

CHAPTER VIII.

RETURN FROM THE EAST.

THE homeward route of Kitto and Newman was to Trebizond, and thence by the Black Sea to Constantinople. In prospect of going to Aleppo at the beginning of the year, Kitto had prepared a journal, and composed a preface, in which he enters somewhat into the philosophy of journalism, and makes the just remark—‘that to travel usefully, one must carry information with him, and the information obtained will be in exact proportion to the weight of information carried.’ At that period he did not care much about going home, his reason being—‘I do not yet feel qualified to enter on the path of action and life I contemplate there.’ But his opinion had changed in a few months, and he accordingly bade adieu to Baghdad, ‘accompanied into the open country by Mr Groves and the other dear friends, where we took leave of them with tears.’ The journey was on horseback, in eastern style, the animal carrying all necessary equipments, and its rider, who had again cultivated a moustache, dressed in a dark cap of Persian lamb-skin, a Turkish gown, and an Arabian black cloak—presenting rather a grotesque spectacle. He soon felt what thirst was, and yet, though his throat was parched, he passed the river Dialah, but was afraid to dismount, lest he should not manage to climb up to his horse’s back again. His ‘bones ached miserably,’ and his face and hands were scorched and blistered with the sun. The travellers soon joined a caravan of some size—‘200 mules, 100 asses, and 50 horses.’ The native Christians of the party were kept at a distance by the haughty Mohammedans. About a week after his departure, he records, with evident satisfaction, that a messenger brought him ‘memorials from all the dear little boys.’

He was obliged to have recourse to various shifts for comfort:—

‘I also found this day the use of cording my trousers tight round my legs, drawing a pair of long English hose over these, and over the feet of these placing a pair of Persian worsted socks, which are inserted into a pair of red Turkish shoes with peaked toes. For want of some precautions of this kind last time, my legs were much excoriated. As for the shoes, they are much too large, and thus, also, require to be filled up. When I complained to the man of their capacity, he said they would hold six pair of stockings besides my feet, and six pair of stockings I should find it necessary to use when I got among the mountains.’

He notes carefully the villages through which they passed, and the caravanse-rais at which they halted; but one day’s journey very much resembled another.

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er—mosques, tombs, ruins, and water-courses. One Mohammedan gentleman was very kind to him, and did everything but eat with him and take a pinch out of his box. How they ate with those who would eat with them is thus portrayed to the life:—

‘The men tucked up their sleeves as if going to slay a sheep. We did the same; and water having been poured on our hands—each man’s handkerchief serving him for a towel—we fell to with our fingers, having been supplied with part of a cake of bread each. This we introduced into the stew, taking up as much with it as we could. For the rice, N. and I were accommodated with a wooden spoon, one for both. We were made very welcome, and ate a hearty supper, which concluded with bread and cheese. After supper we washed again with *soap*. Upon the whole, the Oriental mode of feeding seems much more disgusting in theory than in practice. People may have felt disgust in hearing the process described, but few, I apprehend, in seeing the thing practised.’

The nights were spent by the travellers as best they might, though Kitto sometimes complains of his fellows—one man’s feet poking him in the ribs, and another claiming more than half his pillows, which were merely portions of his horse’s furniture. They were occasionally taken for Russians, and sometimes for Georgians. The Mohammedan gentleman referred to knew them to be English, but thought England and India the same country. The encampment was usually well watched at night, each man sleeping with his weapon by his side; for the thieves would have made no scruple to steal the bed on which the sleepers reposed,—nay, now and then succeeded in similar daring attempts. Kitto prudently put away his watch, ‘lest,’ as he owns, ‘its display should get me robbed.’ He and his companion did not carry arms, and the people imagined that they had no property but books—‘a very safe conclusion for us, as it may save us from pillage.’ One person seemed greatly taken with his companion:—

‘This man seemed so much pleased with Mr Newman, that he told me by signs he was a good man, but I—imitating my stoop and other infirmities—I was a little, crooked, deaf, dumb, good-for-nothing fellow, an opinion to which I nodded assent; but afterwards, when I had given him a pinch of snuff—the first Mohammedan in the caravan who has accepted it—he signified that I was good also, at which I smiled, but shook my head in dissent. I see in Mr N.’s glass that I really cut a curious figure now. To say nothing of my beard, the skin of my face, neck, and hands hangs in tatters about me, the sun having burnt it up. Whether my new skin will be sun-proof I cannot tell, but I hope so.’

He complains with some show of justice:—

‘I do not ride at all comfortably. The men are very impertinent, perhaps the more from our being unarmed. Sometimes they strike my mule behind, which

makes him start forward so suddenly as almost to unseat me, not seldom getting entangled among the back horses, or crushing against some who may be before. One man, whom we crushed slightly, drew his scimitar, and held it close up to my throat: a joke perhaps, but a joke they would not take with an armed man.'

An occasional squabble diversified the scene:—

'Soon after a grand dispute arose between some of our caravan men and the Persians of the village, in which this young man most hastily mingled. There were most loud language, vehement gestures, pushes, pulls, and some few knocks on both sides. In the heat of the fray, the Seid came down briskly, and acted as arbitrator and pacificator, speaking vehemently also—an advocate, it seems, on the side of the party he took, which was that of the caravan men. Both sides seem to look on a Seid as a very fitting umpire and judge, a character which I did not before know at times devolved upon them. We exerted ourselves a great deal; and one of the most violent disputants, a respectable Turk, he laid hold of by the shoulders, and pushed him away, following him in that manner. The occasion of the dispute was the attempt of the Persian Governor of the village to extort a tax on some bags of dates imported by our caravan. This exaction was resisted, and finally not paid by our people. Before we lay down, Mr N. conversed with me about pronunciation and metre. He thinks I speak better than could be expected in one deaf so long; but, among other faults, he endeavoured this evening to teach me to enunciate the final L distinctly. When initial, he says I can do it well enough. I am afraid, however, that in this case the best theoretical instruction will have little influence on my practice. Mr N. conjectures that we are about 2000 feet above the level of the sea, and that a mountain, the remotest of three ridges lying not very distant, is about 2000 above our present level.'

Thursday 27.—I have, since I became a traveller, some occasion to regret my ignorance of botany and geology. Perhaps I shall begin these studies in England. Study also is vanity! We learn many things we think we may have a use for, but never find that use; and in the use of life we discover we have left many things unlearnt, which we set about acquiring when the occasion of their use is past, and will not return.

'Mr N. relates, that I am a great object of interest to the people of the places we have passed through. I can, upon the whole, readily apprehend that a people who have, like the Persians, an exquisite sense of the ridiculous, must find something exquisitely exciting to that sense in our many oddities, as talking on the fingers, etc. Their impression of the ridiculous is in this case, however, apparently softened to a milder feeling, by the consideration, that the oddest of these circumstances arises from a misfortune—my deafness. As it is, I suspect

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that they will frequently, in time to come, relate among their odd and curious recollections what they saw of *Numa* (Mr Newman), as they call him, and poor me. Be it so. I shall have also something to say of them. It seems they take us for spies.’

