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RUSSIA ON THE BORDERS OF ASIA.

KAZAN,

THE

Ancient Capital of the Tartar Khans;

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF

THE PROVINCE TO WHICH IT BELONGS, THE TRIBES AND RACES WHICH FORM ITS POPULATION, ETC.

BY

EDWARD TRACY TURNERELLI.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CHAPTER I.

THE AUTHOR TO HIS READERS.

I.

Among the works (and small is their number) which have hitherto been published in England concerning Russia, the greatest part have been almost exclusively devoted to the description of its two capitals, St. Petersburg and Moscow. These works, with but few exceptions, have been written by travellers who, leaving their country in the spring, have employed the summer months in visiting the above-named cities, and who, on the approach of the Russian winter, have hastened back to their homes to pen a superficial, and, too often, an incorrect account of what they had seen during their hurried and brief sojourn in the north. It is owing to this and other causes that the more remote provinces of the Russian empire have remained, even up to the
middle of the nineteenth century, almost as unexplored and as unknown to foreigners, as they were in the fourteenth century to the Arab literati, who were wont to designate these climes by the significant title of the "Land of Darkness*." And yet, to tell the honest truth, it is not the Russian capitals alone that can boast, as the Muscovite proverb remarks, of possessing "wax and tallow;" there are numerous other parts of this vast empire that are equally worthy of attention, and which would as amply repay the traveller for the toil and fatigue his journey thither might have forced him to undergo. Such are the romantic and picturesque shores of the Crimea, surnamed by travellers "the Italy of Russia;" the grand and terrible mountains of the Caucasus; the enchanting scenery of Little Russia; Siberia, with its mines of gold; and lastly, though not the least interesting, that section of Russia which lies on the borders of Asia, from the first sources of the river Kama, in the governments of Perm and Viatka, to that interesting country through which the majestic Volga pours.

* Ibn Batuta, who travelled in 1325, says, in his work, "In Bolgary, I heard of the 'Land of Darkness,'" (he speaks of Siberia,) "and had a great desire to visit those climes. The distance required a journey of forty days. I was diverted from the undertaking on account of its great danger and the difficulty of arriving at the spots in question." Might not the words of Ibn Batuta serve as a closing epigraph to the works of more than one traveller in Russia at the present day?
its waters, and which constituted in days of yore the Tartar kingdoms of Kazan and Astrachan. Rich in historical associations, these regions, probably more than any other in the Russian empire, offer those charms of originality and novelty, which the traveller who roams to instruct his mind and gather stores for future meditation ever seeks to meet with in his peregrinations. The variety of strange nations that people the climes to which I refer, namely, the Russians, the Tartars, the Tchouvash, the Tcherimisse, the Mordvas, the Votiacks, the Kalmucks, the Kirghise, the Bashkirs, the Nogais, and the Cossacks, each speaking a language peculiar to its own tribe, each possessing likewise its distinct habits, customs, manners, and superstitions, and the greatest part plunged in the rude state of primitive nature;—here is fertile matter for the pen of an investigating author. Add to this, the different religions that are to be met with among these races—the Christian, the Mahometan, even the Pagan—offering as many subjects of speculation to the theologian and the politician. And then, what can be more attractive, more rife in interest, than the antique and extraordinary cities which adorn the distant climes in which these various races lie scattered? Kazan, the ancient capital of the Tartar monarchs; Astrachan, that bears the same name as the formidable Khanate of which it was the chief city; Saraï, the residence
of the famous sovereigns of the Golden Horde; the province of Viatka, in former days a principality; the provinces of Orenburg, Perm, Simbirsk, and Saratoff, with their flourishing towns, whose society possesses each its own peculiar and distinct characteristics, interesting unto him who seeks to study men and manners, and to observe the lights and shades of Russian life, not in the capital alone, but in its provincial features: all these spots abound with materials for historical, ethnographical, and physiological researches. And then the many monuments of antiquity that these regions furnish; the many ruins,—ruins, not of solitary edifices alone, but of vast and opulent cities, which formerly flourished in these blood-stained plains, and which were, in gone-by days, the capitals of once powerful nations, which, like the Bulgars*, have been swept away from the face of the earth, leaving nought to speak of their existence save the venerable fragments of stone that rise from the scene of their desolation. And lastly, the natural curiosities which are to be found in this part of Russia, in the Oural mountains, in the deserts of Orenburg, along the banks of the Volga and the Kama, and in the steppes of the Caspian Sea. Yes! unfrequented, unappreciated, and almost unknown

* A chapter of the present work will be devoted to an historical account of this race and the ruins of its capital, Bolgary, such as it exists at the present day.
as are these climes to foreigners, yet, I repeat, they can boast of charms, various and novel, which the traveller would in vain seek to meet with on the beaten paths and railway tracks of Western Europe; and I cannot refrain from believing that a picturesque description of these strange lands—a kind of *terra incognita* to the many—will afford interest to my readers and countrymen, surfeited with an endless succession of works relative to countries, rivers, mountains, etc., which all the world has visited, and which are as familiar to the English tourist, as are, to the London peregrinator, the hallowed glades of Hyde Park, the meandering banks of the Serpentine, the imposing upland which bears the name of Primrose-hill, and other remarkable spots of our great Metropolis.

II.

Several years have now elapsed since the author of the present page, a solitary and humble pilgrim in search of literary lore, first wended his way to the climes to which he has been referring. To traverse the wild and dreary steppes which seem to shut out this land from all communication with the civilized world; to exchange the joys of home and kindred for an abode in distant regions, where a Siberian climate reigns in all its rigour, and on a soil where many a disease, engendered by the insalubrious vapours which issue from its marshes,
hourly menace the incautious wanderer*; in fine, to quit the centre of European refinement and luxury, to sojourn among rude hordes and semi-barbarous nations†;—this will doubtless appear to the generality of foreigners as the very extreme of human tribulation. This change, however, striking as were its contrasts, presented itself under a more favourable aspect to the author, who, after having traversed at an early age several other countries of Europe, felt an ardent desire to visit Russia. And when the means, so long wished for, were afforded him, of making a sojourn on the confines of Asia, with that lively joy which the youthful traveller ever experiences, he bent his steps to these remote regions, to him so attractive, yet so little known, even in the Russian capital. Fully able to appreciate and enjoy the pleasure which the amateur draughtsman derives from his pencil (the little instrument which had been on former occasions his unwearying companion in many a solitary and pedestrian ramble, o'er flood and field, through various countries of Europe), and ardently desirous to consecrate his time to some literary labour, whose novelty and utility might earn for him the approbation of his fellow-countrymen, the author of these Sketches joyfully hailed these unexplored regions as

* See the chapter entitled “Climate of Kazan and its Waters.”
† The province of Kazan is principally peopled by Pagan tribes: it is to these that allusion is here made.
a beneficent soil, which promised to afford him the means of satisfying the ambition with which he was animated. And what a fertile field for research and observation he met with there! what treasures lie buried in the most profound obscurity! what mines to explore! what riches to accumulate! If the author, an Englishman and a stranger on the soil, has been able to glean so much (yet, alas, how little!) what could not the Russian author, the Russian painter, gather in these climes so rife with lore unheeded and unknown! His intention had been to have devoted a year to this new peregrination; that space of time had appeared to him sufficient for the researches he purposed making: the year glided quickly by, and a second, a third, and a fourth still found him lingering in these distant regions, which had a charm for him which time had rather increased than diminished: he would in all probability have made even a still longer sojourn, had not the uncontrollable hand of circumstance obliged him to bid an eternal adieu to the field of his peregrinations. And now that the wanderer is far from the spots in which he late tarried, oft doth his memory revert to the scenes he witnessed, to the strange towns in which he sojourned, nay, even to the rude tribes, whose manners and customs afforded him such inexhaustible subjects of pleasurable observation. Unknown as are these matters to the generality of foreigners, it becomes a kind of duty
to repay the debt of gratitude he has contracted, by striving to make this land better known, and its wonders better appreciated. How far his untutored pen is capable of the task, it remains for his countrymen to determine. For this reason he presents to their notice, by way of specimen, this first Series of his Sketches, written concerning the ancient capital of the Tartar Khans—Kazan, a town so remarkable from the associations connected with its history,—so interesting by the monuments it possesses, which speak of its former glory and former splendour,—and so attractive by the Asiatic scenes which it presents at every moment to the notice of the traveller.

Upon the manner in which this first effort will be viewed by his countrymen, depends whether the author finds courage to present to the public the continuation of his Sketches, or consigns the remainder of his gleanings to oblivion.

III.

And now, gentle reader, ere you begin the perusal of the following pages, let me ask you a friendly question.

Are you one of that numerous class of foreigners who, nurtured and bred from their very cradle with hereditary prejudices and unreasonable antipathies, have made up their minds to believe that Russia, its rulers, laws, institutions, customs, etc., are one en-
tire mass of evil and iniquity, without (as you have been taught to believe) one solitary virtue, one fair feature to adorn the monstrous abortion? Would you, were the sacred voice of Truth itself to address you,—would you, I say, at the first sentence you heard in favour of this country, close your ears, revile the speaker, or at least slink away, muttering that her words were falsehood, her tale an imposture? If such you be (and I well know that there are many such), I prithee cast this book far from you, for its pages will furnish you with little to gratify your hate, or afford fresh food for your aversion. These unpretending Sketches are written by one who, after having made a long sojourn on the Russian soil, in various parts of this vast empire, has quitted it, perhaps for ever, bearing back with him however, to the land of his birth, in general, not only very favourable reminiscences of the country through which he travelled, but even respect and admiration for much that has hitherto been either wilfully condemned or malignantly ridiculed by other travellers. Yes! he hesitates not to assert it, feeble though the voice be that utters the appeal, that Russia has been most unfairly dealt with by foreign writers, many of whom have employed their pens, not to describe this country, with its good and evil, such as they found it, but who, paid to calumniate and to censure, and led to believe that their pecuniary gain and literary notoriety would be in proportion
to the rancour of their abuse and the extent of their animosity, have resolved to turn to account the favourable opportunity of attaining this double end, which truth and impartiality, as matters stand, would certainly never have enabled them to accomplish. Verily may it be said of these, that "they have dined upon calumny and supped upon slander!"

The unprejudiced and impartial foreigner, who has made this land the subject of his researches, and who has perused the various works which have been written in various European languages concerning it, literally grows sick at the almost endless groan of obloquy and hate of which it has been the object, and which has been uttered principally by authors who have made a flying visit to its capital, and whose end, we repeat, has not been to study the country nor to cull the sweeter flowers which its fields offer, but the sole object of whose journey has been to gather the filthiest weeds, the most disgusting plants, in order to form a captivating nosegay, which they subsequently offered as a homage to their fellow-countrymen. Among these works, few, very few, can be found, in which their author has described the better side of the Russian character. Not but that many observed it,—but all preferred to pander to foreign prejudices and foreign hate, which promised success, favour, fame, honour, and encouragement to every author who made Russia the object of his abuse and invective.
Let it not however be imagined that the writer of the present page is blind to the imperfections and those darker traits of Russian character which others have observed; he will even go so far as to say that he has noticed in Russia, as in every other land he has visited, much which he hates as heartily and as sincerely as they who have shown such eagerness and joy in exposing the evil; but, while he confesses this, he has learned from a long experience, and considers himself bound to assert it openly, that this country, with all its faults, can boast of many national virtues,—many great, noble, and redeeming qualities,—qualities peculiar to its own race, which many other countries have never possessed, or which, in consequence of their degeneracy, have become extinct among them, giving way to vices of an opposite nature. Courage, acknowledged by all, love of country, strong religious faith, unbounded devotion and attachment to the sovereign who rules over them; filial affection and respect, carried to a degree that a Russian almost considers himself accursed if his parents die without bestowing their blessing on him; hospitality, so general, so unlimited, that the races of Western Europe must blush when they hear it described by travellers who have visited the remoter parts of this empire; charity, generosity, kindliness of character, good-humour;—such are a few of the predominating traits of the Russian people. All certainly who have
travelled through Russia, even its bitterest enemies, have agreed in one point, namely, that in no part of God's earth can that noblest of virtues, hospitality, be found in a more unbounded degree than on the Russian soil. Shame, therefore, be to those who have traitorously clasped the extended hand of the host who stood at the road-side inviting them to enter,—who have feasted at the board on which the fatted calf has been placed in their honour,—who have reposed and dwelt beneath the kindly roof that was proud and happy to receive the solitary and unbefriended traveller; shame, I repeat, be to those who, on their return home, have not had one kind word to say in favour of the cordial hearts that welcomed them, and greater shame be to him who has requited friendship with premeditated abuse, hospitality with anticipated obloquy. With friendship, hospitality, was the author of the present page, like those who preceded him, unvaryingly treated during his sojourn in Russia: better therefore that his countrymen in his person should be accused (if fault there be) of speaking too kindly of those whose love and respect for Englishmen is well known, than that they should bear in his person the brand of churl and ingrate. Besides, if his pen should be found too favourably disposed towards the country he is describing, the harm will not be great on that account; for really so much ill has been laid to the charge of the Russians, so un-
ceasingly have their failings and imperfections been exposed to the public eye, and exposed in the darkest colours and under the most hideous aspect, that not only would it be useless to repeat what hundreds have said before him, and which by this time must have heartily tired and disgusted the reader, but it will be new (and novelty is ever pleasing, and profitable too, if truth be found combined with it,) to speak a little good of men and places which have hitherto been reckoned as entirely worthless. But while the author frankly owns that he is disposed to view and speak too of the Russians in a friendly manner, he trusts, nevertheless, that no one who reads his work will have to accuse him either of blind predilection or deliberate partiality, and that it will be seen that he has neither concealed the evil when he has felt it a duty to mention it, nor suppressed an honest thrill of regret as he penned it. In a word, he firmly believes that his book will be found, by those who are able to judge it, en connaissance de cause, to be a friendly narrative, but at the same time a true and impartial one. And he really believes that none are better able to judge this people, properly, or are more capable of giving a correct account of all that struck his notice, than he is; for he speaks their language, has sojourned for years among them, has travelled in various parts of their almost boundless country, and has studied their
manner, customs, habits, and prejudices, not in their capital alone, but in many distant and isolated village, nay, even in their steppes and deserts; and, mortal as the sin may seem to many, he has no hesitation in acknowledging that, in his rambles, his peregrinations, and his researches, he found more to please than to displease him, more to love than to hate, more to praise than to censure. It is true, in his character of amateur-artist and picturesque writer, wherever he went he ever sought rather to discover the good than the evil, the bright than the dismal, the cheering than the dreary. He frankly owns (egotist as he was) that he often turned aside and avoided the beaten road, that seemed to him over-muddy or over-dusty, and wended his way along some unfrequented pathway, where he hoped to discover some enlivening floweret, some pretty shrub or plant, which others had never beheld, or at least never deigned to notice. He confesses likewise (forgive his partiality!) that he never was fond, in his rambles and excursions, of poking his nose into every putrid pond, every filthy gutter, every loathsome sewer, he observed on his way: he preferred pleasant smells and fragrant perfumes,—it was to find them he travelled, to enjoy them he wandered; and he will not conceal from his readers, that humble as were the two companions of his rambles, his pen and his pencil, he had the vanity to believe that they were
worthy of something better than to be devoted to rancorous invective and grotesque caricature. Let this therefore be his apology (if such be required) to those of his readers who may find the author too disposed to be pleased with all that struck his notice,—too much inclined to enjoy himself, as he travelled along, by drawing, bee-like, a little honey from the pleasant flowers he noticed, and, leaving the noxious weeds and fulsome plants to be courted by the wasp and the hornet, who might buzz about them to their heart's content, without exciting, on his part, the smallest feeling of envy or the least wish to share their society. And if this does not suffice, he will say to them what Sherlock once said, under somewhat similar circumstances, of our neighbours the French, who at that time were about as much the objects of hate and misrepresentation of English travellers, as are the Russians at the present day; though, thanks to the intercourse now established between us, our antipathies and prejudices have been gradually removed in proportion as we have learned to know them, which we need not prophesy will be likewise the case with our northern brethren, when national and less conflicting interests, which blind us at present, shall have given way to less opposite policies and less rancorous passions.

"Let every one," says Sherlock (I quote from memory, and will not be answerable for the exact
words), "let every one speak of this people as they appeared to him. If he found them unpolished, ungenerous, inhospitable, unfriendly, uncourteous, let him speak his mind. I quarrel with no man's opinion, however opposed it may be to mine. But let the same liberty be accorded to me. I found this nation polite, generous, hospitable, friendly, and courteous; and I must say so, even though a thousand voices were raised to condemn me for the opinion."

What our countryman said of the French, so say I of the Russians; nor will the generous reader be a jot less pleased with the work, or like, I am sure, its author an atom the less, for not having aspersed the character of the friend who took him to his bosom, or thrown mud, as he rode away, on the abode which offered him a shelter.

IV.

One word more. As every work has its imperfections, and as, certainly, none that has ever been published will be found to possess so many as this, it behoves the author to acquaint his readers with the circumstances under which it was written,—which, duly considered, may probably induce them to be somewhat less critical and censorious than they would otherwise have a right to be.

About the beginning of the month of October, of the gone-by year, the author—one of those ever-
ailing, ever-complaining beings, who imagine themselves afflicted at once with all the ills and maladies that human nature is subject to, was pondering and planning where he should pass the winter, and had almost settled on the south of France, when chance brought him in contact with an evil genius, who urged him to employ the winter in giving a shape and a body to the loose notes he had collected during his sojourn on the confines of Asiatic Russia. The tempter pressed his point so well and so successfully, that the author consented. In spite of the warnings of his medical adviser, the journey to the south of France was postponed; and so strong is the cacoethes scribendi, that he set to work with a zeal and pleasure, which made him almost forget his ailments.

The author begs his readers to remember that he offers these volumes, not as studied essays, but, as he called them on the title-page, as mere unfinished "Sketches;" a style of writing which may displease the learned geographer, but which, he knows from experience, has a charm for many readers, who peruse with pleasure the page which bears the stamp of an author’s impressions and feelings. Indeed, it is his belief, that had the works which have hitherto been published on Russia been of a less scientific and statistical nature, the climes he is describing would have been better known to the reading public.

*
Not a single work, nay, not even a passing sketch, has ever been printed, either in the Russian or a foreign tongue, in which Kazan and its province have been described in a picturesque, lively, and pleasing manner. Scientific works and studied ethnographical essays resemble geographical maps or geometrical charts,—they are employed as subjects of study and reference, but never as a means of recreation or amusement.

And who are the principal readers of these profound and very learned productions? Few others, to say the honest truth, save the scholar, the student, the compiler, the concocter of volumes. And the light works of literature, do they enjoy a greater share of popularity, or can they boast of a wider circle of readers? Ask the sad, who seek to banish the gnawing worm which preys upon their heart,—the indolent, who would feign drive away a tedious hour,—the man of business, who has but a brief period to devote to literature,—the man of the world, who daily seeks a fresh and interesting subject of conversation; ask the female sex of every class, and of every age; ask even those serious spirits, who seek for something to criticize and condemn. In fine, of what nature are the works which make the strongest impression on our minds and memories? Without a shadow of doubt, those which have the most strongly excited our interest, and afforded us the greatest pleasure in their perusal.
It consequently appeared to the author of these Sketches, that a description of the land which constituted in former days the Kingdom of Kazan, if written in a light and lively manner, would find more readers than a dry, pedantic, and tedious narrative. His object was to make known these distant localities; he therefore adopted the means which seemed the most likely to forward his end. Besides, to tell the honest truth, obliged as he was to combat with sickness and anxiety while penning his thoughts and impressions, he naturally sought to derive himself some amusement, some solace, from his literary labours. This he certainly would never have enjoyed, had he been forced to pen a dull prosaic statement, arranged in mathematical order and statistical accuracy. The idea likewise struck him, that the book which had wearied its author in writing, would be very likely to weary the reader who perused it; and neither of these achievements appeared to him by any means advisable or advantageous. As others have done, nothing however would have been easier than to swell out and emblazon his unpretending essays with statistical compilations and learned extracts, which many, doubtless, while turning over the pages, would have considered exceedingly profound, but which, to a certainty, nobody would have read. He preferred trusting to his own impressions, such as they were at the moment he wrote. He recollected the remark which the celebrated Dr.
Goldsmith once made, "that a book may be amusing with a thousand frivolities and blemishes, or it may be dull and insipid without a single imperfection." Allowing himself therefore, as he wrote, to be guided and influenced by every impression, gay or grave, whimsical or serious, which the subject he treated produced on his mind, the sketches which flowed from his pen took the character of the impulse under which they were composed.

But the author does not wish it however to be imagined that, because his work bears the stamp of a light and amusing character, its composition cost him no other trouble than that of committing his thoughts to paper. If some chapters were the result of an hour's occupation, en revanche, the materials he had gathered for others had previously cost him the toil and labour of weeks, and even of months. To describe the characteristic traits of the Russian inhabitants of Kazan, their mode of living, habits, manners, and customs,—this was an easy task; for attentive observation and a prolonged sojourn had made him thoroughly acquainted with the minutest lights and shadows of this society. But to gather details of antiquities and monuments, and ruins of once mighty cities*, over which ob-

* I allude to the ruins of Bolgary, Bilarsk, etc., which will form a portion of the second volume of these Sketches, and the subject of a chapter, entitled "Sketches of an Exterminated Nation."
scurity had woven an almost impenetrable veil, and whose history is involved in ignorance and doubt,—to become familiar with the mode of living, the religious ceremonies and customs of rude and barbarous hordes, such as the Tchouvash, the Tcherimisse*, and, other races, that, buried in the recesses of the forests of Kazan, have hitherto attracted so little attention, and whose very name is scarcely known to any save the learned geographer,—these were objects more difficult of attainment. And hard indeed did the task of collecting materials often prove to the author of the present work. For weeks he has lived in some miserable hut, adopting, as it were, the usages and habits of its inmates, eating their coarse food, and sleeping on a hard and comfortless bench; he has traversed—partly even on foot—the entire province of Kazan, beneath the sultry sun of these intemperate climes, where heat and cold are in extremes,—resolved to visit every town, every village of the remote province he purposed one day to describe, and, strange to say, still finding pleasure in the task, and joy in the very fatigue and privation he was enduring. In a word, none but those who have undertaken a similar task under similar circumstances, and in a country where so few printed materials for reference or guidance were to be met

* The description of these races will likewise be found in the second volume of this work.
with, will be fully able to comprehend how many obstacles often lay in the author's path, and how much toil and perseverance it was necessary to employ, to arrive at the end of his researches. But persevering investigations do not suffice to give a work the stamp of merit; and doubtless the critic will find, independent of their style, much to censure, much to condemn, in the present Sketches: but if he will be pleased to bear in mind that this work was the first attempt ever yet made to furnish the description of a town and province rife in materials of interest and import, yet little known, even in the Russian Empire; if he will only condescend to believe that the object of the author was no idle satisfaction of personal vanity, but a desire to be useful to the utmost of his power, in filling up a void which must have excited the regret of every intelligent traveller who has visited this land, these imperfect essays may on that account find a claim to his indulgence, nay, even a title to his favour.

Under these circumstances, the author can find nothing more suitable, on closing this (at least to him) pleasing chit-chat with his readers, than to address to the latter, somewhat in the same words that a foreign writer once used to his, the following little appeal, by way of apology.

There exist a class of intellectual and indulgent readers, who are willing to enter into an author's feelings and position, and who are ever ready to
view with a certain goodwill every work published without pedantry or affectation, without being revised or corrected, as one sends a hasty letter to a friend which we have not had time to peruse, or thought it necessary to sign,—who read for other purposes than that of criticizing and condemning the page before them,—who do not fall out with and abuse a writer for having used a phrase or a word the dictionary does not sanction;—on the contrary, who have always in reserve a little gratitude to him who has helped them to pass agreeably and profitably a weary hour,—an hour, probably, of expectation between business and pleasure—an adieu, or a return. For this class of readers these Sketches were written; to them it is offered, and on their good-nature alone it must depend for encouragement and support.
CHAPTER II.

TERRA INCOGNITA.—WHY THE AUTHOR RESOLVED TO DESCRIBE IT.

I. GENERAL OPINIONS CONCERNING KAZAN.—II. AN AERIAL EXCURSION.—III. OPINIONS IN THE CAPITAL.—IV. MY ARRIVAL IN KAZAN, AND FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—V. A VOCATION ACCOMPLISHED.—VI. AN EFFORT IN FAVOUR OF KAZAN.

I. Reader, you may probably, in your youth, in some wearisome moment of geographical lucubration, have met with the name of a town ycleped Kazan, situated on the confines of Asia, and formerly considered as appertaining to that quarter of the globe.

Honestly confess it!—your knowledge of that town extends, as did mine, no further than the name; or, at most, with the additional information, that it was, in gone-by days, the capital of the Tartar monarchs, and became, after a formidable siege, the property of the Russian Tzars.

Your opinion of its merits, admitting that you should ever have formed an opinion at all upon the subject, may probably be reduced to something like
the following:—huts you imagine to be its dwellings; savages its inhabitants; serpents and rats their companions; horse-flesh and train-oil their food; and vagabond Tartars their unwelcome visitors.

This is as near as possible your opinion of Kazan; and I will frankly own, it was mine also, before a "truant disposition" led me to visit this town. Strange to say, gentle reader, we were both in the right and both in the wrong, for Kazan furnishes materials for the double conclusion. But, as the devil is not so black as he is imagined to be, so, believe me, Kazan is not half so barbarous as most foreigners would conjecture. It is true there is no lack of huts, but nevertheless there are several well-built streets, with houses even sumptuously furnished. A great portion of the inhabitants, it must be owned, are still plunged in a rude state of barbarity and ignorance; but at the same time there may be found in Kazan numerous affluent families, who, by their accomplishments and the courtesy of their manners, would hold no mean place in the best society of London and Paris. Serpents there are in abundance, but one rarely comes in contact with any, save of that human species which exists in every town and in every society. Rats however swarm in countless myriads, but then there are cats and rat-traps to seize them, and poison to destroy them. Horse-flesh and train-oil, it is true, are in request, the one by the Tartars and the other (or at
least a species of oil quite as bad) by the lower classes of the Russians, especially in their long and merciless fasts; but, for the honour of the human race, and the consolation of the human appetite, be it noted and duly remembered, that there may still be found, among the higher classes of this remote town, certain French cooks and their coadjutors, who, were you the most difficult of epicures, would contrive to satisfy the exigencies of your delicate palate. And lastly, although, both heaven and earth are witness! the Tartars are vagabonds in many a sense of the word, still one must be far removed from Kazan before any risk is run of coming in contact with a real horde of vagabond Tartars.

Thus you see, gentle reader, that the sweets of human life mingle to a very considerable degree with the miseries of Kazan existence. But you know not all yet; grant me therefore but a little patience, mingled with a little indulgence, and I trust, ere we part, to be able to convince you that Kazan, the supposed miserable semi-Tartar, semi-Russian hamlet, of which you know but the name, and which you consider unworthy of a moment's attention, despite of its isolated and remote position on the borders of Asia,—of the thousand miles of rugged roads and sandy plains which separate it from the capital,—and, still more, of the deserts and steppes, peopled with barbarous nations, which surround it in every direction, and conspire to shut
it out from all communication with the civilized world, possesses nevertheless certain rare and extraordinary elements, which give it a claim to the consideration of the philosopher, the historian, the antiquarian, the artist, and the author; as also, be it mentioned en passant, to the veneration of the bon-vivant and the votaries of Bacchus. But of that, more hereafter.

II.

Karamzin, the Russian historian, in speaking of this town, makes the following remark:—"Not only to my countrymen," says he, "but even to the foreigner acquainted with our history, Kazan is a land rife with the deepest interest." For my part, I will even go further than Karamzin, and add, that throughout the vast extent of the Russian empire there exists not a town more rich in historical associations, or which teems more abundantly with scenes that strike the eye with wonder, that interest the observer by their very novelty, and leave in the memory a fertile source of lively and pleasing recollections. But among the many things that will excite the surprise of the foreigner who visits Kazan, none, certainly, will astonish him more than to find this town, formerly situated in Asia, and so far from St. Petersburg, vying with that capital in the elegance and courtesy of its society—the splendour of its principal mansions—the luxury of its mode
SKETCHES OF KAZAN.

of living—the display in its social amusements—the show of its equipages,—a town, in fine, which surpasses the metropolis in hospitality, and, it must be owned (though I say it not in blame), in extravagance and dissipation.

It is this very mixture of good and evil, this extraordinary combination of civilization and refinement with scenes of the most savage barbarity, that constitute the originality and charm of Kazan. At one moment you might imagine yourself in the most polished circles of European society, and in the next you find yourself in the midst of men bearing all the rude marks of primitive nature. It may easily be imagined what a powerful interest such contrasts must have for the traveller who wanders about the world in search of vivid impressions, and what a wide sphere it offers to him for philosophical reflection.

I recollect having somewhere read of an author, who, having by some extraordinary good fortune got possession of the wand of the fairy Morgana, after using and naturally mis-using it in several ways, took it into his head to waft some of his friends in an aerial excursion about the world, in order to point out to them its various wonders of art and nature. For my part, could I but get into my hands for a few brief hours this miraculous baguette, I should be tempted at the present moment to employ it in the following manner.
I would begin by binding the eyes of three or four of my London friends,—men, be it understood, of cultivated minds and correct judgment,—and having wafted them through the air to a chosen spot in Kazan, I would there undo the bandage, and bid them contemplate the scene before them.

They would find themselves on the banks of a vast lake, in the centre of that portion of Kazan exclusively peopled by the Tartars, and entitled the "Tartar-town*.”

Here lofty mosques, surmounted by the crescent, rise with their minarets in every direction; ever and anon the shrill cry of the Muezzin, proclaiming the greatness of Mahomet and inviting the faithful to prayer, strikes upon the ear; strange, irregular, fantastical structures, painted in every colour of the rainbow, rivet the attention; Mollahs, in their huge white muslin turbans and flowing khalats, Tartar women, muffled up to the eyes, and covered with rich veils embroidered with gold and silver, pass with a grave and solemn step. The scene would require no explanation: our aerial travellers would recognize themselves to be in Tartary, among the descendants of Ghengis Khan and the followers of the Prophet.

I would now bind their eyes again, and giving them another whirl, in which leagues should be

* Kazan consists of two distinct and separate towns, the one inhabited by the Russians, the other by the Tartars.
traversed in a minute, I would set them down in the midst of the *Gostinoi Dvor* of Kazan. Here the bearded merchant, with broad-brimmed hat and flowing *kaftan* bound round the waist with a variegated scarf; the peasant, rude and brutal in his appearance, in his sheep-skin *touloup* and plaited *lapyi*; the women in their gaudy *saraphans* and showy *kakoschniks*; in fine, the Russian costume in all its various forms and character, renders this scene as evident as the last. My companions would find themselves in Russia, and in one of its populous and frequented markets.

Another trip, and another scene! We now stand on the ramparts of a vast fortress, the *Kremlin* of Kazan.

The massy and rudely constructed walls of this ancient stronghold—its round towers and solid archways, all bearing the stamp of a semi-barbarous people—its antique cathedrals and monasteries of Byzantine architecture—the ruined structures that lie scattered in its precincts, and the desert plains which extend around, would combine to form a

* A vast quadrangular building, containing all the shops of the town, and forming internally a vast area, which serves as the general market-place, for the sale of various commodities.

† *Kaftan*, a wide, long over-garment worn by the Russians.
‡ *Touloup*, a winter-dress of the peasants.
§ *Lapyi*, a species of shoe made of the bark of trees.
|| *Saraphan*, the dress of the female peasants.
¶* Kakoschnik*, a species of head-dress worn by the Russian women.
scene of a remarkable and interesting nature. When my travellers had contemplated it to their satisfaction, I would ask them where they supposed themselves to be. They would, in all probability, answer, that this was some ancient Muscovite fortress, built of old on the frontiers of Russia, to guard against the attacks of Tartar hordes and Tartar treachery.

Now for another change!—a change from the monuments that tell of war, bloodshed, and barbarity, to structures that speak of peace, civilization, and intellectual culture. My companions would now find themselves in an area formed by numerous elegant buildings, perfectly modern in their aspect, and very remarkable for the good taste and judgment exhibited in their construction. This would be the Imperial University of Kazan, which certainly, as a specimen of architecture, surpasses even the metropolitan universities of St. Petersburg and Moscow. After having directed the attention of my aerial travellers to every department of this richly endowed institution,—to its graceful observatory, well stocked with valuable instruments, the produce of the best and most celebrated ateliers of Europe; to its anatomical theatre; to its cabinets of chemistry, physics, and mineralogy, each occupying a distinct and appropriate building; to its extensive library, containing upwards of 30,000 volumes, and built after the model of the Bibliothèque Mazarine in Paris; to its interesting mu-
seum of natural curiosities; to its numismatical cabinet, so rich in Asiatic coins; and finally, to its vast and splendid "Clinicum," one of the largest and most commodious in the Russian empire;—after having, *en bon cicerone*, pointed out to my companions the merits and peculiarities of these various institutions, I would ask them to what portion of the globe they supposed this seat of science to belong. Be sure they would assign it to the centre of Europe; to one of its richest and most flourishing cities—to London, to Paris, to Berlin, to Vienna; in a word, to any save the isolated and distant town to which it belongs, and of which it justly forms the ornament and the marvel.

Another excursion! and again we halt to observe and examine. We now find ourselves in a large hall, plainly furnished and dimly lighted. The hall is crowded to suffocation; its inmates have assembled for the enjoyment of the giddy dance, which they execute with true Teutonic momentum and gravity. "Mein Gotts!" "Yahs!" and dense fumes of tobacco strike at once upon the ear and the olfactory organs: there is no mistaking the place. We are in the land of sour-kraut and metaphysicians*, and Morgana's wand has carried us unperceived into a society of German tradesmen and mechanics?

Another change! We stand on a wide plain

* The Germans are very numerous in Kazan, and have a club frequented exclusively by members of their own nation.
appointed for the sale of wood. Here the scene is of a perfectly novel character, and the language we hear equally strange and unknown. But what are these savage-looking specimens of humanity, with bare feet and shaggy locks, and whose nakedness is only concealed from view by a short species of drawers, and a sack-cloth shirt striped with red? These groups are of the pagan tribes called the Tcheremisse and the Morduins, that constitute a very considerable portion of the population of the province of Kazan, and who supply the town with wood hewn in the recesses of their native forests. My companions gaze with astonishment, and imagine themselves in some barbarous and undiscovered island, where the foot of civilized man had never before trod: nor are they much in the wrong.

And lastly, when night came on, I would waft them from the extreme of human brutality into the midst of an elegant saloon, brilliantly lighted up and splendidly furnished. Gay sounds of enlivening music strike upon the ear on entering; graceful figures, whose costume is in the strictest conformance with the latest change of Parisian fashion, may be seen moving to the inflections of the bewildering waltz; the French language, spoken with almost native fluency and purity*, is everywhere heard in

* The reader is doubtless aware that French is principally used among the Russian nobles, both in town and province; many families even speak this language with more facility and correctness than their own.
the throng; in fine, the magnificence of the ball, the toilet of the ladies, the ornaments of the saloon, presenting such an ensemble, that, were it possible to convey the whole, ball-room and society, to Paris or to London, the severest critic would acknowledge the féta to be one of no ordinary description. Where would now my London cognoscenti imagine themselves to be? Am I wrong in affirming that, in the midst of such a scene, they would fancy themselves in some French city, and in one of its rich and brilliant salons? And when at length I informed my companions that this heterogeneous spectacle was furnished by an isolated and distant town on the borders of Asia,—say! would not their astonishment be great, as they contemplated at liberty this singular combination of huts and palaces, of savages and civilized beings, of antique structure and modern edifices, of foreigners and natives, of different nations, costumes, languages, and religions,—in fine, of erudition and ignorance, of civilization and barbarity?

III.

When a spirit of curiosity, a desire of extending my scanty stock of knowledge, and the same restless love of travel which had once borne me to the capital of the Russian Tzars, induced me to extend my wanderings to this remote town, I naturally made many and persevering inquiries
among my acquaintances in St. Petersburg concerning the spot I was about to visit. Useless effort! the greatest part of those to whom I addressed myself frankly owned that they knew about as much of Kazan as they did of the mountains in the moon. Some few, however, who pretended to be very deeply informed on the subject, gave me such a frightful description, that my proposed visit to the ancient capital of the Tartar monarchs appeared to me by no means a very enviable adventure. Wolves, serpents, rats, hordes of savage nations, putrid water, an awful climate, dreadful tempests, epidemic diseases, malignant fevers, agues, etc. etc.—such was but a small portion of the list of appalling evils which were submitted to my serious consideration. Experience had taught me that there was truth in the tale to a certain degree; but then it was the dark side of the picture alone that was held up to view—the more favourable traits were totally unknown. I recollect however that, in the midst of my apprehensions, certain charitable persons endeavoured to calm them by assuring me that things were better in Kazan than people imagined; that the town was neither so desolate nor so barbarous as it was supposed to be; that the Tartars had ceased to be a depredatory and murderous race, and had settled down into quiet, industrious, money-making citizens; that the wolves and serpents which formerly in-
fested Kazan* had quitted the town to seek a more peaceful and unmolested refuge in the neighbouring forests; that if the water† was detestable, a little boiling and filtering would at least deprive it of any deleterious properties it might happen to possess; that if diseases were numerous, there was no lack of doctors‡ and apothecaries to scare away or struggle with these foes to humanity; and finally, to render the "make-amends" still more consolatory, they assured me that I might count upon meeting in Kazan a score of agreeable and hospitable families, whose society would afford me some solace in the midst of my self-imposed exile. A score of families!—these charitable persons were totally unaware that there exist in this town upwards of four hundred families of Russian nobles, naturally not all favoured to the same degree with the gifts of fortune or the acquirements of education, but all, at least, courteous and polite in

* Kazan is reported in the Tartar Annals as having been the haunt of huge and monstrous serpents, some even with two heads: at the present day these reptiles still swarm in the fens and forests of this province.
† The water which the inhabitants of Kazan are forced to use is furnished by a stagnant lake, which in summer becomes covered with verdure, and swarms with animalcules. See Chapter on "Climate and Waters."
‡ The sons of Æsculapius and Galen abound in Kazan. It will scarcely be believed that their number is about two hundred, yet all find active employment and ample remuneration, a fact which unfortunately speaks but little in favour of the climate and the ills which it engenders.
their worldly intercourse, and, with but few exceptions, seldom deficient in those external graces to which, here as elsewhere, better and worthier things are too often sacrificed. Such therefore being the opinion which the inhabitants of St. Petersburg entertain concerning Kazan, what wonder that, in foreign countries, even among the best informed, this town should be so little known and appreciated? What it was at the time of Ivan the Terrible, the conqueror of Kazan, such is it imagined to be, more or less, at the present day. To prove this the more clearly, I need but refer to a letter which I received, during my sojourn in Kazan, from a Russian nobleman, an inhabitant of St. Petersburg—a man distinguished likewise for his talents and information, both of which contribute to render his opinion the more striking. "Ah! que je vous plains de passer vos jours dans ces déserts et ces steppes si inhospitaliers, peuplés de gens aussi rudes et sauvages que les plaines qu’ils habitent!" True, my days would have passed wearily indeed had I not, as I have before remarked, had a literary object in visiting these climes, and had not my exile been cheered by the task I had undertaken; but then it is but just to remark that this dreariness would have arisen from other causes, independent of those which the barrenness of nature and the rigour of the climate could engender; and though Kazan, spite of the advances it has made in civilization within
the last century, may probably appear a desert to him who quits the crowded cities of London or Paris to sojourn on its soil; still, to the Russian himself, who has not yet been spoilt by the sweets of European refinement, this town certainly merits a different name and a different appreciation.

There came to Kazan, during my residence there, a nobleman, M. le Vicomte de Julvécourt, known as the author of several literary productions. The very evening of his arrival a ball took place at the house of General Moussin-Pouschkin, Curator of the University of Kazan. This ball, at which the Viscount assisted, was a brilliant one. The splendid and richly furnished mansion of the General—the _luxe_ mingled with good taste, which the female portion of the society displayed in their toilet—the elegance which distinguished even the most trifling arrangements of the entertainment—and lastly, though not least in importance, the sumptuous supper which formed its closing scene, and at which champagne of the best growth and most costly quality flowed in a luxurious abundance, all combined to excite the surprise of the Viscount, who certainly had little expected to take part in a _fête_ of a similar nature. He expressed his astonishment in lively terms to those around him. "He could scarcely," he said (I give his own words), "believe that he was in Kazan, a town of which he had hitherto formed so unfavourable an opinion—
a town situated on the confines of Asia, so distant and so little known."

IV.

The circumstances which accompanied my own arrival in Kazan, and the first impressions which the aspect of this town created on my mind, were so singular and lively, that their recollection will certainly not easily be erased from my memory.

I had made the long and fatiguing journey from St. Petersburg to Kazan* in company with Mirza Kazembeck, a Persian convert, whose name must be known to many persons in England, from the various notices which have been published concerning him in the missionary journals, and who at that period was Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Kazan. Of this truly interesting personage I shall speak more on another occasion: suffice it to mention here, that his agreeable and intelligent conversation, in my native tongue, which he speaks with extraordinary facility and purity, not a little contributed to diminish the ennui, and relieve the fatigue of a journey which without him would have appeared doubly dreary, doubly insupportable.

At the close of the eighth day's journey, worn out with fatigue, I had fallen into a species of

* The distance from that capital to Kazan is upwards of 1700 versts.
dozing, which the abominable roads would hardly allow being called sleep, when suddenly I was aroused by the exclamation of my companion, intimating that Kazan was visible in the distance. Never did the cry of "Land! land!" resound more deliciously in the ears of a shipwrecked traveller, than the name of this town, pronounced on that occasion, re-echoed in mine. Eight days—eight long and wearisome days, passed without rest or sleep—had made me almost despair of ever arriving at the place of our destination. But, by God's mercy, we were at least approaching it; and my very first impulse was to thank Heaven for having prevented my limbs being entirely dislocated by the violent and unceasing shocks of the miserable equipage in which we were forced to travel. It may easily be supposed with what eagerness I directed my gaze towards the desired spot; judge however of my surprise on remarking, in the direction pointed out by my companion, so strong and extraordinary a light as to induce me to conjecture that the town was on fire in various places!

Unable to account for the cause of this singular refugency, we inquired of our yemshchik*, who was quite as surprised, but knew no more than we did; there remained therefore no other resource but to exercise our sagacity in fruitless conjectures, till our arrival enabled us to explain the phenomenon. At

* Russian coachman on the high-road.
length, after the lapse of about an hour, we made our entry into Kazan; and a triumphal one it was indeed, for the whole town was brilliantly illuminated—almost the entire population of Kazan, of every class, had assembled in the streets—rich and elegant equipages were moving to and fro, or stood still as if to greet us on entering—numerous officers and private gentlemen on horseback galloped around us, and seemed to serve as our escort—all the military force of the town was under arms and in parade costume; in a word, the scene was so unexpected, so lively, that I fancied myself under the influence of a dream. And was all this meant for us? We found to our great annoyance that it was not, and were informed that H. I. H. the Grand Duke Alexander, heir to the Russian throne, was hourly expected in Kazan. The crowd we had noticed had assembled together, anxiously awaiting the arrival of their future emperor, in order to salute him with acclamations of joy on his entrance into the town.

This young Prince had lately attained his majority, and, in compliance with the wise plans of his august father, had begun his travels in his own country—that country so vast, which he was one day to govern. All the provincial towns through which he had passed had received him with the utmost possible display and enthusiasm;
and Kazan, proud as she was of her riches and resources, had resolved to welcome him with a pomp and splendour which its inhabitants trusted would cast into the shade all the efforts of its rival provinces. Never did this town present a more brilliant appearance. The nobles, who seldom leave their estates, had on that occasion all gathered to the town. All the hotels were crowded; it was hardly possible to find a room to live in. The concourse of people who had flowed into the town was still more striking. Thousands passed the night before the palace of the Prince, in order to be the first to see him on the following morning. In a word, during the brief sojourn of the Grand Duke in Kazan public joy seemed at its height: balls, fêtes, public dinners, promenades, illuminations, and fireworks, in an uninterrupted succession, gave this town for four days an almost magical appearance.

