fruit is almost unknown, and must necessarily be so in such a climate. They have, however, as I am assured, excellent melons, pomegranates, and pines, brought to Petersburg from Astracan in twenty-one days, which is not a less distance than fifteen hundred miles, across all Muscovy. Indeed, when one reflects on the immense magnitude of this empire, one is lost in the idea. They count five thousand miles from hence to Kamptschatka, the eastern but uncertain termination of their dominion; and north it runs "to Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where." In this are reckoned, I think, six separate kingdoms, the distinct crowns of which are all to be seen at Moscow. These are Ruffia, Siberia, Casan, Astracan, and two others whose names I am not acquainted with. The soil, climate, and produce, must be infinitely different in so extensive a domain.

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main. The Ukraine is represented to be one of the most fertile and delicious provinces of the earth, by those who have visited it. The country round this capital is a morass overgrown with birch and fir, nor is there a hill within several miles. The houses of Petersburg are all built on piles, as those of Amsterdam; and I am often strikingly reminded of Holland.

Among the public institutions, I was carried last Sunday to see one, which can hardly be exceeded in utility by any in Europe, and is worthy of the present empress, who may be deemed it's foundress. Elizabeth her predecessor erected it, and designed it for a nunnery. It is situate just out of town, and is a most princely and magnificent building, though like every thing else not yet compleated. Her present majesty, who has preferred wisdom to superstition, converted it into a public

public place of education, where young women of all conditions are compleatly instructed in every necessary and elegant accomplishment, at the sole expence of the crown. Those of noble families are kept quite distinct from the inferior children. I think they informed me, there are at this time upwards of two hundred and thirty of the former, and double that number of the latter, in this admirable seminary.

Some branches of the police have appeared to me singular, though I must allow they are productive of salutary consequences. I was a little indisposed soon after my arrival, and sent my servant to purchase some magnesia in the shops. He brought me word that no apothecary would sell him any; and that three or four of them had assured him they dared not part with a dram if a hundred ducats was

was offered for it, unless a regular prescription was brought them signed by a physician, as the punishment is very severe. Esculapius could not have made a law more beneficial to the faculty; but it prevents empirics from destroying numbers, as they do with impunity among us, and renders it very easy to discover poisons, by tracing to it's source the vender of them. Another regulation here, though not without it's advantages likewise, is very troublesome. No stranger can quit the capital to pass the frontiers, without having been first advertised in all the public papers for ten days preceding his departure, though his business or affairs should be ever so urgent. It must be remembered, however, that Petersburg is not a thoroughfare, and that hardly any person comes to it merely to stay a day or two; so that the inconvenience is not so great or universal as at first one is tempted to suppose.

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I have made one or two excursions into the country, particularly to Gatchina, a palace of Prince Orloff's, about forty miles off. It is situate in the most eligible spot within a great distance of the metropolis, and will when finished be a superb seat. The gardens are laid out in the English taste by a man of great merit, who was sent for by the prince on that account. The nature of the ground, and a fine piece of water near the house, gave him scope for his genius. On my return from hence I saw the royal palace of Zarco-Zelo: this was built by Elizabeth, and is the compleatest triumph of a barbarous taste I have seen in these northern kingdoms. The situation is low, and commands hardly any prospect, nor has any natural advantages to claim such a preference. It is very large, and the front extends to a great length, as there is only one story besides the ground floors. All the capitals of the pillars, the statues,

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and many other parts of the external structure are gilt; nor does the eye meet scarce any thing else, in the apartments within. One room is in a very peculiar and uncommon stile of magnificence, the sides of it being entirely composed of amber, on which are disposed festoons and other ornaments of the same. It's transparency, and the conscioufness of it's rarity have a fine effect. This was a present of the reigning king of Prussia to the late empress. Her present majesty prefers this palace to any of the others; and when there, she is in retreat, as in town at the hermitage.

I have never yet said a word of the Grand Duke of Russia, and heir apparent to the crown. He is just twenty years of age. It is very hard to know what qualities or talents he really possesses, since under this despotic and jealous government, there is scarce any material power

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vested in the second, more than the hundredth person in the empire. He has not betrayed any shining parts, or peculiar traits of character. Those who know him, say, he is amiable, affable, and well-disposed:—but how general and uncertain are these strokes; and how little may we, perhaps, recognize them in the future emperor, Paul the 1st? He has been married, you know, about eleven months. The grand duchess, who is a German princess of the house of Hesse-Darmstadt, is plain in her person; but yet has a somewhat about the lineaments of her countenance and whole demeanor, which, if I inclined to judge from physiognomy, would give me a very favorable impression of her heart and disposition. This, I am assured, she well merits, and that the duke is much attached to her.

I saw an account yesterday in our English papers, which are reflectively and

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on principle the avowed vehicles of falsehood over all Europe, that the rebel Pugerchef was taken prisoner, and his party at an end. On the contrary, he has retired into the southern provinces of the empire, where he still excites fresh commotions; and I am just informed four new regiments are ordered to march against him. He has been here, what Ali-Bey was in Egypt, and will probably at length meet with the same destiny.

The death of the late grand signior seems to have made no alteration in the war between the Porte and Russia. Two vast armies under the command of Prince Dolgorucki and Marshal Romanzoff, are still acting against the Turks; the first in the Crimea, the other on the Danube, whose banks they have fertilized with human blood. The news of an important advantage gained by the empress's forces, was received here ten or twelve

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days ago, for which the guns of the citadel were fired; but peace is apparently far off. Fresh Bachas and fresh Janizaries supply the place of those who fall by the sword; and the Turks, become cautious by so many defeats, adopt Fabius's maxim, and endeavour to tire out the enemy by protracting this expensive and sanguinary war. A policy the wisest and most efficacious they can possibly embrace, when it is considered at what an immense distance from the capital of this empire the scene of action is situate! It is from the sums requisite to answer the military charges, that the unfinished and imperfect appearance of every thing in Petersburg results, and that its advancement in beauty and magnificence is for a while retarded. A lover of the arts of peace cannot but regret this unhappy necessity.

The celebrated globe of Tycho Brahe, which Peter the 1st procured from Frederic

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deric the IVth in Denmark, exists no more: it was consumed by fire in the year 1747. I saw the new one this morning, lately constructed on the model of the other, but somewhat inferior in size. The exact dimensions of the first I do not know. The present globe is eleven feet in diameter from pole to pole, and in the inside is a table with seats round it, which can admit twelve persons.—I sat down in it some time. On the internal concave globe are all the celestial signs and constellations, the stars being marked according to their different magnitudes by silver studs radiated. The external globe is painted with the various countries of the earth: but this part is not yet compleated. A circular building has been erected in the midst of an open spot, and detached from any other house, for the reception and preservation of this noble astronomical machine, which is, I apprehend, the largest of its kind in Europe.

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I am now on the point of quitting Peterburgh, to return to England. Of the genius, manners, and real character of the Muscovites, I neither pretend nor can possibly know any thing from the short stay I have made here. I have only seen the residence of the court, not the antient capital of the empire. If I obeyed the impulse of my own inclinations, I should not content myself with this partial and imperfect view; on the contrary, my wishes would not even be gratified by a sight of Moscow itself; I should continue my rout from thence to Casan and Astracan; nor stop even there, unless from an incapacity of passing by the Caspian sea, and intermediate provinces of the Ottoman dominion, to Constantinople. They smile and give me a look of incredulity mingled with surprize, when I assure them it is my intention, if unsurmountable obstacles do not prevent me, to return here and attempt this tour; little knowing that

that danger and fatigue have no terrors for me, when knowledge is the reward of my endeavors. I am conscious this sentiment is not to be transfused, nor perhaps in general believed. That passionate enthusiasm, that insatiable avidity, that divine and indescribable delight which I experience while engaged in this occupation, I attempt in vain by language and description to kindle in other bosoms, where nature has not given a simularity of feeling. It is that ideal but irresistible charm with which enthusiasm invests her objects of pursuit, which alone can rouse the soul of man, and make him look down on wealth, or power, or splendor, when destitute of wisdom, with contempt. I have, however, found much entertainment mingled with that improvement which opens and expands the mind in this short residence here: neither Copenhagen or Stockholm contain so much to attract the notice of a traveller, particularly when it is

is remembered that those cities have probably reached their meridian, and that every month adds to the beauty and magnificence of this new-born metropolis. My rout lies, as you know, through Ingria, over ground wrested by the Czar from Sweden.—I dispatch this to-night. My next will be from Narva. Adieu!

Your's, &c.

LETTER XII.

Narva, Sunday, 31st July, 1774.

LAST Thursday morning about six o'clock I quitted St. Peterburgh, where several little accidents had concurred to detain me some days longer than I intended. The whole intermediate country from thence to the gates of this city is a vast plain, level, open, and covered in many parts with harvests, which the peasants are already reaping. It reminded me exceedingly of Salisbury plain, to which it bore a high resemblance. My intention was only to have staid in Narva a few hours, but the pressing instances of two or three very hospitable gentlemen, whom I have met with here, has induced me to prolong it. After dinner last Friday they carried me out of town, to shew me

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me the celebrated spot on which Charles the XIIth routed 100,000 Muscovites, with his little Swedish troop rather than army, only seventy years ago. The entrenchments of the Russian camp are still distinctly visible, and extend, as they assure me, near eighteen English miles along the shore of the gulf of Finland. Their headquarters were established in a little island situate at the narrowest part of the river, where was a bridge, which sinking under the crowd of flying Muscovites, destroyed as great a number as their enemies had done. Peter most severely revenged the dishonour of his arms on that unfortunate day, when he afterwards took Narva, and transported the wretched inhabitants into the most remote parts of his dominions. They yet shew the bastion where he gave the assault; and it is said, that on his entering the place, and finding the Swedish commandant in his robe de chambre, unapprehensive of such an event, he struck him

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him several times, reproaching him for his remissness to his sovereign's interest, and for having been found in a dress so unworthy of a soldier.

A gentleman of condition with whom I have formed a sort of intimacy during my little stay, and who is equally a man of letters and of urbanity, has related to me an anecdote respecting his own family, which I shall give you as nearly as possible in his exact words. I thought it very interesting, and very singular. "My mother," said he, "and her elder sister, were both natives of Livonia, and became captives to the Czar when this city was taken. They were sold as such to the Russians, and carried by them into the interior parts of the empire south of Moscow. Fortune had not even allied them in this state of exile; nor did the one know to what master the other belonged. In this situation,

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“ tion, as a slave, my mother remained
 “ two years, at the end of which time
 “ she found her elder sister, whose fate
 “ had been much more mild: a boyard
 “ or noble, captivated with her person,
 “ married her, and had raised her to a
 “ state of affluence and power. This she
 “ immediately employed to rescue her
 “ sister, and under her protection my mo-
 “ ther remained till the intercession of the
 “ Empress Catherine, who was originally
 “ a Livonian villager, procured permission
 “ to all the banished natives to return,
 “ and even the restitution of their houses,
 “ effects, and fortunes. This edict in-
 “ duced my mother to quit the asylum
 “ she had found in Russia, and she re-
 “ turned again to Narva. I need not re-
 “ mind you, that the great Prince Men-
 “ zikoff, whose genius and merit raised
 “ him from the station of a pastry-cook’s
 “ boy, to the highest employments under
 “ Peter the Ist, was afterwards banished
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“ to Siberia, and all his estates confis-
 “ cated. The boyard who had married
 “ my aunt, was one of his immediate de-
 “ pendants, and had the superintendance
 “ of his lands: he was involved in the
 “ ruin of the prince, and reduced to a
 “ state of poverty and distress. His wife
 “ fled immediately to her younger sister
 “ for refuge, who had now an opportunity
 “ to retaliate the benefits she had formerly
 “ received, and to extend that protection
 “ she once had wanted. My aunt, whom
 “ I well remember, is dead; but my mo-
 “ ther is alive at this present time, from
 “ whose mouth I have a thousand times
 “ heard the story, and of whose veracity
 “ there can be no doubt. There are,”
 continued he, “ many old persons yet
 “ alive who remember the battle of Nar-
 “ va, and among others is a man whose
 “ life was preserved by a most uncommon
 “ circumstance. He was an infant at
 “ the breast, and only about a twelve-
 “ month

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“ month old. Some Muscovite soldiers
 “ with a merciless barbarity tore him from
 “ the nurse’s arms, and throwing him
 “ against a wall left him bleeding, and as
 “ they apprehended dead; the woman,
 “ however, attached to the child, return-
 “ ed, and by her care recovered him; and
 “ he too he is still alive.”

I spent the greater part of yesterday at the mouth of the river, which is about eight miles from hence. It was beautiful weather, and tempted us to sail out upon the gulf of Finland. Ships of considerable burden lie in the road, there being very little water on the bar, though the river itself is deep quite up to the town. It empties itself into the great Peipus Lake, about forty miles south of Narva. On the other side of this lake is situate the city of Plefkow in Muscovy: it supplies Narva with the deals and hemp which form almost the sole articles of its com-
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merce, and are brought here by the Peipus. On the other side this river, opposite the town, is a large suburb with an ancient fortress called Ivanogorod, built by a czar named John Basiliwitz, who, if I recollect right, was a cotemporary of our Elizabeth, and made a treaty of commerce with the English under her reign. These were the frontier towns of the Swedish and Russian territory for a long series of years, the river forming the boundary.

