

CHAPTER VI.

JOURNEY TO THE EAST.

MR GROVES, who had already taken Kitto to Exeter, and who now engaged him to travel, was a man of marked peculiarity. He had latterly, and before leaving Dublin University, joined in such extra-ecclesiastical meetings for sacramental fellowship and prayer, as characterize the religious party now commonly known by the name of Plymouth Brethren. He abandoned a lucrative profession in order to become a missionary, and made no stipulation for maintenance when he went abroad, but relied solely on the voluntary aid of Christian friends, and ‘on what his Master inclined the hearts of his brethren to furnish.’ His notions of self dedication were acted out by him with rigid fidelity. He was a ‘good man,’ and ‘full of faith.’ His labours in Persia did not by any means produce the anticipated fruits; but his subsequent toils in India were largely blessed. He was one of those men who exercise an immediate and deep personal influence upon others. Mr Müller of Bristol, a near relative of Mr Groves, and the originator and promoter of that marvellous orphan-house on Ashley Down, says, in his interesting ‘Narrative,’ that the example of Brother Groves both excited and cheered him in his prolonged and arduous efforts—efforts which, sustained by no visible machinery, but resting solely on ‘faith in God as to temporal things,’ have realized £77,990, and which actually received in one year no less a sum than £15,000.

Mr Groves being himself in earnest, had strong force of character, and made his imperious will the law to all around him. So that various estimates were formed of him by those who came in contact, and those who came into collision with him; by those who beheld his actions at a distance, and by those who were immediately under his control. Whatever he felt to be duty, no matter how he made the discovery, he would do it at all hazards, and every one in his sphere was expected to bend to his convictions. These convictions sometimes bordered on fanaticism. On one occasion, in Exeter, when the mind of Mrs Groves was in doubt as to a critical point of duty, she proposed that ‘Kitto should search out the mind of the Lord from the New Testament, and say what he thought.’ ‘The result’ of this oracular inquiry Mr Groves laments, ‘was, as might be expected, seeing Kitto had no interest in the question;’ that is, Kitto’s decision was contrary to that of Mr Groves himself, and he would not be bound by it. In various parts of his journal, he avows his belief that miracles might be still expected by the Church; nay, he argues, ‘that as miracles were designed for unbelievers, and

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not for the Church, we must expect to see them arise among missionaries to the heathen.' Might they not, therefore, be expected in his own position? Now, if one gift more than another was needed and coveted by him, it was the Pentecostal gift of Tongues; and yet we find him again and again lamenting the fatiguing labour gone through, and the precious time spent in acquiring a new and eastern language, the pursuit of which 'disordered his soul greatly.'

He relates, in his second journal, published in 1832, that when Mr Newman⁴² was sick, and 'at the worst, and they had given up all hopes of him, they anointed him with oil, according to James v. 14, and prayed over him, and the Lord had mercy on them; yea, and on me also, and restored him. It seems to me truly scriptural.' But his unguarded notions were sometimes sharply corrected; for when the plague did enter his dwelling, take away his wife, and prostrate himself, he slowly admits that he did not expect such a visitation, but rather thought he had been secured against it, and that his 'error arose from considering the temporal promises of the 91st psalm as legitimate objects of faith.'

On being asked by Mr Burnard as to some points in Mr Groves' Christian character, Kitto replied from Exeter, after he had been a short time in his employment, 'Mr Groves is not a Methodist, a Calvinist, a Lutheran, or a Papist. What, then, is he? A Deist, a Unitarian, an Antinomian? No. He is one of those rather singular characters—a Bible Christian, and a disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus; not nominally, but practically and really such. A man so devotedly, so fervently attached to the Scriptures, I never knew before.' Of his benignant influence on Kitto we have already spoken, and his young friend, though he could not agree with him ultimately in many of his peculiar views, never ceased to regard him with esteem and affection.

The company that embarked with Mr Groves consisted of seven persons. Those immediately connected with him were his wife and sister, Miss Taylor, his two boys, and Kitto. The Osprey, a vessel of forty-five tons, and belonging to the Royal Yacht Club, conveyed them, free of expense, to St Petersburg; and its owner, Mr Puget, along with Mr Parnell, now Lord Congleton, accompanied them to the Russian capital. We can afford space for only a few sketches of the journey. Kitto wrote copious letters about some parts of it, and kept as copious journals of other parts of it. He was ever writing, that being of necessity his principal and almost only method of giving utterance to his thoughts. Most of us are fond of detailing what our impressions are in scenes of novelty. Kitto's method of record was not by the use of his tongue, but by the tracery of his pen; and some of these papers were composed with a view to subsequent publication. Indeed, he often meditated a book of travels; but the fruits of his journeys assumed a different form.

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Mr Groves and his friends sailed from Gravesend on the 12th June 1829, and, after encountering a heavy storm in the Cattegat, cast anchor before the village of Wedbeck, in the vicinity of Copenhagen, on the 20th of the same month. The yacht had sustained some damage in the gale, and underwent the necessary repairs at the Danish capital. During almost the whole voyage, the Osprey's people had worship on deck morning and evening. The first notice of Kitto in Mr Groves' journal is under date, Sunday, June 14:—'K is not quite well, complaining of headache.'⁴³ The second is Monday, June 22:—'K——'s connection with the dear little boys is most promising, and leads us to feel assured that he is really sent us by the Lord for that very end, and others important to the mission. He seems happy, and, I trust, is so, which comforts us greatly.'⁴⁴ The next allusion is still more characteristic. July 1: 'I feel the expediency of forming a more regular plan with K—— about the little boys. May the Lord, in His great goodness, lead us to adopt a wise one, in the spirit of Christian wisdom. I perceive that K—— has a deep sense of neglect, or apparent want of respect. May all things be so ordered, that he may not feel this. I feel his heart is worth winning even on natural grounds, for he has affections that are strong and true; but on spiritual grounds it is our duty, and may it be felt by us also to be our privilege.'⁴⁵

The party stayed for some days at Wedbeck with the British Charge d'Affaires, and then sailed for St Petersburg. Prevailing light winds made the voyage longer than was anticipated. At Cronstadt, Kitto saw a portion of the Russian fleet, and, after the Thames, never beheld such a forest of masts. The Osprey was brought up the river nearly to the city, and then her passengers went ashore in a boat. A pilot had been hired for the difficult navigation; and this transaction set Kitto on thinking of Peter the Great, who often conducted vessels from Cronstadt, and uniformly demanded the usual wages. After three weeks' sailing, Kitto was glad to set his foot on land, and to 'lie down on a quiet bed;' but the pilot in the channel, and the scenes in England which had so grated on his spirit as to impel him to travel, were wrought into a dream, which he relates in impressive style:—

'Methought—you see I begin in the orthodox style—methought the scene was the same as that of the preceding day, only sublimed in the alembic of dreams. Rocks tremendous and awful, and dangerous shallows, were there, which the charts do not exhibit; and the city in the distance, to which we were approaching, seemed more glorious than Petersburg by far; more glorious than the cities of Arabian tales; than the hundred-gated Thebes, Nineveh, or Babylon. Rivers of peace—bowers of repose—and palaces, and walls, and gates refulgent with diamond and gold, in magnificent perspective, were laid out there.