The following day, after our arrival, a grand ball was given in honour of H. I. H. the Grand Duke. A spacious saloon, situated on the outskirts of the town, in a public garden called the "Kazan Switzerland," had been selected for this purpose, and sumptuously decorated. So favourable an opportunity of seeing the whole of the society of Kazan assembled together, was not to be neglected; accordingly, still in company with my Persian friend and fellow-traveller, Mirza Kazembeck, I directed
my way to the place of amusement. We had been rather tardy in quitting our abode, thus we found the ball-room crowded when we reached it. The Grand Duke had not yet made his appearance, and the company were sauntering to and fro anxiously awaiting his arrival. Around the saloon, built in the form of an open gallery, might be seen in every direction thousands of persons, of various classes and callings—merchants, peasants, workmen, priests, monks, soldiers, etc. etc. The trees and roofs of the neighbouring houses were likewise covered with spectators; in fact, from the saloon where we were standing, nothing could be seen but a vast amphitheatre of human heads, while the variety of the costumes contributed to increase the effect of the scene. The garden likewise had been brilliantly illuminated. Two orchestras of musicians were stationed at the two extremities of the hall, which, I repeat, had been decorated with a richness and elegance that did honour to the good taste of the inhabitants of Kazan. Need I say that I contemplated with astonishment so much magnificence?

But what most excited my surprise, was to find assembled in the saloon men of twelve different nations. Never did ball-room offer a more varied or more interesting assemblage than this. One might have supposed it to be rather a masquerade than a dress-ball, so great was the variety of costumes which we beheld; and I verily believe that
no other town in the world save Kazan could have found means to present a similar spectacle.

First, there were to be seen numerous generals clad in their full-dress uniforms, richly embroidered with gold and silver; officers of various regiments, horse-guards, hussars, dragoons, lancers, Cossacks, all in *grande tenue*; the civil functionaries likewise clad in embroidered uniforms, and of a cut and style quite novel for me. There were assembled moreover, in that little space, Russians, Tartars, Mongols, Cossacks, Persians, Turks, Armenians, Poles, Germans, a few Frenchmen and Italians, an Englishman (I!), and even a Lama of Thibet! Picture to yourself, gentle reader, a similar medley! Besides the Russian ladies, so gracefully dressed in accordance with the latest journal of French fashion, might be seen the wives and daughters of the Russian merchants, clad in their national costume, and wearing the *saraphan* and the *kakoschnik*, and mingled with the wives of the most opulent of the Tartars, in their rich costumes of massive embroidery, their faces hidden beneath a thick veil of cloth of gold. The Russian kaftan formed a contrast with the Tartar khalat, the Turkish turban with the tschokha of the Persians and the Mongols, the uniform of the Guards with that of the Cossacks, the severe military costume with the plain but elegant dress of the present day. All this strongly riveted my attention and excited my interest; and
when, in addition to this scene, I contemplated the magnificence of the ball-room, the ease and elegance of the society, the good taste which had been evinced even in the most minute arrangements of the ball, I was forced, I repeat, to acknowledge that the scene before me seemed to partake of the marvellous, considering the isolated position of this town, so remote from the centre of the civilized world.

Such was the singular aspect under which the society of this town first presented itself to my notice. Such was the ball at which I assisted on the second day of my arrival. Thanks to the kindness of my compagnon de voyage, Mirza Kazembeck, I did not long remain a stranger to the assembled throng, for, taking me by the hand, he introduced me in succession to each of his friends, so that in the space of a few minutes I had formed the acquaintance of almost all the principal families of the town. An Englishman was a kind of rara avis in Kazan: this circumstance, joined to the natural hospitality of the Russians, procured me a warm accueil from all parties, who were profuse in kind invitations and friendly expressions of welcome.

In about half an hour after our arrival the news spread that the Grand Duke was approaching. As he drew near, the two bands of musicians immediately commenced playing the national hymn of "Bojé Tzara Khrany," a literal translation of "God
save the King." On entering the saloon he was all smiles, all affability, and seemed perfectly pleased with all he witnessed, and willing to enjoy himself as much as possible. Preparations were now made for opening the ball, but the saloon was so crowded, and so many pairs were desirous of joining in the quadrilles, that there was scarcely room for moving, much less for dancing. This difficulty was removed by a proposition which the Grand Duke made, to use the lawn for the dance. "We shall have plenty of room," said he merrily, "and cool, refreshing air to boot. And we shall enjoy the advantage," added he with a smile, "of being seen by, and of seeing, those honest people who are perched in such numbers upon the trees and house-tops." To the lawn accordingly the whole of the company retired; several quadrilles were formed, the Grand Duke selecting some of the principal ladies of the society to be his partner in the dance, at which he assisted till an early of the morning, when he retired with the same demonstrations of affection which had marked his entry, and leaving the society enchanted with his affability and condescension.

During the short sojourn of this Prince in Kazan, however, he found time to visit all its public establishments, and to inspect whatever this town contains worthy of attention. He expressed on more occasions than one his astonishment to find the society of Kazan so civilized and agreeable, and said
that, of all the towns of his future empire, this one had the most struck his notice and most interested him. The Emperor Nicholas, his august father, who had visited Kazan some two years previously, was, I have been assured, so surprised at its resources and riches, that he is said to have given it the designation of "The third Capital of the Russian Empire."

V.

"Every one," said a celebrated French philosopher,—"every one has his vocation, some for the accomplishment of great deeds, others for the performance of trifling actions, and an irresistible impulse urges us on in the direction we are destined to follow." Well, friendly reader! I do firmly believe, though I say it half in jest, half in earnest, that my vocation, if such it may be called, was to make this town better known to the European world, and to become, as well as I was able, its delineator and its historian.

The idea makes you smile, gentle reader, does it not? Well, smile on, even though it be for a moment at the expense of the author: you will recollect, if you have done him the favour to read his Introductory Chapter—and if you have not, he earnestly entreats you to do so,—he told you therein that this book was not written to make you sad or weary, but to enliven, as much as he was able,
the hour you passed in perusing his work; and, whatever be the risk, in order to make you smile still more, he will relate to you here a strange little adventure of his boyhood, trifling enough in appearance, but which several circumstances render of considerable importance to him who was the actor and the hero on that occasion.

Will it be believed that, at the age of fourteen, in the college in which I performed my early studies, at a geographical examination, not being able to answer the questions which were put to me concerning this town, I was condemned to undergo a chastisement, the remembrance of which will not easily be forgotten. This was nothing less than an order of incarceration for forty-eight hours in the academic dungeon of the college. That fatal day, which forms a terrible epoch in my scholastic life, has remained firmly engraved on my memory for more than one reason; first, because I always entertained an especial horror for that species of punishment, which I feared more than ferula, cane, or rod; and secondly, because the words and the reprimand which preceded the mandate made as strong an impression upon me at the moment as did the penalty itself which I had shortly after to suffer. Besides, had even the souvenir been effaced, I have an authentic proof of the occurrence, which I could expose, if necessary, to the eyes of the incredulous; for on the margin of the page of the geo-
graphical treatise which I used on that occasion, I traced the very same day, in true school-boy phraseology, the following remark:—"N.B. Locked up this day, June 18th, in the college black-hole, for my ignorance of this miserable den of vagabond Tartars." And I recollect that, in after days, whenever the name of that town met my gaze in print, a strange and unaccountable feeling, half pain, half wonder, invariably crept over me. There was more in that feeling than I imagined at the moment, for I verily believe it was a prophetic presentiment of the soul within me, aware that Kazan was still destined to be for me, in later years, a source of fresh pain, of fresh sorrow.

Several years have rolled over my head since the period of that day of penance, but still I remember clearly not only the circumstance, but even the minutest details connected with the occurrence. The geographical auditorium, hung round with maps and adorned with two large scratched and disfigured globes; the surly teacher, perched upon the lofty desk, that throne of his authority; my twenty fellow-pupils, with their atlas and geography unfolded before them, each trembling lest his turn should come next to undergo the painful and perilous ordeal of examination: all these reminiscences, that have for years been slumbering, suddenly revive, as if some magic influence roused them from their oblivious sleep of the past. The country for
examination was Russia; and I was the unlucky wight selected for that day's statistical and topographical inquiry. I got on pretty well at first; but, alas! good beginnings do not always ensure a successful termination; and unfortunately, the weaker I grew, the more severe in his scrutiny became my questioner; who, I verily believe, would have been puzzled with his own questions had they been put to him by another, and had the book which lay open before him been closed, as it was on me. My frail bark of boyish knowledge (excuse the metaphor) was not sufficiently strong to withstand the furious waves of inquiry which came rolling one upon the other with such merciless rapidity; its career soon drew to an end, and Kazan was the rock on which it suffered shipwreck. All that I could recollect of this town was that it was formerly the capital of the Tartars, that it was said to have been the scene of plagues, tempests, and earthquakes, and that it was infested at the present day with snakes, rats, and hordes of vagabond Tartars. Our master, who was a would-be wit, and who loved to indulge, yea even in the hour of chastisement, in what may be termed "schoolmasters' jokes," caught at the words vagabond Tartars, to make a display of his ordinary pleasantry, and with a smile of self-satisfaction, which naturally reflected itself on the faces of all his pupils (for not to have smiled would have been deemed lèse-pedagogueship, and would have
been remembered in the hour of trouble), he told that "I deserved for my idleness and my ignorance to be sent to Kazan, among the rats, serpents, and vagabond Tartars with whom I had peopled this town." And to render his jest better appreciated and less easily forgotten, he took his pen and wrote an "ordre d'arrêt," which he bade me present to the prefect; and in less than ten minutes after I found myself in the College "carcer," sad, solitary, and miserable, and bestowing a thousand male-dictory epithets on the Tartar town which had been the origin and the cause of my misadventure. The terrible and ominous sentence of the professor, and the words "Thou shalt learn to know Kazan," like the "Mene, tekel, upharsin" of Nebuchadnezzar, met my eyes wherever I turned, and resounded incessantly in my ears; and it was only at nightfall that my terror ceased, on the beneficent arrival of the good god Morpheus, who, taking pity on my misfortunes, touched me with his wand, and, by the aid of a good sound sleep, calmed for awhile my sense of the tribulation of which I was the object.

The raillery of that man proved prophetic. Strange to relate, the English youth—the luckless actor in this college scene, and treated so rudely for his total ignorance concerning this distant town, was destined, ten years after, to become one of its inhabitants—was urged by some extraordinary im-
pulse to study its history, to form an intimate acquaintance with every class of its varied population,—in a word, by long and persevering researches to make himself so thoroughly familiar with every existing record relative to its past and present state, that he might almost be excused believing himself to be better acquainted with this town than any other living soul, nay, not even excepting its own citizens.

A circumstance still more strange and striking—that this same youth should have been the means, as he trusts he has been, of first drawing the attention of European travellers and European literati to this town, and that he should have devoted his pencil and pen to depict and describe a land so far from his own, and so little known to the generality of foreigners, many of whom almost look upon it as the ultima Thule of the habitable globe.

Such however are the strange links which bind events in the life of man! And shall it be said that all this was the result of chance,—the work of hazard? Whatever be the opinion of the reader on this subject, the author will frankly confess that on his first arrival in Kazan, struck, as he was, with the extraordinary and novel scenes which he beheld wherever he wandered,—astonished to learn that this town had never yet been described, and that no artist had ennobled his pencil by the representation of its monuments, consecrated as they were by
AN EFFORT IN FAVOUR OF KAZAN.

ages,—while reflecting likewise on the singular combination of uncontrollable circumstances which, as the storm tears the seaweed from its native rock, and casts it on some remote and unknown shore, had removed the author from the land of his birth, and borne him to the plains he is describing,—he confesses, he repeats, that the idea, foolish as it may seem, suddenly entered his mind, and soon took possession of his reason, that fate had led him to these distant regions for the sole and express purpose of giving him an opportunity of rendering himself useful, by undertaking a task too long neglected, and which he felt it his duty to accomplish as well as he was able.

How he responded to the call, and what resulted from the attempt he made to acknowledge the impulse, the author begs leave to be permitted to inform his readers.

VI.

It is to be presumed that few English artists or amateurs have hitherto been informed of a publication which appeared and was almost exclusively circulated some years back in St. Petersburg, namely, a collection of sketches, drawn from nature by the author of the present work, and representing the principal Tartar and Russian monuments of the town and province of Kazan.

The motives which induced the author to expose
to public attention the sketches of his pencil, will explain those which urge him at the present day to publish the sketches of his pen.

To every sincere admirer of art and antiquity,—of structures rich in historical associations, and over which ages have passed, thereby doubly consecrating these objects, and giving them a twofold claim to the veneration of mankind,—to the contemplative traveller in particular, who finds a joy in dwelling on the past, and in whose enlightened mind the ruined edifice revives the history of former ages, kindling at the same time, in his creative imagination, scenes and visions of gone-by glory,—to minds of such a mould, the monuments of the town and province of Kazan must ever be subjects of painful consideration and bitter regret.

Kazan, the capital of a nation now fallen, yet which once spread devastation in Asia and terror in Europe,—Kazan has been doomed to behold almost every monument of its ancient glory reduced to ruin by the ravages of time and a destructive climate, or by the ruthless hand of man, who, more destructive than either, had sworn as it were to annihilate every vestige of its former splendour. The massive vaults and solid arches of some of its structures, which seemed to give promise of an almost eternal existence, and the venerable domes of others, which for ages had defied the envious inroads of time and the wrath of the elements, have
been cruelly levelled to the earth by the rude hands of barbarous peasants, to serve as foundations for a hovel, or as materials for some miserable outhouse. And as if this vandalism did not yet suffice, obscurity and error have spread their shroud over the few frail relics which have escaped, as if by a miracle, from the general destruction. But be not blame to the poor, uneducated serf, who could not appreciate the extent of the havoc his hands were perpetrating! Let us rather wonder that these venerable memorials of a fallen empire should have found, in by-gone days, so few generous hands* stretched forth to stop the work of demolition, so few enlightened minds willing to make an effort to rescue these last frail fragments from the profound obscurity which threatened to absorb them for ever in its unfathomable abyss.

A century has scarcely elapsed since several travellers made mention of a variety of interesting structures which riveted their attention in the town

* Peter the Great was however one of those who appreciated these ruins as they deserved. He visited them in 1722, and gave orders to repair some that were falling into decay, and to respect and preserve all. Had his wishes been duly observed, the traveller would not have to mourn at the present day over the disappearance of many a monument which charmed that monarch’s gaze, at the period of his journey through the province of Kazan. The desolated places in which many of these ruins stand, likewise attracted, in later days, the steps of the Empress Catherine II., and of the Duke Alexander, the present heir to the Russian throne.
and province of Kazan, and which at present have disappeared from the surface of the soil,

"Like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving no wreck behind."

Where are those ancient Tartar mosques, so singular in their architecture, so curious in their construction,—which excited the admiration of Ivan "the Terrible," the conqueror of Kazan, and of his Boyars and warriors? Alas! they have shared the fate of the Moslem worshipers who assembled within their walls, and even the spot on which they stood is today unknown.

Where are the palaces of the Tartar Khans, which, with their minarets and turrets, rose but a short time back so proudly above the ramparts of the Kremlin, and which for ages had resisted the ravages of the elements? Disappeared, like the mosques; and, from their massive fragments, churches, monasteries, and worldly mansions have been reared.

Where is the lofty tower which, standing in the plains of Arsk, lifted so arrogantly its head in the skies?

What are become of the ruins of Isky-Kazan, founded by Khan Batou, the celebrated chief of the Golden Horde?

Where are the numerous and antique structures,—palaces, mosques, baths, minarets, etc., so ostensibly scattered, some few years ago, in the devas-
tated plains of the "City of Bolgary," the last and only remnants of a once powerful nation, which, by an inscrutable decree of Providence, has been swept away from the face of the earth, leaving no other vestiges of its grandeur and its population, save these few rude fragments of stone, respected by Time, in order that they may serve as a lesson to humanity?

Where are the ruins of Bilarsk, of Joukhotine, of Builimat, of Kouman, of Karsoon, of Toura, of Gormeer, and of other cities and towns belonging to this devoted nation?

In fine, where are the many edifices and monuments of antiquity which history has made known to us, and others which cannot boast of a written record, yet whose past existence on this soil of desolation are beyond the shadow of a doubt?

Go! seek their vestiges on the spot where they formerly stood. Consult the half-barbarous peasant of the neighbourhood: he will point with his finger to the hovels and out-houses which have risen from the fragments of these venerable ruins,—or, what is still more frequent, he will shake his head in ignorance of your meaning.

And have so many precious memorials vanished in so short a space of time? Is there no architectural delineation,—no pictorial representation,—no sketch even, from the pencil of a wandering artist or amateur, to give the lover of antiquity, who
visits this spot, an idea of what he seeks so vainly? Must he content himself with the airy shadow of the past, which haunts his imagination,

"Sans que rien le colore, sans que rien l'éclaire?"

Alas! alas! it is even so; and bitter is the regret with which the lover of the picturesque turns away from these ravaged plains, striving in vain to gather from the natives of the soil some faint conception of those monuments, which would seem never to have existed, did not the pen of the annalist testify their reality.

Thoughts somewhat akin to these passed through the author's mind, as he himself wandered o'er these distant climes, viewing with admiration the ruins, Tartar and Russian, which they still possessed, and deploring the loss of those which had passed away even as a dream. The contemplation of every monument of antiquity which struck his notice only served to increase his regret by the probability of its approaching annihilation. Each ruined structure he beheld, seemed to bear the seal of destruction and oblivion. And yet he longed to preserve these objects which interested him so deeply; he panted to find some solid cement to arrest their rapid decay—some means to prevent their irremediable loss.

The painful thought flashed across his mind—Might not, a few years hence, these very memorials,
beside which he now stood pondering, share the fate of those which had been destroyed, and be lost to the world for ever?

A pleasing idea occurred to him in the midst of these musings; by its very simplicity it refreshed his mind, wearied by continued regret and painful conjectures; and soon it obtained such an empire over his will, that it led him, pencil in hand, before every precious relic of a famed antiquity, which these climes could boast of possessing.

In other words, he drew from nature the most remarkable ruins, monuments, and ancient structures of the town and province of Kazan; and having accomplished this first portion of his task, he quitted for awhile his distant place of sojourn on the borders of Asia, and returned to London, the city of his birth, for the express purpose of superintending the reproduction of these views, which were committed to the hands of Mr. Bragg, one of the most talented lithographic draughtsmen of that metropolis. No expense was spared to render the collection as rich and perfect as possible; and when all was completed to the entire satisfaction of the author, the latter quitted once more his native land, bearing with him across the ocean, to the frigid yet hospitable shores of Russia, the work which had cost him so much trouble, fatigue, and outlay, and for the second time so painful a separation from many a tie dear to his heart.
The favour with which this publication was received in the Russian capital, was of a nature that might have made even an eminent artist proud and thankful, and was far beyond the merits of the humble amateur to whose share it so undeservingly fell.

His Majesty the Emperor, whose notice this collection had the good fortune to attract, expressed in the most flattering terms his approbation of the work, authorized the album to be dedicated to his august name, and, as an additional mark of his complete satisfaction, presented to the author a valuable diamond ring, which, some weeks after, was followed by a second gift, of a still more important nature.

The favour of the Emperor was accompanied by that of several other members of the august Imperial family of Russia. It is not however one of the least rewards which the author can boast of having received on that occasion, that of being able to record that his work procured him the honour of a personal invitation from his late lamented Highness the Grand Duke Michael, brother to the reigning Sovereign, who subsequently received him on several occasions with a courtesy and kindness which will never be erased from his memory.

The Grand Duke Alexander, heir to the Russian throne, their Imperial Highnesses the late Duke of
Leuchtenberg and Prince Oldenburg, were likewise among the first and most prominent of those who held out a hand of encouragement to the author; for whom, at that period, every succeeding day brought some fresh mark of Imperial favour, some new testimony of Imperial munificence.*

In enumerating the good things which fell to his lot on that occasion, it is worthy of remark that, even from the remote steppes of the Russian empire, another sovereign, a Tartar! condescended to transmit a mark of his favour to the author: Djangeer, the reigning Khan of the inner horde of the Kirghise, and the lineal descendant of the once mighty sovereigns of Kazan, expressed his satisfaction at this effort in favour of the ancient capital of his ancestors, by sending to its author a truly Asiatic gift, namely, a pair of half-wild young Bashkir horses, accompanied with a letter in which this undertaking was lauded with all those poetical flowers of fancy and imagery which adorn the writings of Eastern nations.

Under these favourable auspices the work was presented to the public, and gained for its author an influx of approbatory letters from many of the most illustrious personages of the Russian empire.

* The author feels it a duty to refer to this circumstance, in order to show in what a truly imperial manner every work of a useful nature, relating to Russia, is encouraged by the reigning family of that country, whose generosity, in this as in many other respects, certainly admits of no comparison.
The Russian press was likewise lavish in its praise of the object and nature of this publication*; and

* The following article, extracted from one of the principal Russian journals, entitled "Otetchestvenny Zapiski," will serve as a specimen of the opinion of the Russian press on the subject of this publication.

"Mr. Edward Turnerelli, an English gentleman, who has travelled in several parts of Russia, during his sojourn in Kazan, determined to draw from nature the most remarkable views of this town, one of the most ancient and original that our country can boast of. Being himself a distinguished draughtsman, [we humbly thank the writer for the compliment, though we consider it far above our deserving,] Mr. Turnerelli was able to select the most picturesque and interesting that the town and its neighbourhood offers. He skilfully drew them, and in order to render his work as perfect as possible, he did not consent to consign his drawings to the hands of Russian lithographers, but despatched the entire collection to be lithographed in London. All those who are able to appreciate the merits of English lithographic drawings will be able to form some idea of the merits of this album of Views of Kazan, which were produced in really so splendid a manner as to entitle it to a foremost rank among the most sumptuous publications of this nature.

"Up to the present moment no edition of Views of Kazan had ever yet appeared. One or two insignificant sketches were inserted in the work called 'Pictures of Russia,' an edition which was begun, but never completed. The merit of Mr. Turnerelli is so much the greater, that he was the first who undertook this task: and let us hope that his example will be followed by other artists who, with the same spirit, may be induced to publish views of other Russian towns in a style as worthy of their pencils as is the collection we are speaking of.

"We sincerely trust that this noble undertaking may be properly appreciated by every class of Russian society. The Emperor graciously consented that this collection of Views of Kazan should appear under his especial patronage, and allowed it to be dedicated to his august name."
in the midst of this general approbation, the author might probably be pardoned the presumption which induced him to believe that, by the attention which this work had attracted, the object of his toil had been fully attained, and that, honoured as his drawings now were with a place in the palaces of princes, the cabinets of art, and the libraries of science, whatever be the fate that might hereafter befall the monuments they represented,—even though the morrow were to see them levelled to the earth, like the many that had previously disappeared,—their image at least would remain, to give the painter, the architect, and the traveller of future days, an idea of what they were at the period when the solitary Englishman halted on his way to pay to them the feeble tribute of respect and admiration, the motives and issue of which, the present page has been employed to explain and to commemorate.

Such, gentle reader, was the way in which the first effort of the author was welcomed and encouraged in the City of the Tzars. Half only, however, of his task is accomplished. He has earned the title of the first delineator of the town and province of Kazan; he now lays a claim to being regarded as its first historian. Happy will he be should the title be granted him. In after days, when this city and its attractions shall be better known and better appreciated, when a greater
facility of communication by railway and flood shall have induced thousands of foreigners to visit Kazan, when more talented pencils and abler pens than his shall have illustrated and described, in the manner they deserve, the spots he loves, and the scenes he witnessed; he trusts that some will remember and make humble mention of the name of him who first toiled in behalf of a town which, unknown as it is to foreigners, is nevertheless as dear to him, as would be, to the navigator, the island he discovered in the midst of the ocean, and whose treasures he had toiled to investigate and to celebrate.
CHAPTER III.

FOUNDATION OF KAZAN, AND ITS FIRST MONARCHS.

I. THE TOWN OF THE CAULDRON.—II. KAZAN SERPENTS.—III. OULOU MAKHMET.—IV. MAKHMET AMIN.—V. SCHIG ALEI AND SAPHA GHIREI.

I.

The name of the town I am about to describe is as singular as its origin: both relate to a Cauldron, which is the literal translation of the Arabic word غاران (Kazan).

Some of the learned would fain persuade us that this appellation owes its origin to the position of the town itself, which, partly surrounded by mountains, intersected by several lakes, forms a hollow, bearing a certain resemblance to the object alluded to. Tradition however attributes the cognomen to other circumstances, and the account it furnishes appears much more natural and credible; for it is scarcely probable that a wandering and barbarous horde, while founding a city, would have been struck by the resemblance of its topographical position to the
object of which it has received the name. With regard to the legend, this is what it relates.

_Batou_, or _Batyj_, for the name is written in both ways by learned orientalists, a celebrated Khan of the Golden Horde, about the middle of the thirteenth century, was in the habit of frequenting this valley, to enjoy his favourite amusement of hunting wild beasts, with which, according to the statement of certain historians, this country was at that time cruelly infested. It was on the banks of the river called at the present day the Kazanka, and on the spot where the Kremlin of Kazan now stands, that the repast of the sovereign and his companions was prepared in a large cauldron, according to the custom of the nomadic tribes. It happened however, as ill-luck would have it, that on a certain occasion one of the attendants charged with this culinary office, while occupied in filling the cauldron with water, let fall the precious utensil, which was not long in sinking to the bottom of the river. Great was the desolation of good Khan Batou and of his hungry comrades, when, in consequence of the utter solitude of the spot, which precluded all possibility of replacing the lost utensil, they found themselves reduced to the disagreeable necessity of going without a dinner on that ill-omened day. It seems that the impression created by that involuntary fast on the minds of these hungry disciples of Nimrod was of so powerful a nature, that, from that time forward,
the river, which had been the cause of this painful privation, received from them the sobriquet of the River of the Cauldron. Some time after, the idea having occurred to Batou of founding a city on the banks of that stream, it is perfectly natural that he should have conferred the name of the river on the town,—the more so, as it served to commemorate many a hazardous adventure, and the loss of the cauldron itself,—an incident of trifling importance to the uninterested, but of no inconsiderable gravity to half-famished huntsmen, and which certainly must have produced both on their minds and stomachs a truly painful impression. With regard to the word Kazanka, which designates at the present day the river that flows at the foot of the fortress, it is evident that its terminative syllable, ka, is a corruption of the original name, which the Russians adapted to the character of their language, subsequent to their conquest of the country.

II.

The Tartar and Arab historians, and among them the celebrated Aboul Hazou Bahadour Khan, inform us that at the period when Batou set about building this town, the country around was so terribly infested with wild beasts, and in particular with serpents, that several times he was almost compelled to abandon his enterprise.

An author of the sixteenth century, whose manu-
script was published at St. Petersburg in the year 1791, affirms the same fact, but differs from the Arabian historians in one respect, namely, in attributing the foundation of Kazan to Khan Saïn, son of Batou. This writer informs us that Saïn, enchanted with the fertility of the country, which produced in abundance every kind of grain and fruit, was induced on that account to found a town there. According to this author's account, "the rivers of the land teemed with fish, the woods and forests with game and wild-fowl, and the country itself was so beautiful, the land so fertile, that neither Russia nor any other spot on the habitable globe could present anything that could bear with it the test of comparison!" If this description be true, terribly, alas! must Kazan have changed since the golden days of good Khan Batou and his son Saïn!

The same writer enters into a long detail concerning the prodigious quantity of serpents which were found in this favoured land. He relates with historical gravity that there existed many of a monstrous species—some even possessing two heads, the one a serpent's, the other a bull's,—that this two-fold nature requiring naturally food of a different description, one of these heads preyed upon men and animals, and the other nourished itself with fruit and vegetables. There existed likewise other serpents of various forms and sizes, from the viper to the dragon; and, to render the matter still worse,
these reptiles, he informs us, were so voracious and savage, that, as if maddened by the intrusion of Batou and his followers upon their hitherto unmolested haunts, they hourly attacked the latter in their very tents and devoured them without mercy. The workmen, who had been assembled for the purpose of constructing Kazan, daily diminished in number, the greatest part having served as food for these monstrous and formidable reptiles, which granted them neither peace nor truce.

The poor Khan, reduced to despair and not knowing how to remedy the evil, was on the point of abandoning his enterprise, when a man was presented to him, who guaranteed, in a short space of time, to destroy all the serpents which infested these marshes. This was a sorcerer, an inhabitant of the country. The welcome he received from the Khan may easily be imagined: the latter promised him a reward equal to the extent of the important service he would render him, should his project be crowned with success, and ordered him to commence operations without delay. The sorcerer began by surrounding the space chosen by the Khan for the seat of the new town, with hay, furze, and venomous herbs, and when a sufficient quantity had been collected together, he set fire to this vast hedge of combustible matter. The flames and smoke produced the desired effect: thousands of serpents perished in the conflagration, the rest were suffo-
cated by the thick and poisonous smoke which swept in volumes over the surface of the land. But, alas! this very success was accompanied with evil; the serpents did not perish unavenged; a great number of men, horses, and camels, became victims to the operation of the sorcerer. However, as at all events the destruction of the serpents seemed to the Khan an immense advantage, he showed himself satisfied with the result of the sorcerer's proceeding, and, true to his promise, loaded him with riches and honours.

In these details, mingled as they are with the fabulous, truth however finds a place, and it is easy to imagine to what a prodigious degree this country must have been infested with serpents, since, even at the present day, the fens and woods swarm with these reptiles. During the spring, at the period of the annual inundation of the Volga, they collect in myriads on the hills, whose summits remain uncovered by the water, and there they await the rising of the sun, in order to bask in its rays. In corroboration of this circumstance, which may be considered "a traveller's tale" by some of my Russian readers, I need but quote the following extract from a work by the celebrated Dr. Fouks, professor of the University of Kazan, and whose testimony is indubitable.

"I have myself," writes the learned Doctor, "witnessed this singular phenomenon. At the close of
the month of May, curiosity induced me to accompany an officer of the police commissioned to arrest certain malefactors, who were supposed to have taken refuge on a small island covered with brushwood, and formed by the overflowing of the Volga. We rowed about during the whole night, hoping to perceive fires, which would have indicated to us the spot where the robbers had concealed themselves. At daybreak, as the night had been damp and chilly, I asked my companion to halt beside one of the hillocks, for the purpose of heating the samovar (Russian urn), and preparing a dish of tea. On approaching a small elevation, judge of our surprise on seeing it entirely covered with serpents, of various dimensions! The police officer, and two or three soldiers who accompanied him, immediately took their guns, loaded with heavy shot, and fired upon the reptiles. Thousands leaped into the water; but although we kept up an active fusillade for several minutes, the hillock still remained, like an ant-hill, covered with serpents. Forced to abandon this spot, we drew near a second and a third elevation; but finding everywhere the same obstacles to landing, we were obliged to continue our navigation."

As proofs of the veracity of the Tartar historians on this subject, other circumstances abound. On the banks of the river Kazanka rises a mountain, the seat of an ancient monastery; it is called Zilan-
tuff, a corruption of the Tartar words *dgilan*, the serpent's, *taou*, mount. A Tartar legend informs us that this mountain was formerly the place of retreat of a winged dragon. When this monster had been destroyed*, the reigning Khan had its effigy inserted in the arms of Kazan, which up to the present day represent a winged and crowned serpent of a fantastic form.

The first foundation of the town of Kazan took place about the year 1265. It was not long in becoming a rich and flourishing town.

About a hundred and forty years after its foundation, Kazan was besieged for the first time by Ioury Dmetrievitch, brother to the Grand Duke of Moscow. The town, after a protracted and desperate defence, fell into the hands of the invader, who quitted not the spot till he had razed every structure it contained to the earth. Its inhabitants were cruelly massacred. Kazan remained during forty succeeding years a wilderness.

III.

The second founder of Kazan was the unfortunate Oulou Makhmet, Khan of the Golden Horde, who had been driven from his domains by the Yediguai Saltana, a Tartar prince of Jaick. Oulou Makhmet, who, according to the annalists, had *eighty-three*†

* See the chapter entitled "A Stroll through Kazan."
† So says the MS. of Aboul Hazou Bahadour Khan.
sons, and almost as many wives, after wandering from desert to desert with his family and followers, crossed the Volga, and solicited permission of the reigning Grand Duke of Moscow, Vassili Vassilievitch, to remain in Russia until he could assemble fresh troops in order to face his usurping foe. Vassili, who was indebted to the fallen Khan for the very throne he occupied, and exemption from the oppressive tribute which his predecessors had hitherto paid to the sovereigns of the Golden Horde, either touched by the misfortunes of his benefactor, or ashamed to refuse him a shelter in that hour of adversity, allowed him at first to encamp on the banks of the river Oka, in the district of Bieleff. But he soon became aware of the fact that, in according the rites of hospitality to his distressed friend, he had created for himself a dangerous neighbour; accordingly, forgetting the obligations he was under to the latter, he resolved to get rid of his new guest as quickly as possible. Thus, hardly had he granted the unfortunate Prince a refuge, ere he countermanded the permission, and bade him retire without delay from his territories. Oulou Makhmet, stung to the quick by the ingratitude of the Grand Duke, and not knowing where to seek an asylum, addressed the most humble prayers to the latter, beseeching him not to execute so cruel an order. The following letter, which he addressed to him on this occasion, has been preserved in the Russian archives.
"My liege and brother,—Do not refuse me the short space of time necessary in order to prepare for my departure. I will soon quit your territories, where you are unwilling to grant me an asylum. I have never done you evil, nor meditated doing so; why therefore do you seek to dissolve a friendship which, on my part at least, will continue to the grave? If God restores me my kingdom, I will then prove the sincerity of my present protestations; but if you still doubt my integrity and friendship, take one of my dear sons as hostage; nay more, accept in writing, an assurance on my part, with my seal and signature, containing a solemn oath that I will never disturb the goodwill which has hitherto existed between us, either by dissension or war; and I here conjure thy God and mine to destroy me as a perjurer, and to strike me even by the death of my children, if ever I infringe upon this sacred oath*.

Such was the submission, such the prayers of the unhappy exile. But Vassili Vassilievitch, deaf to these solicitations, and his heart closed against every generous feeling, sent his brother, at the head of an army of forty thousand men, with orders to expulse Oulou Makhmet without delay from the Muscovite frontiers. The unfortunate Prince

* It may be interesting to the reader to know that this, as well as several other passages marked by inverted commas, in this historical sketch of Kazan, are extracted verbatim from the Russian and Tartar Annals.
on perceiving the approach of the Russian soldiers, despatched a messenger to their chief, soliciting permission to remain till the following morning. Even this request was refused. Oulou Makhmet, driven to despair, on finding every petition so inexorably despised, assembled around him his sons and followers, in all not amounting to three thousand men. "My children," said he, "death surrounds us on every side; but if we are doomed to perish, let it not be unavenged." It is likewise recorded that, prostrating himself at the threshold of a Russian church, he pronounced the following prayer.

"God of the Russians! who regardest not the faces of men, but their hearts, thou knowest how just is my cause; thou seest the frightful situation to which my enemies have reduced me, and the ungrateful manner in which the Grand Duke repays the love I bore him, and the benefits I have rendered him. And yet the latter seeks to deprive me of life. God of the Christians! be therefore a just judge between us; protect the innocent, and punish the guilty!"

Then rising from the earth, he drew his sword, and summoning his little troop to follow him, he rushed upon the Muscovite army. The latter, little expecting such an attack, and taken unawares, fled in disorder, and, out of forty thousand men, five voyevodes* alone, with the brother of Vassili,

* Voyevode, ancient term for a Russian warrior.
escaped from the vengeance of Oulou Makhmet; the remainder were either massacred or taken prisoner.

The Russian annals remark very judiciously on the subject of this defeat, that "the God of the Christians aids even the infidel when his cause is a just one."

Conqueror of the Muscovites, Oulou Makhmet repassed the Volga, and settled with his family on a spot not far from the ruins of the desolated town of Kazan. He did not however remain there long, but removed to a spot about forty miles distant, where he founded the present city. This event marks the period of its second foundation, which took place in the year 1445.

Between the ancient capital of the world, Rome, and the ancient capital of the Tartar monarchs, there exists at least this resemblance, that both are built upon seven hills, and both owe the germs of their population to the thousands of brigands and malefactors attracted thither by the impunity which was held out to them for their crimes and misdemeanours.

Oulou Makhmet employed the same policy as Romulus, in order to people the town he had just founded. At his invitation a multitude of vagabonds and thieves came flocking from the Crimea, Astrachan, the Golden Horde, and the adjacent countries; so that, if the first inhabitants
of Kazan, at the time of Batou, were wild beasts and serpents, those who were gathered together by Oulou Makhmet were well worthy to be associated with their predecessors.

The sovereign of the new monarchy constructed a fortress of wood, called the Kremlin, and much greater and more solid than the former. The population of Kazan had in the meantime increased so considerably and so rapidly, that even before Vassili had found time to recover from his late defeat, this town presented to the Muscovite Tzar a truly formidable appearance. Oulou Makhmet soon saw himself at the head of a numerous army. He had sworn to punish the ingratitude of Vassili, and he now proceeded to accomplish his oath. Whilst his sons were ravaging the territories of the Grand Duke, he himself quitted Kazan, and advanced with the intention of laying siege to the city of Moscow. The troops which were sent against him were entirely defeated. Moscow, taken by assault, was ravaged by fire and the sword, and Vassili, with many of the most important personages of his empire, fell into the hands of the victorious Khan.

The conduct of Oulou Makhmet on this occasion proved that he fully merited the almost miraculous success which had so providentially crowned his efforts. The moment he saw his perfidious and cruel enemy in his power, and entirely at his
mercy, his heart relented, and burying in oblivion the injuries he had been made to suffer, he forgave the false friend, who stood trembling before him in expectation of the stern sentence of death which he felt he merited. And not content with this generous pardon, Oulou Makhmet treated the Grand Duke with the dignity due to his rank, and sent him back, with his nobles, to his estates; exacting no other condition for his ransom, than a promise to act in a more friendly manner for the future.

But though forgiven by his generous foe, Vassili did not however escape the vengeance of heaven. A less merciful enemy, Shemiaka, son of the Prince of Smolensk, who had long planned the ruin of the Grand Duke, thought this a favourable opportunity for accomplishing his purpose. Thus, while Vassili, on his return to Moscow, was engaged in offering up prayers for his deliverance in the church of the Trinity, Shemiaka surprises him there, drags him from the altar, and orders his followers to put out the eyes of the Grand Duke, whom, with all his family, he immures in a horrible dungeon.

Oulou Makhmet hears of the misfortunes of his fallen enemy. He resolves to deliver the captive prince, and to avenge his wrongs. He accomplishes both,—drags Shemiaka from the throne he had usurped, and for the second time reinstates Vassili in possession of the territories of his ancestors.
Say, can the page of European history offer a more remarkable example of magnanimity, generosity, and courage, than was exhibited by this noble Tartar?

Oulou Makhmet merited a better fate than that he was destined to undergo. He was cruelly assassinated by his ambitious son, Momotiak, who took possession of the throne which he had obtained by the crime of parricide.

IV.

Gliding over a space of about eighteen years, which presents little to interest the reader, let us now turn to the reign of Makhmet Amin, the eighth Khan of Kazan.

The latter had been placed upon the throne by the Grand Duke Ivan III., whom a bloody battle with the Tartars had put in possession of Kazan, while the former Khan was sent in chains to Moscow. Ivan had hoped to ensure the fidelity of the inhabitants of Kazan, by giving them a prince of their own nation: he selected therefore an old and renowned warrior, Makhmet Amin, for whom he had long entertained a particular affection.

But Makhmet was a tyrant, and his oppression soon caused his subjects to rebel. He was hurled from the throne, and the Tartars chose in his stead a foreign prince, named Mamouk. They had, however, soon cause to repent their choice:
Mamouk's cruelty and violence far exceeded that of Makhmet Amin. His principal object was plunder and rapine; the merchants he robbed of their goods, the grandees of their treasures. At length, having quitted Kazan to lay siege to the town of Arsk, an enterprise in which he failed, he found on his return the gates of his capital closed against him, while his subjects, from the summit of the walls, exclaimed, "Go your way, we have no need of a brigand Khan." Mamouk having fled to Schiban, his native country, the grandees of Kazan sent an ambassador to the Muscovite Tzar, imploping forgiveness for having disposed of the throne without his consent, and soliciting him to appoint a new sovereign. Ivan nominated to this dignity Abdoul Atiff Khan. The latter reigned tranquilly for five years, but forgetting on one or two occasions his allegiance to the sovereign to whom he was indebted for the crown he wore, he was seized by order of Ivan, and conveyed as a prisoner to Moscow, where he died in captivity some years after.

Ivan replaced Makhmet Amin upon the throne of Kazan. The latter, whom adversity had taught a lesson of prudence, strove to reconcile his subjects by a more just and liberal mode of administration. But whilst Makhmet Amin was endeavouring to repair the evils he had previously occasioned, his wife, the widow of the deceased Alei Khan, formerly
a prisoner in Russia, exerted every means in her power to induce her husband to throw off his allegiance to the Tzar. She bitterly reproached Makhmet with being nothing better than a slave, decorated with the title of monarch. "The Mussulmans," said she, "should give laws to the Christians, and yet you scruple not to obey the Giaour. What art thou but a slave of the prince of Moscow? Today on the throne, tomorrow in a dungeon, you will finish your days in fetters, as did your ancestor Alei Khan. An object of universal contempt at present, you have it in your power to raise yourself to the highest pinnacle of glory. Throw off therefore a degrading yoke, or die the death of a hero!"

Makhmet loved his wife passionately, and her eloquence and caresses at last effected her purpose. In compliance with her counsels, the Khan resolved to massacre all the Russians who inhabited his dominions. The festival of John the Baptist was the day appointed for this horrible act of barbarity. On that day a celebrated fair annually took place in Kazan, at which merchants from all the Moscovite provinces were wont to assemble in great numbers. The latter came as usual, little expecting the dreadful fate which awaited them. All fell a prey to the blade of the assassin,—men, women, and children. The chronicles inform us that the Khan ordered the treasures and merchandise belonging
to the victims of his cruelty, to be brought to his palace, and the floor of a vast saloon is said to have been entirely covered with gold and silver and other precious objects.

Makhmet well knew that the Russian Tzar would not fail to avenge this inhuman massacre. Accordingly he assembled his troops, and rushed like a tyrant on the western provinces of Russia; death, ruin, and devastation followed in his train. An army composed of 100,000 men was despatched by the Tzar to oppose his progress. Makhmet Amin, whose troops were greatly inferior in number, retreated from the town of Nijney, to which he had laid siege. The Russian voyevodes pusillanimously allowed the Tartars to retire without striking a single blow.

Ivan III. died at this period, and was succeeded by Vassili IV. This monarch sent a new army against Makhmet Amin, under the command of his brother Demetry. But fortune still favoured the Tartar Khan, and the Russians were forced to retreat from the field of battle with considerable loss. The Tartars, on this occasion, supposing their enemies to be totally defeated, thought it unnecessary even to pursue them, and began to celebrate their victory in the very presence of their retreating foes. The plain of Arsk was the scene of this ill-timed triumph. Here a sumptuous repast had been prepared, which terminated in a scene of general
intoxication. In this state the Russians surprised their conquerors. A horrible butchery ensued. The Tartars fled from the field in the utmost disorder, and so precipitate was the manner in which they sought refuge in the town, that numbers were crushed to death, or suffocated at the gateways.

