LIFE

OF

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THE RIGHT REV.D REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

Lord Bishop of Calcutta

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THE

LIFE

OF

REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

LORD BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

BY HIS WIDOW.

WITH

SELECTIONS

FROM HIS

CORRESPONDENCE, UNPUBLISHED POEMS, AND PRIVATE PAPERS;

TOGETHER WITH

A JOURNAL OF HIS TOUR

IN

NORWAY, SWEDEN, RUSSIA, HUNGARY AND GERMANY,

AND

A HISTORY OF THE COSSAKS.

IN TWO VOLUMES,

VOL. I.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

MDCCCXXX.

TO

JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.

My Dear Sir,

I cannot gratify my own feelings more than by inscribing the following pages to my husband's dearest friend The grave has had no power to interrupt the attachment which bound you to him from your earliest years; and the memory of his gifted mind and of his virtuous heart is cherished by you with all a brother's affection. You will, therefore, feel a deep, though melancholy gratification, at receiving this attempt made by his widow to exhibit to others what it was your privilege to know and appreciate. You need no assurance of the unchanging regard which, in the full maturity of his character, he continued to entertain for the beloved companion of his boyhood and of his youth.

AMELIA HEBER.

11, *Clarence Terrace, London,*
May 1st, 1830.

PREFACE.

It has been the editor's wish, in this publication, to portray her husband's character from the dawn to the close of his life; to trace its gradual developement; to follow him through the course of an active, though private life; and, finally, to represent him in the high and responsible station to which he was called, where all the energies of his powerful mind, and all the influence which his talents and his virtues enabled him to exercise over his fellow creatures were employed in forwarding the great object for which he rejoiced to labour, and for which he was content to die.

Without the help of the kind friends who have allowed her to select from the Bishop's private correspondence such letters as seemed fitted to promote this object, the editor could never have hoped to accomplish it. If, in executing her task, she has done justice to the virtues of him whom they loved, and for whose loss they still mourn, she feels that they will deem themselves more amply repaid for their kindness, than by the most public acknowledgement of her thanks. To Sir Robert Harry Inglis, however, more is due. On one important point, the editor has considered herself bound to act in opposition to his advice. She has, therefore, an additional reason to be grateful for the undiminished activity and zeal with

which he has again encouraged and assisted her in the publication of her husband's works.

There is one point on which the editor wishes to be allowed the expression of her opinion. Her loss invests her with the melancholy privilege of raising her feeble voice in support of the forcible representations made in the memorials to Government, which are included in the appendix to the second volume, on the necessity of dividing the see of Calcutta. Few can better estimate the weight of responsibility which this diocese imposes upon an individual; and no one else can bear such witness to the mental labour and anxiety which it caused to her husband. He himself, zealous as he was to discharge all its duties to the utmost, at the expence of domestic happiness, of health, and of life itself, was deeply convinced of the necessity of such a division. He never complained, even to his wife, of his own discomfort or fatigue; but he was anxious for assistance, because he felt that no one, however great his energy, or however entire his devotion to his task, can do all, or near all, that ought to be done in the great field of usefulness presented by the Indian bishoprick; a field which, to the glory of God, is enlarging every day. That such an impossibility is not merely imaginary, must be apparent to any who reflect that, not only the spiritual interests of the Indian continent and of Ceylon, but those of New South Wales, including Van Diemen's Land and its dependancies, of the Mauritius, of the Cape of Good Hope, and, by a recent enactment, even of Madeira, are committed to the charge of the Bishop of Calcutta.

It has been urged that the duties of the Governor-General far outweigh those of the Bishop, and yet have never been thought too much for a single individual. But, not to mention the subordinate governors of

Madras and Bombay, who relieve the Indian viceroy from the administration of so large a portion of the empire, it should be remembered that the "Governor-General *in Council*" has, as the expression implies, a certain number of coadjutors experienced in the affairs of the country, and that without the concurrence of a majority of these, no measure can be determined upon; so that a portion of the responsibility devolves upon them. He has also public and private secretaries appointed by Government; his sway is confined to India, without comprehending Ceylon, Australasia, the Mauritius, the Cape, or Madeira: nor has the argument that a single sovereign is sufficient for an extensive empire, ever been held sufficient to demonstrate that a single bishop must be so likewise.

Compared with the Governor-General, the Bishop of Calcutta has many other disadvantages; he has not only to act entirely on his own responsibility; but almost every official document connected with his vast diocese must be written with his own hand, while in consequence his private affairs are either neglected, or devolve upon some person, if such should be found, in his own family. A public secretary and a chaplain, it is true, are allowed him by Government; but as the former has hitherto been engaged, at the same time, in the important offices of registrar to the archdeaconry and proctor to the supreme court, he has been unable to afford more than nominal assistance. Though a private chaplain, too, might relieve him from some of his ordinary ceremonial duties, yet, not to speak of the circumstances which, for nearly two whole years, deprived Bishop Heber of this aid, and which are but too likely to recur, there are so few clergymen in India, that there may easily be a call for the chaplain's services at a distant station, to which, accordingly, the Bishop would feel himself bound to send him, however great the personal inconvenience thus incurred.

Three invaluable lives have already fallen by this kind of voluntary

martyrdom. Men, ready to make the same sacrifice, will, it is to be hoped, through God's blessing on His Church, always be found. But are such the lives we should be heedless and unscrupulous about throwing away? Or can we be said to feel a due regard for the well-being of our brethren in India, while we carry our economy to such a pitch, that we will not allow any one to undertake the care of their spiritual interests, unless he is willing to engage in a task for which no human strength can be equal, and to encounter the almost inevitable risk of sinking under the burthen in the very first years of his ministry?

CONTENTS

TO

VOLUME I.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Family of Heber—Birth of Reginald Heber—Anecdotes—Early education—School—" Prophecy of Ishmael"—Correspondence at Neasdon—Letter on Church stipends and government—Entrance at College—" Carmen Sæculare"—All Souls mallard feast—Correspondence at Oxford—Imitation of a poem by Robert Duke of Normandy—Lines on Alchemy—Recitation of " Palestine"—Anecdote—" Honour its own reward"—Death of Mr. Heber—Election to All Soul's college—" Sense of Honour" 1

CHAPTER II.

TO STRUND.