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Amidst these rocks and shallows, not knowing which way to take with safety, we lay to, and made signals for a pilot. One came off in a boat from the shore. He was the Great Peter himself. He had clouted shoes, and, excepting the band and hat, was dressed much like the peasants I had seen at Cronstadt. He seized the helm; issued his orders as pilot with dignity; and guided the vessel with the air of one who was fully confident that he could bring her, through all the difficulties by which we were surrounded, to the desired haven.

‘I gazed on this extraordinary character with interest and emotion; but a change suddenly came over the spirit of my dream; a mist arose, which concealed the pilot from me. The mist dissipated, and the autocrat was no longer at the helm. His place was supplied by a tender and delicate woman—by H— A— herself. (I like to dream, but I would cease to dream for ever, rather than dream once more of her. Once she had made my waking dreams very happy, but now—Well! you know it all.) She was attired in the white vestments of a bride—which were also the vestments of her grave. There was nothing warm or vital in her appearance. She gave impulse to the helm indeed; but her eyes were fixed on the deck, and, though open, there was no motion in them. I was not surprised. People are not generally surprised in dreams. I tried to speak, but I could not; to move, but I could not. My first impulse was to haste and take the helm from her hand. She had made shipwreck of my heart and its best feelings once before—and should she again guide the helm? No. But I could not carry this conviction into effect. I sat down in desperate idolatry, and gazed upon her. Do what thou wilt;—let me live—let me die—let me arrive in safety, or let the deep swallow me up.

‘Once more the mist arose, and veiled one whom I had loved “not wisely, but too well.” When it expanded, the helm was in the hand of the Master Himself. There was nothing terrible in the appearance. He was as in the days of His sojourning among men—meek, lowly, and kind. Yet I trembled. But He said to me, “Fear not, for I am with thee.” Then I thought, What should I fear, if Thou art with me? and I ceased to be afraid. Oh! how happy I was then. I had no doubt. This was the Pilot who never yet made shipwreck of aught that He ever guided; and our safety now was assured. Happy he, the vessel of whose hopes and whose desires Thou steerest, O Lord.

‘This was my dream. An interpretation occurs to me; but as I should like to compare notes with you on the subject, I shall expect to receive your interpretation in the first letter you send me after this comes to hand.’

Really, as to the interpretation, it is not very difficult. The dream, as any one may perceive, was but a reproduction of past sensations and agonies, cast into naval imagery by the recent passage through the shoals and intricacies, islands

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and lighthouses, of Cronstadt Channel. Ben Jonson sang—

‘And phantasie, I tell you, has dreams that have wings,
And dreams that have honey, and dreams that have stings;
Dreams of the maker, and dreams of the teller;
Dreams of the kitchen, and dreams of the cellar.’

It requires not a soothsayer to tell under what class the preceding vision of the night should be placed. Kitto, it may be said in passing, had considerable faith in dreams, and, as his papers show, he again and again philosophised on their character and predictive power.⁴⁶

During Kitto’s stay at the northern Russian capital, many Christian friends showed him attention. He makes grateful mention of Mr Knill and of Miss Kilham, a lady who was patronised by Prince Galitzin and the imperial family in her excellent educational institution. In writing to Miss Hypatia Harvey from Baghdad, October 17, 1831, he thus records his reminiscences of this lady:—

‘Did you never hear of *Mrs Hannah Kilham*, the Quaker lady, who has made so many voyages to Africa, with the view of benefiting the poor negroes? If not, the history of her most benevolent labours is worth inquiry. The lady I speak of is her daughter, who walks in the steps of her noble mother most entirely, and who has resided some years in Russia, promoting the work of female education, and superintending a school of Russian females, half of whom were slaves. I saw them. They were fine girls. So far as female education is at all an object of attention in Russia, French and dancing are its primary objects. Miss Kilham’s institution has nothing to do with these studies. They are taught to read their native language—to write—cipher—sew—and, in general, the affairs of domestic life—to qualify them for useful wives—mothers—servants—and above all, to teach them their duty to God and man, which is done in a way beautifully simple and impressive. This is a sort of model school, and is, I hope, the germ of a most valuable system of education for the lower classes of females in Russia. Miss Kilham, with nothing outwardly on which the eye of man rests with pleasure, has that superior beauty of “*the king’s daughter, all glorious within*” (Psalm xlv.), which, being combined with infinite humility, and a manner, unassuming, quiet, and unostentatious, conciliates the affection of many who do, and the respect of those who do not, understand the high principles on which her mind and character are formed. For myself, I count it among the best fruits of my travel, to have formed so inestimable a friendship.’

Kitto formed no high idea of the Russian people, or of their government: ‘Their calendar is unreformed, the peculiar costume remains; the knout re-

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mains; slavery remains; ignorance remains.’ ‘There is little show of literature. The booksellers’ shops are few, and those few about as well furnished as the bookstalls of London. Upon the whole, the exterior of Russian society is repulsive, notwithstanding the gloss, which the courtesy and politeness natural to all classes of the Russians throw upon it. The air of military despotism—the strut of office which meets you at every turn, and the abject worship which inferiors render to their superiors, are most disgusting. Government! government! There is nothing to be done or said without government. Government must control all your movements. Government would know the secrets of your chamber. With a feeling of much personal kindness to Russians as individual men, I detest such a system of minute rule and legislation.’

‘The mass of the people are much more superstitious than I had expected; in this respect, there seems little to choose between this and a Popish country. But superstition is here of a less imposing character. Very pitiful pictures are placed about the city, before some of which lamps are continually burning, and which the people salute in passing, crossing themselves repeatedly and bowing. Statues are no objects of aversion in the Russian Church, and, though pictures are more frequent, I have seen the same homage paid to statues and to figures in alto and basso relievo. This species of idolatry is more common than I ever saw it in Malta, and if religion were measured by it, the Russians might be pronounced a very religious people. But this is all their religion. Their mode of crossing is considered heterodox by the Romish Church. I do not understand the difference; but I remember that at a grand religious procession at Malta, when a company of Russian sailors stood crossing and bowing after their fashion to every banner, statue, picture, and cross that passed by, they were grossly derided by the Catholic worshippers. Poor fellows! why in all the boasted improvements of their nation, has it not been endeavoured to teach them that “God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth.” From this species of homage, men in the employ of government seem to consider themselves exempt. I never saw it rendered by a soldier; and I do not recollect to have seen one man of the crowds who pour out from the admiralty, at eight o’clock in the evening, stop to cross himself at a famous crossing place near.’

