
A table of contents for *The Churchman* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_churchman_os.php

From such words as these there is much to learn. The boast of the Church of England has been, that she has cared and provided for the poorest classes. The boast and pride of the Salvation Army is, that it has taught the people to provide for themselves.

But surely we may learn for the future of our own Church, such lessons as this religious movement has to teach, without giving up our grand history, or our orderly worship, or our clear statements of doctrine, in order to trim our sails to catch the breezes wafted by the Salvation Army. Unless we are prepared to abandon altogether the parochial system of the Church, it is absolutely impossible to adopt the Salvation Army or its plans.

What, then, is to be our attitude as Churchmen? I believe one of prayerful watchfulness and zeal.

However strongly we may sympathize with its objects, however warmly we may admire its leaders, we cannot stand upon its platform, without condoning very serious offences both in doctrine and in plans.

In this movement, whatever in it is of God will stand, and we may hope will be strengthened and increase. Whatever is not of God will come to naught, and I believe that none of us could desire or pray more heartily than Mr. and Mrs. Booth themselves, that God's will only may be done by the great organization under their direction. It may be that this great agency, purged of all that now renders it distasteful, or makes it dangerous, is destined in God's providence to play an important part in the winning of the world to Christ. In the meantime, whilst we dare not accept its plans, we cannot but sympathize with its aims; and it will be no small result for it to have achieved, if, by means of its agency, emphasis should be given to some simple truths, and the way opened for more earnest and systematic efforts on the part of those who are interested in the strengthening the hold of the Church of England upon the working classes of our country.

JOHN F. KITTO.

ART. IV.—A SUMMER TOUR IN RUSSIA.

A Summer Tour in Russia. By ANTONIO GALLENGA, Author of "South America," &c. Pp. 425. Chapman & Hall, 1882.

OF good works on Russia the store is rather large. The work of Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, valued by the late Emperor Alexander II. as "the best that can, was, or could be written," is an excellent one, readable, trustworthy, and full. But Mr.

Wallace's "Russia" is the Russia of ten years ago; and within the last two or three years the Great Northern Empire has gone through a crisis, the causes of which it would have been difficult to foretell, and the consequences of which one cannot calculate. The volume before us, an ably-written narrative of a tour in Russia last summer, may be regarded as an appendix to Mr. Wallace's work, while it has an interest and value of its own. Mr. Gallenga pleasantly brings before his readers the present-day condition of the people, both the emancipated serfs and the dwellers in towns; his sketches of social life are fresh, and lively; and his remarks on the prospects of the Empire are well-grounded and sagacious.

About travelling in Russia Mr. Gallenga gives a good deal of information in a chatty and agreeable style. From St. Petersburg to Moscow the distance is about 604 versts, or 400 English miles; and the night train travels over it in fifteen hours, or at the rate of twenty-six miles an hour, including stoppages, which is considered fair average speed on the Continent, and which is not attained on any other Russian line. In posting times, all that horse-flesh, by the most strenuous exertions had been able to achieve was the conveyance of the imperial mails between the two cities in five days and five nights, or 120 hours, the rate being three and a half miles per hour. To the comforts of the line between Moscow and St. Petersburg no line in either hemisphere comes up. Roomy and lofty saloon carriages; a window-seat, a *fauteuil* lit, a hand-luggage net for every traveller; a toilet room; a ladies' room at the end of each compartment; regular halts at convenient intervals; the finest stations; the best supplied and cheapest refreshment rooms; the loftiest, widest, cleanest, light-roofed platforms to circulate and stretch one's legs in; and everything everywhere contrived to protect the traveller from winter cold or summer heat.

A great improvement, all this, says Mr. Gallenga, upon the cramped, open sledge of other days, with the thermometer thirty degrees below the freezing-point, and the chill creeping in and curdling your blood under your fur coat, cap, and boots; the snow and sleet pelting your face, a pack of wolves howling in the rear, ready to take the hindmost, and the motion of the sledge over snow-drifts and bare hard-frozen ruts causing you to bob up and down like a buoy on the surging waves, with now and then the chances of an upset, and "many passengers troubled as if with sea-sickness;" yet even these miseries were preferable to summer travelling in the terrible *tarantass*,[1] as

[1] Of the tarantass and the droski Mr. Gallenga does not write in very favourable terms. The tarantass is a roomy, heavy vehicle with a hood and apron, somewhat like a large phaeton, but without seats. It stands on a score of long poles, somewhat elastic, laid out side by side like a raft

they call a springless post-chaise, with the stifling heat and blinding glare of a twenty-two hours' day, and the dust both stifling and blinding, and the jolting which broke every bone in your skin.