They reached Kermanshah on the 30th of the month—‘the first great stage of the journey.’ Kitto gives this month—September—thirty-one days in his journal, writing down *Sunday* as the 31st, but corrects himself by calling Monday, October 2. ‘The city made but a poor appearance.’ Kitto went out to see the sights, and surveyed the bazaar with some attention.

‘In eastern towns, life can be best studied in the bazaars. The artisans seem very industrious. Several seemed to feel it irksome to have their labour interrupted by serving a customer. I went through all the bazaar, in all its parts, as well for the purpose just stated as to make purchases. Notwithstanding my Turkish dress, which is common enough here, they seemed easily to detect that I was not a Turk or Persian. Several accosted me, to whom I replied in English, feeling it much better than to make signs. In the latter case they laugh; in the former they turn quietly away, finding they could not understand. I should wonder if they did, for not many Englishmen understand me till accustomed to my manner of speech.⁶⁸ But when I wanted to deal, I signified plainly that I was deaf, and managed the matter by signs. . . .

‘Snuff-boxes are here, but no snuff. Wherever I inquired, and made the sign of taking a pinch, they produced spices and perfumes; and when I showed the small quantity I had left, they thought I wanted to sell it; others, that I wished to get it scented. At last one old man, after groping about in a box, found a small quantity in a paper, for which he charged me so highly, that I must at this rate make my present stock serve till we get to Europe, small though it be.’

Impertinent queries were often showered upon the foreign pilgrims. Mr Newman parried them as best he could, and Kitto was often annoyed by such teasing investigations.

‘I have now regularly adopted the plan of conversing in English when accosted in a way I either do not like, or do not wish to reply to in the more intelligible way of signs. So today, when I went to fetch a jug of water, I was accosted by half-a-dozen men, whose countenances seemed to me impertinently curious; so I replied something as Benjamin Franklin to his American landlord,—My name is John Kitto of England; I am from Baghdad, and going to England, at which I hope soon to arrive, by way of Tehran! They seemed wonderfully edified by this communication, and then, as I observed, seeming to repeat the words “Baghdad” and “Tehran,” ceased to molest me with any more questions.’

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Kitto reached Hamadan on the 5th of October, and visited the bazaars, as was his wont, but did not go to the so-called Tomb of Esther, because he could ill afford the present usually paid to the sacred edifice. Before he left the city, he relates:—

‘Last night I was amused by dreams of home—England, I should say; for I am not one of those who have a home in any land to go to. One of the most pleasant exhibited me as finding at an old book-stall a copy of a book I read in my boyhood, and of which I have often sought a copy in vain. May I find it indeed, and if I dream, may I find there all my waking and sleeping dreams tell me of but this my not over-sanguine mind often questions. Well, I have equally weighed, I trust, the results of both success and disappointment, and have a mind prepared to look either quietly in the face.’

Sometimes, on the journey toward Tehran, Kitto was the caterer for the party:—

‘Mr N. was of opinion that I, even I, poor Pilgarlick, was a better marketer than Kerian. He is of opinion that my dress and Oriental countenance impose so far upon them, that, though they perceive I am a foreigner, they do not suspect me for a Frank; and my deafness preventing questions, they, unless I tell them I talk English, suppose I am dumb also—all which readily accounts for my peculiarities without supposing me a Frank, or exposing me to exorbitant charges. My being deaf, and perhaps, in their view, dumb, *i.e.* a mute, and it may be a dwarf to boot, facilitates my entrance into their houses, which would not be allowed to any other stranger than one under some physical incapacity, which, in their view, is calculated to preclude harm, or which they are accustomed to consider as removing reserve. I therefore volunteered, with these qualifications, to go in quest of fruit to the village.’

They reached Tehran, the present capital of Persia, on the 14th of October. So Kitto’s journal intimates; but he calls it the 13th, in a letter to Mr Woollcombe. They were at once kindly received by the Elchee or ambassador, Captain Campbell. Kitto was joked by the ambassador and by Sir John M’Neill upon his sun-burnt and hirsute appearance, his beard being nearly of a month’s growth. No sooner was he in Sir John’s company again, than he set to his old work. ‘I have given him,’ says the restless inquirer, ‘a paper of queries, which he has promised to answer me, and which will much extend my little stock of information.’ And he gratefully acknowledges, before he left Tehran—‘Mr M’Neill has given me satisfactory answers to my twenty queries, and has promised to do the same to seven more I have proposed to him.’ Various incidents of his stay in Tehran may be grouped together.

‘Yesterday I was chiefly employed in writing to my friends at Baghdad. Af-

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ter breakfast, I noted the English servants congregating with their Prayer-books and Bibles; and soon after, Mr M’N. called me into the dining-room where all the English were assembled, to whom Captain M’Donald read the prayers and lessons for the day. I confess I entered into much of the service with great satisfaction, after having been so long precluded from services in which I could not, from my deafness, have any actual participation. I feel very comfortable here, after the fatigues and privations of the journey. A journey is like life—an alternation of repose and labour, of progression and rest, of good and evil. The pleasure now of having English faces around us, and to me still more of faces I knew before, is a satisfaction which, in the route pointed out, we cannot easily expect again to experience. . . They are all here very kind to me, and put to shame my proud doubt of whether I ought to come when not *by name* invited in the letter sent by the Gholam, and my proud question, whether they would admit poor Pilgarlick to their table or not. I meant the Elchee, for I had before been a guest at Mr M’Neill’s. However, having been freely entertained, both at the Resident’s in Baghdad, and the Elchee’s in Tehran, I hope to have my foolish thought on that foolish subject at rest in time to come—satisfied that, if I have not yet found a place in general society, I shall one day do so. I shall! I shall!’

Kitto and Newman were both taken ill at Tehran, and in Mr M’Neill’s absence. Kitto’s malady was supposed to be the ague.

‘The friends here, and Dr Daoud Khan, the Shah’s physician, were disposed to set it down for the ague, which I did not myself think it was; and they adduced as a proof, the shaking of my right foot, which proof I overthrew by the assurance that my grandmother, my mother, and myself, had shaken our right feet all our lives long, under the pressure of mental or bodily pain. I myself had more confidence in Captain M’Donald, nephew of the late Elchee, than in the Shah’s physician; and, indeed, the kindness and care which this gentleman manifested towards us, and the trouble he took, have left on my heart an impression not easily to be effaced. At length, in the height of our malady, Captain Burnes, a gentleman who had come from India on an exploratory tour, saw us in bed, and pronounced our case *bilious fever*; and without more ado, or consulting the doctor, he went away for a barber, who bled Mr N.; but my bleeding, much against the wish of this warm-hearted and decisive man, was postponed out of regard to the Khan, who had expressed a particular opinion on the subject. When he came, however, he agreed to my being bled in the evening, though he assured me I “had no symptom to be bled.” Accordingly, in the evening, an old barber with a red beard came; and, strapping up my arm with a leathern thong, produced a rude-pointed instrument, and performed the opera-

tion with no small dexterity. From that time we both grew better, and now the only thing we want is *strength*. This we now seem gathering, and I trust we shall soon be on the road again. I thought, not once nor twice, that my journey would end at Tehran; but it has pleased God otherwise, and I do thank Him for it—for though I trust I am enabled to look at death as quietly as most men, yet there are times when death seems a very terrible thing. Miserably wet and wearisome seems the journey before us; but after this sickness, the spirit seems as it would go forth mad as a March hare, rejoicing in all things it can find under the open heaven.