Miss Groves was prevented by sickness from proceeding on the journey, but her brother was joined here by Mr Bathie, and Mrs Taylor and her suite, who had preceded him by way of Lubeck.⁴⁷ The company left St Petersburg on Thursday, the 16th of July, and arrived at Moscow on the 24th—a city which Kitto regarded as the most pleasant he had ever been in. On his first night’s journey, he saw some fires, round which gypsies, as he fancied, were en-

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camped. To show his prevailing thoughts at this time, we subjoin his reflection
‘Is the conversion of gypsies impossible? If not, why, having them at our doors in England, have they been so much neglected there? Their former hardy and vagrant habits would admirably prepare them for some departments of missionary service. Most likely a gipsy missionary would ramble with peculiar pleasure in Cabool, Beloochistan, Bokhara, and Khorassan.’ Still he was not very sure of his own ultimate position with Mr Groves; for he uses such language as this—‘As a Christian, I do not know if I may say, Missionary.’ He went three times to inspect the Kremlin. ‘There are others,’ he writes, ‘to measure columns, to paint scenery, and to describe churches and palaces; to them I leave it.’ He has given no description of Moscow. Somewhere he speaks of his intention of doing it, but confesses, that after leaving the city, he found that his impressions were not distinct enough to warrant an account of that strangely fated capital, which one of its own poets thus addresses:—

‘Proud city! sovereign mother thou
Of all Slavonian cities now!
Work of seven ages!—beauty once
And glory were around thee spread.;
Toil-gathered riches blest thy sons,
And splendid temples crown’d thy head;
Our monarchs in thy bosom lie
With sainted dust that cannot die!
Farewell! farewell! thy children’s hands
Have seized the all-destroying brands,
To whelm in ashes all thy pride!
Blaze! Blaze! thy guilt in flames be lost;
And heaven and earth be satisfied
With thee, the nation’s holocaust!
The foe of peace shall find in thee
The ruined tomb of victory.’⁴⁸

Mr Groves’ caravan left Moscow on the 28th July,⁴⁹ and reached Astrachan on the 15th of August—a distance of 1401 versts, or about a thousand miles. Kitto, in his Journal, makes the usual remarks of travellers, and instinctively compares the scenery through which he was passing, with the landscapes of his own country. The ordinary incidents occur: a landau sticking in the sand, and crowds gathering around the strangers, while Mrs Taylor’s negro servant was absolutely mobbed. ‘I believe all our heads ache: mine does.’ In the churchyard of Ekinnouskoy, he witnessed a scene which prompted him not only to record his emotion, but to cluster around it a host of fancies and reflections:—

‘As I passed through it, on my return from the river, I observed over a grave

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on which the grass had not yet grown, a group which affected me strongly. There was one very aged woman kneeling, with her head on the grave; another middle-aged woman kneeling also, with her lips to the consecrated earth; and there were three sweet children, the eldest of whom, a girl, lay flat alongside the grave.

It was easy to guess the story:—a son lay there, the prop of his mother's age—a husband, taken in his prime from the wife of his youth—a father, a beloved one, the support of his children, their protector, their guide, their friend. He lies there, in whom all this combination of beautiful relations was bound—all dissolved now, and broken, and lost.

‘I looked on at a distance, for I had no mind to disturb the sorrow of which I partook. How universal the true feelings of nature! I was surprised to meet here such an exhibition of those feelings; but why surprised? True, they were poor—they were rude, and slaves, perhaps; but had they not spirits, like me, to feel and suffer; had they hearts less warm, feelings less acute, than mine? I was ashamed of my surprise.

‘Death, thought I, is a terrible thing after all that philosophers have said, and written, and acted—terrible to the dead, terrible to the living. It was intended to be terrible; and I do not admire the philosophy which exhibits death as an object of contempt. It is not contemptible. Is it not terrible to close the eye for ever on the happy vales and ancient mountains? Is it not terrible to hear no more the voices which have been our music? to mingle no more in the dear relations which, with all their burdens, are so pleasant? Oh, it is terrible—very terrible to die! And then, as to all the fine sayings about the independence of the spirit on the body, and that the body not being part of ourselves, we should think only of the better half—it is all cant and rigmarole. It is part of ourselves—an essential part; and if it were not, why does our holy religion teach that these scattered elements shall be collected once more, be once more married to their former companion. If the body be not part of ourselves, why would not rather the unessential part be left to corruption and the grave? Then, is it not terrible to feel that *that* part of ourselves, with which all our pleasures, our feelings, our hopes, have been identified, must, in a day or two, become a “kneaded clod?”

‘And still more terrible it is to hang over the dead. To wonder, in the midst of our sorrows, by what marvellous process could thus become cold—cold—cold—that warm, ardent, sentient being, which, but a little while ago, was one of ourselves—went with us to and fro—talked with us, felt with us, and loved us. Indeed, I could never look upon the dead with the conviction that there was nothing vital left—no sense, no apprehension, in that which lay before me. Could I have realized this conviction, I should have gone mad long ago.

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‘But were there no bright side to this picture, man were, indeed, most miserable. I believe the Bible, without doubt or reservation, and though I find nothing there to tell me that death is not terrible, I find there much consolation in the article of death. There is nothing to inculcate indifference to it, but much to strengthen under its infliction. That combination of soul and body, which, separate from all mysticism and metaphysical distinction, is properly and truly ourselves, and out of which no idea of distinct personality can exist, has undergone no endless dissolution. The spirit waits a happier union, in a happier place, where He that sits upon the throne shall dwell among His redeemed. In anticipation of this happy union, we may venture to meet him, whom even Scripture calls “the king of terrors,” undismayed. And with these bright prospects before us, there may be even moments in which, feeling the dissolution of these elements a necessary preliminary to full enjoyment, we may eagerly look forward to that hour—

“When this material
Shall have vanished like a cloud.”

But, perhaps, the permanent realization of this feeling would not be either happy or wise. It does very well in poetry, but nowhere else.

‘As the poor people were returning home, I contrived to slip a small donation into the hand of one of the children, and as I could not speak their language, I contented myself with praying that God would be more than son, husband, father, to them. In another half hour our carriage rolled away from Ekinouskoy.’

The Moravian settlement of Sarepta was also visited, and found to be no longer a missionary station, but simply a colony of artificers. Melons were sold at one copec each. As the travellers approached Astrachan, Dr Glen met them, and during their brief sojourn in that city, showed them no little kindness. He was then in connection with the Scottish Missionary Society, and was engaged in translating the Old Testament into Persian, having at this period proceeded as far as Ezekiel. Many years afterwards, Kitto refers to this visit in the following glowing terms:—

‘It was, in 1829, the privilege of the present writer to witness something of the progress of this great work. He was then one of a large party which found themselves, for several days, the inmates of Dr Glen’s primitive missionary establishment at Astrachan, and beheld, with admiration, the quiet way in which this good man, absorbed in his task, pursued his wonted course, undiverted for one hour by the engagements or excitement which the arrival of so large a body of Christian friends from home might have been expected to create. At his ap-

pointed hour he withdrew, and was to be seen no more until the labour of his day had ended. Yet this was made consistent with the most cordial hospitality, and the utmost attention to, and consideration for his visitors. We were reminded, by application, of the words of Nehemiah—"I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down: why should the work cease, whilst I leave it, and come down to you?"—Neh. vi. 3.⁵⁰

According to Kitto's Journal, they left Astrachan on Monday, August 25, and yet he dates the following Thursday as the 27th.⁵¹ The routine and monotony of travel, one day so like another, seem to have made both Groves and Kitto somewhat oblivious of the Calendar. Under the last date, and at Koumskaia, he went to sleep on a cart, with some straw under him, and a saddle for a pillow. The hardness of this primitive couch did not prevent him from both ruminating on and dreaming of 'the dear objects which, desolate as he was, he had left behind him.' In the morning he became the subject of close inspection, and condescended, in his humour, to give the curious onlookers a proof of his skill in the earliest craft he had learned.