Of all or some of these delights of Russian travelling in the good old times, says our author, a stranger may still make ample experience at the present day, if he ventures beyond the railway track, or even if he tries any other line than that between the two capitals—hardly excepting even the international ones coming from Germany or Austria, or those branching from St. Petersburg to the Baltic regions. Everywhere except on the model line above described, the rate of speed is distressingly slow, the stoppages outrageously frequent and unconscionably long, the shelter, the cleanliness, the fare at the buffets, the general arrangement at the stations being by no means better than it should be—indeed, considerably worse than it need be.

In railway travelling through Russia the less a stranger looks out on the land the more favourable impression, perhaps, he will carry away about it. The towns along the line are almost invariably miles away from the stations, too much out of sight and in too low positions to be ever noticed, and, as a rule, too hopelessly like one another, too destitute of interest, to deserve even the few minutes' visit that the train might allow. And as for the country, the panorama is almost everywhere the same dreary flat from end to end, for the line runs, as a rule, through the lowest, dullest, districts. Of the series of views exhibited before the traveller as the train wafts him wearily along—views, however, not calculated to give the tourist a correct notion of things—Mr. Gallenga writes the following description:—

A dead flat, hardly broken at distant intervals by a wave of the ground, by some long low ridge, or small scrubby knoll; interminable, monotonous woodland; not primeval forest, but mere young birch and fir, stunted and ragged, with here and there a bit of rough clearing, a patch of coarse pasture, anon, great ryefields, stretching beyond man's ken, chequered here and there by more or less abortive attempts at wheat, barley, or potato crops; the ground, as a rule, without hedge, fence, or wall—nobody's or everybody's ground—open to the inroad of cattle; a sandy, salty, to all appearances irreclaimable, soil; a backward, slovenly cultivation; the cattle neither well-bred nor well-fed; everywhere a sense of loneliness; only at vast distances log-houses and barns, mostly untenanted, horses, cows, sheep, turkeys and geese

---

over the axletrees and between the wheels. The tossing and jolting is very nearly the same as in the common Russian country-cart, but the comforts inside are those of a *coupé-lit*. It is the only safe conveyance on the generality of Russian roads. According to Mr. Wallace the droski stands midway between a cab and an instrument of torture.

in flocks, unattended; and farther off, straggling towns and villages, with high-domed churches and tall factory-chimneys; and near the stations great piles of wood, solidly ranged in rows of logs of different size and various colours, as high as houses, and not without some architectural pretensions, and some artistic attempt at quaint, tasteful patterns.

The ground, for large tracts, swampy, cut up by miry ditches, or soaked into shallow morasses, where the water stagnates as if at a loss to make up its mind whether to flow north or south, east or west; and meanwhile spreading out into vast meres or lagoons, in some of which green, weedy islets are lazily floating from shore to shore—islets which the rustics of the adjoining farms, like those of Holland, endeavour to catch as they drift past—mooring them, and annexing them to their mainland domains.

The "horrors" of Russian travelling, says our author, whether by rail or by post, sledge, and steamer, have been absurdly exaggerated. In many of the central provinces of the empire, and along the main tracts, it would be idle to talk of "roughing it" according to the doleful directions of a guide-book. The best hotels of Moscow and St. Petersburg are simply magnificent and in minor towns, at Kasan, Kief, Tiflis, Odessa, &c., not much worse than in Spain or Italy. Most of them have German, French, Swiss, or Italian landlords, and not unfrequently Tartar waiters; and you are brought face to face with your host, while if you know how to make yourself agreeable you are admitted to take your meals with the family, in the style of the real primitive *table-d'hôte*, a desirable arrangement, as the domestic fare is good, and there is no other "round table." The tariff of charges for board and lodging is nailed up in several languages in every room, as in German hotels, and the bills are handed over weekly. Even at the poorest villages and solitary post-houses, a traveller in Russia is never at a loss for fresh and wholesome brown (rye) bread, eggs in any quantity, and the best amber-coloured tea, in bright Bohemian tumblers, hissing hot from the *samovar* (charcoal-heated tea-urn), tea pure and deliciously flavoured.[1] Outside the travelling track, of course, the accommodation is of a more primitive kind; and an Englishman may have to "rough it" rather unpleasantly. The real drawbacks, however, in Russian travelling, speaking broadly, are uncleanliness and scantiness of water. Into some of the Russian inns, even of crowded towns, the guide-books tell us

