

carriage and luggage must be carefully watched; if lost sight of, even for a moment, something is stolen. From Moscow to this place, there is not a single house in which a traveller could pass the night.—The different stages are merely places to procure horses, and their hovels are full of filth and vermin. Provisions must be taken in the carriage, as nothing but milk can be got. Bread, butter and salt are very scarce and very bad—the butter is always sour and rancid. The traveller cannot halt, day or night, for any length of time, beyond that required for examining places worthy of remark. Along this route we found our Russian carriage of the greatest use to us; in it we could both sleep and write, and had sufficient room to carry a stock of provision. At Moscow we had procured some excellent cured *ham*, and which we found the most convenient to carry; however, as we mingled with the Jews, its appearance always excited the utmost disgust and overcame their feelings. Plates, and spoons, &c. were always removed from the polluted touch of the vile ham. If either were used by the Christians, it was instantly scoured, or even broken, and a charge made for it. They never
eat

eat from a plate at which a Christian has eaten ; we of course could only get the coarsest and the meanest—a separate fireplace even is allotted for the Christian's use, and here we were obliged to kindle our fire and cook our meals. Though the ham excited so much horror, yet the chocolate often attracted their notice. One of the Jews requested a cup-full, which one of our servants readily gave him, but secretly slipped into it a piece of the pork—the Jew gladly swallowed the draught ; but, discovering the *poison*, he was perfectly inconsolable.

From Kroupki we entered the government of Minsk, and, travelling through a large forest of fir trees, we reached the little village of Lochenitzi. This part of the country is diversified and somewhat hilly ; the road is generally an unequal tract. Lochenitzi is a singular instance of a most irregular and scattered town ; there are upwards of an hundred wooden huts, not more than fourteen feet broad, by twenty in length and seven in height, and which cover about one hundred acres. It is called a *bourg*, which is a degree above a village ; it has neither church nor inn, nor any Jews. The inhabitants are mean and dejected. The interior of their houses is a sad specimen