

CHAPTER VII.

RESIDENCE IN BAGDAD

BY the month of April, the Pashalic of Baghdad was in agitation. The Pasha was out of favour with the Porte, and the Arabs were at war, both among themselves and with him. Several messengers had been sent from Constantinople for his head, but none of them had ever returned to report his success. In August, between twenty and thirty thousand Arabs encamped close upon the city; but Daoud Pasha prudently made peace with them, and for the present they dispersed. The plot, however, was thickening, which ended in a siege. Meanwhile, the plague had reached Kerkook. It had already devastated Tabreez in the previous year, and now it came slowly and surely down upon Baghdad. Who could watch the stealthy approach of the foe that ‘walketh in darkness,’ without feeling either anxiety for himself, or deep commiseration for the helpless victims fluttering and trembling on all sides of him? Kitto says:<sup>54</sup>—

‘...But you will wish to know how we are personally affected in the prospect of plague and siege. I am sure Mr Groves feels no personal anxiety on this subject. While he laments the misery which the people have in prospect, he is fully persuaded (and I endeavour to get the same feeling, and do, *in limine*, concur with him) that we shall be safe; or if we are visited by the pestilence or the sword, it will be for some wise and useful purpose. He thinks it would be a very poor return for the protection we received from Almighty Providence during our long and perilous journey, particularly in the mountains of Koordistan, were we, in the prospect of new dangers, to distrust that care by which we have hitherto been preserved. The Resident, with his usual kindness, has offered him accommodation, during either the plague or the siege, or both, in the Residency. In the latter case, I know he is at present averse to accept the protection of armed men, which we should there have, for, besides his servants and retainers, the Major has a guard of thirty sepoy; but whether this repugnance extends also to the case of the plague, I have not yet asked him, and cannot do so at the moment. I think, on his principles, it would. Now, for myself, I am afraid that I think more precaution consistent with reliance on the Providence of God than he does. However, I am ashamed to feel any anxiety, which no one about me feels, and, in fact, I do not feel much; but what I may feel when the crisis arrives, I do not calculate upon. I hope to have within me all adequate support from above; and, at the worst, or that which would be thought the worst, I trust I have prospects of good beyond the grave, and life has not been altogether so

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pleasant a thing to me, to give an interest of much intensity to a question which, at most, involves no more than its possible loss. . . . I often think of the Library, and the first happy, very happy days of new life I spent there. The outward face of every book *then* there, and the inward contents of many, with the feelings and impressions with which they were perused, seem before me now. Many later things, and books more lately read, I do not so well remember.’

At length, in March 1831, the plague was officially declared to be in the city. Seven thousand perished in the first fortnight of the awful visitation, the population being probably about 75,000; so that 500 persons seem to have died in a day. The malady whetted its edge and widened its circle of operation, so that in April some days witnessed from 1000 to 1500 deaths. In two months, 50,000 are supposed to have been cut down. Nearer and nearer it came—entered the English Residency—took off some persons attached to Mr Groves’ household—and seized Mrs Groves on the 7th of May. After a week’s suffering, she died on the 14th. Kitto was deeply distressed by such a stroke. He kept the boys in his own room, and shared with the women the nursing of the baby.

When this melancholy bereavement threatened Mr Groves, Kitto again appears in his journal, thus:—

‘Poor nature is bowed very, very low, when I look at my dear boys and little babe, and see only poor little Kitto to be left for their care for hundreds of miles around. . . . Dear little Kitto, I feel for his situation with all my heart. . . . Poor dear Kitto and the little boys are now become the sole nurses of the dear baby by day and by night.

‘*May 12.*—Up to this day I am well, thank God; but, seeing the ways of the Lord are so marvellous, I have arranged all my little concerns, and put them into the hands of dear Kitto. But poor Kitto is so little able to provide even for himself.’<sup>55</sup>

The awful scene is described by Kitto in the following terms:—

‘Mrs Groves was interred a few hours after her decease, and the things she had used were burned. It went very sharply to my heart, to see the corpse of so good a friend brought out, wound up in the way of the country, in a sheet, without a coffin, and laid on a sort of grating made of palm branches, which was fastened on horseback with cords, by two strange men, who took it away for interment with little ceremony. No one followed her beloved remains to the grave, and no funeral rites were performed there—indeed, we know not the spot of her interment—but our hearts followed her, not to the grave, but to the throne of the heavenly King, where she appears certainly not the least brilliant

gem among the jewels of His kingdom.<sup>56</sup>

‘My dear little pupils bore the news better than I expected, after the first impression. Indeed, if we did not know the character of a child’s mind, and the transient tone of its impressions, this event seemed to visit them much more lightly than I could wish. But there is so little—I have myself felt it bitterly—*so very little strong and permanent feeling among men and women*, that I know not what right we have to expect it from children.

‘Mr Groves himself, also, bore it much better than, from the extent of his affection to his departed wife, and her apparent importance to his happiness and comfort, I should have expected. However, there were circumstances to make this dispensation particularly mysterious to him. . . . Since she came here, she had experienced a peace and joy in Christ which she had not before known, and her faith was remarkably strong and implicit; so that her husband was led to cherish the idea, that the Lord was ripening her for usefulness, and to strengthen his hands in the work of the Lord. How short-sighted are the best of men, when they leave the proper sphere of faith in forming definite expectations for the future, beyond the general persuasion, that all things shall “work together for good” to the children of God. I know many other instances of similar miscalculation. When we see the children of God become more strongly built up in Christ, and more visibly grown, and strengthened, and fructified in Him, we have concluded them to be ripening for great usefulness in the Church, while, in fact (as in this case), they were all the while ripening for the garner of heaven, which we perceive when they are actually gathered in.

‘... If it be one property of faith to believe *all* mysteries, and receive them, it is not in the abstruse points of theology that the difficulty lies—such as the Trinity, Freewill, etc.—but to believe and receive such great mysteries as this, that the stroke which separates us from the desire of our eyes, the companion of our way, the beloved of our youth, and lays the garden of our earthly hope a bare and desolate thing, is intended in kindness, and to work final good. Yet nothing is more certain than this great mystery. This we shall, in such cases, understand ere long—and this, they who are taken, understand already, and adore, and wonder that there is so much of mercy and of love in that which they once thought grievous and hard. I, too, my dear Marsh, have had losses, more personally my own than this, to sustain; and I have felt it useful, at such times, to think of the feelings and points of view in which the liberated spirit probably saw the dispensation I mourned under; or, in other words, to borrow the eye of the other world with which to look on the calamities of this.