Departure from England—Gottenburg—Swedish soldiers—Mode of travelling—Hedé—Trollhätta—Falls on the Gotha—Swedish peasantry—Price of labour—Udevalla—Friderickshall—Mr. Anker—Wolf-hunting—Mr. Rosencrantz—Cascade on the Glomm—Population of Norway—Lake of Dillingen—Noëck, the kelpie of Norway—Christiania—Mr. Collet—Oesterval peasants—Fort—Cathedral—Alum works—Militia—Hedermarken—Lake Mios—Storhammer—St. Olave—Norwegian superstitions—Men of Gulbransdal—Colonel Sinclair—Dovre—Driostuen—Wolves—Lemings—Trondheim—Cathedral—Munkholm—Library—Rifle corps on skates—Leer Fossen—Röraas copper mines—Finns—Productions of Norway 42

CHAPTER III.

STRUND TO PETERSBURG.

PAGE

Upsala—Dr. Afzelius—Dannemora mines—Stockholm—Charles XII.—Gulf of Bothnia—Abo—Finnish peasantry—Agriculture—Superstitions—Unpopularity of the King of Sweden—Petersburg—General appearance of the Russians—Character—Food—Manners—Houses—Winter amusements—Sledges and carriages—Theatres—Greek Clergy—The Taurida—The great Palace—Popularity of the Emperor—His character and appearance 80

CHAPTER IV.

PETERSBURG TO MOSCOW.

Captain Davison's farm—Entrance into Petersburg—Russian weights and measures—Bridges—The Artelshiki—Czarsko-Zelo—Winter-palace—Hermitage—Isaac's palace—Senate—Iron works—Police—Washerwomen—Sledge-driving—Emperor's return to Petersburg—Levy for the army—Emperor's court—Ramadan—Livonian peasants—Palace of Peterhof—Oranienbaum—Cronstadt—Novogorod—Valdai—Shoes made of linden bark—Abrock—Slaves—Tobolsk—Iver—Anecdote—Russian's treatment of his horses 114

CHAPTER V.

MOSCOW.

Aspect of the country—Russian cottages—Entrance into Moscow—Society—Greek funeral—History of Moscow—Kitai-gorod—Kremlin—Antiquities—Churches—Palaces—Foundling Hospital—Theatres—College of Foreign Affairs—Prison—Inundation—Silk manufactories—Beauty of the women—Journey to Kostroma—Palace of Count Sheremetóf—Manners of the Russian gentry—Convent of Bethany—Monks—Clergy—Visit to Archbishop Plato—His conversation and appearance—Homilies—Rostof—Madame Vassilchikof—Yaroslav—Manufactures—Greek Ordination Service—Wolf hunt—Kostroma—Prison—Orphan-house—Tartar families—Return to Moscow 147

CHAPTER VI.

MOSCOW TO TAGANROG.

Preparations for journey—Change of weather—Death of Mr. Pitt—Count Alexis Orlof—Ornaments of the Russian ladies—Armenian merchants—Lazarof—Regret at leaving Moscow—Retrospection—Extortions of Post-masters—Snow-storm—Serpouchof—Peasants' houses—Tula—Arsenal Manufactures—Orel—Koursk—Bielgorod—Charkof—Cossaks—University of Charkof—Donetz ferry—Bakmuth—Steppes—Ivanovna—Suslik—Nogay Tartars—Taganrog—Trade—Fishery—History of Taganrog—Quarantine—Society—Madame Cashparof—Scotch missionaries—Eve of Palm Sunday 190

CHAPTER VII.

TAGANROG TO TCHERKASK.

PAGE

Commodities of New Russia—Climate—Cossaks—Lent—View from Okhasi—Donskoy Cossaks—Rostof—Fishing of the Don—Armenian settlement at Nakitchivan—Colonel Abraamof—Armenians—Axy—Calmuk tents—Dance of the ring—Tcherkask—Inundation—Cathedral—Bazar—Mahomedans—Platof the Cossak—Manners and appearance of the Cossaks—Government—Armies of the Don—Zaporogian Cossaks—Territory of the Cossaks of the Don—Armies—Education—Shooting party—Sepulchral crosses—Eastern ceremonies—Donskoy wine—Morasses below Tcherkask—Flooded country—Story of Circassian prince 223

CHAPTER VIII.

TCHERKASK TO LEOPOLD.

Fisheries—Azoph—Tchernoimoiski Cossaks—Ferocity of an Ox—Ecatherinodar—Church—Quarantine — Circassians—The Cuban — Cossak forts — Danger from the Circassians — Tremrook — Taman—Sultan Selim Gerai—Mire Fountains—Passage to Kertch—Pelicans—Town of Kertch—Antiquities—Buzzards—Kaffa—Ruins—German Colonists—Polish Jew interpreter—Sudak—Dr. Pallas—Wine—Kaya—Lambat—Partenak—Ayou Dagh—Sugar from the walnut tree—Vale of Baidar—Aktiar—Batchiserai—Palace—Jew's Rock—Akmetchet—Kibitkas of the Nogay Tartars—Perekop—Character of Tartars—Women—Berislav—Steppes—Cherson—Tomb of Howard—Odessa—Duc de Richelieu—Podolia—Jews—Brody—Leopold 250

CHAPTER IX.

LEMBERG TO YARMOUTH.

Przemisl—Daklo—Hungarians—Gypseys—Mineral waters of Bartpha—Castle built by Ragozzi—Wells—Jews—Hungarian peasants—Funeral — Aperies — Castle — Caschau — School — Tokay wine—Szerwz—Calvinist Church—Number of Protestants—Miskoltz—Kerestes—School—Erlau—Academy—Archbishop of Agria—Count Esterhazy—Halwar—Buda—Wine—Danube—Hungarian dress—Vienna—Theatres—German literature—The Prater—Baden—Events of the war—Conduct of French in Vienna—Buonaparte—Brünn—Battle of Austerlitz—Prague—Dresden—Leipzig—Moravians—Halle—Wittenberg — Luther and Melancthon — Potsdam — Berlin — Hamburg—Yarmouth 282

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Reginald Heber's return home—Elections—Letter from Sir James Riddell—Dinner given to the Hodnet Volunteers—Oxford University election—Reflections on the battle of Jena—Different routes through Sweden, Norway, &c. &c. described—Remarks on Calvin and St. Augustin—On the thirty-nine Articles—Recollections of Mr. Reginald Heber's university career, in a letter from a friend—" Romaunt du grand Roye Pantagruelle"—Jeux d'esprit—Lines written at Birmingham—Reflections on taking Orders—Publication of " Europe"—Quarterly Review . . . 320

CHAPTER XI.