'I was awakened by the efforts of a Tartar to withdraw the saddle, which was wanted, from under my head. He endeavoured to do it with a polite cautiousness, not always met with among more civilized people, but it awoke me, nevertheless. As I lay a few moments longer, to yawn and stretch myself, some other Tartars gathered round the cart. They were most inquisitive. They examined the texture of the camlet cloak on which I lay, and of my trousers which were of the same material, with peculiar minuteness. I amused myself and them by an exhibition of the articles I had about me. My pocket-book, lined with green silk, and containing a pair of scissors, knife with two blades, and tweezers, was an object of peculiar attention, and one Tartar must needs have some of his moustaches clipped with the scissors. The same man wanted to shave off the scanty hair on his face and chin with the penknife, till I explained to him its use, by cutting my pencil with it. Of this and the case containing it, their admiration was boundless, greater, I think, than at any other article I produced, and the ease with which I protruded the pencil and drew it in, occasioned nothing short of amazement. The one whose moustaches had been clipped, lifted up his hands with wonder, and I verily believe he began to doubt whether there might not be greater and wiser people than Tartars. I suffered him to take the pencil, and instructed him how to draw it in and out. He soon understood it, and I think his admiration was greater of the simple principle on which it acted, and accompanied with more pleasure, than it had been before. I have observed, on this and other occasions, that even the savage mind admires more that which it can understand than that which it cannot. The principle of the pocket compass I

could not make this interesting man understand, further than that, though the needle was moveable, and did actually move, the magnetized point always settled so as to turn to the same point of the horizon. This seemed to be contemplated with more awe than admiration, and none were so anxious to touch this, as the other articles. My English knife, with three blades, one of them large, was completely admired, for though they did not seem to have seen one before, its utility was at once understood. My watch was an object of curiosity, but not of peculiar admiration, as they seem to have seen watches before. With my large clasp knife, the man before mentioned wished to withdraw and shave himself, promising to bring it back again. I had no doubt that he would return it, but whilst I explained to him that it would not do so, I promised to shave him myself. I then produced my dressing-case, to dress myself. The whole process was watched with intense interest by the same congregation. Every article of the case was examined in detail, with more or less admiration, but the brush, I think, had the largest portion. I unscrewed the top, and made them expect something was to come out. Every eye was fixed to see what, and when the brush came, every hand was lifted up in amazement. When I had done, the man anxiously reminded me of my promise. So seating him on the axle of a cart, and telling him to keep his head still, I shaved him. After this was done, no man ever strutted more in the dignity of a chin newly shaven. I had cut a pimple, which bled a little. On this I put a bit of court plaster; of the black patch, which he considered ornamental, he was infinitely proud.

‘One article struck me as peculiar. It was shaped more like one of the vulgar circular horn lanterns than anything I can remember, moving on a pivot inserted through the centre. It was formed of hard dark wood, well carved, considering by whom it was wrought—chiefly Calmuc-Tartaric characters. On my requesting to know its use, an old man took off his cap, and, with much gravity, pulled a string, which made it revolve on its axis, pointing his hand upwards at the same time. This brought to my mind the praying machines of which I had read; this was doubtless one. I inquired if anything were inside, and received a negative reply. The same old man, who seems the patriarch of the camp, produced a copy of the Evangelists in Calmuc-Tartaric. It had been well read and thumbed, and some leaves were wanting. He valued it so highly, as scarcely to trust it out of his own hands. He afterwards brought it up, and our Persian friend assured us he read it fluently. Indeed, I could perceive, by signs which he used in speaking, that he was explaining one of the miracles of Christ. May we not hope, that this book has been, or may be, a means of directing their views to the true object of devotion, and to the true salvation by Jesus Christ? He says he got it from Petersburg.’

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Beyond the Terek, they fell in with a large party, having a military escort. Kitto, for a great part of the dusty journey, kept up on foot with the procession, and at night had 'a memorable fit of the headache.' He slept on the roof of the stable; but the lightning and rain were a sad discomfort, and he went into the house at Mr Groves' suggestion. At Ardoon, an officer who had been wounded at Waterloo, and attended by an English surgeon, was very attentive to them, and a sentinel was placed over their carriages, robbers being daring and rife.

'The next day (Tuesday) we woke at beat of drum. About noon we stopped at a place called Archom. The remainder of the stage was whiled away by amusing conversation, which was interrupted by our arrival at Kophkai. Its church, with some good white houses, gives it a pretty effect in the distance, which is sadly lessened on a nearer approach. We were quartered in a tolerable cottage; and the knowledge that we should pay for our accommodations, procured also the use of a room in the next cottage, for some of the ladies to sleep in. The woman of the cottage, on this occasion, made a very pretty display of some clothing, in the English style, which she had. She really made, *pro tempore*, a very tolerable Englishwoman. In my various travels, I have found men vary very much in their national characteristics; but women are so much the same in all countries, that they are only distinguishable by language and feature. With this view, when a friend has married, I seldom inquire what country-woman he has married, as all essential knowledge is sufficiently implied in the significant and comprehensive designation, "*woman*."

At length they came to the grand pass of the Caucasian mountains; the valley narrow, and the road in part cut out of the rock. Between Lars and Dariel, they threaded their way through the narrowest defile.

'We were very much struck by the tremendous precipices on either hand, and with the scene of wild and savage magnificence presented to us. The rapid motion of the Terek, dashing and foaming along the base of the right-hand precipices, was admirably in unison, and must have been more so to those whose ears are not closed to the music of nature. Here, and on many other occasions during our Caucasian journey, the inquiry spontaneously arose—Who can paint like nature? Can imagination? The negative reply could not fail to be very decisive.'

The Calmuc tents at Dariel resembled English pig-sties. From Kobi they climbed up several sharp ascents to the Mountain of the Cross—the monument of a Russian victory. On descending, Mrs Taylor's carriage upset, the drag-chain having given way, and the horses darting down the hill at their highest speed. Providentially the carriage was empty at the time. Then they came to the most 'fearful pass of all the Caucasus'—a narrow defile, rich and wooded

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heights overhanging it on all sides.

‘The view was the most splendid I ever saw, or my imagination ever pictured. The snow-capped mountains behind—the water falling in beautiful white cascades down the gullies—the finely wooded mountain before us, contrasted with the grassy mountains behind and the snowy ones beyond—the valley below, with a village and farm on either side of the Aragvi, diminished in the distance—the castle, surrounded with firs on the high projecting hill of basaltic rock, which stretched out its bold, nearly circular form, on the other side of the valley—the shepherds watching their snow-white flocks on the sides of the mountains—all, among other little details, combining to compose a scene, such as, having seen once, I will never expect to see again in any other place. At Kashaur we arrived about six in the evening, having been twelve hours in accomplishing a stage of as many English miles. It is situated in a cultivated valley, amongst a considerable number of native farms and villages.’

While Kitto’s eye and imagination revelled in the picturesque so lavishly strewn round about him, we cannot suppose him insensible to the higher and holier influences which such scenery and travel are so fitted to produce. No doubt, his soul often retired into itself, or rose in rapture to the gates of heaven. Though, from his ‘maimed sense,’ he could not literally enjoy many of the sensational experiences depicted by the poet of ‘The Christian Year,’ yet he could, and we believe did, often and easily realize them. Nature spoke to ‘reason’s ear,’ and he listened, understood, and was comforted.

‘Where is thy favoured haunt, eternal Voice,
The region of Thy choice,
Where, undisturbed by sin and earth, the soul
Owns Thy entire control?
'Tis on the mountain’s summit, dark and high,
When storms are hurrying by;
'Tis mid the strong foundations of the earth,
Where torrents have their birth.
No sounds of worldly toil ascending there
Mar the full burst of prayer;
Lone nature feels that she may freely breathe,
And round us and beneath
Are heard her sacred tones: the fitful sweep
Of winds across the steep,
Through wither’d bents—romantic note and clear,
Meet for a hermit’s ear.

