

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE NEGOTIATION FOR PEACE.

*April* 28th, 1814. AT half-past one o'clock, afternoon, I left my house, after taking leave of Mr. and Mrs. Smith. My dear wife and Charles came with me to Strelna, the first stage, where we dined together, at the post-house opposite the Grand Duke Constantine's summer palace. At half-past four I embraced them, and committed them to the protection of a kind and gracious Providence, and proceeded on my journey with my servant, Axel Gabriel Gählroos, a native of Abo, in Finland, whom I have engaged to go with me.

Stages.	Wersts.	Paid.	Time of Arrival.	Departure.
		R. C.		
From St. Petersburg.....				28th April, 1.30 P.M.
To Strelna.....	18	34.01	3.30 P.M.	" 4.30 "
Kipene.....	23½	5.45	6.45 "	" 7.30 "
Koskova.....	19	4.55	9.30 "	" 10.15 "
Czerkovitz.....	21	4.95	29th April, 1.15 A.M.	" 2.00 A.M.
Opolié.....	22½	5.25	" 5.00 "	" 5.30 "
Jamburg.....	15	3.75	" 7.00 "	" 7.45 "
Narva.....	22½	5.25	" 10.35 "	" 11.30 "
Waiwara.....	20	7.75	" 2.45 P.M.	" 3.45 P.M.
Chudleigh.....	17	4.15	" 5.30 "	" 6.15 "
Jeva.....	11	4.05	" 7.30 "	" 8.00 "
Wargle.....	20	6.75	" 10.15 "	30th April, 6.00 A.M.
Hohenkreutz.....	22	7.35	" 8.30 A.M.	" 9.00 "
Pedrous.....	23	7.65	" 12.30 P.M.	" 1.00 P.M.
Loop.....	21	7.05	" 3.45 "	" 4.50 "
Kahal.....	22	7.35	" 7.15 "	" 8.00 "
Jegelicht.....	23	7.65	1st May, 1.00 A.M.	" 8.00 A.M.
Reval.....	21	7.05	" 11.00 "	

This table contains the itinerary of my journey from St. Petersburg to Reval. Upon my application to Mr. Weydemeyer, he sent me a passport for myself and my servant, with a

sealed letter to General Wiasmitinoff, the Military Governor of the city, which I sent yesterday to him, on which he furnished me the *padorojna*, or order for post-horses. The order was for four courier horses, and was to be exhibited to the postmaster at every station. It mentioned that the road was from St. Petersburg to Reval, that it was three hundred and forty-one wersts, the horses to be paid for at the rate fixed by the ukazes, and that twenty-seven roubles, twenty-eight copecks, that is, eight copecks per werst, was paid for this *padorojna*. For the horses, the first stage to Strelna, the charge was seven copecks for each horse per werst, and the rest of the road five copecks per werst and horse. At each stage I paid fifty copecks to the postilion and twenty-five copecks to the starost, or peasant who furnished the horses. They were all satisfied with this, and never asked for more. I have marked down in the table the legal payments at each stage, including the seventy-five copecks to the postilion and starost. The first stage also includes the twenty-eight roubles for the *padorojna*, the Governor's clerk, who made it out, having kept the odd copecks for himself. My actual payments were in some instances more than I have here set down, but the difference was a mere trifle. I have also marked the time of my arrival at each stage, and of my departure from it, which will show the average rate of travelling, and the time of detention, at each post-house, for the horses. It was never less than half an hour, and seldom much more, excepting when I stopped to take some refreshment, or to have the wheels of the carriage greased. I found the roads this evening excessively rough. The snow was gone almost universally. The frost had come out of the ground, making the roads deep, and they were now frozen hard again. The weather was cold, but the night clear and with a moon nearly at the full. I concluded therefore to travel the whole night. At Koskova I remarked the conjunction of the moon and Jupiter.

29th. At the two stages from Koskova to Opolié, which I travelled between one and five o'clock this morning, there was still some depth of snow, and the roads were worse than upon any other part of the road. I breakfasted at Jamburg, and

crossed the river Luga there, about nine. The road to Narva, from the river, is in a straight line, and fine as a turnpike. The post-house at Narva is without the city, which I therefore did not enter. Crossed the river Narova just below it. The circumstance of the post-house's being without the city, I suppose is the cause that two wersts more are charged for on the stage which enters the city from either side. But when the traveller does not enter the city, as was my case, they do not charge the additional wersts for both stages. I crossed the river just at noon, under the salutation of thirty or forty guns, which, on enquiry, I found were fired in rejoicing for the taking of Paris. At the post-office at Chudleigh the name was painted upon the door of the house. The place is grossly misspelt on the post-map and in the books. I asked the postmaster how it came by its English name. He said that the estate upon which it was built had been purchased by the Duchess of Kingston, and that she had long resided at the château, in view of the place where we stood, and which he pointed out to me. I met here a traveller, almost the only one I had seen upon the road, with the exception of two couriers, one last night, and one this morning; and both beyond Narva, towards St. Petersburg. This traveller asked me if there was any late news from the armies at St. Petersburg. I told him of the taking of Paris. He said he knew that, but shook his head, and said he feared the worst danger was yet to come. I had neither time nor inclination to enquire into the motives of his fears, and wished him a pleasant journey. The same postmaster at Chudleigh gave me and charged me for six horses instead of four, which from St. Petersburg to that place had been sufficient for me. Several of the preceding starosts had indeed spoken of six horses, but Mrs. Colombi had told me her husband had never travelled in it with more than four; and I knew not that more than four were required by the ordinances. This postmaster had the printed ordinances suspended at the wall of the room where I waited for the change of the horses. They were dated in 1801, 1808, and 1812,—the last at Wilna. It regulates the price to be paid for the horses, at five copecks for each horse per werst, in this and the neighboring governments. It had been previously

only three copecks per werst, and before the paper currency, only two. The ordinance of 1808 prescribed the number of horses to be taken and charged for every sort of carriage, from two horses to ten. The number for each kind of vehicle is increased by one or two at the two seasons of the year when the roads are broken up. Thus, the two-seated coach, with trunks, and two or three persons, takes four horses from 15th of December to 15th of March, and from 15th of May to 15th of September. During the rest of the year the same carriage and burden must take six horses. My carriage is of this description, and in the heavy parts of the roads really needed the six horses.

The breed of these horses is peculiar to the country. They are very small, very wretched in appearance, and very weak, which last quality must be owing to their bad keeping. For they are hardy, they endure the extremities of the cold as if it was their natural temperature, and they are fleet. The prices charged for horses is lower than in any other country in Europe, and they exact much more from travellers who have not the *padorojna* for courier horses. It has not even been increased in proportion to the depreciation of the paper, for two copecks in silver are equal to eight of copper or paper. We arrived at Wargel between ten and eleven in the evening. The weather had changed, and it began to snow; I determined, therefore, to stop for the night, and had my bed made in a room which they allowed me at the post-house.