It would have been an easy task to have taken possession of Kazan at that moment of disorder, but, by a singular fatality, the Russians pursued the very conduct which had been the ruin of their enemies. Finding the plain strewn with objects of value, and covered with choice viands and that most inebriating of all beverages, hydromel, they rushed with avidity on the tempting fare, and, drinking to a state of intoxication, fell asleep. The Tartars, informed of this, made a furious sortie, and rushed, sword in hand, on their unresisting foes. So great was the slaughter, that out of a hundred thousand men, seven thousand alone are said to have escaped from the blade of the Mahometans.

Makhmet Amin did not live to enjoy this terrible success. He was attacked with a frightful disease. "His body," write the annalists, "became covered with ulcers, filled with worms, and the air was infected with his fetid breath." He attributed the horrible condition to which he was reduced, to the wrath of Heaven. Remorse for his perfidy and cruelty wrung his heart. "The God of the Russians," he observed to his attendants, "is chastising
me. Ivan acted towards me with paternal affection, and I, seduced by an ambitious woman, repaid his kindness with the basest ingratitude. Now that I am on the verge of the tomb, neither a throne, nor riches, nor grandeur, nor the most beautiful women, are of any value to me: all these must I leave to be enjoyed by others.” In hopes of finding consolation in his misery, he sent an ambassador to Vassili, with a present of two hundred chosen horses, richly caparisoned, a royal suit of armour, together with numerous other precious objects, and implored his forgiveness for the past. Vassili granted him the pardon he solicited, and, in token of his goodwill, sent back the ambassador with gifts for the dying Khan, who expired some time after in the most excruciating torture. His guilty spouse, to save herself from the punishment which awaited her, put an end to her life with poison.

V.

Schig Alei, Khan of Kassimoff, was appointed by Vassili to reign over the kingdom of Kazan. According to the account of the Tartar annalists, this Prince was a monster both in mind and person: “his ears were of an enormous size and length, his legs and arms ridiculously short, and his belly of a prodigious magnitude.” This personal deformity, added to the circumstance of his being a vassal of the Russian Tzar, rendered him obnoxious
to every class of his new subjects. They loaded him with reproaches and contumely, and Schig Alei never failed to reply to these remonstrances otherwise than by putting the murmurers to death. This severity only served to render him more and more odious to the nation he governed, and a conspiracy was soon formed against him. The inhabitants of Kazan secretly despatched an embassy to Sahib Ghirei, Khan of the Crimea, soliciting him to send his son, Sapha Ghirei, to be their sovereign. The ambassadors returned some time after to Kazan, bringing with them the young Prince. This was the signal for a general revolt; Schig Alei was hurled from the throne, and Sapha Ghirei mounted in his stead. The deposed Khan, with a few followers, wandered for some time in the woods and deserts which surround Kazan, suffering the greatest privation, and several times nearly reduced to death by hunger. A length a company of Russian fishermen, who had come to fish in the Volga, met him, and served him as guides to Moscow.

In presence of the Tzar, Schig Alei related the events which had taken place. Indignant at the account, Vassili levied a formidable force, which he divided into two armies, each commanded by seven voyevodes. The first directed its way to Kazan by descending the Volga in boats, but was almost entirely destroyed by the barbarous hordes called the Tcheremisse, who inhabited the banks of that
stream: more than twenty-five thousand men are said to have perished on that occasion. This disaster gave rise to an ancient Russian proverb: "Where the Tcheremisse are near, be on your guard."

"The Volga on this occasion," write the annalists, "became a stream, which, like the Tigris, was rife with gold, for besides the cannon and weapons, the barbarians drew from its bed an immense quantity of precious armour and coin, and other objects of value, belonging to the Muscovites."

The second army, which advanced by land, arrived unmolested as far as the river Sviaga. Here it was met by the Tartars; a sanguinary battle ensued, but the victory remained with the Russians. The joy inspired by this success was however damped, when the latter received the intelligence of the disaster on the Volga, with the total loss of the artillery and provisions. Surrounded as the Muscovites were by enemies on every side, without cannon or ammunition, they found themselves totally at the mercy of the inhabitants of Kazan; famine likewise added to their misery: thus unable either to defend themselves or to retreat, the greatest part fell a sacrifice to the vengeful sword of the Tartars, or perished from want and hunger.

Six years glided by before Vassili could recover from his losses. At length however he found means to levy another army, which he sent forward to Kazan under the command of thirty voye-
vodes. On their arrival they found the town well fortified, and enemies resolved to defend it bravely. Sapha Ghirei had solicited aid from his father, who had sent him ten thousand Nogai Tartars. An entrenchment of wooden palisades and a deep fossé had been constructed round the city. The Russians found their enemies at work on their arrival; the same night, however, they proceeded to assault the town. Surprised by the suddenness of the attack, the Tartars had not even time to seize their arms: thousands were in consequence massacred by the invaders. Sapha Ghirei himself, at the head of three thousand horsemen, after performing prodigies of valour, was at last totally defeated, and only escaped being taken prisoner by cutting his way, sword in hand, through the ranks of the Russian army. Fortune however having favoured this daring exploit, he quitted Kazan, and took refuge in his paternal estates in the Crimea.

Kazan was once more at the mercy of the Russians, who might then have taken possession of the town with little or no difficulty. But the voyevodes who commanded the Muscovite forces were not more adventurous than their predecessors. They contented themselves therefore with concluding a peace, with the imposition of a tribute, which they exacted for three years in advance; and shortly after the conquering army, composed of above a hundred thousand men, returned to Moscow,
having quitted Kazan, which had possessed for its defence but forty thousand warriors.

The Tzar and the Muscovites were filled with indignation at the pusillanimous conduct of the voyevodes. The latter were even accused of having been bribed by the Tartars to abandon Kazan; several were put into prison by order of the Tzar. In the meantime the inhabitants of Kazan sent ambassadors to Moscow, to demand the ratification of the treaty concluded by the voyevodes, and to solicit the Russian monarch to nominate a new Khan. En Alei, brother to Schig Alei, was appointed to the throne. Being but fifteen years of age, he was placed under the care of a namestnik, or governor: a year had hardly elapsed ere both were cruelly assassinated by the Tartars, with their friends and followers.

Sapha Ghirei was recalled by the murderers, and returned shortly after to retake possession of the throne of Kazan.
CHAPTER IV.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE, AND HIS WARRIORS.

I. IVAN THE TERRIBLE.—II. SCHIG ALEI RECALLED TO THE THRONE.—III. DISASTROUS EXPEDITIONS.—IV. THIRD REIGN OF SCHIG ALEI.

I.

There are two epochs in the reign of Ivan Vassiliévitch, surnamed "the Terrible," which are calculated to excite our astonishment, that they should have been found in the life of one and the same sovereign.

In the first of these epochs, Russia hailed Ivan as its saviour and its hero; in the second, as its enemy and its scourge. The first dates from the period of the marriage of this sovereign with Anastasia, a most virtuous and estimable princess, whose angel-like disposition and wise counsels, enhanced by the gift of extraordinary beauty, curbed awhile the evil propensities of her husband's character. Her death put an end to the good-fame of Ivan, and plunged Russia into sorrow and tears; and from the period of that bereavement, the reign of this
Tzar, if we may believe historians, presents but a series of the most revolting acts of barbarity and cruelty.

At the period however I am about to describe, Ivan was the pride and hope of his subjects, and nothing seemed to augur that fatal change which was one day to operate in his character. According to the description of even those annalists who have been the least indulgent to his memory, this prince possessed in his youth all the qualities, physical and moral, which belong to extraordinary characters: robust in frame, skilful in all youthful exercises, endowed with talents and a solidity of judgment far above his age, full of warlike ardour, and burning with the desire to serve his country and humble the pride of his enemies;—such is the portrait which historians have drawn of this juvenile monarch, at the moment when, in the midst of a solemn council, he exclaimed with a prophetic feeling, "that he had sworn to humble the pride of the Crescent*,

* At a moment when the Russians, under the banners of the Cross, have unsheathed the sword anew against the Crescent and its followers, the following account of a conflict which the same nation, more than three centuries ago, had with the enemies of Christianity, will doubtless be read with particular interest. The Cross was victorious then—will it be so now? Our work being of a picturesque and descriptive nature, we have no desire to mark even one of its pages with the slightest tinge of political feeling; but, as Christians, we cannot avoid saying that, not only should we bitterly weep over the day when England should be reduced to the necessity of using its arms—in the cause of the Mus-
and had assembled his Boyars* to deliberate on the subject. "God," added he on this occasion,—
"God, who knows what is passing in my heart, is my witness, that I am not seeking to acquire a vain and terrestrial glory, but that my object is to ensure the peace of the Christian Church. How shall I, when summoned before the throne of the Almighty, be able to say, 'Lord, here am I, with the subjects thou hast confided to my care,' if I have not striven to rescue them from the fury of their treacherous enemies, with whom it is impossible to enjoy either peace or truce?"

Such were the motives which, according to the Russian historians, induced Ivan Vassilievitch to undertake a fresh expedition against Kazan; but foreign historians have been less indulgent: some have attributed them to ambition, to a desire of extending the boundaries of his empire, to a hankering after fame, and a love of conquest. Leaving sulman Turk—against its Christian brethren and ancient ally the Russians; but we will even go so far as to say, that if the motives of the Russian Tsar be such as his countrymen represent them to be, not only do we heartily wish him the victory over the Infidel, but (if such a victory can be gained without any injury to the land of our birth and our love) most willingly would we add our cry of joy to the loud Christian peal which would welcome the triumphant entry of the Grand Duke Constantine into Constantinople, and the planting of the Cross on the dome of St. Sophia, where the Crescent now rises as a taunt and a stigma to Christian Europe.

* Boyar, ancient term for a Russian noble.
however this point to be decided by those to whom it may be a matter of interest, I will hazard one or two remarks on the subject.

By religion, as well as by nature, the Tartars had always been the most inveterate and cruel enemies of the Muscovites. From the period at which the Mongol hordes, under the command of Batou, first vanquished the Russian forces, the latter nation was destined to suffer all the evils, all the horrors that servitude can bring upon a conquered people. Provinces left desolate—towns and cities reduced to ruins—their inhabitants massacred or led into captivity—their princes obliged to suffer the most degrading humiliation,—such were the results of that terrible invasion which, like a tempest, burst from Asia on this devoted land. The heart sickens at the tale of bloodshed and devastation which the Russian annals relate of the events that marked the course of the Tartar sway during upwards of three centuries,—a sway the most oppressive and cruel that the imagination can picture. And when Kazan rose on the very frontiers of Russia, a nest, as it were, of serpents,—whose sting was ever ready to destroy all that it encountered,—whose inhabitants, incited by a restless love of plunder and rape, swept at every moment like a torrent upon the Muscovite territories; marking their passage with havoc and desolation; so that, as the annalists affirm, "within a hundred versts of Moscow the
earth was strewed with the bones of the Russians;" where is the wonder that this harassed people, who had suffered so long and so terribly, when they felt that their arm had grown strong enough to requite these injuries, should have raised it, sword in hand, against their antagonists, with the resolution of ridding themselves of an evil which hourly threatened with destruction their country, their religion, their Tzar, and their independence?

Let the motives therefore which induced Ivan Vassilievitch to undertake this conquest be attributed to whatever source they may, it is impossible to deny that his own honour and the safety of his kingdom rendered this enterprise not only necessary, but, in many respects, even justifiable; and, as there is no doubt that the Christian Church has been considerably a gainer by the downfall of a nation, the avowed and inveterate enemy of Christianity, the foreign historian, laying aside prejudice, may, in all conscience, grant to Ivan and his warriors the fame and honour for which they fought so hard, and the acquisition of which was obtained at no trifling cost.

On the banks of the river Kazanka there rises a hillock of considerable magnitude: this elevation is almost entirely produced by the immense quantity of mortal remains which it covers; thousands of human beings lie buried beneath its surface,—their bones, that are exposed to view, scarce veiled by
the turf, attest the terrible truth. This, reader, is
the burial-place of the intrepid warriors who ac-
 companied Ivan: and who, whether Russian or
foreigner, could pass this spot without emotion?
A monument has been erected on the hillock; but
this would be a vain homage to the memory of the
warriors who repose beneath its base, if reverence
and honour were not added as a tribute of grati-
tude and admiration. Too often such monuments
are but a homage to national pride, erected rather
to flatter the vanity of the living, than to comme-
morate the glory of the deceased: a memorial like
this would be unworthy of the brave who shed
their blood for the safety of their country, and in
the cause of Christianity. Yes! their ashes may
perish unregretted, if their memory remains buried
in the hearts of those whom deeds of glory interest
and kindle.

II.

Whilst Ivan was thus busily engaged with this
great and important project, the unceasing dissen-
sion and discord which prevailed among the Tar-
tars served to accelerate their downfall.

We left Sapha Ghirei on the throne of Kazan,
which he was not however destined to occupy long.
Having excited the discontent of his subjects, he
was violently dethroned, and forced to seek a se-
cond time refuge in his paternal dominions.
Strange to relate, the Tartars solicited the Tzar to appoint as their sovereign the detested Schig Alei, whom they had, but a few years back, precipitated from the throne. Ivan Vassilievitch complied with their request, and the deposed monarch set out for Kazan with a numerous escort of Russians, and three thousand Tartars, chosen from his hereditary estate of Kassimoff. Brilliant fêtes and rejoicings marked his arrival, and shortly after, he was solemnly reinstated in possession of the crown. But these friendly demonstrations were but a mask for treachery and violence. A few weeks subsequent to his return, the whole of his escort was cruelly massacred; several Mourzas, attached to his person, were thrown into prison, and a few Russian voyevodes, who had accompanied him from Moscow, alone escaped, to bring back to Ivan an account of these proceedings.

Schig Alei himself, a prisoner rather than a sovereign, and surrounded by subjects who hated and despised him, employed the only means in his power of diminishing the animosity which was testified against him: he concealed his anger, and strove to gain the goodwill of the Tartar grandees and people, by banquets, presents, and other pretended marks of confidence and satisfaction. These affected and false caresses, which only served to show his pusillanimity and dissimulation, rendered him still more contemptible than before. His palace...
became his prison: there the grandees of his empire daily assembled, unwelcome and uninvited guests; its halls hourly rang with the noise of their revels, or the sound of their arms. At the banquet, these audacious nobles drank from the royal cup, and, not content with similar outrages, they frequently stole the gold and silver vessels that stood on the Khan’s table, in hopes of provoking his anger, and causing him to commit some act of violence which might give them a pretext for satisfying their resentment.

Such were the indignities which Schig Alei was hourly forced to endure. He bore them patiently during the space of a month, without evincing any mark of dissatisfaction; at length, finding the throne he occupied a place of increasing danger, he resolved to fly from his audacious subjects. This was not however an easy task, for all his movements were strictly watched, and it was difficult to evade the vigilance of the thousand spies by whom he was surrounded. He imagined however an expedient which was attended with success. He invited all the Mourzas, grandees, and principal merchants of Kazan to a sumptuous banquet: tables loaded with provisions and inebriating liquors were laid out for the people in the court of the palace; debauch and intoxication soon spread through the town, and in the midst of the disorder and riot, Schig Alei found means to effect his escape by a
private door of the palace. Three days elapsed ere the inhabitants of Kazan were aware of his evasion. Enraged at the discovery, they put to death a prince of the name of Tchoura, and several other eminent personages, who had facilitated the flight of the Khan.

The Tartars soon after recalled Sapha Ghirei. This prince, on his arrival, did his utmost to punish his subjects for their former violence, and ruled with a rod of iron. Several of the most illustrious grandees were put to death by his order; others were thrown into prison, and many fled from Kazan to avoid the effects of his unmitigated resentment.

But this vengeful sway of Sapha Ghirei was not destined to be of long duration. In a moment of brutal intoxication, he fell with such violence against a pillar of his palace, that he died instantaneously. The regency devolved upon his wife, Siouyounbecka, surnamed the Beautiful (more commonly called Sumbeka), so celebrated in the Tartar annals for her loveliness and her misfortunes. This princess was appointed to reign during the minority of her son Outemish Ghirei.

III.

It was in this state of things, which seemed so favourable for the accomplishment of his projects, that the Russian Tzar resolved to march against
Kazan at the head of a numerous army. But Ivan was destined to undergo many and cruel reverses, and to see two campaigns, which he headed in person, prove disastrous and fruitless. The first, undertaken in the month of December, 1547, was accompanied with great and terrible losses. Instead of the severe frost which generally reigns in Russia at this period of the year, a prolonged thaw occurred; rain, mingled with sleet and hail, incessantly fell; the roads became totally impracticable; and while the army of Ivan was effecting a passage across the frozen Volga, the treacherous ice gave way, and thousands of his soldiers, together with the greatest part of his cannon and ammunition, sank beneath the river's surface. The Tzar himself narrowly escaped the same fate, and was forced to remain several days on a small and uninhabited island in the middle of the stream. At length, when a return of the frost afforded him the means of egress, Ivan, terrified by these unfavourable omens, abandoned his enterprise, and returned to his capital, Moscow.

Such was the result of the first campaign; the second, which took place two years after, was equally unpropitious. The elements seemed to conspire against Ivan and his projects: the winter on this occasion was as cruelly rigorous, as during the former campaign it had been unusually mild. A great portion of the Russian army died from
fatigue and the excessive cold. It presented notwithstanding a formidable appearance when it appeared beneath the walls of Kazan.

This was the first time that the Tartars had ever seen a Russian Tzar besiege their capital in person. Hitherto the sovereigns of Moscow had sent their voyevodes to attack this riotous city; but on the present occasion it was menaced by a young and intrepid monarch, at the head of a powerful army, of which he was the idol. The Russian annalists of this period speak with enthusiasm of Ivan, whose courage and perseverance were still destined to be cruelly tried by adversity. He had enemies to combat as brave as they were resolute. For upwards of three months, although the Russians made daily assaults upon the fortress, they were invariably repulsed by its gallant defenders. The enormous cannons which the Tzar had brought with him were rendered useless, partly by their unwieldy proportions, and partly from the want of dexterity of the cannoneers. A thaw, accompanied with torrents of rain, having succeeded in the midst of these fruitless manoeuvres, Ivan, fearing lest his army might experience a want of provisions, gave orders for effecting a retreat.

This was accomplished slowly and with great difficulty. Having arrived at the mouth of the river Sviaga, about fourteen miles from Kazan, the Tzar remarked a lofty and rugged eminence called
at that time the "round mountain." Accompanied by Schig Alei and several of his nobles, he climbed up to its summit. The extensive view which it commanded delighted Ivan, and the idea struck him of building on this spot a town, whose proximity to Kazan might facilitate its conquest. He is said to have exclaimed to those around him, "Here shall rise a Christian town; we will hem in Kazan, and God will deliver this capital into our hands."

On his return to Moscow, Ivan Vassilievitch immediately took measures for the accomplishment of this project. Its execution was confided to Schig Alei. There existed and still exist in Russia markets for the sale of wooden houses, ready constructed, and which take to pieces, like the models of castles, bridges, etc., which we see in toy-shops. Entire streets of these houses were wont to be arranged in similar market-places, so that an entire town might be bought in a hour and built in a week. Ivan availed himself of this circumstance, and embarked on the Volga numerous rafts containing the materials of a fortress, already prepared for the promptest construction; and Schig Alei, with a portion of the Russian troops, was appointed to defend the workmen. The navigation was a fortunate one, and under the covert of a thick fog, the Russians, unperceived by the Tartars, took possession of the Round Mountain. In less than a
month the fortress was entirely finished. It received the name of Sviask, from the river Sviaga, which flowed at the foot of the mountain. The fortress was not long in assuming an imposing appearance. A few months after its foundation it contained a cathedral, six churches, a monastery, and numerous habitations. By the desire of Ivan, several nobles, tradesmen, and mechanics settled there, and built themselves houses, so that this new town soon presented a flourishing aspect.

IV.

This stronghold, which had risen as it were by magic, and which, from the heights on which it was built, menaced the town of Kazan, spread alarm and consternation among its inhabitants, and still more among those of the country, who came in crowds to seek a shelter in the walls of the capital. Siouyounbecka*, in this critical dilemma, showed a resolution and a courage which redeemed the failings which historians have impute to her. She repaired and enlarged the fortifications, gave orders for levying fresh troops, and, had she been seconded by her subjects, it is probable that the Russians might have been driven from the kingdom of Kazan. But their private broils, their want of

* The reader will find a more detailed account of the fate of this celebrated princess in the chapter entitled "The Tower of Sumbeka."
union, their unwillingness to submit to any authority, rendered all these wise measures unavailing. Some time after, we find them in open insurrection against their sovereign. On this occasion the rebellious grandees of Kazan sent ambassadors to Ivan Vassilievitch, requesting this monarch to appoint once more Schig Alei as their Khan, promising at the same time to liberate all the Russian prisoners that had fallen into their hands, and to yield up to him their princess Sumbeka and her infant son Outemish Ghirei. Ivan willingly consented to a proposition so favourable to his plans, and sent one of his chief boyars, Adasheff, with a considerable force, in order to reinstate Schig Alei on the throne, and to enforce the accomplishment of the terms of the treaty. He exacted likewise that the mountainous portion of the Kazan territory lying between Sviask and Kazan should be accorded to the Russians, and should henceforth be reckoned as a part of the Muscovite dominions. This unexpected demand astonished the inhabitants of Kazan, and bitterly grieved even Schig Alei himself. "What kind of a kingdom will be mine," said he "and how can I claim or expect love from my subjects, when I am forced to surrender so important a portion of their territory?" Adasheff and his voyevodes to this complaint returned no other answer than that "such was the pleasure of their Tzar." Too late the grandees repented that they
had solicited the interference of Ivan. In vain they strove to retract their promise, and escape from its accomplishment by a thousand cunning pretences. Adasheff would not allow himself to be imposed on, and demanded the immediate fulfilment of the treaty. "Either," said he (as report the Russian annalists), "either Sumbeka and her son shall be placed immediately in our power, or our Tzar will come in the autumn to ravage your country with fire and the sword, and punish the faithless grandees of Kazan." This menace produced the desired effect, and the Kazanians shortly after despatched a messenger to Schig Alei, still in the Russian tent, inviting him to enter the town, and informing Adasheff that Sumbeka and her child were on their way to the Muscovite camp at Sviask.

Shortly after this message, Schig Alei, accompanied by the heads of the Muscovite army, made a triumphant entry into the capital from which he had been twice driven by his subjects. Adasheff and two of the chief Boyards of Ivan, in the name of the latter, placed Schig Alei once more on the throne; and on this occasion the palace of the Khans was crowded with Russian captives, many of whom had been for upwards of twenty years immured in the dungeons of Kazan. Shig Alei announced to them the joyful news of their freedom: so unexpected was the intelligence that they could scarce give credit to what they heard;
many burst into tears, and raising their emaciated hands to heaven, rendered thanks to the Almighty for this proof of his mercy. "Ivan reigns over Russia," said the Boyars to them: "return to your country and your homes; and fear no longer the chains of slavery." The number of the prisoners released on this occasion amounted to upwards of sixty thousand. They received in Sviask all that was necessary, both for clothing and nourishment, and were sent in barks down the Volga, to the Muscovite capital. "Never," wrote a contemporary historian, "never did Russia witness a more joyful spectacle than on this occasion, which was as it were a new release of the Israelites from the land of bondage."

Master of Kazan for the third time, and surrounded by thirty thousand men, five hundred of whom were Russians, all apparently devoted to his person, Schig Alei resolved to repay the inhabitants of Kazan the injuries and insults he had formerly experienced. During the day a thousand sentinels guarded the court of his palace, and three thousand during the night. The keys were always in the possession of a confidential and superior officer. Upon the slightest suspicion hundreds were condemned to a torturing death. These acts of cruelty, frequently repeated, could not prevent what Schig Alei most dreaded: the grandees formed a conspiracy against him, with the intention to assassinate
him. This project having reached the ears of the Khan, the latter conceived a plan of vengeance worthy of its ferocious inventor. He invited the nobles and dignitaries of Kazan to a gorgeous banquet, and when all the guests were assembled in his palace, he ordered his guards to massacre the whole without distinction. This butchery is reported to have lasted two entire days. Seventy of the most illustrious princes of Kazan perished on that occasion; the number of the murdered is estimated to have been upwards of three thousand. This barbarous act of vengeance spread so great a terror in the town, that thousands fled, to escape from the power of this monster.

At that period there lived in Moscow, attached to the court of Ivan, a Kazan prince, named Tchapkoun, who had acquired the friendship and confidence of the Russian Tzar. Being informed of the horrors which had just transpired in his native town, and probably excited by ambition, he formed the resolution of effecting the ruin of Schig Alei. With this end, he quitted the court of Moscow, and settled with his wives and children in Kazan. A fresh conspiracy was formed against Schig Alei, and Tchapkoun was the leader of the plot. At a meeting of the conspirators it was resolved that Tchapkoun should accuse Schig Alei of treachery towards the Tzar; and several Russians who were mingled in the affair, promised to bear witness to the truth of
the accusation. The conspirators accordingly betook themselves to the town of Sviask, where the Russian army, under the command of Adasheff, was assembled. It required but little eloquence or proof to persuade the voyevodes of Ivan that Schig Alei was a traitor, for he was hated by the Russians as much as by the Tartars. Tchapkoun, finding the scheme he had formed so successful, added "that Schig Alei was nothing better than a sanguinary assassin, and that it was the ardent wish of the inhabitants of Kazan to be rescued from his ferocious sway. The whole town," said he, "is ready to submit to a Muscovite governor. If you do not yield to the will of the people, the consequence will inevitably be a prompt and general revolt. Keep off these evils by ridding us of an odious monster. Let the Russians take possession of Kazan, we are ready to retire to the suburbs and the neighbouring villages; let our lives answer for the truth and honesty of our intentions."

Such was the seducing language held by the conspirators. The Voyevodes seemed nowise disposed to doubt their sincerity, and the testimony of Tchapkoun, known to be the friend of the Tzar, confirmed them in their opinion. They lost no time therefore in communicating to Ivan the discovered treachery of Schig Alei. The result was an order which shortly after arrived from the court of Moscow, enjoining Adasheff "to remove, without delay,
the Khan from the throne, in compliance with the wishes of the people." At the same time, Ivan transmitted a paper to Schig Alei, in which he promised to compensate the latter for the loss of his crown, but exacted that the Khan, in order to avoid bloodshed, should admit the Russian troops into the town. The reply of Schig Alei to this demand redeems in some measure his manifold crimes. "I do not regret the throne," said he to the Russian voyevodes, "for I have never known peace or happiness on it, nor Kazan, where my life is hourly in danger. I submit without complaining to the mandate of the Tzar, but I cannot consent to traduce the followers of the Prophet. Render yourselves masters of Kazan by arms or by stipulation, but do not expect that I should open with my own hands its gates to receive you."

Neither threats nor entreaties could induce Schig Alei to alter this resolution. Desirous however of mitigating the anger of Ivan, he secretly destroyed several cannons, and despatched the ammunition to Sviask. Shortly after, under the pretext of a hunt, he quitted Kazan, accompanied by several of its most illustrious princes and grandees. At a little distance from the fortress, he ordered the Muscovite troops to arrest his companions, and addressed them in the following terms:—"You sought," said he, "to assassinate me; you have calumniated me at the Court of Moscow, and, traitors to your sove-
reign and your country, you have striven to see your Khan replaced by a Russian governor; let us therefore present ourselves together before the throne of the Tzar, and he shall decide which of us is the most guilty."

Hardly had Schig Alei arrived at Sviask, ere the Russian troops, under the command of Prince Mikoulinsky, who had been appointed by Ivan as Viceroy of Kazan, appeared before the citadel of the town. They found the gates closed on their approach. Having summoned the Tartars to yield in the name of the Tzar, the order was received with yells of mocker yand insult. The ramparts were crowded with soldiers and armed citizens. Prince Mikoulinsky, accompanied by an escort of cavalry, advanced towards the principal entrance, called the Royal Gate, and strove to expostulate with the inhabitants of Kazan; the only reply of the latter was a sudden and impetuous sally, in which the greatest part of the Russian escort was either killed or taken prisoner; a portion of the Muscovite artillery and ammunition likewise fell into the hands of the Tartars. It was in this manner that the Kazanians received the Russian viceroy, and accomplished the promises they had made to Ivan. Their object had been to rid themselves of the hated Schig Alei: that end had been gained, and their only thoughts now turned upon the necessary measures for braving effectually the
vengeance of the Russian Tzar, whom they had duped and outraged.

In an assembly of the nobles and citizens of Kazan, it was resolved that the vacant throne should be offered to Yediguer Makhmet, the son of the Khan of Astrachan. The Tartars abjured the Russian dominion, and swore to shed the last drop of their blood in defence of Kazan.

Yediguer accepted the throne which was offered to him, and set out for Kazan, accompanied by five hundred chosen warriors. The Russians endeavoured to intercept his approach, but failing in the attempt, the new Khan entered Kazan in triumph, mounted the throne, and swore an irreconcilable hatred to the Muscovites.
CHAPTER V.

THE SIEGE OF KAZAN.—ITS TAKING AND DOWNFALL.

I. MARCH TO KAZAN.—II. THE SIEGE OF KAZAN.—III. THE GRAND EXPLOIT.—IV. SUBSEQUENT EVENTS.

I.

There is probably no event in the Russian annals that is calculated to excite a greater interest in the mind of the reader, than that of the conquest and downfall of Kazan.

Karamzin, the Russian historian, says, that "The siege of this town is still fresh in the memory of the Russians as one of the most celebrated exploits of antiquity, and that, from the peasant's hut to the palace of the prince, it forms even at the present day a subject of conversation and marvel."

One circumstance which contributed to give this siege unusual importance in the eyes of the Russians was the fact that it was the first attempt that this nation had yet made to gain possession of a stronghold according to the rules of strategic art;
while a great portion of the celebrity which accompanied this achievement was owing to the astonishing intrepidity evinced by the Tartars, and to their heroic defence, which obliged the invaders to purchase their victory at so terrible a cost.

Ivan Vassilievitch was the sovereign destined to accomplish this exploit. Burning to wipe away the stain which his two former disastrous expeditions had left upon the Russian arms, this monarch, not yet intimidated by misfortune, formed the resolution to undertake a third campaign, to which the number and excellent condition of his army seemed to promise better success. It was in the depth of winter when the young Tzar conceived this new project; but neither the inconvenience, fatigue, nor danger, which were sure to accompany a similar expedition undertaken at such a period, could deter this prince from his purpose. His Boyars sought to persuade him to postpone the campaign to the spring. "No!" cried he with enthusiasm, "the army is ready, the ammunition is on its way to Kazan, and with the help of God, spite of every obstacle, we will find means to accomplish an object so worthy of our courage and our perseverance."

The Russian troops however, worn out by the campaigns in which they had been so recently engaged, murmured loudly at this order. They alluded to the continual fatigue they had under-
gone for several preceding months, and complained that now, instead of a little rest, they were obliged to brave the perils and difficulties of a new and distant expedition, doubly difficult from the rigorous period of the year in which they were summoned to undertake it. Ivan Vassilievitch was sensibly affected by the murmurs, but he did not openly testify his dissatisfaction. He adopted a wiser course, and caused a list to be drawn up of all those who were willing to follow him and serve their country. "Those who consent," said he, "shall be as dear to me as my own children; it shall be my object to ascertain their wants and to remedy them: with them I will share all I possess. As for those who from indolence or fear are unwilling to participate in the perils and glory of this expedition, let them remain at home, if they will: their absence will not be regretted, for I do not wish to have cowards in my army." These words, says the Russian annalist, produced the desired effect; the murmurs ceased, and the soldiers exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Let us march! We will follow our young sovereign wherever it pleases him to lead us: he will recompense our services, and will not forget us."

But while Ivan was thus busy in his preparations for setting out, sad and discouraging news arrived in Moscow relative to the land he was about to invade. The new Khan, Yediguer, had not
been less active than the Muscovite Tzar, nor less successful in his projects. By dint of promises or threats, he had induced the whole of the mountain tribes which had previously acknowledged the Russian dominion to revolt, and to wage an incessant warfare against the latter. Provisions, ammunition, clothing, all were intercepted, all were taken. A large army of Crimean Tartars, headed by a relation of Yediguer's, was reported to be on its way to besiege Moscow. The Tzar learned likewise that, in the midst of these evils, a new one, that threatened to exterminate the entire body of the Russian troops in Sviask, had been added to the preceding, namely, a terrible and contagious disease, which had broken out in the town, and which hourly swept off hundreds of the Muscovite soldiers.

In this unprosperous state of things Ivan left his capital at the head of his troops. His separation from his wife, Anastasia, whom he loved so well, is touchingly recorded in the Russian annals. Far advanced as she was in pregnancy, and on the eve of giving an heir to Ivan and the Russian throne, she wept bitterly, and clung to the arms of her husband as if resolved to prevent his departure. The young Tzar evinced a firmness in that trying moment that struck and astonished the spectators of the scene: he endeavoured to console his weeping bride; he told her that he had to fulfil his duty as Tzar, and that to die for his country would be his glory. Invoking
the protection of the Most High on his suffering and despondent spouse, he is said to have exclaimed, "Pray for me, Anastasia, in the midst of danger, and to prayer add good deeds, that your prayers may be heard. In your hands I place my sovereign power: cherish the poor and unfortunate, open the prison-gates, remove the chains even from the criminal and the condemned, if you find it advisable; do this during my absence, and trust that God will protect me for your sake; nay, that he will reward me for the sacrifices I am forced to make for the good of my country." These words inspired Anastasia with an almost miraculous courage. She removed her arms from Ivan, whom she had hitherto held with an almost convulsive embrace, and flinging herself on her knees, she prayed aloud for the health, the victory, and the glory of her husband. Ivan, casting a farewell glance on Anastasia, bent his steps to a neighbouring church: there he prayed long and fervently, after which he rose, and embraced the clergy, the nobles, and the people present, all of whom melted into tears. Quitting the church, he mounted his horse, and rode to the village of Kolomna, where his troops were assembled. The exact number of the latter is not mentioned in the Russian annals, but we may infer it to have been great, judging from the words of the annalist, who exclaims, "that it seemed as if all Russia was under arms." From Kolomna, the Tzar marched to the
town of Vladimir. On his arrival he repaired to the church in which lay enshrined the ashes of St. Alexander Nevsky, who in days of yore had once vanquished the enemies of Russia and driven them from its soil; and prostrating himself at the foot of his tomb, he fervently implored the aid of the hero-saint in favour of his enterprise.

At Vladimir the Tzar learnt that the invading force of Crimean Tartars before alluded to had arrived at Toula, and were preparing to besiege that town. Ivan in consequence immediately marched to meet the Khan. A bloody battle ensued, but the victory remained with the Tzar, into whose hands fell the greatest part of the enemy's cannon, with a multitude of prisoners, camels, and trophies.

After this victory Ivan continued his march with renewed spirits. Though forced to penetrate through deserts and thick forests, the Russian army appears to have experienced neither privation nor want of nourishment on its way. "We took with us," writes an eye-witness, "no provisions whatsoever; nature everywhere furnished us with an abundant table; at every minute we encountered wild herds of cattle; the rivers teemed with fishes of divers species, and the birds of the air fell at our feet." Sometimes a Tchouvash or Tcheremisse village was found on the way; on these occasions the inhabitants supplied the soldiers with bread and hydromel. The Tzar partook of the same food and drank the
same beverage as his soldiers. None complained of hardship; and sobriety, contentment, and hope reigned throughout the army.

On the 13th of August the army arrived at Sviask, a town which owed its existence to a happy thought of the Tzar’s, and which, as a Russian writer remarks, rose on the very frontiers of Mahometanism, like a banner that spoke of the glory and triumph of Christianity. With the liveliest satisfaction the young monarch made his entry into this stronghold, escorted by a detachment of light cavalry, and accompanied by the clergy of the town and the heads of his army. His first visit was to the cathedral, where he assisted at the performance of Divine service; after which, the priests and the Boyars congratulated him as the conqueror and the master of the country of Sviask. He then traversed the town, examining attentively its fortifications, streets, and houses, and testifying his delight and approbation. Enchanted with the picturesque situation of this town, he is said to have remarked to his Boyars, “that the whole of Russia could not offer a similar landscape.” A house had been prepared for his reception; he refused however to inhabit it, exclaiming, “We are on our march;” and, mounting his steed, he returned to his tent, in the midst of his soldiers.

The Russian annalists advert with pride to the singular and striking scene which this new citadel
presented on this occasion: a multitude of merchants, with various species of merchandise, had arrived thither from Moscow, Yaroslav, and Nijney Novogorod; the port was crowded with barks loaded with provisions; the banks of the river Volga presented the appearance of a fair; on the sands, or on benches, were spread various rich European and Asiatic wares; "all felt," as remarks the annalist, "as at home; all had wherewith to eat well and drink well, regale their friends, and make merry." Little wonder is there that the Russian soldiers, worn out with fatigue, should have wished, as they did, to take rest in the midst of this scene of plenty and pleasure; but Ivan resolved to push forward without delay to Kazan. Summoning Schig Alei, who was a near relative of Yediguer's, and the members of his privy council, he intimated this intention to them. Schig Alei undertook to write to Yediguer, "soliciting him earnestly not to persevere in his inconsiderate opposition, nor to consider himself the equal of a great Christian monarch; and advising him to submit without delay, to come to the Russian camp, where, he assured him, the Tzar would welcome him with forgiveness and even friendship." To the Tartar grandees he addressed another paper, informing them, "that Ivan did not wish their ruin, but their repentance; that if they were willing to give up the leaders of the rebellion, all others would be left in peace under his happy
sway.” These two papers were forwarded to Kazan, by a Tartar, on the 15th of August, and on the following day the army re-commenced its march.

Two days after, the Tzar, at the head of one hundred and fifty thousand warriors, prepared to cross the Volga. The passage was however effected with considerable difficulty, in consequence of a heavy and continued fall of rain. This evil hourly increased; the roads became almost impracticable, while the Volga, overflowing its banks, inundated all the plains in its vicinity. The Tartars had likewise taken care to destroy all the bridges and ferrying-places on the various rivers. Spite of these obstacles, the Russian army arrived, with little loss, on the banks of the river Kazanka. Here Ivan received from Yediguer an answer to his double missive: in this reply, the Tzar, Russia, and the whole of Christendom, were treated with equal contempt. “You are welcome,” wrote Yediguer, “right welcome! it is not the first time we have seen your armies beneath our walls; your vain attempts have always ended in a pusillanimous retreat, which has furnished us with a laugh at your expense. Once more you have thought fit to pay us a visit: come then, you are welcome; the banquet is prepared, we await but your presence to begin the revel.”

Such were the contemptuous and insulting expressions with which the Tartars, confiding in their courage, hailed the approach of the formidable
army, which Ivan was leading beneath the walls of their city. But the scene was soon to change: the last hour of Kazan sway and Kazan independence was at hand,—the hour that was to see its pride humbled, its empire annihilated, its sovereign a prisoner, and its brave defenders, now so confident and reckless, all laid prostrate on a bloody bier. Never did the glory of Kazan shine more brightly than at the moment of its downfall; never had its sons evinced a more heroic valour, than on that memorable occasion. The victory remained with the invader, but it was gained at a terrible price; and the heaps of Christian corpses which lay in thousands on the plain, proved how cruelly effective had been the blade of the Tartars, and what an irreconcilable hatred had nerved their arm, in this last struggle for their honour, their religion, and the independence of their country.

II.

It was at an early hour of the morning when Kazan, with its lofty minarets and majestic mosques, first presented itself, enveloped in a mist, to the sight of the Russian Tzar. That moment was a solemn one: upon a given signal the whole army suddenly suspended its march; then, amidst the sound of trumpets and other martial instruments, a banner was seen to rise and to float proudly in the air. Sacred was that banner to the Russians;
for it had waved in the hands of Dmitry Donskoi, nearly two hundred years before, at the time when that prince vanquished the Tartars, and saved his country from threatened destruction.

At the sight of this glorious memorial, Ivan and his soldiers knelt upon the earth. The Tzar, making religiously the sign of the cross, exclaimed aloud, "Almighty God! it is in thy name that we march against the infidel." Divine service was then performed. At the termination of this ceremony, the Tzar addressed a few words to his army —swore not to abandon the widows and orphans of those who should fall in the struggle, and made a solemn vow to sacrifice his life, if necessary, to ensure the triumph of the Christians.

Ivan and his warriors then advanced beneath the walls of Kazan. A deep and inconceivable silence reigned throughout the town: its streets and habitations seemed abandoned, so profound was the tranquillity that existed at that moment. Not even a sentinel was to be seen on the ramparts, and many of the Russian voyevodes were of opinion that the Tartar Khan, terrified at the approach of the Muscovites, had fled with his army and the entire population of Kazan to the neighbouring forests.

But hardly had the Russian troops crossed the canal called Boulac, from whence the palace of the Khans and the numerous mosques of the city became clearly evident, when a terrible noise
succeeded the deep silence which had hitherto astonished the assailants. "The air," says Karamzin, "rang with yells of rage and fury." The massive gates of the fortress rolled upon their hinges with a hissing sound, and fifteen thousand Tartars, horse and foot, rushed upon the Muscovite Strelitz*, who, unable to resist this impetuous and unexpected shock, gave way and fled in disorder: their complete destruction would have been inevitable, had not a fresh legion arrived in time to protect them. A bloody struggle then ensued, and continued to rage till the Tartars thought fit to retire within the walls of the fortress from which they had a few hours previous so fearlessly sallied.

The first night which the Russians passed under the ramparts of Kazan was both ominous and discouraging. A violent tempest broke out about midnight: the tents of the soldiers, and even that of the Tzar, were torn to pieces by the wind; the barges which had been sent from Moscow with provisions all sunk beneath the stormy waters of the Volga; consternation spread through the Russian army, and many of the voyevodes believed that the Tzar, in this critical emergency, would be forced to make a precipitate and disgraceful retreat. Ivan however did not lose courage; he sent without delay to Sviask for provisions, and to Moscow for warm clothing for the soldiers, and openly

* Strelitz, ancient Russian troops, destroyed by Peter the Great.
declared his intention of establishing his winter-quarters under the walls of Kazan, should the tempestuous weather prevent the continuation of the siege.

In the meantime the Tartars day and night continued to make furious and almost hourly sallies from the town. The Russians could scarcely enjoy a moment's risk. This ardour on the part of the besieged lasted several days; at length however their impetuosity appeared to have abated, not from a diminution of courage, but from total exhaustion. Every prisoner that was taken by the Russians affirmed the same fact, that the inhabitants of Kazan were prepared to die, but had resolved never to yield their native town to the invaders as long as there remained a single man capable of raising a sword in its defence.

Although these frequent sorties had caused the Tartars a considerable loss of men, the rage which animated them had by no means diminished, as the following circumstance will prove. The Tzar, in hopes of inducing the inhabitants to surrender without a further effusion of blood, had ordered all the prisoners he had taken to be attached to stakes, near the trenches, in order that the latter, by their prayers and supplications, might induce their fellow-citizens to save them from threatened death by opening the gates of the city to the Russians. The Tartars, however, in answer to their entreaties,
directed a volley of arrows against their unfortunate companions, exclaiming, "It is better that they should receive death from the hands of true believers, than from those of the accursed Giaours." This ferocious act of fanaticism filled the Tzar and the whole of his army with horror, and proved to the invaders that they had to deal with enemies whose extermination alone could ensure victory.