‘The wheeling kite’s wild solitary cry,
And, scarcely heard so high,

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The dashing waters, when the air is still,
From many a torrent rill
That winds unseen beneath the shaggy fell,
Track'd by the blue mist well;
Such sounds as make deep silence in the heart,
For thought to do her part.

'There lies thy cross; beneath it meekly bow;
It fits thy stature now:
Who scornful pass it with averted eye,
'Twill crush them by and by.

'Raise thy repining eyes, and take true measure
Of thine eternal treasure,
The Father of Thy Lord can grudge thee nought,
The world for thee was bought:
And as this landscape broad,—hill, field, and sky,—
All centre in thine eye,
So all God does, if rightly understood,
Shall work thy final good.'

The exit from the Caucasus was as beautiful and romantic as the entrance, though the descent was difficult. They passed several stations or villages, in one of which was a church dedicated to St Ahithophel—perhaps the patron saint of Russian diplomacy. Opposite a place called Ananour, Kitto saw a blasted tree, and at once, as was his wont, thought of himself:—

'Just opposite, or rather below this place, I observed what I never observed before, a tree rent asunder by lightning—the half which had fallen was withered and dried up, but that which stood, though burnt also, spread forth its leaves as if nothing were the matter. I thought this something of a phenomenon. In physical nature it may occur, but rarely does it happen in our moral nature that he whose better half of being—his fresh and pleasant hopes—has been dried up, can himself, though standing, put forth his green leaves and fruits again.'

'I omitted to mention in its place, that early this morning, I had expressed the pleasure I should feel in seeing a white thorn,—as a truly English shrub which I did not remember to have seen since we left our own country. The wish had hardly been expressed half-an-hour, when a white thorn actually occurred, and afterwards continued to be of frequent occurrence. The thorn seems to me to be to England what the thistle is to Scotland, and the shamrock to Ireland. I do not know why the rose should be the national plant. It is more properly that of Persia and other countries, where the "Gardens of Gul" bloom far more beautifully

than in our own isle; and roses, and thistles, and all, have thorns. We like nothing which has not a thorn of some sort or other, although these may not always be so palpable as in roses and thistles.’

Teflis was seen at a considerable distance before the travellers reached it, and this first view of it did not raise great expectations. For thirteen nights before they reached it, the party had not had their clothes off. Teflis was found to be a disagreeable place; but there was some relief in intercourse with a curious colony of German settlers. The observant traveller says of the other sex:—

‘I have been rather disappointed in the Georgian ladies. To say nothing of their dreadful eyes and eye-brows, which last are too remote from the eye and from each other, indicating a character volatile, easily moved, and little enterprising, but withal open, warm, and of quick sensibilities; their foreheads recede too much; their noses enormous; teeth and mouth good, and often the chin; but the nether part of the face is so much wider than the upper, as to give a character of bluffness to the whole, which is quite displeasing. Their figures are, in general, large and awkward, and their hands and feet great clumsy things indeed. *Expression* is not to be looked for in a Georgian face. I never saw it in one.’

At Teflis the mode of conveyance was changed. The carriages were parted with, and German waggons without springs substituted. The new vehicles distressed their inmates by their terrible jolting, and it was some time before they became accustomed to the motion. On the road toward Shusha Kitto found some brambles, and remembered, in a moment, his grandmother’s excursions with him when he was a child.

‘Brambles begin to be frequent this stage, and at the place where we stopped, there was almost a thicket of them, interspersed with trees and shrubs. Being the season for blackberries, they afforded an agreeable regale to some of us. I have always relished this humble but pleasant fruit; and although I have been in the countries of the fig-tree and the vine, I continue to like it. I remember how often, when a boy, I wandered far in search of them. Sometimes I found none,—sometimes I did; and when I did, my hands were lacerated and my clothes torn. How much is this like many parts of my subsequent experience! How many things have I wandered after which I have found, and which were sweet to me, but there were briars and thorns in them and with them, which tore my hands and my feet, and rent my very heart asunder?’

Annafeld, a colony of German Millennarians, was passed, and at another, called Helmsdorf, they spent the Sabbath. We here first,’ he says, ‘observed Persian women in the streets, walking about, muffled up in their long striped veils.’

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‘The people had heard of us before we came, and we experienced a kind and hearty reception. There is a free-masonry in Christianity, by which Christians, in all places, are known to each other, and sympathise with each other, without the intervention of human language. The people have, in this country, found a refuge from the persecutions to which they were subjected in their own country. Every man here sits, literally, under his own vine, and under his own fig-tree, and there are none to make him afraid. How far this peaceable state of things may have had the effect of subduing their ardent expectations of the second advent, I have yet to learn. During the late war with Persia, the people of this village were despoiled of some of their little property by the Persians, but no other harm was done. The Russian Government is very tolerant to all denominations whilst they continue in the profession of their fathers, but it looks with an evil eye on all conversions from one denomination to another, unless to the Greek Church.’

On their arrival at Shusha they met with a most ardent reception from the German missionaries. On the 29th of September they left this town, and Herr Zaremba, one of the missionaries, accompanied them to the Araxes, the river that here separates Russia from Persia, and had his horse stolen from him during the journey. Mr Pfander also joined them for the purpose of going to Baghdad. In seven days they reached Tabreez. On the last stage of the journey, Kitto’s horse threw him; but as he had lost his cap the day before, and now wore a turban, its thick folds saved his skull from being crushed by the fall. ‘Yes, my mother,’ he writes in reference to this escape, ‘God has not done with me yet; I have more yet to do in this world, and more to suffer.’ At Tabreez, Mohammed Ali Khan, a Mohammedan married to an English lady, gave them accommodation. But their own countrymen, of whom there was a considerable number at Tabreez, had heard of the fanatical character of the strangers, and were not prepared to welcome them. Here the party was lessened in number. Mr Nisbet, of the East India Company’s Service, married Miss Taylor, and as some compensation to Mr Groves for the loss of one of his assistants, the bridegroom gave him a handsome pecuniary subscription.

Miss Taylor’s marriage must have confirmed Kitto in the views which he had already expressed. For in one of his letters from St Petersburg, composed a very few weeks previously, he discusses the question, whether unmarried ladies should go to the East as missionaries; and he is hostile to the idea, because so many of them fall away from missionary labour by accepting the offer of a husband. It is different, he admits, in other portions of the world, but in the East there are peculiar temptations. ‘I always thought that the energy of the Christian principle of action was never more strongly exemplified than when a tender and

delicate woman goes out to “the wilderness and solitary place,” with no other arm than that of her God, without a husband’s arm to lean upon for support, and without a husband’s wing to protect her.’ But after taking exception to single females coming out to the East, since, being brought into contact often with men from their own country, they listen to matrimonial overtures, and cause the ‘adversary to speak reproachfully of missionary motive,’ he adds, ‘I except Quaker ladies, because they would be less tempted by such overtures, and I believe them less temptable. Their independent character, their masculine understanding, their deliberate energy, give them great power and intensity in the pursuit of those objects they understand and feel distinctly.’