30th. They gave me a breakfast of very good coffee and rye bread. The postmaster attempted to charge me nearly double the fixed price for his horses, but desisted upon my asking him for an explanation. At six I entered the carriage. There had fallen so much snow in the night that the ground was entirely covered. It continued to snow at intervals all the first part of the day. In the afternoon it cleared away, but still continued very cold.

In the course of the day I read the pamphlet upon expatriation sent me by Mr. Monroe, the Secretary of State. Mr. Strong told me it was written by Mr. George Hay, who married Mr. Monroe's daughter. The author appears to me to have proved beyond all possibility of reply the falsehood,

absurdity, and tyranny of the doctrine of perpetual allegiance. But I cannot altogether reconcile myself to his doctrine of the unqualified right of expatriation. I consider the social compact as bilateral—allegiance and protection as reciprocal and corresponding obligations of the subject and sovereign. But it is a compact, and I cannot think it dissoluble at the mere pleasure of either party. I also began this day to read Clark's *Naval History of the United States*. Stopped about an hour and dined at Loop. I had proceeded about four wersts from Kahal, the last stage but one before Reval, when, between eight and nine in the evening, my servant discovered that the crane-neck of the carriage was broken entirely off. We proceeded with much difficulty about three wersts further, to the next village, where, with the assistance of several peasants, the broken parts of the carriage were lashed together; so that we were able between midnight and one in the morning to reach the post-station at Jegelicht. On descending from the carriage, we found that the first accident had occasioned a second and more serious one. My servant's portmanteau, containing all his clothes and all the money he had, was lashed on in front of the carriage and under his own seat. After the carriage was broken it became necessary to remove it, and he lashed it on the trunk behind. When we arrived at the station, it was gone. Whether the ropes which had held it were cut away, or had been worn off by the friction, was not perfectly clear. We had seen no person upon the road, and Axel thought he had seen his portmanteau still on the trunk about eight wersts behind the post-house. I stopped here until the morning, to give him time to go back and see if he could find it on the road. The mail for St. Petersburg from Reval was going through about two hours after, and I wrote by it a few lines to my wife. I then had my mattress thrown upon a sofa, and lay down, without being able to sleep, from two until about six in the morning.

*Day.* Until the last three days the distribution of my time has been like that of the preceding months; but my principal occupation has been to prepare for the journey which I have now commenced. At present there can of course be no regularity in my mode of life. The scene changes from day to day

and from hour to hour. I have become once more a wayfaring man, and am separated from every part of my family. Before the close of the next month I hope to be again stationary, at least enough so to resume an orderly disposal of my time.

*May 1st.* About seven this morning my servant returned from his expedition back in search of his portmanteau, which had been fruitless. The postmaster promised to have it advertised this day at the village church, and to have it forwarded to Reval if it should be found. At eight o'clock we proceeded on our journey, and just before eleven entered the gates of Reval. I was met almost at the gate by Mr. Walther, the son-in-law of Mr. Rodde, and by Mr. Riesenkampf, his partner. They conducted me to the apartments they had engaged for me in the Langstrasse, at the house of a tailor named Dahlström. The chambers are perfectly convenient, pleasantly situated, and neatly furnished. They had written yesterday to the postmaster at Jegelicht, requesting him to inform me on my arrival there where the lodgings were provided for me; which he did. As I entered the city, all the bells were ringing, and the streets were in a tumult of rejoicing for the taking of Paris and the subsequent events, which were known here just as I had left them at St. Petersburg; with the addition, that the peace was already concluded at Paris. There had already been here two successive illuminations, and this evening was to be the third. I had scarcely had time to change my clothes before three young gentlemen came, as a deputation from the club of the young merchants, and invited me to attend this evening their celebration of the late glorious news from the armies. Mr. Walther also invited me to go with him in the evening to the theatre, where there was to be a musical celebration of the same events. At six he called upon me again, and I went with him to the theatre. It is larger than either of the theatres now remaining at St. Petersburg, and was built about four years ago under the direction of Kotzebue, who was then an inhabitant of this city. His family are still here, but he is himself now Russian Consul at Königsberg, in Prussia. The celebration of the Emperor's victories and the taking of Paris was a musical performance, sung by all the singers belonging to the theatre, and



was followed by a German translation of "*La Revanche*," which I had seen performed in French at the Duke de Vicence's when he was Ambassador at St. Petersburg. After the play I went with Mr. Walther to the club of the young merchants to which I had been invited. It is a sort of a Dutch coffee-house, where there was an assembly of people drinking, smoking, and playing cards. The institution has existed upwards of a century, and was formed under the Swedish Government. All the young merchants as soon as they finish their apprenticeship are obliged to become members of the society, which is a corporation, and has several privileges conferred by Peter the Great—among which is that of wearing a uniform, in which all the marshals were dressed on the present occasion.

About eleven o'clock this evening, the city being illuminated, they made their procession by torch-light, with a band of instrumental music and of singers, thundering the principal Russian national air. The marshals in full uniform, preceded by the music, vocal and instrumental, and followed by the members of the society, marched out with a bust of the Emperor Alexander, followed by one of the marshals, carrying a crown of laurel upon a velvet cushion. They proceeded to the public market-place, and there, in the presence of all the people, placed the crown of laurel upon the head of the bust, with three times three huzzas of the whole multitude. They then returned to the hall of the society, and replaced the bust, crowned with laurel, on its former stand. They were preparing the supper-table, when, it being past midnight, I retired to my lodgings, and there immediately to bed.

2d. I was awaked this morning at seven by a band of music in the street before my door, and the closing procession of the club, the marshals and members of which were dispersing and retiring to their homes in the plenitude of their festivity. I employed the morning in writing. At eleven Mr. Walther called on me and went with me to visit Admiral Spiridoff, the military governor of the city. The civil governor, Count Exkull, is sick; so that I postponed my visit to him. Towards evening, I walked with Mr. Walther to the Dome—a hill upon which stands the castle of the city, and from which there is a

fine prospect of the harbor and gulf, with the neighboring islands and the country round the city. The remainder of the evening I passed at my lodgings, writing. I made few remarks on my journey from St. Petersburg, the natural character of my mind being more adapted to reflection than to observation.

The face of the country at this season presents very little to the observation of any one. It is generally level, though between Narva and this city there are a few hills; one of the highest is within three wersts of the walls. The country is an open champaign, without wood, without hedge, ditch, fence, or wall the greatest part of the way. The exceptions of fence, wall, and wood are occasional, and to a very small extent. The road runs the whole way very near the Gulf of Finland, and at several places in sight of it. There was not an appearance of vegetation about half the way; but the latter half, the rye was two or three inches out of the ground, and caused a perceptible and pleasant verdure. From the day before yesterday morning until noon the whole ground over which I passed was covered with snow, which had fallen the preceding night; but as I advanced, and after the sky cleared away, it all disappeared. I saw scarcely any cattle on the way. The principal cultivation of the country is rye, and there is little or no pasture or grazing land. Excepting the city of Narva, there is no town on the road. Very few country-seats, not many comfortable houses. The post-houses all belong to the Crown. Until Narva, they are large brick white plastered houses, but standing, for the most part, alone, without even a village around them. They have no accommodations as inns, but you may obtain at most of them a dirty bed, and very good coffee, milk, cream, and sugar; no wheat bread, and not always rye. The villages are scattered about at the distance of three or four wersts from each other. They consist of twenty or thirty block-houses, scattered in spots, without yard, fence, or road before them, about twelve feet high, with thatched roofs, often without any chimney, and with the smoke issuing from a hollow passage between the eaves of the roof and the side of the house: they have more the appearance of barns than of dwelling-houses. In some of the villages there is a small brick church with a low steeple; in



most of them none. The peasants all wear the Russian dress, the caftan, and beard. The postmasters all speak German, and have the German dress and manners. I took, as is customary, a bag with twenty-five roubles in copper, to pay away in change upon the road, which just lasted me to Reval. They have scarcely any small change upon the road, but have small cards printed, which pass from stage to stage, for one rouble, half or quarter of a rouble, according as they are marked. They pass, however, only at the stages, and not in the city.