‘Our arrival at this place, and kind reception, were very reviving after the privations and fatigues to which we had been exposed during the journey; nor, for my own part, was I at all insensible to the good cheer which the Elchee’s table supplied to me, who had been living so long on nothing but bread and fruits. The party, we found, consisted of the Elchee, “one of that numerous division of the human species,” to quote the author of Adam Blair, “answering to the name of Captain Campbell,” a remark-ably handsome gentleman, with black bushy moustaches, meeting his equally black and bushy whiskers—a conjunction which has a very imposing effect; Mr M’Neill, our old friend with whom we voyaged on the Tigris, a gentleman of much oriental and occidental knowledge, and who has supplied me with a good deal of information on points of which I desired to be informed. *He*, I suspect, is the spirit of the Mission, though not, nominally, its head. Then there is Captain M’Donald, the nephew of the late Sir John M’Donald, and whose kindness and attention to us during our illness, I have already had occasion to mention. All these are remarkably fine men, and, perhaps, if such were an object, few could be selected calculated to give a people who judge so much by externals as the Persians, a better impression of our countrymen. There are also the ladies of the Elchee and Mr M’Neill, both fine women, and after so long an exclusion from the society of Englishwomen, it was very pleasant to look upon their faces. Mrs M.N. is the sister of Professor Wilson, otherwise Christopher North, the Editor of Blackwood’s Magazine. With this lady I have enjoyed more conversation, on the whole, than with any other member of the party, having known her before on the Tigris. She contemplates that I may turn my travels to account in the end. This I do not at present know, nor to what account I could turn them. I regret more and more every day that we came at this season of the year. I hate winter altogether, and I hate travelling in winter more than I hate winter itself. All that I may see between I would gladly forego, to be set down quietly in England at once. My desire to be there becomes hourly more intense; and whilst I am not blind to the difficulties I may meet with, and entertain no vast expectations, the

spirit with which I do anticipate obtaining, in some way or other, a decent subsistence and a settled home, has not yet failed me, and I trust will not while I need its support. It is wonderful to me what a staid and sober old fellow I find myself becoming, and I am sure you would wonder too, if you could see my little plans of *life* (not *literature*) as they are chalked out in my mind.’

Of Mrs, now Lady M’Neill, Kitto formed a very high and just estimate:—

‘On Friday I went to their house, and looked at her books. On showing me “Adam Blair,” she mentioned its being written by Mr Lockhart. I remarked, it seemed of the same class with the “Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life;” to which she assented, and added, that the latter work was written by her brother. I then had an opportunity of stating that it was not till the preceding day I knew her relationship to Professor Wilson, at which she seemed surprised. She showed me her brother’s poems; and I regretted I had not time to read more than a few passages of “The City of the Plague,” a subject on which I feel interested, from having been in the midst of the city of a plague more horrible than that of London. I was pleased to obtain “Adam Blair” and a volume of Blackwood to amuse my frequent comparative idleness.’

His mind, recovering from the lassitude of an exhausting sickness, was in doubt, as it often was, as to the future and its results.

November 1.—Where shall we go now? I do not know. Travelling, wearisome and irksome though it be, seems paradise when compared with the miseries of a sick-bed. O England, pray God I may soon be set down in thee; and walk in thee again! Oh! oh! I wish with all my heart I could plump into London at once!’

On Monday, the 4th November, the travellers left Tehran for Tabreez. The route had all the novelties and all the usual discomforts. Kitto’s busy pen narrates somewhat jocosely:—

‘N. tells me that, from the habit of talking to me spelling each word on his fingers, he finds himself spelling the words in which he thinks; and when he repeats to himself a passage of Scripture, he generally spells it through. I expressed a hope that he would not spell audibly in company in England. . . I am fully persuaded that N. thinks his talk on his fingers audible to me; he often talks to me when my back is towards him, and admits he has often been discouraged, after having been telling me some long story, to find that I have not been observing him.’ Yet Kitto hints that his companion sometimes complained of the fatigue and irksomeness of talking so much and so often to him on the fingers. It must, indeed, have been no easy task to be speaking in this form every minute to me so curious to know all that was passing, and so prone to put crowds of questions about anything or everything that either came into his head,

or happened to arrest his attention.

Tabreez was reached on the 23d of November. Mr Nisbet, who, as narrated on a previous page, had married Miss Taylor, received the travellers with abundant hospitality, and his lady and he had, with praiseworthy consideration, fitted up a room in their house called the 'Missionaries' Room,' perhaps in imitation of the prophet's chamber in the dwelling of the Shunammite. Mr Newman here left Kitto, and proceeded overland to Constantinople. Kitto, however, consoled himself for his friend's departure as any one that knew him would have anticipated:—'Doubtless, I shall be more *independent* without him; notwithstanding his peculiarities, I love him, and find the prospect of going without him more painful than I would have thought.' But at this place he unexpectedly got a new companion, with whom his own subsequent history was strangely bound up, and about whom his first notice is:—

'Mr Shepherd I have just seen, and, to my surprise, find him an Indo-Briton—nothing the worse for that, however. I am led to expect that we have no principle in common, but that his obliging disposition will prevent our coming into collision on any point.'

It may be added, that Mr Shepherd had been attached to the Persian Political Mission, and was now returning to England to enter into business, and with the prospect of marrying a lady in London, to whom he had been for a considerable period engaged.

On the first of December the new associates left Tabreez. The weather, being exceedingly cold and frosty, caused them no small discomfort, but Kitto several times eulogises Mr Shepherd as a travelling companion.

His own birthday came round, and he moralised:—

'*Wednesday, Dec. 4.*—My birthday! Are there any who remember today that it is my birthday? I know not, but hardly think so. Before my next I must be something that now I am not; but what, time must disclose. I know not by what it has been distinguished more than my feeling, for the first time, seriously about my cough. It is now nearly three weeks since I took the cold that brought it on, and, according to the usual process of my colds, it ought to have gone long since. I apprehend its ending in consumption; and what that ends in every one knows. I was a fool to slight it so far as not to apply to Dr Cormick about it. If it lasts to Stamboul, I hope the physician of the Embassy will do something for me. On the whole, I have felt this a very uncomfortable day, both as to health and travel.'

On the sixth of the month, Kitto obtained the first view of Ararat, and revelled in the spectacle. 'Its grandeur surpasses all description. I made my neck ache in turning my head to look at it, till I felt it was firmly fixed in my mind's

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eye. . . Great Ararat is of irregular shape, and its top has not that appearance of unsullied white which I have seen in points of inferior elevation. It has a black and white appearance, the hollows being full of snow, whilst the more prominent parts appear in dark contrast. Its blunt and irregular appearance is strikingly different from the regular and pointed cone of Demavend. My feelings, as I rode beside these solitary mountains, were more excited, or rather impressed, than I have at any former time during this journey experienced.