The same gentleman whom I have already mentioned, has informed me of some particulars relative to the antiquity of Narva. It was founded by Waldemar the Ist, king of Denmark, whose original charter they yet have among the archives of the city, and guard with great care. By the succeeding sovereigns it was sold to the Teutonic knights, from whom Sigismund king of Sweden and

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Poland took it, about the conclusion of the sixteenth century. Under the kings of Sweden it afterwards remained, who granted it peculiar immunities and privileges, all of which Peter confirmed when it changed masters.

I had the pleasure to dine in company with four ladies yesterday, who were habited in the Livonian dress. Nothing could more aptly realize that barbarous splendor which has been so frequently depicted, but is now so rarely to be seen in any parts of Europe. It was expensive, and might have been worn by persons of the first eminence without degradation of their rank. Their heads were covered with a complete bonnet of pearls, which were not worth less than two thousand rubles; * and round their necks were several strings of the same. A part of their

* Value about 4s. 6d. English each.

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necks

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necks was left exposed; but the lower part was concealed by a vest of red silk which sat close to the breast, and was bordered with a gold lace of a vast breadth which descended to their feet. Their arms had no other covering than the sleeves of their shifts, and when they walked out they threw over their heads and shoulders a piece of silk resembling a Highland plaid, and which was a sort of substitute for our capuchin. As a proof of the justice of my remark in a former letter on the early maturity to which women attain in these northern countries, I cannot forget to mention that one of these four ladies had been married six months, though she is now only twelve years and a half old; nor is this an uncommon or unprecedented thing.

I am now just going to dine about a mile out of town, at a gentleman's seat close to the fall on the river. In the

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afternoon I shall continue my journey, and may, it is not improbable, finish this letter in some part of Livonia.

Riga, Monday, 8th August, 1774.

IT is a beautiful walk of about a mile and a half along the banks of the river above Narva to the falls. There are two, a small island dividing the stream just at the place: I only saw one of them, the eye not taking in both at once, as on the Dahl in Sweden. If I had never seen these last cataracts, those of Narva would have pleased me more, as they are in no respect to be placed in competition with them. The breadth is, indeed, greater: judging from my eye, I should suppose them near or quite 130 yards across, but the fall is only eighteen or nineteen feet. Yet even here the roar of the water when quite close, the mist flying up over it, and

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the surrounding objects, which are very picturesque, affect the mind with a pleasing astonishment, and detain the spectator in a voluntary bondage.

It was six in the evening before I returned to the town and pursued my journey. The first stage lies entirely over the plains which the Muscovites occupied on the famous day when young Charles defeated them. From thence the road turns inland, and on Monday evening I found myself on the sands at the edge of the Peipus Lake, along whose borders I drove for several miles. Night closed in as I reached Ninall, a little village washed by its waves, and very delightfully situated. From hence I had only between forty and fifty miles to Derpt, where I got next morning to breakfast. This place, which is rather a large, straggling, ill-built village than a town, was formerly, when Livonia belonged to Sweden, of con-

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siderable importance, having been fortified, and a frontier garrison on the side of Muscovy. It is situate in the most fertile and beautiful part of the province, on a small river which communicates with the Peipus Lake, and surrounded with harvests, which at this season of the year are waving in all the pride of plenty. Just above the town, on an eminence, from whence the eye commands all this vale, stand the ruins of an abbey or cathedral, which the Russians are employed in totally demolishing. Its situation, which is very eligible in a military light, has induced them to commit this outrage on the venerable remains of piety and magnificence which the building exhibits. Posterity will see the standard wave where the crucifix has stood, and the matin bell will be succeeded by the trumpet. He who reveres antiquity cannot but deplore this change, and regret the havoc which war, under every shape,

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is continually making on the productions of elegance and art. The traditions I collected relative to this structure from the inhabitants of the town, were very vague and unsatisfactory. "The Teutonic knights, the first reformers, conquerors, and Lords of Livonia, were," they said, "the reputed founders of it; the Russians and Poles, in their different incursions, had injured and defaced it; and in one of these irruptions the citizens of Derpt, who had fled to it for sanctuary, and hoped for protection in it, had all been massacred."

I pursued my rout in the afternoon through one of the most fertile plains which can be conceived: this beautiful vale terminated about forty miles from Derpt. As evening drew on, I entered a thick wood of fir and birch-trees, where the sand was almost up to the axle-tree of the chaise; the night was extremely dark,

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and it rained and blew very hard. It was one o'clock in the morning when I arrived at the post-house, which is in the midst of the wood; and as I was determined to wait the return of day, I lay down in my cloaths, and fell presently fast asleep; the fatigue of the two preceding nights, during which I had taken no rest, except in the carriage, having made a little repose very necessary.—The same groves continued almost the whole ensuing day. In the evening I reached Wolmar, a little town which was formerly fortified, and where are yet the walls of a castle constructed by the Swedes. From hence I had only about eighty miles to the city of Riga; but it was Friday morning when I got there, and terminated my journey across Livonia. The distance from Narva exceeds 300 English miles. My stay in this city has been rather regulated by caprice, than strictly proportioned to the number of objects it presents, either to elegant amusement or instruction.

instruction. It would be hard to have found a spot more destitute of any natural beauties or advantages to induce an adventurer to fix in, than is that where Riga stands. Deep, barren sands invest it round on every side, and a traveller who regulated his ideas of the province by that part of it he saw here, would accuse those authors of gross imposition who have called Livonia the granary of the North. It was commerce which evidently gave birth to the place, and the genius of which still protects and enriches it. The river Duna is an inexhaustible source of plenty, and amply makes amends for every other deficiency. It runs a vast length into the interior parts of Poland, and conveys down all the articles of trade exported from hence. Timber is one of the chief; and I am assured, that many of the largest trees do not arrive in Riga within two years, being cut near Bender on the banks of the Niefter, from whence they are drawn over the
snows

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snows in winter to the Duna, and brought down the ensuing season. In May and June the Poles usually arrive, and return again before the end of July: at present there are very few. The bridge over the river, is one of the most singular and surprising in Europe: it is 900 paces long, and far exceeds in length that at Rouen, or any I have ever seen. I am so imperfect a judge of every thing which depends, however remotely, on principles of mechanism, that I shan't attempt minutely to describe it's construction to you. It consists of transverse beams of timber joined together, and rises or falls with the tide. In spring, as soon as the Duna is quite free from ice, they build it, and it is removed before the frost sets in, which happens commonly in November. It is only about nine or ten English miles to the mouth of the river, where it empties itself into the Baltic; and on the southern side, three miles below the town, is the place

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place where Charles the XIIth routed the Saxons, as he had first done the Russians before Narva. A high bank of sand is now collected, and possesses the ground where the action happened, under which are still frequently found skulls and human bones. The city of Riga itself, is a most disagreeable one: it is crowded together, and surrounded by fortifications which prevent a possibility of it's being altered or amended in this respect. The houses are all high, and the streets very narrow, very ill-paved, and very dirty. The suburbs are as large as the place itself, and are chiefly possessed by Russians, the municipal privileges excluding them from the capacity of exercising any trade within it's walls. There are about 8000 inhabitants in the city, and as many more in the fauxbourgs. The commerce must necessarily be prodigious from this port, since they usually reckon the number of ships which come annually to load, as
great

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great as there are houses in Riga, which is about 800; and in the year 1772 they had 1030 vessels from various parts of Europe. Its pretences to antiquity are pretty high: it is said, that when the Teutonic knights, about the year 1300, came to conquer and reform the pagan inhabitants of the province, they found some merchants from Bremen, who had already settled on the bank of the Duna, and erected Riga, induced by the advantages it tendered to commerce. I believe this tradition is well founded.

As I have now seen every thing which merits attention here, I purpose to leave it early to-morrow morning in my way to Mittaw, the residence of the duke of Courland, and capital of that dutchy, which is only at an inconsiderable distance from hence.

A letter is this moment arrived, written with the empress's hand to the governor, informing

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informing him, that a most honorable and advantageous peace is concluded with the Turks. You may imagine what an universal joy this news diffuses, as it may be fully credited. Adieu, my dearest Sir!

I remain,

Your's, &c.

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LETTER XIII.

Mittaw, Thursday, 11th August, 1774.

IT is a very pleasant and agreeable drive of four hours from Riga to this place; the distance being about thirty miles: the dominions of Russia divide from those of Courland nearly at the mid-way. I arrived here Tuesday morning. At the entrance of the town I met his highness the duke, who was on horseback with a small train, and had just returned from hunting. Baron Klopman, the marshal of his court, presented me to him yesterday. He treated me with great politeness, placed me on his left hand at dinner, the old duchess, his mother, sitting on his right; and did me the honor to shew me in person the apartments of the palace, and several

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veral curiosities he has collected, in the afternoon. Our discourse at table ran on the happy news (just received) of the peace concluded with the Turks, all the articles of which he recounted to me, as he had just received a letter from his sister the princess of Courland, who is married, and resides at St. Petersburg, on that subject. It seems as if Romanzoff had exactly reversed the campaign on the banks of the Pruth, where Peter the first was necessitated to submit to the Vizier's terms, and to make an inglorious peace, to preserve his army from total destruction. I remarked this to the duke, who perfectly agreed in sentiment with me. His highness expressed many times the high esteem he entertained for the English nation: "and as a proof," said he, "of the ancient alliance between us, I have now among the archives of the dutchy, several treaties of friendship not only from your kings, but even from the famous

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“famous protector Cromwell.” He was personally acquainted with the late Lord Baltimore, who spent some days at Mittaw during his father’s reign; and assured me, that he had often intended, and yet hoped to visit England. He was good enough to invite me to one of his country palaces at Ruhendahl, about twenty miles from hence, and situate, as he said, in a lovely part of Courland; but as my time did not permit, I was obliged to decline this favor. When taking leave, I told him, I hoped to have next the honor of paying my respects to him in England; but if not, that I should never pass through Mittaw, without acknowledging the obligations his goodness had laid me under on this visit.—As this little sovereignty and its history are not much known in your part of Europe, I make no doubt that it will be entertaining to you, to hear some account of it; particularly as I have received my information from

Baron

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Baron Klopman, who is a native and a resident of the dutchy, and even some particulars from the duke himself.

Courland, as well as Livonia, antiently belonged to the Teutonic knights; but in the year 1461 the grand master of that order became the first duke: he was a nobleman of the name of Ketler, and in his family it continued till they became extinct in the person of Ferdinand. This was the same who fought so gallantly against Charles the XIIth, at the battle of the Duna: he resided at Dantzic in a kind of exile from his country, and deprived of his natural inheritance. His predecessor, the young Duke Frederic, had been married to Anne, daughter of Ivan, elder brother of Peter the Great, and which princess afterwards ascended the Russian throne. He only lived six weeks after his nuptials, being carried off in the bloom of life by a violent fever.

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His widow retained possession of the government, to the exclusion of Ferdinand, till the death of Peter the II^d, when she was called to the empire by a faction. Though this event obliged her to leave Mittaw, and return to Petersburg, yet her power continued; and on the death of the duke without issue, she placed her favorite Biron in the dutchy, though Count Saxe had been previously elected by the nobility, and endeavored to make some resistance. I need not remind you that this Biron was for many years her minister, and possessed the most unbounded power over both his mistress and her subjects. He was not of noble extraction, his father having been in a very mean station under the Ketlers; but his genius and the favor of the empress raised him to the highest dignities. She left him regent at her death, under the infant Emperor Ivan; an office which he held only fifteen days, and from the possession

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of which he was sent into banishment, first into Siberia, and afterwards to Jerslof, near 300 miles beyond Moscow. There he remained till the late Empress Elizabeth's death, when Peter the III^d once more recalled him, and reinstated him in his honors and dominions. During his disgrace, Courland was governed for several years by the four great officers of state, who preside over the different departments, till Prince Charles of Saxony got footing in the dutchy, by the influence of his father the king of Poland, and held it three years, when the change of the sovereign in Russia, obliged him again to evacuate it. The late duke died only two years ago, upwards of eighty years of age, and transmitted the inheritance to his son the reigning prince. His highness is at this time about fifty years old; he was divorced from his first wife, a German princess of the house of Waldeck, and is lately married to a Russian

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lady.—The duke is only the first nobleman of the state, his power not extending in any degree over the other nobility: they pay him no taxes or duties of whatever nature, and are absolute lords on their own estates, having power of life and death over their vassals.—Courland is a fief of Poland, and as such his present highness did homage in his father's name, and his own, to Stanislaus the reigning king, on his accession at Warsaw. The dutchy is sixty-three German miles in length, and twenty-six in breadth: it is exceedingly fertile, particularly in grain, from the duties on which, and his own patrimonial estates, the revenue chiefly arises. This seldom falls short of 400,000* dollars, and amounts sometimes to almost double the sum, as the price of grain determines it in a great measure. The duke has 500 guards,

* A coin value about 3s. 6d. English.