One of the Tartar warriors who most distinguished himself during this siege was a Prince called Yapantcha, who is reported in the Muscovite annals to have performed prodigies of valour. Concealed with a small band of followers in a neighbouring forest, he at every instant precipitated himself on the Russian camp, killing hundreds of his enemies, and spreading terror and panic at every fresh attack. By means of signals he had established a communication with the inhabitants of Kazan, and a banner, planted on a lofty tower, gave him to understand the most favourable moment for attacking the Russian troops. He found means to intercept every supply of provisions for the invading army, and so effectually that the latter began to suffer most cruelly from hunger. This terrible foe at length caused such an extreme discouragement among the Muscovite soldiers, that the Tzar was forced to assemble his Boyars in council, to take measures for the removal of the evil. A tolerable idea may be formed of the consideration in
which Yapantcha and his followers were held, from the number of the troops that were sent against him,—no less than thirty thousand horse and fifteen thousand foot-soldiers, under the command of a brave, experienced general, Prince Alexander Gorbaty Shouisky. This army marched to the forest of Arsk, in which our hero was concealed. Its leaders thought fit to employ a stratagem to ensure success. Hardly had the Russians appeared upon the plain of Arsk, ere Yapantcha, at the head of his gallant band, rushed upon them with his usual intrepidity. The Russians, pretending to be defeated, took to flight after a short struggle, while Yapantcha, unable to restrain his impetuosity, and considering his enemies routed, pursued them vigorously towards the town. In the meantime a fresh corps had arranged itself on the borders of the forest, and having intercepted all communication with this place of refuge, the entire army of the Muscovites fell upon Yapantcha and his deluded band. Overwhelmed by numbers, surrounded on every side by relentless foes, there remained for this brave prince no other alternative save that of yielding himself a prisoner or dying sword in hand; he chose the latter, and, fighting resolutely to the last, fell bravely with his gallant companions, all of whom, even without one single exception, were exterminated.

This formidable enemy once removed, the Russians regained their former ardour, and proceeded
to attack a stronghold erected by the Tartars in the neighbourhood of the forest of Arsk, and situated between two marshes; this fort was surrounded by a double palisade, a rampart of earth, and a deep trench: its position rendered it almost impregnable. The assault took place; both the assailants and assailed performed prodigies of valour, but the Russians succeeded in getting possession of the place. The whole of the garrison died at their post of duty, and the earth was covered with heaps of mutilated bodies. On the following day the victors advanced to the town of Arsk, situated in a pleasant and wonderfully fertile locality, where the grandees of Kazan possessed their country-seats and rich villas. The citizens of Arsk abandoned their dwellings on the approach of the Russians, who found in the deserted town abundance of provisions, consisting of cattle, poultry, bread, honey, etc. etc., as well as divers kinds of furs, and numerous objects of great value. "The Russians," say the chronicles, "lived in the midst of abundance, took what they wished, burnt the neighbouring villages, massacred the inhabitants, sparing the women and children alone." Having likewise rescued many Christians, whom the Tartar nobles had employed as slaves, the Russian army returned to the camp of Ivan, bringing with them such a profusion of cattle and other articles of food, that from that moment, the annalists
inform us, "provisions became so cheap, that a cow might be bought for ten dengas (a Russian farthing), and an ox for twenty." The Tzar and his followers were full of joy.

But this success was soon followed by evils that converted this joy into sorrow. The weather suddenly changed; heavy rain, unusual at this period of the year, fell incessantly; the winds became so boisterous that nothing could resist their violence; and this fury of the elements at last became so awful and irresistible as to induce the Muscovites to attribute these evils to supernatural influence. Prince Andrew Kourbsky, who distinguished himself for his valour during this siege, and who wrote an historical work relative to Russia at this period, assures us, as a solemn fact, "that the magicians of Kazan every morning at sunrise betook themselves regularly to the ramparts of the fortress, that there they uttered frightful cries, placing themselves in the most hideous and contorted attitudes, agitating their robes, and exciting, by means of infernal spells and sorcery, tempests, gusts of wind, and torrents of rain, so that in a short space of time the driest spots were converted into marshes, the tents flooded with water, and the soldiers were wet from morn till night." This firm belief in the supernatural agency which the Tartars employed, became so strong in the minds, not only of the soldiers, but even in that of the Tzar and his Boyars,
that Ivan was forced to hold a council, in which it was resolved that measures should be taken without delay to destroy this diabolical influence. All were unanimously of opinion that, to thwart the powers of hell and its demons, it was advisable to employ the powers of heaven,—at least those which its ministers had at their disposal, and could turn to account in this critical emergency. Accordingly messengers were despatched to Moscow, with orders to bring from thence the Miraculous Cross of the Tzars. On its arrival in Kazan a grand ceremony took place: the whole camp was asperged with holy water, after which Prince Kourbsky assures us "the fine weather returned, the army recovered from its panic, and from that moment the Tartar enchanters, abandoned by the devils, their allies and coadjutors, lost their former power."

Convinced that they had no longer to contend with demons as well as men, the Russian troops recommenced operations with redoubled activity. Ivan had in his suite a foreign engineer, a Scotchman by birth, who rendered the Tzar no small service during this siege. By his advice, a huge tower of wood was erected opposite the principal entrance of the fortress called the "Royal Gate;" and on its summit were placed sixty pieces of cannon, ten of which were of a considerable magnitude. This terrible battery, raised high above the fortifications, kept up a continued fire against the fortress. The
defenders of Kazan still however stood firm, and replied from the ramparts by an unceasing discharge of musketry, which caused great ravage among the Russian troops. On this occasion, Ivan once more repeated his former propositions of peace to the besieged; informing them, that if they were unwilling to surrender themselves prisoners, they were at liberty to go, with their Khan, wherever they pleased, and to take with them their property, wives, and children; that all he sought, was to gain possession of the town, built by force on the Russian territory: to these, and other propositions, the inhabitants of Kazan,—unbent by suffering, and unawed by peril, returned as disdainful an answer as that they had given on the first approach of the Muscovite Tzar.

In the meantime the Russians had been actively employed in advancing the wooden tower nearer and nearer to the fortress, until at length it was only separated from the very wall by a deep moat, about twenty feet wide. This had not been accomplished however without great bloodshed. Day and night both armies had been incessantly engaged. On one occasion, when, worn out with fatigue, the Russian soldiers had laid aside for a moment their arms, the inhabitants of Kazan, to the number of ten thousand, sallied from the fortress, and rushed towards the tower with such impetuosity, that the Russians, abandoning their posts, took to flight in
the greatest disorder. The moveable tower, with all its artillery, was at that moment in the hands of the Tartars. The Moscovite voyevodes felt the imperious necessity of regaining their cannon, the loss of which would probably have obliged them to raise the siege. Accordingly, Prince Vorotinsky and the principal Boyars of Ivan rushed, sword in hand, upon the Tartars, calling out to the fugitives to return and aid them. The latter, seeing the heads of the army struggling with thousands, regained their courage, and returned once more to the struggle, exclaiming, "We will not abandon our fathers." The battle was in consequence renewed with redoubled energy. In the meantime, several other corps of the Russian army arrived, one after the other, at the scene of contest. The Tartars, though forced to contend with enemies three times their number, still stood firm, and defended for a long time the trophies they had taken; at length however they were forced to give way, and to retire once more within the walls of the city. This combat is reported in the Russian annals as one of the bloodiest and most fatal that occurred during this siege.

The Russians had now been upwards of five weeks under the walls of Kazan, during which time, although more than ten thousand Tartars had been killed, partly by the Russian artillery, partly in the various combats that had taken place, yet the difficulty of getting possession of the city seemed as
great as ever. Winter likewise was drawing near; and its approach caused more dread among the Muscovite troops, than even the dangers and the evils of the siege. Ivan, in consequence, finding that the whole army anxiously desired the termination of the enterprise, began to take measures for a general assault. In order to diminish the dangers of this project, as well as to strike a severe blow at the besieged, the Tzar ordered a mine to be dug under the Gate of Arsk, near which the Tartar barracks were situated, and where the defenders of Kazan had formed subterranean excavations to hide themselves from the fire of the Russian cannoniers. This mine finished, Ivan ordered the match to be applied. Nothing could surpass the horror and consternation of the inhabitants of Kazan when the unexpected explosion, like the shock of an earthquake, took place; and for a few minutes the silence of the grave reigned throughout the town. The Russians took advantage of that moment of general panic to penetrate into the city. Their approach restored to the Tartars their presence of mind; they rushed to encounter the assailants, and, after a warm struggle, succeeded in driving them from the ramparts, all of which were cleared, with the exception of one tower, called the Arsk Turret, which Prince Vorotinsky took possession of, and from which the Tartars strove in vain to drive him. This gallant Prince,
when his companions in arms retired from the fortress, is said to have exclaimed to the voyevodes, "Return soon, we will await your arrival here;" and he kept his word.

On the following day the Tzar announced to his soldiers his intention to execute the general assault, which the Russian annalists have called "the Grand Exploit." Having arranged his troops in the most advantageous manner, and established several mines under the walls and principal turrets of the fortress, he ordered that every soldier, "previous to drinking the general cup of blood*, should purify his soul by prayer, and receive the holy communion." This accomplished, Ivan resolved to try for the third time, whether the voice of persuasion might not influence the Tartars in that hour of danger; accordingly he sent several venerable old men, whom he had taken prisoners, to Kazan, with offers to forgive the inhabitants their resistance, if they would yield up the town without bloodshed. But the answer of the latter proved how useless was all attempt at persuasion or remonstrance with men to whom death was as nothing. "We seek no pardon," said these gallant warriors; "let the Russians occupy our towers and level our walls, we fear them not—we will construct new towers and raise new walls; and once more we repeat, that either our bodies shall be buried lifeless under the ruins

* Such is the expression in the Russian Annals.
of Kazan, or we will force our enemies to raise the siege.” Having received this answer, Ivan fixed the morrow for the assault.

The night which preceded the execution of this perilous undertaking was spent, by both the besiegers and besieged, in active preparations for attack and defence: none thought that night of rest.

On the 2nd of October, 1552*, a date so memorable in the Russian annals, the assault was accomplished. The events of that celebrated day have been so admirably described by the Russian historian Karamzin, that I do not remember ever having read a page of the history of any country more eloquent or more interesting. I give therefore the details as he relates them.

III.

“Day,” says the historian, “dawned upon a pure and unclouded sky. The inhabitants of Kazan were stationed upon the ramparts of the fortress, while the Russians stood at the foot of the walls; the Muscovite banners floated in the wind, and the

* Is it not a singular coincidence that the present campaign which Russia has undertaken against Turkey, should have begun, at least actively, in the same month, and in the year '53 of the 19th century. There are doubtless many who will attach some importance to this coincidence of events and dates, and, who, trifling as the circumstance really is, will add its weight to the prophecy which has existed in Russia for upwards of 400 years, namely, that in the year 1854 Constantinople is to fall into the hands of the Russian Tzars.
profound silence of the army, which had not yet received the order to commence the assault, was interrupted only by the shrill sound of our martial instruments jarring discordantly with those of the enemy. The Tartars gazed fiercely at our troops, while our archers, bow in hand, and the cannoneers with lighted matches, stood awaiting the signal for slaughter. The Russian camp was almost entirely deserted; scarce a sound was heard there save the solemn chant of the priests, who were celebrating the holy mass in the presence of the Tzar and some of his most illustrious Boyars. At length the sun appeared on the horizon; at that very moment, and when the deacon engaged in reading the Gospel was pronouncing the words 'There shall exist but one flock and one shepherd,' a frightful explosion, which made the earth tremble and shook the church to its very foundations, was suddenly heard. The Tzar having advanced to the threshold perceived the terrible effect of the mines. The town was completely enveloped in darkness; a horrible medley of mutilated corpses and ruins, cast into the air in the midst of volumes of dense smoke, fell back upon the fortress. Divine service was for a moment interrupted; but the Tzar, concealing his emotion, re-entered the church and caused the Liturgy to be continued. Whilst the deacon, praying with a loud voice, was addressing pious invocations to Heaven, that it would deign
to strengthen the power of the Tzar, and place at his feet the enemies of Russia, a second explosion, more terrible than the former, was heard, followed by the cry of the whole army, 'Bokh snami!' (God is with us!) At the same moment the Russian battalions precipitated themselves on the fortress, where the Tartars, displaying a wonderful intrepidity, and invoking Allah and Mahomet, awaited them with a firm step. They allowed the assailants to approach within a certain distance without bending a bow or discharging a single musket, but on a given signal they suddenly let fly such a volley of bullets, stones, and arrows, that the very air was darkened. In the meantime the Russians, encouraged by the example of their chiefs, reached the foot of the ramparts. The Tartars rolled upon them from the summit of the walls enormous wooden beams, which crushed numbers as they advanced; they poured boiling water on the heads of the assailants, and, recklessly braving danger and death, they exposed themselves openly to the fire of our batteries and musketry. In that critical moment, the least delay would have been attended with results fatal to the invaders. Their number diminished every minute; many fell dead or mortally wounded; others, struck with terror, abandoned their arms, but the more intrepid re-animated by their heroism their intimidated comrades. These might be seen precipitating themselves in the
breaches made by the cannon, scaling the walls with ladders, clinging to the parapets, climbing on the heads and shoulders of their companions, and fighting hand to hand with the besieged in every direction.

"At length, when divine service was completed, the Tzar mounted his war-horse, and advanced towards the scene of the conflict: ere he arrived at the spot, the banner of the Christians was seen floating above the walls of the fortress, while the army of reserve welcomed with a thousand acclamations both the approach of their monarch and victory.

"But the victory was not yet entirely decisive. The Tartars, broken through on every side, hurled from the ramparts and the turrets, with the madness of despair, formed themselves into columns in the streets and alleys of the town, where they still struggled, scimitar and poniard in hand, with the Russians. Never was a mêlée more bloody: the walls of the houses, the very roofs were disputed by both parties; the earth was covered with severed limbs and mutilated bodies. Prince Vorotinsky was the first who brought the news to the Tzar that the Russians were masters of the town, but he added, that the combat continued to rage with unabated fury, and that it was urgently necessary to succour the troops. Ivan immediately sent forward a division of his own guards, with several voyevodes.
Having received this assistance, the Russians soon became victorious in every direction, and succeeded in repulsing the Tartars even into the very palace of the Khan, which was surrounded with fortifications. Yediguer himself, after defending for some time the entrance of his palace, and vainly endeavouring to repulse the assailants, accompanied by the most illustrious of his warriors, slowly retired from the castle towards that part of the town called the 'Teretzsky Ravine;' here he suddenly halted, and then made a new and desperate attack upon the Russian troops. That attack for a time turned the balance of victory on the side of the Tartars.

"The Russians, masters of a town celebrated for its wealth and magnificence, unable to resist the temptation which its treasures excited, abandoned their posts, and rushed to pillage the shops and houses; even the officers, whom the Tzar had sent forward for the express purpose of repressing this disorder, allowed themselves to be equally influenced by this thirst for riches, and forgot their orders in the midst of the seducing occasion. The cowards also, who in the heat of the combat had flung themselves on the earth, feigning to be dead or wounded, now arose, full of life and vigour, and rushed to participate in the general pillage. Even that portion of the Russian troops charged with the care of the ammunition and waggons, together with
a great crowd, consisting of victuallers, vendors, and labourers, hurried likewise into the town, loading themselves with objects of gold and silver, furs, stuffs, and numerous other articles of value, which they brought back to the camp, where there existed a scene of inexpressible confusion.

"It was in the midst of this disorder, that Yediguer, with a small but chosen band of Tartars, charged vigorously that portion of the Russian army which had remained faithful to its duty: the attack was so impetuous that the latter were forced to give way; their retreat at the same time spread consternation among the pillagers, who took tumultuously to flight, and flung themselves from the summit of the walls and ramparts, exclaiming, 'All is lost! sauve qui peut!'

"The Tzar, in the midst of the panic and disorder of his troops, which induced him to suppose that the Tartars had repulsed the whole of his army from the town, showed nevertheless, on this occasion, uncommon presence of mind and courage. 'He was surrounded,' writes Prince Kourbsky, 'by the venerable counsellors of his empire, grown grey in arms and the practice of virtue.' Obedient to their advice, the Tzar had the magnanimity to place himself, with the Christian banner in his hands, at the entrance called the Royal Gate, in order to stop the fugitives. Half of his select cavalry, consisting of twenty thousand men, alighted
from their horses, and penetrated on foot into the town, followed by the aged nobles, placed thus in the same ranks with their children. This troop, fresh and valiant, clad in glittering armour, precipitated itself like a thunderbolt on the Tartars. The latter resisted long and bravely; at last, having formed themselves into close battalions, they retreated in good order towards a high stone mosque, wherein the Imams, Mollahs, and other ministers of the Prophet were assembled. It was not with presents, humble solicitations, or prayers for mercy, that the latter came to the rencontre of the Russians; but sword in hand, and urged by the most ferocious despair, they rushed upon our ranks, where they were all sacrificed.

"Yediguer, with the small remnant of his gallant troops, retreated once more to the palace of the Khans, where he defended himself for upwards of an hour; the Russians however succeeded in breaking down the gates and forcing an entrance. What an astonishing spectacle struck their notice!—the wives and daughters of the Tartars, dressed in their richest costumes, were there to intercept the advance of the invaders; there they had assembled, with no other defence save their youth and charms, while their fathers, husbands, and brothers, surrounding the person of their king, continued to fight with the ardour of desperation. At last the Tartars, in number about ten thousand, retired through a
gate at the back of the palace, which led to the lower portion of the town. Prince Kourbsky, at the head of two hundred warriors, endeavoured to intercept their passage: he barred up the narrow streets and lanes, and opposed fresh obstacles to their retreat at every moment; the Prince remained courageously at his post until he was joined by a portion of the Russian troops, who fell upon the rear of the Tartars. The latter, surrounded on every side by their enemies, without a hope of safety, and forced as they advanced to trample at every step upon the dead bodies of their comrades, worked nevertheless their way to the outer wall of the town; arrived here, they placed Yediguer in safety in a strong tower, and expressed a desire to parley with the besiegers. The Voyevode Dmitry Paletsky immediately upon this ordered his troops to cease the combat, and advanced towards the Tartars. 'Listen!' exclaimed the latter; 'as long as our government existed we were ready to die in defence of our prince and country. Kazan is now in your power; we yield up to you our sovereign, alive and unwounded, for we are no longer able to defend him from injury; lead him to your Tzar; for our part, we will descend into the plain, resolved to drain with you in battle the last drop of the cup of life.' They then delivered their Khan Yediguer to the care of Paletsky, together with an aged noble, one of the principal dignitaries of the state, and
two Mamitchis, or companions of the fallen monarch. A few minutes after, the battle recommenced with renewed fury. The Tartars at first directed their retreat towards the right of the Russian camp, but, encountered by the artillery in that direction, they turned to the left, and casting aside their cumbersome armour, they forded across the river Kazanka. Their number had now diminished to five thousand. This remnant, met by a division of Russian cavalry under the command of Prince Kourbsky and his brother Romann, still continued to fight with the intrepidity of men who feared not death; the Russians, after undergoing a terrible loss, were forced to give way, while the Tartars, continuing their retreat, advanced towards a thick forest, in which they sought a shelter. Feeble as they were now and few in numbers, their astonishing valour and heroism still rendered them objects of terror to the invaders; the Tsar therefore despatched a division of light cavalry, to cut off their retreat from the forest. Encountered by this fresh troop, the Tartars still continued the fatal and useless struggle: 'Not one of them,' say the Russian annalists, 'yielded himself a prisoner,' and the few that were taken were covered with wounds, which had rendered them incapable of defence.

"The town, now completely in the hands of the besiegers, was on fire in several directions: the battle had ceased, but not the effusion of blood,
for the conquerors, irritated by the vigorous and obstinate defence of their enemies, massacred cruelly all whom they met with, in the mosques, houses, and cellars. The court of the palace, the streets, ramparts, and ravines, were encumbered with thousands of dead bodies; the plain between the town and the Kazanka presented the same scene. The discharge of the artillery and musketry was no longer heard, but the clang of the sword, the shrieks of the dying, and the cries of the victors, succeeded these frightful explosions. It was then that Prince Vorotinsky, commander-in-chief of the army, sent off a message to the Tzar, which ran as follows:—

'Rejoice, Prince! your valour and good-fortune have ensured you the victory; Kazan is in our power, its Khan at your mercy; the Tartars are all destroyed or taken prisoners; incalculable riches have fallen into our hands. We await your orders.'

"'Glory be to the Most High!' exclaimed the Tzar, raising his hands to heaven. Immediately after he ordered a Te Deum to be sung near the sacred banner, and having, with his own hands, planted the holy Cross on the principal gate of the fortress, he marked out a spot for the erection of the first Christian temple in this Mussulman land.

"On the 3rd of October the dead were buried, and the whole town entirely cleaned. The following day the Tzar, accompanied by his clergy, the
members of the council, and the generals and chiefs of his army, made a solemn entry into Kazan, and laid the first stone, in the spot he had previously chosen, of the ‘Cathedral of the Visitation;’ he then accompanied a procession round the town, and consecrated Kazan to the true God. The clergy sprinkled the streets, walls, and houses with holy water. Invoking the benediction of the Almighty on this new rampart of the Christian faith, they supplicated Him to preserve its inhabitants from all diseases, to sustain their courage, and to render this conquest henceforth the glorious inheritance of Russia. The Tzar then gave orders to repair as quickly as possible the fortifications, and, accompanied by his voyevodes and dignitaries, he betook himself to the Palace of the Khans, on which the Christian banner was now floating*."

* I know not why, but while writing the preceding pages I feel as if I was describing the fate of Constantinople and the triumph of the Russian arms. Various circumstances, which establish a singular resemblance between the events of the two campaigns, combine to strengthen the impression. Read the manifesto of the Emperor Nicholas, and you will find its language bearing the same tone and the same confidence of success as that of Ivan Vassilievitch (see page 93). In both campaigns, in the month of December, the first events of the campaign were favourable to the Mahometans, and unfavourable to the Christians. But reverses did not discourage Ivan Vassilievitch: his purpose once formed, he pursued it manfully in the very teeth of misfortune, and, thanks to the energy, firmness, and perseverance of his character, he gained his end. These qualities are known to be the prominent traits in the character of the Emperor Nicholas.
IV.

In this manner fell the Kingdom of Kazan, rendered doubly celebrated, even in its downfall, by the warlike spirit and fanatic defence of its population. Ivan Vassilievitch now turned his thoughts towards securing this new conquest. He addressed proclamations to the Mussulman and Pagan inhabitants of all the neighbouring lands, inviting them to acknowledge his empire, and offering them peace and protection. These latter, terrified by the destruction of Kazan and the fate of its inhabitants, had sought refuge in the adjoining forests; but reassured by the promises of Ivan, they returned to Whatever be the result therefore of the present campaign—whether it resemble in its consequences the one we have described—whether the power of Russia be destined in 1854 to destroy the sway of the Turks, as in 1552 it overthrew the dominion of the Tartars—or whether it be ordained by the Most High that peace should be restored without any further effusion of blood, and things should remain on their former footing—who can say? Still, the author repeats, as he penned the page before him he felt that he was depicting the fate of Turkey, which, if it does not fall upon this nation at the present day, must inevitably be its doom at some future period, and one not so far remote but that we may still live to witness it. The day is certainly at hand when these direst enemies of Christianity will no longer be masters of the Holy Land and of the Sepulchre of Christ, and when the followers of Mahomet will cease to sully with their presence the most beautiful portion of Europe, where millions of Christians lie hourly at their mercy, with no other protection save that of the dread of retribution, which alone, as every one knows, arrests the hand of the fanatical Infidel.
their villages, and sent their elders, to take in their name, an oath of allegiance to the Tzar.

Yediguer, the last monarch of Kazan, was now presented to the conqueror. The valour he had evinced excited the admiration of Ivan; and the generosity which he subsequently showed towards his fallen enemy, forms a noble trait in the history of his reign. Yediguer was some time after converted to the Christian faith, and was baptized, under the name of Simeon. He became, we are told, the friend of Ivan. It was a strange circumstance in the life of this prince, that he, whose crown and sceptre had been torn from him by the Russian Tzar, should be destined to wield the sceptre and occupy the throne of the Russian empire; such however was the case. After the death of Anastasia, the virtuous and much-loved spouse of Ivan, the latter, in despair, convoked an assembly of his grandees. He declared, on that occasion, that nothing could console him for the loss he had suffered; that, weary of life and terrestrial glory, he had formed the resolution of abdicating the throne, in order to occupy himself with one sole object—the safety of his immortal soul. He appointed Yediguer to take the reins of government he was about to abandon; the latter refused however to accept the charge. Ivan insisted, and added threats to his entreaties. Yediguer was forced to obey: he received the title of
Tzar, while Ivan reserved for himself that of Grand Duke.

But to return to Kazan. The Russians, in possession of this town, did not however enjoy the repose they had hoped would be the result of their conquest. A rebellion broke out among the inhabitants of the mountains some few months after the return of Ivan to Moscow; a detachment of troops which was sent against the insurgents was totally annihilated. It was then that Ivan recollected the wise counsel which his Boyars had given him, to remain in Kazan until he had entirely subdued the savage nations with which this province was peopled. So great a discouragement is said to have existed at the court, that several members of the council are reported to have advised Ivan to abandon entirely a country so fatal to the Russians, and to withdraw his troops. The Tzar however rejected this timid counsel, and sent a fresh force against the insurgents. A long period elapsed before the rebellion could be quelled, and the effort cost the Russians an immense loss of men. At length the Russians became once more victorious; but for five succeeding years they continued to devastate, with fire and sword, this unfortunate country, which, according to the annalists, offered nothing else save heaps of ruins and funeral mounds.

From that period Russia remained in quiet and undisturbed possession of the kingdom of Kazan;
and in the year 1555, the Tzar, by a solemn decision of his clergy, erected a bishopric in this country, which had now become a Christian territory. The first archbishop was named Gouriy, and received after his death the honours of canonization; his tomb is still preserved in the cathedral of Kazan.

The ancient annals of Kazan offer no further events which are capable of interesting the general reader. Peace and tranquillity succeeded the storms and struggles, rife with ruin and slaughter, which had so long disturbed and devastated this country. The Tartars who had escaped from the sword were forced to build for themselves a new town, or suburb, in the plains which lay outside the walls of the city, on the banks of the lake called Kaban, which they still inhabit at the present day. The old town was rebuilt by order of Ivan. Its commerce soon began to flourish anew—the traces of desolation and ravage gradually disappeared—and in a few years Kazan, so lately the scene of war and bloodshed, presented the appearance of a rich and flourishing city. In this state it remained, gradually increasing in size and importance, till a fresh enemy, fire, in a series of most terrible conflagrations, reduced it on several occasions to ruins. Like a phœnix however, Kazan each time seems to have arisen from its ashes more beautiful and imposing than before. On each occasion it was quickly re-
built, on a new and improved plan. The number of public buildings were augmented, and continue yearly to augment, so that, at the present moment, Kazan, as we have before said, is certainly one of the finest towns in the empire, and, as regards the number of its inhabitants, its riches, and splendour, only yields the palm to the two Russian capitals, St. Petersburg and Moscow.
CHAPTER VI.

KAZAN AS IT WAS, AND AS IT IS.

I. PRINCE KOURBSKY'S DESCRIPTION.—II. OLEARIIUS IN KAZAN. —III. COMMERCE AND PRODUCTS OF KAZAN.—IV. THE INHABITANTS OF KAZAN.—V. AN EXTRAORDINARY Sect.—VI. STATISTICAL GLANCE AT THE TOWN.

I.

The province of Kazan is at the present day one of the most fertile in Russia; but, if we may give credit to one or two ancient authors, it was something almost miraculous in this respect at the period when it fell into the hands of the Russians.

Prince Kourbsky, who distinguished himself for his valour at the siege of Kazan, and of whom mention has already been made in a preceding page, relates in his "Annals" that on the arrival of the Muscovite army every kind of provision was found in profusion; that corn and grain of every species grew in a marvellous abundance; that oxen, sheep, and poultry were so numerous as scarcely to be numbered; that the most rare plants and vegetables were to be found in great quantities; in fine,
that the germ of every kind of riches existed in this country, especially valuable furs, squirrels, marmots, and sables, with which the woods and forests abounded. He concludes his panegyric by saying, that under the sun there exists not a richer and more fertile country.

This extraordinary admiration expressed by Prince Kourbsky is as inconceivable as that of the writer who describes the state of Kazan at the period of its foundation by Khan Batou. Certainly at the present day this province, although remarkable for its fertility and the produce of its forests and rivers, little merits such an extravagant eulogium; at all events, it will tend to prove the superiority of the government of Kazan over all those which surround it. The unbounded admiration of Prince Kourbsky may have arisen from two causes; the first, from its being natural that the Russians should endeavour to make the most of their new conquest; and secondly, that when the invading army arrived in Kazan, it had previously suffered so much privation for want of provisions, that the abundance it met with excited as much the wonder as the joy of the fatigued and exhausted soldiers. A hungry stomach is an admirable appreciator, but a very indifferent judge of good fare; and on this principle I believe may be explained both the extraordinary rapture of Prince Kourbsky, and that of the affamished hunters who accompanied Batou.
There exist little or no authentic details concerning the ancient town. We know however for certain that at the period when it fell into the hands of Ivan the Terrible, it was remarkable for its opulence and the flourishing state of its commerce. Almost all the houses were of wood. It is to Prince Kourbsky again that we are indebted for a few remarks on its position.

"When we arrived," writes the Prince, "near the town of Kazan, we saw that its position was a strong one. In an eastern direction flows the river Kazanka, and in a western the Boulac, a marshy and unhealthy stream, which throws itself into the Kazanka at the foot of a corner tower of the fortress. This stream issues from a lake called the Kaban, of considerable extent, and which is situated about half a verst from the town. When this stream is crossed, a large mountain, rugged and difficult of ascent, and situated betwixt the lake and the town, near the plain of Arsk, strikes the eye. From the Boulac extends a deep moat, which makes the circuit of the town, and finishes at a pool of stagnant water called 'Paganoye Ozer,' or the Polluted Lake, not far from the Kazanka. And on the banks of this river there rises a mountain, so high that it can scarcely be measured with the naked eye*. On it are built the palaces of the Khans, the town, and the mosques, which are mag-

* This description of the elevation on which the fortress of
nificent, and which serve as depositaries for the remains of the deceased sovereigns of Kazan. They are, as well as I recollect, five in number."

Such is the description which Prince Kourbsky gives of this town and of its position in 1552. Under the Russian dominion it underwent several changes. The mosques, which Kourbsky described as magnificent, were by order of the Tzar Ivan IV. levelled to the earth. The Tartars likewise were banished from the town, so that for nearly forty years not a single individual of this nation was to be found in the capital of their ancestors. Christian churches arose from the ruins of the Mahometan temples. The fortress, formerly constructed of wood, was rebuilt of stone, and flanked with several towers; and the town, in a short space of time, presented an appearance more imposing than ever.

II.

About eighty years after the conquest of Kazan, the celebrated Olearius, who accompanied the embassy sent by the King of Denmark to Russia, visited this town; and the brief description he gives us of its state at that period is valuable from the very dearth of information which exists on the subject. I quote the passage in his work to which I have referred.

Kazan stood, and stands at the present day, and which certainly merits more the appellation of a hillock than a mountain, speaks but little in favour of Prince Kourbsky’s veracity.
"Kazan," says he, "is the capital of the kingdom of Kazan. It is a great, rich, and flourishing town, and celebrated for the commerce it carries on in the East. All the houses, as well as its ramparts and fortifications, are constructed of wood. The fortress is however of stone; it is very well furnished with cannon, and possesses a well-organized garrison. The bed of the river Kazanka serves for a moat, and renders it in consequence of considerable importance. The fortress has its Voyevode, or Governor; and the town has likewise another, to keep an eye upon the inhabitants, and direct the concerns of government. The town is inhabited by both Muscovites and Tartars, but in the fortress the Muscovites alone are admitted, and the Tartars are forbidden to enter, upon pain of instant death."

Such was Kazan in the year 1635. The same author assures us that the country was very beautiful and fertile; he adds, that the Tartars of Kazan are more civilized than the other tribes of this race, and that they occupy themselves with commerce, which principally consists in furs.

Olearius had made the journey from Moscow to Kazan by water, and this part of his work is filled with a recital of the mishaps and misfortunes which occurred to him on the Volga. Sometimes his boat was carried away by the violence of the current; more than once it was thrown on sand-
banks; several times the cables were broken by tempests, and it lost its anchor,—in fine, he complains most bitterly of this luckless navigation*

He relates moreover, and credit may be given to his words, that he found near Kazan, on the bank of the river, a quantity of ice, which served to refresh the beverage of himself and companions. Although his journey was performed in the month of August, this recital is by no means calculated to excite the wonder of any one who has lived in these frigid climes; and I have myself seen, at the end of the month of June, on a shaded part of the mountain of Zilantoff, snow, which even the suffocating heat of two preceding months had not entirely been able to thaw.

On his return from Persia, Olearius visited Kazan a second time. This was in the month of November; the boat of our learned traveller stopped near a monastery, which I should imagine to have been that of Zilantoff. On the day subsequent to his arrival the river became frozen by the intensity of the cold.

The Boyar Ivan Vassilievitch Morosoff was at that time Governor of Kazan. Olearius, and the members of the embassy he accompanied, complain much of the inhospitable reception which this voye-

* I can both believe and sympathize with the troubles of Olearius, for I have made the same journey myself, have suffered the same evils, and others into the bargain.
vode gave them. They had had the precaution, on their arrival, to send to the latter their maître d'hôtel and their Muscovite interpreter, with the passport they had received from the Grand Duke of Moscow, soliciting at the same time a lodging in the town. The surly Boyar did not immediately grant their request, but ordered them to remain in their boat until he found it convenient to make known to them his reply.

The following day he sent a messenger to the boat, who asked Olearius, on the part of his master, which was the ambassador, and which the merchant*. The former, irritated at this uncourteous question, and shaking the messenger rather rudely by the arm, replied, "Am I a leader of bears? Go, tell your master, if he himself knows not how to read, that he should consult some one who can do so; he will then know the titles that the Grand Duke has given us."

The Governor, enraged at this message, revenged himself by leaving the Danes several days in their wretched boat, exposed to the rigour of a merciless cold. Olearius tells us that they suffered much, for they were very lightly clad.

After the lapse of a few days however they were permitted to reside in the suburbs of the town; and after the ambassador had seen the Governor, and had made him a few presents, the voyevode's anger

* A merchant accompanied this embassy.
was appeased, and he became in the end not only tractable, but even friendly.

It was in the month of December, the very heart of a Russian winter, that Olearius quitted Kazan, with an escort of sixty sledges—a mode of travelling quite novel and extraordinary to him and his companions.

III.

Such as it exists at the present day, Kazan certainly merits to be considered as the first and most important of the provincial towns of Russia. Its position near the Volga procures for it very great commercial advantages. It is but necessary to cast a glance at the thousand barks which, during the spring, visit and quit this town, all laden with merchandise of various kinds, to be enabled to form an idea of the flourishing state of its commerce. The Oural mountains, Astrachan, Siberia, China and other countries, send their productions to Kazan, which has in consequence become the emporium of Russian commerce with Asia. The result of this is, that there are very few towns in the vast empire to which it belongs, that can boast of so many opulent merchants. One, of the name of Kroupenikoff, who is said to have been a poor Tchouvash peasant, died during my sojourn in Kazan, whose fortune amounted to several millions of roubles, and numerous large stone houses: all
this wealth had been acquired by trade, and in a very short space of time.

The principal products of the town of Kazan consist of leather, soap, tallow candles, and a species of cloth called kitaika. The number of manufactories which furnish these articles is very considerable. Their products are forwarded for sale to the fairs of Kiakta (on the borders of China), of Nijney Novogorod, Irbit, Rostofsky, and even to St. Petersburg and Moscow: a considerable portion however is retained in Kazan for the use of the inhabitants. These manufactories are partly the property of Russian, partly of Tartar merchants.

There was a time when Kazan soap was famous throughout the whole of Europe, and formed an object of commerce and exchange even in Persia and China. The Tartars were formerly the sole manufacturers of this commodity. Latterly however great competition has existed in the produce of this article, which has been made cheaper, and consequently of an inferior quality; so much so indeed, that the tradespeople in St. Petersburg and Moscow have lost every confidence in the soap-makers of Kazan, and ceased to purchase the produce of their labour. The result of this has been, that there may now be seen in Kazan upwards of twenty large manufactories, not only standing still, but in a positive state of ruin. Prince Zamanoff,
the descendant of a very ancient Tartar family, whose soap once possessed so general and so merited a reputation, became the other day a bankrupt: and this occurred in a neighbourhood where tallow forms one of the staple commodities of commerce.

Kazan leather is still, however, as famous as ever, and is one of the principal objects of Kazan trade. Without reckoning the lesser tanyards, there exist in this town more than fifty vast establishments of this nature, in which annually are prepared 370,000 skins, of different kinds and sizes, producing an income of 1,100,000 roubles. One of these manufactories was established during the reign of Peter the Great; and the owner, being desirous of preparing leather after the English method, engaged a London tanner to superintend this portion of his business; the name of this man was Peters.

This branch of Kazan commerce is the more remarkable, as it was in former times (more than a thousand years ago) the principal object of the trade and occupation of the nation called the Bulgars, the ruins of whose capital are still to be seen in this province, and to which reference will be made in the course of this work.

The tallow-candle trade is likewise very considerable, though very inferior to that of the leather department. The manufactories of this article
amount to seven or eight, from which are annually produced about 30,000 poods of candles, each pood containing forty pounds. In the year 1807, a Tartar merchant, of the name of Bournashoff, arranged a candle-manufactory upon a new method, peculiar in this, that the wick being hollow, and thereby drawing constantly the atmospheric air, the candle was found to burn brighter and more regularly than any yet invented.

There existed at the period of the Tartar dominion a very considerable and much frequented fair in Kazan. Merchants from the most distant countries of the East, as well as from all the Russian principalities, thronged in crowds to this fair. But this rendezvous for commerce has long since ended. The exact period however of its cessation is not known; it may however be supposed that it terminated at the epoch of the downfall of Kazan, when a great part of the inhabitants of this town fell a sacrifice in defence of their liberty, and the rest, from fear, retired from the town to distant countries. It is not to be supposed that the Russians who took possession of the town, and who consisted principally of soldiers, should have had time or inclination to occupy themselves with commerce. The vast fair of which we spoke consequently ceased, as well as almost all the trade of Kazan; but the efforts of one or two of the Tzars, who succeeded Ivan Vassilievitch, contributed to
restore in a certain degree its former activity, so that at the period of the reign of Peter the Great the commerce of Kazan was once more in a flourishing state. It received however, in the year 1774, a terrible blow in consequence of the invasion of Pougatcheff,* who set fire to Kazan, and consumed thereby all the manufactories that this town could boast of. More than fifteen years elapsed after that fatal period, before Kazan could regain its former position. At the present day the commerce of this town is more flourishing than ever, and yields alone to that of the two capitals of Russia and the seaport towns,—an advantage principally owing to its admirable position, which renders it the point of junction between Russia in Europe and Russia in Asia.

IV.

Turn we now to the population of Kazan. The inhabitants of this town form two separate and distinct divisions, Christians and Mahometans: the first consist of Russians and foreigners, the second of Tartars.

The Russian part of the population may again be divided into three particular classes, each possessing a marked and peculiar character in their manners, habits, and mode of living, namely, the Dvoranstva, or nobles, the Koupaitchestva, or mercantile class,

* We have devoted a chapter to this celebrated Cossack.
and the Mestchantsva, or burghers. These three classes mark the different degrees of civilization in Kazan.

The space we have assigned to this chapter will not allow the author to dwell long on the distinctions and characteristics of these classes; but a word on the subject of each will be necessary, in order to give the reader a correct idea of the town we are describing.

First let us speak of the Dvoranstva, or Russian nobles. The families of this class are very numerous in Kazan, and are in general richer, and (thanks to the University) far more advanced in civilization, than the same class in other provincial towns of the Russian empire.

They are moreover hospitable, open-hearted, and generous, and have, on many occasions, distinguished themselves for their patriotic spirit and love of country.

Many of the principal functionaries are natives of St. Petersburg, sent to Kazan to occupy divers posts in the administration of the province; and these bring with them both the taste and refinement of the capital. Indeed, it is but justice to say, that, taking all things duly into consideration, the nobles of Kazan vie in this respect tolerably well with the inhabitants of the capital, whose system of education, with its merits and demerits, they imitate closely. Almost without exception all
speak French with facility, and I have heard French travellers express their astonishment at the elegance and purity with which the nobles of this town converse in this fashionable tongue.

Many likewise speak German and Italian, and not a few even English. With regard to the courtesies and accomplishments of society, thanks to a host of foreign tutors and governesses, dancing and music masters, etc., who, from the very infancy of their pupils, work their "magic spells" on both their minds and bodies, the inhabitants of this town manage to acquire a certain refinement of manner and politeness of intercourse, which strikes very strongly every traveller who visits Kazan; the more so, probably, in consequence of its being so little expected in these distant localities.

But while I pay this merited tribute to the hospitality and courtesy which form striking traits of the character of the Kazan aristocracy, as an impartial writer I consider it a duty not to conceal likewise one of the principal imperfections I have remarked in the society in question, namely, the reckless extravagance and inconsiderate dissipation which generally reign in every class of its nobility. The nobles of this town, as if to bury in oblivion the severity of the climate in which they live, and to drive away the ennui which their isolated position would otherwise engender, lead a life of riotous pleasure nowhere surpassed. Their only
object (and be not too much blame to them for it) seems to be, how to pass life most merrily, and kill time most effectually. The season in Kazan presents an endless succession of balls, soirées, card-parties, masquerades, sledge-drives, and visits. But I must not enter here closely on this subject, to which I have devoted a chapter apart, and in which the reader will be able to form his own opinion on this subject.

But charity, they say, covers a multitude of sins, and it must be owned that the nobles of Kazan have justly earned a title and a claim to this indulgence; for whenever any calamity or misfortune has fallen on the land, or any town of the empire, they have ever shown themselves willing to share what they possess with their suffering fellow-countrymen. On a very late occasion, when a portion of Russia was afflicted with famine, caused by a three years' failure of the crops, the nobles of Kazan contributed large sums to alleviate the distress, and, by means of a succession of private theatricals, managed to collect for the same purpose several thousands of roubles, which were given to purchase corn for their hungry brethren.

The merchant-class follows next in order of notice. This class is very numerous in Kazan. The families of which it is composed, lead a life as retired and quiet, as that of the nobles is bustling and noisy. Occupied almost wholly with their
commercial pursuits, they have neither time nor inclination to indulge in noisy pleasures; indeed, the education they receive is such as to induce them to look upon many of the pleasures of society, such as balls, masquerades, theatricals, etc., as not only unworthy of a serious mind, but even as sinful. Their wives and daughters lead a very secluded life, living even in many instances apart from the male portion of the family, and seldom appearing in the presence of visitors, unless they be acquaintances of old standing. There are however some exceptions to this mode of living, common to the greater part of this class; some even of the Kazan merchants go so far as to imitate the nobles in the education of their children, in their luxurious mode of living, in the furniture of their houses, their extravagance in dress, etc. etc.

In general, it is a duty to remark, that even the lowest class of merchants in this town are far more civilized and better informed than is supposed in England; and that some of them—witness the merchant Kameneff, the author of several works—have even acquired celebrity in the Russian empire for their learning and talents.

One characteristic, and an honourable one, that distinguishes in particular this class, is a devoted attachment to the religion they profess to follow. All the churches destroyed by the different fires we have alluded to have been invariably rebuilt by the
mercantile class; the greatest part of those which at the present day form the ornament of Kazan have likewise been erected at their expense. Ask the Kazan merchant to contribute to the construction of a seminary, a hospital, or a house of charity, he will give or refuse, as the humour prompts him. Solicit his aid for the building of a church or a convent, for the decoration of the shrine of some saint or sainted relic, for a religious procession or ceremony, and all that you demand will be granted with pleasure. On a subscription that was made some few years back for the erection of a cathedral, all the merchants contributed largely; one even gave twenty thousand roubles. When it was discovered that the church of the Ascension wanted a belfry, a merchant of the name of Kroupenikoff offered to build it at his own expense; he did so, and it cost him eighty thousand roubles. It is not very long since another of the same class gave a hundred thousand roubles to build a church in the suburb called the Admiralty. I could quote many more instances of this nature, but these three will be sufficient to prove the existence of the characteristic I have mentioned.