PAGE

Mr. Reginald Heber's marriage—Anecdote—Settles on his living—His charities—Remarks on "Cœlebs," and on "Zeal without innovation"—Translation of an Ode of Klopstock's—Review of Kerr Porter's travels in Russia—Luther—Clarke's travels—"Curse of Kehama"—Odes of Pindar—Duke of Gloucester's installation—Prefatory notice to the Hymns published in the Christian Observer—Dictionary of the Bible—"Morte d'Arthur"—Poems—Illness, and removal to Moreton 354

CHAPTER XII.

Publication of Mr. Reginald Heber's poems—Letter on the death of Lieutenant R. J. Shipley—Letter on the Russian navy—Illness—Letter on lay-baptism—War in Russia—Moscow—Lucien Buonaparte's "Charlemagne"—Remarks on Sir William Drummond's "Œdipus Judaicus"—Madame de Stael—"De l'Allemagne"—Bible Society—Wilkins' "Siege of Jerusalem"—Letter on the languages of the North of Europe—Death of Colonel Hill—"History of the Cossaks" . . 375

CHAPTER XIII.

Dissenters—Letter to a Roman Catholic—Allied Sovereigns at Paris—Review of Madame de Staël's "De l'Allemagne"—Letter from Madame de Staël—"Lara"—Mr. Reginald Heber's return to Hodnet—His mode of life—Anecdote—Correspondence with Mr. Rowland Hill—Preaches the Bampton Lectures—Letter from Lord Grenville—Controversy with Mr. Nolan—Remarks on Corn Bill—"Champion"—Distresses of the country—Eastern poetry 407

CHAPTER XIV.

Death of the Rev. T. C. Heber—"Timour's Councils"—Milman's "Siege of Jerusalem"—Heads of a proposed pamphlet "On the Causes of the present Discontents"—Kinneir's "Travels in Asia Minor"—"Childe Harold"—Mr. Reginald Heber's appointment as University Preacher—Fragment of the "Masque of Gwendolen"—Bowdler's "Select Pieces in Prose and Verse"—The distresses of the country—Anecdote of a beggar—Treatise on the distinction between the two Maries 439

CHAPTER XV.

PAGE

Mr. Reginald Heber appointed Prebendary of St. Asaph—"The Spring Journey"—"Happiness"—"Carol for May-day"—Ladies' Association at Cornwallis House—Oxlee "On the Trinity"—Distress in Shropshire—Mr. Nolan—Southey's "History of the Brazils"—Chalmer's "Astronomical Discourses"—Proposed heads of Mr. Reginald Heber's University Sermons—"Sketch of the Military and Political Power of Russia"—Typhus fever at Hodnet—Birth of Mr. Reginald Heber's first child—Proposed union between the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Church Missionary Society—Changes in Oxford—Death of Mr. Reginald Heber's child. . 473

CHAPTER XVI.

Lines by Dr. Turner—Fragment of a poem on the same subject with Montgomery's "World before the Flood"—Bristed's "America"—"The outward-bound Ship"—"The Ground Swell"—Lines to C. H. Townshend "On Hope"—Ordination Sermon—Letter to the Editor of the Christian Remembrancer 501

CHAPTER XVII.

Critique on Scott's "Force of Truth"—Mr. Reginald Heber undertakes to write a Life of Jeremy Taylor, and a Critical Essay on his writings—The Traveller's Club—Inscription to the Memory of the Honourable Frederic S. N. Douglas 533

APPENDIX.

History of the Cossaks - - - - - - 561

LIFE

OF

REGINALD HEBER.

CHAPTER I.

Family of Heber—birth of Reginald Heber—Anecdotes—Early education—School—"Prophecy of Ishmael"—Correspondence at Neasdon—Letter on Church stipends and government—Entrance at college—"Carmen Seculare"—All Souls mallard feast—Correspondence at Oxford—Imitation of a poem by Robert Duke of Normandy—Lines on alchemy—Recitation of "Palestine"—Anecdote—"Honour its own reward"—Death of Mr. Heber—Election to All Soul's college—"Sense of Honour."

CHAP. I. 1728.

THE family of Heber, or Hayber, as the word appears from some original papers in Bolton Abbey to have been formerly written, and is still vulgarly pronounced, is of considerable antiquity in the county of York, and is supposed to derive its name from a hill in Craven, called Hayber or Haybergh [1]. The estate of Marton, originally purchased from its ancient owners of that name, by Thomas Heber, was, for many generations, the residence of his descendants, and is still in the possession of Richard Heber, Esq.

Reginald Heber, second son of Thomas Heber and Elizabeth Atherton, his wife, was born in the year 1728. On his elder bro-

[1] Whitaker's History of Craven.—In Elizabeth's reign, an official certificate was granted from the Herald's College, to Reginald Heber of Marton, of the arms acknowledged to have been previously borne by the family, viz. "party per fess B and G, a lion rampant, Or; in the dexter chief point a cinquefoil A. Crest, out of a ducal coronet, Or, a woman's head and shoulders proper, in profile, crined Or."

CHAP. I. 1783.

ther's death, without heirs male, he succeeded him as lord of the manors, and patron of the rectories of Marton, in Yorkshire, and of Hodnet, in the county of Salop, which last estate had, by intermarriage with the house of Vernon, come into the possession of the family. He married first, Mary, co-heiress of the Rev. Martin Baylie, rector of Wrentham, in Suffolk, who died, leaving one son, Richard, late M.P. for the University of Oxford; secondly, Mary, daughter of Cuthbert Allanson, D.D., by whom he left three children, Reginald, Thomas Cuthbert, and Mary.

Reginald, the lamented subject of this memoir, was born April 21st, 1783, at Malpas, in the county of Chester, of which his father was for many years co-rector. His early childhood was distinguished by mildness of disposition, obedience to his parents, consideration for the feelings of those around him, and by that trust in God's providence which formed, through life, so prominent a part of his character. When little more than two years old, he was dangerously ill with the hooping-cough, for which he was ordered tobe blooded: his mother took him on her knees, saying, "Dr. Currie wishes you to lose a little blood; I hope you will not object:" his answer was, "I will do whatever you please, mamma." On the nurse screaming out that they were going to murder her child, "Poor ——," Reginald said, "let her go down stairs." The apothecary then took hold of his arm, on which he exclaimed, "Do not hold me;" when assured that if he moved, he would be much more hurt, "I won't stir," he replied, and steadily held out his arm, looking the whole time at the operation.