At Tabreez Kitto met with Mr, now Sir John M’Neill, and the meeting was to the lonely and eager inquirer of immense benefit. Sir John’s kindly manners overcame the young man’s modesty, and drew him into conversation. He found him very intelligent, and having the utmost avidity for information;’ and especially did he gratify him with some illustrations of Biblical customs, which his own experience in the East had made familiar to himself. Kitto’s mind was evidently occupying itself a little with such ideas, but Sir John gave it new impulse and ardour, and he referred the inquisitive student to ‘Morier’s Second Journey through Persia.’ The reader cannot but mark with peculiar interest those conversations of such a stranger with Kitto at this time; for, in fact, they touched and awoke a latent power, which, after years of development and training, gave its possessor his merit and his fame. To the results of Sir John M’Neill’s sympathizing and suggestive interviews with Kitto, we shall soon have occasion again to refer.

After the cavalcade left Tabreez, it came into Koordistan. The ferocious character of the inhabitants was at once apparent, daggers being drawn on the slightest provocation. When the Mehmandar⁵² of the party had shown his usual tyranny to the people of the first village they entered, they at once resented it—brandished their weapons, and let loose their dogs, while even the old women thumped the travellers with clubs. Similar scenes occurred from time to time. They left Hannah, and reached Suleimaniyah over the most frightful roads they had seen. On November 30, they crossed the last and formidable pass, amidst agitation and alarm about robbers, and the people appeared to be more wretched than the Koords.⁵³ A month was spent in the journey between. Tabreez and Baghdad, and they reached the latter city on the morning of Sunday the 6th December 1829, about six months after their departure from Gravesend. According to Mr Groves, the journey of three thousand miles from St Petersburg to Baghdad, cost about £38 for each person of his party, including the expense of living and travelling. Kitto writes:—

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‘On taking a mental review of this journey, I feel there is great cause to thank God for His many mercies towards us, and His gracious protection of us from many apparent and real evils. I do most truly believe in the doctrine of a *particular* providence, and I shall feel happy in the assurance that you do so. It is a doctrine from which I have, in the course of my life, derived much consolation and support, and I would not for a great deal, relinquish the satisfaction it is so capable of affording.

‘We have been till now the guests of Major Taylor, the Resident, and live, and shall live, in a house connected with his. He is a man of much talent, and is very kind to us, being also fully disposed to assist our undertakings. He is of much authority here, and the Residency is a sanctuary. It is contemplated that Baghdad should be the head-quarters of the mission, whilst its members itinerate about in the surrounding countries. I have no locomotive talents, and shall probably be a fixture here, writing books and tracts, and bringing up the little boys.’

Baghdad was once renowned over all the East. The ‘Old man’ says of it to Thalaba,—

‘ It is a noble city that we seek;
Thou wilt behold magnificent palaces,
And lofty obelisks, and high-domed mosques,
And rich bazaars, whither from all the world
Industrious merchants meet and market there
The world’s collected wealth.’

But now it had fallen far from its high estate. Literature had decayed in the once famous capital of Haroun-al-Raschid, and it was said that a perfect copy of the ‘Arabian Nights Entertainments’ could not be found in a place that figures so conspicuously on its merry pages. It has often been besieged and pillaged by various armies. Though built on the Tigris, the Euphrates is distant from it only a six hours’ march, and its surplus waters during an inundation are here discharged into the Tigris by means of the canal of Isa. Mr Groves selected this city as the commencement of his mission, but left it in 1833 for India, where he laboured in various schemes of benevolent enterprise during the remainder of his life. Failing health obliged him to return home in 1852, and he died in peace and hope at Bristol, May 20th of the following year.

It may be mentioned in passing, that, as the following letter indicates, Kitto identified himself with Mr Groves’ mission, though he was not formally engaged in evangelical work.

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Baghdad, April 30, 1830.

‘ . . . We are now settled in a house of our own, in the Christian quarter of the city, in which we have room for an Armenian school, which is this day opened, and which we hope it may please God to bless to His own glory, and the benefit of that highly interesting people, who have hitherto been so much neglected in missionary operations. We have thought it most expedient to begin with an Armenian school, as the Mohammedans here are very jealous, and this jealousy will be less provoked in the first instance by an Armenian school than an Arabic one; but we hope before long to have that also. We anticipate less opposition from the natives than from the Catholic Bishop of Babylon. But he has thus far contented himself with forbidding his people to send us their children. From his flock, however, we meet with attention and kindness, and some of them have offered to send their children, provided we would teach them English.

‘ . . . You will be glad to hear that, though we are here, in the head-quarters of Islamism, we are subject to no personal molestation. A rude boy may call us “*dogs*,” as we pass the streets, but this rarely occurs, and this is all at present. There are many circumstances, however, which lead us to feel that we hold our lives on a very uncertain tenure, in a place where a man’s head can hardly be considered as safe as his hat in England.

‘ . . . I have an undertaking in hand of a laborious character, which was suggested to me by Mr Groves himself. It is to combine, in one view, our own observations with those of various travellers and authors, to form a view of the sects and denominations of Asia and of Asiatic countries, for missionary purposes, rejecting all information but such as may be thought useful to a missionary.’

Kitto’s residence in Baghdad was monotonous—the daily teaching of the boys, the solitary walk on the housetop, and the writing of letters and journals. But his observant eye noted much, and he has recorded many of his observations. Of the houses he says:—

‘I will just mention, *en passant*, that the roofs of our houses, though not gardens, clearly illustrate the gardened roofs of Babylon. The internal aspect of the upper rooms is that of an arch, supported on pilasters; these rest on an abutment, which runs round the middle of the room, and form very convenient recesses for books, etc. Sometimes, however, the ceiling is flat, and then the beams are occasionally seen, unless otherwise covered with ornamental woodwork. In both cases, the actual roof is supported by great beams, over which mats are laid, on which earth or clay, three or four feet deep, is heaped. This lies tolerably firm, and I have not known an instance in which rain water penetrated. There seems no reason at all, why, if the people wished it, or understood it, or it

were to their taste, proper earths being used, gardens might not be formed on these terraces. They, however, prefer, perhaps wisely, to reserve them as bedrooms for summer. Rains would not much interfere with such an arrangement. It never, or very rarely, falls, but in winter, and then not in large quantities; and I do not see that, in this respect, there is any difference between this place and Babylon. Such roofs would not do at Malta, where, from its insular situation, there is a good deal of rain. In that island, therefore, they spread the terraces with a composition, which hardens almost to the solidity of stone, and in which, I believe, lava from Sicily is a principal ingredient. In more rainy places hereabouts, where they use the same roofs, they seem obliged to *roll* their roofs after every rain, to give them consistence. At Suleimaniyah, which, being among the mountains, is rainy, I saw, after a shower, many persons drawing stone rollers over the roofs—this I never saw here.’ Again,—‘The houses here swarm with vermin; mosquitoes all the year round, but most in summer. They are, however, not so abundant as in Malta, and in the country between the Volga and the mountains. Fleas swarm, even in the most cleanly houses, for a month or six weeks about the commencement of summer; but we are not made aware of their existence for the rest of the year. During that season, even English ladies are not ashamed to complain of them. Scorpions are not numerous in the houses. On removing some clothes from an open recess in the wall one day, I found one—the first I had ever seen—and not being sufficiently acquainted with verminology to recognise it, I felt no alarm; but, not liking its appearance, I brushed it out with my hand, and crushed it under my foot. Of rats and mice there are plenty.’