3d. Admiral Spiridoff this morning sent me an officer requesting me to send him my passport; which I did. The same officer, about a quarter of an hour afterwards, brought it back to me. The Admiral soon after paid me a morning visit and invited me to dine with him to-morrow. Mr. Walther came with Captain Brinkman, the master of the vessel bound to Stockholm, with whom I agreed to take my passage and to pay him thirty ducats for myself, my servant, and my carriage. I was much engaged, and almost the whole day, in writing. Took a short walk round the city before dinner, and in the evening went to the theatre; where I saw the opera of Jean de Paris in German. The French author is St.-Just, the German translator Herklots, and the music by Boieldieu. The performance was very good, and the company appears to me generally better than that of the German players at St. Petersburg. The ice has this day broken up, and the harbor is clear. Captain Brinkman told me he expected to go on Sunday or Monday. He cannot venture to go sooner, because the ice is still in the gulf, and by a westerly wind may yet be driven back. Mr. Walther told me that the *official* news of the taking of Paris and the order for a Te Deum had arrived this day from St. Petersburg, so that the regular day of rejoicing and the Te Deum would be to-morrow.

4th. Employed the day in writing and copying, for which purpose I resumed the practice of writing in short-hand. I have so long disused it that I find myself awkward at recommencing, and for the present save no time by it. Until the hour of dinner, I left my writing-desk only to breakfast and dress. At one o'clock Mr. Walther called upon me, and we went and

dined at Admiral Spiridoff's. There were about twenty persons at table; among whom was General Benkendorf, formerly Governor of Riga, and father to Countess Lieven, wife of the Russian Ambassador in England. They had got the new French Constitution as proposed by the Senate to the French people, and the proceedings of the Provisional Government relative to the abdication of Napoleon Bonaparte. They were enchanted with the address of the Provisional Government to the French nation, which is extremely well written. The Admiral's lady and several children were there, and are a very agreeable family. I returned home about three, and wrote again until six. Mr. Walther called and took my letter for Mrs. Adams, to go by the post to St. Petersburg this evening. We afterwards went to the theatre, which was decorated and illuminated. There was performed a prologue, written by Kotzebue, and called *Europe Delivered*—an allegory. Europe, a fair lady, was chained before a pedestal, on which stood an evil genius bearing a lighted torch in one hand and an air-balloon in the other. The Old Year came in lamenting his condition, and attended by War, Poverty, Famine, and Pestilence, whom he pointed out as they stalked successively across the stage. But he announced that he was to be followed by his brother, who would restore all things. Then came another fair lady, representing Russia, who broke the chains of Europe, and at whose command the evil genius vanished. The scene changed, showing a new world rising from the ocean, with a rising sun. After which appeared the New Year, with Peace, Plenty, Public Faith, and Justice; concluding with a chorus from Mozart's opera of *Titus*, in honor of the Emperor Alexander, whose bust, crowned with laurel, appeared at the back curtain of the scene. The opera of the *Caliph of Bagdad* was then performed. The author, composer, and translator are the same as of *Jean de Paris*, and the plays, too, are in substance the same. It is only a change of names and of incidents. The plot is absolutely the same.

After the play I went with Mr. Walther to the ball at the Merchants' Club. There were sixty or seventy ladies, and about as many men. They said it was very thinly attended, and that they often had at their balls in the winter six hundred

persons of both sexes. I met here a Lieutenant Barrett, who introduced himself to me as an American, a native of Boston, and son to Deacon Barrett of that place. He also introduced me to his wife, who is an Englishwoman, and his daughter. Mr. Walther appeared to pay little respect to him, and told me he believed him to be a Scotchman. I left the ball-room about one o'clock in the morning, and, after walking round to see the illuminations, retired to my lodgings. The streets were as crowded with people, and as full of revelry, as I had seen them on the Sunday evening. This was the day of official rejoicing. The *Te Deum*, with the cannonade, was in the morning, and all the holy images of the city were carried round by the priests in procession.

5th. Mr. Walther called upon me this morning, and delivered me a letter brought by Mr. Rodde, who had just arrived from St. Petersburg. It was from Mr. Krehmer, and enclosed letters of introduction for Stockholm and Gottenburg. Before dinner I went down to the harbor and on board the vessel in which we are to sail. We found them taking in their lading. Towards evening I went on the hill, from which there is a view of the harbor and gulf; the latter of which is still covered with ice. Afterwards, I took a warm bath. The bathing-house is better served than at St. Petersburg. There was a plenteous rain this evening, which I hope will hasten the dissolution of the ice. I employed almost the whole day in writing.

6th. Mr. Rodde called upon me this morning, and invited me to dine with him on Sunday. I walked partly round the walls of the city before dinner, and again towards evening. The rest of the day I employed in writing to my wife, copying, and reading. I finished the sketches of the Naval History of the United States, and resumed the volume of Sully's *Memoirs* which I was reading when Mr. Strong arrived at St. Petersburg. Began upon the sixth book, the interesting parts of which are Sully's negotiation with Villars, the Governor of Normandy, for the city of Rouen; that with Nugnes, the Spanish Envoy; the unworthy management of Sully, by Henry's orders, to break off the marriage of the King's sister with the Count of Soissons; and the romantic surprise of Fescamp by Bois-

Rosé. There are some very judicious observations upon Brissac's project to turn France into a Roman Republic; an experiment which has been so formally attempted in these times, and the final catastrophe of which is at this moment concluding a horrible tragedy with a disgusting farce.