‘... I confess to you, I did not say a syllable to Mr Groves on the subject of this visitation for nearly two days after it occurred, because I did not know what

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I could say. To many other men I should have had a great deal to say; but I rather look to him, to profit by his words and example, than expect I could be of any use. Till, therefore, he spoke himself about it, I was content that he could see and feel how deeply I sympathised in the loss he had sustained.’ Again:—

‘Whilst the plague was in the house, the chief object of my anxiety was Mr Groves. I was indeed persuaded he would be spared, yet I could not but feel the possibility of his being taken; and when I considered how much he had been exposed to the contagion, it seemed he could hardly escape without a miracle. I have sat for hours watching him, with an anxiety which I cannot describe, and which unfitted me for reading or study of any kind. On the Monday following Mrs Groves’ death, he seemed poorly in the morning, and at dinner took his meal apart, which he had not done the preceding day. In the afternoon he arose from his couch, and came, with rather a tottering gait, towards me, and said, “Have a firm and steadfast heart towards God, and be sure He does all things well: I feel the same symptoms coming upon me as my dear wife mentioned. It is the earnest desire of my heart to be where she is, but for the sake of the dear little ones, I thought it might be better to stay. But He knows best.” I said something, with tears, as to the consolation I had felt in all these calamities, in the hope he would be spared. He said, “The Lord does wondrously.” He then gave me some instructions in the event of anything having happened to Major Taylor, as the plague had been carried from hence to Bassorah, recommending me to write to England to his friends for money immediately, and to Aleppo, and to wait here till I got answers. His only thought, he said, was for the children and me; yet he was quite sure the Lord would care for us, for His holy name’s sake. The next day he was much better, and now seems quite well. There is no doubt, however, that it was really an attack of the plague, as the Worshabet’s<sup>57</sup> attack, which occurred two days after, began with exactly the same symptoms, and which, therefore, no doubt, might have been fatal, but for the great mercy of God to the poor children and myself.’

Kitto himself escaped, but he knew not how soon he might be prostrated, and, at this critical moment, he addressed a farewell letter (May 1831) to his mother, from which we present a lengthy extract:—

‘... So far as I consider myself a dying man, I am led to review my life a little. It has been a striking one, abounding in mercies, and also in troubles; and also in the elements of happiness: and yet my life, as a whole, has been unhappy; and, perhaps, this is one reason why I the less regret the prospect of its termination. How little would my grandmother have thought, or how little should I have thought myself, ten years ago, that I should have thus been led about the world to die in Irak Arabia. I am glad now that I am not married. When I put

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myself in dear Mr Groves' present case, and think what I should feel in his situation, supposing that he has the plague himself, and knowing that his beloved wife has—apprehending, also, that he shall have to leave three little orphans in a strange city, under the care of a deaf man,—when I think of this, I am afraid I could not bear it as he does, and I thank God I am not so tried. Yet, if I were, perhaps *He* would strengthen me, as He does Mr Groves, to bear all He might lay upon me. How easy it is, in comparison, for me to die! As to me, it seems of little consequence to any whether I die or live; but as to Mr Groves, it seems of much consequence to many, and to his own family, at least, that he should live. For myself, I only say, “Do with me as Thou wilt, only make Thy will mine.” In case of my death, you will, my dear mother, perhaps, feel it as a little trial—if so, may that and every other trial be blessed to you, in bringing you nearer to Jesus Christ, who became Himself a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, for our sake. That will be a blessed thing, whatever it be, which brings us nearer to Him, and carries you more frequently to your Bible. As for myself, I have nothing to boast of; no ground of consolation in the prospect of death, but in the free mercy of Christ. I have been a very great sinner—though not habitually indulging in external sin; but my besetting sins have been *within*, sins of the mind; I doubt if my heart were ever truly converted to God, till after I was at Plymouth the last time.

‘My dearest mother, I hope you will earnestly seek after the salvation of God. I hope you will attend at Mr Hatchard’s regularly. I know no minister at Plymouth who is so well acquainted with the way of life. Above all, do not neglect the Bible and private prayer.

‘God bless you, my dear father, and put your *heart*, or keep it if it be there, in that true way which your *head* knows so well. Dear Betsy, dear Mary Ann, dear William, believe me that I love you all very tenderly, and would do anything I could have done for your welfare, whether spiritual or temporal. I hope you may all walk with Christ through the wilderness of this world, that by and by you may join your elder brother in that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, whither he goes before you. Take care of our parents. Think how much we owe them; you must do the more for them, now that Johnny can no longer share this pleasure with you. I had hoped to see you again, but God knew better than I what was good. I have a great many things I could say, but I have no room, and my head aches bitterly.

‘My dear brother Tucker, as a legacy, I give you an article I highly value, my sister Betsy. It is the best thing, next my parents, belonging to me, and I hope you will regard it for my sake. God bless you both, and make you still more happy together than you have been. I would kiss little Jack Hickerthrift, if I

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could, but as I cannot, I hereby send him word that he must be a good boy. Tell him that his uncle John prays the Great King in heaven to bless him, and that uncle John wants him to learn the way to come and gather flowers with him in the gardens of Paradise.

‘And now, my dearest father and mother, believe how sincerely I have ever been and am, till I put on my new being, and *then* too, perhaps, your affectionate son,

‘J. KITTO.’

Kitto must have suffered not a few privations during this forced confinement, but he bore them all with patience, and at some of them he could smile:—

‘After describing so much calamity, on a grand scale, it is a little awkward to descend to minor inconveniences. You would, however, have been surprised to see your friend performing, at least in his own apartment, the usual duties of housemaid, such as sweeping the floor, making the bed, and keeping things generally in order. But at the beginning of the plague, the Jew who did our errands left for Bassorah, and the man-servant, who was much terrified at the plague, for Mosul; then only the two women remained, one of whom had enough to do in nursing the baby, and the other in cooking; and when the latter died, we had not only all our own things to do, but also to nurse the baby, whilst the nurse performed some of the duties of the deceased servant. Thus, also, no washing could be done—not at home, because water and hands were both wanted; not without, on account of the plague. Our stock of linen was, however, sufficient to prevent much annoyance from this cause, except the occasional necessity of washing a handkerchief or so for ourselves.

‘Among these grievances, I should not, perhaps, mention, in my own case, that of being unsupplied with snuff. When the plague began, I was an inveterate snuff-taker. I, however, did not approve the habit in which I indulged, and had often thought of breaking it off; but the craving of the nasal organ was so intense, when its supplies were suspended, that I forgot all the arguments against the practice. I therefore was led to determine to make it a matter of compulsion. So, when the plague began, having enough of the titillating dust to last three weeks, I resolved to lay in no further supply. When that was exhausted, no further supply could be had, and, as I had foreseen, my appetite bitterly repented this determination, while my conscience approved it. So, after I had taken every grain that was to be found, in any hole or corner of box, shelf, or wrapper, I was obliged to sit down without, and, after a few uneasy days, my appetite was reconciled to its want, and, long before the plague was over, I had ceased to desire an article which seemed, two months before, to have assumed the character of

an absolute necessary. There are many habits with which it is of no use to reason. They will not be talked down or argued down; they must be compelled; and however lightly some may think of the exertion necessary to overcome a habit apparently so insignificant, I venture to believe, that the degree of fortitude which a man must exert in overcoming or resisting such a habit as opium-eating, snuff-taking, or tobacco-smoking, would gain him a high name, if applied to some public or prominent object. But mankind have not learned to estimate *mind* by its own measure, but by its modes of exhibition.'

