

jokes on one another, 'till the "Dawai, Iswoschtschik!" of a pedestrian gives the signal for seizing the whips, and instantly makes the most eager competitors of the job.—The poorest Iswoschtschiks in Petersburg are Finlanders. Their droschiks is frequently nothing but a board over the axle of the wheels, with their small, long haired horses, with dim, botched head gear, and bony haunches, many of them perfect images of poverty and distress. Scantily covered with ragged blankets, they frequent the outer rings of the city and suburbs, and, poor themselves, they oppress the poor for a trifle to visit their equals. In the inner districts, on the other hand, you meet with very elegant equipages, as smart as the best can make them, black horses, with harnesses that shine like satin, harness adorned with the precious metals, sledges of such light and elegant construction that they seem to be made for flying, covers tastefully lined with velvet, and drivers, with superb beards and long flowing manes of fine cloth, like Turkish pashas, who do not stir but for "blue tickets." \* \* \*

Even in wealthy Russian houses only the footmen wear the family livery, and the coachmen and the same old national uniform, though of different quality, you need but order the Iswoschtschik to hide the mark which distinguishes him as such under his kaftan, and then every body will imagine that horse, driver, and vehicle, are your own property.—Sometimes in fact, these are the carriages of the noblest of quality, who have turned their coachmen into an Iswoschtschik for the time of their absence from Petersburg, and sent him to the streets to earn money for them.—Petersburg swarms, moreover, with people, officers, civil and military, who are sent sometimes this way. Sometimes that, and who can while authorise their speculative coachmen to earn provender for their horses and nothing to boot.

Though you may not speak Russian, you need not be apprehensive lest the Iswoschtschik should not understand you. A child in any respects in comparison with the German, is in others a man of the world, a cosmopolitan, compared with the latter. He has already had to do with all the nations of Asia; individuals belonging to all the nations of Europe have had dealings with him; and more than a few persons of every class from the beggar to the Emperor, have sat behind him. He knows how to behave fitly, civilly, decorously to each; he understands all the languages of this hemisphere, Tartar as well as French, German as

well as English, the language of the eyes, fingers, looks and gestures. When he has an Italian at his back, out of complaisance to him, he scolds and abuses his horse in Italian: '*Ecco kakoi canaille, signor!*' when a German, '*Dank Sfidar!*' when a Mahometan, he takes off his hat and says, '*Allah, grant you prosperity.*' In this respect the position of a Petersburg Iswoschtschik is more interesting than that of a hackney coachman in any other capital, and affords as much occasion for acquiring a knowledge of the world as a diplomatic post. At one time the companion of the Iswoschtschik is a cook returning from market with a load of vegetables; at another, an officer with a star, hastening to the parade; and again at another, a foreigner just arrived, gazing with inquisitive eye at the northern Palmyra; to-day a turban, the grave attitude of which the rapid driving has not a little deranged; to-morrow a Yankee, who does not know the right way to seat himself in this strange Russian vehicle; then a pair of lovers, who, as they fly around every fresh corner of a street, clasp one another the more closely; or a long legged Eissaki (a nick-name given by the Petersburgers to the English, from their continual repetition of the words, 'I say,') who sprawls his limbs over the droschka; sometimes a person of consequence, who wishes to be incognito, and muffles up his face in his furs, that he may not be recognized; sometimes a German journeyman mechanic, who looks exultingly around and would fain cry out, 'Look at me; see in what a high style I am riding about!' To-day you see him with mourners, slowly and dolefully following a corpse; to-morrow with wedding guests, gaily galloping to the dinner. As the Iswoschtschiks are always at hand, and ready to engage at a low rate in any speculation, the cabinet-maker employs them to carry him mirrors and tables, and the coffin-maker to convey his work to the house of mourning. The gardener beckons to them when he can get no farther with his flower-pots; and the policeman whistles for one when he has to take away a drunken man, whom he lays before him as the carpenter did the coffin."



GENIUSES make bad husbands and bad wives, and when two geniuses come together in marriage, it is like the meeting of two electric clouds which discharge their thunder and lightning at each other. No genius should ever get married.