‘..... Close by Diadin flows a small stream of beautiful clear water, shallow and easily stepped over. This is the *Euphrates*. I stood astride it a moment, and then passed over. I was never before so near the source of a mighty and famous river; and my thoughts were many, and to me interesting, though, perhaps, to others they would seem commonplace enough. The water seems to me more pleasant than any I have ever tasted, and I have drunk a great deal of it. It is something to have seen Ararat and the Euphrates in one day! At the fountain there were the maidens of the village drawing water in vessels of truly classical form.’

What a glorious eyeful for one day—the Euphrates and Ararat!

At the monastery of Utch Kilissa, Kitto’s spirit was stirred within him at the gross superstitions which met his view.

‘I have said the body of the church is a cross, with two side aisles, or which may be considered as divided into three compartments in breadth, by the square pillars, or rather congeries of pillars, which support the arches. Of these three, the eastern, of course, includes the altar. It is laid with carpets, and hung with pictures; while the altar itself, in a recess, with a curtain before it, which was withdrawn for us, is adorned with a small picture of the Virgin and Child. I felt disgusted with this tawdry, childish array, the more so, as contrasted with the simplicity of the naked walls of the church itself. We were permitted to enter this most holy precinct, and I felt some interest in examining the pictures, most miserable daubs, the execution of which would disgrace a country sign in England. Of Scripture subjects, I recognised but two, the Crucifixion and the Ascension; the rest were portraits of saints, monks, and bishops, with historical and legendary subjects. Of the legends, I recognised George and the Dragon, and that of the miraculous picture of the hand-kerchief with which Christ wiped His face, and which a king holds in his hands. One of the principal pictures represents Gregory baptizing: the converts kneel in grand procession; a king foremost, with his crown at the saint’s feet, behind whom are men, bearded black and brown, and women, among whom is a queen. Above, on a cloud supported by little cherubs, sit the Father and the Son, the last with a circular, and the first with a triangular glory, which is black or brown. The Holy Ghost, in the form

of a dove, also with a transparent glory, is between them, and held as it were by both, which describes, I suppose, their belief in the equal procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son. Another represents a jolly-looking angel standing on a dead body, apparently of a king, and holding a little child, or, to speak from the picture, a fairy, in his left hand, whilst his right holds a drawn sword, which appears to have done fearful execution. In the upper corner stands the Devil, with his European tail and horns, and black complexion, and goatish extremities. He appears in the act of tearing some papers, which angels are snatching from him. One is in the act of doing this, while another is flying away with the paper preserved. What this means, I know not.'

On the 18th of December Kitto arrived at Erzeromn, the chief town of Armenia, where he was kindly received by M. Zohrab, the vice-consul, who had been educated in England.

'*December 21.*—M. Zohrab was one morning asking me about the Breakwater,⁶⁹ understanding I was a native of Plymouth. I could tell him some things, but not about measures of length, depth, breadth, etc. He inquired, good-humouredly, how it was that I was so imperfectly acquainted with so noble an undertaking at my native place, and was yet so anxious to collect information everywhere abroad; "but so," said he, "it always is." I replied that, while residing at Plymouth, I was a boy; and unless for a short visit or two, I had not been there for ten years. "A difficult question very well retorted," he replied, and then related the following anecdote:—As a Turk was quietly smoking his pipe in the presence of an Englishman, he asked how many times he might fill his pipe from an *oke* of tobacco; the Briton, after some consideration, said, "four hundred." Soon after the Turk saw the Englishman writing very quickly, and said, "Since you could answer the question that had no connection with your own habits, you will doubtless find it easier to answer another that has. How many sheets of paper will you fill with an oke of ink?" "Really," said the Englishman, "I cannot tell; you ask a puzzling question."

'*Dec. 21, Saturday.*—We ate, at dinner yesterday, a fish from the Euphrates, near Erzeroum, not unlike a herring in size and taste. Fish is somewhat of a rarity to me since I left England, except at Astrachan, where I ate plenty of sturgeon, which, I think, among the best fish I ever tasted. Since leaving Baghdad, I only got fish at the Elchee's table. Somewhat of a grievance this to a decided *Ichthyophagist*.

'It is agreed, in consideration of Mr Shepherd's state, helpless from rheumatic pains, that we will go in the kind of litter called cavajas, which hang, like panniers, on the mule's back, but are high and arched, and covered with felt. The prospect of such a comfortable mode of journeying makes me more willing

to set out. They are short, so that one cannot lie down, but may recline or sit upright, and sleep or perhaps read; this is the way in which women and invalids commonly travel.

Dec. 27.—Still at Erzeroum. We were to have gone today, but it was found that the litters wanted some improvement, and the carpenter was sick, and another, who promised to come in the evening, did not. Now, however, they are at it; yet, tomorrow being Friday, we shall not be able to go, as the Moslems do not begin a journey on that day. . . I feel more and more every day that it will never do for me to mix in company. At the best, a deaf man must always cut an awkward figure in it; and, from the peculiarity of his situation, he will find it difficult to preserve to himself that consideration to which he thinks himself entitled. It is manifest to me that I can only comfortably mingle in society when I have a right to make myself a place in gentlemanly society; in all other a deaf man must suffer much. May I be enabled to establish my claim to such a place. My stay here has been for the benefit of my correspondents. The want of books, and anything to do, has driven me to write to them largely; and now that I have written all my writing, read all my reading, mended all my mending, and bought all my buyings, it is high time for us to go. I shall be glad enough altogether when we get off, as I am equally weary of vulgarity on the one hand, and of the consequential condescensions of patronage on the other. I am tired to death of everything now, myself included. . .

Dec. 30, Sunday.—The muleteer, with whom we have stood some days engaged, refuses to go, on the ground that he cannot get lading for all his horses. However, another set of less respectable looking men came with him, with whom we have engaged, and we are still, it seems, to go tomorrow. Our litters look very comfortable, being lined with thick felt within, and covered with it without. Only they look too *high*, not less than four and a half feet, I think, and I am in fear of their capsizing, which would be a fearful job in any of the terrible mountain passes of which Mr S. speaks. . . I am also afraid I shall see little during this journey, thus shut up; but, in fact, what did I see but snow during the last part of our pilgrimage. However, I shall endeavour to see all that is to be seen, which is not much, unless some fine scenery, which the snow will, at this season of the year, have much marred.

