the world, appeared to me more heavy than I im-
agined. By dint of the extreme swiftness of the
victorian horses we soon
left sight of the beau-
tiful city Moscow.
The weather was unex-
expectedly fine and the sun shone
with its golden rays
continually brightened
through the windows
of the post carriage,
proclaiming us a joy
on our journey. My
fellow passenger was
the clerk of the
Empire, professor of the
moat eminent man
fearing at Moscow,
and who himself the
took us two places
in the interior of the
carriage. I was happy
to get acquainted with
Mr. G., whose interests

conversation I was very
much pleased with.
The two back places of
the carriage was occu-
pied by a gentleman
wife and child. The
villages on the road
from it to St. Peter-
burg, a miserable aspect;
they consist of wood
covered with cannon
shells; on account of
the heat from the
houses are usually
occupied only on the
offen years, whilst
the first story was
using as a shelter or
repository of domes-
tical goods. The round
buildings form
a striking contrast
against the good
character of the in-
habitations, who accu