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# TENNESSEAN ABROAD

OR

LETTERS

FROM

EUROPE, AFRICA, AND ASIA

BY

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REDFIELD

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passengers, who could not understand how a plain-looking individual without buttons dared to act in such a manner. They soon learned, however, that he was an American, which explained the whole affair.

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### LETTER SIXTY-SEVEN.

#### STOCKHOLM.

Voyage from St. Petersburg to Stockholm—Revel—Helsingfors—Abo—Arrival in Stockholm—The Park—King's Palace—Churches—Haga—Drottningholm—Jenny Lind's Parents—The Swedes, etc.

HAVING returned from Moscow to the capital, we engaged passage on a Russian steamer for Helsingfors in Finland, where we changed to a steamer for this city. We were too late to secure berths, and were compelled either to take a bench in the cabin or be detained another week in Petersburg, the very idea of which would have induced me to take the deck without mattress or covering. Although Russia is an extraordinary country, and her cities present innumerable attractions, yet the many annoyances that fetter the stranger at every step render it intolerable for an American who is permitted to move about at full liberty in his own happy country.

When we reached Cronstadt, the port of Petersburg, we encountered a violent storm, which lasted only a few minutes; but this was long enough to do considerable damage to our little steamer. The day was very inclement, and running along the low flat coast of the gulf, without any particular object to interest us, was any thing but agreeable. At noon the next day we reached Revel, the capital of Livonia, where most of our passengers left us. This city in early times possessed considerable importance, but since the annexation of the country to Russia, St. Petersburg has taken all her trade. An old Russian, who was *en route* for Finland, went up into the town with us to see the corpse of a Livonian prince in one of the churches. As the story goes, he was denied the honor of burial because he could not pay his debts, and his body was cast into a cellar. Several hundred years afterwards it was discovered in a perfect state, and is now exhibited in a case deposited in the

church. Unfortunately the funeral obsequies of some countess was going on in the church, and we were denied the privilege of seeing this natural mummy. We arrived at Helsingfors about midnight, and being very sleepy, I hurried on board the Swedish steamer and disposed of myself in the best berth. In a few minutes a broad-faced German entered, and walked directly to my berth. I knew in an instant from his expression that he intended to lay claim to it, but having the right of occupation, I determined to lie low and keep dark. After considerable difficulty, he succeeded in arousing me from a *deep slumber*, and speaking in his vernacular, said that I was in his berth. I looked at him a moment, and by a shake of the head gave him to understand that I did not speak his language. He then spoke to me in French, and received the same shake of the head. Taking me to be a Russian, he went off and enlisted in his service one of the Czar's subjects, who also received the ignorant shake. Failing to make me understand in his language, he tried the Swedish, but without effect. By this time the German became impatient and somewhat enraged, and as a *dernier ressort* brought up the engineer, who was a John Bull, and no mistake. With an air peculiar to all Englishmen, he spoke out in a loud voice, saying, "Do you speak English, sir?" to which I replied by the same shake of the head. Having exhausted all the languages that they could bring to bear, they naturally came to the conclusion that I was either deaf and dumb or a fool. John Bull, however, to make the matter certain, asked me in the name of God what language I did speak, to which I replied, American—a response that almost convulsed him with laughter. As soon as he recovered, he informed the German that I was a Yankee, and he had better let me alone, for all he could not move me. Taking John Bull's advice, the German sought out another berth, and left me to finish my nap.

Our course the next day lay between the coast of Finland and the numerous little islands scattered along the shore, forming a distinct channel from the main sea. The whole country is barren, and covered with everlasting pine, which appears to be the chief growth of Eastern Europe. In the afternoon we reached Abo, where we remained one day. Soon after landing, an Englishman who was acquainted with the town accompanied us through the principal streets, which are wide and clean; and wound up the proceedings

of the day in a snug little *café* situated in a grove, and attended by a pretty and graceful Swedish girl. Abo is inhabited mostly by Swedes, who are easily distinguished from the Russians, being much better looking and far more polite. At one time Abo was a flourishing town, and the seat of a university, which has been removed to Helsingfors. At present there is a good deal of ship-building going on in the place, and the Emperor has contributed largely to aid a company in fitting out sixty vessels for the whale service. Several of them are completed, and judging from their appearance, they are well built, and will answer the purpose for which they are intended.

As we were leaving Abo, many persons, mostly ladies, assembled on the quay to take leave of their friends, and I was particularly attracted by their grace and ease of manner. Voltaire very aptly terms the Swedes the French of the North. I was considerably interested in a parting scene between a young man and his wife. She was going to Stockholm, to be absent two weeks, and was as much affected as if it was for two years. They kissed, and kissed, and kissed, until I thought their lips would be seriously damaged, or become glued together. At dinner I observed another Swedish custom, that differs entirely from any thing I ever saw. Before taking their seats at the table, they usually assemble around a small side table, and take what they call soup, or snaps, which consists of a kind of liquor extracted from potatoes, bread and butter, cheese and radishes. After walking around the soup table about ten minutes, they take their seats at the dinner table. We crossed the Gulf of Bothnia in the night, and early on the morning of the fifth day from Petersburg, the *Kelner* aroused us to see the scenery on the narrow inlet leading to Stockholm, and the approach to the city, which is very beautiful. We landed at the quay near the King's Palace, and proceeded without any examination of baggage to the Hotel du Commerce, situated in the centre of the city. The hotels of Stockholm furnish only apartments, and the stranger, to get a respectable meal, must be regularly introduced to the Merchants' Club, where he pays one dollar and a half banco entrance fee, and dines *à la carte*.