But misfortunes did not come singly. The river overflowed its banks to an extent 'without recorded or traditional example,' and on the night of April 27th threw down seven thousand houses, and fifteen thousand people, the majority of them already stricken with the malady, lost their lives. Hosts of fugitives from the doomed city were caught by the waters and prevented from escaping. Many of them died, and some gained the heights, on which, though spared by the plague, they perished of want. The house in which Kitto dwelt was exposed to the danger:

'The house we live in is, perhaps, as strong as any in Baghdad. The waters have not flowed into our street, though they were only kept out at one end by an accidental elevation of the ground. The water, however, soon found its way into the *Sardaubs*, where it now stands to the depth of nine feet, and though now stationary, has nearly attained the level of the court-yard. Mr Groves, while dressing in the morning, in the room which he and Mrs G. had usually occupied, observed some dust fall down from a crack in the wall, and at last it occurred to him to remove from the room his things, which mostly lay there. All were employed in this business except myself (who held the baby), and it had been finished but a quarter of an hour, when the arch which supported the room gave way, and the floor of earth and brick fell into the water with a horrid crash. Blessed be the Hand that supported the arch till such precious lives were withdrawn from the danger! A few evenings after, as I was sitting in my room, I felt the house shake, and was almost suffocated by a cloud of dust, and, rushing out, found, as soon as the dust had settled a little, that the wall of the same room, which had separated it from another, had fallen, and with it a great portion of the roof or terrace of the house, which it helped to support; and when, after the dust had subsided, one stood on the house-top and looked down into the very cellars from thence, and saw a confused mass of earth, bricks, great beams, and water, it was affecting to think of the Divine goodness which had been exhibited in these transactions; for, in this last instance also, the servant, with the baby in her arms, had but a few minutes before been in the room, which the fallen wall divided from that of the floor which had already fallen.'

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The reflecting journalist adverts to the proximate causes of these terrific scenes of plague and mortality:—

*Baghdad, July 3, 1831.*

‘We have not, I think, to seek for the cause of the terrible character it assumed, in anything inherent in the plague: we may, then, inquire what collateral causes gave it this destructive character. The answer is, *the inundation*. In these countries people have no other resource than to run away when the plague appears. In the present case, however, this common resource was precluded by the inundation, as if the Agent of Destruction acted with design (and did he not?) in unbinding the rivers, that the waters might confine his victims, as in a prison, awaiting execution. Now, within the walls of Baghdad, there is not much room to spare. It is not a widely spaced town, and, of course, in such a case, the danger is greater in proportion, as the population, being thus confined, are more exposed to the chance of contact, and the miasmatic corpuscles are more condensed, longer held in suspension, and more slowly dissipated in the purer air; and not only, it appears, will the smaller mass of air be more strongly impregnated by the greater quantity of miasma, but the air will be, on the same account, additionally loaded by the foul effluvia of a crowded population, as well as from the decomposition of animal substances left in the streets, including, in our own case, bodies unburied, as well, perhaps, as the thousands buried within the walls, slightly under ground, in which the miasma of the plague will not readily dissolve. And to these causes may be added, the probable generation of bad air by the action of the sun on the waters, which so widely surrounded the city—all circumstances concurring to give a peculiarly noxious character to the pestilential miasma in this case. And when the full operation of all these proximate circumstances was effected, by the destruction of such a great number of houses by the eruption of the waters, which obliged the survivors to crowd together, thirty or forty in a house in the uninundated parts, the wonder, physically speaking, seems to be, not that five out of seven have died, but that the remaining two escaped.<sup>58</sup>

The horrors of a siege followed the havoc of plague and flood. After various feints on the part of Daoud Pasha, the Arab Pashas of Mosul and Aleppo advanced against him. They had been waiting at Mosul till the pestilence and the waters should subside. Robbers took the advantage, and began to plunder the city; entered Mr Groves’ dwelling, in their lawlessness, firing a shot through the door; but a civil answer and some money, about a pound sterling, pacified them. The Georgian defenders of the reigning Pasha having fallen before the plague, no resistance could be offered to the invaders. The Pasha was taken prisoner, and Kitto saw him carried past the door under a strong guard. Yet the

crafty governor contrived to re-establish his authority for a season at Baghdad, and held the uncertain reins of power till September; the Pasha of Mosul, who had taken his place, being, in the interval, condemned and put to death. Such a daring act could not be pardoned, and the Pasha of Aleppo finally gathered his forces for a regular blockade. The city, knowing the insecurity of its ruler, was full of disorder, and on the night of the 28th of August, the house of Mr Groves was broken into and partially plundered. The loss fell most heavily on him who could not hear the robbers' intrusion, and he thus re-counts it:—

'August 29, Monday.—I was surprised this morning, on arising and coming down from the roof of the house, where, like other people, we sleep in summer, to find some of the contents of my clothes-box scattered about in the adjoining room and the verandah. My first idea was, that thieves had visited us; but the servant-maid, who had risen just before, and, on observing the same, had gone to ascertain that the door was safe, as no other means of access to the house occurred to her, was looking on with some terror, being afraid to touch the things which lay here and there, in the persuasion that the devil had been busy about them; for here they assign the same paltry and mischievous employment to the Prince of Darkness as in enlightened England.

'We soon ascertained, however, that, whether men or devils, they had not left us empty-handed, and that they had obtained access by wresting out the wooden frame-work of a window, in a neglected room, which looked into that same yard where so many of the dead were buried during the plague, and which, though high up in the wall, they had probably ascended without a ladder (a ladder is here a ponderous pair of steps), the people here being expert in climbing, from their habit of clambering up high date trees. Now, we had no idea that thieves, though we expected them, would come otherwise than openly and forcibly by day; or else that the house was impregnable against silent robbery; hence our doors were all unlocked, and the robbery was so silently managed, that neither we, nor the man-servant, who slept on the same floor with the rooms robbed, and quite opposite to them, knew anything of it. I say *we*, though, as far as *hearing* goes, they might have pulled the house down for me. Yet I was not undisturbed, for I dreamt of seeing a man hung outside Newgate, probably at the very time that the robbery was going on, illustrating the peculiarity of my dreams, which I have before had occasion to consider.

On examination, it was found that their principal depredations were committed on poor me. They seem to have visited the rooms in the order of march; from the first they took bread, but omitted to take the silver spoons, which lay there quite exposed. It is plain that they had no light with them; and as the room was dark, not admitting the beams of the moon, the spoons escaped their

notice. In the next room, that of the little boys, they found nothing to their purpose; and in the next, which is an open room, between mine and theirs, there was nothing to steal.

‘The next room was mine. The contents of my box (chiefly of the things in actual wear, for what was not so I had, some weeks before, put *away* in a secret place) they seem to have taken out to the moonlight to see what was most worth taking; hence the things in the adjoining open room and the verandah. All my clean shirts, about a dozen, they took, leaving only two coarse ones; also my hose, sheets, pillow-cases, towels, handkerchiefs, and some flannel articles. The last loss is irreparable, as also that of shirts, which no one now in Baghdad knows how to make. There was one little parcel also, which I had made up the preceding day, and intended to *bury* on this, and which contained some little articles belonging to my lost one. This they opened, and, taking thence some small valued trinkets of silver and gold, left the other articles strewed about. That they had left any of the contents of this dear parcel I thank them, whilst my heart quarrelled with them for having taken that which they did. A bundle, containing old rags, etc., they also took, and another, containing Persian and other worsted hose, together with a quantity of linen cloth. This was the extent of their depredations on me; my money was hid away; and, happily, they did not look farther than my box, else they would have found razors and other cutlery, the loss of which would have been irreparable here. I think, indeed, they took alarm when they had done examining my box; and hence had no leisure to examine the room fully, or the next, that of Mr Groves. They went there, indeed, and brought out some of his clothes to the light; but they stole nothing, nor seemed to have examined more than one box, though the others contained property much more valuable than they could find with me. For several hours we thought that I had been the *only* loser, but it was found then, that from another room they had taken two fine Persian carpet rugs, worth about L.6. Mine, however, is the greater loss, consisting of various articles of use, and some of that adventitious value, which things derive from having belonged to friends now in heaven. If there were an Englishwoman, a wife, or a sister here, such losses as these I mention would not signify, but one feels it, in present circumstances, a little vexatious; and then one is the more vexed to think that such things should have the power of vexing at all. My books, which I value most, will not tempt them—my money, and more valuable things, are concealed among the ruins of the fallen arches and roofs, and of that which remains they have taken that which pleased them best; so really there is some comfort in having been robbed; and, to be a little more serious, I trust I may say that I am enabled to take “joyfully the spoiling” of my goods,

knowing of better goods in possession and prospect, which man did not give to me, and cannot take from me.’