[1] In the tea which comes overland from Kiakhta, the city on the border between the Asiatic-Russian and the Celestial Empire, there is an exquisite delicacy. The difference, we read, mainly arises from the fact that the caravan tea, exposed to the air, during its twelve months' journey in loose, clumsy, and much shaken bundles, gets rid of the tannin and other gross substances. Anyhow, tea drunk in Russia is better than can be had anywhere else.

with good reason that it would be rashness for ladies to set their foot. Even in some of the best hotels baths cannot be had; and as regards washing their faces, many of the natives seem satisfied to moisten one eye after another as if they had sore eyes and were applying rose-water. As to minor discomforts, there are neither books nor newspapers, except Russian ones, in Russian hotels; and what are called "reading-rooms" are generally used by billiard-players and smokers. The use of tobacco smoke is universal in Russia—common to both sexes; no public dining- or drawing-room is free from it; ladies have no scruple about asking for "a light" of the first male stranger they meet. Again, the traveller must either know the Russian language or have the aid of a commissioner or interpreter; in some of the best hotels and along the streets of the largest cities, French, or English, or German, will not enable the tourist to make his way. Further, travelling in Russia is expensive. The price of railway tickets, which was originally moderate, had to be raised to meet the Government's taxes. In regard to bills and fees, a stranger may have reason to lament his inexperience. There is no tariff for the *isvoshtchik*, or droski-driver; none at least that he will produce or abide by. You give him what he asks, and he will ask for more; give him what you like and treat him like a dog, and he will be satisfied; the soul of the serf is still in him, and any one who knows how to "bully" him he recognizes as a master.[1] All this may explain how it is that so few mere pleasure-tourists ever visit Russia. It is not uncommon to fall in with Anglo-Indian or other Eastern travellers, who, on their homeward journey by the overland route, or the Suez Canal, will steam across the Mediterranean and the Ægean, from Alexandria to Constantinople and Odessa, and hence take the train direct to Warsaw, Moscow, or St. Petersburg. But these birds of passage seldom stop for a few hours even in the principal cities. Of people from England with money and leisure, and fond of travelling, the proportion who make a tour in Russia is extremely small.

Writing from St. Petersburg, Mr. Gallenga refers to the effects of the climate in the following terms:—

[1] The German traveller Kohl ("Russia," by I. G. Kohl, London, 1844) tells how his innate politeness induced him to address a Russian postilion as "My good man," and beg him to "be so kind as to get on a little faster." The fellow only stared at him, and went on jogging at his own pace; when a Russian friend, who sat by the German's side, broke out in thundering voice:

"You brute, *you* scoundrel! If you don't drive faster—this minute—I'll have you flogged like a dog by the police at the next station."

This language had immediately the desired effect: the serf understood it well; he had found his master. Matters have not much mended in this respect, according to Mr. Gallenga, since the emancipation.

This is a country over a large part of which the extremes of heat and cold share the year between them, dooming man to unwholesome seclusion for the winter months, and only allowing him to breathe free air in the summer season, when the sultriness of the weather utterly unnerves and prostrates him. Between the intense cold that stiffens the limbs and numbs the faculties, and the glowing heat that takes away breath, and induces torpor and listlessness, there is in these latitudes no transition or preparation; and the human frame, not led by degrees, and not inured day by day to either extreme, equally suffers from exposure to both.

In his hermetically sealed apartments, with double windows, and hot stoves within doors, and his panoply of furs swathing him up to his very eyes out of doors, the Russian in winter is perpetually consuming his own breath; and when at last he breaks out from long hibernation, from that endless night when no man can work, he finds himself hardly fit for the exertions demanded by that interminable day which allows man no rest.