7th. Mr. Rodde sent me this morning the Riga gazette, the *Zuschauer*, of last Tuesday, which contains the act of abdication signed by Napoleon Bonaparte at Fontainebleau the 11th of April. I paid a visit to Mr. Rodde, returned him the paper, and gave him two letters for St. Petersburg, to be sent by this evening's post. I walked entirely round the city, entering at the same gate by which I had gone out. I was forty-seven minutes in completing it, and conclude the circle to be exactly four wersts, or two and two-thirds miles. There are seven gates at irregular distances from one another, an empty moat, and a wall flanked with towers. The city is very old, and built in the Gothic style; the streets narrow and crooked; the buildings generally of brick, and plastered, and a few of stone. The roofs of the houses are of tiles, and in sharp, steep angles; the ends of the houses upon the streets. One seems to be transported back to the twelfth century in such a place. I met Mr. Walther and Mr. Riesenkampf in the street. I had thoughts of sending a trunk, with most of my books, directly to Gottenburg, for the sake of lightening the load upon my carriage. But Mr. Walther told me that Captain Weymouth was affronted at my having taken passage in another vessel than his, and refused to take my trunk. I walked again down to the harbor towards evening, but found nobody on board the *Ulysses*. I employ my time in reading and writing, and find no difficulty in employing it fully. I feel, however, the effect of continual solitude, and the want of society, especially in the after-part of the day. Finished reading the sixth and began the seventh book of Sully's *Memoirs*. The singular composition of Henry the Fourth's character is exhibited here more distinctly than that of Sully himself. Sully tells his own story. He shows only his own fair side; but he shows Henry on all sides—his vigilance, his intrepidity, his wonderful presence of mind and coolness in the most imminent perils; his generous, affectionate, and humane temper; his

cheerfulness and gaiety ; his condescension and fascinating affability ; his naturally choleric disposition, and the control that he had acquired over that part of his infirmity ; together with his ungovernable passion for the sex, and all the weaknesses and all the follies into which it betrayed him. He tells a story about the Belle Gabrielle, which shows her to have been a mere prostitute, and Henry an egregious dupe—to such a degree as to acknowledge for his own a child to which he had no pretension. And this woman was the channel of the royal favors ; and whoever was ambitious of serving the King found it necessary to pay assiduous court to her. The character of the Duke of Bouillon, his insidious intrigues, and the imprudence of Henry in being persuaded by him to declare war against Spain, form an interesting part of this narrative. The treaty for the submission of the Duke of Guise, another. The assassination of Henry the Third by Jean Chatel, under the instigation of the Jesuits, a third. The events at the siege of Laon are interesting as military incidents.

8th. I went out at ten this morning, with the intention of going to church, that being the hour at which I was informed, upon enquiry, that the service began. I met in the street Mr. Rodde, who accompanied me to the principal Lutheran church. We were at least a full half-hour too late, and found the preacher, a Mr. Meyer, in the midst of his sermon. There were about one hundred women present, and, I believe, not twenty men. The clergyman read his discourse ; after which there were prayers for births and deaths, and banns of marriage published. The service closed with the singing of one stanza of a hymn, accompanied by the organ. The church is Gothic, built of stone ; the walls are lined with armories ; in a side chapel, separated by grated gates from the rest of the church, there was a bier and coffin, apparently in a state of preparation for a funeral. It was cold and damp : from the extent of the church, and the height of the Gothic arches, it was scarcely possible to hear the voice of the preacher. There was nothing remarkable in his oratory, but his delivery was very good. After church, I walked round the outside of the city, and, as yesterday, returned to the same gate in forty-seven minutes. When I came to my



lodgings, I found the card of Baron Exkull, the Governor of Esthonia, who had paid me a visit and left a message inviting me to dine with him to-morrow. On my arrival here, I intended to have paid him a visit, but was informed he was sick. One of the captains of the fleet, with whom I dined at Admiral Spiridoff's, also paid me a visit. I dined at Mr. Rodde's. He has a lady, five daughters, and one son. The eldest daughter is married to Mr. Walther, and they all live together. The second daughter is very pretty. There were at the dinner Baron Rosen, an old gentleman of seventy-two, whom I had already met at Admiral Spiridoff's; Baron Dankelmann, a native Prussian, now employed here at the Custom House; a Baron Stakelberg, a Landrath, or one of the twelve judges of the provincial tribunal, and his lady, of the family of Igelström, a young and handsome woman; the preacher whom we had heard at church, Mr. Meyer; Mr. Rodde's partner, Riesen-kampf; and two or three others, whom I did not know. The dinner was sumptuous and social.

About four in the afternoon I came home, and, with a second walk towards evening, spent the remainder of the day in writing, and reading Sully. Finished the seventh and began the eighth book. There is a mixture of public and private history in these Memoirs, a talent at giving interest to the narrative and the impression of resemblance to the characters, a soundness of moral and political principle, a keenness of penetration, and a solidity of judgment, in the reflections upon persons and events, which give them a charm beyond that of any novel I ever read. The account of his final and unsuccessful negotiation with the King's sister, Catherine, to prevail upon her to marry the Duke of Montpensier; of her violent sallies of passion against him; of his cool, respectful, and inflexible defiance of her; his distress at the first hasty order given him by Henry, to ask the Princess's pardon; his triumph at the second letter from the King, after receiving his report, and the address and management with which Catherine finally sought a reconciliation with him, are all painting to the life. His scene with the astrologer, and the picture of the man, are diverting; and the manner in which he finally enters the Council of Finance, the intrigues of the other



members against him, Henry's fluctuations about the measure of placing him there, the cunning of Villeroi in delaying the delivery of his commission, Henry's charge to Beringhen to keep the commission until further order, his device afterwards to throw the blame of its detention upon the forgetfulness of the "gros Allemand," who had disclosed the secret to Sully, and who at last took upon himself all the blame of forgetfulness, are comical in the highest degree. The Belle Gabrielle still darkens the shade of Henry's inexcusable vice. Her stratagem to get to the King before Sully, when they were both sent for together, Sully's dispatch to go with her, the dangerous accident they met with upon the road, and the agitation betrayed by the King on being informed of it, are all strong characteristic features. Yet perhaps this woman may claim some indulgence, when it is considered that it was her advice which finally persuaded Henry, against all the cabal of Sully's rivals and enemies, to place him at the head of the finances. The adventure with the Duke of Bouillon's troop of horse is one of those which show the spirit, firmness, and decision of Sully's character. He speaks of Villeroi, D'Epernon, Jeannin, and especially of Cardinal d'Ossat, in terms very much to their disadvantage; and he very directly charges d'Ossat with having betrayed the interests of the King, his master, and the rights of the Gallican Church, in the negotiation with the Pope for Henry's absolution. There was this evening a new illumination of this city—a mere superabundance of joy.

9th. This morning I returned the visit of Baron Exkull, the Governor of the Province, and at one o'clock went and dined with him. He has no family, and there were no ladies at table. The company were seventeen or eighteen persons, among whom were Admiral Spiridoff, General Benkendorf, Baron Stakelberg, Mr. Rodde, and several other gentlemen whose names I did not discover. There were two card-tables and a chess-board set in a chamber adjoining the dining-hall. I sat down with General Benkendorf, the Commandant of the city, and a fourth hand, to whist, while the dinner was serving up. We played one hand, then adjourned to dinner, and after that, and taking coffee, returned to the card-table. We played

four rubbers, and all retired between four and five in the afternoon.

General Benkendorf, who is a great talker and very pleasant companion, told a number of anecdotes, to the great diversion of the company. He told me that his daughter, Countess Lieven, wrote him that she liked the country in England very well, but that the climate did not agree with her health, and that she found London excessively tiresome. She had no society, and her house was so small, and so crowded at her parties, that she was sure some of her company never got beyond the stairs; that they could not live upon the Count's salary, which is thirty-two thousand ducats a year and house-rent free; and that if they stayed there long he would be ruined; that his state carriage cost him seventeen thousand roubles, and her box at the opera, for four months in the year, twenty-five hundred roubles.