The siege was continued with all its usual fruits, and the Pasha was reduced to the last extremity; the population in the town proving as dangerous to him as the beleaguering foe beyond its walls. Kitto’s quaint observations are tinged with sadness:—

*September 11.*—The siege has now been going on for several months. In such circumstances, my deafness is no small benefit to me. I am not disturbed by the noise of artillery and musketry, and of other commotions around; and I do not, except sometimes through Mr Groves, hear the reports which are so heart-sickening. Upon the whole, if not told, I should hardly know what was going on, as I do not go out of doors, and life passes with me as it was wont, were it not that we are now straitened in several articles of provisions to which we have been accustomed; and if, when I walk in the cool of the evening on the house-top, I did not perceive the flash of mortars, cannons, and muskets, and observe the ascent and fall of bombs. The besieging party regularly begin to bombard the city about three quarters of an hour after sunset, when, in this country, it is dark, though it would not be so in England so shortly after the sun had set. If not for the feeling of their being destructive, the flight of the bombs so high, and their frequent explosion in the air, would have a very fine effect. Most of them do burst in the air. We have to be thankful that we are so near the middle of the city, where the bombs do not often fall; yet one did fall on the top of a house not far from ours, and, by its explosion, killed three persons who slept there. But, upon the whole, I have not understood that their bombs have done much harm to the city or people; and altogether, it seems the city has much better and more artillery than the enemy. We often pick up musket balls in the court and on the terrace. The enemy seems to be straitened for metal. The balls, both for cannon and musket, are often of clay,—the application of which to such a purpose is quite a new thing to me. Such balls, however, have quite force enough to kill a man, it seems; though that they have made a breach I have not yet learned. I know not what stronger evidence we could have of the misery of man, and the ruined state of the world, than what we have seen and heard in Baghdad in the course of the year 1831. In Europe, particularly in England, the world is presented under so many disguises, and in features so externally attractive, that it requires no ordinary discernment to perceive the utter worthlessness, vanity, and hopelessness of all it can offer. She is here naked, and the heart sickens at the deformity which sin has made in her once excellent form of character; and in the depth of its abhorrence and disgust at all it looks on, is tempted to cry, perhaps too impatiently, “O that I had wings like a dove,

for then would I fly away and be at rest!" May all we have felt and suffered be made useful to our spirits. And I think it cannot fail to be so. We have known and seen what can never be forgotten, and which, while we remember, we cannot easily fall into the error, which most do, of mistaking earth for heaven; and in its legitimate effects on our minds, must lead us to feel as strangers and sojourners in it more strongly than we have ever done.'

The Pasha, to raise funds, sold his dagger studded with diamonds, and the jewels of his wives. The roofs of the bazaars were torn down and sold for fuel, and a drunken rabble did as it pleased with property and life. Provisions had risen in price, and there were all the horrors of a famine. The favourite pigeons of Kitto's pupils had to be killed, and the goats on which the motherless baby depended for milk could not be spared. On September 15th, Daoud Pasha fled, and he of Aleppo prepared to take possession. As in Samaria in the days of Elisha, the aspect of things suddenly changed, and, as Groves states, 'wheat, that sold on Wednesday for 250 piastres, sold on Thursday for forty, and other things in proportion.' After five months' close confinement in the house, from pestilence, inundation, and blockade, Kitto ventured out, and the appalling spectacle deeply affected him. The old Hebrew sovereign was, in the day of Divine anger, offered his choice among God's 'sore judgments'—dearth, sword, and pestilence—and he humbly and wisely replied, 'Let me now fall into the hand of the Lord;' but Baghdad suffered from all these scourges, either simultaneously or in rapid succession. While the angel of death might be seen standing over the city with his drawn sword, the Tigris was collecting its furious torrent among the hills, and the 'hand of man' was mailing itself to join in the devastation,—the camp-fires of the Arabs gleaming in the distance. The combined results of this resistless agency, acting on a crowded, perverse, fatalistic, and misgoverned city, cannot be easily imagined, and Kitto's narrative is not by any means overcharged:—

*October 1.*—I went out this afternoon for the first time these five months, in order to get myself a book or two from Major Taylor's library, to which I understood there was still access, notwithstanding his absence. The contrast between the aspect of the streets *now*, and when I was last in them, was very striking, and greater than I expected to find, after the accession of strangers which the place has received, and the distance of the plague. The streets I had to pass through are among the most populous of the city; but I doubt if I met more than fifteen persons in going and returning, except in one part of the way which lay through the bazaar. This desolation was very affecting, when its cause struck the mind; when it occurred to one's thoughts, that of the busy and anxious population which went through the streets a few months back in their many-hued

and multiform array, plotting and scheming for years to come, three-fourths now lay buried beneath the soil they then trod. I looked round for the accustomed faces which, from frequent passing, had become familiar, but they were all gone. Most I meet now seem to be strangers. The former frequenters of the streets were, at last, accustomed generally to our European dresses, and ceased to stare much at us; but those I meet now eye me with the wondering gaze of strangers, and such, indeed, their dress betrays many of them to be. All the time I have been in Baghdad before, I think I never saw a real Turkish dress, except on Captain Chesney, a traveller, who assumed it; but now, many of the persons I meet have that dress, which, though a nearer approximation to ours than the long flowing attire of the Arabians, is far less gratifying to a European taste; and the simple red cap, without a folding around, which the common Turks wear, has an unpleasant effect, compared with the striking and stately head-dresses which all, except the poorer Jews, delighted to wear; these often contented themselves with a little coloured handkerchief twisted round the red cap, which, however, was better than nothing. The red cap, though it forms a pleasing *part* of the proper head-dress, is a contemptible thing of itself. In Greece, however, and the Western Arabic Provinces, it is often worn alone,—here, never till now, the Baghdadians being most rigid turbanites; a predilection which does credit to their taste, for, after having seen almost every variety of masculine head-dress, I venture to pronounce that none are more graceful, imposing, or useful, perhaps, in a hot country. The shops also in the bazaar, or leading to it, were nearly all closed, to as large an extent as in England on a Sunday. Often, I do not think more than one was open. The men who used to sit there cross-legged, with their stores around them, and smoking their pipes, are all dead. How terrible, how very terrible, these things are to a European, and, of all Europeans, to an English mind!