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chiefly for parade; though about two years ago, the confederates of Poland advanced within a single German mile of Ruhendahl with 4000 men, but retired on the preparations he made for defence. He told me that the antient residence of the dukes of Courland was at Goldingen, a town near sixty English miles from hence, and where are still the ruins of a palace which belonged to them.—The present palace at Mittaw was begun by the late duke before his banishment, and continued on his return. It is not yet quite finished in the inside. The plan is too magnificent and princely for so little a sovereign; though, as he maintains neither a military or naval armament, he is a rich man with œconomy. It's situation is very agreeable, on a small eminence just without the town, and washed by the river Aá, which is pretty broad, and winds most delightfully through the meadows which surround it on all sides. The country is mostly flat,

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finely wooded, and resembles exceedingly some parts of England.—The river is navigable to Riga for small boats; and as there are always a number of these vessels going and returning, the view of the sails apparently moving over the fields is vastly picturesque. I have not seen a more elegant landscape than presents itself from the different balconies of the palace.

The town of Mittaw is not very ancient: a private gentleman of Courland founded it, in the year 1426. It occupies at least as much ground as Riga, but as the streets are more spacious and the buildings more scattered, it cannot properly be regarded as equal in size; the inhabitants are only between 3 and 4000. Most of the houses are of wood, and very mean in their appearance. It is horridly paved, and which is still more singular, the Noblesse have opposed and prevented the duke's intention to repair this defect,

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from motives of caprice and obstinacy. He is obliged to summon a diet, composed entirely of their body, once in two years, which enacts laws and redresses grievances: he presides over, but has little influence or authority in it.

This dutchy is an exact resemblance of Poland in miniature; the same aristocracy, the same turbulence, the same political evils, exist in both. If the duke should have male issue by his present marriage, it is probable Russia will preserve the inheritance in the Biron family, as they are the creatures of it's own production, and entirely dependent on it; but on a contrary event the fate of Courland is very precarious. Poland is already dismembered and divided; Prussia invests it on one side, and between that kingdom and the empire of Muscovy, this little province may have the fate of it's feudal parent, from the ambition and avidity of

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one or the other monarch. The rights of humanity, of justice, and of liberty, have been so trampled on, and despised, in the partition of Poland, that no future action of a similar nature can surprise in the present age.

The duke is a lover of letters, and has lately begun an academy in Mittaw, which is almost compleated, and where professors will be entertained at his own expence, for the instruction of the young nobility and persons of condition in the dutchy. This is a very laudable foundation, and does him great honor.

I am vastly pleased with the environs of this city, as well as with my reception, which would tempt me to make a longer stay if my time permitted.—The duke hunts frequently, particularly wolves, and kills often six or seven in a morning. I could wish to have the honor to accom-

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pany him on this diversion, which must, I imagine, be a very gallant one.—The post-horn sounds this moment, and I must conclude my letter. In two hours I shall set out for Memel; but as my stay will not exceed a day, you won't hear again before my arrival at the capital of Prussia. From Koningsberg I shall write you. Farewel!

Your's, &c.

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L E T T E R XIV.

Koningberg, Thursday, 18th August, 1774.

I Left Mittaw this day sevensight about noon, and reached Frawemburg, a little village fifty miles distant, before midnight. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the country through which I passed: wide extended plains, which a week or two before had been covered with harvests, and on which the sheaves of corn were still standing, impressed the traveller with ideas of plenty and happiness. The appearance of every thing seemed to justify and corroborate a remark the duke had made to me, speaking of Courland; that neither in the archives of the duchy, nor in the oldest traditions, is there ever mention made of a famine. Nature has been uncommonly bounteous to them, and that epithet

epithet of the Sicily of the north, usually attributed to Livonia, belongs with more justice to this province, the products of which being antiently all exported from Riga, gave birth to the received opinion.

I continued my journey very early in the morning, having lain down more from a desire not to lose any part of the prospects which presented themselves, than from fatigue or want of rest. I was amply repaid for this little delay, by a continuation of the same elegant scene. I passed through several woods, but there was nothing savage or sombre in them. Oaks, aspens, osiers, larch, and nut trees composed them; and under the shelter of this variegated shade, I dined on some cold provisions I had brought with me, while the servant procured me a descent of nuts from the boughs over my head, which were laden with them. Gil-Blas never dined more to his satisfaction in the groves

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groves of Leon or Castile, than I did in those of Courland. I stopped again during the middle of the night at a little hamlet, where the post-house was situate. As I approached the borders, both the population and the fertility of the soil diminished: very deep and gloomy woods, of twenty English miles in length, which only afford shelter to wolves and bears, formed a striking contrast to the rich vales I had just left, and set off by opposition those parts in which industry and agriculture had improved the original bounty of heaven.—I reached the frontier of the dutchy on Saturday morning, and crossing a rivulet over a wooden bridge entered Poland. It is only a corner of Lithuania, twelve or thirteen miles in breadth, which divides Prussia from Courland. I was stopped at Polangen, a miserable town in this province, and had the honor to be searched at a kind of custom-house in the name of King Stanislaus.

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The place itself is situate at an inconsiderable distance from the shore of the Baltic, and is remarkable for the quantities of amber collected near it, which forms their only branch of commerce. At two English miles from hence stands the black Eagle of Prussia, and in the afternoon I got to Memel, the first town in his Prussian majesty's dominions, where I was obliged once more to undergo the ceremony of a search, which was conducted likewise with greater severity than it had been in Poland, most rigorous penalties being annexed to the introduction of any prohibited articles, however small in quantity, into the kingdom. As I intended to make a short stay in Memel, I had provided myself with letters to a principal commercial house: the hospitality I had found at Narva, and the politeness shewn me at Riga, had prepossessed me with a favorable idea of my reception in this place; and some inducements of another nature,

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nature, which I will mention hereafter; adding weight to the first, I lost not a minute on my arrival, in preparing myself to wait on the persons to whom my recommendations were addressed. I took rather greater care than common in the little adjustments necessary on these occasions: I put on a suit of cloaths which was more than decent: a pair of worked ruffles, and some powder in my hair, made me, I thought, very smart as a traveller; and thus habited I sallied out.—It was near seven in the evening, and had been a very rainy day: I took the opportunity of a short suspension of the storms, and tripped nimbly along the streets, preceded by a girl without shoes or stockings, who was sent to shew me the way. When we came to the house, my ragged conductress opened the street door without ceremony, and running up a pair of stairs, threw open another door into an apartment, where she left me, and retired with as much

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much precipitation as she had entered. I stepped in. If the desks and book-cases, which surrounded near three sides of this room, had not declared it to be a counting-house, I should most certainly have mistaken it for a cock-loft: the casements were so compleatly covered with a crust of opaque matter, that no objects were distinctly visible through them; and the rays of light were very imperfectly admitted at any time, but more particularly so at the hour when I made my appearance. Two black ill-looking figures, who by their countenances might have passed for genuine descendants of Abraham in a right line, started up at the same moment like automatons actuated by springs, and seemed by their regards to demand the cause of so abrupt an entrance: they appeared to be about fifty years of age, and were both dressed in deep mourning and weepers. I must own the manner of my entrance into this strange apartment, rather disconcerted

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concerted me : taking, however, my credentials out of my pocket, I presented them to him who stood next me. "I have not the honor, gentlemen," said I, "to be known to you : these letters serve to introduce me to your acquaintance, and to recommend me to your good offices : they are, as you will find, from Riga, which I left only a few days since." This short speech produced a low bow from both, and while one perused them, the other desired me to be seated on a stool, which had once been covered with leather ; but time having eat it all away, the horse-hair which composed the stuffing supplied it's place : it was a piece of furniture perfectly in taste with every thing else in the room. I complied with the invitation, and amused myself by looking round me, while the two brothers were engaged with the letters. "*Ist die beer ein Kauffmann?*" said the second, stretching out his head with a look of

ignorance

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ignorance and curiosity. "*Ich weiss nicht,*" answered the other, shaking his head in turn. "Gentlemen," said I, "though I am not so happy as to speak German, I understand somewhat of the language : the motives which induce me to travel, are those of knowledge and improvement : I have made almost the tour of the north of Europe this summer, and my stay here, as in every other place I visit, is chiefly determined by the objects it presents of instruction and liberal entertainment." "We apprehended," answered the first, "you might be come to our fair, which will begin Monday : you have heard of Memel fair to be sure ; if you want any goods, our clerks shall shew you the way, and get them for you." "I am happily," said I, "not in want of any goods, except a few amber toys to give away in England ; and I am told this is the properest place in the world to procure them." "I don't know," replied he ;

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“if indeed you only want a few toys, the landlord of the inn where you lodge can supply you as well as any one; but if you would purchase amber in the gross, the town of Polangen, which you came thro’, was the properer place; it belongs to the crown of Poland at this time; but we are in great hopes that *our king* will ere long get hold of it, as soon as matters are settled at Warsaw; and then, you know, we shall have all the amber trade in our own hands.” Unhappy Stanislaus! thought I; how little do the considerations of equity and honor weigh against those of interest; and how unfeelingly would these avaricious tradesmen see the poor remains of thy dismembered kingdom sequestered into other hands! “The trade of Memel is notwithstanding,” resumed I, “pretty large at this time; is it not?” “Indifferent,” said he: “there are only four houses who divide it; we export a great deal of timber, which is brought down

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the river Ruffe from the interior parts of Lithuania, and conveyed here in boats: we deal too pretty largely in hemp, flax, and linseed: five hundred ships were laden here last year with these articles, and as many more might have been laden this season, if the water on the bar was not so much decreased lately. There were eighteen feet, and now there are only fifteen; a melancholy circumstance for us!” “And why,” said I, “have you not remonstrated to his majesty of Prussia? A sovereign so wise, so attentive to every branch of the revenue, who inspects himself into all the departments of policy, and is his own minister, would no doubt interest himself warmly in the removal of every obstacle which injured or diminished your trade.” “We have not found that,” replied he: “remonstrances have been presented to the king, and orders given in consequence; but they are not executed: his majesty is a great man; but Berlin is very distant;

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and this is a frontier of the kingdom." I asked if there were any objects of curiosity at Memel. "There is not any thing that I know of," said the second brother, "except a pot-ash manufactory, and you may see a better one at Dantzic: the ships at the quay are our finest sight." I turned the discourse, in the intention of prolonging the time, on the siege of Memel in the late war, of which they gave me some account, having resided there at the time. Only 600 invalids held it out four days against an army of 50,000 Russians, and then obtained a capitulation, and marched out with all the honors of war.—I had now exhausted every topic of conversation; it was become so very dark, that I could hardly distinguish any parts of my companions except their noses and their weepers: they had not given me any invitation either to supper, or to dinner next day: the gloom increased every moment, and darkness and silence were drawing their

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their mantle over us.—In a word, I found I must go; so rising up I made my bow, and wished them a good night.—I returned home half mortified at my unsuccessful visit. You will suppose there was some concealed motive which influenced me so warmly to attempt, and so long to persevere in the design of cultivating the acquaintance of two such men. There was; I avow it. I had been informed before my arrival, that one of them had a lady, whose person and manners were eminently attractive; and the hope of being introduced to her presence, had alone prompted my behaviour, and regulated my conduct during this interview. I should have esteemed the company of such a woman more than an adequate compensation for the previous penance. As I was not lucky enough to enjoy this, however, I made the best of my condition, and drank Mademoiselle de Treiden's health, at my solitary supper, in a glass of Rhe-

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nish, which was tolerably good. Who Mademoiselle de Treiden is, I never yet told you: she is very young, very pretty, and very good-natured; if you would know more of her, she lives at Mittaw, and is a maid of honor to the duchess of Courland.

I ordered post-horses for Koningberg at noon next day, and walked out in the morning to look at the town. The ladies were picking out their way through the dirtiest vilest streets it is possible to conceive, in negligees and white fatten shoes; and the gentlemen were gallanting them to church (for it was Sunday) in blue velvet-coats, and vast Kevenhuller hats. There were some exquisite figures among them. Leonardo da Vinci would have fell to work with his pencil in a minute, if he had been there. It was a most laughable scene. There is not, indeed, any thing in this place to detain a man of curiosity

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curiosity two hours: the buildings are very wretched; and, as my friend said in the counting-house, I think "the ships at the quay are the finest sight in Memel."

From hence to Koningberg, the road lies over a spit of sand about eighty-three miles in length, and not more than a single one in breadth in many places: in none does it exceed three. This extraordinary bank of sand terminates a little to the northward of the town, from which it is separated by a haven of near half a mile in breadth. When the weather is fine, and the sea smooth, one may drive along it with great pleasure, as the sands close to the margin of the water are hard and firm. Unhappily for me, it not only blew very hard, but the wind being westerly drove the waves a long way higher on the beach than usual. I landed on the sand about two in the afternoon, and

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reached the first post-house as night closed in. A more terrible one I hardly ever remember: it not only rained without intermission, but the wind, which had increased the whole day, blew a hurricane. The sea being driven by its fury a long way beyond the usual bounds, necessitated the postilions to drive through the very surf, which many times completely covered the fore-wheels of the carriage, and roared like thunder in my ears. In such a situation I could not take much repose, and more than once apprehended I should have been inevitably overturned into the sea, the side of the little sand-hills which bound the shore being so shelving and steep, that it was with the utmost precaution and care the carriage was prevented from turning over. Morning came most welcome after such a night, and about eight o'clock I got to a miserable nasty hovel, called an inn, where I found the poor inhabitants employed in
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boiling pumpkins, which appeared to be one chief article of their food. The women looked more like witches than human creatures, without any sort of head-dress except their hair, and scarce covered to the knees. Here among horses in a large stable I eat my breakfast, and drank my coffee very composedly.—I reached the southern termination of the sand, where it joins the continent, about noon; and gladly found myself once more on firm ground, after having drove two-and-twenty hours along the shore of the Baltic, and often amid its very waves.—It is about twenty miles to Koningsberg from hence, through a flat but inclosed and cultivated country. I passed almost under the very wheels where the bodies of four malefactors lately executed are still remaining. I turned my eyes with horror from this spectacle, equally humiliating and mournful to a breast of compassion. They are only a quarter of a mile from the city,

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at the gate of which I was stopped. After the officer on guard had inspected my pass, a soldier with his bayonet fixed mounted the coach-box, and the postilion blowing his horn, I was conducted like a prisoner of state through a number of streets to the custom-house. There I underwent another search *à la Prussienne*, and was then permitted to drive to an inn.