What I here say applies to city life, and especially to the habits of the capital, with which I have already become tolerably well acquainted. I am not questioning the native vigour or hardihood of the Slavic race, or doubting that either dire necessity or stern discipline can enable a valiant nation to get the better of atmospheric influences, and by dint of energy and constant exercise to derive strength from those very inclemencies that tend to weaken it. I am aware that this is the spot where the officers of the Guards of the Emperor Nicholas used to go about in their glittering uniforms, "while the frost was hard enough to cripple a stag," with never a rag of a cloak to be seen about them; for the Czar himself, in emulation of his mad father, the Emperor Paul, exposed himself to wind, snow, hail, and storm, and expected from his officers the same disregard of the severity of a Polar winter. And I am aware that the Russian soldiers, chiefly levied among the northern peasantry, can be made to endure the greatest hardships, both on the march and at the bivouac, being in that respect more than a match for their most stubborn Ottoman opponents.

Still what I see here day by day satisfies me that these Russians, in the towns and as a people, are more susceptible, more afraid of heat and cold, more self-indulgent than any other set of men in the world.

A stranger from other countries can hardly travel in Russia anywhere by train, even in June or July, without being nearly asphyxiated by his fellow-passengers, who insist on putting up all the glasses of the double windows during the night; and who, when the sun is high at noon, lie lolling in their seats with outstretched arms and legs, like stranded porpoises, unable to move or talk, or probably, if they tried ever so hard, even to think. And the same collapse of all human strength is equally observable here in St. Petersburg, a Sybarite city, where every man, woman, or dog, every butcher and basket, every laundress and bundle, seems rich enough to afford the luxury of a droski; and where the *rari nantes* on the side-walks crawl and shamble on the legs of which the owners seem to have lost, or never to have acquired, the proper use.

Russia, it is often said, will have to be re-Russianized; but such a process cannot be easily applied to the upstart mongrel metropolis. Peter the Great created St. Petersburg a mongrel community, in which the European element vastly predominated. Germans enjoyed a special favour. Even as late as the reign of Alexander I., when that Emperor wished to requite the services of a veteran general, the blunt old soldier said "Sire, make me a German." Alexander and Nicholas only saw St. Petersburg and ignored the rest of the Empire. When they travelled through the provinces, their journeys were as rapid as post-horses, and, more lately, steam, could make them: their business was limited to grand reviews of regiments quartered in the cities, and to *levées* for the entertainment of the upper —*i.e.*, the official-classes. These Russian autocrats gave themselves little time or trouble to acquaint themselves with the wants of their subjects, or to guess their aspirations. Even Alexander II., a benevolent ruler, thought too much of the city on the Neva. Public opinion, however, is gaining strength. Against the Germans, throughout the Empire, the tide has set in strongly; and Russia has become intensely national.

St. Petersburg, as a capital, it is said, is a mistake. The cry "Back to Moscow!" resounds now, in not loud but deep notes, wherever one goes. "Holy Russia" is yearning for its "Holy City." In truth, Moscow is now the centre of Russian life and activity, wealth and productiveness. The time was when at the Court, and in the higher circles of St. Petersburg, the word "Moscovite" was used as a term of reproach, implying what was uncouth and barbarous; but our author heard a lady, sprung from one of the proudest historic Russian families, and, through her husband, closely connected with the Imperial Government, exclaim with emphasis, "*Je suis Moscovite! Bien Moscovite!*"

Moscow is described as eminently a religious city. The churches and chapels are crowded with worshippers. *Icons* or images are stuck up on every wall; and no common labourer or artisan, no water-carrier or droski-driver goes past without giving a sign of devotion. In spite of a great trade, however, Moscow swarms with beggars in every street. The besetting sins of the people, in fact, are idleness and drunkenness. For these vices, says Mr. Gallenga, "the priests are in a great measure responsible: the priests who multiply their church festivities to such an extent as to compel the faithful to keep holy as many as 170 days in the year,[1] who while imposing rigid fasts for as many days as they have feasts, and thus sapping the vigour and wearing out the very soul of

[1] 170 holy days, without reckoning the Sundays.

the working man, has never a word to say against the use and abuse of that *vodka*, or strong water, to which the labourers are driven by the delusive hope that liquor may make up for the deficiency of wholesome food." Differing herein from some travellers, Mr. Gallenga tells of the streets in Moscow on the evenings of Sunday and on other holidays full of men reeling in the last stage of intoxication. And if the priests, he says, were to preach against the *vodka*, they would have to add the clause, "Do as I say, not as I do!" The Russian Church, as is well known, is a Church of showy ceremonies, of outward observances, fasts, and pilgrimages, a mere show where hardly any appeal is ever made to the heart and understanding; a Church of which even Dean Stanley found fault for its "separation of religion from morality." The Russian Church, says Mr. Gallenga, has "neither the will nor the power to exercise a beneficial influence over the people."