‘I was surprised, also, to see the number of houses which had been thrown down by the inundation. I had thought that the consequences of that calamity had been confined to one part of the city; but here I saw houses fallen, and others partly fallen, among those which remained entire. Some had simply their fronts fallen, whilst the rest remained entire, exposing to view the best and well decorated apartments of many houses. Nothing can present a more striking contrast than the gloomy outside to the gay, and even splendid interior, of the houses in Baghdad. Many of the internal decorations seem in very good taste, however little of it the Turks exhibit in other respects. It is usual to report these people as wanting in taste. I know not on what this imputation is founded, except in the difference of their taste from ours. As to dress, I venture to think our European dresses exquisitely absurd, and can excuse my Arabic friends for

thinking so; but what European ever thought the Arabian, the Albanian, or the Persian dress absurd? And, in building, I know no structure more effective, more finely proportioned, and delicately turned, than the minars I see around me. If they make no display of taste or skill in their houses or palaces externally, the reasons are pretty well known; but when we come *within*, I will say with confidence, that in the cities of Turkey and Persia, and particularly Baghdad—though I know this is not by any means the finest, or one of the finest, cities—there is a *greater proportion* of houses, elaborately finished and tastefully ornamented within, than in any cities in Europe, not excepting Italy, where such processes are confined to the palaces. Of this assertion, the gracefully arched ceiling of the room I write in is a proof and illustration. It is true, the style of embellishment is different generally from ours, except as in this room, which is a Gothic chapel in miniature. The common style, however, is more light and gay, more of both, indeed, than at the first glance would be thought very compatible with the apparently sombre and heavy genius of the Turks. Yet, I don't know, either. The tame Arabs, who form the basis of the population, are far enough from anything that is sombre and heavy. As I looked around, from the top of Major Taylor's house, the city seemed in a great measure laid open, from the falling down of garden and other walls, and I did not, in any one instance, perceive that the least attempt was making to build up that which was fallen. Indeed, I doubt very much if the city will ever regain its former footing, low as that was compared with its ancient fame.'

These weary and eventful months taught Kitto many a salutary lesson, and deepened within him a spirit of calm resignation. The crisis had again and again brought him face to face with death. The firmness of Mr Groves, under the trying circumstances, was not lost upon him. There must have been 'great searchings of heart' until unwavering confidence in God was established in his soul: 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.' In October, Mr Groves had an attack of typhus fever, and Kitto again felt no ordinary responsibility. But he persevered and fainted not, committing all to Him who has a Father's heart to pity, and a Father's arm to guard and bless.

On recovering, Mr Groves contemplated a journey to Aleppo, to confer with some friends there. The design, however, was immediately abandoned. But towards the beginning of next year, the monotony of Kitto's sojourn at Baghdad was varied by an unexpected trip down the Tigris, in company with Sir John M'Neill, who was on his way to Bushire, to another political post. Kitto had suffered much in body and mind during the five months of disaster and evil tidings; but no sooner did he meet Sir John M'Neill again, than the ruling passion revived, and he recurred to the old topics of conversation at Tabreez,—the illus-

tration of the Bible through Oriental manners and legislation. It had by this time become a subject of settled study, and he was desirous above all things of increasing his acquaintance with it.

The party sailed down the river in a species of barge, and not, as is often done, on rafts resting on inflated skins.<sup>59</sup> Kitto, never very sure in his footing, fell into the water the first day, and having, as might have been anticipated, a load of books in his pockets, he sank at once to the bottom. But he playfully adds:—‘I fortunately pulled a Persian groom of Mr M’Neill’s in with me, in return for which he had the good nature to pull me *out*. This was a transaction which the light-hearted Iranee always thought of afterwards when he saw me, and never thought of without “roars of laughter,” as they say in the House of Commons’ reports; and this, at last, to my no small annoyance, as my perception became too obtuse to perceive where the joke lay which amused him so highly.’

On one occasion Kitto strayed from the party, and when the boat was about to sail, he could not be found. To shout to him or fire a shot was needless. Sir John M’Neill started in pursuit, and commenced naturally to call after him, ere he recollected that he was only wasting his breath. ‘After a sharp run,’ he says, ‘I came up with him, but as he could not hear my approach, he was completely taken by surprise, and when I seized him by the collar of his coat, supposing himself in the hands of some Arab robber, he turned on me a face of such agony, that, ludicrous as the circumstances were, I could hardly laugh.’<sup>60</sup> On another occasion, during night, or rather towards morning, the party was attacked by some Arabs, and shots were exchanged, ‘without injury to any of the fleet,’ though Kitto supposed, from their yelling, after a volley had been fired at them, that some of the invaders had been wounded. ‘The cries of the women,’ he mentions, ‘were very conspicuous on this occasion, and indeed they are always active participators in such affrays. This I was about to mention as a peculiar disgrace to the “womankind” of this country, but I have just read the account of the Bristol riots<sup>61</sup> in the *Courier*.’

At Zechigyah, Major Taylor met them with the information that the pestilence was raging at Bassorah, and that Mr M’Neill’s appointment at Bushire had been cancelled. They had no alternative but to return to Baghdad, and be again shut up during a second threatened visitation of the plague. Kitto felt more anxiety about this second exposure to the malady than about the first. Of the kindness of Sir John M’Neill and of the Resident, he speaks in the highest terms. He kept, as he describes it, a ‘terribly copious journal’ of this brief voyage. ‘Mr Groves himself has written a very good journal. . . . I find on comparing our journals, that my attention has been directed to many things with inter-

est, which Mr Groves did not at all observe, or did not think it worth while to mention. Moreover, I have been by far the most *minute* observer of the two, as is, indeed, natural for a *little* man to be. . . . In England, the notes I have been in the habit of making, and shall make during our future journeys, if it pleases God to prolong my life, will afford me, I hope, interesting materials for communications to my friends; though I am not ignorant that the ideal value the mind gives to what comes from afar, would make the same facts and observations, which I may then relate, of much greater interest, if they came from Baghdad, in letters smoked and dried, like a neat's tongue, and stabbed through and through, as I suppose mine are.'<sup>62</sup>

Kitto's journal, chiefly scrolled in pencil, is certainly minute and topographical, though there is not much in it of special interest, beyond an account of the banks of the river, the scenery within view, the ruins and villages passed, the interviews with the Arabs, and some scattered remarks on their character and condition. On returning to Baghdad, the family were shut up in Major Taylor's house, the plague having broken out, but not with the severity of the preceding year. The city, however, was so deserted, that the very women walked through the streets unveiled.

By midsummer, Kitto's thoughts were turned toward England. He felt that he was becoming of less and less service to Mr Groves. Mr Newman, who had recently come out to Baghdad, was doing the work of a tutor, and Kitto was not permitted to exercise any of the functions of a missionary. But the object of his journey to the East had been served, though he was not himself aware of it. His mind had been storing itself with the knowledge of Oriental customs, laws, and other peculiarities, and he had seen the importance of these for the illustration of Scripture. The first awakening of his attention to this point was the critical moment of his life, and it is recorded in his journal under date August 3, 1829.

'The different modes of raising water in Russia may not be unworthy of notice, particularly as one of them seems to illustrate a passage of Holy Writ. I do not know what mode obtained, till about half-way between Petersburg and Moscow; but there, a very long pole serves the purpose, which is balanced from a beam, placed over the well, by the bucket at one end and a block of wood at the other. The weight of the bucket causes it to descend, when a strong exertion of manual strength is applied, and in the same manner to ascend when strongly pulled, by the assistance of the balance at the other end. A large number of these poles, stretching out their long arms, form very curious and conspicuous objects in Russian scenery. The other mode of raising water is by means of a wheel, from six to eight feet in circumference, which, being turned

round in one direction, carries the bucket down to the depth requisite to fill it, and then brings it up again. It depends, in a great measure, on the weight of the bucket and balance, but I have tried very few of these wheels which I could turn with ease. As it is a very simple plan, it is also a very ancient one most likely, and I agree with Dr Henderson in thinking it sufficiently illustrates “the wheel broken at the cistern,” in Eccles. xii. 6. In some places pumps are used, but I have not much recollection of having seen a windlass.’