I shall not quit this place before tomorrow evening, and even then it will be with reluctance. Fortune, who usually dispenses her favors with caprice, has made me here a rich amends for my disappointment at Memel. A gentleman of rank, with whom I became acquainted the day of my arrival, did me the honor to invite me to a ball the ensuing evening at his own house. I went about six o'clock: it was a beautiful day, and the ladies were seated under an arbour in the garden, while a band of music played. He presented

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sented me to them all without distinction, leaving to my own feelings where to give the preference. In this situation, it was not her beauty which drew me to a particular one, though perhaps in that endowment nature had given her the superiority. Shall I say it was chance merely then; a fortuitous contingency, in which no higher and better influence mingled itself? Or are there not, my dear Sir, some secret and unknown causes, some exquisite and sympathetic qualities, either mental or corporeal, which attract by a subtle and irresistible energy certain persons, in whose bosoms a congeniality of soul has formed them to give and receive a mutual pleasure? Let this be as it may: however uncertain the cause, I felt the effect. The passions of the heart depend not on the deductions of the understanding, and admiration may be experienced without defining it. Her person was slender, and formed with symmetry: a delicacy

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licacy mingled with a languor was its chief characteristic. This quality was not confined to any particular attitude, feature, or look; it was diffused all over her, and might be as perceptibly discerned in the movement of her hand, as in the changes of her eye. Time had not taken any thing from the natural loveliness of her countenance; but sickness had tinged her cheek with a paleness, without diminishing its charms. She was born at Berlin, but of French extraction. Her knowledge of this last language was only equalled by her acquaintance with the Italian. She read Tasso and Boileau with equal ease. Guarini might have listened with as much rapture as I did, while, in a tone of voice most exquisitely musical, she repeated his "*O Primavera Gioventu del Anno*"—Her health did not permit her to dance; but she recommended to me her friend, a young lady very amiable, if my heart could have found any thing so be-

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sides herself. Music had no attractions for me, unless of a secondary nature, and which it derived from her; nor could dancing animate my bosom, though it might my body. I returned from this gay thralldom to the happiness of sitting beside her, of regarding every alteration in her face, and attending to the accents of her tongue. She was not insensible to this species of homage, more truly flattering than a volume of compliments, and was one of the few women I have met with, who know that love has no alliance with loquacity. She invited me to teach her English, and promised in return to be my preceptress in German. "Now and then," added she, "we may recur, for a superior entertainment, to the *Pastor Fido*, or the *Gierusalemme*. Why cannot I accept this invitation? why not profit of such a tutorefs? Can I have a better one, if I wander through every circle of the empire? The very genius of the language would

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would appear different, when she deigned to instruct me in it, and all it's asperities would be softened in passing through such a medium. What may come, I know not: "Hope springs eternal in the human breast:" but at this time, insuperable obstacles preclude the possibility of my stay in Koningberg.

This is a vast city: I do not believe it is less than Copenhagen; and it contains 50,000 inhabitants, exclusive of 8000 soldiers; it is a great collection of houses and streets without elegance, beauty, or order: the buildings are in a vile taste, and mostly old. Here is an academy, founded by one of the first dukes of Prussia; but our grammar-schools in England are in general much superior to it. A professor shewed me the library, and other apartments: there is nothing worth looking at, except the original safe-conduct given by Charles the Vth to Martin Luther,

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ther, when he attended the diet of Worms in 1521, and signed by the emperor's hand: this merits preservation.—Koningberg has a considerable trade in hemp and flax, but it is seven German miles, or thirty-five English, from Pillaw, the seaport at the embouchure of the river Pregel; so that only very small vessels can come up to the town. The present king of Prussia has not shewn any attachment or fondness for this part of his dominions; nor has he visited the city since the year 1753, though he comes annually to make a general review of the troops at Graudentz near Marienwerder on the Vistula, not far removed from hence. The river is narrow here, but there are some very pleasant gardens on it's banks. I am told, a king of Bohemia founded Koningberg in 1255, this part of Prussia being at that time dependant on his kingdom.—The lady whom I have already mentioned, has not formed the sole inducement

ducement to protract my stay : the cordial and generous politeness I have met with from an English merchant and his lady, whose names are Collins, have made me forget Memel: she is a Prussian; but few English women possess half her powers of pleasing. I am just going to supper at her house; so farewell!—In a few days I hope to write you from Dantzic, where my course will be directed next. Mean while, believe me ever

Your own,

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LETTER XV.
Elbing, Monday, 22d August, 1774.

I Quitted Koningberg Saturday morning, and pursued my journey along the banks of the river Pregel, through a fertile plain. It was one of the finest days of the season, the rays of the sun being moderated and attempered by a breeze from the water, and all nature gay. I stopped the carriage on a rising ground at a little distance from the town, and looked back on it's numerous spires, which were gilded by the eastern sun; a tear of vexation and despair stood in my eye, and diminished the prospect; but fancy penetrated the gloom, and saw her from the highest

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highest tower in Koningsberg, wave her handkerchief in the wind, and vainly bid me a last adieu. I then drove on, and folding my arms, gave full scope to those visions of future and ideal happiness, those schemes of reunion, to which the mind of man always has recourse when oppressed by sorrow, and which, though our understanding is conscious of their futility and unsubstantial nature,

“ Yet with a pleasing sorcery can charm
 “ Pain for a while, or anguish, and excite
 “ Fallacious hope.” —

The axle-tree of the chaise broke down in the afternoon; and as several hours were requisite to make a new one, I was necessitated to remain in the village where it happened during the rest of the day. I lay down at night in a bed, and in an apartment which might well have served
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for the original of that where Pope describes Villiers expiring, and than which imagination can hardly conceive any more miserable and gloomy. In the morning early I proceeded, and got to Frawenburg to breakfast. This is a little town situate in a sandy plain on the sea-shore. I stopped to see the church, which has been very renowned in past ages. It stands on a hill, commanding an extensive prospect, and belonged antiently to the bishops of Ermeland. These were both ecclesiastical and temporal princes, resembling the electoral archbishops of the German empire: they were appointed by the kings of Poland, and were vassals of that kingdom. Their revenues were not less than 30,000 ducats per annum, and their territories pretty considerable. This fief has been considered by the king of Prussia as belonging to him, and in consequence sequestered to his use: the present bishop

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is a young Polish nobleman, and was invested in the see some few years since by Stanislaus. He is said to possess the powers of insinuation in a great degree, and by his raillery and facetiousness, to have ingratiated himself exceedingly with his new sovereign, who has most bounteously allowed him an annual pension of about 6,000 ducats* from the revenues, on which he now resides, at Cracow.—I return to the church of Frawemburg. It is of Catholic foundation, and they were celebrating the matin service when I entered it. As they had informed me at Koningsberg, that the immortal Copernicus was interred here, I waited with no little impatience in the expectation of seeing his tomb; but in this I was disappointed. One of the priests assured me, that though he had been a canon of the cathedral, his remains were buried at

* A piece value about 9s. to 9s. 3d. English.

Thorn,

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Thorn, the place of his nativity. They, however, still shew the apartment which belonged to him; and the canons are at this time supplied with water, by a machine of his invention, which raises it to a great height from the vale below, whence it is distributed to every part of their residence. This engine I saw; and though I am the most incompetent judge on earth of any thing which depends on principles of hydrostatics, yet I was struck with its great simplicity. The celebrated machine of Marli was constructed from the plan of it by order of Louis the XIVth.

It is not more than twenty miles from Frawemburg to this place, which I reached yesterday morning, and shall quit again this evening. Elbing was founded by a colony from Lubeck, the Tyre of the Baltic, about the year 1234. It is

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situate on a little river, which falls into the sea near five miles off, but admits only very small vessels, Pillaw serving equally as the port to Königsberg and Elbing. The Teutonic knights were lords of it for a considerable number of years; but in 1450 the inhabitants ultimately shook off their yoke. From this era, we may date the splendor of its annals; they became rich, powerful, and commercial; they were respected throughout all the north, and even made war on the kings of Denmark and Sweden, with success. Gustavus Adolphus took it: but his premature death, and the peace of Westphalia which followed in 1648, restored them again to their liberties. Charles the XIIth entered it by assault in the beginning of the present century, as it adhered to Augustus his enemy; and the entrenchments of his camp are still visible at an inconsiderable distance from
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the walls. It remained free since that time under the protection of Poland, to the diet of which kingdom it sent two members, till the 13th of September, 1772, when his Prussian majesty's general took possession of it in the name of his master, and drove out the Polish garrison of 200 men, who attempted to make some defence. The black eagle has now supplanted the cross, their antient arms, and appears over every gate of the city. They already feel the rigor and rapacity of this new government, which threatens to swallow up all Polish Prussia, and to extinguish freedom and commerce in one general ruin.—The city itself contains about fifteen thousand inhabitants. The architecture of the houses is the most grotesque and singular I have seen in Europe. They terminate in a point, and almost all the upper stories are untenable, being designed for granaries, and not for resi-

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dence.

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dence. It was formerly fortified in the Gothic taste, and surrounded by a trench; but even these feeble ramparts are in a great measure demolished since it has become subject to its new master.

I was permitted by particular request to see the treasures lately discovered here, and about which so much has been said in the public prints all over Europe. They are contained in three large coffers, in a vaulted apartment of the town hall, where they had lain untouched a number of years. There is not any specie, the whole being plate, or ornaments worn by the priests in the celebration of divine service. The exquisite delicacy of the workmanship constitutes their chief value, the intrinsic worth not exceeding 25,000 ecus, or 6000l. sterling. The real history of these treasures I can inform you, as I received it from the gentleman who keeps them.

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them. When the city was taken by Gustavus Adolphus, he put the Lutherans into possession of the cathedral, which previous to that event belonged to the catholics. Uladislaus king of Poland restored it to them some years after; but the pious followers of Luther found means to secrete most of the riches belonging to the original proprietors, which they concealed effectually in this obscure retreat. The secret was a dangerous one, known to few, and very well kept. They wait at present to know his majesty's pleasure respecting the disposition of them; and as he is a prince not bigotted to any particular religion or superstition, he may perhaps make much the same use of the plate, as Belshazzar formerly did of the vessels in the Jewish temple, by covering his side-board with them:—but the catholics hope for better things from his piety. In the same chamber where these

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these holy relics have been discovered, were likewise several swords which belonged to the Teutonic knights. I examined them with great attention, and am almost induced to believe they are merely weapons of ostentation, designed, like Alexander's mangors and armor in India, to impress posterity with false ideas of their personal strength and prowess. Their weight and dimensions are so enormous, that, though I measured one of them, I am afraid to tell you its exact length. Nothing can be more rude and barbarous than their construction; two pieces of iron form the garde, and round the gripe is a bandage of straps of leather crossed. They are really objects of wonder and curiosity.—I am now just ready to set out for Marienbourg, which is only twenty miles off. From thence I shall finish this letter.

I Have

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Marienbourg, Wednesday, 24th August, 1774.

I Have received so high a delight from the view of one of the noblest monuments of antient magnificence now remaining in Europe, that I shall lose no time in describing it, while my imagination is yet warmly impressed with the sensations excited by the view of it. To the institution of chivalry we owe this production, the Teutonic knights having been the founders of it. As I have so frequently made mention of this order in my late letters, it may save you the trouble of recurring to dusty folios, to give you a little epitome of their origin, their greatness, and their extinction.—Folly and a religious rage first gave them birth, in the ages of darkness. Europe engaged

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in the frantic design of rescuing the holy tomb from the hands of the Saracens, to whom it belonged, and sent these squadrons of military saints one after the other on the same errand. They were called Knights Templars, Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, Knights Teutonic: they bore to these wars the badge of peace and concord, the cross, which they wore either on the shoulder or the breast. It was in the year 1191, at the time when our Richard was opposing Saladine under the walls of Jerusalem, that the reigning Pope Celestine instituted this new re-inforcement to the Christian arms. They were only forty in number, and a German lord, by name Henry Valpot, was appointed grand master of the order: their prowess did not, however, maintain them long in Palestine, from whence they were driven out pretty early in the thirteenth century. Conrade, Duke of Masovia, was at that time

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time their head.—What should they do? Fighting was their only profession, and enemies of some kind were absolutely requisite. Happily the north of Europe was yet much of it unsubdued to the holy church, and wrapt in paganism. It was a most meritorious action to cut these infidels to pieces, and Pope Gregory the IXth gave his sanction to the cause. Thus authorized, Conrade led them on, and entered Prussia. They either drove out the inhabitants or baptized them, and established themselves firmly in their new conquests. On the banks of the river Nogat, in a beautiful plain, they fixed their grand residence, and began to construct the castle of Marienbourg in 1281. The first master of the order came here in the year 1309, when we may reasonably presume it was finished. They became afterwards very powerful, and conquered all Samogitia, Courland, Livonia, and other provinces; they made war with
Poland,

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Poland, and in 1461 Marienbourg was besieged and taken by the Poles, but restored again. From this era their splendor diminished: they grew licentious and debauched in their manners, tyrannical and oppressive in their government. In 1524 they were totally driven out of Prussia, under Albert, Marquis of Brandenburg, the thirty-fourth grand master of their order, and their power ultimately abolished.