Dec. 31, Monday.—Rose in high spirits for the journey. We were somewhat startled this morning to receive a bill of fifteen ducats, for necessaries during our stay, and in preparation for the journey, and more so to find, among the items, a charge of more than £1 for firing, and another charge for porter *drunk at the table of our host*. The men were a long time getting our things ready for departure, and, at one time, they came to declare the impossibility of the horse

carrying the cages. This arose, however, from their inexpertness in adapting the vehicle to the back of the horse, and, it seems, their ignorance of it altogether; for, from the crowd assembled in the street to look at them, and partly perhaps at us, I inferred this mode of conveyance not to be common in these parts. Indeed, except at Teflis, I do not recollect such another exhibition of curiosity as was manifested on this occasion. At last, about one o'clock, we got fairly into these machines. It was then found, as I suspected, that Mr S., though himself a light man, far outweighed me, and that it was necessary to adjust the balance. This was done by the men tying their horse-bags, etc., to my side of the litter. I had myself with me, in the litter, a pair of little saddle-bags containing books, etc. At last this was adjusted too, and on we went. I found the cage much smaller than I expected; within, about four feet high, three and a half feet long, and two wide. Its narrowness prevented me from sitting in the most convenient posture, cross-legged—most convenient, not only from its occupying the smallest space of any posture, but also from keeping the feet warm, which I found no easy matter as it was. However, I wore boots, which, even under other circumstances, would have prevented my sitting cross-legged. Another inconvenience is, that we ride backward, and the door being before us (open if you please), you have no view of what is ahead of you, and you come upon everything, and everything comes upon you, unexpectedly. The convenience, however, is very great. First, being lined with thick felt within and without, it is warm comparatively, and I felt the convenience very sensibly, when contrasted with the frozen beards and mustachios of those without, who were also exposed to the snow and sleet which fell about through the ride. And though the motion, under certain paces of the horse, was inconvenient, lumping one's head about, yet, on the whole, it was not worse than that of a coach on an English road; indeed, shutting the eyes, one might almost fancy oneself in a coach. Lastly, the comparative *repose* of such a mode of riding is a very important circumstance, reclining or sitting being assuredly a more convenient posture than sitting astride. If one be dozing, also, he may indulge the propensity if he can, without the fear of a fall. . . With the power of seeing fully behind, and through a hole on one side, I do not expect to lose much as to seeing. In consequence of this riding with the face to the tail of the horse, seeing nothing but the caravan, the servant who rode behind us, and the tail of our own horse, when he frisked it about, Erzeroum was fully in sight till the usual evening mist arose, and first obscured and then concealed the view. . . In the *muhaffy* I was soon settled so cosily and snugly, that it was some time before I could make up my mind to exert myself so far as to take a pinch of snuff; and when I had made up my mind, I found myself so confined, that it was with much trouble I got at the snuff-box, and

then, from the motion of the cage, it was no easy matter to take one pinch without spilling half-a-dozen; hence I was obliged to wait my opportunity of momentary pauses, and actually succeeded in taking no less than three pinches. I had also purposed to amuse myself by reading, but for this, also, it was a good while before I got heart, and then I found it from the same cause impossible to read. This I had anticipated, and, therefore, looking out those passages in Spenser which I had marked as memorable, I proceeded to decipher a line now and then, and learn it by heart. At this rate I hope to have stored my mind with some pleasing, beautiful, and striking images, by the time we reach Trebizond. This, with my snuff-box, and compass to mark the direction of the road, will amuse the time well enough. Today, the road W.N.W., sometimes due W. . . How full Spenser is of beautiful images, fine sentiments, and striking passages! It is a pity he is so little known but by name. I shall not think my time unemployed in endeavouring to know him intimately. This few do, because to do so is a work of labour; yet there is enough of the beautiful and pleasing even on his surface, richly to reward those who will not think it worth their trouble to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with him. Where, in all poetry, is anything more lovely than the lay which someone chanted in the Bower of Bliss—evil as its object was? I am anxious to see what Todd⁷⁰ has done with him. It is one of the first books which I shall inquire after. If I am not satisfied, I may possibly, though most unequal, attempt something myself, less elaborate, but more illustrative, than I expect to find in that commentator. If Shakespeare has found work for a thousand and one commentators, surely there is enough in Spenser for two. Spenser is the only poet I have a wish to deal with in a literary way. A slighting word of Spenser and his Faery Queen goes to my heart.’

In January 1833, Kitto passed the village of Gunnish-Khora, and, from the nature of the road, was obliged to pursue his journey on horseback, entering Trebizond on the 11th of the same month. And he thus describes the prospect:—

‘On ascending the difficult mountain behind Trebizond, we had a full view of the Black Sea, extending boundlessly in front, but rather bounded by Cape Vona on the left, and Cape Kereli on the right. Being accustomed to look upon the sea with delight from a child, and viewing it now as the termination of the more arduous part of our journey, I can hardly describe the emotion with which I gazed on the great blue expanse before me.’

He made his usual visit to all the public places, enjoying the company of the consul and his partner, and lamenting, however, this drawback, that ‘there were no ladies.’ He witnessed the absurd ceremony of ‘blessing the water,’ the archbishop who performed it having been ‘a woman’s tailor formerly;’ ‘hypocrisy

and roguery' being, in one of his friends' estimation, 'the only talents necessary to an archbishop more than a tailor.'

'We, however, saw the archbishop stand forth, and lifting up his hands, throw a cross, as far as he could, into the water, and, after a short interval, another. There were two men swimming about in the water with their drawers on, this very cold morning, and when the cross was thrown, there was a competition between them who should get it; he who got it threw it farther into the sea than the bishop had been able. Then the procession left the rock and proceeded to the church, to which we did not follow them. I am not aware that any particular blessing is expected to come to the waters from this ceremony. The Black Sea looked neither the blacker nor whiter for it; nor, in the expectation of less rough seas after the ceremony, do we felicitate ourselves that our voyage has not taken place before it. To use an expression of the consul, nothing but drunkenness comes of it.'

Kitto did not sail from Trebizond till the first of March, and before they left it he had prepared himself for enjoying the voyage to Stamboul, by reading the *Argonautics* of Apollonius Rhodius, in Fawkes' translation.⁷¹ The assistance got from reading such a version of such an original, must have been of very little service, for the poem is noted for its mere mediocrity,⁷² and is full to excess of mythological episodes, and very sparing and indistinct in its topical allusions. The fabulous voyage of the Argonauts to possess themselves of the 'golden fleece,' presents no lists of places like a descriptive chart, save in a very few instances, and can by no means give such aid and interest to the traveller as the 'Lord of the Isles' does to any one sailing up the Sound of Mull. The poem is in imitation of the Homeric verse, but at an immeasurable distance, though a few lines here and there have some fire and power. On board Kitto amused himself in studying the character of the motley group of his fellow-passengers, in reading Spenser, and in identifying scenes of actual or legendary interest on the shore. After a brief voyage, the ship entered the Bosphorus on the evening of the 7th. When Kitto got up next morning, the scene entranced him.