The next instance occurred at Teflis, where he saw the oxen treading out the corn; and the third is mentioned as having struck him at Shusha:—

‘Two women were there, occupied in baking bread. The elder of these made me understand, by signs, that the whole establishment, including the threshing-floor adjoining, belonged to her. The baking process is very simple, and I am inclined to suppose it, from the rapidity of the work and coincidence of circumstances, to be the scriptural method of baking cakes. A convex plate of iron is supported on three stones. Under this a fire is kindled, and the dough, spread out into very thin cakes, is placed upon it. Each cake is dressed in a minute or two. Cakes are thus made more or less thin. At Shusha, where I write, they are our common bread. The cakes are as thin as brown wrapping paper, and more flexible, and, as is well known, the Persians use them for napkins at table, and then eat them. They are really very palatable. The nature of the process renders turning necessary, which reminds one of the passage, “Ephraim is a cake not turned.”’—Hosea vii. 8.

In Baghdad he alludes to another point:—

‘When you look at the higher class of buildings, you have an idea of their solidity, which is by no means correct. You see walls three or four feet thick, but they are merely loosely faced with bricks, and the rest is filled up with dust and rubbish. They are, in short, entirely adapted to a climate where it seldom rains. In an inundation of the river, even when the streets are not flooded, the cool cellars already mentioned, lying below the then level of the water, are soon filled, and, in a few days, sap the foundations of the arches which support the rooms above, which then fall in. How easily, then, are such buildings swept away when exposed to the full tide of waters, and how much more, the habitations of the poor, who, as in Job’s time, “dwell in houses of clay.”’

Before coming to Tabreez his attention had been pointedly turned to this subject, for he speaks of a person clad in a certain costume as resembling ‘one of the prints in Calmet’s Dictionary.’ At length his mind became full of it, and he seized on information wherever he could procure it. His interviews with Sir John M’Neill at Tabreez and Baghdad, and in the brief voyage on the Tigris, were exciting and beneficial to him, and powerfully contributed to give his

mind that tendency which ultimately carried him to the great work of his life. Kitto was very sensible of Sir John's kindness, felt at home in his company, and was thankful for the varied information which he was so frank in communicating. Great credit is due to him for the sympathy he felt with the little deaf querist, for the pains he took with him, for his appreciation of his talents and acquirements in spite of numerous drawbacks, and for his readiness in at once gratifying his curiosity, and stimulating his mind to future and deeper inquiry.

Kitto was now ready to come back to England, though he knew not what spheres of labour might be opened to him. What he should do on his return was an object of great anxiety, and the subject had been repeatedly talked of with Mr Groves and Major Taylor. 'At Mr Groves' desire,' he writes to Mr Lampen,<sup>63</sup> 'I have opened to him my views and feelings, and he has entered into them with greater kindness and consideration than I have been accustomed to even from him.' Still Mr Groves thought that he was becoming low in his aims—that mere literature was a sinking of the missionary character, which he had so decidedly preferred. He lamented over such defection, and suspected that his nine years' connection with Kitto had produced little or no spiritual fruit. Another tutorship was out of the question, for no one would be likely to employ him, and his deafness would be held to be an insuperable barrier. Not hearing the conversations of his pupils, he could not check any froward word or unguarded expression, and was, therefore, incapacitated for one special function of the office. Kitto makes this admission himself, adding, however, 'it seems, upon the whole, the least repugnant to my habits of the things I have hitherto tried.' But he was rarely troubled with doubts of his fitness, when any end was to be gained, and his mind turned to periodical literature and an editorship. He was wishful that such a situation, in the first instance at least, might be found for him about his native town.

'If Plymouth has its Roscoe, I will hasten to wipe his shoes. Meanwhile, I have a most exaggerated notion of the influence of a newspaper, if the editor of a well-supported print, keeping this object steadily in view, might not, in this respect, be of some use. A magazine might do more in the end; but a magazine does not seem the thing to *begin* with. There seems no spirit for so spirited a thing, as, otherwise, I think I could lay my finger on the names of several persons who, among them, might construct a very able periodical. . . . When I was at Plymouth, poets seemed as thick as blackberries. Besides four known ones, I remember a lady sent me a poetical invitation to dinner, and an artizan wrote a very tolerable acrostic on my poor name. Prose writers are not so common, unless it be taken for granted that a good poet must also necessarily be a good

prose writer, which I doubt.

‘As to my own competency for this same editorship, there is not a single if or but in Mr Groves and Major Taylor’s admission of it. You will see, by my letter to Mr Harvey, what spirits they have put me into by their saying, that they have now no doubt that I shall be able to get a comfortable living in some of the departments of literary employment. This admission from them seemed the slow and tardy recompense for all my retired, unencouraged, uncheered, and often *opposed* exertions in the improvement of my own mind. I shall, perhaps, surprise you by declaring that, excepting the year in the Library, and excepting that I have had greater facilities in procuring books, my opportunities for study have been fewer since I left the workhouse than while in it. I have had less time from my stated employments. Even now, for instance, I write this nearer to one than twelve at night, when every one else has been three hours in bed; by day I have no time. My employments, indeed, are more pleasant to me than before, but they do not inform my mind. If I were asked, whether, in my secret mind, I think myself equal to such an employment, I, who never pretended to more humility than sixpence would cover, would answer instantly *I do*. And now, at this period, I think I may venture to mention a bit of a secret. My simple love of knowledge, and habits of attachment to pursuits which I venture to call *literary*, would, I think, have failed under the discouragements I have met with, but the admixture of another feeling urged me on. Then, I know perfectly well, that many thought you and my other earliest friends not justified in their original kindness to me, by any actual possession or future promise I held out. What is more, I soon began to think so too myself. But I thought then, and think to this day, that all the fine stories we hear about *natural ability*, etc. etc., are mere rigmarole, and that every man may, according to his *opportunities and industry*, render himself almost anything he wishes to become. I proposed it, therefore, as an object to myself, to make such attainments—to possess myself of such qualifications as might justify my friends to themselves and others, for their early kindness, and the mode of its exhibition. I think that, small as my opportunities, upon the whole, have been, I can now do this, and shall hereafter be able to do it better; for I should grieve to think that every day will not be with me a day of some improvement, till the last of my existence—an existence which I should desire to be prolonged to that period when the faculties of improvement must fall into “the scar, the yellow leaf.” I am now near thirty, a period at which it is surely high time for a man to enter upon his plans of life—to endeavour to get into that path in which he desires and intends to walk; and no one can be more deeply sensible than myself, of the danger of postponing, from year to year, such designs, till postponement becomes a hab-

it—till no strength or vigour remains for enterprise—for the effort necessary to carry these designs into effect. If, therefore, it be my lot to spend the remaining period of my existence in the class of employments I desire, and which are now admitted to be best for me, it is certainly high time to make the effort, and encounter the risk necessary; and I think my mind is now wound up to make every possible effort necessary, before I can be led to relinquish these designs; and if, at last, I must do so, the relinquishment will then probably be final. That I have no “small certainties “ in *other* things, will, perhaps, at this juncture, be an advantage to me. I have long been in the habit, according to a suggestion of Lord Bacon, of noting down the idea of any paper or work which occurred to me. Among the mass of such ideas, there are enough which my mature judgment would approve, to occupy, in their accomplishment, a longer life than I wish mine to be; and new ideas are continually occurring, so that a dearth of matter is the thing which I shall at any time least dread.