I went down to the port, and on board the vessel, to enquire when the captain thought of sailing. He was not there, but the steersman said about Thursday, and to-morrow they would take my carriage aboard. The northwest wind has brought the ice all back into the harbor. I walked round the city towards evening, and read Sully—books seven and eight. He is now entering deeply into the affairs of finance, and shows how he detected and exposed the frauds and malversations of the Council, the establishment and suppression of a ridiculous Council of Reason, the reconciliation of the Duke of Mayenne with the King, and the surprise of Amiens by the Spaniards.

10th. Mr. Walther called upon me this morning, and asked me for my passport and a minute of my baggage, to be delivered at the Custom House, which I accordingly gave him. My carriage was this afternoon shipped on board of the *Ulysses*. In the evening I went to the theatre, and saw the *Swiss Family*, an opera said to be from the French of Castelli; the music by Joseph Weigl. It is a bad copy of *Nina*, which is a bad original, and, as General Pardo used to say, there is no color in the music. I found it very tiresome. Spent part of the day in writing, and reading Sully—books eight and nine. Further details concerning the finances, the infamous corruption and

base intrigues of Messieurs du Conseil, and the baleful influence of the King's mistress. It appears that the edict of Nantes was extorted from the King by the powerful combination of the Protestants, at the head of whom was the Duke of Bouillon. Sully's zeal for the King urges him to an excess of disapprobation of these measures of the Protestants, and he acknowledges that they considered him as a deserter from the party. Sully's religion, and that of Henry himself, were evidently matters of State policy. Sully advised his master to change; and if he did not change himself, it was merely because no motive of sufficient weight was presented to him to overcome the pride of consistency and the scruples of his conscience. If Henry was really sincere in his conversion, it is only a proof how subservient even the sincere opinions of a powerful mind may be made to worldly interests. The penances imposed upon Henry by the Pope, as the price of his absolution, are a burlesque upon religion. He was to say so many rosaries, and so many chaplets, and so many litanies, every week; to hear masses every day, to fast once a week, and go to confession at least four times a year. Was the soul of Henry the Fourth capable of believing that an offended Deity could be propitiated by such mummary as this? or was the principle of his change conformity, and not conviction?

11th. Mr. Rodde called on me this morning, and afterwards sent me the Riga newspapers. Mr. Walther came and returned me my passport, and Captain Brinkman was here to tell me that he had cleared out his vessel and was ready to sail with the first fair wind. But, he said, there had been seen yesterday much ice in the gulf at Baltic Port; and I myself saw this evening a great deal from the hill that overlooks this harbor. I walked down to the vessel and round the city walls before dinner, and went partly over the same pilgrimage in the evening. Employed the rest of the day in writing, and reading Sully—books nine and ten. The details of finance become almost tedious, particularly as they are in a great measure unintelligible. To understand them, it would be necessary to be acquainted with the organization of the department and the official duties of the several officers belonging to it. That it

was a general chaos of confusion, in which nothing was systematic but fraud, peculation, and plunder, is obvious enough. The interests, the passions, and the influence against which Sully had to struggle in effecting a reform, are equally conspicuous; but the explanation of his means, and the details of his measures, I do not understand. The character of Henry appears in all its weakness and all its strength in his project to marry his mistress, and in the deference which he shows to Sully's resistance against that measure; in the insolent airs which he allows her to assume at the baptism of her second son by him; and in the energy with which he supports Sully against her pretensions and her artifices. The scene between them, in which she first reproaches him with sacrificing her to his valets, and ends by imploring mercy and forgiveness at his feet, is delightful. And yet, if this woman had not shortly after died, the King would, in all probability, have disgraced himself by marrying her. The scene between Sully and the Duke of Epemon at the Council board is another incident in which the character of Sully displays itself advantageously; and the account of his own mode of life, the distribution of his time, and the qualities which he describes as essential to a financier, or minister of state, are full of important instructions, and subjects for serious reflection. Mr. Rodde sent me this afternoon a small volume in German, containing a history of the Province of Esthonia.

12th. I find no difficulty in filling up my time; but I am not exempt from the weariness of constant solitude. To vary my exercise, I amused myself this morning by walking round the city, half without and half within the walls, going out and in, alternately, at the seven gates, and finally returning by the same at which I had first gone out. A person came this morning and introduced himself to me by the name of Major Reiners, and asked me to take a foster-son of his, a boy of fourteen years of age, with me to America. I excused myself as civilly as I could, but consented that he should come and present the boy to me to-morrow morning. I walked to the hill again towards evening, and still saw ice in the gulf. I continued to read Sully—books ten and eleven. They relate the marriage of

the King's sister Catherine with the Duke of Bar, and the death of his mistress, Gabrielle d'Estrées, Duchess of Beaufort, his profound affliction at this event, and his intrigue immediately afterwards with Mademoiselle d'Entragues, with his foolish and ridiculous promise of marriage to her. There is a long account of the political testament of Philip II. of Spain, and a humorous one, of the dialogue between Roquelaure and the Archbishop of Rouen, the King's natural brother, who was the only prelate that could be prevailed upon to perform the ceremony of marrying the King's sister, because she was a Protestant.

13th. Mr. Rodde came this morning and introduced to me a General Norberg, who asked me whether I had been, about thirty-two years ago, at Stockholm, in company with an Italian nobleman named Count Greco. I said I had. He then asked if I recollected having then visited, with the Count, and a Swedish gentleman named Wadstrom, the cabinet of mechanical inventions of the Swedish Academy of Sciences. I answered that I did perfectly well. He said he was then the keeper of that cabinet, and had shown it to us. His name and countenance were equally lost to my memory; but after the name was brought back to it I had a faint remembrance of it. He had no more recollection of my person than I of his. He told me that he had now been for some years in the Russian service; that he resided in the neighborhood of this city; and he invited me to his house, where, he said, if I still retained my fondness for the sight of mechanical inventions, he could show me some curiosities. He invited us to dine with him on Sunday; but, as I had hopes of sailing by that day, I went out this afternoon with Mr. Rodde to the General's house, and returned his visit. It is about a mile without the walls. He showed us several of his inventions, which are ingenious and useful. He is now engaged upon a great and costly work—to enlarge and improve the harbor of this place. Upon this there have already been expended a million and a half of roubles, and it will cost two millions more to finish it. It is under the superintendence of the Marine Department. But he seems not to be satisfied with the Marquis de Traversey, and hopes



Admiral Tchitchagoff will come to the office again. He showed us the drawings and the models of his works, and several other of his inventions. A round table, contrived for the purpose of dispensing with the attendance of servants. He thought if he had this in England he could make money with it; but I believe not much. He appeared to me to have bestowed much labor and ingenuity to produce a small effect. It is merely a movable circular leaf in the middle of the table, which, by the machinery, may be turned round so as to bring each dish before each person at the table; and a shelf under the table, upon which plates may be stowed away. A bedstead for soldiers in barracks, invented by Count Rumford, and improved by the General. It may be used as a chair, a table, or a working-bench. An instrument for drawing in perspective. This, the General said, was not yet published; because Patterson had taken with it all his views of St. Petersburg, and he wished him to enjoy all the benefit of it. But he now intended to publish it shortly. A machine for raising water and circulating it through spiral tubes. A machine for scooping out the staves of barrels. A steam vessel, navigable on the high sea—a project which he said he had presented more than twenty years ago to the Empress Catherine, to be used between St. Petersburg and Cronstadt. But it had not been approved. I told him of the privilege granted to Mr. Fulton. He said he had heard of Mr. Fulton's boats, which were a very admirable invention. After spending a couple of hours with him, we returned to the city. I walked to the castle hill, and saw a quantity of ice floating in the harbor, which convinced me that I must not expect to sail before Monday, if so soon.