When I first came on deck in the morning, a scene was presented which I had often heard described, but of which description had conveyed to me no adequate idea. It seemed as if Europe, at the point where Asia looks upon her, had put on all her garments of beauty, and Asia had made herself pleasant to her eyes in return. He who has not seen Stamboul may be said to want a sense—a feeling of the beautiful, which no other object can convey. . . The shipping in the harbour are much more numerous than I had been led to expect; I suppose not less than a hundred merchant vessels. In this enumeration of the objects presented to view, I must not omit the numerous canoe-shaped boats, having low

beaks, scudding about on the water. They are very neat, ornamented with much carving, and without any water in the bottom, as is common in English boats; they are admirably adapted to easy and rapid progress, but easily overset, being very narrow, and having little depth in the water. The house of Leander is no very classical object, notwithstanding its name. It stands on a low rock between Constantinople and Scutari, but nearest the latter, and looks like a mosque or chapel, gaily painted and enclosed by a low battlemented wall. Such were some of the objects which drew my attention; but a panoramic exhibition only could convey a clear notion of the glorious and beautiful whole. It was not simply the object, as it lay before me, which interested, but the geographical, the political, the historical interest connected with it, and which the more interested me, from my previously studying in Gibbon the account of the last days of the Greek empire, which enabled me to trace out the scenes of that most interesting contest, though I suppose the city presents a very different aspect now from what it did in the time of the Eastern empire.’

The American missionaries, Dwight and Goodell,⁷³ received him very kindly. With Mr Goodell he had been acquainted in Malta, and here, too, he met Mr Schaffier and his old friend Mr Hullock. His journal is full of remarks suggested by the kindness of the missionary family. But his fellow-traveller, Mr Shepherd, was confined by sickness at Pera. During Kitto’s stay in Constantinople, as he rambled about the city and suburbs, two rather amusing incidents befell him, in consequence of his want of hearing. First his umbrella got him into danger:—

‘Arriving at Constantinople, from countries farther to the East, and having learnt to regard the umbrella as a mark of high distinction, I was much astonished to find it in very common use there in rainy weather. I should imagine that the example of the Europeans, established in the suburb of Pera, brought it into use, and much opposition to the innovation was not to be expected from the present reforming Sultan. However, I had soon occasion to learn that traces still remained of the distinction, so usually throughout the East associated with that article. I resided principally at Orta Khoi, a village on the Bosphorus, about three miles above Constantinople; and having urgent occasion, one wet day, to go down to Pera, I set out, umbrella in hand. On arriving at the waterside, none of the boats that usually ply between the village and the Golden Horn remained, and I was therefore under the necessity of walking all the way along the road, behind the row of buildings that face the Bosphorus. One of these buildings is a favourite palace of the Sultan, in which he was then residing. As I approached the gate of this mansion, with my umbrella over my head, I observed that one of the sentinels stationed there accosted me in a commanding manner; but not

comprehending what he said, I went on. Upon which the soldier ran towards me with his fixed bayonet levelled, and without any indication of a friendly intention towards my person. That I took it safely that day to the great city, was probably owing to the good nature of a Turk, who was walking close behind me at the moment, and who, on observing the advance of the soldier upon me, snatched my umbrella with violence from my hand, and thrust me forward, partially interposing himself between me and the assailant, who then returned to his station, and allowed me to proceed in peace. The friendly Turk, in returning my umbrella, endeavoured to explain a fact which, I afterwards ascertained more distinctly, that it was incumbent on every one to take down his umbrella in passing the actual residence of the Sultan. I had, indeed, observed, with some surprise, that persons walking before me had lowered their umbrellas as they approached the palace, and again elevated them when they had passed, notwithstanding the heavy rain; but without imagining that this was a matter of obligation. Now that my attention was directed to the circumstance, I failed not to observe, on subsequent occasions, that persons passing on the Bosphorus in boats never omitted to take down their umbrellas as they approached in front of the mansion, which “the brother of the sun and moon” honoured with his presence.’⁷⁴ The other jeopardy was more formidable:—

‘I was detained in Pera longer than I expected; and darkness had set in by the time the wherry in which I returned reached Orta Khoi. After I had paid the fare, and was walking up the beach, the boatmen followed, and endeavoured to impress something upon me, with much emphasis of manner, but without disrespect. My impression was, that they wanted to exact more than their fare; and as I knew that I had given the right sum, I, with John Bullish hatred at imposition, buckled up my mind against giving one para more. Presently the contest between us brought over some Nizam soldiers from the guard-house, who took the same side with the boatmen; for, when I attempted to make my way on, they refused to allow me to proceed. Here I was in a regular dilemma, and was beginning to suspect that there was something more than the fare in question; when a Turk, of apparently high authority, came up, and, after a few words had been exchanged between him and the soldier, I was suffered to proceed. As I went on, up the principal street of the village, I was greatly startled to perceive a heavy earthen vessel, which had fallen with great force from above, dashed in pieces on the pavement at my feet. Presently such vessels descended, thick as hail, as I passed along, and were broken to shreds on every side of me. It is a marvel how I escaped having my brains dashed out; but I got off with only a smart blow between the shoulders. A rain of cats and dogs is a thing of which we have some knowledge; but a rain of potter’s vessels was very much beyond

the limits of European experience. On reaching the hospitable roof which was then my shelter, I learned that this was the night which the Armenians, by whom the place was chiefly inhabited, devoted to the expurgation of their houses from evil spirits, which act they accompanied or testified by throwing earthen vessels out of their windows, with certain cries, which served as warnings to the passengers: but that the streets were, notwithstanding, still so dangerous, that scarcely any one ventured out while the operation was in progress. From not hearing these cries, my danger was of course twofold, and my escape seemed something more than remarkable: and I must confess, that I was of the same opinion, when the next morning disclosed the vast quantities of broken pottery with which the streets were strewed. It seems probable that the adventure on the beach had originated in the kind wish of the boatmen and soldiers to prevent me from exposing myself to this danger. But there was also a regulation preventing any one from being on the streets at night without a lantern; and the intention may possibly have been to enforce this observance, especially as a lantern would this night have been a safeguard to me, by apprising the pot-breakers of my presence in the street.⁷⁵

On the 14th of April Kitto set sail for England, having parted from his missionary friends at Orta Khoi, with regret; feeling, as he confesses, ‘miserable and irritable, and with few prospects of happiness before him.’ So sunken was he in heart, that, unlike himself, he was disposed to repress the caresses of a little dog that fawned upon him. But his kinder nature triumphed.

‘I thought better, and caressed him, poor fellow! I wished myself in his place; bowed down by a load of cares, as I felt, and felt how gladly I would have changed mine for any animate or inanimate condition—a tree, to grow in the blest sunshine, and bear my fruit; a dog, to frisk about, and know no care; anything but what I was. But there was no condition I so much envied as that of the missionaries, particularly Dwight, married, having children—his blest Madonna-like wife—his useful, respectable, quiet, and happy life, and his happier feelings, with heaven here and heaven hereafter. . . . Kind people! God bless them abundantly, for all their kindness to one ready to perish. It tore my heart to part with them, more than the hearts of others were torn, though I saw they were affected, and tears were in the eyes of some; mine flowed. Dwight vexed me by saying his little boy would not be able to hold me long in remembrance. I would not that anything I love should forget me. They kindly gave me memorials of their regard, which I hold above all price.’