The following year, when travelling with his parents in a very stormy day, across the mountainous country between Ripon and Craven, his mother was much alarmed, and proposed to leave the carriage and walk. Reginald, sitting on her knee, said, "Do not be afraid mamma, God will take care of us." These words spoken, as she herself expressed it, "by the infant monitor, carried with them conviction to her heart, which forty-three years of joy and sorrow had not effaced." In 1787, he had an attack of inflammation of the lungs, and was very dangerously ill; the severe reme-

dies to which he was forced to submit, were borne without a murmur, and his patience was so remarkable, that on his father asking the physician whether there was any hope of saving his life, Dr. Currie answered, "If he were not the most tractable child I ever saw there would be none; but I think he will recover." In childhood he suffered much from inflammatory disorders; the hours of convalescence were invariably employed in endeavouring to acquire information; and at six years old, after an attack of typhus fever which again nearly brought him to the grave, the first indulgence for which he pleaded was to learn the Latin grammar, that he might have some employment while lying in bed. He could read the Bible with fluency at five years old, and, even then, was remarkable for the avidity with which he studied it, and for his accurate knowledge of its contents. A discussion had one day, about this time, arisen in his absence between his father and some friends as to the book in the Old Testament in which a particular passage was to be found. On Reginald's entering the room, his father referred the question to him, when he at once named both the book and the chapter.

It was by Mr. Heber's direction that the Bible was first put into his hands, in preference to any abridgment of it, in order that he might become more familiar with its beautiful language, and more ready in applying it. The memory with which he was endowed enabled him fully to profit by this system; and its effects were visible in the piety which marked his youth, and was his distinguishing characteristic through life. A trifling anecdote will serve to prove his intimate acquaintance with the Sacred Volume; when he was about seven years old a party of his young companions were amusing themselves with riddles and cross questions in the room where he was reading. His attention was attracted by the question, "Where was Moses when his candle went out?" "On Mount Nebo," was Reginald's immediate reply; "for there he died, and it may well be said that his lamp of life went out."

He very early became sensible of the necessity and importance of prayer, and was frequently overheard praying aloud in his own

CHAP. I. 1789.

room, when he little thought himself within reach of observation. His sense of his entire dependance upon God, and of thankfulness for the mercies which he received, was deep, and almost an instinct planted in his nature; to his latest hour, in joy as in sorrow, his heart was ever lifted up in thankfulness for the goodness of his Maker, or bowed in resignation under His chastisements; and his first impulse, when afflicted or rejoicing, was to fall on his knees in thanksgiving, or in intercession for himself, and for those he loved, through the mediation of his Saviour.

He had a considerable talent for drawing, especially for architectural designs; and the juvenile sketches, almost entirely from fancy, which have been preserved by his family, bear strong marks of genius, and give promise of the superiority to which, with little or no instruction, he afterwards attained in that art. The study of natural history was also a favourite pursuit; and he was fond of exercising his powers of observation in watching the changes of insects, and the various habits of animals and birds; but the kindness of his heart would never permit him to keep any creatures in confinement, far less to gratify his curiosity at the expense of their sufferings. When his little sister had a squirrel given her, he persuaded her to set it at liberty, taking her to a tree, that she might see the animal's joy at being restored to freedom. His mind seemed never to be at rest; and occasionally, when with his playfellows, he would remain silent, absorbed in his own meditations, and insensible to every thing around him. As his memory retained the information he acquired from every possible source, so, as his understanding strengthened, he corrected the errours into which his almost unassisted researches in various branches of knowledge naturally led him. From a child he was inquisitive, always eager to obtain instruction, and never above asking the opinions of others, but with a modesty of manner, and evident anxiety to acquire knowledge, which prevented his being thought intrusive, and ensured him the attention of those with whom he conversed. To this habit, persevered in through life, he attributed much of the desultory knowledge which he acquired; and the editor has fre-

quently heard him remark, that he never met with a person, however deficient in general attainments, from whom he could not acquire some instructive information: for he possessed the rare art of inducing people, apparently without design, to converse upon such subjects as they were best acquainted with, and on which they were, consequently, most able to appear with advantage.

It was a common saying among the servants of the family, that "Master Reginald never was in a passion." It is not, of course, intended to assert that he was insensible to the natural emotions of anger and disappointment, but that even in childhood he had so completely acquired the habit of subduing the outward expression of these feelings, that he was never heard to raise his voice in anger, or to use an impatient expression. Emotions of a more tender nature he had considerable difficulty in suppressing; but from the sorrow of the boy on leaving his parents for school, to that of the man on parting from all he had early loved, to embark for a distant and dangerous country, and under all the afflictions with which his life was chequered, such was the command he had obtained over himself, that, save by a glistening of the eye, or an increased paleness, only those who were acquainted with the unbounded tenderness of his heart and the strength of his feelings, could estimate what he was suffering.

Reading was his principal amusement from the time he knew his letters; his elder brother, to whose affectionate superintendance through life of his graver studies, he justly considered himself much indebted, used to say, "Reginald did more than read books, he devoured them;" and when thus occupied, it was with difficulty that his attention could be withdrawn. At almost a single glance his eye embraced the contents of a whole page; and these were so strongly impressed upon his memory, that, years after, he was able to repeat the substance of what he then read; while such passages as more particularly struck him, were attentively perused once, and remembered through life with verbal accuracy.

Mr. Heber's library was small; and it was one of Reginald's

CHAP. I. 1790.

greatest indulgences to visit Dr. Townson, Rector of the lower mediety of Malpas, and look over his books, especially his engravings. This he was never allowed to do in Dr. Townson's absence, for, besides that he then placed little value on books after having once stored his mind with their contents, and was in consequence careless in his treatment of them, Dr. Townson was fond of answering his questions, and of giving him such instruction as was fitted for his age. His father, himself an excellent scholar, taught him the rudiments of classical learning; his application and quickness were such, that at seven years old he had translated Phædrus into English verse. The following year he was placed at the grammar school of Whitchurch under Dr. Kent; and here a singular instance occurred of that perfect power of abstraction of which his mind was capable. He had remained in the school-room one day after the usual school hours, to enjoy a new book which had just been given him, and so completely was he abstracted in it, that he was not the least aware of a "barring out," which, with all its accompanying noise and confusion, had been going on for a couple of hours round him, and of which he became conscious as the increasing darkness forced him to lay down his book.