The third class of the inhabitants of Kazan are the Meshtchanneens, or townsmen. In this body may be reckoned all the mechanics, workmen, and petty tradesmen of the town. Although, according to European ideas of ability, the former would by no
means be very famous for their handicraft or workmanship, still it may be said in their favour that they excel those of every other provincial town of Russia. As in St. Petersburg, *les fashionables*, the nobles of *haut ton*, not content with what their native city can furnish, make it a boast to have received from Paris every article of their wearing-apparel; so in the more remote provinces of Russia, a coat or a pair of boots made in Kazan are matters of no insignificant importance, and excite in an equal degree the attention and envy of Siberian dandies, as among the *lions* of some country town in England were wont to create the talented productions of a Stultz, a Nugee, or a Hoby. Thus, what Paris is to St. Petersburg, such is Kazan to all the less prominent towns in its vicinity; an enviable pre-eminence which the author feels a pleasure in recording.

But to return to the class called Meshtchaneens. This class of individuals lead a life which, to the foreign workman, would seem the extreme of human wretchedness. Their principal food consists of black bread, a soup of cabbage called *tchitchi*, and the national beverage, *qvass*. Like the merchants, they consume a great quantity of tea, which on festival-days they drink from morn to night. I speak, naturally, of the more sober portion of the community; the rest, and by far the greater number, prefer the stronger and more exhilarating Russian spirit called *vodki*. It is to be regretted that among this class the vice
of drunkenness reigns to a great extent, and many consider it a species of sin not to be "all seas over" on any great festival.

This class of individuals even surpass in the strict observance of their religious ceremonies. They are scrupulously exact in the observance of all fasts and ordinances of the church. During the principal fast, which lasts for nearly two months, their chief food consists of dried mushrooms, salted cucumbers and cabbage, and other vegetables. Oil, as I have said before, and of a very indifferent description, forms a great object of consumption at this period. Many confine themselves to one meal a day. On every holiday they frequent the churches, and on the festival-day of any martyr or saint whose remains are buried in the vicinity of Kazan, they throng in crowds to his tomb or chapel, or to any spot where divine service is offered up in his honour. For instance, on the Festival of the Nine Martyrs, the monastery of Kigitsy, situated three or four versts from the town, is frequented by thousands of both the townsmen and merchants. Nor does distance deter them from the accomplishment of these acts of devotion: on the 25th of June and the 27th of July, they throng on foot to the Hermitage of the Seven Lakes, seventeen versts distant from Kazan, to pay a reverential visit to a miraculous image of Our Lady of Smolensk. Some twenty years ago the merchants and townsmen were likewise wont to as-
semble in the month of May at the monastery of Zilantoff, whither they were attracted by the gigantic leg of a certain Balaban, killed at the siege of Kazan, and who is said, in the annals of Kazan, to have been nine arshines (about seven yards) high.

V.

There exists among the lower classes of Kazan a religious sect which deserves a very particular attention, partly from the number of its adherents, which, in the town and province, amount to several thousands, partly from the peculiarity of the doctrines it professes: I speak of the Raskolniki, or Old Believers. This title has been given them in consequence of their clinging to the ancient mode of worship in the Russian church. Their images are of that antique singular character which were painted in former times, in which every figure presented the appearance of a shrivelled, skeleton-like body: in such alone have they any faith. They are great lovers of all old books of prayer and relics. Their religion forbids them to shave their beards or to make use of tobacco: a Raskolnik is furious if you smoke or take snuff in his presence. The Russian priests are not acknowledged as such by the members of this sect, who likewise never enter a church of the established religion. They permit no priest who is known to have tasted spirits to perform the sacrament of baptism. A great point
of belief consists in the propriety of pronouncing "Hallelujah" twice; to do so thrice, as in the Russian form of service, is considered unlawful. Another singular dogma is, that they suppose the benediction of the priest should be given with the two middle-fingers, and not, as is usual, with the thumb and two fore-digits. The eight-cornered cross alone is an object of their reverence.

This sect is very ancient, and has rendered itself remarkable by the tenacity with which its members have clung to its doctrines. When force and violence were employed by the authorities to oblige them to acknowledge the established church, upwards of ten thousand persons who entertained this belief left their homes and habitations, and retired to the wilds of Siberia, where they hoped to be able to enjoy their principles without molestation. The Empress Catherine, in whose reign this circumstance took place, aware of the injury the State suffered by this emigration, invited the self-exiled Raskolniki to return, promising them that their religious opinions should no longer cause them any injury.

The members of this sect are ignorant and fanatic in the extreme. They endeavour to prevent as much as possible their places of worship being visited by any persons save those of their own belief. The utmost severity is employed in their religious usages. They have been accused of committing, in former times, the greatest acts of cruelty.
of killing children and drinking their blood warm from the wound; and of mingling the grossest acts of barbarity and paganism in their worship, so as to have committed every sort of abomination at their meetings, without regard to affinity, age, or sex. Let us hope, for the sake of humanity, that these accusations, made however by many learned writers, are as many errors into which the latter have fallen.

A horrible practice reigns among some of the members of this sect—that of condemning their persons to mutilation, and thereby reducing themselves to the state of eunuchs; the females also use violent means to obtain the same end. The greatest part of the money-changers in St. Petersburg are said to follow this abominable custom. When one passes these victims of so barbarous a fanaticism, and sees their pale and beardless faces, strangely contrasting with the exuberant beards of their brother traffickers, one feels an involuntary shudder of horror and pity.

The severest persecution has been from time to time employed against the Raskolniki, with no other result than that of driving them to despair and self-destruction. It is said that a member of this sect was never converted: they have been known to set fire to an entire village, and to rush into the flames, preferring that horrible death to a cession of their favourite doctrines. Peter the
Great caused the persecution directed against them to be discontinued, and from that period they have been allowed to live in peace, once only interrupted, on the occasion we have mentioned.

The Raskolniki of Kazan are divided into two bodies,—the Popovtchinni, or the sect which acknowledge a priesthood; and the Bezpopovtchinni, or that which has no priests at all attached to it. The first have a church near the Tartar Bridge, built much in the form of a Russian temple, with a tower without bells, which they are not allowed to use. The second make use of an ordinary house in lieu of a church, which they call a monastery. Its members evince an utter detestation of priests, who, from the period of the Patriarch Nikon, are denominated by them wolves; and they consider that to have been baptized by a priest is to have incurred a pollution of both soul and body; to have been married by such is looked upon as a curse and a heresy. Although they pray for the health of the Emperor, they do not intercede for him under such a title, but use that of the Tzar; because they say the former name is of modern invention, and it is only in later days that the Russians have thus denominated their sovereign.

There are one or two other sects in Kazan; but as the number of their votaries is insignificant, and they differ but little from that of the Raskolniki, it is unnecessary to enter into a detail of peculi-
arities which would have very little interest for the general reader.

VI.

This sketch of the actual state of Kazan would be incomplete without the addition of a few remarks on the town itself, which, since the period of its conquest, has very considerably augmented, both in extent and importance. According to its present arrangement, it is divided into two parts; the Upper Town, in which all the principal edifices are to be met with, and by far the most healthy portion, in consequence of the elevation of the soil; and the Lower Town, much more extensive and populous, but at the same time the most insalubrious, owing to its proximity to the water in the spring, and the marshy soil on which it is built, which engenders fevers, agues, and many other diseases.

It is curious to remark the progress which Kazan has made in less than a century, spite of the terrible fires which five times during that period have reduced it to ruins. In the year 1739, 187 years after the conquest of Kazan, there existed in this town 102 churches; four male, and three female convents; nine large streets, and 170 lanes and passages; twenty-five buildings in brick, and 3939 wooden houses; and three establishments for public instruction. Such was the total of public or private edifices.
At the present day, strange to relate, the number of churches has diminished; there now exist but five cathedrals and thirty-three churches, comprising those of the different convents. Several of these latter establishments have likewise disappeared: of three female monasteries, one alone remains.

But if the number of religious edifices has lessened, on the other hand, that of the secular buildings has wonderfully increased. The houses built of stone or brick, for instance, are now nearly one thousand in number; those of wood have augmented in proportion. One hundred and thirty-two manufactories have also been constructed during that space of time. A university, two gymnasiums or colleges, and several private schools and seminaries,—this much has been done for public instruction; several hospitals, a town-house, a Gostinoi Dvor or vast bazaar, containing a variety of shops; a theatre, a house for the assemblies of the nobility, six large hotels and several inns, numerous market-places, and many other public buildings, have been erected in less than a century. The population has also considerably increased, and amounts at the present day to between 54,000 and 60,000 souls.

This light statistical survey will at least suffice to show the progressive augmentation of the town of Kazan, and the elements of prosperity it possesses; since, spite of the many destructive fires we have before spoken of, in a very short space of time it has
become a great and flourishing town. Its advance is still active, and daily it continues to increase in embellishments, population, and importance; and it is not impossible that this town may at some future day become as great, populous, rich, and flourishing, as is Moscow at the present period.
CHAPTER VII.

A PICTURESQUE STROLL THROUGH THE TOWN OF KAZAN.


I.

My first ramble in this ancient and interesting town took place under the most favourable auspices.

It occurred in the beginning of June, one of the most beautiful months in Kazan. The intense and almost torrid heat of summer, which follows so rapidly the departure of the rigorous winter, was not yet felt; the fresh verdure of the trees, destined so soon to be scorched and dried up by the rays of a burning planet, glittered brightly and luxuriantly in the sunbeams; the deep mud (caused partly by the thawing of the snow, and partly by the clayey nature of the soil) which for nearly two months in the spring renders this town an almost
impracticable morass, had disappeared, and the
dust, that curse of Kazan, had not yet had time to
gather in the streets; in a word, this promenade
was enjoyed in that brief, transient period between
the two terrible extremes of these inclement regions,
which threaten in turns to freeze the life-blood in
one's veins or dry it up in its channels. Add to
this, that the day on which it fell was a holiday—a
circumstance easily to be recognized by the spruce
garments and gay visages of every class of the in-
habitants,—so that, by a lucky combination of
events, all the advantages that Kazan could furnish,
to render a stroll animated and agreeable, seemed
to have been propitiously united on that occasion.

Three circumstances in particular concurred in
giving to this promenade, at least as far as I was
concerned, a very considerable degree of interest.
In the first place, Kazan, the capital of the Tartar
Khans, was the field of my excursion; and how
much was concentrated in that single reflection!
Secondly, my companion and cicerone was a Persian
Mirza, dressed in the splendid costume of his
country, and speaking the language of mine with
facility and elegance. And lastly, I, the native of
that fair western isle, to which my thoughts, my
love, my admiration turned incessantly from this
distant scene of my wanderings,—I, alas! personi-
fied the solitary pilgrim, who little thought, some
few months previous, to be destined to perform a
pilgrimage through climes so remote and so little known.

The companion and cicerone to whom I refer was Mirza Alexander Kazembeck, of whom I have made a passing mention in a preceding page, and who accompanied me during my journey to Kazan. I promised to draw his portrait, and seize for that purpose the present opportunity. Indeed Mirza Kazembeck is a personage who holds so eminent a place in the society of Kazan, that not to speak of him would be to render a description of the attractions of this town incomplete and imperfect.

First picture to yourself, gentle reader, a Persian Mirza, speaking the Turkish, Persian, Arabic, Tartar, English, and Russian languages, as well as a native of those countries; able to converse fluently in French, and even a little acquainted with Latin and German. Acknowledge that Kazan can boast of possessing in his person a phenomenon of no common nature.

Add to this, a fine, tall, imposing figure, a noble and dignified demeanour, handsome and regular features, a black undulating beard, a mouth in which an expression of uncommon sweetness is mingled with firmness and energy of character, and, to complete the portrait, a pair of coal-black eyes, so full of fire and magnetic power, that a lady of St. Petersburg was wont to remark "That his
look was lightning, and could not possibly be withstood."

In the halls of science Mirza Kazembeck holds an eminent place as a savant and a scholar—in the worldly throng, as a witty, refined, and agreeable companion—in the ball-room, as one of the best dancers—everywhere, in fine, as a cultivated and accomplished gentleman.

It is easy to suppose that a man so highly gifted would hold a distinguished rank in every society. In that of Kazan his influence was unbounded; by many he was named the "Eastern Star." In a word, being of a noble and generous disposition, kind and gentle in his manners and language, what wonder that he should gain the hearts of all who know him, and make each man proud of calling him acquaintance or friend?

Mirza Kazembeck is moreover a Christian, and, I verily believe, a good one. In his youth he was converted from Mahometanism by English missionaries residing at that period in Astrachan. The history of his conversion is an interesting one, but would be too long to relate here; it was published some few years back in a number of the 'Christian Annual,' and was written, I think, by the Rev. Mr. Glen. Some time after his conversion he received the place of Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Kazan. He has published a variety of works, some of which are written
in English. His name and talents are well known to the Asiatic Society of London, of which he is a corresponding member, and to whose journal he has contributed several articles. His last work, 'Derbend Namah,' or a History of Derbend, is written likewise in English, and was published very lately by the Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg. These various works, and many services rendered to the Russian government, have gained him great celebrity and esteem: decorations, ribands, medals, crosses, have been lavished on him, and, at the present day, he bears in the Russian service the rank of a "Counsellor of State," with the accompanying title of His Excellency.

Such was the kind friend which a propitious star gained for me in Kazan, and who condescended to accompany me as cicerone in the stroll I am about to describe. Living as he had been for many years in Kazan, acquainted with every object of interest this town could boast of, and with the history of its antiquities and monuments, it may easily be imagined what a valuable acquisition his society must have been in such an excursion.

II.

We quitted at an early hour of the morning our lodging in the street called Gruzinskaya; having taken care to cause our carriage to follow us in the rear, in order to be able to pass more rapidly those
streets and spaces which offered nothing worthy of attention.

The Gruzinskaya—so called from the Church of Our Lady of Gruzia (Georgia)—extends in a direct line from the walls of the fortress to the Plain of Arsk, a spot famous for having been the scene of a sanguinary battle between the Russians and the Tartars, at the period of the siege of Kazan. This street is entirely paved with wood. It is difficult to imagine the luxury of such a pavement, over which a carriage rolls as easily and as regularly as it would over the parquet of a vast saloon; such a road forms the ne plus ultra of luxurious driving. The houses of this street are as varied and as singular in the style of their architecture as they are diversified in colour; this irregularity gives the street a very peculiar and striking appearance. A rage for columns, pillars, gaudy tints, and superfluous ornament are, however, the characteristics of all the Kazan buildings. Nowhere is that passion more developed than in the houses of the Gruzinskaya, which are partly built of brick and partly of wood.

In directing our way along this street, towards the centre of the town, we passed the Church of Our Lady of Gruzia, with its silver cupolas surmounted by crosses of plated gold; the military manége; the theatre; the Lutheran Church; the large, splendid house of the Curator of the Uni-
versity, General Moussin Poushkin; the Church of Pakroff; the Hospital for Invalids; the First Gymnasium, one of the most elegant buildings of the town, and the church appertaining to it, of a very curious and remarkable style of architecture. Such are the principal buildings of the Gruzinskaya Street, which, from its length, the superiority of its architecture (naturally on the Kazan scale of perfection), and its excellent wooden pavement, deserves to be considered as the principal street of this town; and its elevated position renders it one of the most healthy. There remains but to add, that it is likewise the centre of the aristocratic habitations.

We continued our stroll till we came to the Black Lake. It is with this very exaggerated denomination that the inhabitants of Kazan have thought proper to decorate a pool of stagnant water, situated in the centre of the town. The same spirit of exaggeration may be remarked likewise in the appellation given to a little garden on the outskirts of the town, which has received the pompous cognomen of the "Russian Switzerland," for no other reason than that of there being in this spot a few ravines and trees, and that the soil is in general irregular and broken.

The Black Lake is however one of the prettiest spots in Kazan. A great quantity of birch and linden trees, forming several alleys, have been
planted around it; these alleys form the fashionable promenade of Kazan. During the spring evenings the inhabitants throng to this spot to breathe the fresh air, and to shelter themselves from the clouds of dust and sand which sweep incessantly through the streets. But even this enjoyment, like every other in Kazan, is of very short duration. This pool or lake during the summer heat become literally putrid, and emits the most foul and unwholesome odour; an inconvenience which at times becomes so great, as actually to drive the inhabitants of the adjacent streets from their dwellings.

After having strolled through this lieu de promenade, we turned to the right, and traversing a little street, in which is situated the public Hospital for the Insane, we entered upon an extensive plain, called the Kouznetsky Ploshad, or Smith-yard. There, in a square space, surrounded by a wall and several buildings, are situated all the forges of the town; in the midst of this enclosure is a black and muddy pool of water, indispensable however for workmen of this class. On this plain, twice a week, is held the wood-market. The Tchouvash, the Tcheremisse, and the Russian peasants of the neighbouring villages, assemble in great numbers on this spot, with their chariots or sledges, according to the season, where they remain till they have disposed of the wood they bring with them for sale.
Leaving this plain, we ascended a rude and rugged mountain, on the summit of which lay extended before us the pretty street called Voskresenskaya. The coup d'œil which this street offers from the spot on which we were standing is very pleasing and picturesque. On the left rises the vast façade of the University, adorned with numerous columns; on the right the Clinicum, a building of a simple and imposing style of architecture, and which has latterly been considerably augmented and embellished; further on, the Church of the Voskresenskaya, or the Resurrection, which has given its name to the street in which it is situated, and which, with its lofty belfry, forms one of its most interesting structures; then the edifice occupied by the police, with its high tower for the sentinels; and lastly, the eye of the observer, after contemplating many fine houses built of brick, among which may be remarked the mansion of the Governor-General, rests upon the light and elegant tower which forms the entrance to the fortress. This view, seen in perspective from the point I have mentioned, is really a very striking one. As is the case with all the principal streets of this town, the Voskresenskaya is paved with wood.

Along this street we directed our way, my companion rendering the stroll most agreeable by the
animated description he gave me of the inmates of
the various houses we chanced to pass, until at
length we arrived before the Cathedral of St. Peter
and St. Paul. This church, one of the most
remarkable structures in Kazan, riveted my atten-
tion: its lofty belfry, which bears a certain resem-
blance to an Indian pagoda, cannot be too much
admired both for its elegance and its singularity.
The church is equally interesting; it was built by a
merchant named Micklejeff, in commemoration of
the visit of Peter the Great to Kazan. The paint-
ings in fresco of divers saints and subjects taken
from the Holy Scriptures, with which the exterior
is entirely covered, give it a most extraordinary
appearance; the sculptured ornaments likewise
which adorn its windows and doorways increase
this effect to a striking degree, and render it one of
the most original churches in the Russian empire.
In fact, among the cathedrals remarkable for their
originality which I have seen in Russia may be
reckoned the Vassili Blajennoi, in Moscow; that of
Strogonoff, in Nijney Novogorod; and that which
I have just described, in Kazan.

The descent of a rather rugged mountain, on the
bottom of which are situated numerous shops for
the sale of iron and the vast hotels of Melnikoff and
Jaroff, led us straight into the Prolomnaya. This
large and busy street might very justly be named
the "Street of the Germans," for it is there that
this class of foreigners seem to have fixed their
chief point of abode. The tailors, bootmakers, jewellers, carpenters, lockmakers, engravers, watchmakers, apothecaries, in a word almost all the tradesmen with which it is peopled, appertain to the German nation. The greatest part of the houses of this street are built of brick. Near the middle is an ancient church, of a very original style of architecture.

IV.

A little fatigued by our pedestrian excursion, and the quarter we were about to traverse being paved with small sharp stones of no very inviting nature, we thought it prudent to reseat ourselves comfortably in our carriage, in which we advanced across the market-place used for the sale of fish, towards the Tartar Bridge, which, crossing the canal called the Boulac, unites the Russian town with the Tartar suburbs. Reserving the latter quarter for a special excursion, we did not pass the bridge, but turning to the right proceeded along the banks of the Boulac.

This canal, famous in the annals of Kazan, which joins the lake called Kaban with the Kazanka, is completely dry during the greatest part of the year; it is only at spring-tide, when the thawing of the snow and the inundation of the Volga fill it with water, that it becomes a species of navigable river. At this period, near the Kazanka, a fair, which lasts for nearly six weeks, is established on the Boulac;
a great quantity of porcelain, crockery, and glassware, the produce of different towns situated on the Volga, is exposed for sale; and the ladies of Kazan throng, to make their necessary purchases, to this spot, which becomes in consequence an agreeable as well as a much-frequented promenade. Barks laden with oranges and lemons, which arrive from St. Petersburg, contribute to augment the attraction,—an orange being always a rarity in Kazan; during the winter there is no possibility of procuring this fruit, and even during the spring it is sold at a very exorbitant price. A basket of oranges, offered at this period to a lady, is considered a very handsome present, and has become a customary one.

Many large houses and several churches adorn the banks of the Boulac, which has notwithstanding a most dreary and even desolate appearance.

At the lower extremity, near the Kazanka, may be seen an immense structure in a state of ruin; but its history is enveloped in obscurity. Some suppose that it was built by the Tartars, others assign it to Russian ingenuity, and many affirm that its construction is of a modern date; to what purpose it was destined, none however pretend to decide. One thing, at all events, renders this ruin very remarkable, namely, its uncommon magnitude, which might furnish materials for the erection of no trifling number of ordinary houses.
V.

In order to reach the more elevated position of the town, we were forced to ascend a fresh mountain, and one by no means easy of ascent; but we were amply repaid for our toil on arriving at its summit, when the Monastery of St. John presented itself to our view. This edifice, seen from the fortress, has a most picturesque and graceful appearance. Its three steeples, of a pyramidal form, and which personify the Trinity, to whom the church of the convent is consecrated; the arched and vaulted gallery which makes the circuit of the latter building, and which recalls to mind the churches of Italy and Spain; the elegant yet small chapel situated near the entrance; and the monks in their sable vestments, who at every moment pass before the eye of the gazer, all combine to render the view of this monastery extremely interesting.

A few paces brought us into the interior of the Gostinoi Dvor, a vast building, in which a thousand shops of different descriptions are united. When one stands in the middle of the area formed by this edifice, the coup-d'œil that presents itself is very remarkable. The form and mode of construction of this building, both of which are perfectly Asiatic in their character, attract the attention of every traveller who visits Kazan. It presents in every respect the appearance of a vast Persian or Turkish
caravanserais. The double gallery, which makes the circuit of the structure, the strange form of its doors and windows, and the singular style of its architecture, give the Gostinoi Dvor a right to be considered as one of the most remarkable buildings of this town.

What contributes likewise to render this edifice still more worthy of attention is, that in the very centre of the area formed by its interior walls, rises an ancient tower, which may be reckoned among the monuments of Kazan. The history of this building is involved in obscurity. Some attribute its construction to the Russians, others to the Tartars; I should think that the latter supposition is the more probable of the two. Certain it is, that this tower bears no resemblance to any other in the whole town. The ornaments of the doorways and niches are moulded in a very singular manner; the upper part of the tower, of a pyramidal form, is covered with a species of green tile, polished like the surface of a mirror. It is impossible to imagine the dazzling effect of these tiles, when the sun shines brilliantly upon them: at such a period the upper portion of this tower has more the appearance of a mass of livid fire, than anything else to which I can compare it.

The area of the Gostinoi Dvor is likewise the scene of a market, which takes place twice in the week. It happened exactly to be on one of these
occasions that we passed this spot, which was so crowded with Tartars and Russians, soldiers and women, that there was scarcely a possibility of arriving towards the tower I have just described. The different cries of these people, by way of invitation to purchase, were as singular and as dissonant to my European ear, as their costumes were to my eye. The objects these traffickers had brought for sale were of a very varied nature,—old arms, guns, swords, daggers, cast-off clothes of every kind and almost of every nation, harnesses, furniture, boots and shoes, books, engravings, pictures, and a thousand other goods and chattels, were scattered pêle-mêle on the ground, or suspended on the arms and bodies of the vendors. The scene was a noisy and a singular one. We contemplated it for a few moments, after which we turned from the Gostinioi Dvor, to direct our way to the fortress situated at a very little distance from the former building.

VI.

The Fortress of Kazan!—all that I knew of the history of this town and of the people, of whom it was formerly the capital, rushed upon my recollection, as I stood upon the little stone bridge which separates it from the Voskresenskaya-street. I am occasionally inclined to the luxury of day-dreaming, and when I feel the mood coming on, spite of the
risk of being considered either insane or at least unsober, I always endeavour to enjoy the illusion; well it was therefore that I was not alone at that moment, for so full was my mind with a thousand absorbing reflections, that I verily believe I should have planted myself against a buttress of the bridge, or have seated myself on some stone in its vicinity, to indulge in the musing mood, which has become with me a kind of habit. As it was, I gazed in silence on the solid walls and huge round towers of this once powerful stronghold, over which ages had passed, and to which were attached so many and such exciting associations; and I felt as if the words of my companion, who broke the silence, and at the same time roused me from my reverie, were profane and unlawful.

But a truce to reflections! We entered the fortress by the gateway which opens into the Voskresenskaya-street; this gateway bears the name of the Spaskie Vorota (Gateway of the Saviour). At the period of the Tartar dominion, there were twelve different entrances: these have been reduced to three, namely, that which I have just mentioned, one which leads from the fortress towards the Kazanka, and which is called the Tainitskie Gate, and a third, the Piatnitskie Gate, in a north-eastern direction. The Spaskie Vorota passes through the lower portion of an ancient and curious tower, which has a claim to notice from the
originality of its architecture. The interior of this tower has lately been converted into a military church, and has become the fashionable place of prayer for the Kazan ladies: this preference, I have been informed, is partly owing to its being the resort of the gallant officers of the town, and partly because the priest has the merit of being able to get through divine service nearly half an hour quicker than in any other church in Kazan. Above the gateway is suspended a miraculous image of our Saviour, before which hangs a silver lamp, lighted on holidays and days of devotion. The pious assure you that this image was found intact, in a church which fell a prey to the flames at the invasion of Pougatcheff, a circumstance which has gained it the title of Tchoudatvorni, or miraculous.

We had scarcely made ten steps in the fortress before our notice was attracted by a small yet singularly constructed church, dedicated to St. Cyprian and St. Justin; it was founded by Ivan the Terrible, on the very day that Kazan fell into the power of the Russians: Prince Kourbsky, in his annals, informs us that it was commenced in the morning, and finished before the setting of the sun. Save its antiquity and the rapidity of its construction, this church offers little to attract the attention of the curious. It formerly possessed several objects of antiquity, but these were consumed by one of the fires I have before mentioned.
Beside this church rises the Monastery of the Transfiguration (Spasso Preobrazhinsky), founded a few years later, and which is held in great veneration by the Russians, in consequence of its having been the place of interment of a certain saint called Varsanofia, who was likewise the first abbot of this monastery.

The lovers of antiquity will find in this monastery several objects of interest. In the aisles of the convent may be remarked five sepulchral stones, three of which mark the remains of Jeffrem, Metropolitan of Kazan; of Epiphania, Archbishop of Jerusalem; and of Arsenius, Bishop of Andrusia, who was exiled to this town and condemned to an ecclesiastical punishment. The other two stones are so defaced that it is impossible to make out the inscriptions, and their history is unknown.

This monastery has several times been ravaged by the flames, during the numerous fires which have occurred in Kazan; and at the period the rebel Pougatcheff laid siege to the fortress, it was almost entirely destroyed. Opposite this convent is situated the État Major and the Military Prison.

We directed our steps at length to the Cathedral. This vast and imposing edifice, the archiepiscopal seat of the diocese of Kazan, is called in Russian the Blagovestchenskoi Sobor (Cathedral of the Annunciation). The architecture of this church, which is of the Byzantine order, is exceedingly curious;
its belfry in particular presents an extraordinary appearance.

The cathedral was built in the year 1561, according to a plan furnished by Ivan the Terrible. From the year 1596 to 1742, this cathedral was four times entirely consumed by the flames; and in one of these fires, that of 1694, not only the church was destroyed, but even the colossal bells were melted down by the fury of the conflagration. On that occasion two miracles are said to have occurred; the first of which was, that the remains of St. Goury, preserved in this cathedral, were found entire when all else had been consumed by the devouring element; and secondly, many eyewitnesses boldly affirmed that the good saint himself was seen standing in the midst of the flames, on the very summit of the cross that surmounts the cupola, which he quitted to ascend to the regions of the blest.

The reader may wish to know a little about the Saint of whom we have been speaking. He was the son of a poor nobleman, and served, according to the custom of the period, a Boyar named Prince Penkoff, whose confidence and affection he gained to such a degree that he was entrusted with the management of the Prince's house and fortune. A calumnious accusation, which reached his master's ears, of having abused the confidence of his protector, and of having brought shame and dishonour
into the family of the latter, seems to have been believed by the Prince, for, in a fit of anger, he ordered Goury to be put to death; but the son of the Prince, who believed him to be innocent, having interfered, Goury's life was spared, but by order of the Prince he was thrown into a dark dungeon. Here the only food of the prisoner consisted of oats and a little water, which were brought to him twice a week. In this condition Goury passed three years of his life, during which time he composed one or two small books for children, teaching them to be kind and merciful to the unfortunate. At the expiration of that period, one day, the annals of Kazan inform us, the prisoner, while engaged in fervent prayer, suddenly raising his eyes from the ground, to his astonishment saw that the door of his prison stood open. He took this at first as a sign of his approaching death; but upon being convinced that such was not the case, he seized an image of the Blessed Virgin which he had with him during the whole of his captivity, and, flying from the dungeon, he secretly left the town in which it was situated.

Attributing his deliverance to the Divine protection, he resolved in gratitude to devote himself to the service of God, and some time after became a monk. He attracted great attention in the parts in which he lived, on account of his great piety and exemplary life, and, by the desire of Ivan IV., the
conqueror of Kazan, he was sent to that town in the quality of its first Christian archbishop.

It would be long to relate all the good he did, all the acts of piety by which he distinguished himself in this high dignity; suffice it to say, that when he died he was universally acknowledged to have led the life of a saint, and received in consequence the honours of canonization.

Most of the precious objects that were formerly to be found in this cathedral have been consumed at different periods,—among the rest the books of divine service, presented by Ivan IV.; the pontifical robes and ornaments, and several bells, gifts of the same sovereign; the autograph letters of St. Goury to Herrman, Abbot of the monastery of Sviask, and numerous other relics and antiquities. At the present day, however, may be seen an Azbouka, or alphabet, written by St. Goury himself; a fragment of this saint’s coffin, the crutch on which he leant during his last sickness, and a Gospel in manuscript, the only one of the books given by the Tzar Ivan that has been saved from the flames.

In this cathedral, the Annals of Kazan inform us, was at one time likewise preserved a nail of the holy Cross.

About it we learn, that one of the Emeritinian Tzars, happening to come to Moscow, brought with him one of the very nails with which the body of our Saviour was nailed to the cross, and kept it in
his own private chapel. On the death of this sovereign, Catherine, his wife, sent back the nail, with two monks, to her native country. The latter arrived with this precious relic in Kazan, where they received an order to return to Moscow, and the nail was left by them in the care of the Metropolitan of Kazan. It happened that a Russian ambassador, called Peter Volinsky, on his way to Persia, hearing that the monks had received orders to remove this relic from Russia, immediately wrote about the matter to Peter the Great: then came an imperial order, that the Metropolitan should keep possession of the said relic. The latter, on receiving the ukase, performed a religious service in its honour, and the nail was deposited in the cathedral we are describing.

It is not known what became of this relic; it was probably destroyed in one of the fires which ravaged Kazan.

After having examined all that the cathedral presented worthy of notice, we quitted this ancient edifice, and a few paces brought us in front of the ruins of that extraordinary Tartar structure, known by the name of the Tower of Sumbeka, the last relic of Tartar architecture, to which I have devoted a separate chapter. Curiosity urging us to ascend to the summit of the tower, we clambered up the rude and dilapidated staircase that leads to its different parapets. Arrived at one of the highest, we
sat ourselves down, to recover a little from the fatigue we had undergone, and to contemplate the scene before us. It would be difficult to describe the singular feeling of sadness which took possession of my mind, as my eye wandered over the wild and solitary spectacle which presented itself to our notice. Desert plains without a tree to enliven the monotony of their surface, a few Tartars or a band of Cossack horsemen, the only living figures in the scene—such was the dreary subject of our contemplation. As I viewed this desolate landscape, and thought of the fertile plains and delicious valleys of my native isle, from which I was so far distant, I felt, had I not been ashamed of the weakness, that I could have given way to my sadness, even to a flood of tears.

The descent from this tower cost us much more difficulty than the ascent, for many steps of the staircase were completely wanting, and a wide yawning aperture filled up the interspace; the bricks likewise were not quite so firm as a cautious climber could have desired; however, spite of every obstacle, we alighted safely on terra firma, and, leaving the fortress, we directed our way towards the Convent of our Lady of Kazan.

VII.

The "Convent of Our Lady of Kazan" owes its origin to the following miraculous circumstance.
In the year 1579, about twenty-seven years after the taking of Kazan, the house of a certain Strelitz, named Daniel Onoutschin, was consumed by fire. On that occasion the greatest part of the town and the fortress fell a prey to the flames. The Tartars are said to have evinced an undisguised joy at this calamity which had befallen their conquerors. The Russians however, without delay, proceeded to the task of rebuilding their respective habitations, and Daniel Onoutschin showed a most laudable desire to reconstruct his. It happened at that time that his daughter Matrona, a girl of about ten years of age, saw, it is said, several times in her dreams the Blessed Virgin, who bade her, as she related, seek among the smoking ashes of her father's house for an image which was buried there. Information was given to the authorities of the town; the latter paid little attention to the circumstance, attributing the affair to the excited imagination of the maiden. It was then that Matrona set to work herself to discover the holy image, which, after much trouble, was found imbedded in the bricks of the oven. The image is said to have been found wrapped up in a sleeve of some ancient garment of a cherry-coloured cloth, and appeared as new and fresh as if it had just been wrought and painted. The circumstances attendant upon the discovery of this image were accompanied by others that heightened the wonder; and the civil and ecclesiastical authorities,
being informed of these events, hurried, accompanied by crowds of the populace, to the spot. The image, which was looked upon as miraculous, was with great pomp and solemnity removed from the place where it was discovered, and deposited in the neighbouring church of Nicolai Toulskai.

Some time after this event, Archbishop Jeremy having reported this miracle to Ivan Vassilievitch, received from that sovereign an authorization to erect a church, to serve as a sacred receptacle for the image in question; and at the same time a permission was granted to found a convent under the especial patronage of the Holy Virgin. This convent received the appellation of the Convent of Our Lady of Kazan, and Matrona had the honour of being its first abbess.

Miracles are said to have been performed through the influence of this image, which is regarded by every class of persons in Kazan with uncommon veneration: none presume to doubt its marvellous attributes; for my part, I will not presume to offer an opinion on the subject:

"I know not how the truth may be;
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

Such was the origin of this monastery, which, situated on a considerable eminence, forms one of the most prominent buildings of the town of Kazan. It possesses two large churches,—one for winter service, which is heated by the aid of ovens, and
another, larger in its dimensions, for the summer months. The architecture of the latter merits a certain degree of notice from the simplicity of its style, which gives it a grave and imposing appearance.

The convent stands apart from the church; it is a large plain building, with nothing very remarkable in its construction. The number of its inmates, I believe, is limited to fifty; the novices, who are very numerous, are not included in this calculation.

In the court of the convent you may see several tombs, in which are deposited the remains of more than one abbess of the monastery. I sought in vain to discover that of the good Abbess Matrona, to whose dreams the monastery owed its inauguration, but I was not successful either in my search or my inquiries.

VIII.

Our next point of rendezvous was the Monastery of Zilantoff, situated about four versts from the town. In order to arrive there, we found it necessary to follow the left bank of the Kazanka. The banks of this river are flat and monotonous; however, thanks to fine weather and the rapidity of our horses, the drive was less tedious than might have been expected. At about half-way we halted near a monument of a pyramidal form, erected to the memory of the warriors who fell at the taking of
Kazan. It owed its erection to the following circumstance.

The river Kazanka, although narrow, is very rapid in its course, and consequently yearly washes away a considerable quantity of the earth on its banks. This was particularly the case with the little mountain on which this monument is situated. One day certain persons passing the spot in a boat, at the period of the annual inundation, discovered a quantity of skulls and bones projecting from the bank of the river where the water had subsided: information was consequently given to the authorities of Kazan. Upon examination, it was found that the entire elevation, instead of being of earth, consisted of mortal remains, piled péle-méle one upon the other. From various reasons, the inhabitants of Kazan were induced to believe that these were the bones of their Muscovite forefathers, who died in the service of their country; thus, in a very short space of time, a monument in honour of the latter was erected upon the spot. This monument is, as I have before said, in the form of a pyramid, and the interior forms a church, where every year, on the anniversary of the siege of Kazan, a funeral service, at which the Governor-General and all the authorities of the town assist with great pomp and ceremony, is performed in honour and for the eternal rest of those who lie buried beneath. A catacomb has been constructed beneath the foun-
dations of the church: a dark and narrow staircase leads to this receptacle of death; there you find a sarcophagus, which is filled with bones that were disturbed in digging the foundations of the monument.

Curiosity induced us to descend into the catacomb I have spoken of. Approaching the sarcophagus, I took into my hand one of the skulls it contained; a deep gash, apparently made by the blow of an axe or sabre, ran down the very middle of the forehead. What a tale did not that gash tell with it! It is much to be regretted, however, that the authorities of Kazan, who presided at the erection of this monument, ordered all these relics to be cleaned and polished.

IX.

Having resumed our seats in our carriage, we were not long in arriving at the Monastery of Zilantoff, which, surrounded by high walls, and situated upon a mountain of considerable magnitude, the base of which is watered by the Kazanka, presents the appearance of a fortress, and one of no ordinary strength. In former times, when the country I am describing was overrun by brigands and bands of inimical and vagabond tribes, it became an object of urgent necessity to render every monastery inaccessible to the sudden attacks of the latter;—hence the custom of building these places
of seclusion in the form of strongholds and fortresses; a custom which continues to the present day, although the danger to which it owes its origin has ceased to exist.

As I have before remarked, the word Zilantoff is corrupted, and should be pronounced Dgilantaou—the Mountain of the Serpent, from the Tartar words dgilan (serpent) and taou (mountain). Tradition attributes its appellation to the following cause. At the period of the foundation of Kazan a winged dragon, of terrific magnitude, had fixed his abode in a cave of this mountain. Every day at noon, we are told, he quitted his place of habitation and winged his way to the Kaban, to drink the water of this lake. It is related, that as he passed along through the air, all the inhabitants prostrated themselves respectfully on the earth; those who neglected to perform this act of homage he seized and devoured. The sorcerer who destroyed the serpents of Kazan at the period of Khan Batou having also contrived to get rid of this monster, the elevation was named the Mountain of the Serpent, in commemoration of its former owner.

The monastery which at the present day rises with its white walls and lofty turrets on the summit of this mountain, was founded by Ivan the Terrible in honour those of his warriors whom death laid low at the siege of Kazan. A detailed description of its churches and various buildings would be of
very little interest to the reader; suffice it therefore to say that its appearance is very picturesque and striking. During the spring this mountain becomes a favourite place of rendezvous for the inhabitants of Kazan, who at the period of the annual inundation of the Volga arrive in boats to this spot, where, under the shade of a cluster of trees, they enjoy their picnic, or drink tea, that constant beverage of every class of society in Kazan.

X.

Our excursion having by this time given us an excellent appetite, and our ordinary dinner-hour drawing near, we crossed the Kazanka in a boat, and directed our way to the house of General Tebenkoff, which, appertaining to the powder-factory placed under the direction of the General, stands opposite the monastery, from which it is alone separated by the Kazanka. The hospitality of the General and of his amiable family, rendered his house, at the period I speak of, one of the most agreeable in Kazan. After partaking of an excellent dinner, having still to make another excursion, we took our farewell of our excellent host, and, re-entering our carriage, which during the interval had been conveyed in a barge across the river, we were not long in arriving at the monastery of Kyzytch, situated about three versts from Kazan.

The antique walls of this convent, its solid towers,
and the peculiar construction of its churches, received a due portion of our attention; the façade of the monastery, from its extraordinary style of architecture, in particular attracted our notice.

Near the entry, is to be seen a holy well: its waters are said to possess the miraculous power of curing divers diseases; the consequence of this is, a constant flow of the lower classes of the people, and a corresponding degree of pecuniary advantage to the monastery and its inmates.

At Kyzytch likewise is situated the aristocratic Cemetery—the Necropolis of Kazan. Several monuments of considerable antiquity are to be met with in this spot, that have a claim to the notice of the traveller.

On the 25th of June, Kyzytch presents an annual spectacle well worth observing: I allude to the procession of the miraculous image of our Lady of Smolensk, which is yearly brought from the Hermitage of the Seven Lakes to Kazan, for the spiritual advantage of the inhabitants of this town. The entire population of Kazan, excepting naturally the Tartars, goes forth to meet the procession; thousands even accompany it from the Hermitage itself, situated seventeen versts from Kazan. At about five o'clock in the evening the procession arrives at Kyzytch. It is a curious sight to observe this multitude, composed of men, women, and children, covered with dust, and naturally sinking with
fatigue by the time they reach the Convent. The image is deposited in the church of the monastery, and the crowd who have accompanied it from the Hermitage pass the night, no matter what be the weather, in the open air,—a part engaged in prayer, but the greater portion extended *péle-méle* on the earth, and wrapt in the luxurious slumber which generally succeeds great fatigue.

The following morning the procession again begins its march to Kazan. The Sacred Image is received, on its approach to this place, by all the clergy of the town; a thousand bells ring a welcome on its arrival, and, as the image enters the Cathedral of the Fortress, the crowd once more prostrate themselves on the earth in token of their veneration.

This image remains in Kazan for a month, during which time it is led from house to house by an escort of priests, followed always by a vast throng of people; the same demonstrations of reverence which were evinced on its arrival, accompany likewise its departure.

This ceremony was instituted in commemoration of the following event.

In the year 1654 a frightful pestilence, which had previously desolated Moscow and several other towns of the Russian empire, broke out in Kazan. The terror it created cannot be described: nor was it unfounded; in Moscow alone, during the six months it had raged there, more than 400,000
persons had fallen a prey to its fury. The pestilence had spread along the banks of the Volga, ravaging all the towns on its way until it reached Kazan. Here it raged with the same fury as in Moscow. The annals of the Hermitage of the Seven Lakes inform us that 48,000 souls died from its influence,—nearly the entire mass of the population of Kazan, which at the present day amounts only to 50,000. An unusual concourse of people had assembled at that period in this town, to adore a certain miraculous image lately discovered: this explains what would otherwise bear the appearance of a fiction. Every possible effort to stop the progress of the pestilence was made by the authorities; daily prayers were offered up in the Cathedral, but all was in vain. The greatest part of the monasteries and houses became entirely deserted, and thousands of dead bodies encumbered the streets in every direction of the town. In this horrible conjuncture, by the advice of a certain merchant it was resolved that the image of our Lady of Smolensk should be brought from the Hermitage of the Seven Lakes to Kazan. This image was consequently brought with great solemnity to the town. On its arrival, say the Annals we have quoted, it was carried by the clergy through every portion of the town: as it advanced, the deadly pestilence began to diminish in force, the black clouds which had hitherto darkened the heavens were driven away, the sun
burst out in a brilliant refulgence, and on the close of the following day the plague had ceased to rage.

The image remained for about a week in Kazan, after which preparations were made for conducting it back to the Hermitage. Hardly, however, we are informed, had it quitied the town, before a terrible wind arose, accompanied by a heavy and continued fall of hail and snow; the sky likewise became on a sudden so ominously black, that, horror-stricken, the crowd who accompanied the image flung themselves on the earth, hiding their faces in their hands. These omens induced the inhabitants of Kazan to believe that the time was not yet arrived for the removal of the image; it was once more therefore deposited in the Cathedral.