In the costumes of a Russian crowd, we read, there is nothing very picturesque. For the quaintness of old Moscovitic costume, or gorgeous Eastern finery, a man must now-a-days be referred to picture-books:—

> The only article that distinguishes the Russian from an European, and especially from an English, crowd, is the head-gear; . . . . the necessity of one season sets the people here against the wear of our awkward, irrational, unbecoming chimney-pot for the remainder of the twelvemonth. The Russian costume of the lower classes consists of a black or white cap, with the brim drawn down on the brow and almost on the very eyes; a long, loose, shapeless dark-blue or brown-grey coat, flowing down to the heels, and heavy top boots up to the knees. . . . . Bating the colour or tissue, the same medley of international rags seems equally to suit Russian or Tartar, Moslem or Christian, gipsy or Jew. Merchants and brokers and idlers of the middle-class wear the cut-away jacket and wide-awake hat now common to all Europe.
>
> The clergy are easily distinguishable among the crowd, not only by their costume, but also by their mien and bearing; for many of them are tall and handsome, with blue eyes and sleek tawny hair and beard unclipped, and they have a grave, sedate air. . . . . The monks, or black clergy, wear long, flowing robes, and tall, cylindrical caps, from which a veil falls down, partly covering their countenance. The mere parish priests (white clergy) are dressed in the same manner but wear no veil.

In Russia, says our author, manufactures are killing agriculture. The towns, as yet, are few and far between; their inhabitants are vastly outnumbered by the rural population; there is hardly any middle-class in the cities; none whatever out of them; many of the great landowners are absentees; there is no country life as we understand it in England, only rustic life as in the

old Roman world. The Russian peasant, with a drop of Tartar blood in his veins, is by nature a nomad. Tied to the soil by the Czar Boris Godunoff, in 1601, he has been manumitted, and in a great measure made lord of the soil by the Emperor Alexander II., yet he does not take kindly to the soil. The land, indeed, requires intelligence and capital, and the peasants, in increasing numbers, migrate to the cities, where they can get a fair day's wage for a fair day's work. According to Keith Johnston agricultural and pastoral industries employ about 76 per cent., manufactures only about 15 per cent. of the population. But of those who are land-labourers, a certain proportion leave the country for the town during the winter season; and, away from their wives and children, work in mills and factories. The peasant, with a Tartar fondness for moving about, has also a feeling that in town-work he stands a chance of "bettering himself;" and, as a matter of fact, not a few of the emancipated serfs have become wealthy traders. The protective policy of the Empire at least secures an extensive market for Russian goods. In every branch of industrial enterprise Russia has achieved a singular success. The exhibition recently opened in Moscow is purely national; and the Imperial tariffs, as we have said, insure sufficiently both manufacturing and trading prosperity. But there is no capital to give the Russian soil a chance. According to Mr. Gallenga, American corn merchants are likely to prove more than a match for those of Russia. No doubt, in proportion as the railway system is extended, the resources of the Empire, which are immense, will be made more available, and the condition both of the rural and the urban labourer may, in many respects, improve. What is most of all needed, after a constitutional government, is a middle-class. For the Nihilists, and the *Tchin* system, we may refer to our own columns (CHURCHMAN, January, 1880).

ART. V.—THE CLAIMS OF THE CONVOCATIONS OF THE CLERGY AS TO THE PRAYER BOOK.

THE Preamble to the present Act of Uniformity, passed in 1662, tells us that the Book of Common Prayer of the day, which was, in fact, that of Queen Elizabeth, had been submitted by the King to the body of divines who are now known as the Savoy Commission, or "the Savoy Conference," in order that they might "review" the book, and "prepare such alterations and additions as they thought fit to offer;" and the same