The castle of Marienbourg consisted of three detached and separate structures; the first and most antient was designed apparently for defence. It was square in it's figure, surrounded by a trench of prodigious magnitude. The king of Prussia has so mutilated and altered this part, by converting it into caserns for his soldiery since he took possession of the town, that all it's original beauty is lost, and the antiquarian searches in vain for the genuine

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nuine traces of the Teutonic magnificence, amid modern bricks and mortar. The chapel he has spared. There are two, one beneath the other. I visited both, conducted by the catholic priest, a man of letters and politeness, to whom I am indebted for the greater part of the information I gained relative to the structure. In the subterranean chapel, several grand masters of the order have been interred, and he shewed me the stones under which repose their remains. Round them are inscriptions, but the character thro' time is illegible. The upper one is built in a very elegant stile of Gothic architecture. At the east end, on the outside of the edifice, in a deep nich of the wall, stands a wooden statue of the Virgin twelve feet high, holding the infant Jesus in her arms: it is not badly executed, and has suffered very little, in the lapse of so many centuries, from the injuries of time. One of the grand masters erected this image soon after the

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completion of the castle, and the Virgin being the protectress of the order, they gave the name of Marienbourg to the town and fortress. It would seem that when they increased in power, and number of knights, the second part of the castle was constructed. It is only divided by the trench from the first, but is plainly built on a different plan: magnificence is the characteristic, and it consists entirely of apartments, public and private. The whole is as yet in great preservation, and unaltered by modern motives of convenience or policy. The council-chamber, or sala of conference, is a grand room; it is square, being twenty paces every way. In the midst is a column of an octagon form, composed of one piece of brown granate, spreading in radii like a fan at top, and supporting the roof, which like every other in the building is vaulted. There is a double row of windows in it, and round three sides is a very high stone bench,

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bench, where the knights sat, on these occasions. The refectoire is still more superb: it is forty paces in length, by twenty in breadth. Three similar pillars of granate support the roof, the capitals of which are curiously adorned with figures in alto-relievo, representing, as I apprehend, some of the histories in holy writ. There are many chambers of a smaller size; but these two merit the minutest survey, as they give the most perspicuous idea of the architecture of former ages, where a savage splendor, and a barbarous magnificence, form the predominant character. Round the whole of this second division of the castle is another moat, but neither so broad or deep as the first. The last division covers a longer space of ground than either of the others, and was doubtless intended for their horses, domestics, and inferior attendants. It is surrounded with a narrow ditch, beyond which is a high wall,

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flanked with towers at small distances, which forms the outermost barrier. The circumference of the whole fortification does not, I imagine, fall short of an English mile. Several gentlemen of the town have assured me that the subterranean works of this castle are not less surprising and vast, than the structure which appears above the earth. They say, that beneath the first of the three edifices I have enumerated, are three ranges of vaulted cellars one under the other, into the lowest of which they have descended some years ago. I should have had curiosity enough to have done the same, if they had been ten deep; but at this time it is not practicable, the arches in some places being fallen in, or obstructed by earth, and the air being too noxious and unwholesome to permit the attempt. Over the chapel is a very high tower, to the top of which I ascended, though by a horrid stair-case absolutely dark, and the

steps

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steps of which in many parts are broken and decayed. The prospect from the summit richly repaid my trouble. It extends east to Elbing, and west to Dantzic; and below lies the rich vale watered by the Vistula and the Nogat, terminated to the north by the Baltic.—I flatter myself you will not think my account of this proud residence of the Teutonic knights either too prolix or too minute, as it is, perhaps, the finest proof they have left of their former extensive conquests.

The city of Marienbourg itself contains nothing very extraordinary. It was formerly the head of a league which comprehended twenty-seven small towns, all situate in Polish Prussia, and which held dietines for the regulation of their police, municipal privileges, &c. This little confederacy has been long extinct, and the town itself shared the same fate as Elbing

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on the same day, the Prussian soldiers having marched in without resistance. There are at this time 1600 of them here, which equals the number of inhabitants in the place.

I went yesterday afternoon, in company with two very agreeable young women and a gentleman, to see the junction of the two great rivers of Polish Prussia, the Vistula and the Nogat. It is one of the most picturesque and beautiful landscapes which nature presents. I need not remind you that the first of these streams, after having passed by the cities of Thorn and Culm, divides into two great branches; the western, which retains its original name, empties itself into the Baltic beyond Dantzic: the eastern, is called the Nogat, on which Marienbourg is situate. It is near thirteen miles from hence to the spot where this division takes place: about the midway one sees both rivers, and the

road

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road lies through a deep wood of oaks till within 200 yards of the point. Here the trees are cleared away, and emerging from the gloom caused by them, the whole beautiful scene bursts at once upon the sight; language, however glowing, can do little to paint its beauties; the eye, and not the understanding, is captivated. I stood some minutes on the extreme verge, where the rivers unite, in silent contemplation of this lovely prospect. On my left was the Nogat, whose course is visible for several miles to the north, till it is lost between the high banks which bound it on either side. The Vistula is on the right, and forms a striking contrast, its banks being even with the water, and the river itself is only to be seen an inconsiderable way, on account of its serpentine progress. A little island exactly at the junction, covered with brush-wood, amid which peeps out an antient decayed barn, forms a fine break

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in the view. Beyond it appears the main stream of the Vistula undivided, which rolls along in silent tranquil majesty, under hanging woods, which extend to the south as far as the horizon. The sails of several fishing-boats seen on different parts of the rivers, leave scarce any thing for imagination herself to add. We drank coffee in this delightful recess, under cover of the trees, on an eminence, from whence all these objects were distinctly observed. The peasants (for there is a hamlet here) brought us bread, butter, and cream. I should not forget to remark, that the Teutonic knights had fixed on this place as very eligible, and had even constructed a small fort on the very spot, called Zantir; but it being demolished soon after, they built that of Marienbourg some miles higher up on the Nogat. It was almost night before we returned to town.—I have now only about five-and-thirty miles to Dantzic, and as I

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leave this place in the afternoon, shall doubtless arrive there early to-morrow; but as this letter is already very long, I dispatch it by post from hence. Mean while, my dear Sir, adieu!

Your's, &c.

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LETTER XVI.
Dantzic, Wednesday, 31st August, 1774.

IT is a garden the whole way from Marienbourg to the gates of this city. I crossed the Vistula at Dirschaw, a little town most beautifully situate on it's banks, and commanding a view of all this fertile country. About an English mile and a half before I got to the town of Dantzic, I came to the last Prussian guard, and entered the territory of the republic, which is at present diminished on every side, and invested by hussars and grenadiers of an absolute prince. Freedom, it is true, yet reigns within these limits, though narrow, and waves her sacred banner on the ramparts: but how long this may continue, is certainly matter of uncertainty and doubt. If the melancholy fate of Elbing or Marienbourg

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rienbourg can form a presage; if the unfeeling rapacity shewn in the division of Poland, it's feudal parent, and once it's protector; if the general train of policy, I should rather say of unrestrained avidity, exercised by the court of Berlin in Polish Prussia, enables one to determine, it's final extinction is not far off. To what happy or valuable purposes, indeed, can the possession of personal independence serve, when the vital spirit which once supplied it is fled? Their commerce, their revenues, their riches, are already either seized on, or burdened with imposts and duties which must eventually destroy them.—The city itself, which no king of Poland ever dared to enslave; which has for centuries known the sweets of an equal government and public liberty; now awaits in trembling expectation the hour of it's destruction, and implores, perhaps in vain, the powers of Europe to save her from a new enemy, a sovereign whose

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whose claims are equally unexpected and unbounded, and who, though apparently restrained from open violence by political motives, watches only the favorable moment when treachery or intrigue may put him into possession. As a member of human race, and more peculiarly as enjoying in my own person the blessings of liberty, I feel for an unhappy city, which has once been great and powerful, but whose glories will probably soon be extinguished.—Most or all the suburbs, which are very populous and extensive, are already occupied by Prussian soldiery, who on one side are close to the very fortifications, a palisado only separating them from the Dantzic guards. Public diversions of every nature are prohibited by the magistrates, and the German comedy is in one of those suburbs which has been taken from them.—I have been at some pains to know if they are capable of making any defence in case of a siege. Appearances,

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pearances, on a superficial view, incline one to apprehend they could hold out a very considerable time. They have 2000 disciplined troops, and proper engineers. Artillery, small arms, and ammunition, are in much greater quantity than can be wanted in their arsenal: the burghers capable of bearing arms amount to 6000: their trenches and ramparts are very strong by nature and art; they can lay the surrounding country under water; and the siege of 1734 is not yet so old as to be forgotten. If to all these we add the enthusiasm of liberty, which is alone equal to the most arduous achievements, one is fully persuaded it is not the work of a day, or of a month, to become master of it: yet, in contradiction to all this specious display of strength, I am fully of opinion, that should it ever be invested and bombarded by his Prussian majesty, it would hold out a very short time.—It is not necessary to examine the

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uniform, to mark the difference between the troops of the king and the republic, which is too evident in every manœuvre. The magistrates have not shewn in their past conduct any passionate warmth for the preservation of their rights, and it is probable intestine confusion would aid the attacks from without: nor can the ill success of the Ruffians in the last siege form any presumption of a similar nature in a future one, since it is well known some secret political springs retarded and prevented the vigor of their progress. These, however, are merely my surmises, on which no reliance can be made; and I am inclined to hope and believe it is an event, which, though justly dreaded, will never actually take place. A languor and a decay is however visible, at this time, through every department; and the Vistula, which, they say, at the present season of the year, used to be covered with little vessels and boats, is no longer crowded.

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crowded. In this situation of anxiety and dismay, they have not failed to implore assistance from every power in Europe which can possibly rescue them; but from the courts of Ruffia and England, they principally hope for aid. The maxims, the conduct, the manifestos of the first, have been hitherto so unpropitious and unfavourable to them, that very little could be expected from thence. They now flatter themselves that the peace so happily concluded, may change the policy of the cabinet of St. Peterburgh; and say, that in the past behaviour Count Panin and not the empress spoke.

—But on the ministry of Britain they repose their grand reliance, and fondly presume to hope, that a nation, the avowed patrons of freedom, who have purchased and cemented their own with blood, and deemed it cheaply won, will interest themselves in the fate of a city, which has no other

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other protector. It is not humanity alone, they say, which should induce them to it; it is not the immortal honor of extending their care to the oppressed throughout the earth, and of saying to tyranny and despotism, "Thus far shalt thou go!" policy and commerce require their interposition, and they will find too late, if they remain indifferent spectators of our fall, that England has been the dupe of Prussian artifice and dexterity.

You will naturally imagine, that so enthusiastic a lover of antiquities, as I am, has not forgotten to enquire after those of this place. I am indebted principally for my information to two gentlemen, to whom I have been introduced since my arrival, Monsieur le Baron Zorn and Dr. Wolf, whose names I ought not to mention without adding the obligations their politeness and readiness to communicate knowledge,

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knowledge, has laid me under. The last of them is animated with a spirit of independence worthy Hampden or Sidney. He resided some years since at Warsaw, but quitted it on account of the troubles and anarchy which foreign ambition has introduced into that capital. He retired to Dirschaw, about twenty miles from hence; built himself an observatory for his astronomical studies; and remained there till the king of Prussia seized on the town and surrounding territory. Unable to bear a yoke so galling, he left Dirschaw, and removed to this city; and he now declares, that when it is no longer free, he will embark for England, where he has already been, and where every fugitive may find an asylum. Happy, glorious country, which can thus extend its parental protection to persecuted merit of every kind, and where freedom, almost unknown from the pole to the equator,

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equator, holds her peaceful and gentle reign!