The diffidence natural to young and ingenuous minds, and usually observed to accompany genius, was conspicuous in his character; his youthful attempts at poetical composition were kept in secret, and discovered by accident. He was fond of reading and reciting poetry, but, as a boy, had no claim to elegance of delivery; in his brother he had, however, an example which he had discernment to value; and he used to listen to his recitations with attention, and endeavour to imitate his tones and manner of repeating verses.

In 1796 he was placed under the care of Mr. Bristow, a clergyman who took about twelve pupils at Neasdon, in the neighbourhood of London. It was here that an intimacy commenced between him and Mr. John Thornton, eldest son of Samuel Thornton, late M.P. for Surry, which soon ripened into a friendship cemented by religious feelings, and by a similarity of

tastes and pursuits: and, although in after life they were necessarily much separated by the duties of their respective professions, that friendship was preserved and increased by constant correspondence, and ever glowed with undiminished warmth in the breast of him, who, having been early removed from this world, now awaits a reunion with his friend in the mansions of bliss.

The editor of these volumes has Mr. Thornton's authority for saying, that although Reginald Heber, while at Neasdon, may have been occasionally led into trivial errours, yet was he perfectly free from any serious faults; and, amid the jarring feelings, and, in some instances, depraved dispositions of his school-fellows, he was the boy to whom all the well-disposed looked with deference, and the tendency of whose example was to give a tone of rectitude to the school, and to command the approbation even of those who could estimate excellence in another, though themselves incapable of imitating it.

His natural benevolence and charitableness were fostered, and, as far as possible, directed by his parents. Though much disliking cards, he would occasionally, when at home, join in a round game with his young companions, because it was the rule of his family to give the winnings to the poor; and he was always ready to promote every plan which was suggested for such an object. Of his own money he was so liberal, it was found necessary to sew the bank notes given him for his half-year's pocket-money at school, within the lining of his pockets, that he might not give them away in charity on the road. On one occasion, before this precaution had been taken, he gave all the money he possessed to a poor man who stated that he was a clergyman, but that, having lost his sight, he lost his curacy, and his means of subsistence. This person afterwards found his way to Malpas, and from his recognition by the servant who had attended Reginald to school, this act of beneficence was made known to his parents, for of his own deeds he never boasted; and, as was remarked by the old servant, who mentioned the circumstance, "his left hand knew not what his right hand did."

CHAP. I. 1796

During the early part of his residence at Neasdon, he had been reading an account of the manner in which one of our African travellers had successfully parried the attack of a wild bull. There happened to be grazing in a field adjoining to Mr. Bristow's garden a bull of no very peaceable disposition. Reginald resolved on making a similar experiment with this animal, and advanced towards it, holding his hat before his face, and acting all the gesticulations of which he had been reading, fully anticipating its instant flight. On the contrary, the bull ran furiously at him, and he only escaped by jumping over some rails into the garden. In this garden was a pool of water, divided from the rails by a narrow gravel walk, into which the bull, not being active enough to turn short round like his adversary, plunged, and after floundering forwards for some time, remained sticking fast in the mud with his head not many feet from an alcove on the opposite side, in which sat, quietly at their tea, Mr. and Miss Bristow, little expecting such a visitor.

For the following account of Reginald's habits and pursuits, the editor is indebted to Mr. Thornton, who was his class-fellow during the three years they were together at Neasdon.

"Reginald was endowed by nature with a strong memory and a lively imagination, both of which had been cultivated to an extraordinary degree at the early age of thirteen, by the constant habit of employing a large part of his leisure hours in reading.

"He was not remarkable for quickness of apprehension, neither was he defective in it; but in this respect his class-fellows had sometimes the credit of surpassing him, in consequence of his frequently suffering his mind to wander to other subjects than those immediately before him.

"His superiority was however manifested by his compositions in prose and verse, but especially the latter. In his prose exercises there was a maturity of thought and a display of knowledge greatly beyond his years; and his verses were always spirited and original, or if any of the thoughts or expressions were bor-

rowed, they proceeded from sources little known to ordinary readers, and certainly not to his school-fellows. Spenser was always one of his favourite authors. With his Faerie Queene [1] in his pocket, he would sally forth on a long solitary walk, whilst his comrades were occupied with the common sports of school-boys, in which he seldom engaged. Yet he was by no means unpopular on this account. On the contrary, his invulnerable temper, his overflowing kindness of heart, his constant cheerfulness, and his inexhaustible power of entertaining his companions, secured to him the affection of all, whether older or younger than himself. In the long winter evenings, a group of boys was frequently formed round him, whilst he narrated some chivalrous history, or repeated ancient ballads, or told some wild tale, partly derived from books, and partly from his own invention [2].

" For the exact sciences, or for critical knowledge, Reginald had no taste. When asked the date of a particular event, he could seldom give it, but he always knew who were alive at the time of its occurrence, by whose agency it was brought about, and what were the important consequences that resulted from it. In like manner the structure of the ancient languages was to him a matter of secondary importance, which he attended to only as far as he was obliged by his school lessons and exercises.

" The sense of the author was eagerly grasped at by him, but the mere scaffolding of learning he only esteemed as the means of arriving at that sense. Fond, however, as he was of acquiring knowledge for its own sake, he was not insensible to the value of literary reputation; he often spoke with admiration of the distinguished scholars of past times, and used to say, that with such examples before him, idleness was inexcusable. Reginald also

[1] This admiration of the " Faerie Queene" he preserved in his maturer years; he seldom travelled without a volume of the same copy which he had at school, to read on the road.—EDITOR.

[2] At a much later period he, in a similar manner, attracted his friends round him to listen to a romance of his own composition. " Tell us a story," from any of the home circle, was immediately followed by long and ingenious histories, which the Editor now laments were not committed to paper, but were forgotten almost as soon as they were told.

CHAP. I. 1798.

felt the stimulus of emulation in his daily studies; but there was no want of generous feeling when he happened to be surpassed. Generosity was indeed an eminently conspicuous part of his character, not only as a boy, but in every period and relation of after life. Elevated by his intellectual pursuits and pleasures above the ordinary gratifications of school-boys, he had perhaps the less difficulty in resigning his share of them whenever a competition occurred. Self-denial in such matters seemed not to cost him an effort, and I do not recollect an occasion on which that preference of self, which, till subdued by religion, is so common to our nature, was ever evinced by him. Still, though of an unusually mild and yielding disposition, he was capable of being roused by oppression, and of making a vigorous resistance against it; and I well remember an instance, when, though sure of being worsted in the conflict by the superior strength of his adversary, he fought manfully for the purpose, as he said, of teaching his opponent that tyranny should not be practised on him with impunity.

