

prevailed. The Jews had just quitted their morning prayers, and entered the stable in a body. One half spoke the Hebrew tongue, another the Lithuanian dialect, and German, French, and English, added to the noise. The glimmering rays of the carriage lamp were feebly thrown over this motley group, and never did a scene of such confusion prevail. At length the dispute was settled by money, the only power the Jews would submit to.

The road from this is heavy, boggy, and mostly through one continued forest. Komeli is the next stage; it is a solitary station-house, situated in a picturesque opening of the forest; the landlord is a civil Pole. Leaving Komeli we proceeded to Novo Svergino, through a beautiful avenue of trees, and surrounded by a deep forest, the greater part of which seemed to have suffered from the enemy's fire. The trees are still alive, though much scorched at the trunks. The road is flat and sandy; and, in many places, passes small lakes and little hamlets. Novo Svergino is a small bourg, consisting of one long irregular street of wooden houses, and about five hundred inhabitants, mostly Catholics. The country,

try, to the east, is an extensive morass, which is divided by a small branch of the Niemen; it is the property of a Polish nobleman.

This part contains the finest fir wood we have hitherto seen, and the best improvements in agriculture. The fields are extremely large; the crops are rye, wheat, oats and buck wheat. The soil varies, from a fine light to a black heavy loam, yet the crops do not appear luxuriant, and very few black cattle are to be seen. The people are very plain, coarse looking, and shabby in their attire; the women are dressed in coarse woollen coats like the men, with a napkin tied round the head; over it is fastened a white band of linen, which hangs down the back, with three ends. The people are chiefly Catholics, and the road too often presents the spectacle of a small wooden figure, dressed up in rags, to represent our Saviour.

In the countenance and costume of the people, in several parts of this district, we could not but remark a great similarity with the lower orders of the Irish;—the cast of the countenance and complexion are exactly alike—the ragged
coat,

coat, and flapping high crowned hat, with a cord tied round it for a band, are also similar. This resemblance, however, is only external; the moment the mouth is opened the simile is lost; and, instead of hearing from it the varied expressions of wit, genius, and passion, so peculiar to the one, nothing but the language of wretchedness is delivered by the other;—for the hospitality and soul-speaking welcome of the one, we discern the vile, cringing approach, of the other;—for thoughtless, hurried generosity, is exchanged cold, calculating cunning;—for wit and imagination, craft and dullness.—Ages must roll over their night-shaded history, time must improve in the tardiness of its course, governments must be changed, and soil must alter, until that day and hour arrive, when the bards of Slavonia shall be enlightened with the spirit of a Sterne, or its temples consecrated with the genius of a Burke! But never will that day arrive, never will human nature, here, shine out;—like where, at north, the grey denuded steep points its chill brow to shade the Polar wave, ever will it be lifeless, dreary, and still, in these inhospitable, melancholy regions. Not more impotently does that weak winter sun,
which

which lights them to their lot, throw down its unwarming beam,—not more idly does the summer's wave play around the base of Zembla's isle, than does the light of soul around these benighted beings. But to proceed with our journey.

On taking leave of Novoe-Svergino, we had, as usual, to proceed through some fine forests of fir. The country, however, soon opened, and appeared to be extensively cultivated. The fields are very large. We were now on the borders of the government of Minsk, and were about to enter that of Lithuania. From Novoe-Svergino the road goes south to Nevisge, one stage, and thence north again to Mir. These two stages form fifty-four wersts; but, by crossing from Novoe-Svergino to the latter, along the base of the angle, a very short cut is made, by a bye-road, which is excellent. The country around is flat and well cultivated. The town of Mir stands on a gentle eminence, on the west side of a small river. It consists of a collection of wooden houses, with a large brick church in the centre of an open square; the population is about one thousand persons. Close to the town are the ruins of a palace of the Duke Radgiwiloff. Along this part of the country we
could