14th. Mr. Ross came to me this morning with a letter from Mr. Sterky, the Swedish commercial agent at St. Petersburg, dated last Tuesday. It enclosed one from Count Engestrom, in answer to that which I wrote him the 11th April, and a passport. The Count's letter is dated 26th April, and informs me of the arrival of two of the American Plenipotentiaries at Gottenburg, and that of Mr. Russell at Stockholm. I answered Mr. Sterky's letter, and wrote to my wife. Mr. Rodde came after dinner and took me out with him, first to Catherinendal,



a palace about a mile without the city, built by Peter the First for his Empress Catherine. The house is small, but the gardens are extensive and laid out in the fashionable style of that time. There are three bricks at one corner of the house, painted red, which are said to have been laid by Peter himself. The rest of the house is plastered. It is the usual residence of the Prince of Oldenburg, the Governor-General of these provinces. But he is now absent. Round the gardens there is a little village of barracks for a regiment of soldiers; and on a hill beyond the gardens stands the light-house. There are five lamps placed in a chamber at the front of which is a door opening upon the gulf; and one lamp at the door itself. It is the highest land in the neighborhood of Reval, and a fine prospect of the city, the harbor, the gulf, and the country around. We saw a small vessel coming into the harbor, the first that has appeared this season. The harbor, and the gulf beyond it, are still covered with ice, but not in very large masses, and it appears that the gulf is navigable. We afterwards went to Charlottendal, Mr. Rodde's country-seat, about three wersts on the other side of the city. He has a good house and garden there, which cost him only twenty thousand roubles, and where he resides in the summer; he intends going out there next week. After returning home, I read Sully—books eleven and twelve. It contains the birth of Louis XIII.; a dark and mysterious account of a quarrel between the King and Queen; Sully's embassy to Queen Elizabeth, at Dover, and his long conference with her; and the Duke of Biron's conspiracy against Henry, the relation of which I broke off in the middle. Henry, as well as his Minister, appears to have been infatuated with judicial astrology, and on the birth of his son made his physician, La Rivière, cast his nativity. Another characteristic of the age is Sully's excessive pride of birth, and his profound contempt for every profession and occupation but that of arms. He argues the point as well as he can, and is evidently very sincere in his prejudices; but the prejudice betrays itself. Military renown will in every country, and under every form of government, rise to the highest dignity and give the greatest consideration; but in no civilized age or nation can it ever engross the whole.

The administration of justice must make the profession of the law respectable; and wealth always will command consideration, because it will always confer power.

15th. On rising this morning, I saw by the vanes on the steeples from one of my windows that the wind was favorable for sailing, and, expecting a message from Captain Brinkman, I packed up my boxes with every article not of constant necessity, to be ready to go at as short a notice as possible. Went to church alone, and heard the service performed and the sermon in the Esthonian language—which is altogether different both from the Russian and German. The church was not so large as that of the Germans, but it was full, and even crowded, chiefly with persons from the country—peasants of both sexes. There was an alternation of prayers and hymns sung by the congregation, accompanied by an organ, before and after the sermon. At the administration of the communion I left the church. Mr. Rodde came at one o'clock and took me out to General Norberg's, where we dined. Admiral Spiridoff, the Commandant of Reval, named Berg, and a clergyman were the company, with General Norberg's two sons, youths of about fourteen or fifteen. We dined at his round table without attendants; there was only one servant, who brought in the dishes and put them on the table. But that servant might have waited on the whole company, and would have saved them the continual trouble of helping themselves. This table is a mere gimcrack. After dinner, we made a party at whist until five. The commandant, Berg, invited me to dine with him the day after to-morrow, if I should still be here. When I took leave of General Norberg, he gave me several copies of a pamphlet which he has lately published, relative to some improvement of his invention for the distillation of brandy, which he asked me to distribute among his friends there, if I should meet with any who made enquiries about him. He wished to show them what he was busied about. He gave me also one copy of another, a preceding pamphlet upon the same subject.

When I returned to my own lodgings, my servant told me that the captain had been to desire that I would go on board the vessel this evening, the wind being fair, and it being his

intention to sail very early to-morrow morning. I immediately finished the packing of my clothes, books, and papers, and came on board the vessel—the *Ulysses*, Captain Brinkman. It was between nine and ten in the evening. Mr. Ross, with ten or twelve other gentlemen, were on board, to take leave of Mr. Zandelin, a Swedish merchant, who freights the vessel and is also going in her as a passenger. They returned on shore in the boat in which I had come on board. Captain Brinkman immediately took my passport on board the guard-ship, where they kept it, together with that of the vessel, telling him to come for them again to-morrow morning. In the leisure of the day I read Sully—books twelve and thirteen: containing the conclusion of Biron's conspiracy, by his trial and execution; the pardon granted by Henry to the Count d'Auvergne, because he was the brother of the King's mistress, the Marchioness of Verneuil; the address with which the Duke of Bouillon kept himself out of Henry's reach, and the manner in which the Duke of Epernon disculpated himself from having been engaged in the plot. Even the name of Sully himself had been implicated by La Fin, the informer who betrayed Biron; but it made no impression upon the King's mind. It is a proof with how much caution all evidence merely suspicious should be received involving persons in conspiracies. Sully refers to other books for Biron's trial, the particulars of the conspiracy, and the proofs against him. There are also some remarks upon Henry's edict against duels, and concerning the coinage—which was debased by Sully's advice, to prevent exportation.