He describes the streets in no flattering terms:—

‘The state of the streets after rain is such as would disgrace the worst village in England. The causeways, where there are any, are about a foot wide, and in as bad a state as the road—a level of three feet it is impossible to find, and the mud is ankle deep. The pedestrians either wear great buskins of red leather over their usual slippers, or else go barefoot on such occasions—the last most generally—men, women, and all, holding up their clothes higher than is quite decent—that is, the poor women, for others either do not go out at all, or wear the great boots aforesaid. I have often thought that the state of government is indicated by the state of the streets. In all the countries I have been in, subsequent experience has confirmed the impression thus first obtained. Pavements are bad, or none at all, where the government is bad. In Russia, I have not seen a regularly paved street out of Petersburg and Moscow. In Georgia, still worse; and in Persia and Turkey, worst of all. Pavements bad in Spain and Portugal—in England, very good. Verily, the principles of a government may be read in

the dust of the ground. I saw one woman, having a sort of clogs on her naked feet, raised high, and fastened over the instep by a band of leather, like a print in Calmet. I never saw it before. There is nothing here like the system of mutual accommodation and civility in street-walking which we find in England. None give the wall, not even the poorest, nor turn aside at your approach, but expect you to step off the causeway, such as it is, into the muddiest mud.'

Nor has he forgotten to tell us of the social habits and common occupations:—

'The people may be considered to have but one regular meal, which is supper, at or a little after sunset. This is generally *a pillau*, that is, mutton or fowls, with rice. The poor seldom get animal food; bread, dates, and fruit, are their chief provisions. Mutton is the principal animal food used. Beef is little esteemed, and wild buffaloes' and camels' flesh is mostly eaten by the poor. The Christians can procure pork without much difficulty—we do; wild hogs are common among the reeds down the river. A Mohammedan considers it a defilement to touch a pig; yet a Moslem water-carrier, who serves the house with water, brought a small live hog the other day as *a present*, for which, however, he expected in return its full value. The venison is very good; we get it sometimes, though not so often as pork. The wild gazelle is found about the river, and I think the flesh superior to any I have tasted. Coffee is drunk continually by those who can afford it, but only regularly in the morning. The poor seldom get it. Coffee, as made in England, is brown water; here it is *coffee*; as they make it and take it without milk or sugar, all its delicious *aroma* is preserved. It is handed round in small cups of delicate china, in cases of silver or even gold, to prevent scalding the fingers. Each cup contains about a table-spoonful, the contents as black as ink, but as they are the very essence of a considerable quantity of coffee, I have felt more refreshed after such a small cup, than after a pint of the washy stuff dispensed in the London coffeehouses.

'*February 12.*—I have been, at times this week, considering, with some amusement, the operations of the native carpenters. They uniformly work squatted on the ground, which a European carpenter would consider no very convenient posture. Work benches are things quite unknown in this country. Thus, in planing a plank, as a table-board, they sit down cross-legged upon it, and having planed the space before them, change their position, and perform the same operation on the space themselves had before occupied. Of course they ride upon the board, from the impulse of the plane, to some distance from the place where the board lay when they commenced; but when they change their position to plane the other portion, they ride back again! They make much use of their toe in holding their work. I am not aware that they have chisels, hatch-

ets, or gimblets; the adze performs by far the greatest portion of their work. Holes they drill with a bow. They have saws, of course, but the teeth are indented in quite the reverse position to ours; they, therefore, are obliged to use the strongest exertion, not in pushing the saw from them, as with us, but in pulling it to them. Of this instrument they make, comparatively, but little use. They have much more idea of reducing the wood on which they labour to the required dimensions, by hewing with the adze, than by sawing. I believe a carpenter, working from sunrise to sunset, earns about sixpence sterling, which, considering the price of provisions, is about nine shillings a week; and considering the little work they do, this is no inadequate recompense. A good deal of their time is spent in smoking, which, as their pipes are long (a long stick inserted into an earthen bowl), prevents them from working and smoking too; sometimes, however, when they are pressed, they will take out the earthen bowl, which has a short stem, and smoke while they work.

‘Most of the Mohammedans of this city, being of Arabian descent, wear beards. The Osmanlees wear simply moustaches. These are the only general rules. The rest of the people wear beards or moustaches indifferently, according to their fancy, but I think moustaches are most general among the Christians, though they often wear beards. Jews have more generally beards, though often moustaches. As you seldom see a head in these countries uncovered, it is not easy to know whether they are shaved or not; but from those I have happened to see uncovered, I conclude they are not completely shaven—about half so, that is to say, about half the space between the ear and the crown is shaven quite round, leaving a semi-circle of hair on the top, where the hair is suffered to grow thick. This is commonly enough dyed red; but beards are not dyed of this colour so frequently as in Persia. Occasionally, however, it is done, and a most disgusting and sometimes ludicrous effect it has. A northern eye, which is accustomed to see the natural red, is not for a moment deceived by the imposture, even so far as the colour is abstractly considered, as it has none of the glossy hue of the natural red hair; and, accustomed as we are to associate this colour with a fair complexion, a red beard on a dark face seems to be a monstrous anomaly. Moreover it frequently happens, from the neglect of the proprietor of the red beard, that the part which has grown out since the operation, is of the original colour—black, grizzled, or venerable white, whilst all the rest is red, presenting, from the contrast of colours, a most curious and truly laughable appearance.

‘My barber, a tall Osmanlee, with a white turban, is the gravest barber, certainly, under whose hands I ever sat. He bends his tall figure over me with infinite solemnity, and proceeds slowly and deliberately at his work, taking, I

think, half an hour to cut my hair, inflicting martyrdom upon me, and causing me to feel most acutely the excision of every particular hair.’

He thus describes the opinions of the people:—

‘Here (speaking more particularly of Baghdad and its neighbourhood) the English are much better known than any other Franks, partly from the frequent intercourse with India, and the presence of many who have resided there many years, and partly from the highly respectable and respected Residents the East India Company has had here. Of the power, the wealth, the integrity, and justice of the English, they have very exalted ideas. Defective as the system of our Indian administration is, according to our English notions, the Asiatic, who can compare it only with Asiatic systems, has a better idea of it; and I am sure you will be gratified to learn that those who come here, after having resided there, generally eulogize so highly the comparative impartiality, justice, and liberality of the English administration in India, and the security of person and property they enjoyed under its protection, that there seems a general wish among the mercantile and other more intelligent classes, that the English would take Baghdad into their hands, and they calculate with satisfaction the possibilities that such an event may occur one day or other. Like most other foreigners, perhaps brother Jonathan only excepted, they seem to think Englishmen are made of gold. It puzzles me sometimes, when men, not ill-informed for Asiatics, occasionally inquire if England is as large as Baghdad, how they can suppose the land able to contain all the gold they think Englishmen derive from it. The Russians, though nearer neighbours, are *here* less distinctly known; they seem to be regarded with much the same sort of feeling, as I regarded, and, I suppose, we have all regarded, when children—the Ogres, the fee-faw-fum men of nursery tales.’