After dinner we crossed the water in a small boat managed by athletic women, to the Park, which is very extensive and handsomely adorned. In the centre there is a small palace belonging to the

King. The citizens of Stockholm have their amusements in the Park. In one part of it is a very good theatre, where we witnessed an exhibition of monkeys, dogs, and goats. The man who has charge of these animals is a perfect Alex. Selkirk of a fellow, and their performances are truly wonderful.

The next day we visited the King's Palace, which is the largest house in the city, covering a great space, but quite plain both externally and internally. It is built on a hollow square. The rooms are mostly small, and the ceiling low. There are some paintings and statuary here, but nothing of particular note. The library is quite extensive, and contains, among other books of interest, the Bible of Luther, with extensive notes on the margin in his own hand-writing; also, a remarkable looking book, of enormous size, called the *Devil's Bible*, written on parchment prepared of three hundred asses' skins. This Codex is a war-prize taken in Prague during the Thirty Years' War. In a square on the south side of the palace is a tall and slender obelisk, commenced by Gustavus III., and completed by Gustavus X. On the north side is a splendid bridge of granite, which spans the water that divides the city. The central part rests on a small island, and underneath the arch is a very good restaurant. In the square, on the opposite side of the bridge from the palace, stands a very handsome equestrian statue of Gustavus Adolphus.

The churches of Stockholm are quite handsome, but possess few attractions to one who has visited nearly all the churches of Europe. Cathrina church is the most prominent object in the city, and was founded in 1656, on the height where Christiern the Tyrant had the bodies burnt after the massacre, and where afterwards a wooden chapel was built by John III. Its name was given to it by Carl Gustaf, after his mother, and that monarch also presented to it two large bells, which he had taken in Poland. After having been ruined by fire in 1723, it was rebuilt from drawings by Buyhomaster Adelerantz. A dome was then constructed over the centre of the church, and its beautiful canopy is supported without the aid of a single pillar. It is said that the architect, fearing the dome would give way, killed himself; but his work still stands in its original beauty.

Ridderholm's church, situated near the centre of the city, is also very handsome, particularly the spire, which is made of cast iron,

and exceedingly symmetrical. The reason for putting up an iron spire was to save the church from lightning—it having been struck three times. The church is filled with mausoleums, the finest of which are the Caroline and Gustavian graves, on each side of the church. It was in this church that Senator Carl Nilsson Farla took refuge when the rich Bo Jonsson Grip pursued him, excited by his raging jealousy. Carl Nilsson laid hold so fast of the corner of the altar that it broke, but Bo Jonsson hewed him in twelve pieces. This happened in 1383. In memory thereof, a stone divided into twelve parts has been laid in the floor just on the spot where the murder was accomplished. There are also some valuable ornaments in the way of trophies taken in the old wars, to be seen in the church.

A few miles from the city is the royal summer residence, called Haga. In 1786 Gustaf III. laid the foundation of a great palace, but of which only the ground walls ever were finished. Among the minor buildings then constructed, that called Lilla Slottet (the little palace) was often inhabited by Gustaf III. The park is extensive and very handsome, and is adorned with a kiosk, a temple, urns, and constructions of many kinds. I was particularly attracted by a small foot bridge in imitation of a seine drawn by two huge figures representing negroes,—also, two gondolas, richly gilded, and adorned with the heads of the wild boar and rhinoceros. In different parts of the grounds I noticed large balls, made of green glass, and placed on a pedestal in the sun, in which could be seen the entire view round about in a small compass.

About one hour's run on the steamer from Stockholm is the summer palace of Drottingholm, on Lofon. It has been the royal seat as far back as the days of heathenism, and was then named Thorsund. Queen Cathrina Jagellonica had a stone house built there, and King John III. visited it frequently, especially for the sake of the game forest he kept up there. But the year after the death of Carl Gustaf, the little palace was burnt, and the present new edifice was constructed by the Queen Dowager Hedvig Eleonora, at her own expense. The whole region was originally low and marshy, but stone vaults were constructed where the present gardens are, rocks were blasted, and the sunk lands were cleared by canals. The palace is quite extensive and well furnished, but the park is the chief attraction about the place.

Returning to the city, we made a visit to Jenny Lind's parents, who are now quite old and infirm. They are exceedingly plain, but seem very proud of their distinguished daughter, who has kindly given them all the comforts of life out of her earnings in the United States. The Swedes generally are proud of their Nightingale, but heap maledictions upon her for uniting her fortunes with a Jew.

The Swedish ladies are without exception the most polite, graceful, and beautiful women of the north. Some of them are truly charming; and owing to the scarcity of the other sex, every stranger becomes at once a lion.

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## LETTER SIXTY-EIGHT.

COPENHAGEN.

Trollhattan Canal—Polhem and Gullo Falls—Gottenburg—Voyage to Copenhagen—The Round Tower—Magdalene or Lady Church—King's Palace—Monuments—Thorwaldsen's Museum—Private Museum—Frederic Park—The Danes.

At Stockholm we took passage on a small steamer called the Polhem for Gottenburg. It is the most indifferent boat on the canal, but we were compelled to take it, or remain in Stockholm for a month. I determined to pass the first night on deck, but found it so cold towards morning that I gladly retired to my berth. In a few minutes I fell asleep, but it was short and disturbed; the atmosphere was so heated that I almost suffocated. Most of our passengers were ladies, on their way to the bathing places near Gottenburg, and amongst them was a young lady of considerable musical talent, and a great friend of Jenny Lind's—also a Swedish Baroness with two interesting daughters.

After running all day through lakes and between the islands of the Baltic, we entered the great Trollhattan canal, which is without exception the most wonderful work in Sweden, and superior probably to any canal in the world. It is fed by the lakes, and always has an abundance of water, sufficient for the largest vessels. Early on the morning of the second day we crossed Lake Roxen and Lake Boren, and reached Borenhault about noon. Here we passed