16th. The wind this morning was fair, though very light, and at four o'clock we were ready to sail. It was, however, between seven and eight before the officer from the guard-ship came on board with the vessel's pass and my passport. He apologized to me for having made me wait so long, pretending not to have known I was on board this vessel, because my passport did not mention the name of the vessel in which I was to embark. After taking down in his register the name of the vessel and of the captain, her burden, lading, and where bound, he asked the captain and me, saying he was obliged to do so,

whether we had any Russian money. I had none, contrary to the intent of the law. The captain gave him a five-rouble bill, with which he was well satisfied, and he left the vessel, wishing us a good voyage. We sailed immediately, although the wind had died away almost to a total calm. There were seven other vessels lying with us at the mouth of the harbor ready to depart, but only one of them got under weigh—a Dutch vessel, freighted on the same account as ours, and the captain of which had promised to sail in company with ours. We had not even got outside of the harbor before we saw in the gulf floating masses of ice, so large and so close together that the captain was apprehensive we should be obliged to return. But there was no wind until towards evening, when a light breeze sprang up from the northwest, as directly ahead as it could blow. Notwithstanding the difficulty of beating against a head-wind amidst the floating ice, the captain, at my desire and that of Mr. Zandelin, made the attempt to reach Baltic Port, about twenty miles distant from Reval, but without success. The weather was fine, but so cold that it was impossible for me to write a line the whole day. I read Sully—books thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen, the most interesting parts of which are the details of his embassy to England on the accession of James I., immediately after the death of Queen Elizabeth, and his negotiations with James and his Ministers. Sully, with all his great and good qualities, was a man of harsh and severe character. He speaks ill of almost everybody, and scarcely ever well of any one, excepting King Henry and Queen Elizabeth. In his English negotiations he is extremely bitter against the English nation in general, and most especially so against James's Minister of State, Cecil, a name much respected in English History. Sully is not much more favorable to Barneveld, who was then in London at the head of a deputation from the States-General, and in pursuit of the same object as Sully. He represents himself as having been perfectly successful with James against the advice and cabals of Cecil and all the English Ministry; but he admits that he could not avail himself so advantageously of this success as he might have done, for want of a *carte-blanche* signed by Henry, upon which he could have concluded a treaty

with James. He touches very lightly upon a gross insult which he received from an English Admiral as he was crossing the Channel, on account of the flag, and on the piracies of the English ; against which it was one of the objects of his mission to complain. He had with him a suite of three hundred persons, and immediately after his arrival in London was obliged to try and condemn to death one of them for a murder. He delivered him over for execution to the Lord Mayor of London, but the sentence was not executed. He gives the character of a young man of his suite named Servin, a most extraordinary compound of personal accomplishments and detestable vices ; and he makes the conduct of the Spanish ambassador, Count d'Aremberg, appear supremely ridiculous.

17th. After beating against the wind and amidst the floating ice great part of the night, the captain was finally compelled to put about and return to Reval. About three in the morning the vessel struck against a mass of ice, and the shock was so great that it waked me. The ice ahead was in such quantities, and with such narrow passages between the floats, that it was impossible to proceed, although in sight of Baltic Port. The wind was fresh, and about eleven in the morning we came to anchor again in the harbor of Reval, where we lay the remainder of the day. A boat from the guard-ship came alongside, but the officer, upon enquiring whence we came, and being informed by the captain that we had sailed yesterday from hence, returned without coming on board, but told the captain that whenever he went on shore he must first go on board the guard-ship. In the afternoon two gentlemen of Mr. Zandelin's friends came on board and spent an hour with him. Zandelin himself, after waiting four or five weeks for his passport, was obliged to go without it, and to pass himself off for the steersman of the vessel. The weather was still so cold that it was with extreme difficulty I wrote half a page in this journal, and I could not write anything else. Read Sully—books fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen: the conclusion of his embassy to James I., his return to France, and his danger of being lost on the passage between Dover and Calais ; the re-establishment of the Jesuits ; the introduction of the silk manufactures, and the colony sent to Canada ; all in



opposition to his opinions. He pronounces very decisively that no colony in America north of forty degrees of latitude can be of any value. The death of the King's sister, Catherine, who had finally married the Duke of Bar, is noticed in the seventeenth book.

18th. The wind blew fresh west by north the whole day. West by north is precisely our course to Stockholm. Towards evening it died away to a calm. The captain went on shore this morning, and returned in the evening. Three vessels came into the harbor this afternoon—two from the island of Dago, and one from Carlshamn. The weather was fine, and, being not quite so cold as the two preceding days, I was enabled to write more. I brought up entirely my journal. Read Sully—books seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen. The domestic distresses of Henry, occasioned by his vices and the characters of his wife and mistress, are related with candor, and form a picture which excites alternate indignation and compassion. The mistress, the Marchioness of Verneuil, was engaged, with her brother, the Count d'Auvergne, a natural son of Charles IX., and her father, D'Entragues, in a conspiracy against Henry; for which they were sentenced to death, and she to perpetual imprisonment. Henry not only forbore to have the sentence executed, but pardoned her, and submitted to the conditions she required with regard to the others. But the passion for the sex was not Henry's only vice. He was addicted to gaming, and his hunting expenses were extravagant. Altogether, Sully states that the sums he squandered upon his pleasures would have maintained an army of seventy-five thousand men. The treachery of one of Villeroy's clerks, and its detection, is also told here; the manner in which James the First abandoned his alliance with France, and the treaty he concluded with Spain; the treaty of commerce between France and Spain, which was concluded by Sully himself shortly afterwards; and some affairs of minor importance relating to the Swiss, and to a bridge at Avignon. Sully gives his opinion decisively, and with strong reasons, against the famous principle of the Salic law, which forbids the descent of the crown upon a female, or through a female line.

19th. After a night totally calm, there was again a light



breeze this morning west by north. It was impossible to move. The breeze continued freshening all day long, and by five in the afternoon, the time of the new moon, had risen to a brisk gale. It blew hard the whole evening, with some rain. My fellow-passenger Zandelin, for fear of losing his good humor, took to his bed and slept the greatest part of the day. There was a vessel arrived this morning in four days from Stockholm. I was just able to write, and did actually write several hours. Read Sully—books twenty and twenty-one. The twentieth is perhaps the most affecting of the whole work. It contains the conversation between the King and Sully at the time when Henry had been so beset by the artifices and calumnies of his Minister's enemies as to have conceived strong prepossessions against him. The scene between them, in which Sully justifies himself and entirely recovers his favor, moved me even to tears. The account of the Protestant assembly at Châtellerault is of a more general nature, but not without interest. In reflecting upon the general tenor of these Memoirs, I cannot but remark how large a portion of the obstacles with which statesmen have to contend proceeds from the vices and passions and perversities of those with whom they have to co-operate. This is perhaps the most useful lesson of the book.

20th. Blew a strong gale all night. At six this morning the wind was at north-northeast, and Mr. Zandelin was in a flame to get immediately under weigh. The captain was reluctant and fearful, because none of the other vessels lying in the harbor showed any signals of sailing. He was, however, at length prevailed upon to sail, and beat out of the harbor. The Hollander, bound to Stockholm, alone followed us. We were scarcely under weigh when the wind started to the north, then northwest, then west-northwest, and we were just ready to return and anchor again, when it came with a moderate breeze between east and northeast, which enabled us to proceed about noon. The other vessels that had been waiting then all followed us out. The breeze continued moderate and steady the whole day; the weather fine, now and then dropping a few flakes of snow. Réaumur's thermometer on deck, between two and three above zero; in the cabin, at five. We cleared the islands of

Wulf and Nargö, at the mouth of Reval harbor, and passed, before dark, the lights of Surepudd and Rägervik, or Baltic Port. Just before midnight we were abreast of Odensholm, the first light in the Gulf of Finland, which we saw on board the *Horace* in 1809. Here a field of ice, stretching across the gulf we know not how far, compelled us to change our course and beat northward to seek a passage. I wrote a little this day, and read Sully—books twenty-two and twenty-three: much of Henry's private life and gossiping humors; his acceptance of the Duke of Bouillon's submissions, much against Sully's will, and forcing Sully to fire the cannon upon his (the King's) return to Paris, as if it had been in triumph; the supremely ridiculous questions penned by Father Cotton, the Jesuit, to be put to the devil, in exorcising a woman reputed to be possessed; and a new memoir of Sully upon the subject of duels.