Some time after, by order of the Metropolitan of Moscow, the image having been sent back to the Hermitage, the pestilence once more renewed its ravages in Kazan; it was again put an end to through the influence of this revered image, which was once more brought to the town.

The pestilence having entirely disappeared, the people, in their gratitude for what they considered a mark of the beneficent protection of the Holy Virgin, caused this ceremony to be instituted,—a ceremony which is renewed annually on the 25th of July.

Kyzytch was the terminating point of our excursion. After having wandered a little in the vicinity
of the monastery, and taken care to drink, by way of precaution, a glass of water from the holy well, we returned to Kazan, somewhat fatigued, but by no means dissatisfied by the agreeable and useful manner in which we had passed the day.

And if the reader, in perusing this brief and faint description of the objects which struck the author's notice during that day's stroll, has felt the smallest portion of the pleasure which the latter enjoyed in viewing them; and if, by describing edifices and structures, many of which were previously without a record, he may assume to himself the merit of having rendered his pen useful even in a humble degree; in the midst of the many days which have glided by so unprofitably, he may at least revert to that one and exclaim,

"That day at least has not been lost!"
CHAPTER VIII.

MODE OF LIVING IN KAZAN.


I.

You may probably recollect, gentle reader, the account I received from some of the natives of St. Petersburg concerning Kazan, when first I thought of directing my steps to that remote town,—what a life of misery and ennui I was to lead; what barbarous people I was to live amongst; what dismal days and dreary evenings I was to pass; what abominable food I was to eat, and loathsome beverage to drink. After such a description, gentle reader, will you be astonished if I felt some qualms and misgivings when I reflected on all the calamities I was destined to undergo, and the privations I was doomed to suffer? Judge however of my surprise when, on
arriving in Kazan, instead of meeting the savages I expected, I found myself, as if by magic, suddenly introduced into a charming and numerous society, composed of cultivated men and accomplished women, not only knowing how to live, but how to live well and merrily;—when, instead of the horse-flesh, black bread, and train-oil, which I thought would be my only nourishment, I beheld in every house I entered, hospitable boards, loaded with choice and dainty viands, and generous, rare wines, the best and most expensive that the fields of France, Spain, and Germany could furnish;—when, instead of the hideous female forms and revolting female faces I expected to meet, I saw around me delightful and fascinating women, well able to please, and willing moreover to give themselves the trouble to do so. When I beheld all this, I repeat, I could scarcely believe, at first, that the scene was one of reality; and I might well have been excused fancying myself under the influence of a dream, or bewitched by one of those enchanters or sorcerers who, as the Tartar Annals tell us, were so common in Kazan in ancient times, and whose descendants are still believed by many to exist in this distant town.

You may be inclined to think, courteous reader, in perusing this page, I am telling you one of those wondrous tales which some travellers are so fond of relating, and which have an existence alone in the
fertile imagination of the narrator. But no! 'tis no fiction, I can assure you; and you will say so too, should you ever find your way to Kazan,—that is, allowing Kazan to be still what it was when I visited it some few years back,—a period when it could boast of possessing a Governor-General* who, blest with an immense fortune, spent it to the last penny in endeavouring to give activity to commerce and gaiety to the town of which he was ruler; if its inhabitants are still as wealthy, and as lavish of their gold, as they were then; and if they are still influenced by the same love of pleasure for which they were at that time, and have always been so famous. Indeed, far from retracting one word of what I have written, I will even go still further, and add, that not only Kazan must be a species of El Dorado to him who places his earthly bliss in feasting, fiddling, and dancing; but I have no hesitation in affirming, though the fact will doubtless appear incredible to many, that I believe there exists not on the face of the earth a town where social pleasures, of the above-mentioned nature, are more frequent; nor one whose inhabitants,—and little blame be to them for it,—show more ardour in the pursuit of amusement, or more zeal in endeavouring to surpass each other by giving banquets, balls, and parties of pleasure.

If the reader happens to be one of those morose

* General Strekaloff.
and ill-natured philosophers, who censure and condemn poor hapless mortals for seeking to render their lives as gay and pleasant as possible; who consider it a mortal sin to endeavour to drown the remembrance of present evils and present cares in the society of fascinating women and in the whirl of absorbing amusements, he will doubtless find in the present chapter rich food for his spleen and ill-humour, and will probably accuse the inhabitants of Kazan of sacrificing too largely at the altars of pleasure and dissipation. But if, on the contrary, he has aught of human kindness in his nature, if he will only bear in mind some of the circumstances in which the inhabitants of this town are placed,—their remoteness for the centre of civilization and politeness,—the absence of those many intellectual enjoyments which other cities of Europe offer,—the dreariness and ennui which these various causes must naturally engender,—and, in particular, the rigorous and cruel climate in which they live, and which, for seven months in the year, obliges them to resort to in-door amusements for recreation and enjoyment; in fine, if he will only peruse these unvarnished Sketches with a little of the spirit in which they were written, he will rather sympathize with than condemn the natives of this town, for seeking to banish and kill dull care, when dull care would otherwise kill them, had they not some arms to use against this detestable foe of humanity.
But whatever be the impression this chapter may create, whether it dispose the reader to sympathy or censure, I cannot on that account suppress its contents; for I am anxious to show, that though an existence in Kazan may have (and doubtless has) its miseries and pains, it has nevertheless its joys and pleasures, which not only, in the eyes of many, more than counterbalance the former, but to some even render it an incomparable place of sojourn, which they would not exchange, I verily believe, for the first and fairest of cities of the habitable globe.

II.

Reader! are you one of those passionate votaries of Terpsichore, (and there are many, I know, of this temper,) who would willingly give up home, country, and kindred, to be able to spend their entire life, from youth to age, upon the fascinating parquet of the ball-room? If such you are, as I do not wish to place temptation in your path, I pray you not to read the following pages, for I fear, if you do, you will feel much inclined to pack up your goods and chattels, and start instanter for Kazan.

The brief summer in Kazan glides rapidly by, and autumn follows with its lowering skies and damp mists. At this period, the violent winds which war with nature, the storms of sleet and hail with which they are ever accompanied, and which
are the heralds of the rude Siberian winter fast approaching, warn the inhabitants of Kazan that it is high time to quit their country estates and seek a shelter in their town habitations. This prudent measure is generally adopted about the beginning of October, a date at which the winter season in Kazan may be said to commence. Once re-assembled, an important business now occupies every mind, and becomes a topic of general conversation;—this is, how to render the coming winter as gay and amusing as possible. These urgent measures, the subject of much wise calculation and serious reflection, once decided on, then begins the vortex-whirl of intoxicating pleasures, into which the nobility of Kazan plunge with extraordinary eagerness. Masquerades, balls, déjeuners and soirées dansantes, routs, dinners, sledge-parties, concerts, and other amusements, follow each other in uninterrupted succession. During this period, I may safely affirm that scarce a single day passes unmarked by one or other of these pastimes: and on holidays and festivals it often happens that a déjeuner dansant, a sledge-party, and a ball take place on the same day, thus giving the lovers of Terpsichore an opportunity of dancing from two o'clock in the afternoon to three or four o'clock in the morning,—sixteen hours being often in this manner devoted to this bewildering pastime!

So passionate is the attachment of the inhabitants
of Kazan to the dance, that their first measures on their arrival from their country estates are devoted to the organization of balls and parties. The Tuesdays and Fridays for the whole season are consecrated to soièrèes dansantes, at the assembly-rooms of the nobility. It is an established custom for the Governor-General to give a dress-ball once a week. There are so many competitors for the remaining evenings, that it becomes a difficult matter to decide upon the choice, and not unfrequently the point of possession becomes a subject of dispute and quarrel. For every Kazan noble who has a house, and a fortune however small to entertain it, considers it a great and important duty in his turn to afford his friends and acquaintances the means (coûte qui coûte) of enjoying this favourite amusement.

It must be owned, however, that the balls which take place in Kazan are of no mean description. No expense is spared to make the entertainment as brilliant as possible; and I have been present at parties of this nature in Kazan which would cast in the shade many of our vaunted balls of London and Paris. The rooms elegantly furnished—rich chandeliers with innumerable tapers, shedding around an almost dazzling light—the staircase lined in the depth of winter with odoriferous flowers and fragrant plants taken from hot-houses and orangeries—the ladies blazing in diamonds,
and dressed with an elegance and good taste which would do no discredit to the saloons of Paris—a multitude of servants, dressed in splendid liveries, stationed at every door and at every entrance—the whole terminating with an expensive supper, at which no luxury is spared that the season can offer, and at which the choicest wines flow in abundance: such is the true picture of a bal paré in Kazan, and an affair of constant occurrence. The inhabitants of this town, who spare no expense in all that relates to their pleasures, are never more profuse than in the preparation for entertainments of this nature, which, whatever be the cost, is considered a failure unless it surpass in some respect that of the preceding evening.

Well, gentle reader, are you disposed to start for Kazan? If you are, you have but to seek the author of this page, who will willingly give you any information in his power, to enable you to get thither as easily and quickly as possible. But before you go, you may probably wish to know what kind of an entertainment a ball in Kazan is: with pleasure I will satisfy your curiosity.

III.

When you enter the ball-room you are received by the master and mistress of the house, who advance forward to welcome you and thank you for your company. Tea is then presented to you, and
this is of a kind which we do not enjoy in England, and which often costs from 30s. to 40s. a pound. After a certain lapse of time, the whole assembled throng collect together in the ball-room. The music then commences, and the ball opens with a polonaise, in which the dancers make the entire circuit of the mansion, passing through sitting-rooms, bed-rooms, lobbies, and corridors, all of which are naturally arranged for the occasion, until by an opposite entrance they arrive again at the ball-room. Then is played a waltz, and, for about half an hour, the amateurs of this dance are engaged in the mazes of this dizzy whirl. Then follow the quadrilles,—the light, the elegant French quadrilles. Apples and grapes, orgeat and lemon-ade, confectionery and bonbons, are now presented to refresh the wearied votaries of Terpsichore. After this follows a pot-pourri,—a dance mingling, in an harmonious turmoil, every kind of dance in vogue in civilized society, from the dignified polonaise to the noisy jig. This is one of the most fatiguing, as well as the most turbulent dances that exist or ever existed; no wonder therefore that the dancers return to their seats, the perspiration streaming down their faces, and giving evident marks of extraordinary fatigue. They have hardly had time to recover themselves a little before the seducing waltz is again heard, and the pretty feet of the ladies are again on the parquet, describing circles
and evolutions as graceful in their movements as they are pleasing to the feelings.

This is succeeded by two or three more quadrilles, after which preparations for the mazurka commence, and every dancer rushes to secure a couple of chairs, one for himself and one for his partner, which, to prevent their being taken again from him, he turns with their face to the wall, and sometimes ties together with his pocket handkerchief, to show that these seats are private property. This precaution is very necessary, for it often happens that, after having engaged a lady for this dance, which sometimes lasts a couple of hours, no chairs are to be found, or rather, if the society be numerous, no vacant place is left in the saloon to place one, so that the ill-fated dancers are forced to forego the pleasures of the mazurka, or to remain on foot during the whole period of its continuance.

The mazurka was evidently invented by an amorous nation, and by one of its most ardent lovers. Think, gentle reader, of a dance in which, seldom exposed to interruption, you sit for two hours (too brief, alas!) beside the woman of your heart, mammas and maiden aunts far remote, and no one near to interfere or to overhear your conversation. Every one chooses his own partner, and it is natural he should choose her who pleases him the best. It has been said that the waltz has
DESCRIPTION OF A KAZAN BALL.

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destroyed many a courtship, and broken up many a proposed marriage; on the contrary, the mazurka has strengthened many an attachment and caused many a wedding. Delightful dance, in which one scarcely dances at all, but sits in delicious society, listening to the sweet melody of tender lips, breathed for you alone! The man who invented this admirable dance deserved for his pains a statue or a column. How much the human race has gained by it is difficult to say, for without the mazurka there would be fewer marriages; and without marriages (sacred tie!) would not the human race soon become extinct? From lovers (and who loves not, has not loved, or will not love?) a temple of gold would be too small a recompense.

In Kazan, where an admirer, unless he be received in the house on the footing of a future husband, can gain with such difficulty a few minutes tête-à-tête with the object of his sympathy, it may easily be imagined what a delightful period of security and solitude (for, after all, there is no solitude like that of the ball-room, where each has his own business to attend to) these two blessed hours must offer.

Such is the Polish mazurka, which I have been given to understand has got into vogue in the circles of Paris and London. May it find there the same welcome and protection it has found on the borders of Asiatic Russia!
The best dancer in the town generally commences the mazurka, and to him is confided the choice of the figures, and the other arrangements of the dance. The figures are performed in pairs: these are a mélange of all the sentiment, coquetterie, poetry, and innocent intrigue that can possibly be united in a dance. But alas! the two hours end too soon. A cup of refreshing bouillon (strong broth) is presented, which is a signal for retiring to the supper-table, to which each cavalier leads his lady, and takes his place at a separate table, for the ladies all sit together,—a very bad custom, by the bye, and one which the inhabitants of Kazan would do well to abolish.

The supper, as I have before said, is always an excellent one. Champagne flows in abundance; stiff etiquette and cold formality gradually disappear; gaiety, mirth, and sociality arise in proportion, and, by the time the supper is finished, the whole party are more than ever disposed to enjoy the delicious, yet perilous waltz, with double appetite.

The ball is generally closed by a dance called the tempête, or the tempest; and a regular tempest it becomes. A certain sans-gêne now creeps into the salon, which warns prudent parents "that it is wrong," as Shakspeare says, "to give fond dalliance too much the rein;" and, to the great regret of the gentlemen, their fair and amiable partners
are torn from them at about three o'clock in the morning, and both parties return home and retire to their solitary couches, to "dream of bliss and wake to sorrow."

Such is the way, gentle reader, in which almost every evening of the week is passed in Kazan, during the entire winter-season: how the days are spent I shall now proceed to inform you.

IV.

That the town of Kazan offers to the dancer joys and advantages which probably no other in the universe can present, I trust the reader will acknowledge: he shall now learn what attractions it offers to those who find a pleasure in the charming pastime of paying and receiving visits.

There is no country in the universe where there exist so many festivals and holidays as in Russia. It has been calculated that more than one half of the year is devoted to festivals of the church and crown.

On every holiday of importance it is an invariable custom among the inhabitants of Kazan to pay a visit of congratulation to each of their friends and acquaintances; and a neglect of this social courtesy is considered as a striking want of politeness and good breeding.

In a town like Kazan, where there exists but one circle of society, and where everybody is more
or less intimate, it may easily be imagined what an admirable means of killing time this practice offers to the inhabitants of Kazan. Thus, although the latter on these occasions generally set out on their visiting excursions about nine o'clock in the morning, and return no earlier than four to dine, at a moderate computation it still requires six or seven days to accomplish duly these delightful duties of social existence. The town on such occasions presents all the bustle and activity of an ant-hill; hundreds of equipages cross each other at every moment, as their owners drive from street to street, from house to house.

It may naturally be supposed that in a climate like Kazan this custom is attended with a considerable degree of fatigue and risk to the visitor; such is indeed the case; but neither fatigue, nor even the rigour of the climate, prevents the due accomplishment of the pleasant task. As a proof of this, we will mention that it sometimes happens on a festival-day of this kind that a frost of 32° to 35° of Réaumur reigns in the air—a cold that would freeze quicksilver. No matter! the visits are still undertaken with pleasure, and such a circumstance would be no impediment to the zeal of the Kazan visitor; out he sallies in spite of every obstacle, and so frequent is the sudden transition from the extreme cold to the heavy air of the overheated apartments, that he seldom escapes without
some subsequent indisposition,—an attack of the ague, an inflammation on the chest, a frozen cheek, a sore throat, or some other similar inconvenience, which he bears with a martyr's resignation. Nor is it on public festivals alone that visits must be paid. The inhabitants of Kazan religiously celebrate their birthday, their name's day, the anniversary of their nuptials, the baptism, betrothal, and marriage of their children. On each and all these family solemnities every true gentleman must inevitably order his droshky, or sledge, to be harnessed, and drive to pay his tribute of felicitation to his friends. It very often happens that from ten to twenty name's-days or birthdays occur together; the consequence is, that as many breakfasts à la fourchette take place in the town, and one of the parties, to vary the amusement, gives a ball. Champagne on all these occasions flows in plenty; indeed, it is but justice to remark that the inhabitants of Kazan, while they exact from each other the accomplishment of these formalities, spare nothing to make their friends merry while they enjoy their society. Every fresh visitor is expected to drink to the health of the party whose fête is celebrating, in at least one or two bumpers of the French nectar. These libations are renewed in every house you enter; thus, upon a calculation that there are ten congratulations only to be paid, the visitor who loves a good glass of wine has an
opportunity of drinking, if he wishes, some twenty or thirty excellent bumpers of crémant during his morning visits. By the bye, it has often been remarked that more champagne is drunk in Russia than in any other country on the face of the globe, and I am much inclined to believe the assertion. In Kazan at least, however trifling be the occasion, champagne is invariably presented; and be it understood moreover that here it costs no less than from twelve to fourteen shillings the bottle.

V.

Thus, in sledge-parties, déjeuners, receiving and paying visits, the mornings of the winter-season are passed; after which each party returns to his own dwelling, or to that of a friend, to dine. There exists, I believe, nowhere more unbounded hospitality than in Kazan. The greatest part of its nobles keep open house. The consequence is, that the bachelor portion of the inhabitants never dine at home: the more numerous the guests, the happier and more flattered the host. In the generality of other countries this hospitality would naturally demand a very considerable income; in Kazan however, where articles of consumption are at the most moderate price, it is attended with far less expenditure than might be supposed, the principal and almost only real expense being the entretien of the cook, who often receives exorbitant
wages. Unless it be on some particular occasion, no man ever invites his friend or acquaintance to dinner; it is considered that if the latter has the inclination he will come without being solicited. The favour conferred is always on the side of the host; and as there are at least some thirty or forty houses who daily receive droppers-in to dinner, the latter have the means of selecting among a number of acquaintances the best fare, as well as the most agreeable society. Shortly after dinner (for the inhabitants of Kazan rise from table on the immediate conclusion of the meal), the guests return home, take their habitual siesta—an almost indispensable habit in a town where the night is spent in dancing,—and on their awaking from their afternoon nap retire to their dressing-rooms to prepare for the evening ball, which is always terminated, as I have before remarked, by a splendid supper. This concluded, the guests generally take their leave; but on many occasions they are retained by their host with so much urgency, that it would be disobliging and unpolite to reject the importunate solicitation. Hence it happens that the dawn of day often finds many a votary of Terpsichore still on the parquet of the ball-room. It is almost unnecessary to add, that on the following day the latter remain till noon on their couches, which they quit only to recommence the routine of the past day.
VI.

But of all the joys that Kazan offers, certainly those of the card-player stand prominent. It is almost incredible to what an extreme the pastime we speak of is carried in this town. All play;—the rich, the poor; the high, the low; the learned and the ignorant; men, women, and even children; and often, while the master and his guests are absorbed by their game in the saloon, the servants are as busily engaged in the antechamber. With some persons this amusement is even carried to an excess which in few places I believe is equalled; and I have known a party of inveterate card-players remain even forty-eight hours at play, scarcely leaving their chairs, unless it be to snatch a precipitate and ill-digested meal. Many of the young ladies likewise—and I trust they will forgive me saying so—as far as their sex and privileges allow, show an equal ardour in the pursuit of this pleasure; and it often happens that these fair and interesting gamblers, the moment the dinner is over, take their seats at the card-table, and there (and more's the pity!) they remain till the hour arrives for preparing for the ball. A game called Preference is much in vogue among the ladies and the younger portion of the male society. The elder portion, particularly the married, play at Boston, whist, piquet, and écarté. A game of hazard, called Bank, which allows of a greater degree of
gambling than probably any other, was for some
time quite the rage in Kazan, until the Emperor
thought fit to prohibit it, in consequence of the
ruin in which it had involved so many of his sub-
jects. These passing remarks will suffice to show
what a vast and tempting field is open to the card-
player in Kazan for the enjoyment of his favourite
pastime, and what scope this town offers for the
exercise of those ingenious and scientific calcula-
tions which form the pride and boast of every mem-
ber of the card-playing fraternity.

VII.

While speaking of the joys and pastimes of
Kazan, I must not omit making mention of the
Theatre, which contributes so greatly to the amuse-
ment of the inhabitants of this town. At the pre-
sent day, the latter can boast of a really splendid
building, lately erected at a very great expense, and
which is said to be as large and as convenient as
that of the Michael Theatre at St. Petersburg.
But at the period of my visit to this town, the
theatre, I must confess, bore a very indifferent ap-
pearance, being built of wood; the music, actors,
costumes, and decorations were in keeping with
the house, and certainly need no description.
The actors however entertained so high an opinion
of their merits, that they seldom condescended to
play vaudevilles and melodramas; it was in the
highest sphere of music and tragedy alone that they sought to shine: Zampa, Robert le Diable, Der Freischütz, etc. etc. were brought out on this stage, in all their glory. Even our immortal Shakspeare, mirabile dictu, often figured on the boards of this theatre. I was present at the representation of Hamlet; it was for the benefit of an actor called Romanoffsky, who performed the part of the Danish Prince. The livid features, tall thin figure of this actor, and his hoarse hollow voice, every tone of which was "like sounds that come from the grave," would have constituted an admirable personification of the ghost, but made a sorry one of the ghost's son. Being placed in the first row of chairs, and known to be an Englishman (not an unenviable title, by the bye, on the borders of Asia), I could catch ever and anon the eye of the actor bent upon me, as if to ascertain what effect his dramatic genius had made. "You seem to admire our Kazan Kean," remarked the Governor-General. "Vastly," I replied; "I have seen Hamlet played in London by Kean, in St. Petersburg by Karategin*, and in Kazan by Romanoffsky, and I must frankly own that the latter bears away the palm." I afterwards saw the same actor perform Othello and Macbeth, and with about the same success as Hamlet; the spectators however applauded heartily, and that was quite enough for the actor.

* Karategin, the most famous of the Russian tragedians.
Notwithstanding the indifferent nature of the performances, the Theatre of Kazan was even then generally crowded with spectators. The inhabitants of this town love variety, let it come under whatever form it will, and they frequent the theatre to create a kind of interlude between cards and the dance. The boxes were generally engaged from the beginning of the season, as likewise the first and second row of fauteuils. The male portion of the spectators, all of whom take their places in the pit, leave them during the entr’actes, and stroll from box to box, to enjoy a moment’s chit-chat with their female friends. Occasionally however it happens that this theatre presents other attractions, independent of a nod or a word with an acquaintance. This takes place when some talented actor from St. Petersburg or Moscow visits Kazan; the performances then assume a somewhat more respectable appearance. Schepkin, one of the best actors of the Moscow stage, with his daughter, appeared several times on the boards of this theatre. During his engagement the price of the boxes and pit were trebled; the inhabitants of Kazan notwithstanding cheerfully complied, and Schepkin, as far as encouragement went, had every reason to be satisfied with the result of his visit. His daughter had still more cause to be so: she was young and pretty, acted and sang with considerable taste,—these were qualities that were rarely seen on the stage of Kazan, and her
appearance consequently excited a burst of enthusiasm similar to that which hailed about the same time Taglioni in St. Petersburg. She contrived to turn the wits of both old and young: garlands of flowers were flung on the stage whenever she appeared; many made her handsome presents; and the students of the University expressed their admiration by serenading her several times at twilight under the lattice of her dwelling. She even raised the tender passion in several susceptible bosoms, and is said to have had more than one offer of marriage during her sojourn in Kazan. The enchantress quitted this town notwithstanding, on the expiration of her father's engagement, in "maiden meditation, fancy free."

The enthusiasm which was elicited by the arrival of Schepkin and his daughter induced, some time after, Maximoff, an actor of the St. Petersburg stage, to visit Kazan; his example was followed by Bantysheff, a celebrated singer from Moscow: during the sojourn of both these performers the theatre scarcely sufficed to contain the spectators who thronged to the representations.

The theatre of Kazan is likewise occasionally the scene of musical and vocal concerts, generally given by foreign virtuosi, who visit this distant town. The latter have seldom cause to complain of the welcome they receive; for whatever be the cause which influences the inhabitants of Kazan—love
of music or of novelty,—at all events the *artiste* is always well encouraged and well patronized. Mrs. Bishop and her travelling companion, Bochsa, who visited Kazan in the year 1841, can bear witness to the truth of this. Bochsa, who arrived thither from a neighbouring town, complained, it seems, of the reception he had met with in the latter place. Dining one day at the Governor-General's, and being asked what difference he found between the town of N— and Kazan; "The same difference," exclaimed he, "as exists between this excellent glass of champagne I hold in my hand, and the miserable imitation perpetrated on the Don." The two travellers remained about three weeks in this town, and quitted it perfectly satisfied with both the liberality and hospitality of its inhabitants.

The theatre of Kazan, besides being employed for dramatic and musical performances, serves for representations of rope-dancers, tumblers, dancing bears and dogs, learned pigs, sleight-of-hand men, equestrian manœuvres, albinos, giants, dwarfs, and wandering menageries, all of which honour Kazan with an occasional visit during the winter-season.

**VIII.**

In this gay and jovial manner, month after month of the severe winter glides rapidly away, until the Russian Carnival, called the Maslenitza, or Butter-week, arrives. This festival is kept in all
parts of Russia with about the same ceremonies: everywhere it forms a period of revelry and pleasure; in Kazan however it has some peculiarities worthy of notice. During this week, thousands of Tartars, each of whom brings with him a rude sledge harnessed with three horses abreast, throng from the neighbouring villages to this ancient capital of their forefathers. The object of this annual visit is to gain a little money, by affording the poorer classes of Kazan the pleasure of a drive during this epoch of general festivity. So insignificant is the price they require, that there are none so poor as not to be able to find means of enjoying this favourite amusement. You may be driven three miles for a penny, and the driver will be delighted into the bargain. But this custom is not without its inconvenience. These demi-savages drive to and fro through the town with such rapidity, and in such numbers, that it becomes an equal matter of impossibility to walk as to move in one's own equipage. In the first case, the pedestrian incurs at every moment the risk of being run over and crushed to death by these semi-barbarians; and in the second, it is ten chances to one that your horse's legs will be broken and sledge shattered, ere you arrive at the place of your destination. There is no other way of avoiding these evils, but that of making use one's-self of these wretched and inconvenient conveyances. More than once the
authorities of Kazan have endeavoured to put an end to this annual and unwelcome visit; but as this custom has been established for several centuries, it has hitherto resisted all the attempts that have been made to abolish it.

The effervescence of the Carnival is succeeded by the austerity of the principal Fast,—a fast of nearly two months' duration. Farewell now to all mirth! feasting, fiddling, masking, dancing,—all suddenly cease. The theatre is closed; miserable dishes, prepared with oil, now usurp the place of the dainty ragouts which before graced so many a table; faces grow yellow and thin, and the spirits depressed and melancholy, from this cruel change of diet and existence; cards and wine are the only two enjoyments which remain for killing time and banishing the demon ennui. But this period of abstinence and privation, like everything else in this world, finds an end. The last week of Lent glides away; Kazan revives from its dreary and self-imposed state of torpor, and resumes its joyous and bustling aspect. The inhabitants, who have supported for two entire months, with obedience and resignation, a most rigorous probation of fasting and penance, now resume their former mode of living with double zest and appetite: then Easter draws aside the curtain, and exhibits the actors on this stage of mortality in their habitual garb, and at their wonted occupation.
This festival brings with it likewise a new source of enjoyment, certainly of no mean or contemptible nature, that of kissing. But these kisses, be it understood, are perfectly innocent: they are not only sanctified, but even prescribed, by the religion of the country. I make a point of informing my readers of this circumstance, for I wish that Kazan should be considered by them pure and without a spot.

The reader must therefore know that among the Russians, during the festival of Easter, it is an established custom to express their joy at our Saviour's Resurrection, by addressing each other with the phrase, "Christ is risen," to which the following answer, "He is truly risen," is returned. Whereupon both parties express their joy by a treble kiss, given and received, and generally accompanied with the exchange of an egg. This religious custom is very ancient, and is meant as a token of the Christian and brotherly love which all parties should feel during this great and solemn festival. On this occasion no one, to whom the words alluded to are addressed, can refuse the kiss which is claimed by the speaker: the high-born dame is bound to salute the lowliest peasant who accosts her, unless indeed she be willing to break through this religious custom, which is seldom the case. The stranger however who arrives in Russia during this period of universal kissing, if unacquainted with the cause,
is much astonished at finding all classes of society, of all ages and sexes, actively employed in addressing and saluting each other in the way I have mentioned. There is however something very beautiful in this truly patriarchal custom, if considered in its true light.

IX.

This sudden transition from ennui to mirth, and from religious austerity to general festivity, is accompanied by a striking change in the aspect of the town itself, which undergoes at this period a singular and interesting metamorphosis. Kazan, as I have before remarked, is situated in the midst of vast and arid steppes, spotted by several small forests of brushwood. The river Kazanka flows at the base of the fortress, which is constructed on a mountain, from whence the Volga may be seen winding its way, about five miles from the town. Such is the scene which greets the traveller who visits Kazan at every other period of the year, save the beginning of spring. Let him arrive however at the end of April, and he will be not a little astonished to find this town, formerly situated in the midst of a barren steppe, now rising as it were by magic from out of a vast expanse of water, which washes the very walls of the citadel. Where is now the Volga? Where the Kazanka? Indiscernible! for both have mingled their waters in this vast inundation. Where are the forests and
the plains, the roads, the bridges, even the wooden dwellings, which the traveller formerly remarked on his way? All have disappeared beneath the surface of the encroaching element. Seated in a boat which bears him over a space he previously traversed in his carriage, the stranger can scarcely believe that this can be the same town he visited it may be a month previous.

This extraordinary change, which Kazan annually undergoes at this period of the year, is owing to the inundation of the Volga, which, swollen by the vast quantity of diluted snow, which pours itself into its bed, overflows its banks, discharging its waters in every direction over the level plains in its vicinity. The inundation in the neighbourhood of Kazan often covers a space of from twenty to thirty miles. Although travellers suffer no small degree of inconvenience from this flood, the inhabitants of the banks of the Volga derive from it considerable advantages; to Kazan it becomes a rich source of prosperity, from the facility it affords of transporting the different products of the province.

The aspect of the town at this period is imposing and magnificent. Its numerous churches, with their gilded domes and lofty belfries; the Tartar mosques with their minarets, surrounded by glittering crescents; in fine, a thousand singular structures of every form and colour, seem to be growing out of the immense sheet of water which lies around them.
About the end of the month of May, the inundation, which lasts for nearly a month, begins to subside. The waters are not long in disappearing. The earth they covered becomes muddy and slimy after their departure, but a burning sun soon restores them to their former state. The grass springs up in the plains, which for a moment look fresh and green; but this verdure lasts only as long as the earth remains damp from the effects of the inundation, and in a few days these plains become arid and parched, as is their wont.

The town itself,—which, in consequence of the thawing of the snow and the unfirm nature of the soil, becomes a perfect bog, in which the horses plunge to their very haunches,—now experiences a change still more insupportable. The mud, dried up by the heat of the sun, is succeeded by dense clouds of dust, which sweep through the streets of the town, depriving the unfortunate pedestrian of the means of breathing, and rendering his clothes as white and powdered as those of a miller. Then, to avoid being suffocated by the heat and dust, the greatest part of the inhabitants make a precipitate retreat from the town,—the land-holders to their estates, and the lack-landers to those of their friends whose hospitality affords them a refuge from the sensible calamity of a sojourn in town during this unpropitious and unhealthy period.
CHAPTER IX.

THE CLIMATE AND THE WATERS.

I. SUMMER, AUTUMN, AND WINTER IN KAZAN.—II. SPRING AND ITS EVILS.—III. THE WATERY ELEMENT.—IV. MORTALITY IN KAZAN.—V. A HINT TO THOSE IT CONCERNS.

I.

In the preceding chapter I have attempted to describe some of the joys and attractions which Kazan offers to its inhabitants; true however it is, that there is no good but has its accompanying evil, and Kazan, I am sorry to say, is not without its share of the ills and troubles which afflict humanity; of these, the principal certainly proceed from the climate and the waters.

With regard to the first,—duly considering the extremes of heat and cold from which Kazan is doomed to suffer, the constant and sudden changes of its atmosphere, the storms and hurricanes which ever and anon take place, the various local diseases which perpetually exist in this town and its vicinity,—we cannot conceal our belief, (though we own we are loath to say it,) that it would be difficult to find a region less favoured in this respect by nature.
In order to enable the reader to form his own opinion on this subject, we purpose giving him a brief account of what we felt and experienced from weather and water during our sojourn in Kazan. The account will not be, we know, either a friendly or a favourable one, for we candidly confess that though we found much in Kazan that we really liked and loved, we most heartily disliked and detested its climate and waters; and we happen to be one of those imperfect mortals who, when they take a dislike to either man or thing, are apt to indulge their spleen and ill-will in speaking against it. This is a failing, we know; but we feel the less remorse about the matter, as we are not railing (as some of our predecessors have done) at a friend who has treated us well and kindly: the climate of Kazan and its waters were no friends to us,—at least we were always ailing from their influence. What wonder therefore if we bear them a grudge, and seek to revenge ourselves for the various ills they brought upon us, by depicting them such as we found them, and believe them to be? We say this to the reader in warning, and, as we are well disposed towards Kazan, we shall not be at all sorry if he finds our description of its seasons overdrawn and exaggerated. We will begin with the summer.

The heat which often exists at this period of the year is beyond conception to those who have not had the misfortune to experience it. Lead, it is true, would
not melt in the sun, but I should almost be inclined to use this form of expression in order to give some idea of the burning influence of this planet during the brief summer months. At midday it is sometimes almost impossible to go out of doors. The stone pavement of the streets is as if it had been removed from a furnace, and the heat pierces through the sole of the shoe to the very foot. Add to this, that often there is not the slightest breath of wind to cool the parching atmosphere, or fan the blood of the unfortunate being who is forced to venture from home in these disastrous hours.

The only agreeable portion of the day, in fact the only period that is in any way supportable, is that which immediately succeeds the setting of the sun. But, alas! this interval of a beneficent freshness lasts only for an hour and a half; after that space of time invariably falls a heavy dew, accompanied with a damp, cold exhalation which rises from the earth. The clothing which the heat half an hour before rendered inconvenient, now becomes insufficient; and the stroller is forced to hurry home to furnish himself with an extra garment to keep out the cold and damp, otherwise he runs a considerable risk of gaining an inflammation in the chest, an attack of rheumatism, or one of those intermitting fevers so common at this period.

This excessive heat lasts sometimes two and even three months. Everything becomes dried up,—
In its turn succeeds what is called by the name of autumn, although no such season can be said to exist here; for the moment the sun ceases to have its burning influence, a frosty air usurps its place. Thus, in the month of September it often happens that the ground and houses are covered with deep snow; a beating and fearful sleet sweeps through the air; rain and snow succeed each other in turns, violent and bitter winds during the day, and a strong frost at night: such is the sudden change which a few days bring about. Terrible storms, as I have remarked, sometimes occur at this period; I was witness to one of a nature not easily to be forgotten. On that occasion I had left home to take a stroll through the streets; the weather was calm, and nothing seemed to menace the approach of such a hurricane as took place. On a sudden a most violent wind arose; the dust was carried in whirlwinds through the air; and the sky assumed an awful blackness. I had just time to enter the house of an acquaintance before the hurricane burst out in all its fury. It lasted only for a few minutes; but that brief period
was sufficient to cause a ravage that weeks could scarcely repair. Scarcely a window in the town but was shattered. In several streets the roofs of numerous houses were carried away by the violence of the wind; that of the house of Baron Pierkh was borne up into the air, and fell upwards of a hundred yards from the dwelling to which it appertained. Walls, and even many wooden houses, were levelled; numerous trees torn up by the roots; and many of the barks and barges on the Kazanka and Volga were sunk by the tempest.

Such are a few of the evils which a Kazan autumn brings in its train: there remains to be added to the account a list of diseases and disorders which affect every class of its society, and which very few of the inhabitants of this town have the good fortune to escape. Agues, fevers, influenza, colds, coughs, rheumatism,—all these insatiable enemies of poor humanity desolate at this period the population of Kazan. Numbers fall a sacrifice to their fury. One autumn, during my sojourn there, the mortality was great to a frightful degree; and Dr. Fouks assured me, that more persons had died from agues and fevers during that disastrous season, than had fallen a prey in a similar space of time to the ravages of the cholera. And it has been found, from statistical researches, that of fifty thousand inhabitants of Kazan, there die annually eighteen hundred persons from the
diseases I have mentioned,—thirty-six out of every thousand.

The approach of winter, while it tends to purify the air, contributes likewise to lessen the diseases which reign in Kazan. The month of November is generally less trying and less insalubrious than the two which precede it; for the weather, growing colder, becomes at the same time more regular and healthy. It is generally at the end of this month that the river Volga freezes. Still the winter cannot be said to have manifested itself as yet in all its rigour. A man may still leave his house without the danger of having his nose, ears, or fingers bitten by the frost, which sometimes terminates in the disagreeable loss of these very necessary parts of the human construction; the hardy crow may yet hover in the air without running the risk of falling a congealed mass to the earth, as often happens in the severer months. But this period of security does not last long. December arrives: the rivers, lakes, streams, freeze in every direction; snow, sometimes seven and eight feet deep, covers the ground, and at the same time succeeds a frightful frost, from $30^\circ$ to $33^\circ$ of Réaumur, the very name of which causes a shudder, but the experience of which is, as says Hamlet, “horrible, most horrible!” The streets become almost deserted; the theatre is closed; travellers, coachmen, and even horses, are frozen to death;
and many other disasters of this nature signalize this terrible period of the year, which fortunately lasts but a month or two. During the remainder of the winter to its termination, from 15° to 20° continue in the atmosphere.

About the latter end of the month of March, the sun begins to have a certain influence; at midday, although a strong frost still reigns in the air, it has power enough to thaw the surface of the snow. Its heat daily increases, and this gives rise to a considerable inconvenience as regards clothing. Walk out at this period, and on the shaded side of the road your fur shoub is scarce a sufficient protection against the intense cold and bitter wind; on the opposite side, the rays of the sun penetrate to your body, and you perspire strongly from the heat; so that nothing is more difficult than to adapt one's clothing to the frequent changes of the atmosphere in this inconstant climate.

II.

In the month of May the weather begins to assume a somewhat more agreeable character. The frost has disappeared, and the sun has not yet acquired that intensity of heat it possesses during the summer months. The Volga, in overflowing its banks, becomes the means of establishing on the Boulac a species of fair, which brings to the Ka-
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zanka a number of barks laden with various kinds of merchandize. This fair attracts the inhabitants in crowds, and becomes a favourite promenade. The aspect of Kazan, surrounded as it then is with a vast expanse of water, assumes a very picturesque and striking appearance. "At this period," writes Koupfer, in his 'Voyage dans l'Oural,' "the inferior classes quit their filthy and narrow dwellings to breathe a pure and fresh air; the women and children regain their strength and colour lost during the winter, in consequence of their having been penned up in small and low rooms, in which there was no circulation of air, and where even daylight penetrated with difficulty. The wives and daughters of the Kazan merchants, who during the winter scarcely leave their homes except to pay a visit to their relations, now, bedecked with rouge and diamonds, wander along the boulevards of the fortress, from whence the view of the inundation is truly magnificent."

But, as the same author remarks, these pleasures are of short duration: hardly do the waters begin to retire, before the air once more grows cold and frosty, and often snow falls upon the trees which have begun to bud and blossom. The writer I have quoted here enters into a scientific analysis of the reason of these sudden changes, but as I believe these details would be of very little interest to my readers, I will not transcribe it; the charac-
ter of the climate of Kazan is what I have wished to describe, and not the causes of the variability of its temperature.

The sinking of the waters forms another disastrous epoch at Kazan. The sudden change of the atmosphere, the vapours which arise from the pools of water which remain after the retreat of the inundation, and which soon become putrid, give rise afresh to fevers and agues. The inhabitants of the lower portion of the town suffer terribly at this period. Forced to abandon their houses during the overflowing of the Volga, which inundates the streets where they are situated, the poorer classes return to their damp dwellings the moment the waters have subsided; hence the origin of numerous diseases. This imprudent haste is accompanied with dangers of another nature; for instance, fatal gases collect in the cellars during the period of the flood, which cause instantaneous death to those who enter. Not long back, an inquest was held on the body of a certain sailor, named Artemieff, who, having incautiously descended into the cellar of the house in which he lived, was found some time after dead near the entry. It was discovered, on examination, that a suffocating gas existed in the cellar; and this circumstance proved clearly the cause of the death of the unfortunate sailor.
III.

The climate would be the worst of the evils which associate themselves to Kazan, were it not for its waters, which constitute one of the principal miseries of the inhabitants of this town. When I affirmed that they are abominable, the term was scarcely sufficient to express their deleterious quality. They form a terrible evil, and one which weighs heavily on every class of the population. For what can be more deeply felt than the want of water, or, what is almost as bad, the existence of that element in a state which renders it unfit for employment in even the commonest exigencies of domestic economy? There are three different species of water in Kazan, and the three degrees of comparison of the adjective bad, serve perfectly to give an idea of each of these species. The first, which is merely bad, is the water of the Kaban, a lake that furnishes the whole town with this element. I have certainly been indulgent in the cognomen I have attached to it; to prove it, I need but say that it is a stagnant pool, which during the summer months becomes putrid, and swarms with animalcules. Even in winter it has an unpleasant taste, and if left for a short space of time in a heated room, it becomes absolutely undrinkable. Add to this, that every kind of impurity and animal filth is poured into this lake from the different sewers of the town,—
horses are bathed therein,—it is the rendezvous of all the washerwomen of Kazan, who cleanse with its waters the unclean clothing of every class of its population. During the winter a market is held on this lake, and roads are constructed in every direction; filth of every kind collects on its surface, and all this, on the thawing of the ice, is received into its bed, and from thence transmitted in a pleasant dilution to the delicate stomachs and dainty palates of the unfortunate inhabitants of the town. During the summer, likewise, if the weather be more than usually hot, this lake swarms with a species of insect called here the water-flea (technically Monoculus saltatorius), which, if swallowed, causes an immediate and violent vomiting,—a circumstance, it must be owned, by no means in its favour.

The second species is obtained from the wells, which are numerous in Kazan. This water is worse than the first, and although it may, in cases of necessity, be employed for the kitchen, it is totally unfit for any other use, and in particular for tea, which both the Russians and Tartars drink in great quantity.

The third species of water is that of the river Kazanka; this is bad to a superlative degree. It is impossible to employ it in consequence of the great quantity of sulphate of lime it contains. It is in every way pernicious, and, as Koupfer, the academician, remarked, cannot be made use of without
detriment to the health. It is said even to cause eruptions on the bodies of those who bathe therein. I do not affirm this as certain, although many persons have assured me of the fact; I believe it however sincerely myself, and this was the reason which always deprived me of the pleasure of bathing in this river. In a word, the inhabitants of Kazan employ this water for two purposes only—for washing horses and drowning kittens, nor do I think it can be adapted to any other.

The bad quality of the waters of Kazan is partly the cause of the numerous fevers which reign at several epochs of the year. And it has been remarked that the inhabitants of the houses in the neighbourhood of the Kazanka are more subject to these diseases than those who dwell in the higher parts of the town, although the latter are by no means exempt from the common calamity.

