

dangerous morass: it was impossible to travel without the utmost caution, and not more than two miles an hour. This stage was thirty miles long, and is probably as intricate and dangerous as any which could be passed. The horses became hourly entangled in marshy springs, and every moment the carriage was likely to be overturned, in consequence of our new hind wheel being considerably lower than the other. We lost a whole day on this dreadful stage, and towards evening reached Belitza, a small bourg of a few mean wooden houses, built round a large open square, in the centre of which stands a neat wooden church. The population is about five hundred, partly Jews and Lithuanians. The Jews in this place are better looking than formerly, but still *Jews*. The natives are extremely wretched, poor, and covered with rags. The dress is a short frock coat, and cloth cap without a brim—loose trowsers tied round the ankle, and without shoes or stockings. The women wear a coarse woollen frock, tied round the waist, and buttoned up the front—long sleeves and deep frills.

The soil here is a fine loose loam. The plough is extremely simple and seems to be generally used in Lithuania. It is
made

made entirely of one branch of a fir tree ; the beam is formed of the trunk, and the root forms the coulter ; while the lateral branches serve for the stilts or handles. A sketch of this plough will be found among the implements of agriculture, at the end of the work. A considerable quantity of hemp is raised.

Having refreshed our horses at Belitza, our Tartar insisted on proceeding another stage, which he asserted was along an excellent hard road. We accordingly proceeded a few wersts, over a hard, dry, and well cultivated country ; but, towards evening, found ourselves on the borders of another morass. The weather of late had been cold and rainy, and so soon as the 12th of September, we perceived the approaching signs of that early winter, to which these cheerless regions are, for so long a period, subject. The evenings became frosty, and the nights extremely cold. We continued with caution to proceed through this wild, dreary track, but soon lost the regular road, and in passing over a slight wooden bridge, it gave way, and entangled us in a most horrid morass, with a ditch on each side. The night became dark, and the clouds heavy and lowering.

Our

Our situation was truly perilous; but, at length we succeeded in extricating the carriage, and by carrying a lighted torch before the horses, we immediately reached a Jew's hut, but who *singularly* refused us admittance. We continued our progress, on a tolerable track, and, in half an hour, regained the road we had lost, and reached a station-house, kept by a Pole. Here we found a small party of Polish officers, returning from Russia, and who had served in Napoleon's army. From them we received a variety of extraordinary anecdotes, relating to the campaign; the hardships they underwent, and the cruelties committed by both parties. To relate such tales, is only exposing the weakness of man, and can now be of no service—war will ever be followed by its train of evils, and individuals will speak of them, in proportion to the sufferings they have met with. Among the prisoners was a Polish count, who had been a colonel in the French service;—he had marched from Seville, in Spain, to Paris, and onwards to join the *grand* army, which he met at Smolensko, on their flight,—there he was taken by the Russians, and sent to Orel, about two hundred miles south of Moscow.

At this miserable station we were all lodged in the stable. The stables in this country, are the largest, and the most commodious part of the house. They are built parallel with the road, and are about one hundred feet in length, and forty feet in width. Each end is provided with large folding doors, and the carriages are always drove in at one door, and out at the other. In this place, travellers usually sleep in their carriage, while the postillions, servants, &c., with their horses, are scattered on each side. From the stable a narrow passage leads to a small dwelling house; but, from the filth and stench in them, no stranger would dare to enter. In this stable we prepared to pass the night. Our servants spread some clean straw under the carriage, and stretched themselves between the wheels. On one side lay our drivers and their horses—before us lay four Baskirs, and their large dogs; and, in our front, were some Russians, and their horses; besides, the Polish and French prisoners. Never was a more motley group seen. We kept a lamp burning on the top of the carriage. Our sleep, as may be expected, was not of the most tranquil kind; we were soon disturbed, by a
dreadful