"At this early period of his life, a reverence for every thing sacred, and a remarkable purity of thought, were eminent points in his character.

"Though many of his school-fellows were habitually profane and licentious in their conversation, their example had no influence on him, whilst his own had the most salutary effect on those who, but for him, would have been too weak to resist the torrent of vice to which they were daily exposed."

Of the progress of Reginald's studies, his letters to his friend, who left the school some little time before his own removal to college, will give the best information. His reading the Bible was not interrupted by his classical pursuits. At the time of Buonaparte's invasion of Egypt, "The Battle of the Nile" was the subject given for a school exercise in the class to which he belonged; and the following are some of the verses which he wrote on that occasion, and which he the following year designated as "The Prophecy of Ishmael."

THE PROPHECY OF ISHMAEL.

WHEN Buonaparte led his weary train
Through the parch'd sands of Egypt's thirsty plain;
Where erst around the Delta's fertile isle
Flow'd the seven daughters of the silver Nile,
Now chok'd with sand, their ancient glory fled,
But four surviving, mourn their sisters dead;
Where even fancy's eye can hardly trace
The fallen splendour of the Coptic race;
Where prostrate lies, mid tangled brakes of thorn,
The harp that once spontaneous hailed the morn:
Where Sesack's obelisk and Isis' bust,
In mingled ruin moulder into dust;
Where still the pyramids, from far descried,
Remain the monuments of regal pride:
While through these scenes the Gallic squadrons sped,
And march'd o'er heaps of valiant Arabs dead;
While yet with recent victory elate,
Onward they mov'd in military state;
From the rough rocks that border Barca's land
A voice unearthly hailed the affrighted band.
High on a hill that veiled its murky brow
In clouds, and frown'd upon the plain below,
Still fondly watchful o'er his children's good,
The shade of Mecca's mighty founder stood.
Confess'd he stood, known by his dauntless air,
His bow, his fillet, and his length of hair.
And, " Stay, ye fools," he cried, " ye madmen stay,
Nor further prosecute your vent'rous way.
Of Syria's sons full many a numerous host
Their lives amid my burning sands have lost;
There, led by Persia's tyrant, millions fell,
Nor one surviv'd the dismal tale to tell.
There first was check'd the Macedonian might,
Repuls'd and baffled in th' unequal fight:
My sons a barrier set to Roman pride,
And many a legion by their arrows died;
And now shall Gaul with conqu'ring armies come?
Gaul! but a province of defeated Rome!
Shall she expell, though far renown'd in fight,
The sons of Ishmael from their ancient right?

CHAP. I. 1799.

No, no; from me, ye robbers, learn your fate,
Lament and die, return is now too late.
Far, far from Gaul, full many a soldier brave
Shall, mid these rocks, unpitied find a grave:
Still, man by man, shall perish all your power,
And what the sword shall spare the plague devour."

* * * * *

During the summer holidays, when Reginald was about fourteen, his mother missed her "Companion to the Altar," and on enquiry being made, he brought it to her, saying, that he had had it about three weeks, and had spent many hours in reading it; that he had made himself master of its contents and thoroughly understood them, and begged to be allowed to accompany her to the Altar on the next Sacrament Sunday, to which his happy mother consented with tears of joy and affection. Who can wonder that this promising child was tenderly beloved by his parents, whose hearts expanded with gratitude to the Giver of all good for this, the choicest of His boons; or who shall estimate the sorrows of her, who having reared this treasure from infancy to manhood, had watched the blossoming of those opening buds, and seen them bring forth fruits of Heavenly growth, is left to weep over his early grave! Truly, "if in this life only we had hope, then were we most miserable."

To John Thornton, Esq.

Neasdon, Nov. 8, 1799.

"DEAR THORNTON,

"Your account of your mathematical progress quite frightens me. For my part, I confess I have in that particular been horridly idle, and have not done a single question in decimals since the holidays; nay, I don't believe I could find my book: however I am resolved to set about it to-day.

In Greek I go on in the old train, being now deep engaged in Longinus, Prometheus Vinct. and the Epistles with Locke's commentary; besides which, I read the "Essay on the Human Understanding" for two hours every evening after I have finished my

exercise. Locke, you know, I used to think very stupid; but I have now quite altered my opinion.

"Last Tuesday, as being the 5th of November, was celebrated accordingly; but, as cash was low, and weather bad, we made a very poor figure; the ground about the fire was a perfect mire, so that W—— slipped as he was running after S——, and fell head over heels into the bonfire, where he was very near enacting Guy Fawkes. Mr. Bristow had company that evening who staid all night, and had very near caused another war, for as they breakfasted early, and had not been provided for, they eat up all our rolls, and the horror which seized W. R——, on learning that he was to breakfast on *bread* and butter, was little short of phrenzy. I had more to say, but your "loves of the triangles" stick so in my gizzard, that I must immediately begin to hunt for my "Tutor's Assistant." How long this whim will keep in my head is uncertain. At present it has full possession of your friend and imitator,

"Reginald Heber."

To John Thornton, Esq.

Neasdon, Feb. 22, 1800.

* * * * *

"We had tolerably pleasant holidays; you will laugh when I tell you that a *misochorist* like myself, was drawn into a party to a ball. They thought, I believe, to cure me of my antipathy to that kind of see-saw motion, but they have not succeeded; I dislike balls as much as ever.

"I believe you will remember young Bowler the baker, how he used always to read in his cart. I examined his books some days ago, and found they were Volney, Voltaire, and Godwin. These are the fruits of circulating libraries."

CHAP. I. 1800.

To John Thornton, Esq.

Neasdon, Feb. 26, 1800.

"DEAR THORNTON,

"Your kind letter, which I received yesterday, though it relieved me from a very great anxiety, which Payoud's imperfect intelligence had caused, gave me the sincerest concern. I, however, rejoice most heartily to find you are doing so well, and trust that your recovery will be as rapid as your illness was severe.

"I am now eagerly waiting for my brother Richard's return to England, as on his advice will depend the time of my going to college, and the choice of my tutor. I should wish for Harpur, whom you saw at Portsmouth. You, I conclude, will be very soon setting off for Cambridge; I wish Oxford was the place of your destination instead, since Surtees is going from Christ Church, and the pursuits and inclinations of W—— and C—— are *nimis aliena a Scævolæ studiis*. But don't tell any body I think so. I must, therefore, have my acquaintance to make; but in this my brother's introduction will no doubt be of great use to me. By what I hear, I conceive you are very lucky in having such a person as Mr. Dealtry to introduce you at college. You will laugh at me for talking of college six months before my time, but *Tendimus in Latium* is the principle that rules us all, and Æneas talked of Italy when he was only at Carthage.