Such is the water which the inhabitants of Kazan, bongré, malgré, are forced to content themselves with. To obtain even this, there is no other resource, for the family man at least, but to keep a horse and coachman, both of whom repair to the banks of the Kaban to procure this necessary element. Those whose income will not allow them to incur this expense, pay a certain sum to a peasant who undertakes to supply them daily with water. There is however a serious inconvenience in such an arrangement: upon a moderate calculation it
may be reckoned that the water-carrier gets tipsy at least twice a week, and consequently it as often happens that, when the hour arrives for taking tea, this precious liquid is found wanting; the result is, that one is forced to send one's servant to beg a kettle of water from some neighbour or acquaintance,—thrice fortunate if a similar cause has not placed them in a similar predicament.

IV.

We have railed so much and so bitterly against the climate of Kazan and its waters, that we are almost afraid the reader will accuse us of deliberate misrepresentation and intentional exaggeration. To save ourselves from such accusations, we find ourselves forced to rail still more by bringing proofs—statistical proofs—that what we have said is at least founded on fact, and not, as the reader might imagine, the outbreaking of an angry temper or ill-humoured disposition.

We submit therefore the following facts to his consideration.

From the church-register books of this town, we learn that from the year 1802 to 1812, and from 1823 to 1832, forming a space of nineteen years, the number of births in Kazan amounted to 27,769, and of deaths to 35,657,—making 7888 more deaths than births.

From this fact it results, that in the course of
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time the population of Kazan would be totally exhausted, were it not annually recruited by fresh supplies and fresh arrivals. Such a circumstance, in a country like Russia, where the population is so small when compared with its extent of territory, demands the strictest attention; and every possible remedy should be employed to annul the causes of this awful mortality in Kazan, a town which serves as a drain upon the Russian empire.

That remedies do exist, it is easy to prove. Few towns were more unhealthy than Pisa, in Italy, Temesvar, in Hungary, and Stuttgard, in Germany; but the measures which were taken by their respective governments—the drainage of bogs and marshes, the growth of forests, the removal of mountains and the introduction of rivers and canals,—have rendered these towns at the present day both healthy and agreeable.

What has been done with these towns might doubtless with equal facility be accomplished in Kazan, a town which, history tells us, was formerly remarkable for pure air and excellent water, both of which at the present day have so sensibly altered, that the first is certainly the cause of many diseases formerly unknown to its inhabitants, and that the latter has become so bad and unwholesome that it acts as a kind of poison on the present population.

The mortality which exists in Kazan has been
found to arise from the following causes:—firstly, from the uncleanliness of the town itself; secondly, from the bogs and marshes amongst which it is situated; thirdly, from the rigour and inconstancy of the climate; and, fourthly, from the abominable species of water which the inhabitants are forced to make use of.

A want of proper cleanliness in the town certainly does exist. In many streets there are no sewers; the ravines, moreover, are filled with every kind of filth and refuse, which is brought and discharged therein by day and night; the consequence is, that the air becomes infected with putrid vapours, which would be sufficient to engender disease without the addition of any other disposing cause. A sufficient proof of the truth of this is the circumstance that in the parishes called Illeen, Troitsky, and Ouspensky, where numerous inns for the lower classes are to be found, and where much uncleanliness is collected in the streets and ravines, disease effects a greater ravage than elsewhere, so that in these parishes it is estimated that to every hundred births may be counted 114 deaths.

It therefore follows that the inhabitants of Kazan, by observing a greater cleanliness in the streets of their town, and the police by enforcing it, might, to a certain degree, contribute to diminish the mortality to which I have alluded*. The position of the

* We think it our duty to remark that, since our sojourn in
town is another cause of evil, which might at all events be diminished with activity and perseverance.

Kazan, as I have before said, is almost surrounded by bogs and marshes, which of themselves would be sufficient to render this town a most unhealthy one, even if no other causes contributed to make it so. The annual inundation of the Volga forms a fresh source of calamity. This river, in overflowing its banks, spreads over the plains of Kazan, which it surrounds with its waters, and these, when they return to their bed, leave behind a quantity of lakes and ponds, which the heat of the sun soon renders putrid. Hence arise unwholesome vapours (aer paludosus), which impregnate the air, and produce fevers and other diseases. The hotter the weather, the more these diseases rage in Kazan. It is particularly in the lower parts of the town, in the streets nearest the Kazanka, and where these puddles and ponds most exist, that these diseases rage in the severest manner. For instance, the inhabitants of the streets called the Podlujenny, Zaseepkin, and Nijney Fedoroffsky, suffer most. In the first of these streets, to every hundred births are reckoned 107 deaths; in the Zaseepkin, to every hundred births, 109 deaths; and in the lower streets of the parish called Evdokeemsky, to Kazan, some years have elapsed; the state of things may probably be different at the present day from what it was at that period.
every hundred births, 134 deaths. It must be re-
marked, moreover, that in general the houses of
these streets are inhabited by labourers and work-
men belonging to the different factories, tan-yards,
etc., men in the flower of their strength, and inured
to fatigue and hardship.

Such are the terrible effects of the pestiferous va-
pours exhaled from the fens and marshes of Kazan.
As we have said, the hotter the summer, the greater
becomes the mortality; an increased overflow of the
Volga, an unusual fall of snow during the winter,
or much rain, contribute to augment the evil.

There is no doubt however that Kazan might be
rendered more healthy, and the air improved, were
measures taken to procure a current for the water
which the Volga leaves behind it on the plains and
in the forests, and by draining the marshes which
lie between the town and the river Kazanka.

V.

I have spoken of the waters, and will close this
chapter with an observation on the subject. Whence
does it arise (and this same remark has been made
by more than one learned writer) that the waters of
Kazan were better at the period when Kazan was
under the Tartar dominion? Some have affirmed,
and justly, that the religious veneration with which
the Tartars, like every other Asiatic nation, have
always regarded this element, contributed to keep
the water of the Lake Kaban pure, by preventing its being employed as a receptacle for the filth and impurity which at the present day is poured into its bed. The Kaban likewise had in former times a current into the Kazanka; and from observations made by M. Semenoff, Professor of Astronomy at the University of Kazan, it is clearly proved that the level of the lake stands several feet higher than that of this river. It is equally evident that the water of the Kaban is furnished by numerous springs which arise from the bottom of the lake; by cleaning its bed, therefore, and removing the slime and mud which has been accumulating there for so many years, and which consequently obstructs the action of the springs, giving at the same time the current to the lake which it formerly possessed, it is evident that the abominable water which the inhabitants of Kazan are at present obliged to make use of, might be rendered more abundant, and considerably purer and more fit for drinking. Several plans have been proposed for the amelioration of this element; one of these was to employ a system of filtration; it may easily be imagined, however, how insufficient such a proceeding would be for a numerous population. With regard to the project of bringing to Kazan, through the medium of a canal, the waters of the Volga, the immense sum that would be necessary for such an undertaking renders this plan almost impossible to realize.
One thing is however very certain, that the inhabitants of Kazan would do well to adopt without delay some decisive measure; for it has been proved that the water of the Kaban has diminished in depth upwards of nine feet, and continues yearly to grow more and more shallow, so that in a few years it is not impossible that the water of this lake may disappear entirely,—a circumstance which would place both Tartars and Russians in rather an awkward predicament.

For my part I was never a very great lover of the watery element. I took a dislike to it in my childhood on viewing through a powerful microscope the thousand animalcules of all forms and species, from the serpent to the frog, which sported so gaily in the glass I inspected. My sojourn in Kazan, and the abominable water I was forced to employ there, has so considerably tended to augment this antipathy, that I verily believe I should almost prefer dying of thirst to drinking what I have taken so strong an aversion for.
CHAPTER X.

THE UNIVERSITY OF KAZAN, AND ITS PROFESSORS.

First attempts at public education in Kazan.—The Gymnasium.—Foundation of the University.—Advantages for the study of Oriental languages.—General Moushkin.—Church of the University.—Numismatical museum.—Museum of curiosities.—Zoological museum.—Observatory.—Library.—The professors.

Fragments of Letters addressed to a Friend at the University of Oxford.

I.

Many thanks, my dear H——, for the warm expressions of friendship and interest your letter contains. You pity me sorely, you say, for being so far from my native land, from the scenes of my childhood, and the circle of my relatives and friends,—in a word, at finding me banished as it were to so distant a region of the Russian empire, where life appears to you to offer so few sweets, so little enjoyment. That there is something true in the picture you have drawn, I will not attempt to deny; but while I acknowledge that I bitterly re-
gret much that I have left behind me on my native soil, it would yet be ungrateful were I to conceal from you that in this very town of Kazan, of which you entertain so unfavourable an opinion, I have met not only with some solace in my self-imposed exile, but even with enjoyments, which I had little reason to expect would fall to my share. I found here a hospitable and enlightened circle of nobles, from whom I received the best of welcomes, and a thousand tokens of friendship and goodwill; I live in scenes which are new and interesting to me, and afford me the very kind of occupation I have ever loved the best, and which leave me at the present moment no time or inclination to indulge in thoughts of sorrow or regret. In fine, I have been fortunate enough to form a close intimacy with two or three kindred beings, who, if I cannot call them "my friends,"—for, you know,

"Rien n’est si commun que le nom,  
Rien n’est si rare que la chose,"

have nevertheless acquired a just claim to my lasting gratitude for the numberless proofs of attachment and friendship, of which I have been the object. Indeed, dear H——, I consider it would be ungenerous were I to omit this opportunity of paying a most just tribute to the hospitality and good nature which, in every part of this vast empire I have traversed, seems to be an unvarying portion of
the Russian character. Every foreigner possessing the slightest claims to good breeding and respectability, who travels through Russia, is sure to meet with (what I have ever met with myself) a hearty welcome and a cordial reception. It is not by a rare invitation to dinner, or a few similar marks of courtesy, that the Russian evinces his love for the travelling foreigner, but (nor do I exaggerate when I say it) not only his time is wholly devoted to the task of amusing the stranger, but his home is as open to the latter as his heart, and in many cases, I may add, his purse likewise. Thus you see that matters do not stand so badly with me in the midst of my peregrinations as you at first imagined. And of this I can assure you, that if it be the will of God that I should return safe and sound to the land of my birth and the bosom of my family, I shall bring back with me, doubt it not, many and very agreeable reminiscences of these days of exile and tribulation (as you call them), passed on the borders of Asia, in the distant and isolated city in which I am sojourning, so little known in Europe, but which I trust one day to make more familiar to my countrymen and friends.

You ask me, dear H——, to give you some account of the University of this town, of the Curator who directs it, of its professors, etc. etc. A member, as you are, of our great University, Oxford, of which you are justly so proud, I can easily com-
prehend how curious you must be to know something of the University of Kazan, where I am sure you never expected to hear of the existence of such an institution. Well, as far as I am able, I will endeavour to comply with your request, for I feel a pleasure in giving you a better opinion than you have of the town in which I am living. Nor do I in the least despair of inducing you to acknowledge, when you shall have read the details, brief and unsatisfactory though they be, which I purpose sending you from time to time, that the University of Kazan deserves the attention of the learned of Europe.

Living as you are in one of the chef-lieux of European science, you may probably be tempted, in perusing these notes, to make comparisons which would be unjust in such a case; for, bear in mind, pray, that ages have passed over the boasted institution to which you belong—that it was founded in a country where all it needed was easily procured,—that the University of Kazan, on the contrary, has been established only thirty years, and that moreover its remote position rendered very difficult and expensive the task of assembling and transporting to the spot all the various objects that were necessary for the matériel of a similar establishment, and which could only be procured in London, Paris, or in the capital cities of Germany. Lay aside therefore, if possible, your prejudices,
and be as impartial as you can be. Adieu! in my next letter I will give you a short account of the history of this University.

II.

In my last letter, dear H——, I promised to send you a brief historical notice of the University of Kazan; before I do so, I think it will be particularly interesting to you to know how education stood in this town previous to the foundation of the establishment in question. I will briefly therefore impart to you the information I have been able to gather on this subject from the Annals and other sources.

The first establishment of education that Kazan could boast of, was founded, we learn, by the celebrated Archbishop Goury, some time after the taking of this city, about the year 1557. The principal object of this school was to teach the principles of the Christian religion to the children of Pagan parents* who had been converted to Christianity.

At a later period, during the reign of the Emperor Peter the Great, another school was founded, for the same purpose, in which the Sclovonic language was taught; but this school, for want of

*A great portion of the population of the Government of Kazan consisted, and still consists, of Pagan tribes, of whom we shall speak hereafter.
funds to support it, as the Annals of Kazan inform us, was subsequently closed.

About the year 1740, we find that a similar school was opened under the auspices of a Bishop called Luke Konacheffsky, who not only greatly contributed himself to its support, but even found means to furnish the establishment with a small library,—the first probably of the kind that existed in Kazan. In this school, Tartar, Tchouvash, and Tcheremisse children, to the number of eighty, were taught the Russian language, the Christian doctrines, the psalms, and handwriting.

Besides these two establishments, about the same time a military school was founded, in which the children of soldiers were taught the Russ, handwriting, arithmetic, geometry, the art of fortification, drum and fife music, and military exercises. The number of scholars yearly received into this school amounted to three hundred and fifty.

In this manner there existed about a century back in Kazan two schools, in which, considering the class of persons for whom they were established, a sufficient degree of instruction was given. But hitherto no means had been afforded to the nobles and better classes for educating their children in Kazan: the latter had therefore to be sent to schools at St. Petersburg or Moscow.

The Empress Elizabeth was the first who directed her attention to this deficiency, and by her
special order a Gymnasium was founded in Kazan in the year 1758, partly for the children of the nobles, and partly for those of the gentry and tradesmen of the town. In this Gymnasium were to be taught the Russian, German, French, and Tartar languages, catechism and history, with arithmetic, geometry, fortification, music, dancing, and drawing (a very respectable programme, you see, considering time and place); and the pupils were in this way to be prepared for entering the Imperial Universities of St. Petersburg and Moscow, to finish their studies.

In what way the presence of this establishment was welcomed in Kazan, may be judged from the fact that in the very first year the number of scholars admitted amounted to 108. Among these was the great and celebrated Russian poet Derjavin, a native of Kazan, where a monument has lately been erected in his honour. The poverty of the lower class of pupils, we are told, was however extreme; indeed, so much so, that a great many could only procure their means of subsistence by soliciting alms for their support. It was owing to this that the Curator of the University of Moscow assigned to some of the poorest an annual revenue of six roubles (about five shillings). Such a sum must seem ridiculous to the English reader: but it must be remembered that at that time the price of living in Kazan was comparatively cheap; as we...
learn, from the annals of the period, that a tchet-ver (a small sack) of corn cost about fivepence, a sagène of wood (a measure about three yards long) threepence, a tchetvert of oats three-halfpence; that bricks were sold (delivery included) at twopence-halfpenny per hundred, and that a horse could be bought for about five shillings!

This establishment continued to flourish until the visit of the impostor and rebel Pougatcheff,* who, boldly calling himself the Emperor Peter the Third, came to Kazan at the head of an innumerable band of rebels, consisting of Russians, Bashkirs, Tartars, Cossacks, etc. etc., and set fire to the town. This took place in the year 1774. The Gymnasium, whose director and pupils distinguished themselves on this occasion by endeavouring to defend the town, shared the common lot, and was reduced to ruins in the general conflagration.

The nobles of Kazan remained, in consequence of this disaster, without any means of educating their children in their native town, and, as before, were obliged to send their children to Moscow.

In the year 1799, however, thanks to the Emperor Paul, a new Gymnasium was founded and built in Kazan, which far surpassed the former in extent and importance. As regards the means of education it afforded, it will be seen from the fol-

* The reader will find an account of this renowned rebel in the Second Volume of this work.

Thus you see, dear H——, that even in the year 1799 the inhabitants of Kazan, far removed as they were, not only from the centre of European civilization, but even from the Russian capital, could boast of receiving a course of studies which would not have shamed any similar establishment in Western Europe. They were even then, you will own, not quite such barbarians on the borders of Asiatic Russia as you formerly supposed.

This establishment, dear H——, still exists in
Kazan, naturally on a much improved and developed scale. It has rendered itself remarkable by the talent of its teachers, as well as by the great number of pupils who have received their education in its walls, and many of whom now occupy the highest posts in the Russian capital. In my next you shall have a slight sketch of the history of the University.

III.

The idea, dear H——, of founding a University in Kazan first occurred to his late Majesty the Emperor Alexander. It appeared to this monarch that the very distance which separates Kazan, not only from St. Petersburg, but even from Moscow, would render this town very advantageous for the erection of a similar institution. Situated as it is, not only would it offer every means of education to the Russian youth of the neighbouring provinces, but it might be made moreover the focus from whence the light of civilization could be spread among the half-barbarous tribes of Siberia. With these beneficent purposes, the Emperor gave orders to found the University I speak of, which at the present day holds so distinguished a place even among those of Europe: this took place in 1805.

Nothing, in fact, could be more generous than this impulse, or more admirable than this plan of the Emperor Alexander. Kazan forms, as it were,
the point of junction between Russia in Europe and Russia in Asia; thus, its University could, as I have said, serve as well for the instruction of the Russians as of many other tribes and peoples living on the opposite bank of the Volga, and in Siberia. In order to propagate among the latter the benefits of education, the Government annually selects from among these tribes a certain number of children, who are sent to Kazan to be educated there at the expense of the Crown. After having finished their studies in the University, they are sent back to their respective provinces, where they are appointed to the post of professors and teachers in the public schools; so that, by this means, thousands of children, who had previously no means of acquiring the least instruction, are now taught to read and write, learn the Russian language, arithmetic, and some other minor branches of education. Besides these immense advantages, the history of the Eastern nations, which offers so vast a field to the researches of the savant, and the details and facts of which are so wrapped up in darkness and ignorance, may, thanks to the University, one day present a rich harvest to the learned orientalist. It was for this very purpose that, by a special arrangement of the Government, two students of the University of Kazan, MM. Kavaleffsky and Popoff, were, in 1829, sent to China, and among the Mongols. At the present day both are professors at the Univer-
University we are describing, and the learned world is indebted to their investigations for much information hitherto unknown.

I said, dear H——, in the beginning of this letter, that the University of Kazan may, in many respects, compete with the most celebrated Universities of Europe; I will even add here, that in one point it surpasses every other that exists: I allude to the study of the oriental languages. As regards this branch of education, there is really no establishment in the world which offers the student such great advantages as does the University of this town. Independent of the lessons of numerous professors, many of whom (for instance, Mirza Kazembeck) have acquired, by their writings, a European reputation, and under whose guidance the student becomes theoretically acquainted with the oriental languages, there exists moreover what is greatly wanting in other European Universities—extraordinary and unexampled opportunities for the practical study of these tongues and dialects. The town of Kazan, alone in the world, possesses a University attached to which are to be found Persians, Turks, Mongols, Tartars, Armenians, etc. etc. A student who follows a course of the Asiatic languages has, thanks to this circumstance, the same advantages as if he was studying in the lands whose language he is learning. He has a constant opportunity of practical exercise and conversation;
he is daily brought in immediate contact with natives of the East; he meets them at every moment in the streets, in the public places, in his walks; and if that does not suffice for him, he can easily engage some one of these gentlemen to live with him under the same roof, nay, in the same lodging; these, you will acknowledge, dear H——, are advantages for the study of the oriental languages that no other town in Europe can offer. And if we add to this, that the Observatory of the University of Kazan is one of the most celebrated in Russia—that the Clinicum, which is just completed, is one of the most extensive and beautiful in the empire,—in a word, if we consider the size and imposing aspect of the corps du bâtiment, the many buildings which belong to it—its cabinets, museums, laboratories, and other accessories, the talent of its professors, many of whom are well known to the learned of France and England, it cannot be denied that the University of Kazan, spite of its isolated and distant position from the centre of civilization, may still hold a proud place among those of England, France, and Germany. The very remoteness of its position must even increase our surprise at finding that in less than forty years, notwithstanding the many obstacles and impediments which distance and difficulty of communication naturally opposed to the progress of this establishment, so much however has been done to
bring it to the flourishing state in which it is at present.

Such, dear H——, is the short sketch I promised you of the history of this University. In my next I purpose to speak to you of one of its most eminent curators, His Excellency General Moussin Poushkin, to whose efforts and energy so much of its present prosperity is owing. Proschtchai!—this is a Russian word you may translate by farewell.

IV.

His Excellency General Moussin Poushkin occupied for twenty-five years the post of Curator of this University, and at the same time that of Chief of Public Instruction in several neighbouring provinces. Both the friends and (if he should chance to have any) the enemies of this nobleman would at least be unanimously agreed on one point, namely, that it is principally to him that the University of Kazan owes the wonderful change which made it pass from a state of mediocrity and disorder to the flourishing condition in which it is at present.

The following are the details I have been able to gather concerning the General. On accepting the Curatorship of the University, he distinguished himself by a rare disinterestedness, which induced him to refuse the very considerable emoluments attached to this important post. Animated with ardent zeal for the public good, and in possession moreover
of an independent fortune, he desired to serve his country without deriving any personal advantage from his labour.

According to the account of several professors, ocular witnesses of the fact, the University of Kazan, previous to the nomination of the General, was in a most deplorable condition.

The course of studies had taken a false direction: an endeavour had been made to form monks instead of students; the latter were likewise very few in number, and, remarking the abuses I have alluded to, endeavoured to take advantage of the circumstance, showing at the same time very little taste for study, which was grossly neglected. In a word, the University which the Emperor Alexander had created, presented in no way the appearance which it ought to have had, if we consider the munificence of that monarch, and the vast sums of money he had granted to that establishment.

Such was the state of the University at the period when General Poushkin was appointed, and undertook to direct it.

Hardly had he commenced his laborious functions, when a sudden and extraordinary metamorphosis took place in every part of the institution over which he presided. His activity and talents, joined to a firm and energetic character, soon put a stop to the abuses complained of.

Under his wise administration, education resumed
its true and fitting direction; and this moral reform once accomplished, he directed his attention to the material organization of the University. In a very short space of time this institution presented a novel aspect: one building was erected after another with surprising rapidity. A library, richly furnished with European works and Oriental manuscripts, an anatomical theatre, a chemical laboratory, a magnificent hot-house in the centre of the Botanical Garden, and the clinicum, one of the finest in Russia,—these various edifices, erected with almost magical promptitude, owed their creation to the new Curator.

The professors, seeing the ardour of their chief, felt a pride in seconding his efforts; many learned works, published at this period, attest this fact. The students, hitherto averse or indifferent to study, were roused from their lethargy, and resumed their occupations with diligence and fervour. The reputation of the University, which increased from day to day, attracted a multitude of new students, who, from every point of the empire, hastened to enrol themselves in an establishment of which fame spoke such marvels; in a word, the University itself not only was able to compete with those of the two capitals, but in many respects even surpassed them. All this was the work of the new Curator, who had been so fortunately sent to Kazan, to produce such an admirable metamorphosis, and in so short a space of time.
You may suppose, dear H——, that though it was easy for me to describe these changes, it was by no means so easy to effect them. I think it my duty to add, that these eminent services conferred by General Poushkin have been publicly recognized and rewarded by universal esteem and gratitude. Nor has the reigning Emperor omitted to recompense in the most honourable manner such unbounded zeal and devotedness in the public service. Almost every rank and honour that could possibly be received has been conferred on the General, who is at the present day one of the Privy Councillors of his Majesty, as well as one of the first grandees of the empire.

V.

You desire, dear H——, to receive still further information concerning the University, which you are pleased to name "the Wonder of the Steppes." Thanking you in its name for the epithet, I hasten to satisfy your curiosity as well as I am able.

Some time after my arrival in Kazan, I visited, in company with a friend, every portion of the establishment. I will do my best to give you an idea of what I then noticed; but, as three years have elapsed since that period, I can only promise you an account of the impressions which have remained on my memory,—and claim your indulgence, should you find these details too brief and unsatisfactory.
First let me tell you, that the architecture of the edifice, and more especially that of the modern buildings, is of a good style, and even elegant. This portion was built after the plans and under the direction of Korinfsky, an architect attached the University; the observatory and anatomical theatre, in particular, are acknowledged by excellent judges to be remarkable specimens of architectural talent. The University is situated in one of the principal streets of the town, and forms one of its greatest ornaments.

As you enter under a vast portico, you see before you a splendid staircase, which leads to the Church of the University. Small as is this place of worship, it is nevertheless extremely beautiful. An immense cross, the height of the entire edifice, separates the sanctuary from the body of the church; on the surface of this cross are painted images of the Saints, of the Blessed Virgin, and of Our Saviour. The light of day penetrates into the nave of the church through a circular window in the ceiling; the glass being of a fine bright yellow, gives the light a brilliant, sunny, gold-like tint. One would say, on beholding it, that the rays of heaven illumined, as it were, this little temple; so simple, yet so noble in its form and construction.

The first cabinet I visited on the occasion I speak of, was the Numismatical Museum. It merits the attention of the learned for many reasons: some
say, I know not how far it be true, that this cabinet is the richest in the world in Asiatic coins, and that it possesses many specimens that are found in no other museum.

This cabinet owes very much to the activity and intelligence of Professor Erdman, who had become celebrated in consequence of several works he published concerning the nations of the East. When he was named director of this museum, it could boast, I have heard, but of a few ancient Greek and Roman coins presented by a M. Jerousalinsky. Under the auspices of M. Erdman, several collections of coins, purchased at great expense, enriched this museum; the most valuable were those of Jeffimovitch, Fouks, Poto, Klaus, etc.

Among the rare coins which this cabinet possesses, and which are to be found here alone, are several specimens belonging to the Oummayader dynasty, of the Abbasides, of the Hoichou Turks, of the Kharismshahs, of the Tartars of the Golden Horde, of the Houlagides or Mongols of Persia, etc.

In this cabinet exist moreover several specimens of very ancient Chinese coins, in the form of a knife, called kitao, a coin of Prince Houlaguide Abdou Said Bahader Khan, with the effigy of a running hare (tingh taolai), a symbol representing the era or the year 427 (1327); coins of Bular, the discovery of which we owe to Professor Erdman; ancient roubles in ingots; coins of the ancient
Phocides; and a variety of medals with the effigies of the late Emperors Paul and Alexander.

The numismatical cabinet contains at the present the following coins, the enumeration of which we think will be interesting to English and French numismatists.

- Ancient Greek: 500
- Ancient Roman: 2,000
- Asiatic: 6,000
- Russian: 1,800
- European: 1,600
- American: 20
- Australian: 1
- Medals: 1,000

Total: 12,921

In 1840, the museum we are speaking of was enriched with a superb collection of medals in red wax, which formerly belonged to Prince Potemkin of the Tauridus, and which was given by the Emperor Paul to the Gymnasium of Kazan; these medals represent various subjects taken from the ancient Greek and Roman mythology. Professor Erdman, in 1834, published a very learned work on the Asiatic coins preserved in this museum.

The second museum I visited was that of Asiatic curiosities, the most interesting objects of which were collected by Professor Kavaleffsky, during his journey through the East, and principally in China and among the Mongol tribes. The objects which struck me the most were the following: — 1. The

The Zoological Museum is not less curious nor less worthy of interest than those we have described. It contains a vast number of Siberian animals and birds, very rare and precious, and specimens of which are found in Kazan alone. The cabinets of mineralogy and of physics, the chemical laboratory, and the anatomical theatre, are also very richly furnished; if I merely make a passing mention of them, it is, dear H——, because I think a detailed description would not interest you.

The printing-house of the University is very remarkable also for the number of oriental works which it yearly publishes. It possesses a splendid collection of types in the Arabic, Mongol, Tartar, Kalmuck, Thibetan, Slavonic, Russian, French, and German languages.

The Botanical Garden and its superb hot-houses occupy likewise a prominent place among the dependencies of the University.
The limits of a letter, dear H——, do not allow me to give you more ample details today. In my next I intend to speak to you concerning the new Observatory. Adieu!

VI.

I promised in my last letter to give you, dear H——, a description of the Observatory, which has been lately erected in the area of the University, and has attracted so much the attention of the Russian astronomers. Professor Semenoff, under whose direction it is placed, and after whose plans it was built, has been kind enough to favour me with the following details.

"When," says the professor in his letter to me, "the plan of the astronomical observatory of the Imperial University of Kazan was drawn out, its professors carefully kept in view the double end of every Russian university, destined by their august founders to give not only instruction to youth, but to extend, as much as possible, the circle of human knowledge. A locality was therefore chosen for the observatory, which, while it combined every condition necessary for astronomical observation, enabled the students to frequent the observatory not only during the lessons of the professor, but during the night, in order that they might assist at his practical occupations. In many places it is very difficult to find a spot whose neighbourhood affords
the other indispensable local conveniences for such an institution, but the favourable situation of the University of Kazan rendered this union not only very easy, but even very advantageous. The different buildings of the University are erected upon the very highest ground in Kazan, so that from the windows of the University the greatest part of the town may be seen extended beneath in a vast panorama.

"His Excellency the Curator of the University of Kazan, General Moussin Poushkin, whose love for science and zeal for the public good has been shown by the active protection he gives to every branch of learning taught in the University,—when the General, I repeat, chose the locality at present occupied by the observatory, he examined attentively, both in the town and its vicinity, every spot which promised to be suitable to astronomical observation, and at the same time useful to young men desirous of perfecting themselves in the practical branches of this science; he could find no spot more convenient for this twofold purpose, than a square situated in the very centre of the buildings of the University, formerly occupied by the Botanical Garden, which has since been transferred to a spot more favourable to the multiplication and growth of the vegetable creation. Thus the aspect of this spot has singularly changed; and there, where formerly the naturalist admired the rare flowers and plants
which adorn the surface of the earth, other investigators of nature, raising their looks above, contemplate the stars shining in the azure vault of heaven.

"This locality had been previously designed and recommended by the former Professor of Astronomy of the University of Kazan, M. de Litroff, since then appointed Director of the Observatory of Vienna; in fact, the private studio of this celebrated astronomer had been situated hereabouts, and no part of Kazan offered a more favourable position. The choice once made of the spot, it was necessary to combine the plan of the observatory so as to make it harmonize with the other buildings of the University, and with the meridian, which forms an angle of forty-five degrees with the walls of the principal edifice. Had the façade of the observatory been parallel with that of the principal buildings of the University, the meridional course would have traversed diagonally the chamber containing the instruments. It would have been inconvenient likewise to place the façade of the observatory in the direction of the meridian, because the observatory would have formed an angle with the neighbouring buildings. To remedy this double inconvenience, the façade of the observatory received a semicircular form, which gives the edifice an agreeable and at the same time uncommon aspect.

"As the roof is generally a part of every building
which is lost, an endeavour was made to render that of the observatory convenient for making astronomical observations, by constructing on the roof of the first vertical and the adjoining rooms a smooth terrace, surrounded by a balustrade, so that the roof of the two wings built on the right and the left belvedere form two immense balconies, upon which observations may be made with portable instruments, as easily as on the lower terrace. During the day, and in bad weather, the instruments may be removed back into the belvedere through glass doors constructed for that purpose. The principal moveable tower is built in imitation of that of the observatory of Dorpat. Astronomical observations in Kazan are made at three heights,—on the lower platform, on the higher terrace, and in the principal moveable tower. From the lower story, as well as from the terrace, the horizon is entirely clear in the direction of the south-east, the south-west, the west, and the north-west; it is a little hidden towards the north and east by the buildings of the University; but at less than ten degrees above the horizon, this inconvenience partially disappears on the higher terrace, and almost entirely from the principal moveable tower, from whence the roof of the highest building of the University mingles itself with the horizon of the environs of Kazan. The figure of the observatory, built in the form of a bow with two rotundas,
affords a means of having on the lower story, windows looking in every direction of the heavens, and of making observations without going on the terrace.

"The august founder of the university, and H. M. the present Emperor, whose reign has been an uninterrupted series of protection accorded to science and its votaries, have enriched the observatory of Kazan with a variety of most perfect and most modern instruments, which were ordered and made in the best ateliers of Vienna, of Munich, of Stuttgart, and of Paris, by the most celebrated opticians, such as Frauenhofer, Ertel, Utzschneider, Baumann, Berge, Fraughton, Fortia, Gambey, and others. I will only describe to you the principal and most precious piece of the observatory of Kazan,—the grand Refractor; this superb instrument, exactly similar to that of Dorpat, was produced at Munich in the atelier of Utzschneider and Frauenhofer, by MM. Maerz and Mohler. This instrument is thirteen feet in length, without counting the object-glass and the lens. The former is nine inches in diameter; it is provided with seventeen oculars, with a circle of declension of twenty inches, and with a horal circle of twelve inches in diameter; a clock-work machinery puts the telescope in movement around an axis parallel with that of the earth, so that, being placed in the direction of any particular star, the instrument follows the diurnal movement of the star, the subject of observation. In a word, a
magnetic observatory has been lately established in the proximity of that we have described; it has been amply furnished with every necessary object, and, among the rest, with an instrument by Mr. Loyd for observing the variations of the vertical magnetic force."

You see, dear H——, from this description, that, with the exception of capital cities, there are few secondary towns of the states of Europe, that can boast of possessing a scientific establishment more richly provided with instruments and objects of art, as perfect as those with which the Russian Emperors have so munificently endowed the university of one of the most distant towns of their vast empire.

VII.

The Library of the University, dear H——, certainly deserves a short description. Built in the Gothic style, it recalls to mind, though in lesser proportions, the Mazarine Library in Paris. The admirable order which exists in every department of this building, gives it an elegant and even sumptuous aspect. At the first period of its formation it possessed only four thousand volumes, coming from the libraries of Prince Potemkin and the Archbishop Eugenius, surnamed the Bulgarian, which were given by his late Majesty the Emperor Paul, in 1798, and transferred some time after to the University. At a later period, the Emperor Alexander
enlarged the library by a gift of more than six thousand volumes, formerly belonging to Dr. Frank. Various donations from several noblemen, joined to the annual purchases made by the University, have brought the number of works which the library possesses at the present day to more than thirty-five thousand volumes, valued at the sum of two hundred thousand roubles.

But the most curious portion of the library we are describing, and whose price cannot be valued, consists of a collection of manuscripts, several of which are very precious, such as, for instance, one in French, 'A Treatise of Arithmetic,' by Alexander Souvoroff (1740), written by the famous Count Souvoroff in his childhood; a roll of manuscripts in the Hebrew language, containing the Five Books of Moses, formed of fifty skins (apparently calf-skins), on each of which are inscribed from three to five columns; the length of the roll is about forty-eight arshines*; the width is about one arshine. In the Arabic language is a manuscript called 'The Medicinal and Philosophical Works of Ibn Sinna or Arouenn.' In the Persian language, 'Shah Nameh,' the most ancient history of the Persian Empire, written in verse by the celebrated Firdousi. In the Chinese language, 'Letters of a Chinese Emperor of the Mantchou dynasty, called Tzian-Loun, during a journey he made in the

* An arshine is somewhat less than a yard in length.
southern provinces of the Chinese Empire, addressed to a beloved Fairy who remained in the Capital.’ In fine, a multitude of other Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Mongol, Russian, and Chinese manuscripts, all very ancient and very rare, many of which likewise are alone to be found in the Library of Kazan. To these divers bibliographical riches may be added, that the library of this University receives periodical works published in every European language, and magazines, journals, and newspapers of various countries.

In this manner, dear H——, the inhabitants of Kazan have it in their power to read every new publication which appears in France, England, and Germany, about a fortnight later than the inhabitants of the land in which they were issued; and they enjoy this privilege without the slightest expense, an advantage found nowhere but here; a circumstance which obliges us again and again to recognize and mention the admirable generosity and munificence which presided over the organization of this University, and to repeat, that in no country of the world has any government made greater efforts and sacrifices to enable its subjects to drink from the great cup of human civilization.

VIII.

You ask me, dear H——, to give you some account of the Professors of this University. Although
I fear that a catalogue of unknown names will be somewhat uninteresting to you, I willingly comply with your request. Some of the names I shall mention will be doubtless familiar to you already, for many of the professors of this University have, by their writings and talents, acquired a well-earned fame among the learned of Europe. Several moreover keep up an uninterrupted correspondence with the Academies of London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, etc. etc.; and the rest, though they may be less celebrated than the former, yet, I can assure you, are gifted with talents and learning which deserve to be well known and appreciated.

The first professor I shall make mention of is M. Lobatchefsky, a celebrated mathematician, the author of several works, one of which in particular, 'Geometrical Researches, containing a complete Theory of Parallel Lines,' is known to the scientific world of Europe. M. Lobatchefsky was for a long time Professor of Mathematics at this University, and became Rector and subsequently Assistant-Curator of this institution. He has invariably distinguished himself in this double career by his talents and activity.

The faculty of Oriental Languages, a branch of study for which the University of Kazan is so particularly celebrated, can boast of possessing several learned professors favourably known throughout Europe. These are—Mr. Francis Erdman, for the
Arabic and Persian; M. Kazembeck, for the Turkish and Tartar; M. Kavaleffsky and M. Popoff, for the Mongol language; and the Rev. Father Daniel, Archimandrite (or Abbot) of the Monastery of St. John, for the Chinese.

The professorship of astronomy is held by M. Semenoff*; that of chemistry, by M. Klaus; that of physics, by M. Knorr; of botany, by M. Troitsky; of zoology, by Dr. Eversman; of mineralogy, by M. Wagner; of diplomacy, by M. Vinter; of general jurisprudence, by M. Sergeyeff; of philosophy and civil law, by M. Youschkoff; of Roman jurisprudence, by M. Kambeck; of penal legislation and policy, by M. Vogel; of statistics and political economy, by M. Gorloff; of history, by M. Ivanoff; of mathematics, by M. Katelnikoff; of anatomy, by M. Aristoff; of physiology, by M. Bervy; of pharmacology, by M. Protopopoff; of pathology and general therapeutics, by M. Lindgren; of legal medicine, by M. Blausfeld; of surgery, by MM. Yelatitch and Kitter; of midwifery, by M. Lentoffsky.

Ancient Languages.—For the Greek, M. Vater; the Latin, M. Scharbe; the Slavonic, Mr. Grigorovitch.

Modern Languages.—The Russian, French, German, English, and Italian languages, and their lite-

* Since writing the above, some changes have doubtless taken place in the professorships of the University.
rature, are taught by professors, natives of the land whose tongue they teach, and who have been chosen at St. Petersburg by the Ministry of Public Instruction, after undergoing the examination, required by law, at the University of that City.

The professorship of architecture, and that of painting and drawing, are generally filled by members of the Academy of Fine Arts of St. Petersburg, who have distinguished themselves in these branches of art. M. Korinfsky, late professor of architecture, made the plans and erected some of the finest buildings the University of Kazan can boast of.

The professors, dear H——, as you may see from this list of names, are principally Germans, and form almost a separate society. They seldom mix in the society of the Russians; they lead a calm and retired life, which contrasts strongly with that of the Russian nobles.

All their resources for enjoyment are concentrated in themselves and in their families. Occupied with their studies and the advancement of science, they remain totally strangers to the noisy pleasures which the other inhabitants of the town find so great a charm in. Their salary, considerable when compared to the price of things in Kazan, enables them to live at their ease. Some among them are even very rich: for instance, Professor Doubovitzky possesses a fortune of three thousand peasants.

But the fortune, dear H——, of this gentleman
is one of his least merits: a more learned, generous, and charitable man I have never met with. His history is a most interesting one; I would I could find space to tell it you: some other time, when we meet, you shall certainly hear it. I cannot avoid however saying a word here concerning him. Belonging to one of the highest and best Russian families, with an ample fortune to grace his rank and place him among the first and proudest in the land, he preferred devoting his time, talents, and income to the good of humanity, and studied by his own choice the art of medicine. He studied this art first at the University of Moscow, and finished his studies at Paris. About the year 1838 he accepted a professorship at the University of Kazan, where he has greatly distinguished himself not only by the lectures he permanently gave, by attending gratuitously the sick of every class and on every occasion, but by the noble and generous impulse which induced him to devote his salary to the maintenance of the poorer students in the University, and to sacrifice a portion of his income to similar charitable purposes.

One word more concerning the professors of this University. On the last Saturday of each month, the latter assemble to dine at a house called the German Club. These dinners, thanks to the wit and conviviality of the guests, are, I assure you, of the most agreeable kind possible. I speak from ex-
perience, for I was invited to partake of these academic banquets on more than one occasion. What particularly struck me was, the variety of languages I heard at these dinners: Latin, Russian, German, French, Italian, Persian, Turkish, and Tartar, were all mingled in a most harmonious confusion. You may easily imagine how curious and interesting it must have been, to witness similar conversations in so many different languages.

This is all, dear H——, I can communicate to you concerning the University of Kazan; but I trust nevertheless, it will suffice to give you an idea both of its importance and riches, and of the rank it holds among the Russian Universities. If these details have interested you in the slightest degree, and in particular if they have given you a more favourable opinion of the town of which this institution forms the ornament, I shall feel myself happy in having been the means of your conversion from prejudice and error, to truth and justice. Farewell!

P.S. I perceive, dear H——, that I have finished my description of the University without having made mention of one of the most beautiful public establishments of Kazan, namely, the Institute for Young Ladies of Noble Birth, for the foundation of which this town was indebted to a rich and noble lady named Radionoff, a native of this province. In her will she bequeathed an estate of two thousand peasants, for the purpose of building and
supporting a house of education, wherein young ladies of noble yet poor families belonging to the Province of Kazan alone, were to be admitted and gratuitously brought up. This truly philanthropical institution was placed, by desire of the testatrix, under the august protection of Her Majesty the Empress. Built in a perfectly modern style of architecture, and combining every possible advantage, this edifice is one of the most remarkable in the town, not less from its simple yet elegant construction, than by the noble and generous impulse it serves to commemorate, and by which so many poor families are benefited.
CHAPTER XI.

THE PALACE OF SOUYOUNBECKA.

I. A TARTAR RUIN.—II. SOUYOUNBECKA THE BEAUTIFUL.

I.

There exist at the present day so few remnants of Tartar architecture, that a ruin so vast, elegant, and admirably preserved as that which I purpose to describe in this chapter, cannot fail to interest my readers.

The Tower of Souyounebecka, commonly called Sumbeka, rises in the western portion of the fortress of Kazan, near one of the gates at which the Russians began the attack when they laid siege to this tower. The beauty of its architecture, the gracefulness of its form, and its perfect construction, can with difficulty be imagined by those who have not had an opportunity of seeing it. It is square, and composed of several stories, which gradually diminish in size towards the top; the last has a sharp, steeple-like form, ending in a point. From the extremity of this lengthened cone rises
an arrow of brass, which supports the Russian eagle placed above two crescents,—an emblem of the history and fate of this town. Above the eagle is affixed a gilded globe, which is supposed by many to be of pure and solid gold. The Tartars attach a particular interest to this globe, for they suppose that it contains precious documents which relate to their liberty and religion. This tower is built of bricks, strongly joined together by a very compact and firm kind of mortar, which is doubtless the reason that this edifice has suffered so little from the ravages of time and severity of the climate. It is about thirty-five sagènes, or two hundred and forty-five feet high; a staircase, formed in the interior, leads to its different stories; but the dilapidated state in which it is, renders it very difficult, and even dangerous, to ascend. Close to this tower, and joined to it by a wall, is another building like the former, square, and of very considerable dimensions, the second story of which is surrounded by a vaulted gallery resembling the aisles of a Gothic church. This edifice is likewise built of bricks: as its architecture resembles in every respect that of the tower, and is completely Asiatic in style, the period of its construction is evidently the same: there is no doubt that it served for a palace, or some similar building.