The origin of Dantzic, like that of almost every other kingdom or city, is wrapped in tradition and fable. The monks, who flourished under the Teutonic knights, are the oldest writers remaining; and curiosity must content itself with their accounts, however doubtful, as there are no other to be procured. A colony of Danes is said to have founded it about the middle of the twelfth century; and the name it now bears is only a corruption of the word Danske, which signifies Dane. Previous to this æra, it is pretended the kings of Poland had a fort and governor on a hill, at present part of the fortifications, and called from him Hogalberg, or Hogal's hill, to this day. The Danes requested of him as large a portion of ground for their residence as they could circumscribe

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circumscribe by extending their arms: this enclosed a circle of near two miles, and was the first or old city. Little is known of importance from this time till the year 1312, when a certain Pole, by name Potcammer, being governor, plotted with the Margraves of Brandenburg to deliver it up to them. The deputy-governor, aware of this treachery, informed Ladislaus the IIIrd, king of Poland, and they jointly called in the Teutonic knights, who kept possession of the place, and were too powerful to be expelled. Under them the new city was built, which comprehended nearly the limits of Dantzic, as it exists now. In 1456 the inhabitants threw off their subjection to the knights, in concert with the other cities of Polish Prussia, and became independent under the protection of Poland. On the flight and abdication of Henry of Valois in 1574, that kingdom was divided, one party hav-

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ing elected Stephen Batori, Duke of Transylvania, the other declaring for the Emperor Maximilian the IIId. Dantzic adhering to the latter, was besieged by Stephen (the Conqueror) for a whole year, and was then reduced to purchase a peace, by a surrender of every thing valuable in the place. Even the plate in the churches is said to have been taken by the Poles on this occasion, and the people were reduced to the extreamest indigence. Yet in twenty years after, so great were the advantages of their commerce, they were become wealthy enough to construct new fortifications in the modern manner; a high wall flanked with square towers in the Gothic stile having been till then their sole defence. The siege of 1734 by the Russians is yet remembered by numbers here, when Stanislaus Leszinski made his escape through so many enemies; and they show the spot, without one of the bastions, where

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where 5000 Muscovites are interred, who perished in an attempt to storm the town.

Dantzic, though much superior either to Riga or Koningsberg, is yet neither elegant or handsome. The houses are in general lofty, and in an antique taste. In most of the streets are trees, which at this season of the year afford an agreeable shade; but in the winter must be very inconvenient, and ought to be removed. The building used at present as an exchange, merits attention from it's antiquity: it is a square chamber vaulted: in the middle is a marble statue erected to Augustus the IIIId, the late king of Poland. You know his character, which did not merit many eulogiums; yet gratitude could not have conferred higher panegyrics on a Trajan, or a Henry the IVth, than flattery has done on him. I visited

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the arsenal some days ago, and must own I was surpris'd at the prodigious military stores contained in it, and the order in which they are kept. The man shewed me a sort of musquetoon weighing thirty-six pounds, which Augustus the II^d is said to have discharged with one hand. This I can well believe, as the proofs he gave of uncommon strength are too numerous and well attested, to admit of any question. In a small apartment of the arsenal, is a very beautiful honorary tomb, erected by Sigismund, king of Sweden and Poland, to the memory of his father John the III^d; the same whom you may remember I mentioned in a letter from Abo, as having confined his brother Eric in the Isle of Aland: it is of Italian workmanship, and finely executed. Sigismund is said to have presented this piece to the city of Dantzic.—The other public buildings are not very remarkable. In the
great

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great church is a vast pillar hollowed, which, it is pretended, was antiently used to immure ecclesiastics guilty of heinous crimes. I cannot, indeed, readily conceive any other use to which it could have been put; and it is well known that species of punishment was common in many parts of Europe. I looked down into it from above, two iron bars which cross the opening at the top easily permitting it. The depth is, I imagine, forty feet, and the square dimensions within, about seven. There is something white scattered on the ground, which they say is bones, but I had not faith enough to believe it. One might easily satisfy oneself, as nothing could be more easy than to let a man down by a rope, and draw him up again. It would not be quite so adventurous a descent, as that of the man at Plymouth in Mr. Blake's vessel; an affair which is much talked of here. As liberty of re-

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ligion is publicly allowed in Dantzic, there are churches of all kinds, Lutheran, Calvinist, and Catholic: there are besides convents for religious of both sexes. It is computed that the inhabitants, including all the suburbs, are not less than 80,000. The environs are uncommonly beautiful.

I drove out last Sunday to see the abbey of Oliva, so celebrated for the peace concluded in it. The foundation of the convent is very antient. Subislaus, a duke of Pomerania, who embraced Christianity, erected it in 1170, dedicating it to "the holy and undivided Trinity, the most blessed Virgin, and St. Bernard." These inclusory dedications were common in most countries, and we usually find churches divided between the Deity and some favorite saint, male or female; it belonged to the Cistercian order of monks.

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The convent and church were destroyed and rebuilt no less than eight times; the Teutonic knights, the Poles, and the heretic Hussites, all ravaged it; the Dantzic soldiery, lastly, razed it to the ground in 1577, and were obliged by Stephen Batori to erect it anew as it now stands. On a black marble monument in the cloisters, is commemorated the pacification of Oliva. I transcribed the whole, but shall not trouble you with it. I need only remind you that it was made between the Emperor Leopold and John Casimir King of Poland on one side, and Charles Gustavus King of Sweden on the other, who died during the ratification of it. All the great conquests made by the latter were restored by the articles to the crown of Poland. The Monk who attended us, shewed me the bread which was converted into stone: the story is written in Latin, German, and Polish, in the church; it happen-

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ed in 1617. Some of Gustavus Adolphus's Lutheran soldiery sacrilegiously presuming to lay hands on this consecrated loaf, with intention to devour it, found it converted into stone before their eyes—no doubt to their great astonishment. I examined it very minutely, and must allow there is great merit in the choice of the subject for this deception. It is about the size of a two-penny roll, and resembles one in shape. One side is indented with a deep hole apparently natural, but which was made by the thumb of this Swedish soldier, in the act of laying hold of it. They preserve it with great care in a silver case; and, indeed, I think it is one of the best miracles I ever saw; and is enough to prevent Lutherans in future from daring to make so free with holy bread.

The abbot's palace, and gardens adjoining, are very elegant; but his revenues, which

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which amounted only two years ago to 10,000 ducats (or near 5000l.) per annum, and the lands of the convent, which he enjoyed in full sovereignty, are now all seized by the king of Prussia, who allows him only 1200 ducats (about 550l.) as a pension during life, and about one fourth of that sum to keep the gardens in order: he is by birth a nobleman, amiable and benevolent in his character, past the middle age of life, and universally respected. Humanity feels for such a man, and execrates the rapacity which has thus reduced him!—But this is nothing—this is even generosity and mercy, compared with other stories incontestably authentic, which I have heard here, respecting the Polish nobles, whose estates have been confiscated, and their families reduced from a revenue of 100,000 ducats* to absolute indigence, by that monarch. One of these,

* A Piece value about 9s. 3d. or more English.

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which respects a nobleman of the highest rank, is so truly melancholy, and displays such inhumanity on one side, and such virtue and magnanimity on the other, that it cannot be heard without tears of pity and indignation. I could recount it to you, as every person here is acquainted with the exalted sufferer; but as the particulars are already sent to England for publication, it would only anticipate the more minute and accurate relation, which a few months will probably present to the whole world.

This city has been crowded with Polish nobility, who abandoned their torn and bleeding country, to take refuge in it; but the king of Prussia having lately threatened to seize into his own hands all their estates, if they do not return to them, the greater number have, from necessity, complied with his orders. The
primate

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primate of the kingdom, Count Podotki, Archbishop of Gnesna, is still here, and will probably remain, as his lands not being secular, cannot be sequestered so easily. All the accumulated evils which have laid waste this miserable country are only natural consequences of its constitution and government, in which almost every political fault and error is mingled; and one is only surpris'd how such a barbarous anarchy has subsisted so long.

I purpose to remain only a day or two longer here, and shall then continue my rout; but as there is not any thing worthy curiosity by the common road through the province of Pomerania to Stettin, I have determin'd to take another, though attended with some difficulties. This is to visit Culm and Thorn on the Vistula, and pass through Posnania in Great Poland to Posna, where I may perhaps stay
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a few days. From thence I must consult how to proceed, as the posts are at present in such confusion, it is not possible here to settle my farther progress. Expect to hear from me again in a few days.

Your's, &c.

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LETTER XVII.

Stargard in Pomerania, Tuesday, 6th Sept. 1774.

THOUGH not a little fatigued with four days and nights continual travelling, during which I have had no sleep except in the carriage, I sit down to give you the particulars of my journey, and to inform you how it comes to pass that I write from hence, instead of Thorn, as my last gave you reason to apprehend.— I quitted Dantzic Friday morning, taking the road to Culm through Dirschaw, where I only staid to change horses. About ten miles to the southward of this town, I passed close to a prodigious encampment, and alighted from my chaise to examine it. The postilion told me, it was one of Charles the XIIth's, a name

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still redoubtable through all this part of Europe, as much as that of Marlborough is in Flanders. Probably it was made in 1703, when he overran and conquered all Polish Prussia with astonishing rapidity. The trenches are of enormous depth, and its situation is equally advantageous and delightful, commanding a view of all the plains watered by the Vistula, and the river itself. The sun set as I entered the little town of Mewa, where I crossed the river in a ferry, and arrived at Marienwerder, through the worst roads I ever remember, about midnight. The centinels at the gates permitted me to pass, after having demanded my name, and I drove to an inn, the only one in the city, at which I purposed to remain till next morning. It was a considerable time before my servant could raise any one at this late hour; and when the landlord came, he told me he was sorry for it, but every bed in his house was already occupied: that if I brought

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brought my own he could give me a room to place it in; but if not, he had not any thing better than clean straw to offer me. "I must then, said I, be content to proceed immediately, and shall be glad to have horses as soon as possible to the next post in my way to Thorn." "May I take the liberty," replied he, "to ask if Monsieur intends to return again, or if he goes farther into Poland?" "I purpose," answered I, "to continue my rout to Gnesna and Posna; but as to my farther progress, it is not yet fixed, as I am unacquainted with the roads and accommodations: perhaps you can instruct me." "If," said he, "you are only induced from pleasure and curiosity to visit these cities, I would advise you to defer your intention till another opportunity. To Gnesna there is at this time no post; and though you may, as I believe, procure horses to Posna, yet not only the roads and accommodations are of the most miserable kind; but

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But at this unhappy juncture, when the province belongs neither to Poland or Prussia, when the Fauxbourgs of Pofna itself are feized by his Pruffian majesty's foldiery, and Austrians, Ruffians, or confederates, ravage the country in turn, it is not, perhaps, in point of safety, by any means adviseable." "But how act?" said I: "there is not any great road to Stettin, unless I return to Dantzic, and that I am determin'd never to do." "You have only," replied he, "to go back ten miles, and repassing the Vistula at Mewa, turn off immediately for Konitz, a town in the province of Pomerellia, from whence you will procure post-horses to Stargard very easily, the Pruffians being compleatly possessed of the whole intermediate tract of country, and regular relays being provided by the crown. Whatever inconveniencies you may find, they are not to compare with those you must inevitably undergo on the way through Pof-

mania."

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mania." I hesitated a little which party to embrace: I well knew that difficulties are almost ever exaggerated, and can with justice say, that pusillanimity or fear were not among the motives which influenced my determinations. The season of the year, which was advancing fast, and when the autumnal rains might be expected, superadded to the uncertainty of procuring even horses for Gnesna, made me comply with the landlord's advice. I lost not a moment therefore in the execution of it, but turning about, and tendering him my acknowledgments for his information, I made the best of my way back to the town of Mewa, which I reached by break of day. It is situate on the bank of the Vistula, which at this part is high and rocky; and opposite to it, on the eastern side, are the fields, where Charles the XIIth routed and cut to pieces about 1500 Poles, who vainly opposed his passage.—It is twelve miles from hence to the abbey

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of Pipleen, which is accounted one of the finest Gothic religious edifices in these parts. It was founded by a duke of Pomerania, whose name I have forgotten, in the year 1250; and as it has never been demolished and rebuilt, like that of Oliva, the architecture itself merits attention. This pious duke endowed it very richly; but his present majesty of Prussia, who has no such passionate attachment as his ancestors had for monks and monasteries, has lately sequestered four-fifths of their revenue, and leaves them to sing dirges and chant requiems upon the remainder. One of the brothers, a Pole by birth, who spoke tolerable French, attended me over the building. The altars are decorated with a barbarous splendor, and glitter with gold and silver, the king not having as yet laid his hands on these sacred utensils.— I took the liberty of asking my conductor, to whom belonged a vast number of bones (arms, legs, and thighs) which were pre-
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served within cases of glass on either side the high altar. “They are,” answered he, “precious remains of the 11,000 virgins, who perished for their adherence to our holy religion; we had many more once, and among them two complete skulls; but the sacrilegious Swedish soldiery, in the beginning of this century, carried them away.” Pray do you recollect, for I must own I do not, where this marvellous story of the virgins is to be found?— The monk very politely apologized to me, in the abbot’s name, for not inviting me to dine in the refectoire, according to their usual custom with strangers of every rank, on account of it’s being a most rigorous fast, which permitted them not to touch any thing before sun-set, and then only bread and eggs: so I tendered him my humblest thanks; for as to any pecuniary ones, he was above those; and bidding him adieu, continued my journey. I eat my cold chicken under the shade of

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an oak, and as I picked the bones, particularly those of the leg and thigh, I could not help thinking of the virgins, and deploring the unnatural barbarity which destroyed eleven thousand at once in such a manner.