"I remain, dear Thornton,

"Your affectionate friend."

The next letter, written at seventeen, though not exempt from the prejudices of a youthful and ardent spirit, nor from errours which subsequent experience taught him to correct, displays the bent of his studies, as well as the powers of his mind when employed on the spiritual and temporal affairs of that Church of which he was to become so distinguished an ornament.

To John Thornton, Esq.

Neasdon, June 24, 1800.

" My Dear Thornton,

" Your letter, which I received yesterday, was an agreeable answer to one which I had sent off that very morning. I am glad to find that your tour has been pleasant and, I trust, profitable. I fully agree with you respecting the stipends of the clergy. Were Queen Anne's bounty better regulated, and were it ordered that every clergyman of above 200*l.* a year should, bona fide, pay the tenth of his benefices to that, or some other similar institution, and so on in such an ascending scale to the largest preferments as might be thought right and equal, much of this evil, and all its attending mischiefs of non-residence, contempt of the ministry, &c., might, I think, without inconvenience, be prevented. This it is thought was the intention of Queen Anne; but the death of that excellent woman, (for I am tory enough to think very highly of her) and the unfortunate circumstances which followed, threw obstacles in the way of the Church which I fear there is no probability of its being able to get over. The arbitrary suppression of ecclesiastical assemblies, the disuse and contempt into which apostolical censure and penances have fallen, and the number of chapels which, though many of them are served by episcopal clergymen, are yet independent of their spiritual head, the bishop, (and consequently equally schismatical with the ephod and teraphim of Micah) have, as you are no doubt well aware, stripped the Church so entirely of power, and rendered it in every thing so dependent, that it has no ability to help itself in this or any other point. I sincerely pray that the Almighty would put it into the hearts of the nursing fathers of the Church, to take some order for the comfort of her ministers.

I, however, am rather apt to regard the interference of temporal authority in these matters with a jealous eye. The rulers of this world, have very seldom shown themselves friendly to the real interests of the Church. If we consider the conduct of the

CHAP. I. 1800.

government in the times of the reformation, and indeed ever since, we shall always find it has been more friendly to its own avaricious and ambitious projects, than to consult what is just and pious. Even the piety of an Edward could not prevent his ministers from encreasing, instead of rectifying those evils of which we complain. Besides, I really do, in some measure, doubt whether temporal governors may, without sacrilege, meddle, by their own single authority, with the revenues of the Church. This appears to have been the opinion of Whitgift, as we may infer from his well known address to Queen Elizabeth. Let then the representatives of the bishops, priests, and deacons of the empire be convened, and by their advice and with their consent, let the king, as head of the Church, and the parliament, as guardians of the laws, take order concerning this matter. But this the present temper of the times renders, I fear, improbable. I am not one of those who cry the Church is in danger; on the contrary, I think it is in some measure better off than it was thirty years ago, and we have very great reason to be thankful to God for what we enjoy; but really, when we have seen a bishop refused to Virginia, not as yet dismembered, at a time when popery had been established in Canada, if we compare the magnificent temples, nay, even convents of the papists in England, with the miserable condition of the episcopalians in Scotland, and many other things of the same kind, it will scarcely appear that our government is *over-zealous* in this cause.

I think you are very lucky in your acquaintance with Lord Teignmouth; they are such men, as you have described him, that are to keep us from sinking. Dr. —— I have heard well spoken of before, but I grieve that, as you tell me, he is negligent even of the mint and cummin of our Church. If our ecclesiastical ordinances are, in his opinion, lawful, it is very wrong in him to disobey his superiors; if otherwise, when he entered into our Church, and declared his assent to our articles and liturgy, he has committed a sin which I fear, in some measure, resembles that for which there is no remission. Perhaps this is going a little too far; but it is dangerous ground, when a man declares in the presence of the Church

and its head, that he is moved by the Holy Ghost to join a society whose institutions he thinks unlawful. Perhaps you may have been misinformed, or I may have misunderstood you. I sincerely hope so. You will, possibly, think that I stand too much on ceremonies; but you must consider, that though an indifferent ceremony in itself is nothing, yet when commanded by lawful authority it must be obeyed.

"As to those who, being prevented by the fear of poverty from entering into orders, set up a high place of their own, I think we have no great loss of them in the Church. 'How can a man preach,' says the apostle, meaning, I suppose, take upon him the office of a minister, 'unless he be sent?' But how can he prove his mission, even to himself, unless it be confirmed either by the imposition of hands by the Church, or by miracles? Even our Saviour did not take upon Himself his office till such time as God visibly and manifestly, by a miraculous descent of the Holy Ghost, set Him apart for this work. 'This honour no man taketh to himself.' As for those poor wretches whom the oratory of men seduces into schism, I wish they understood the excellent distinction you made between prayer and preaching when I was last in your company; which sentiment of yours corresponded entirely in substance, and almost in words, with a beautiful passage in the fifth book of my favourite 'Hooker's Eccl. Pol.' This would teach them not to shun our Church for the faults of its ministers, who, however, if they preach unsoundly, or if they are entirely insufficient, should be complained of to their governors; though in this case we shall do well to consider that the treasures of God are sometimes enclosed in earthen vessels. I must apologize for the length of my letter, and also observe that I am aware there are many things in it which the world would condemn."

CHAP. I. 1800.

To John Thornton, Esq.

Hodnet Hall, August 25, 1800.

" My Dear Thornton,

" Your last letter was full of the worst news you could have sent me. I am very sorry to hear of your illness; pray write to me soon to tell me how you go on; but if you are ill don't hurry yourself, but make your servant send me a line, which will be a great comfort to me, let it be written by whom it may, provided it brings favourable intelligence.