This edifice and the adjoining tower have been perpetually the subject of dispute and discussion to
learned antiquarians. Some, averse to every tradition that bears a tinge of romance and poetry, pretend that the popular opinion, which states that the tower and palace existed before the conquest of Kazan, is founded on error; and they assure us that the Tzar Ivan, after the taking of this town in 1552, built these two edifices as monuments of his victory and the downfall of the Tartars. Others suppose, on the contrary, that these ruins are a portion of the celebrated palace of the ancient Khans: they say that the beautiful and unfortunate Souyounbecka, whose name the tower bears, concealed therein her youthful husband, to protect him from the hatred of the Kazan grandees, who subsequently assassinated him. It was also on the tomb of this prince that, by order of the Tzar, the unfortunate Souyounbecka was delivered up as a prisoner to the Russians. Such is the tradition commonly believed by the people, the truth of which is moreover corroborated by several authors who have written on the subject; spite of this, up to the present day, the matter remains a point of dispute among the inhabitants of Kazan and its learned archaeologists. One thing is very certain, that there exist no historical proofs which alone could decide the question: the consequence is, that all are at liberty to form their own opinion: that which I, with due humility, submit to the consideration of the reader, is certainly in favour of the tradition.
In the first place, if it be true that the tower, and the building which is connected with it, were built by Ivan the Terrible, how comes it that no mention has been made of this circumstance in the annals of the period? whilst every other building erected by his orders, both in the town and fortress, have been described in so precise a manner, that not only the date of their construction, but even the day of their foundation, is specified. If therefore no historical mention is made by the annalists of a building so important and vast as the Tower of Sumbeka, is it not natural to suppose that it was built long before the period of the Russian conquest?

The Asiatic form and character of the tower furnishes a new argument in favour of the tradition. Admitting even that the tower was erected to serve as a monument of the Russian conquest, what could have been the object of the building connected with it by a wall, the architecture of which is in the same style, and belongs evidently to the same period? The latter building is likewise divided into several chambers, or halls, clearly built for habitation. It is worthy of remark likewise that each story of the tower is surrounded by a parapet, which must have served, it appears, for the sentinels who, according to the Asiatic custom, were placed thereon either to give notice of the approach of an enemy, or of any sudden attack or incursion made by wander-
ing hordes, who were capable at times of entering the town itself for plunder.

In fine, the name of the princess, which the tower still bears, seems to me to be a very strong proof of its origin. Is it probable that Ivan the Terrible would have allowed a Tartar appellation to be given to a monument erected in memory of a Russian victory?

II.

And Souyunbecka,—the lovely, the unfortunate Souyunbecka,—Souyunbecka, the daughter of a powerful Khan of the Nogai Tartars, and the wife of three sovereigns of Kazan,—alas! with how many sorrows and misfortunes was the course of her life marked and chequered!

A word concerning this unhappy princess will doubtless be acceptable to the reader.

At a very early age she left her father's court, to marry Epaley, the Tzar of Kazan, who was only fifteen years old. History informs us that she was about the same age. This infantine monarch, more occupied with amusements than the affairs of his kingdom, soon excited the discontent of his restless subjects. A conspiracy was formed against him, which resulted in the assassination of the unfortunate child, and the recall of Sapha Ghirei, the former Tzar of Kazan, who, three years before, had been banished from his kingdom. Hardly had he
returned from the Crimea when he fell in love with Souyounbecka, whose beauty, the Tartar Annals tell us, surpassed everything the world could boast of. Scarcely had this beautiful queen time to dry her tears, when she was forced to accept for her second husband the Tzar who had been recalled,—a dissipated wretch, who passed his days in idleness or in committing acts of cruelty, and his nights in drinking and the most disgusting orgies. After thirteen or fourteen years of suffering, the natural consequence of such a union, it pleased Heaven to deliver Souyounbecka from this monster: falling in a moment of intoxication, he struck his head violently against the wall and was killed on the spot. He left two sons, the eldest of whom was only two years of age.

The misfortunes of Souyounbecka were not however finished. Some time after the death of Sapha Ghirei, she fell in love with a young and handsome Tartar, named Kotschaka. This attachment having displeased the Kazan grandees, Kotschaka was seized and sent as a prisoner to Moscow. But Souyounbecka had still to undergo the greatest of all her trials: this was when, by order of the Russian Tzar, she was forced to abdicate her crown, and to give herself up as a prisoner into the hands of the Russian Boyars, commissioned to conduct her to Moscow. This painful departure from a town where she had reigned a sovereign, has been touchingly described by the historian Karamzin.
"Not only Souyounebecka," writes this historian, "but every inhabitant of Kazan shed tears, when it was known that this unfortunate princess was to be delivered up as a prisoner to the Muscovite Tzar. Uttering no complaints against the grandees or the people, and accusing her destiny alone, in her despair she kissed the tomb of her youthful husband and envied the rest he enjoyed. The people stood by in mournful silence. The grandees endeavoured to console her; they told her that the Russian Tzar was kind and generous, that many Mussulman princes were in his service, that he would doubtless choose among them a husband worthy of her, and would give her some sovereignty. The whole population of Kazan accompanied her to the banks of the Kazanka, where a magnificent barge was waiting for her.

"Souyounebecka, slowly drawn in a car, left the town, taking her son with her, who was still in the nurse's arms. Pale as death and almost inanimate, hardly could she find strength enough to descend to the port; on entering the bark, and shedding tears of tenderness and affection, she bowed again and again to the people, who, prostrate before her, bitterly sobbed while they showered their blessings on their much-loved sovereign."

Prince Obolensky received her on the banks of the Volga, complimented her in the name of the Russian Tzar, and set sail with her towards Moscow,
taking with him likewise the infant Outemisch Ghirei, and some of the Crimean grandees.

Souyounebecka was married for the third time to Schig Alei, formerly the Tzar of Kazan, of whom we have spoken in a former chapter, and whose person was as odious and deformed as had been the character of her former husband Sapha Ghirei.

Such were the principal events in the life of this princess, whose misfortunes and beauty have been the favourite theme of both Russian and Tartar poets and romancers, ancient and modern.
CHAPTER XII.

THE BURNING OF KAZAN, 1842.

I. A DAY OF JOY AND A DAY OF MOURNING.—II. TERRIBLE EPOCHS.—III. A CITY ON FIRE.—IV. A FRIGHTFUL MYSTERY.—V. KAZAN RESUSCITATED.

I.

It has been my lot to witness two scenes in the town of Kazan, which must ever form two remarkable epochs in its annals, and which, from the memory of those who were present at their occurrence, will certainly not easily be erased. The first was that memorable scene of festivity which, in the year 1837, welcomed in these distant climes the arrival of the Grand Duke Alexander, the youthful heir to the throne of Russia; the second, that heart-rending spectacle of misery and desolation, caused by the terrible conflagration which, five years later, reduced to ashes the greatest portion of this devoted town.

In the first of these scenes, Kazan had arrayed itself in a pomp and splendour little to be expected in so remote a portion of the Russian empire, and
which on that very account was calculated to excite doubly the wonder and increase the interest of every observer. The inhabitants of this town had striven to vie with those of Moscow in the éclat of the entertainment they had prepared in honour of their illustrious visitor: nothing that wealth, expended profusely, could purchase, had been spared to give a lustre to the festival. The population of Kazan became more than doubled, by the influx of thousands who thronged from every quarter to contemplate the features of the young prince, who had quitted the brilliant capital of his ancestors to acquire a knowledge of the people he was one day to govern. All the different nations by whom this province is peopled lent their respective aid to render the scene a striking one;—the Russian, by a display of European luxury; the Tartar, by the pomp of his eastern customs; and even the poor Tcheremisse, the Tchouvash, the Mordva, and the Votiack, though they had neither gifts to present nor treasures to offer, contributed to enhance the general festivities by thronging to the town in their gala costume, with joyous hearts and smiling faces. In fine, Kazan, from the period of its construction, had never yet presented a more brilliant appearance, or a more animated picture.

The second scene presented a terrible, an appalling contrast to the preceding one. Kazan lay around me a mass of ruins and smoking embers,—
a picture of desolation more frightful than any that mind can imagine, or pen describe. The eye, as it wandered in every direction, could alight upon few spots of this late extensive and flourishing town which had escaped from the fury of the devouring element. It was on the morning subsequent to this terrible catastrophe that curiosity led me to the scene of devastation. A dreadful solitude, an awful silence reigned around: not a living creature met my gaze, and the only objects which remained to speak of humanity were the dead, half-consumed bodies of some unfortunate wretches who had fallen victims to the flames. Even those who had escaped with their lives had almost an equal claim to pity and commiseration. The latter might be seen in thousands, shivering in the cold autumnal blast, on the opposite bank of the river Kazanka, or in a distant plain, called the Field of Arsk, without a shed to shelter them, raiment to defend them from the cold, or food to appease the cravings of hunger. Thither they had been driven by the fury of the conflagration, and the intense, suffocating heat of the atmosphere. Delicate females, many in the déshabille in which the flames had surprised them, mothers surrounded by their trembling children, nurses with infants in their arms, entire companies of soldiers, groups of helpless invalids from the different hospitals, priests, monks, nuns and novices, horses and cattle, broken furniture, heaps of guns,
swords, and bayonets, piled upon cannons and ammunition waggons, and mingled with the images and other sacred objects which had been rescued from the burning cathedrals, churches, and monasteries,—all were scattered pêle-mêle on the plains I have mentioned.

Such were the two scenes to which I refer,—scenes in which much of the good and ill which minglest in the cup of human existence found a place. The one I have already described. The second, in the horrors and evils of which I was a participator and a sufferer, claims an equal notice; though pity it is that the same pen which depicted Kazan in the highest point of prosperity to which it had ever yet attained, should have to trace the details of the awful calamity which some time after plunged it so deep in the abyss of ruin and of misery.

II.

When Batou, the founder of Kazan, bestowed on this town the ominous title of the Town of the Cauldron, he seemed as it were to have devoted it to the devouring element, which so often since that period has reduced it to ashes. Probably the history of no town ever afforded a succession of such terrible conflagrations as that of Kazan. During the Tartar dominion we learn from its annals that it was several times devastated by fire,—partly
arising from accident, partly from the fury of enemies who besieged it. Subsequent to its falling under the Russian sway, at nine distant periods the flames have ravaged this unfortunate town. These fires, which seemed to increase in their fury and the extent of their ravages at every fresh occurrence, form nine remarkable and fearful epochs in the history of Kazan.

The first, which occurred in the year 1595, consumed the greatest part of the town, and all the most remarkable buildings in the fortress.

The second fire, 1672, broke out in that part of Kazan near the Kremlin. All the churches it contained fell a prey to the flames, and four colossal bells, which were sent from Moscow by Ivan Vassilievitch, and which were suspended in the belfry belonging to the cathedral, were totally melted down by the violence of the conflagration.

The third, 1694, ravaged nearly a mile in circumference of the town. The Gostinoi Dvor, with its numerous shops and magazines, six monasteries, several churches and streets, and the suburbs known by the name of the Zaseepkin, Krasnaya, and Fedoroffskaya, were reduced to ruins.

The fourth, 1742, broke out in the middle of the night, burnt a very considerable portion of the town, consumed some twenty churches and as many monasteries, and once more ravaged the Gostinoi Dvor and the streets in its vicinity.
The fifth, which occurred only seven years after, began in the Tartar Town, which it reduced to ashes. Three palaces,—those of the Governor, the Commandant, and the Archbishop,—twenty-three churches, six monasteries, all the bridges on the canal called Boulac, the Chancery of the Governor with its archives and papers, the arsenal with its contents, several streets and parishes, and a great quantity of men, cattle, and barks, fell a sacrifice to this conflagration.

The details of the sixth, 1757, are but little known; but history informs us that it was as destructive and as terrible as any that had preceded it.

The seventh, the work of the rebel Pougatcheoff, who wherever he passed brought with him ruin and desolation, occurred in the year 1774. At that period the whole of the town, with the exception of the fortress and the Tartar suburbs, were reduced to ashes. Two thousand and ninety-one houses, seventy-four government buildings, the Gostinoi Dvor, with seven hundred and seventy-seven magazines, and thirty churches, became a prey to the flames.

The eighth fire took place in the year 1815, on the 3rd of September, and is still fresh in the memory of many of the inhabitants of Kazan. We are assured by eye-witnesses, that in less than twelve hours the whole of the town, with its
suburbs and villages, presented little else save a mass of burning embers. Several woods and forests on the outskirts of the town likewise took fire; the conflagration spread for miles around, destroying every object that it encountered. In a word, on that awful occasion, 1179 private houses, eight hundred and ten government buildings, one hundred and sixty-six streets, several churches, monasteries, manufactories, and magazines, were reduced to ashes.

What was much to be regretted likewise was the destruction of the archives of the town, with many valuable manuscripts relating to its history. As long as there remained anything to consume, the fire lasted; and when, for want of fuel, it became extinguished, Kazan presented a scene of inexpressible desolation.

Such were the eight terrible conflagrations which, in less than the space of three hundred years, ravaged Kazan; but this devoted town was yet destined to experience a new one, probably more violent and more terrible than any that had yet preceded it. For, be it remarked that, up to the year 1815, the town was principally built of wood, and offered, in consequence, an easy prey to the fury of the flames; on the contrary, at the period of the ninth fire, the buildings of Kazan were chiefly of brick, with iron roofs, the greatest part of which were nevertheless reduced to ruins. So
A CITY ON FIRE.

violent had been the force of the conflagration, that in many places even stone walls of considerable thickness were severed by the heat, and had fallen in fragments on the earth: a terrible proof of the almost supernatural power the flames possessed on that eventful occasion.

III.

A more tempestuous morning than that on which this terrible conflagration took place was never, I believe, known in Kazan—a town whose hurricanes form one of the prominent features in its historical records. The wind raged with an incredible violence. Several preceding months of dry and scorching weather had gathered in the streets a deep layer of dust and sand; this, raised aloft by the fury of the whirlwind, so darkened the air, that at the distance of two or three yards nothing could be distinguished. Such being the state of the weather, it was with no small degree of reluctance that I quitted on that morning my place of abode, which I was destined on my return to find surrounded in every direction by the flames; but I had business to transact, and, in company with an acquaintance, I ordered my droshky, and proceeded to the spot. The date, destined to be a memorable and an awful one, was the 24th of August; the time, about half-past nine in the morning. Our road lay through a street called the Popovui Gora, where
two days previously a terrible fire had broken out, and had reduced to ashes several houses. As we passed, we stopped to gaze a moment on the still smoking ruins. Our conversation naturally turned upon the scene which struck our notice. "Had such a hurricane as the present," observed my companion, "raged on that occasion, Kazan would inevitably have offered a repetition of the horrors of the year 1815." His words were prophetic. Hardly had he uttered them, when the loud, rapid, irregular clang of the tocsin struck upon our ears. "Good God!" we exclaimed, almost with one breath and one accent, "a fire! a fire!" A minute or two after, the fire-engines swept by us, followed by an immense concourse of people. The inhabitants of the houses around us, alarmed by the tocsin and the tumult, rushed from their abodes to ascertain the point of danger. Well aware that this was no longer the moment for any serious occupation, my companion and myself pursued the road the crowd had taken. On arriving at the eminence on which the Voskresenkaya Street is situated, the flames suddenly became visible. The fire had broken out in the street called Prolomnaya, at an hotel known by the name of the Hotel of Odessa, and remarkable in Kazan for two reasons—for the elegant and even costly way in which it was fitted up, à la Européenne, and for the possession of a very large and melodious organ, which
had cost several thousand roubles, and which the proprietor had stationed in the dining-hall by way of additional attraction.

Ere our arrival, the flames, aided by the boisterous wind, had already made considerable progress. A scene of the most frightful description struck our notice. The neighbours were busily employed in removing the lighter portion of their goods from the adjoining houses. The street was strewed with trunks, boxes, and heaps of shattered furniture, which had been precipitated from the windows. An officer, on whom had descended some heavy article of furniture, lay lifeless on the pathway. The fire-engines were galloping to and fro at a reckless rate, crushing and overturning all that opposed their progress. The wind had increased with the conflagration, and roared in such a frightful manner that even the cries of the multitude, the clang of the tocsin, were completely drowned in the noise it created. Fragments of various burning combustibles—wood, paper, linen, etc., filled the air, and were borne by the wind in various directions. It needed but little foresight to be assured that a terrible ravage was destined to ensue. The flames, with a fury and a violence scarcely credible, spread rapidly from house to house, from building to building; in fact, they were seen to burst from several structures almost at the same moment. The Church of the Ascension was
the first place of divine worship which the flames attacked on that awful occasion. So rapid was the progress of the fire, that a few relics and other sacred objects were all that could be saved. A minute after, the heavy bells suspended in the belfry fell, together with a portion of the tower itself, with so violent a crash, that every eye was directed towards the spot from whence that fearful sound proceeded.

It was in that moment of terror and consternation that the appalling news spread among the crowd, that the Dome Sobrany, a large edifice devoted to the assemblies of the nobility, had caught fire. The report seemed so improbable, in consequence of the distance of this building from the scene of the conflagration, that many persons hesitated to give credit to the rumour: it was, however, but too true. Several masses of burning wood, of a considerable magnitude, had been borne by the wind across the roofs of a hundred houses, and had alighted like flaming torches on the above-mentioned structure. The black smoke and livid flames which were seen a few minutes after bursting from this building, gave a terrible authenticity to the statement.

The lower story of this edifice was inhabited by a German, to whose charge was confided the direction of the establishment. The flames surprised him and his family at breakfast; and so rapidly they spread
in every portion of the structure, that the good old man had scarcely time to escape from his lodging. Not a single article of his household could be saved; the fire devoured all he possessed—money, papers, clothes, furniture—the fruits of nearly thirty-five years of toil and labour. Had the house been built of straw, it could scarcely have caught fire more suddenly and been consumed more rapidly.

The flames continued their progress with unabated violence. From the Maison de la Noblesse they spread right and left, until they reached the palace of the Governor-General. As may naturally be expected, the fire-police renewed its efforts to save the latter building from the flames. Vain endeavour! the flames seemed to acquire fresh force from the very attempts made to extinguish them. With renewed ardour they swept from house to house, so that in less than half an hour the whole of the beautiful street of the Voskresenskaya was in a blaze. The Church of the Resurrection, with its lofty belfry, and the grand station of the police had likewise caught fire, and their destruction seemed to be the herald of that which awaited the vast and richly endowed structure of the University.

Such was the state of things in the upper part of the town; that which existed in the lower was still more appalling. From its ravages in the Prolom-naya the fire had spread to the street called the Vosnesensky, from thence to the Boulac, a canal cele-
brated in the annals of Kazan, and which extends from the river Kazanka to the Tartar Town; from the Boulac to the suburbs called the Yemskoi; and finally to those known by the name of the Mokra. Streets, houses, churches, markets, hospitals, bridges, barracks, and manufactories were all forming in these spots one general mass of ruin and destruction.

Horrible to relate, the fury of the storm seemed to increase every minute. The wind became so violent that it was with difficulty that one could stand erect in the burning streets. Masses of flaming wood and red charcoal were borne to an incredible distance in every direction. A village upwards of six miles from the town had by this means caught fire, and on the opposite bank of the river Kazanka, at nearly an equal distance, numerous hay-ricks, barns, immense piles of wood for the winter consumption, and several barges on the river itself, were in a similar state.

Panic and dread reigned in every quarter of Kazan. It now became evident to all, that no human power could be of any avail against the mighty element which threatened to devour the whole town. The horror-struck inhabitants in this frightful conjuncture addressed themselves to that Being at whose nod "the tempest subsides and the raging sea grows placid." Men, women, and children rushed from their houses, their images in
their hands*, and, prostrate before the threshold of their homes, besought the Lord of heaven and earth to take pity on their misery. Their prayers were not destined to be heard: the flames roused them from their prostrate position, and drove them shrieking from their burning dwellings.

But to return to the University, which, threatened with ruin on the summit of the mountain on which it stands, was equally endangered at the base by the burning of several wooden structures contiguous to its own dependencies.

This magnificent edifice, with its numerous buildings and appurtenances—the Observatory, the Library, the Anatomical Theatre, the Numismatical, Zoological, and Mineralogical Cabinets, those of Chemistry and of Physics, etc. etc.—had cost millions of roubles in its construction, and possessed moreover in its precincts treasures of art and science which the wealth of an empire could not repurchase if once destroyed, namely, its valuable collection of Asiatic manuscripts—its 32,096 volumes of rare works, gifts of the Emperors Paul and Alexander and of Prince Potemkin—its Numismatical Cabinet, probably the richest in the world in Asiatic coins, many of which exist in Kazan alone: a little space of time was to decide the fate of all these treasures. The Curator of the University,

* Every house in Russia has its image or images, called Bokhs, or Gods, which are greatly reverenced.
General Moussin Poushkin, stood in the vicinity of the Observatory, giving those orders which the urgency of the danger rendered necessary. The students were actively engaged in destroying various wooden buildings, in hopes thereby to stop the progress of the flames. Useless effort! the wind, as it swept along, bore with it the destructive element in every direction. A wooden structure on the right of the Observatory suddenly caught fire, and in an instant after the whole was in a blaze. There remained no longer the faintest hope of saving the Observatory—the task was now to rescue the valuable instruments it contained. To the honour of the students be it mentioned, that they displayed on that terrible occasion a vigour, perseverance, and intrepidity, truly admirable. That immense and splendid instrument, the grand refractor, from the celebrated atelier of Utzschneider and Frauenhofer, owed its preservation to eight intrepid youths who, with a wonderful force and energy, carried it down an almost perpendicular ladder, at the imminent risk of their own personal safety: the same number of men could scarcely have lifted it at any other period! While this was proceeding, other students, braving the flames which began to rage around them, were equally active in removing the remainder of the instruments, all of which were of foreign workmanship, and had been brought from Vienna, Munich, Stuttgart, and Paris,
A CITY ON FIRE.

at a very great expense. A few minutes served to prove that their activity was well needed—the circular moveable tower of the Observatory suddenly sank with a loud crash, bearing with it the roof of the edifice. Several other buildings in the court of the University had in the meantime caught fire,—among the rest, the house of the Rector,—and the flames began to rage around the valuable Library, which with its precious contents seemed destined to fall a prey to the conflagration.

It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon. The storm continued to rage with unabated violence. The dust and smoke, mingled with a thousand burning atoms of lime, wood, and other combustibles, rendered the scorching atmosphere almost insupportable. The horrors of the scene that existed in almost every part of Kazan at that period baffle description. The frightful disorder that reigned in the town—the crash caused by the falling of churches, towers, and houses—the clang of bells, the beating of drums, the cries of the panic-struck multitude, who stood gazing on the awful conflagration, which was consuming all they possessed—the shrieks of the female portion of the population—the livid flames, visible at the distance of sixty versts—the clouds of dust and smoke which swept through the burning streets, and which were carried in a whirlwind high above the summits of the houses,—what pen could adequately describe
this combination of horrors and misery? Despair seemed to have taken possession of the population of Kazan: horses, cattle, equipages, property, furniture—all was abandoned to the devouring element.

Up to this period I had remained in the area of the University, anxious to ascertain the fate of this institution, and little imagining that the flames had been so active in their ravages, for, as I have before remarked, the dust and smoke rendered it impossible to distinguish any other objects save those in the immediate vicinity; when suddenly the news spread among the crowd, which had collected on the spot, that the town was burning in almost every direction,—that the street called the Gruzinskaya, the principal in Kazan, and upwards of a mile in length, was already half consumed, and that the fire had made its way to the quarter called the Black Lake, whose isolated position had not been able to save it from the common lot.

On receiving this intelligence the multitude rushed wildly towards the different gates of the University, each one towards his own dwelling. I likewise flew towards mine, which, situated near the Black Lake, I was led to understand was either already consumed, or in imminent danger of being so. My nearest road was that which passed by the general forge-yard of the town. This establishment, which occupies a vast square, and combines nu-
merous buildings and upwards of a hundred forges in its precincts, was, ere my arrival, in a blaze, and emitted such a scorching heat and such an impene-trable smoke, that to pass through the narrow lanes in its vicinity appeared to me almost impracticable. I chose therefore another direction, which lay between the theatre and the post-office, but found there even more obstacles than before. Both these buildings, with almost every other in their vicinity, were involved in flames. The wooden pavements of the streets were burning to their very foundation, and presented the appearance of a sea of fire, forming a frightful barrier between me and the spot I desired to reach. At every instant heavy masses of burning wood or red-hot embers fell beside me, or were borne by the wind against my person; and the black smoke, which curled in volumes around me, soon convinced me of the utter impossibility of advancing in that direction.

One may easily conceive the unenviable nature of my position. Unwilling to turn back, yet deterred from advancing by these almost insurmountable obstacles, I cursed the idle spirit of curiosity which had kept me so long from my place of abode. True—lone, solitary wanderer as I was—I had little to save or rescue, but that little, scanty as it was, supplied the place of dear and cherished ties, and on that account had a just claim to my attachment. A few valuable books, my companions and
friends in sorrow and exile; my portfolio of sketches made in Russia during my travels; my papers, one or two manuscript works, which had cost me many an hour of toil and many a midnight vigil; the portraits of my deceased parents; a few fond tokens of dead or absent friends: these objects, memorials of better and happier days, and which now constituted all my riches, my only treasures, raised their silent petition in my heart for rescue and preservation. Perhaps they were already destroyed. I rushed back to the forge-yard, where at least the difficulties had appeared more easy to be surmounted. After a few moments of indecision—a few attempts to advance, and as many times forced to retreat—I made a renewed and resolute effort; and rushing through the mass of smoke and flame which barred my progress, half suffocated and exhausted, my boots literally burnt through to the feet, minus likewise my eyebrows and a part of my hair, which were singed on my passage, I arrived at last at the spot I was in quest of.

I reached it just in time to see the flames attack my place of abode. The coach-house, stables, and kitchen, all built of wood, had long since been in a blaze. The wooden cornice of the roof of the house first caught fire. My servant, like a true Russian, who will do nothing unless he receive a positive injunction, stood quietly at the doorway awaiting my arrival and orders, and invoking, in the interim,
all the saints in the calendar. It was no moment for remonstrance: a black smoke began to collect in every part of the dwelling, and warned me to make the most of the few minutes that remained; I hurried therefore into my apartment. As ill-luck would have it, I had either mislaid or lost my keys; needs therefore was to break open with violence, first the door of my studio (my little sanctum sanctorum), and then the different cases and receptacles it contained. Few were the articles I was enabled to save, but among these were the objects whose destruction I should most have regretted. A small portmanteau served to receive my papers and the few cherished memorials of affection I have spoken of; this I resolved should not quit me till I had seen it deposited in safety. The rest of my goods and chattels I left to their fate and the flames.

This was the work of a few minutes. Ere I had completed these little arrangements, the smoke had become so intense in the apartment, that it was impossible to remain longer therein; I returned therefore to the open air, if such could be named the sultry, suffocating atmosphere which I inhaled at every breath. I waited till I saw my books, etc., deposited on the banks of the lake, at the foot of a clump of trees, whose green foliage seemed to give them a promise of preservation. The intense heat, which at every moment grew more and more intolerable, the thick smoke which the wind bore in
every direction, rendered a longer stay in this scene of destruction totally impossible. Seizing therefore my portmanteau, my miser-hoard, I began my retreat from the spot, which had now become one of peril.

The same obstacles which had presented themselves on my approach were now redoubled: my passage lay through burning streets, and, in many places, over a flaming pavement. Several times my clothes caught fire. At length, half sinking with fatigue and exhaustion, half choked and blinded by the heat and smoke, I reached the ramparts of the fortress, where I threw myself on the earth to recover from the effects of the horrible ordeal through which I had been passing.

The fortress, built upon a mountain of considerable elevation, commanded an extensive view of Kazan. From its heights, the scene that presented itself was truly appalling. The whole town seemed to be in a blaze. The heat, even in a spot so remote, was painfully sensible. At the foot of the mountain, chariots loaded with goods from the yet unconsumed portions of the town were passing in rapid succession. And on the ramparts, not far from where I was myself reclining, were extended numerous helpless invalids, who had removed thither from an adjoining hospital; their cries and groans, as they lay on the damp, cold earth, were piteous and heart-rending. Many of these unfortunate
wretches died in that night of horror and calamity.

Evening was now drawing on apace. The conflagration had broken out in several other parts of the town: the Krasnaya street, the Nijney and Verkni Feodoroffskaya, the Zaseepkin, the Popovui Gora, and all the streets, lanes, and alleys which extend from the Gruzinuskaya to the river Kazanka, were in one vast and general blaze.

Recovered from the exhaustion I had experienced, I directed my way to the opposite bank of the river Kazanka, and having deposited there my little burden in safety, returned once more to the burning town, to witness the progress of the conflagration. The flames, even during the short space which had elapsed since I had quitted the scene of destruction, had been terribly active in their ravages. The belfry of that beautiful and interesting structure, the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, which forms one of the most striking monuments of Kazan, was already half consumed; and the fire had spread to the Gos-tinoi Dvor, a colossal structure, containing nearly a thousand shops and magazines, the emporium of all the commerce of the town.

The burning of that edifice, Asiatic in its construction, and which resembles an immense Turkish caravanserai, presented a scene as extraordinary as it was terrible. The flames swept along its arched and vaulted galleries with a rapidity and a noise
only to be imagined by those who were witnesses to the spectacle. Violent as had been the conflagration in every part of this devoted town, nowhere had it assumed a more frightful appearance than here; nowhere had it raged with greater fury than in the destruction of this building. The greater part of the merchants to whom these shops belonged, were absent at the fair of Nijney Novogorod. Many had taken with them the keys of their respective magazines, which with their contents were left to fall a prey to the flames. Those who had remained in Kazan strove strenuously, but in many cases vainly, to rescue some small portion of their goods from destruction.

But it is, they say, "an ill wind that blows nobody good." This proverb was true even in the ruin of the town; indeed it was a glorious holiday to two classes of persons, both equally active on the occasion,—namely, thieves and izvostchiks*. Both, from the beginning of this awful conflagration, had managed to turn the general calamity to their own personal advantage. The first, in gangs, had daringly and openly broken into the houses, pilfering and plundering under the very eye of the owners. The liquor-shops and wine-cellars, as may easily be imagined, were not left with their contents to the flames. The consequence was, that in the very midst of the horrors of the conflagration,

* Drivers of the public conveyances.
crowds of drunken men and women might be seen roaming through the burning streets, singing as merrily and as unconcernedly as though the fire around them was a mere illumination. Many, whose intoxication had overpowered their senses, lay in the very midst of the flames, to which they were not long in falling victims: hundreds died in this horrible manner.

The Izvostchiks employed a different mode of robbery. For a single load of goods, which at any other time would have been amply compensated by the payment of forty kopecks (about fourpence), they now demanded from fifty to a hundred roubles. There was no means of refusing: the money they took care to exact in advance; and, to crown the tale of villany, in six cases out of ten these wretches, after loading their chariots with goods, and promising to convey them in safety to the opposite bank of the river Kazanka, went off, and neither the goods nor their conductors were seen any more by the deluded owners.

As I stood viewing the terrific scene which the destruction of the Gostinoï Dvor offered, I was not a little surprised on suddenly hearing the pure and familiar accents of my native tongue. I turned towards the spot from whence the welcome sounds proceeded, and beheld three strangers, apparently Englishmen by their dress and manners, standing at a little distance, and gazing on the awful spec-
tacle. I had been five years a sojourner in Kazan, and during that period had but once seen its isolated paths trod by the foot of an Englishman,—that was Sir Roderick Murchison, the learned president of the Geological Society; my wonder may therefore easily be imagined when this unexpected apparition struck my notice, and in the midst of such a scene of calamity. A minute after I was engaged in converse with the travellers.

The party was composed of the American ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg, Colonel Todd, and two travelling companions. He had arrived in Kazan on the previous night, and had taken up his quarters in an hotel in the Prolomnaya. There the flames had surprised him, and he had removed to an apartment in the House of the Nobility. Driven from thence shortly after by the progress of the conflagration, he sought a refuge in a third hotel on the Boulac: the flames were not long in reaching him in his new place of refuge; and, for the fourth time on that eventful day, he removed with his suite to a distant inn on the suburbs. The same fate followed him there. At last, weary of flying from one abode to another, he resolved to return to Moscow. He accordingly ordered his travelling carriage to be harnessed, and it was standing beside him ready for the journey at the moment I first saw him; some time after he set out from Kazan, to which curiosity had carried him, and which he had
seen in such a terrible state of calamity. He left with the Governor-General of the town four hundred roubles for the benefit of the sufferers. I note this act of generosity with double pleasure; for it is agreeable to reflect that the first donation given on this disastrous occasion for the benefit of Kazan, was from the hand of one who, if not a native of England, was at least a descendant of its sons. But to return to our narrative.

In little less than an hour, the Gostinoi Dvor, which covers a very considerable space of ground, presented nothing save a mass of shattered walls and smoking embers.

The approach of night only served to augment the horrors of the conflagration, and to add to the misery of the unfortunate inhabitants of Kazan. The night was a cold and a damp one. The wind continued to rage as it had done during the whole of that fatal day. The darkness rendered the flames more visible and more awful. To increase the evils, rain and sleet began to descend heavily. The distressed inhabitants, hungry (for scarce any had tasted food since the morning), broken down by the ills they were enduring and the loss of their property, and driven from the town by the intolerable heat of the atmosphere, had assembled in thousands on the opposite bank of the river Kazanka, or on the plain of Arsk, exposed to the rage of the four elements, wind, fire, air, and water, which
seemed to conspire together to augment their sufferings. Oh! it was indeed a painful, heart-rending sight to behold beautiful and delicate females, accustomed to every luxury that riches could procure them, shivering in the cold autumnal blast, and exposed to the beating of the merciless storm. How pride was humbled, and vanity crushed on that occasion! Many, who a day before would have scorched to clothe themselves in aught save the richest furs, the costliest silk, the rarest brocades, were now grateful for the coarsest cloak that their menials brought them, to shelter them from the rain, which fell in torrents; others, whose delicate palates must needs be pampered with every luxury that art or nature could furnish, now seized with eagerness the morsel of black bread which a lucky chance threw into their way. Such was the terrible change which one short day of calamity had wrought,—a change, in the evils of which, all, from the richest to the meanest of the inhabitants of Kazan, were forced more or less to participate.

About the middle of the night the fire, partly for want of anything to consume, partly from the abatement of the wind, diminished its violence. The flames grew gradually less and less vivid, the volumes of black smoke died away, the dust had been laid by the heavy rain, the heat grew less and less intense, and when the morning broke the inhabitants of Kazan might be seen wandering sadly and
despondently through the ruins of their native town, lately so flourishing and so opulent, and which a few hours had rendered so desolate and so fallen.

IV.

Kazan now presented the appearance of a vast cemetery. The high brick chimneys,—the only remnants of the wooden houses to which they belonged,—blackened as they were by the smoke, rose like phantoms from amidst the ruins. It was horrible to observe the ravages made by the flames. The best, the principal portion of the town had been destroyed; two thousand of the finest buildings were reduced to ashes; numerous churches, monasteries, markets, and factories, shared the same fate. By a singular good fortune, owing to the sudden change of the wind, the main portion of the University, with the library and several other buildings, remained intact.

One of the principal objects of the research of thousands on the morning which succeeded that awful conflagration was, I believe, the means of satisfying the exigencies of a hungry appetite, which a fast of twenty-four hours had rendered unusually keen and craving. For my part, all that I could obtain for love or money was a piece of black bread, half-buried in dust and sand, a portion of which served me for my breakfast, and the remainder, which I had had the precaution to put in my pocket,
I charitably bestowed some minutes after upon a hungry comrade, who had been less fortunate in his search than myself.

The fire had hitherto spared that quarter of Kazan inhabited exclusively by the Tartars, and known by the name of the Tartar Town, or Suburbs; but the followers of Mahomet were not destined to be long exempt from the calamity which had befallen their Christian co-inhabitants. While the latter were mournfully contemplating the ruins of their houses and their homes, a terrible fire suddenly broke out in the above-mentioned quarter. It was about ten o'clock in the morning. Fortunately for the Tartars, the hurricane which had raged on the preceding day no longer existed, otherwise the whole of the Tartar Town would inevitably have fallen a prey to the flames. As it was, the fire caused a fearful ravage; several streets were burnt, and several hours elapsed before the conflagration could be effectually extinguished.

The close of that day brought little or no alleviation to the sufferings of the unfortunate inhabitants. The night, like the preceding one, was passed under the cold and comfortless canopy of heaven.

On the following morning the tocsin again rang, to announce the breaking out of a fresh fire. It commenced in a street called the Sabatchi Pereoulok, or Dog Street, which it reduced almost entirely to ashes.
This daily occurrence of fresh fires now awoke a conjecture among the inhabitants of Kazan that this repetition of horrors owed its origin to wilful incendiarism. They now recollected that, during the first conflagration, fires had broken out in several parts of the town in a totally opposite direction to that in which the flames were borne by the wind, a circumstance difficult to be accounted for in any other manner. A singular mystery likewise enveloped the two succeeding fires; by degrees this terrible supposition became as general as it seemed probable. It was rumoured in the town that the Poles had chosen this method of avenging themselves on the Russians*, and that every town in the Russian empire would soon share the fate of Kazan. The police became on the alert. Its researches seemed to authenticate beyond doubt the existence of a gang of incendiaries in the town. Upwards of fifty persons were in a few hours apprehended upon suspicion: some had been found with matches and other combustible materials about their person; several had been caught in the very fact of setting fire to divers houses.

The result of these investigations only served to increase the general anxiety. Even that portion of the inhabitants of Kazan whose houses had been

* This rumour appears to have been founded solely on the animosity which the Poles are supposed to entertain towards the Russians.
spared, had not the courage to return to their dwellings, threatened hourly by the hand of the incendiary.

The fourth day came, and with it a fourth fire! It broke out in that part of the Boulac which the flames had spared, reduced to ruins upwards of twenty-five houses, and the corn magazine of a merchant named Romanoff, which contained flour to the amount of a hundred thousand roubles.

A circumstance occurred on this occasion which increased the general anxiety, and proved to the authorities the necessity of taking active measures for the discovery of this horrible mystery. Two Jew-boys, belonging to the school of Cantonists (the sons of invalid soldiers), were arrested upon suspicion; their persons were immediately searched, and a paper was found in the sleeve of one, on which was written the following words—"Let the rest of the incendiaries join us here!" The Jew-boy, on examination, protested that this paper had been written for the sole purpose of frightening the inhabitants, and that it was his intention to have dropped it in a certain street. Such was the only result of the investigation which was made public.

A committee for the discovery of this supposed conspiracy was now established. It was composed of the leading members of the inhabitants of Kazan. The latter assembled daily to invent measures for the safety of the town: unfortunately little or no success followed their arrangements. Every fresh
day brought a fresh attempt on the part of the incendiary gang: in less than the space of a week twenty repeated efforts were made to destroy the remainder of the town. Fortunately however the vigilance of the inhabitants kept pace with the perseverance of the villains who seemed to have conspired to leave Kazan a desert. Day and night sentinels were stationed before every house, to have an eye on the passenger. Spite however of all this caution, the evil did not cease; the hand of the incendiary found means to elude the general vigilance.

On the 7th of September I was roused from sleep at an early hour of the morning by the sound of the tocsin, and a sense of suffocation: the very house in which I had sought a refuge was that in which the fire had broken out. The room in which I slept was filled with smoke. Fortunately the window was of no great elevation from the ground; having rapidly thrown some article of raiment about me, I flung myself in the street below. My servant, after throwing out of the window some few objects, among the rest the portmanteau before mentioned, followed my example. A few minutes after, the house was in a blaze. Such was the kind of life the inhabitants of Kazan led at that period, during which at every moment existence itself was in danger. The conflagration I have just spoken of spread from dwelling to dwelling, and with such
frightful rapidity and violence that in less than two hours some twenty buildings were in ashes.

From the 7th to the 17th of September, although several fresh attempts were made to renew these horrors, they fortunately proved abortive; on that day, however, another fire broke out in the neighbourhood of the Plain of Arsk. The fire-police on that occasion showed considerable activity and energy, and the flames was extinguished without any considerable damage*.

This conflagration was the last that marked that horrible period. The redoubled vigilance of the inhabitants, the measures taken by the police, and, most of all, the approach of winter, with its heavy rain and falls of snow, by degrees diminished the general anxiety. The goods, furniture, and property which had hitherto remained in the fields, were brought back to the town, and their owners, many of whom, during this period of horrors had bivouacked like gipsies in the open air, now turned to seek a refuge for themselves and their families in those quarters of the town which had escaped the conflagration.

It becomes a duty incumbent on the author, in concluding his recital of this terrible event, to

* It is but justice to mention here the extraordinary zeal which Major Krudner, at that time master of the police of Kazan, displayed on this and several other occasions, often exposing his own life to stimulate the efforts and increase the courage of the firemen around him.
make mention of the noble and patriotic feeling which animated the Russian nation on this melancholy occasion. Independent of the truly imperial munificence of the reigning Emperor and the members of his family, from whom were received various and large sums, every town in the empire hastened to assist the unhappy victims of this catastrophe. Thanks to this general demonstration of philanthropy, numbers of families, reduced to an extreme of misery by this sudden calamity, found both a refuge against the rigour of the approaching winter, and the means of existence, so charitably granted by their remote and generous fellow-countrymen.

V.

But Kazan, we are happy to say, did not long remain in the state of desolation and ruin to which this frightful conflagration had reduced it. Like a phoenix, this town soon rose again from its ashes, more bright and splendid than ever. The riches of its inhabitants, the vast and lucrative trade it carries on with almost every part of the empire and with the East, and the great and active co-operation of the Russian Emperor, who generously resolved that this ancient city should be immediately restored to its former splendour, combined to produce the same change as took place in Hamburg after the late fire, a change which gave to both cities a beauty un-
known to them before. Ere a year had elapsed, Kazan, our unfortunate Kazan, was again rebuilt, under the skilful direction of a multitude of architects sent from St. Petersburg to superintend and hasten its reconstruction; so that entire streets, whose houses were formerly of wood, could now boast of handsome brick habitations, of a new and more pleasing style of architecture. But while we mention, with a triumphant feeling, this circumstance, we must not omit saying, for the benefit and consolation of the lovers of antiquity, that all the ancient structures we have described in our stroll through Kazan remained unmolested and unaltered; indeed the fire seems to have respected these monuments, most of which escaped from the devouring element, or, if they were attacked by it, thanks to their thick walls and solid architecture, were able to set its power at defiance. This fire, therefore, while it gave fresh beauty to the modern portion of Kazan, did not in any way deprive this town of that antique historical character, which gives it so great a charm in the eyes of the traveller. The reader will doubtless be as glad to hear that such is the case, as is the author in recording the circumstance. Deep and lasting indeed would have been his regret had he been forced to finish his description of this town with the tale of its sorrows and misfortunes. Fortunately, however, every trace of the dark cloud has
now passed away, and sunshine beams anew over this city and its inmates. Kazan is now again what she was before: she has cast aside her robes of adversity and mourning, and is now once more clad in the gay attire she is wont to wear. And I trust, gentle reader, should you ever wend your way to the north, that you will not fail, for your own sake, to pay her (my book in hand) a visit. As her historian, I take upon myself to invite you; and I promise you (you may use my name, if you please, as an introduction) a right hearty, cordial welcome; a welcome that will be shown, not in words alone, but in a true hospitable reception; promising you moreover that many a hand will be extended to greet you—many a home ready to receive you—many a well-spread table prepared to regale you—and smiles of joy and friendly caresses from many a fair female face to make your stay both a happy and a merry one. All this do I guarantee you, and many things more which suit the taste of most travellers, but which I think it unnecessary to mention.

Now that the author has brought this first volume of his Sketches to a close, may he presume to indulge in the hope that his readers do not regret having become, through his humble medium, somewhat better acquainted with this curious town, of which he has doubtless given a very feeble description, but
which, unworthy as it is, has at least the merit of being the first that has ever yet been presented to the European public? Let this plead as an excuse for its imperfections and deficiencies.

In the volume the reader has perused, the author has described Kazan principally in its Russian and modern garb. In his second and last volume he purposes depicting this town in its Asiatic character, as well as giving some account of the province to which it belongs, of the tribes and races which form its population, and of some of the most remarkable monuments of antiquity it possesses. May Allah guide his pen, and render it both profitable and pleasing to his fellow-countrymen and readers!

END OF VOLUME I.