21st. Calms, head-winds, and ice-islands constituted the vicissitudes of this day, during which we saw several vessels beyond the ice, coasting to find the passage to our side, as we were to get on theirs. About four this afternoon we saw three of them succeed, and effect the passage before the wind, through an opening too narrow for us to go through by tacking. In the evening we had sight again of the Odensholm light. The atmosphere is nearly at the temperature of frost, and it is only by walking an hour upon deck that I can warm my fingers enough to hold a pen for another hour. This of necessity abridges my writing. I read Sully—books twenty-three and twenty-four, which are less interesting than many of the others.

22d. About three o'clock this morning we passed through one of the lines of ice-fields, and might have proceeded in our course, but the wind was ahead the whole day. We stretched over to the Finland shore, until admonished, by the sight of rocks showing their heads above the water, to steer back again. Our course of this day was thus bounded: north, by the rocks in the gulf; and south, by the floating ice-fields. We spoke with two vessels, one four days from Stockholm and bound to Reval, the other an English vessel, from which they told us they had met the ice as far south as sixty miles beyond Dagerort. I took my thermometer on deck to ascertain the

temperature of the atmosphere. It was one and a half degrees of Réaumur above zero. In the cabin it is steady between four and five. I walked three times in the day, about an hour each time, to warm my fingers sufficiently to write, but it grows every day more irksome. I read Sully—books twenty-five and twenty-six, in which there are many details concerning the internal government of France which I do not understand, and which are therefore rather tedious than amusing. It is much to the honor of Sully that he resisted all the King's efforts to aggrandize him and his family upon condition that he and his son should change their religion. Here is the first notice of Henry's last passion for Mademoiselle de Montmorency, whom he married to the Prince of Condé. The domestic quarrels with the Queen still continue to occupy much of the narrative, and Sully complains still of the King's gambling habits and prodigalities. A remarkable circumstance is the publicity with which Henry kept his mistresses, four of whom, it is said, had formally, and successively, that title. He had eight children by them, who were all legitimated, and for whom Henry's affection, as well as for his lawful children, is one of the most amiable features in his character.

23d. The weather continues fine; the wind moderate, but so nearly ahead that we cannot steer within five points of our course, and our progress is accordingly slow; the thermometer on deck, between one and two in the shade and at six in the sun—in the cabin, between four and five. I saw this day no ice; the captain says, however, that it was to be seen at the southward. Twice in the course of the day I saw the rocks on the coast of Finland. They are innumerable, and many of them do not appear above water. There is one place laid down on the charts, and from which we are not far distant, where the compass entirely fails, the needle pointing irregularly to every quarter of the sky. This effect is supposed to proceed from great masses of iron among the rocks under the water. I wrote less this than any of the preceding days, the continual cold making it almost impossible. Read Sully—books twenty-six and twenty-seven, the latter closing with the fatal catastrophe, the murder of the King. He was on the point of commencing

the greatest war in which he had ever been engaged—a war for which he and Sully had been many years making every possible preparation, but the issue of which would have been very uncertain, and of the justice of which I am not convinced. In the affair of the Prince and Princess of Condé, Henry was so grossly and outrageously wrong that I feel some indignation at Sully's attempt to throw much of the blame upon the Prince. I see nothing in his conduct which was not justified by the necessity of the case, and nothing in that of Henry, on this occasion, which deserves any other sentiment than contempt and detestation. The presentiments and prognostications of Henry's death show very strongly the character of the age, and, in some degree, the weakness of the man. His reluctance at the coronation of the Queen appears to have arisen altogether from superstition. But the act of Ravallac had no connection with the coronation, and would doubtless have been committed in the same manner if that ceremony had not taken place. Ravallac was a fanatic, and had probably no accomplices.

The night was nearly calm. My fellow-passenger Zandelin had exhausted his patience, and told me last evening that if the wind continued as it was it would kill him. About five this morning he came down from deck in an ecstasy of joy, and said, "Sir, I do not know whether I dare to tell you. We have the fairest wind in the world—just this moment sprung up." I answered that he needed not to have told me, for I had seen it in his face the moment he opened the cabin-door. This wind continued fair the whole day, a light breeze, and scarcely a cloud to be seen. About noon we saw the light-house on the island of Utö, which is the entrance to go to Abo. At eight in the evening we passed two small rocks, called Nyskaren and Bogskaren, about sixty English miles distant from our first harbor. In the afternoon we passed three brigs, probably English, bound up the Gulf of Finland. The weather is still cold—between two and three degrees in the shade, and seven in the sun on deck. I read Sully—books twenty-eight, twenty-nine, and thirty: the two first containing the mortifications and persecutions he underwent after Henry's death, until his total retirement from public affairs; and the last, a full exposition

of Henry IV.'s great design. He makes it plausible enough, and probably Henry would have succeeded in his first and main object, which was to humble and reduce the power of the House of Austria. His European Republic, I think, would have proved chimerical.

25th. About five this morning the rocks on the coast of Sweden were first seen, and soon afterwards the two light-houses on the rocks of Grunskär and Korssö, which are at the entrance of the harbor. They were then distant about twenty marine miles. At nine we had nearly come up with them, and a pilot came on board, who took the vessel into Sandhamn, the first harbor, formed by the island of Sandöe, where there is a custom-house and ten or twelve pilot's huts. We got in there about ten, and while the custom-house officers came on board, instead of coming to anchor, the vessel was fastened by a small cable carried to the shore. The captain and Mr. Zandelin went on shore with the papers of the vessel and cargo. The officers of the customs came on board, and visited the vessel, but not my baggage, nor did they ask for any passport. It was half-past twelve, at noon, when we got under sail again, and just as we parted from the rock one of the vessels which sailed from Reval with us came to it. We had a second pilot, who took us up to Stockholm. The passage is of about forty marine miles, very narrow, and winding between a multitude, almost numberless, of rocks, many of them bare, and others covered with firs and other evergreens. About fifteen marine miles below Stockholm is the ancient castle of Friedrichsberg, of which no use is now made; and the modern one of Waxholm, where there is a guard stationed, and where the ship's papers and my passports were sent on shore to be inspected. Just before coming to this castle, at a place where the channel winds between the rocks, the passage, made by nature very narrow, has been still more straitened by two old ships of the line, sunk purposely to obstruct it. This, Mr. Zandelin told me, was done about three years ago, when they were at war with England, from the fear of a visit to Stockholm by a British fleet. It has made the place all but impassable. We anchored about seven in the evening in the harbor of Stockholm; and I very