That Kitto, the deaf pauper boy, should find himself so far from home as Baghdad, must have sometimes surprised him. When he thought of himself as a little ragged urchin running wild about the streets, or pictured his seat of lowly and solitary toil in the Hospital—

‘As one past hope, abandoned,
And by himself given over’

then, indeed, he must have felt that it was a watchful and mysterious providence which had guided his steps by a tardy and circuitous route from Plymouth, through Exeter, Islington, and Malta, to the ‘City of a hundred Mosques.’ In this spirit he writes to Mr Burnard, February 25, 1830:—

‘MY DEAR MR BURNARD, . . . Here I am, in this city of enchantment and

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wonder, the renowned seat of an empire which stretched its gigantic arms from the Indus to the Mediterranean, and the great scene of Arabian tale and romance. I am quite amazed to think, when I think of it all, how different the actual scenes and circumstances of my life have been from any I could previously have anticipated for myself, or others for me. At one time I had no idea but that I should spend my days in the obscurities of my humble vocation, and then, when this view was altered, it seemed so much the tendency of my deafness to make me a fixture in some chimney-corner, that I should quite as soon, perhaps sooner, have thought of crossing the rivers of the moon as the Neva, the Volga, the Terek, the Araxes, or the Tigris. But here, in spite of a thousand antilocomotive habits and dispositions, and ten thousand fireside attachments, I have been wandering about the world by a way I have not known, and in which I had not intended to walk; and, as I am now situated, I see no end to my wanderings on this side of that bright city to which, I trust, notwithstanding my weakness, my sin, my evil, I belong, and to which I hasten, forgetting many things which are behind, and pressing forward to them that are before. So true it is, that "a man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps." None have had cause to feel this more strongly than myself; and, with my past experience, I am almost tired of devising anything at all, but am inclined to sit down quietly and take whatever it pleases God to send me, whether it appear to me good or evil, pleasant or painful. I know you are not a predestinarian; it has been the tendency of many circumstances in my life to make me one; but I do not tell you whether I am one or not. . .

'I have at present tolerable health and spirits. I find myself upon the whole very congenially situated, and I am not aware that I have at any time regretted the determinations which have a second time brought me abroad. I thank God for that faithful and tried friend, with whom I am now again connected more closely and naturally than before, and whose unexampled, and persevering, and untired kindness to me, I am happy to be able in some poor measure to repay, by undertaking, among my other employments, the education of his sons. May I thus be enabled, in my humble way, to acknowledge, though I can never adequately return, the many obligations he has at different times laid me under.'

Kitto's language at this period betokens, not only that he had felt the purification of sorrow, but that, apart from the growth of religious principle, his own observation and experience, stimulated by travel and enlarged by intercourse, had taught him the great truth unfolded by Spenser, his beloved bard,—

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore;

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For some that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greater store;
And other that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise,
For wisdom is most riches; fools, therefore,
They are which fortunes do by vows devise,
Since each unto himself his life may fortunize.'

Presence of mind, trust in God, calmness of heart, self denial, and unrepining adaptation as well to sudden evils as to expected trials, had been gradually acquiring strength within him. Very soon were they all put into requisition, so that, while their genuineness was tested, their power was at the same time developed, in the midst of pestilence, flood, famine, and siege.

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FOOTNOTES

42 Professor Newman, now of University College, London, who, in a fit of devotedness, joined Mr Groves at Baghdad, but whose early creed, springing to a large extent out of a strange facility of impression from men and books, has gradually been abandoned by him to the awful point of abjuring the teaching, challenging the character, and impeaching the life and honesty of Jesus Christ.—See *Phases of Faith*, etc., chap. vii. Fourth edition.

43 Journal, p. 6, London, 1831. James Nisbet.

44 Ibid., p. 12.

45 Journal, p. 16.

46 ‘The phenomenon of dreaming has often engaged, and as often eluded, the researches of physiologists and metaphysicians. It is, however, in a different style that Kitto dwells upon it, and the following is a specimen of his lucubrations on the subject:—‘My own conclusion is, that there is a prophetic principle in the soul, by which, with proper attention, our future path in life may be distinctly enough marked out. What is this principle? whence does it arise? These and such questions as these, cannot be more easily answered than the questions, What is mind itself, whence does it proceed, what are its principles? . . . I should rather think that there are three species of dreams quite distinct from each other. First, such as arise from repletion, from recent impressions, or from intoxication and the use of drugs, as opium. These are the “reasonable soul run mad.” These are the most common dreams, and they are in general so gross, physical, and empty, that they have brought discredit on dreams altogether. These are the vagabonds, swindlers, and pickpockets in the society of dreams; but why should the whole society be counted disreputable for their sakes? Second—Dreams which seem to proceed from the immediate influence of a supernatural agent. I am sufficiently aware that this will be called fanatical. Be it so. I am inquiring after truth, and I will take it under whatever form it appears to me. Reason, Scripture, and experience teach, that there are dreams proceeding from such influence on the mind in sleep. Third—Under a third class may be arranged dreams which are prospective, future, and prophetic. Of these there is less distinct knowledge. There is no room for mystical interpretation in them. They picture out exactly the persons who shall be seen, and the circumstances which shall occur, but they seem unmeaning, because they have no relation to any previous experience, and are therefore not recognized as having any personal relationship to ourselves, till the persons are seen and the circumstances occur. I do not suppose these dreams at all peculiar to myself. Most people must have had dreams, which, in the same manner, exhibit in regular concatenation the history of their lives and their connections in life; but, in the intervening period, the bustle and hurry of daily circumstances, obliterate them from the mind, and prevent that recognition which might be otherwise obtained. . . . In conclusion, I think this general inference may fairly be deduced, that there are powers and principles in the soul hitherto hidden and unthought of, but which it is possible to discover, define, and apply to practical uses.’ —From a long paper, the title of which has been lost.

47 Mrs Taylor was an Armenian lady, the wife of Major Taylor, British resident at Baghdad. She had been staying for some time in England, and was returning to her husband. Mr Bathie

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was a young Scotchman that Mr Groves had met in Ireland and induced to join his mission.

48 Bowring—Russian Anthology.

49 In Mr Groves' Journal (1857) it is said that he and his party did not leave Moscow till Monday, August 9. But on a following page, Sunday, August 9, is spoken of as a period when they were far on their journey.

50 The Court and People of Persia, by John Kitto, D.D. London: Religious Tract Society, 1848. Dr Glen, while engaged, in connection with the United Presbyterian Church, in circulating his own Persian version, and that of Henry Martyn, died suddenly at Tehran, January 1849.

51 In the Memoir of Mr Groves, it is stated that they left it on the 23d, which would be a Saturday,—not a very likely day for Mr Groves to take his departure on. Mr Groves also thought very highly of Dr Glen, and speaks of 'the kindness and Christian love which had been manifested by the dear Glens.'

52 Kitto defines the Mehmandar as 'a person who has great powers, and whose duty it is to provide accommodation for us.' Mr Mortar gives a more terse and telling description: 'He acts at once as commissary, guard, and guide, and also very much as Tissaphernes, who, in conducting the ten thousand Greeks through Persia, besides providing markets for them, was also a watch upon them, and a reporter to the king of all their actions.'—*Second Journey through Persia, etc.* p. 46. London, 1818.

53 Perhaps the only instance of humour in Mr Groves' first Journal occurs where he says of one of those Koords—'If this man be a specimen of the general state of clothing among these banditti, it would be difficult for a missionary to go clad, however simply, without at least, in this respect, furnishing an object of temptation.'—Pp 109,110.