‘What reception I am likely to meet with on my return, I cannot tell. I shall need encouragement from my friends, but, I confess, there are some at whose hands I do not very sanguinely expect it; and this misgiving arises from circumstances which occurred when I was in England last. However, I hope the best; for I can see no reason why I should not be kindly welcomed to my native land once more. I return under no imputation of blame, under no suspicion of having merged my duty in my own inclinations. If I had any *duty* that required my stay here, it was the tuition of Mr Groves’ sons. I always contemplated to return when this duty should be fulfilled, and now, accordingly, I am retired from it and left disengaged; the rather, as Mr Groves himself admits, that my deafness precludes me from any occupation that can be called *missionary*; and, I confess, I see not how any one, free from the obligations of detaining duties, could prefer to live in this miserable land. Thus, clear from any just ground of censure in returning, and with a mind improved, I trust, by travel, and stored with images it had not before, I do apprehend I shall occupy a much more advantageous position in returning this time than the last.’<sup>64</sup>

‘I thank God,’ he had already written to Mr Lampen,<sup>65</sup> ‘with all my heart, that I have been able to give satisfaction to somebody, particularly when it is one whose satisfaction circumstances have taught me to rate at no common value.’

There was, as his repeated language implies, one impression which Kitto wished most especially to make on his friends, in the prospect of his return to England, and that was, that he came back with no imputation of blame, and under no suspicion of having merged his ‘duty in his own inclinations.’ He remembered the crisis in Islington, when he renounced his connection with the

Missionary Society, and he had not forgotten the emotions which preyed upon him when he returned from Malta, or the cold reception he met with on his last visit to Plymouth. Now, his anxiety was to let it be known that no such misunderstandings or objections had prompted him to leave Baghdad. He *knew* what he had suffered already, and he was careful to warn all his correspondents that he was not dismissed from any dissatisfaction with him, and that he had not sullenly thrown up his situation, but that the object of his engagement being accomplished, he was at liberty to come home, there being no further prospects for him in the East. And thus he opens his mind to Miss Puget—an intimate friend of Mr Groves—on September 8, 1832:—

‘My return is not so difficult to account for, or so unpleasant to think of, as it assuredly would have been, if I could have allowed myself to think, or if I had been allowed to think, that I had any *missionary* business here. But as it was admitted on all hands that I had none, and as the only thing I could regard as an imperative and detaining duty, was the charge of the dear little boys which devolved upon me, so when Mr Groves contemplated taking them to England, I had no idea of returning again from thence. This intention of Mr Groves first suggested the idea of return; and when that intention was altered, in consequence of letters from the friends at Aleppo, who have now so happily joined us, purposing to take the dear little fellows under their charge, the question of my return remained as it was—since *they* (the boys) would then be so very much better provided for in the matter of their instruction than was in my power. A letter I received from Mr Newman, about the same time, on the subject of my [Missionary] Gazetteer, expressed his impression, that things of that nature had much better be done in England than here, from the difficulty and delay in obtaining the necessary books; and as things of that nature are the only things in which I could hope to be even indirectly useful to the missionary cause, my way, upon the whole, seemed clear enough to return. I am sure Mr Groves, if he mentions the subject to you, will say it does not arise from any misunderstanding or unkind feeling in any sense, and I am equally sure his prayers and good wishes will follow me home. It will, therefore, appear to you, and other friends who may have felt some interest about me, in consequence of my connection with Mr Groves, that my return does not imply that I have turned back from the class of feelings which led me into missionary connections, or that I have relinquished any principle my heart ever held. I shall ever count the day happy in which I came, for, I hope, I have been enabled to learn much which before I either knew not at all, or very imperfectly.’ ‘... However, I have no desire to magnify my attainments, my feelings, my character, my motives; and if any think badly of my return, let it be so. If I have gained anything more of the true

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riches than I brought out, may the praise be the Great Giver's, who has forced upon my heart, in hard and bitter ways—truths, lessons, gifts, which, but for its hardness, might have been sent gently down upon it, “like rain on the mown grass.” The man does not live, who thinks, or can think, so low of me, as I do think myself low in all high things.’

Kitto had become aware, at a very early point of his career, that his letters were freely handed about by his friends as literary curiosities. His knowledge of this publicity naturally prompted him to give them more of a general than of a personal interest. The influence of this motive remained with him; and, therefore, many of his letters to his Plymouth friends indulge in dissertation, and are a species of colloquial essay, wanting that inimitable charm which belongs to those of Cowper. But the following epistle is a remarkable exception—the affectionate unbaring of a son's distressed heart to his mother. It reveals some of his secret griefs and fears in connection with one whose vice had brought shame upon his child even in its tender years. As he thought that he might get employment in Plymouth or the west of England, he was anxious to pave the way for his future peace by such a preliminary statement:—

‘*Baghdad, Sept. 2, 1832.*

‘MY DEAREST MOTHER,—. . . It was my earnest desire to be able to live at Plymouth; but since I got your letter, I feel this desire much weakened; for it seems to me I am not likely to find much comfort in living where father is. Vexation and trouble is only likely to arise from my connection with him. My poor father! God knows how gladly I would do all which might be in my power to help him, if he were disposed to lead a quiet and sober life; but as it is, if I did not know the mighty power of God, I should be altogether without hope for him; and I do not see, even if it be in my power, what it will be possible to do with him. I think I can only hold myself ready to help him in sickness; but while he is well, leave him to himself, unless it pleases God to work a change in his heart. I never trusted to his religious-looking letters, while he talked of his *misfortunes* and sufferings, instead of speaking as a repentant *sinner*—as one who mourned deeply before God over his own pitiable state,—a state to which he was brought, not by *misfortune*, but by *sin*. He has not been an *unfortunate* man. The Kittos have been very fortunate men. God put many blessings in their hands, and they were in a fair way of living with their families in respectability and peace. But they threw His gifts from them, and both John and William, and Dick too, not only ruined themselves, but brought poverty, misery, and shame on their families also. Yet they call themselves *unfortunate* men! I most earnestly desire my dear father's welfare, and I would do anything to promote it; and notwithstanding the shame he has brought and will bring yet, I fear, upon

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me and the rest of his family, I have no harsh or unkind feeling towards him; but whilst he goes on thus, and continues in health, I have made up my mind that he shall never touch a farthing of my money, however the Lord may prosper my own undertakings. The Lord has enabled me thus far to make my way through all my *misfortunes* (for mine have been real ones) and difficulties, and I trust He will continue to do so; but I shall never feel it my duty to let the money I may hardly and honestly earn be spent in public-houses. This is my resolution, which, the Lord helping me, I will keep, let people say what they will; but still holding myself in readiness to help him when any real calamity or distress falls upon him, and even then I shall endeavour to benefit him without trusting him with money. With yourself, my dearest mother, the case is very different indeed. I am sure you will believe there is nothing I will not do for you which may be in my power; and as you are now alone, it will be the easier to manage. I hope I shall be enabled to be both a husband and son to you. Wherever I live, it will be my desire to get an apartment, and have you to live with me to manage things for me, and I have no doubt we shall live very happily and comfortably together. But when I come home, and have found out what I shall be able to do for myself, I shall be able to see more distinctly the course which had better be taken. That I shall be able to obtain a decent provision in some way or other, neither Mr Groves nor I doubt, though I may find at first some difficulty. . . . Billy's account of the doings at the King's coronation amused me. The "most splendid arches" he mentions, I hope to see when I come to Plymouth, unless the children have eaten away all the gingerbread they were made of. That the dear fellow is in the way of doing for himself, and getting his livelihood by an honest trade, is a great comfort to my heart, for I have had many anxieties about him. Now they are over, and God grant I may never have to hear of anything to make me ashamed of him, as I have been of many other of my relatives. I think I never shall. I pray God bless him, and guide him in all that is good and right and honest all his life. I only remember him as a boy, but suppose he has got a beard by this time. I hope he will take great care in the choice of his companions. Much of his happiness or misery in this life, if not in the other, may depend on his choice of company. I hope he does not think of marrying yet. One piece of advice I may now give him, which is, never to get a bird till he has a cage to put it in. I have waited for my cage till the season for catching birds is over. I hope now to get a cage soon; but you, my mother, are the bird for my cage, and you shall sing me there all your old songs over again. Give my love to Billy, Betsy, Mary Ann, Tucker, Aunt Mary, and all my friends, and remember me kindly to Mr and Mrs Burnard.—My dearest mother, I am your very affectionate son,

‘J. KITTO.’