It was ten o'clock at night when I arrived at a little village, about thirty miles from the abbey, situate close to a rivulet of water in a valley, and so much resembling Bibury in Oxfordshire, as it appeared to me by star-light, that I was almost ready to order some eels for supper. The landlord endeavored to persuade me to stay still morning, as I had five-and-twenty miles to Konitz, through continued forests of fir, and deep sands. I would have accepted his advice, as, to say the truth, I was not totally without apprehensions in these woods by night, in an unfrequented part of Polish Prussia; but the horrid nastiness, and pestilential smell resulting

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resulting from it, in the cabins, for they cannot be called houses, at every village where I stopped, made it impossible to lie down or breathe in them. I therefore proceeded, as soon as horses could be procured, and about nine Sunday morning I got to Konitz. As I entered the gate, my carriage was stopped by no less a personage than the host, which was parading through the streets, held up by an Augustine friar, and followed by a multitude of bareheaded Poles, men, women, and children, all chanting the mass. I got out of the chaise, and taking off my hat, ordered the servant to get my breakfast ready at the inn, while I mixed among the crowd, and accompanied them to the great church, where the spectacle ended.—This is a pretty country town, and has been formerly fortified with turrets, battlements and trenches, all which are in ruin. It is at present better guarded by a complete regiment of Prussian engineers, who have

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been stationed here since its seizure two years ago, and who would puzzle the whole order of Teutonic knights, if they were alive, to dispossess them of it again.

I left Konitz before noon, and drove about three miles out of the road, to see the ruins of the castle of Schlokaw. This is only inferior to that of Marienbourg, and was built by the same persons. It is surrounded on three sides by the waters of a fine lake, across a small part of which is a wooden bridge, of near 300 yards in length, entering the grand court. It has been of great extent, but time has laid much of it low. The chapel, the subterranean apartments, and one very lofty octagon tower, are yet in great preservation, and may remain entire for centuries. I went into the cellars, which are all vaulted, and of wondrous magnitude, running beneath the whole castle. One splendid range of apartments, repaired by
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the Princes Radzivil, to whom this fortress lately belonged, serves to shew what the magnificence of former ages could produce, though these are now following the other parts of the edifice, and are no longer habitable.—After having visited every accessible corner in the building, I waited on the catholic priest of the adjoining village, to procure some account of its origin and history. He was a very agreeable ingenious man, and readily gave me all the information in his power. We conversed in Latin, a language of which the Poles make more use in conversation, than all the other nations of Europe. A miserable cripple in the streets at Konitz requested charity of me in very pure Latin, to my no small surprize; and I found the inn-keepers frequently possessed of it. From this priest I drew several particulars not incurious. The Teutonic knights built the castle of Schlokaw in the year 1352, and successive grand masters were

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lords of it till the middle of the fifteenth century, when the kings of Poland seized on it, the order beginning about that æra to decline in power and greatness. It was conferred by them on noble families; and I saw an original charter of Sigismund Augustus, dated in 1507, which grants it as a royal starosty to Andreas Gorsley, on the condition of coming armed, with as many vassals as are there mentioned, into the field, when summoned by a mandate from the crown. This, you know, was the antient feudal tenure over all Europe. It passed afterwards into other great families, and lastly in 1662 to the Radzivils, whose descendants possessed it till within these two last years, when only twelve Prussian Hussars drove out fifty of the prince's Polish soldiery, and erected the black eagle over the gates.—I cannot quit this castle without one remark on the prodigious conquests, and extensive dominion of the Teutonic knights, which

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comprehended the whole country from the frontier of Ingria to the borders of Brandenburg. When we reflect on the extraordinary association of a number of wandering chieftains expelled from Syria, coming to found a new empire on the banks of the Vistula, retaining it for ages undiminished, and equalling sovereigns in lustre, it affords ample subject of astonishment and reflection to a thoughtful mind.

I stopped to dine at Fredlant, a small town about ten miles from Schlokaw, and then proceeded. If you consult the maps of this part of Europe, you will find a large tract of country between Fredlant and Tempelbourg in Pomerania, which is thus marked, "Waldow desertum." My road lay precisely across this desert, which is at least forty English miles in length, and is in general barren and hideous enough. About one o'clock Monday

morning

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morning I reached Gastrow, a little town in Great Poland, where I was fortunate enough to procure horses immediately, and got at seven to a village called Treidnitz, where I would most willingly have breakfasted: there was not any thing to be had: the poor man, at whose hut I stopped to refresh the horses, said, he had seen no coffee for fifteen years past, nor was any such thing to be had in the village; but at Tempelbourg, to which I had only twelve miles, I might find it. There was no alternative; I therefore proceeded for the town he mentioned, and arrived there about ten, not a little tired. Here begin his Prussian majesty's rightful and hereditary dominions:—but what an immense addition has he made to these, by the seizure of all Polish Prussia, the bishopric of Ermeland, the free cities of Culm, Elbing, and Marienbourg, the province of Cujavia in Poland, and other inferior acquisitions? Thorn, Dantzic, and Posna,

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must inevitably fall into his hands, unless some power interposes; and what limit so able and ambitious a monarch may affix to his pretensions, is very uncertain. I leave it to superior heads to determine how far the general system of power is affected by these alterations, of which, and the importance of them, you have very imperfect and erroneous ideas in England. The division of Poland, a kingdom little known, though larger than the nine circles of the German empire, will cover posterity with astonishment, though the present age regards it with indifference and tranquillity. This justifies Cardinal de Retz's remark, that the events of our own times, however extraordinary, affect us faintly, and require time to give them their just weight and magnitude, which are lost by too near a view.

I passed through three or four little towns yesterday between Tempelbourg and

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and this place, which is a distance of fifty miles. Famine and misery was in every one: it was with entreaty and difficulty I could procure a bit of smoaked goose and some potatoes in one of them, and I was almost afraid of being starved in this wretched country. I travelled all last night, and to my no small comfort entered Stargard this morning. I have been more minute in the detail of my journey, because it lay through a part of the Prussian dominions very little known or seen. I purpose to leave this place to-morrow early, my inducement to remain in it to-day being more for refreshment, than from curiosity.—The town is pretty large, but the best thing I have seen is a good dinner and a clean apartment, which, after my late adventures in Polish hovels, have a thousand charms. The streets are crowded with soldiery, and nothing is seen but regimentals. The postilions who drove me, the friseurs, the very peasants, are

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are all military under this government. As I have only five-and-twenty miles to Stettin, you may expect from thence the conclusion of this letter. I shall perhaps stay there two or three days.

Stettin, Saturday, 10th September, 1774.

THE road from Stargard to this city, lies through the most hideous wilderness of firs I ever traversed. Sweden can produce nothing more desolate, more unpeopled, or unfertile. The deep sands render travelling very tedious, and, though I set out at four in the morning, I did not get here till one in the afternoon. I paid my compliments next day to his highness the duke of Bevern: he is in command of the troops, and is already past the autumn of life; but a vigorous constitution, and a robust frame of body, almost Herculean, would deceive and conceal

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ceal his years, if his hair, grey with age, did not betray the secret. He has worn an uniform and boots so constantly from his early youth, that they constitute at present almost a part of his essence. I had the honor to dine with him yesterday: there was a large company, all men, and all military. Every thing around him is in a martial stile, and his very doors are painted with helmets, batons, and swords. The apartment where we dined was covered with portraits of the officers of his own regiment; but war had lopped off most of them: one fell at Cunerſdorf, another in Sileſia, a third before Prague. Of at least sixty, scarce ten are still alive. He shewed me what he called his arsenal; a chamber filled with models of petards, mortars, pontoons, and other apparatus of war: I almost expected to see the soup served up in a shield: but our repast was not a Spartan one, and shewed that his highness did not think the pleasures

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of the table incompatible with tactics and encampments.

If I have profited during my short stay by the honor of this nobleman's acquaintance, I have much more so of the young Prince of Anhalt Deſſau's. His generous and unbounded politeness to me, has deeply affected my heart: I must give you a little outline of him; it may possibly strike the more from opposition to the last I have described. His habit is military, for he is likewise in the Prussian service; but nature formed him equally for the soft arts of peace, and gave him a refined taste in sculpture, in painting, and in music. The furniture and decorations of his house forcibly mark this turn of mind. His rooms are ornamented with antique busts, and the Venus Celestis fronts the Egyptian Venus, Cleopatra. He has travelled in England, in France, in Italy,

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and made a campaign some years ago against the Turks on the banks of the Danube. If to these accomplishments, are added manners the most gentle and elegant, one may readily conceive him to be a very amiable prince. We supped last night *tête à tête*; he gave me a partridge and a bottle of Hungary wine; it was one of Horace's *Noctes, cœnæque Deum*, without ceremony, without that ostentation and parade, which commonly reigns in upper life, and is so destructive to genuine happiness. I should have continued my journey this morning, had not his pressing solicitations detained me the day, and I come this moment from bidding him adieu with equal gratitude and regret.

There is still another pleasure, if it can be called so, for which I am indebted to this city; I mean, the sight of the fair captive,

captive, the princess royal of Prussia. In this, the eye only can be gratified, it being most strictly forbidden to approach or speak to her. I need not relate, or remind you of her history: it is sufficiently known over all Europe. She is at this time eight-and-twenty years of age, and has now been a prisoner these five years. Her person is agreeable, not beautiful. She is of a middle height, finely proportioned in her limbs, and very active in all the exercises of the body: her complexion is fair, and her features all handsome, with the exception of her nose, which is too large, and pointed like the family of Brunswic Wolfenbuttle, from whom she is sprung. There is, however, somewhat *triste* in her countenance, when attentively regarded, not difficult to be accounted for. The manner in which she lives is mournful enough, and may well wipe out the errors she has committed. In the bloom of her age, she is immured

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in a frightful old castle, built in some barbarous century by a barbarous duke of Pomerania, where she has three or four apartments, which, if fame says true, ill besit her rank and dignity. Her appointment amounts only to 7600 dollars of Prussia, which does not make 1200l. a year, with which she is obliged to provide herself every thing. Two valets, and two filles de chambre, constitute her household. She has never been permitted to go without the gates of Stettin till within a month past, when this liberty was accorded. One or two ladies always accompany her, and every female is allowed free access; but there are only two men in the place who dare speak to or accost her. These are the duke of Bevern, and the governor, an officer yet more advanced in years. The prince of Dessau, though well acquainted with her previous to this disgrace, and though he sees her every day, assures me, he has ne-

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ver held the slightest discourse with her. I must own this is a trial to which my fortitude and virtue would be quite unequal, and if placed so near such a dangerous precipice, I should inevitably fall. The story of Araxes has ever appeared to me a more touching and natural one, than Scipio and his Celtiberian virgin, which, if true, was probably more the coldness of temperament, than any godlike effort of magnanimity and self-restraint. I had yesterday the pleasure to see her highness on horseback: she was habited *en Amazon*, and shewed the greatest address in managing the horse she rode. She sat astride according to the custom in Germany, and made a very gallant figure. This whole afternoon I have been looking at her from the windows of the room where we dined at the prince of Dessau's, opposite to which she walked for several hours. Her dress was by no means princely. A jonquil silk night-gown, and

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her hair very simply adorned, gave no room to guess her quality; but her foot, the smallest and the most elegant in the world, was a natural beauty, which needed no artificial ornaments to set it off. You will laugh at me for this minute description, and these returns to the princess every moment; but I am touched with her situation, and feel for a young woman, whose future days must probably be spent in seclusion and penance for a crime, which, from circumstances, hardly merited so severe a punishment.

I have been so engaged in speaking and thinking of this unfortunate princess, that I have not yet mentioned a word of Stettin. Indeed, to say the truth, I know very little about it. There are a great many houses, and a great many streets, two very large churches, a river, a quay, and, as they tell me, a very extensive commerce. The inhabitants are about
16,000

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15,000. This is the sum total of my knowledge respecting the place.

I was on the parade this morning when the duke of Bevern reviewed the second battalion of the garrison. They are, indeed, matchless soldiers, and perform their various manœuvres with surprising celerity and address: it is with reason we speak of the Prussian exercise as superior to any in Europe. I shall set out to-morrow for Strelitz. In the mean time, adieu!

Your's, &c. &c.

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L E T T E R XVIII.

Verden, Thursday, 22d September, 1774.

I Quitted Pomerania about fifteen miles from Stettin, and entering Brandenburg, arrived before night at Prenflow. This is a large town, situate on a lake, and, like almost every other in Prussia, full of soldiery. I had only six miles (German ones I mean) from thence to Strelitz; but so bad were the roads, that I did not get there till almost noon next day, though I travelled the whole night. The inaccuracy of their measurement is indeed such every where in these countries, that is impossible to ascertain, with any precision or certainty, what a mile is. They have two divisions; the *clein* (or small) mile, and the *stark* (or long) mile. The former of these contains generally between four and five English; but as to the latter, I never pretended

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tended to determine how long it was, since I have found it now five, now six, and not unfrequently seven. The duchy of Mecklenburg Strelitz begins only five or six English miles from the town, which is so surrounded by woods of fir and oak, as not to be seen till one is very near it. I staid there three days, induced by the gracious reception I met with from the duke. He was at a little palace of retirement, which he has built about four miles from Strelitz, and called Adolph's Pleasure. It is situate on the bank of a small lake, but the country, except an inconsiderable tract immediately round the house, is covered with groves of prodigious thickness. During winter he resides at New Strelitz, where he has a much larger palace, and a court, as a sovereign prince. I had not the honor to see the princess of Mecklenburg, a very severe fit of illness having confined her highness to her apartment for fifteen days before

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my arrival. The town of Old Strelitz is small, and as the dukes have not had any palace there for many years past, it contains nothing, at this time, to draw a stranger to visit it. I left it this day sevennight, and took the road of Zell, across Brandenburg. I stopped at Mirow, a little town near the frontier of the duchy, to see a palace, where, his highness had informed me, her majesty the queen of England, and all the ducal family were born. It is a handsome structure, but unfurnished at this time, and very rarely visited by the reigning duke. Continuing my journey all that day, and the ensuing one, through the Prussian territories, I arrived on the bank of the Elbe in the afternoon. It is a noble river, though here at a vast distance from the sea, and divides the marquisate of Brandenburg, from the duchy of Lauenburg. I crossed it in a ferry, and landing on the opposite side in the domi-
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nions of my native sovereign, got to Danneberg, a little town, the same night. The moon shone very bright, and as I had yet between fifty and sixty miles to Zell, I was determined not to lose a moment. The landlord, who spoke French, expatiated with great eloquence on the badness of the road, and length of the miles to Ultzen, the next place on my way. There is not, said he, a village between Danneberg and it; and superadded to this, You must not expect to be there before six o'clock to-morrow morning, on account of the sands, which are the deepest and heaviest you ever passed. I therefore ordered horses at five next day, in the certainty, as I apprehended, of reaching Zell the same night; but I was disappointed, and again obliged to lie at a wretched house, where however the host, to comfort me, said the present king of Sweden (from a similar necessity, I presumed) (same;)

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sume,) had taken up his lodging some few years ago.