Ere he left he kissed the little ones all round; and Messrs Goodell, Dwight, and Hullock, accompanied Newman and Kitto to the beach; the first-named gentleman going on board and dining with them. Mr Shepherd, whose strength

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had been exhausted by the long journey, and by severe and protracted rheumatism, was carried to the vessel 'on a kind of wheelbarrow.' When the captain joined them, he saluted Kitto with nautical freedom, told him 'how highly he regarded him, and that he looked quite a different person in his European dress.' 'I replied,' says Kitto, 'that I believed I was much the same for all that. He said he believed so too. As he thought well of me before, doubtless this was intended for a compliment. I confess I did not feel it as such. He also told Mr Shepherd, that if he did not get better I should take his sweetheart. I told him that my heart was too sour to be sweetened even by a sweetheart, and that, at all events, the lady would prefer Shepherd sick to Kitto well.' The captain's blunt humour was ominous, though no one at the time gave any thought to his prediction. Certainly not Kitto, for he heaves a sigh and adds, 'Now then, "once more upon the waters," God speed us! I confess that I have a fancy running about in my head for several days, that I shall never land in England.' The captain told his passengers some exaggerated stories about pirates, which so greatly frightened the harmless Kitto, that he jots down in his journal, 'If a skirmish arises and any one is killed, I think it will be myself, and I never cared less about such a result.' The dark sensations of an earlier period were returning, for he was coming home without any cheering anticipations of literary employment and reward. But reading and conversation with Mr Newman beguiled the weary hours on the billow. 'I am,' he records, 'annoyed by the short tacks in traversing the Hellespont. Soon after I fix myself in the sun, the new tack puts me under the shadow of the sails, and obliges me to shift my position. I love the sunshine, and whatever man may deny of the world's sunshine, of God's man cannot deprive the poorest and the humblest.'

The journal of the voyage to London is filled with reports of Mr Newman's sayings and criticisms, not forgetting the ordinary incidents of weather and sailing, and the capture on one occasion of three turtles,—'a glorious day's sport.' The vessel passed near to Malta, the scene of his former painful residence; yet he says, 'I should feel less pleasure in reaching London than in touching at Valletta. In the last place I have many friends; in the former few indeed, if any. God bless them for all their kindness to me while I remained among them.' 'A beautiful sunshiny day, notwithstanding the high wind. I wonder how it is that Sunday is generally the sunniest day in the week, in every country I have been in, and every sea I have been on.'

The vessel skirted the Spanish shore, and by the middle of May the snowy mountains of Granada appeared in sight. But the spectacle, like everything else at this period, only tended to depress him, by recalling previous emotions, and he writes as if in bitterness:—

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‘They are the same as when I first saw them; but oh how changed am I, and all things in my retrospections of the past, and my hopes of the future. When I first beheld them, they were the first high, the first snowy mountains I had seen, and my heart was open entirely to their beauty. I have seen others since, more high, more beautiful, more grand; and they now interest more, from the recollection of what I formerly felt than what I feel now. When I saw them first, I thought, too, that other eyes than mine would soon look upon them and admire, but those eyes never saw them, and are now shut up in the darkness of the grave, and left my own only open to see the desolation of all my hopes and blessings.’

The captain, mate, and some of the crew, pleased Kitto immensely by their literary taste—their anxious perusal of Shakespeare and particularly of Spenser.

‘*May 28.*—I was interested yesterday, and on former occasions, to see one of the sailors engaged in reading one of the cheap editions of Shakespeare, which belongs to himself. I perceived that the last time he was reading *All’s Well that Ends Well*. Verily, it is something to talk of, when our common mariners find pleasure in such books as Shakespeare and the Faery Queen. My edition of the latter is in two volumes, and I can hardly keep one for my own use, so anxious is every one to read in it. The mate has read both volumes once through, and yet snatches up a volume whenever I lay it down on deck. The captain has got through the first, and now begins the second. The same man who reads Shakespeare borrowed the second volume of me, which, when he had done, I lent him the first; but the captain, who wished to read it, made him give it back again. I am really afraid, in dispensing the loan of my Spenser, of giving offence, by my partiality. Now the first volume is vacant, the captain having done with it, yet I am rather afraid of giving it back to the man from whom it was taken, lest I should offend the mate. I trust my Spenser will not generate a mutiny.’

On June 2, the cliffs of England were hailed, but only *pro forma* by Kitto, and ‘with no very impetuous emotions:’

‘*June 4.*—Close by land; two miles perhaps. We saw a white cliff, which, said the mate, was Beachy Head, with Hastings beyond; but which turned out to be the Culver Cliff of the Isle of Wight, so that we are actually gone a good way back with the current since I went to bed. Lovely England! who can view thy beautiful shores, and think of what they enclose, and what thou art, and what thou mightest be, without being proud that he is an Englishman? I cannot, and would not. And, albeit my heart has gathered sterner stuff around it than it once had, it cannot but feel deeply and strongly in looking on these shores once more, that I had not hoped to see so soon.’

Still later, and when the shores of England were smiling before him, he in-

serts in his journal:—‘how happy should I be now, were it not for the uncertainty that hangs over my future prospects.’ Then nerving himself, he subjoins, in pithy terms:—‘God help me: the struggle—a death struggle—comes.’

The coasts of Sussex and Kent interested him:—

‘Oh, when I look thus intently on the verdant fields, velvet greens, fine trees, and pleasant villages of my own land, the beauties and excellencies of all others fade before me, and I say to myself, what I have often said, “Who that can live in England, would live *out* of it?” I return to the land I have loved, and I see few possible inducements before me to make me leave it again. I have already wandered more than nine hundred and ninety men in a thousand, and am content to think I have wandered enough; but if it be not so, let me for the future wander from one of her own pleasant scenes to another, and from one of her bright cities to another.

‘Passing Dungeness, with its conspicuous high red light-house, and a place which does not seem more than a village to a spectator from the sea, and Hythe and Folkestone, we came to *Shakespeare’s Cliff*, below the town of Dover. It is probably a unique circumstance that a place should be called after the name of a poet who had described it. Dover Castle is a very fine object; as fine as any of the Turkish castles on the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, and finer.’

The ship, being laden with silk, was obliged to lie under the law of quarantine in Stangate Creek. Mr Shepherd had gradually sunk during the voyage; and though he was immediately and kindly taken into the physician’s own vessel for better treatment, he died on the evening after his removal. Kitto had been charged by him, in the prospect of his death, with some tender messages, tokens, and farewells to the lady to whom he had been engaged, and whom he was coming home to wed. He sets down in his minute record, that there came to the doctor’s ship, at Mr Shepherd’s decease, the father and brother of Miss F., his intended bride. The elder of the two was a ‘venerable gentleman;’ and the latter he thus sketches:—‘I recognised the younger as the brother of poor Shepherd’s betrothed from his resemblance to the portrait which S. had of the lady. I did not,’ he quietly concludes, ‘introduce myself to them, but when relieved from quarantine shall do so, in compliance with the wishes to that effect expressed by poor S.’ How he discharged this melancholy task, and with what romantic result, will be seen in the sequel.