His connection with Mr Groves had been of signal benefit to Kitto, and it was now about to be terminated. In the private notes of Mr Groves to him, there is much plain speaking, and no doubt it was occasionally needful. Many faults, which resulted from defective training, had to be rectified, and Mr Groves did speak to him with fidelity, if not always with tenderness. He could not bear what he thought Kitto's self-sufficiency, though that self-sufficiency referred not to spiritual matters, but to the ordinary business of life. Nor had he patience with his continuous anxiety to rise, since himself had voluntarily descended, and left all for Christ's sake. One ambitious peculiarity in his character he saw and rebuked, to wit, that any situation he had obtained was usually held merely as a stepping-stone to another, and that the duties of the first were sometimes overlooked in preparation for the next. During their residence at Baghdad, Kitto gave him satisfaction in regard to his boys, and Mr Groves often alludes to it. But it could scarcely be supposed that persons of temperaments so different, as were Mr Groves and the teacher of his boys, could be at one on all points. Correspondence by written documents must also have often been very unsatisfactory, for what is written is written, and it wants those numerous and indefinable modifications which tone or countenance might give it. An epithet has a distinctness on paper which it might not convey when spoken. Kitto's notes to Mr Groves did sometimes so irritate him, that on one occasion he replies, ‘You cannot forget the expression contained in your last letter to me during the last time we had any misunderstanding; if you have, I never can, though I have not, relative to it, the slightest unkind feeling.’ The fact is, that Kitto was beginning to despond again, and to reckon any longer residence in Baghdad as so much lost time; and he wished Mr Groves to carve out some new path for him. Mr Groves, however, refused to interfere, for he was afraid that his decision would not be in harmony with Kitto's own views. Both men, indeed, were akin in mental constitution. Mr Groves was of a nature that would maintain its own course, and in this respect his tutor closely resembled him. He was a reserved man, too, living much in his thoughts, and among his own griefs and disappointments; and the deafness of his younger friend naturally tended to lessen the amount of communication between them. In a letter written a short period after Kitto left him, he confesses<sup>66</sup>—‘I cannot tell you how I lament over my own folly, in not discharging my Christian service to you. and leaving all results to God. Had I so done, instead of living years with you without confidence or affection, I might have had you given me of the God of grace, to have comforted me in my sorrows, and it might never have come to a

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separation.’ He then commends to him his fellow-traveller, Mr Newman, of whom he says—‘I love him as my soul, for the faithfulness and truth which the God of grace has given him.’<sup>67</sup> Kitto, on his part, complained that Mr Groves sometimes made arrangements, ‘without thinking it necessary in the least to consult him;’ and he adds, in his journal, about the beginning of 1832—‘I am persuaded no one can live happily with Mr Groves *in a dependent situation*. . . . I am willing to suppose the fault is in myself, as no doubt partly it is. Yet, I doubt not, he might live happily with *friends and equals*; and from my inmost soul do I honour and love him, while I feel most intensely (and the more fully, since I am not singular) the extreme difficulty of living with him happily in a *dependent* character. Yet it is still good for me to be with him now, and thus far certainly.’ On the 19th of September 1832, Kitto, in company with Mr Newman, left Baghdad for England.

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### FOOTNOTES

54 Letter to Mr Woollcombe, Baghdad, February 19, 1831

55 Journal, London, 1856 pp. 132, 137.

56 Dead bodies were often tossed into the streets, and devoured by the lean and hungry dogs. 'He did much, then, who took the dead of his household to the river, and threw them in.' In a stable-yard, close on Kitto's dwelling, nearly a hundred graves were opened and filled in the course of a day and a half. 'It was a frightful thing to see the uncoffined dead brought on barrows, or on the backs of asses, and laid upon the ground till the graves were ready for them.' 'Rich persons took the precaution of buying their own winding-sheets, and the monopolist, who sold them at prodigious prices, did not long enjoy the fruits of his greed. Little orphans were running through the streets, crying in despair for father and mother; and grandsires were sometimes left alone without a single surviving relative.'—*See Kitto in Penny Magazine for 1833, p. 458*

57 A Worshabet, or Wartabiet, is an Armenian priest and teacher; a Moolah bas usually some connection with a mosque; an Imaum is a higher spiritual head; and a Moonshee is an amanuensis or interpreter. Mr Groves was taught Arabic by an Imaum.

58 It may be added, that the heat at Baghdad is sometimes so excessive, that the birds sit on the palm trees gasping for air. At the time referred to, in consequence of the inundation, the inhabitants could not retire into the sardaubs or sardebs subterranean apartments, where the atmosphere is several degrees cooler than in the higher rooms of the house. Various devices of funnels and chimneys are employed to send a current of air down into the apartments of a Persian house, as in the allusion in 'Lalla Rookh:'—

'If Zephyrs come, so light they come,  
Nor leaf is stirred, nor wave is driven;  
The wind-tower on the Emir's dome  
Can hardly win a breath from heaven.'

The embankments of the river are now made more secure, for a few years since the water rose 22½ feet, considerably higher than in 1831, and yet no damage was done.

59 These inflated skins are still used for navigation, as they have been for many ages past. Kitto refers to Herodotus and Xenophon as having mentioned them, or at least, he says, Major Taylor so translated Herodotus. But in the passage probably referred to, I. 194, the historian speaks simply of hides stretched on ribs of willow, and calls such vessels, *panta schutina*—'wholly of leather.' Xenophon, however, in his *Anabasis*, 1-5, 10, speaks of skins stuffed with hay being employed in the construction of rafts Layard describes the building of those referred to by Ditto.—*Nineveh*, vol. II., p. 96.

60 Communication from Sir John M'Neill to Mr Ryland. *Memoirs of Dr Kitto*, second edition, p. 351.'

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61 These riots, unparalleled in the modern history of England, occurred in the last week of October 1831. The bishop's palace, the prisons, the excise office, and nigh fifty private dwellings were set fire to, and some hundreds of individuals were killed or wounded. The disturbances arose in connection with some procedure of Sir Charles Wetherell, the recorder of the city, who was exceedingly unpopular, from his hostility to the Reform Bill.

62 Precautions used by the post-office with regard to letters from infected countries

63 Baghdad, April 6, 1832.

64 Letter to Mr Woolcombe, Baghdad, July 21, 1832.

65 Baghdad, April 6, 1832.

66 Baghdad, September 23.

67 Did not Mr Groves live to 'lament'—'Alas! my brother?'