I entered Zell last Sunday morning, and did not quit it till yesterday. I had the honor, after being presented, to dine with her majesty the queen of Denmark on Monday. The princess of Brunswic has been here above a fortnight on a visit, the distance from Brunswic to Zell being very inconsiderable. I own I had a high curiosity to see this young sovereign, whose history and misfortunes have already so much interested all Europe, who has been driven in the bloom of life from a throne and kingdom, which were not worthy of her, and whom, I doubt not, future time will see recalled again to it, with universal consent. You remember the fate of Mary of Medicis : her power, her exile, her return ; they constitute the subject of Rubens's immortal gallery in the

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the Luxembourg. The reunion of Christian the VIIth with his queen, may form as noble a story for the pencil of genius, as that of Louis the XIIIth with his mother ; but where, in this century, shall we find a Rubens to execute it ?

The castle of Zell, where her majesty resides, is detached from the city, and surrounded in the antient stile of defence, with a very broad moat full of water. It is large, of a square form, and was built by one of the dukes of Zell, before the duchy was lost in the House of Hanover. The country on every side is barren, sandy, and unpleasant. It is forty miles to this place, and as dreary a ride as can be imagined. At a little more than half way, on the southern side of the river Aller, is the little palace of Ahlden, celebrated for the imprisonment of the electress Sophia, wife of George the Ist. Here she died, a short time before the accession of her

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her son, the late king, to the crown. It is said, that he once made an attempt to see her, while under confinement, and having separated himself from his attendants in hunting, came unexpectedly to the house: but the nobleman to whom the care of her person was confided, refused him admittance, and prevented the meeting of the prince and his mother.

I always apprehended Verden was a much larger and more important city than I find it to be. The cathedral is an object of curiosity, from the remote antiquity to which it's foundation ascends. It is said to have been first erected in the year 786 by Charlemagne, after his conquests over the Saxons. The portraits of all the bishops, from that æra to 1566, when the Lutheran religion supplanted the Catholic, are painted on the walls of the choir. I could not help smiling at the first of them, who was, as it appears

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by the inscription over his head, a saint, a count, and an abbot; but who, notwithstanding all his titles secular and ecclesiastical, was murdered soon after his investiture by the pagan Saxons, who paid no sort of deference either to his coronet or crozier. The present cathedral is by no means, however, as old as Charlemagne: it was built about the middle of the fourteenth century, the former one having been reduced to ashes in 1313. An antiquarian might find ample food for investigation in it, the whole internal surface of the ground being paved with tombs, on which are effigies and inscriptions, the first mutilated by the tread of frequent feet, and the latter almost now illegible. Before the high altar, is a marble monument of costly workmanship, erected to a Philip Sigismund, born in 1568, and who was both duke of Lunenburg, and bishop of Verden. At present there are no bishops, the see being totally extinct.

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I need not remind you that the city of Verden was purchased by George the 1st, from Frederic the IVth, king of Denmark, who had rendered himself master of it, during Charles the XIIth's residence in Turkey, to whom it previously belonged. It is still subject to the crown of England. The town contains only about 500 inhabitants, exclusive of a battalion of Hanoverian soldiery. It lies along the bank of the Aller, but has not any trade, and the buildings sufficiently evince its poverty, being very mean. I have only twenty miles from hence to Bremen, where I hope to arrive this evening. The carriage is at the door. Expect the conclusion from thence.

Bremen,

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Bremen, Sunday, 25th September, 1774.

THIS is a great city, a rich city, and a commercial one; but I cannot say I think it very agreeable, or contains much to gain a traveller's attention. Was human life of double the limits nature has assigned to it, one should not be tempted to visit it more than once. It must however be confessed I saw it to some disadvantage, not being provided with letters of introduction, as I had not intended to have included it in the plan of my tour. By the help, however, of my landlord, to whose good offices necessity has made me a debtor, I have seen every thing deserving attention here, and shall leave it this afternoon perfectly satisfied with my stay. One of these has appeared to me so extraordinary, and is in itself, I apprehend,

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apprehend, so very singular, that if I had not been an eye-witness of it, no testimony would have convinced me of its reality; and if it was not of such a nature as to be universally examined, I should fear you would doubt my veracity. I always apprehended that human bodies after death, if interred, or exposed to the air without any preparation to defend them from the attacks of it, would of necessity corrupt; become offensive, and putrify. The art of embalming is very antient, and was invented to preserve them from this inevitable consequence of death; but that they may remain unputrified for centuries without any sort of artificial aid, I have seen so incontestably proved since my arrival, that I imagine not the shadow of doubt can remain about it.—Under the cathedral church is a vaulted apartment, supported on pillars; it is near sixty paces long, and half as many broad. The light and air are constantly admitted into
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it by three windows, though it is several feet beneath the level of the ground. Here are five large oak coffers, rather than coffins, each containing a corpse. I examined them severally for near two hours. The most curious and perfect, is that of a woman. Tradition says, she was an English countess, who dying here at Bremen, ordered her body to be placed in this vault uninterred, in the apprehension that her relations would cause it to be brought over to her native country. They say it has lain here 250 years. Though the muscular skin is totally dried in every part, yet so little are the features of the face sunk or changed, that nothing is more certain than that she was young, and even beautiful. It is a small countenance, round in its contour: the cartilage of the nose and the nostrils have undergone no alteration: her teeth are all firm in the sockets, but the lips are drawn away from over them. The cheeks are shrunk in,

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but yet less than I ever remember to have seen in embalmed bodies. The hair of her head is at this time more than eighteen inches long, very thick, and so fast, that I heaved the corpse out of the coffer by it: the colour is a light brown; and as fresh and glossy, as that of a living person. That this lady was of high rank seems evident from the extreme fineness of the linen which covers her body; but I have in vain endeavoured to procure any lights into her history, her title, or any other particulars, though I have taken no little pains for that purpose. The landlord of the inn, who was with me, said he remembered it for forty years past, during which time there is not the least perceptible alteration in it.—In another coffer is the body of a workman, who is said to have tumbled off the church, and was killed by the fall. His features evince this most forcibly. Extreme agony is marked in them: his mouth is wide open,

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open, and his eyelids the same; the eyes are dried up. His breast is unnaturally distended, and his whole frame betrays a violent death.—A little child who died of the small-pox is still more remarkable. The marks of the pustules, which have broken the skin on his hands and head, are very discernible; and one should suppose that a body which died of such a distemper, must contain in a high degree the seeds of putrefaction.—The two other corpses are not less extraordinary. There are in this vault likewise turkeys, hawks, weasels, and other animals, which have been hung up here, some time immemorial, some very lately, and are in the most complete preservation: the skin, bills, feathers, all unaltered. The cause of this phenomenon is doubtless the dryness of the place where they are laid. It is in vain to seek for any other. The magistrates do not permit that any fresh bodies be brought here, and there is

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no other subterranean chamber which has the same property. It would have made an excellent miracle two or three centuries ago in proper hands; but now mankind are grown too wise.

This city, you know, is celebrated for its old hock. The wine is all brought from the banks of the Rhine by land carriage, and deposited in the public cellars. These are wondrously capacious, running beneath the Town-House and Exchange; but are not comparable in magnificence to those I have seen at Oeyras in Portugal, belonging to the Marquis de Pombal, or those of Constantia at the Cape of Good-Hope. There is one particular room, called the Rose, where they keep wine, as they say, of 170 years old, and for which they ask seven dollars (or 25s.) a bottle; but it is not fit at this time to drink.

Bremen

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Bremen is situate on the same river as Verden, but here it is known by the name of the Wesel. Vessels of burden lye twelve or fifteen miles below the city, there not being sufficient depth of water higher up. It contains 45,000 inhabitants, and, it is said, would even exceed Hamburg in commerce, if the river was not an impediment. It is a free city, under the protection of the empire, and stiles itself a republic on the money struck here. The king of England, as elector of Hanover, has, however, some important rights within the place; and not only the cathedral belongs to him, but a considerable number of buildings, public and private. He possesses likewise a species of supreme judicatorial power, as, though the magistrates take cognizance of all crimes within the territory of Bremen, his delegate or bailiff must pronounce sentence. The fortifications, though kept in very good order, are of no consequence or strength:

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the strongest army in the field is ever master; and during the last war, French or English were alternately received into the place, as they appeared before it. The stile of building here is horrid; I thought myself at Elbing again, all the upper stories being at this time, or having been granaries, and totally uninhabitable. It has a most grotesque appearance to the eye, though many of them are now in some degree modernized. The streets are all narrow: the quay is the only pleasant part of the city, as it is broad, and commands a view of the water.

By the municipal laws, all the race of Abraham is excluded from the capacity of trading and residing here; or at least there is so high a duty laid on their persons, that a man may remain here a century, I suppose, and not see one, it amounting to no less than a ducat (or near 10s.) a day. This exclusion has given rise to a
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sarcastic remark on the inhabitants themselves, which, whether just or not, I am no judge. Hamburgh has adopted a contrary policy, and admits indiscriminately these people, with European nations. In a lucrative view, I know not which may be the wisest measure; but certainly the latter is the most generous, and breathes a greater philanthropy. If every government barr'd its gates to these wanderers of Palestine, already labouring under the curse of dispersion, without leaders, without political strength, where must they fly for asylum? Their character, to be sure, as a nation, is not much in their favor, and I am not at all surpris'd at their antient passion for idolatry, since there are very few of them, I imagine, at this time, who would not bow down before a golden calf set up in London or Amsterdam, with as much devotion as their ancestors did before that in Horeb. The principle, indeed, might be somewhat different, though

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it has always seemed to me, as if the intrinsic value of the first calf constituted the most adorable part of his divinity in the opinion of his worshippers: else, why did not Aaron make him of brass at once?

Plutus and Mercury are the chief deities venerated in this city, and like the senate in Tiberius's time, they will not admit the gods of strangers. Pleasure under every shape, of dance, of comedy, of masque, seems peculiarly hateful. She has, indeed, lately stole in, as my landlord tells me, once a month during the winter, in the form of a concert, to the no little terror of the burgomasters, who have endeavored to proscribe this unprecedented refinement. The most polite manner of spending an evening known for several centuries past in Bremen, has been that of meeting in small boxes about twenty-feet long and six wide, in the

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public cellar, where they drink hock under a cloud of smoke raised from their own pipes. One may swear these are the genuine descendants of the antient Saxons, who imagined the joys of heaven to consist in drinking ale out of the skulls of their enemies! Women, the only venial object of idolatry, seem not here to hold any rank in society, or to form the connecting charm which binds the jarring principles of human nature together. Man, solitary man, meets in clubs and companies, to doze, to drink, and to dispute. The very idea is odious and disgusting.

I hope to reach Hamburg Tuesday morning, and shall probably write you once more from thence, before I embark, as I purpose, on the Elbe for England. Mean while, I remain

Your devoted, &c.

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L E T T E R XIX.

Hamburgh, 30th September, 1774.

IT is a desolate and dreary ride from Bremen to this place, across the sandy and unpeopled heaths of Lunenburg. I got to the southern bank of the Elbe Monday afternoon, and from thence enjoyed a beautiful prospect of Hamburgh at the distance of two leagues. It makes a noble figure, and, as the space which separates it from the Danish town of Altona is very inconsiderable, the two places appear to form only one magnificent city, which covers the side of the river for three or four miles in length. I lay at Harburg, which belongs to his Britannic majesty, and crossed over Tuesday morning. The short stay I shall make here, prevents me from giving you, as I intended, a description of Hamburgh.

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I have now compleated my proposed tour round the Baltic, and after a journey of near 3000 miles, shall gladly revisit my native country, and repose myself a few months. The wind is fair, and I am promised, or rather flattered with a favorable passage to Hull; though, as the river itself is eighteen German miles to the embouchure, it may be very tedious. In the expectation of a personal interview, I remain,

My dear Sir,

Your's, &c.

N^L. WRAXALL, Jun.

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