It was on Friday, June 12, 1829, that Kitto left Gravesend for the East, and four years all but a day after—that is, on June 11, 1833—Mr Shepherd’s funeral took place. The body, enclosed in ‘a coffin without a plate, and with pieces of rope for handles,’ was taken on shore by the sailors, and buried close to the water’s edge, the other two vessels in quarantine, the *Nymph* and the *Leander*,

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wearing their colours half-mast high, while the doctor's servant read a portion of the burial service. The piece of ground selected for interment had its *uses* indicated by what the captain called '*wooden tombstones*,' there being only two of them, and both dated 1832. One is tempted to ask if the captain now remembered his prediction, made when his ship was weighing anchor at Constantinople? The outburst of his hilarity may have been forgotten by himself, but as it rose to the memory of John Kitto, he imagined and pondered.

By the end of June the vessel was dismissed from quarantine, and Kitto once more rejoiced in being at home in England. His sensations at this period were afterwards touchingly portrayed by himself:—

'Only those who have spent years in distant lands can tell the yearning of the heart for one's native country—the craving, increasing in intensity as time passes, to return to its loved shores—to live there a few more years before life closes, and at last to die in our own nest.

“'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.”

Distance of either place or time lends this enchantment to the view which the mind takes of the far-off or long-forsaken home; and not less to the returned exile than to the man long sick, when he “breathes and walks again”

“The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.”

But the feeling is more enduring; for if one is at length privileged to return to his own land, he finds that land has acquired an interest in his eyes which age cannot wither nor use exhaust. This is not speculation, but experience; for the writer can declare that, after some years of absence in the far-off lands of the morning, with little thought or intention of ever returning, and after the first agonizing rapture of greeting once more his natal soil had subsided, he has not ceased, during nineteen years, to feel it as a joy and a privilege, which has in its measure been a balm to many sorrows, to dwell in this land; and he has experienced a constant intensity of enjoyment in the mere fact of existence in it, which had not formerly been imagined, and which only the facts of privation and comparison can enable one thoroughly to realize.⁷⁶

He narrates to Mr Woollcombe⁷⁷ his first experiences on returning:—

'My poor mother will have it to be a miracle that I have at last returned in safety. I would not say so; but, believing in a special Providence, as I think you do, I do feel that I owe my life to its protection under all the varieties of danger

to which I have been exposed since I left my native land. I desire to be enabled, by my future life, to express the thankfulness I ought to feel for the most undeserved mercies which I have received. I will only just mention, that the first event which happened within a quarter of an hour after my landing, was to have my pocket picked of a silk pocket-handkerchief.’

He also tells this correspondent how, as the result of his eastern life, he felt amazed at first on seeing women walking unveiled, and averted his eyes when a lady passed; but archly adds, ‘this is nearly off already, and I run into the other extreme, of looking at every one that passes; and, verily, in walking from Barnsbury Park to the turnpike gate, I see more lovely countenances than in all the four years of my second absence, and in all my wanderings from Dan to Beersheba.’

His residence in an eastern climate had somewhat darkened his face:—

‘Those who do not know me often take me for a foreigner, and to this mistake, perhaps, my complexion, browned by the various suns of the East, not a little conduces.’⁷⁸

Somewhat later he writes to Lady M’Neill at Tehran:—

‘I had understood that the world had been turned upside down while I had been out of it in the East; but when I came back, no other tokens of change were at once visible to the naked eye, than new churches, bridges, and streets; and of the Reform Bill itself, no other indication was immediately apparent besides “*Reform*” inns, coffee-houses, coaches, and shaving-shops. In whatever else the people of all classes differ, in one thing they all agree, that *the times are bad*. I am sure I believe so; for ever since I can remember, I never heard any one say that they were good; and I question if the Wandering Jew himself, in all the ages he has lived, and all the countries he has travelled, ever once heard that they were. Maybe some simple lads and lasses, during some hours of their wedding-day, may have thought so; but even they soon found out that the times were bad—as bad as they could be, and worse than they ever were.’

Toward the beginning of July, as if by a fascination which he could not resist, he had established himself in lodgings at Islington. The era of preparation was over, and that of active labour was about to commence. He had little doubt of being able to secure a maintenance if any engagement should be opened to him. It mattered not to him what toil it should cost, for he had braced himself

‘To scorn delights and live laborious days.’

He had already advised his friends in Plymouth of his return, asking their assistance in securing for him some remunerative employment, and Mr Lampen and

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Mr Woollcombe at once responded to the earnest appeal of the returned wanderer.

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FOOTNOTES

68 The following is Sir John M'Neill's description of his voice: 'It is pitched in a far deeper bass tone than is natural to men who have their hearing. There is in it a certain contraction of the throat, analogous to wheezing; and, altogether, it is eminently *guttural*. It may be suspected that this is attributable to the fact, that his deafness came on in boyhood, before the voice had assumed its masculine depth. The transition having taken place without the guidance of the ear, was made at random, and without any pains bestowed upon it by those who could hear and correct it. His pronunciation is generally accurate enough as regards all such words as young boys are likely to be familiar with, and as to others which closely follow their analogy, but is naturally defective in respect to words, of later acquirement. In spite of the too great guttural action, his articulation of every English consonant and vowel, considered in isolation, is perfect:—*Lost Senses, Deafness*, p. 22.

69 The Breakwater at Plymouth, about which the vice-consul inquired at Kitto, is at low water a mile long. It is forty-five feet broad at the top, and two feet, in some places three feet, above the high water of spring-tides. 3,500,000 tons of stones have been employed in its formation; many of those in the original mass, flung into the sea, being from a ton to ten tons in weight. The expense to the present time has been about a million and a half sterling.

70 The allusion seems to be to Archdeacon Todd's edition of Spenser, eight volumes 8vo. 1805.

71 London: J. Dodsley in Pall Mall. 1780.

72 *AEquali quodum mediocritate*. Quintilian, *Institutio Oratorum*, Lib. x. 1. One of the most spirited portions of the poem is the description of Prometheus chained to the rocks of the Caucasus, the eagle that preyed upon his vitals first wheeling, with heavy oar-like pinions, round the ship, then rushing up to his prey, and again, when gorged, sailing slowly down the side of the mountain.

73 Dr Goodell is known by his version of the Armeno-Turkish Scriptures: Mr Schaeffer by his Spanish Hebrew Bible: Mr Dwight, by 'Researches in Armenia' 1843. Kitto was also acquainted with Dr Eli Smith, who was subsequently the companion and philological coadjutor of Dr Robinson in his travels and recently died, while engaged in a most admirable Arabic translation of the Old Testament.

74 Penny Magazine, vol. iv., p. 480.

75 *Lost Senses—Deafness*, pp. 120, 121.

76 *Daily Bible Illustrations*, vol. vi., p. 256.

77 Upper John Street, Islington, July 8, 1833.

78 *Deaf Traveller*, I.—Penny Magazine, vol. ii., p. 310.

LIFE OF JOHN KITTO