" I am sorry that you are edging still farther off from my haunts; but, however, what are fifty or one hundred miles to two lads with affectionate hearts and hardy outsides? Cambridge and Oxford have, as I believe, a mail running between them, so that at College we are only a few hours' drive asunder. Why did you ask me if I was at Tunbridge? You might as well suppose I was at Botany Bay, or Terra de Jeso. Tunbridge, I should conceive, would, in the present, or rather late hot weather, be the death of any thing but a salamander, a cockney, or a fine lady. *Quid Romæ faciam? Cardiri nescio.* Vale Royal Abbey, or as it is generally, or at least frequently called, the Vale Royal of Cheshire, is the seat of our relation, Mr. Cholmondeley, which name not being over classical, I was obliged to speak elliptically. I have been a little interrupted in my Greek by two things; first, the examining of a large chest full of old family writings, which I have almost got through; and, secondly, I have commenced a diligent reperusal of the Old Testament, which I trust I shall, *Deo Juvante,* finish before I go to Oxford. In the course of last week I read as far as Ruth. Excuse the irregularity of this style and character of mine, for the illness which you foretell to yourself sticks in my throat, and confuses a head which is never one of the clearest."

To John Thornton, Esq.

Neasdon, August, 1800.

"You will think me very impatient when I again write to you; but you must consider, that as I have less to do or think of than you have, (though I fag as hard as Bristow's time will allow,) I am the more eager to hear from you. What is the common opinion in your neighbourhood on the subject of the harvest? It is a point which so much concerns the whole empire, I may say all Europe, that I have been very anxious in enquiring every where about it, and general reports are, I think, not unfavourable; though as the harvest will undoubtedly be a late one, the distress for a month or two longer will, I fear, be terrible. It was a shocking consideration, which I had an opportunity of observing when in Yorkshire, that the number of robberies was very great, no less than three taking place in the neighbourhood of Harrogate during my stay there, and that food alone was stolen. For instance, an inn there was broken open, but all that was taken was a joint or two of meat. That want must surely be dreadful, which would brave the gallows to obtain a single meal. I have no news to tell you, though the present scene of politics has fairly succeeded in rousing me from my former inattention, and I am as eager after a newspaper as 'e'er a politician of them all.'

"If you could give me a few instructions for my conduct at first going to College, I should thank you; for though I am well provided both with an introducer and adviser in my brother, yet I should be glad to hear you too on the subject . . . I send you a sketch of a building which I passed coming from the north, which will interest you as much as it did me; I could almost have pulled off my hat as we drove by. It is Sir Isaac Newton's house as it appears from the north road. Though I have heard it taken notice of, I never saw any print or drawing of it. You may perhaps think it worth while to improve upon my sketch, which, though from memory, is, I believe, accurate, and draw it yourself on a

CHAP. I. 1800.

large scale, as I hope you have not entirely neglected an art which you used to make a figure in here."

To John Thornton, Esq.

Hodnet Hall, Sept. 19, 1800.

"You ask me what is my plan of operations in my studies. I am afraid that I have of late a good deal relaxed from my former diligence, and my advances in Homer and algebra are not equal to what I hoped. I have, however, not totally neglected these; and I have got on fast in Guicciardini and Machiavel, and at my spare hours have read one half of Knolles' History of the Turks, which you know Johnson highly, and I think deservedly, commends. I, for my own part, have never met with a greater mass of information, or, considering the time when it was written, a more pleasing style. If ever you should meet with it, if you are not daunted with a thick folio, closely printed, you can scarcely find a more agreeable companion for those hours in which you are not employed in other ways. You will laugh at me for studying Machiavel, but I read him principally for the sake of his style; though I frankly own I think much better of him than the generality of the world (who probably have never read him) profess to do.

I am to be entered at Brazen Nose about the 10th of October, and am to reside immediately, though entrance keeps a term, since I do not want to waste my time any longer. I am to have a private tutor, which I am very glad of. It is, I believe, principally a contrivance to keep me out of drinking parties, and to give me the advantage of reading to another person instead of to myself. Your observation on the subject of mathematics recalled to my mind what I once said to you at Neasdon, and in which you agreed with me, that, since perfection was not to be expected, how fortunate it was that, of the two greatest universities in the world, the one should have applied its principal powers to those sciences which Æschylus calls *αριστοις*, and the other should have followed the no less necessary or splendid pursuits of the civil law, logic, theology,

and the classics. I assure you, however, I intend to pursue mathematics with diligence. Though not sufficiently advanced to have even a Pisgah view of the lands of Mathesis, yet the fruits which you have reaped there are sufficient to stimulate me to the conquest. *Te duce, Cæsar.*

" I remain, my dear friend,

" Your obliged and affectionate,

" REGINALD HEBER."

To John Thornton, Esq.

Malpas, 1800.

. . . . " I am well pleased to find, by your Hist. Eccl. Wellens, these young clergymen so well cleared. You may remember what my opinion has always been respecting extempore preaching; that it is, in particular cases, not only a legal, but even a laudable practice: and you have clearly, I think, made out that Dr. P——'s is one of those cases. The interests of the majority ought certainly to be preferred. However, in a matter of such infinite importance, it were greatly to be wished that the bigoted minority were by some means or other ' pulled out of the fire.' If the entreaties of the Church will not avail, might not its censures be tried? This, you will say, is high Church doctrine, and I will acknowledge it is not very conformable to the tenets of philosophy, but, I hope, not altogether repugnant to Christianity.

" Have you been much out a hunting lately? D. seemed to think, I remember, that Nimrod was a mere type of you, and used to shake his wise head when you talked of a leap. He had once a long conversation on the subject with me, and said hunting encouraged vice. I had recourse to mythology, and told him the chaste Hippolytus was a hunter, which satisfied him. My reason for asking you if you are keen after it now, is because I conclude you read the less the more you hunt, so that I may have more chance of overtaking you in mathematics. I have been a good

CHAP. I. 1800.

deal employed in reading the dusty volumes of the old polemic writers, which, with my Italian, leave me not much time for mathematics. My progress in algebra, though I do sometimes *play* at it, has been exceedingly trifling. I am quite ashamed of it.

" I was much entertained with the battle of the Cloisters . . .; your retreat was certainly *tout à fait à propos*. Your courage and conduct in this *holy war*, may set you on the same shelf with Roland, Astolfo, or even Guy, Earl of Warwick, the last of whom, since he conquered an ancestor of mine (Colebrand,) *must necessarily* have been a wonderful hero."

To John Thornton, Esq.

Malpas, October, 1800.

" I still remain here though term is begun, and I shall not, I think, go to Oxford before the end of the month. My brother is so kind as to promise, if possible, to meet me there. This will of course be much more agreeable, though I have already been introduced to many Brazen Nose men. The college is so superabundantly full that rooms are no where to be procured. I am much amused with the preparations I see making for furnishing me with household stuff, such as table-cloths, sheets, &c. &c.; it is surely a luxurious age when a boy of seventeen requires so much fuss to fit him out. I have been a much gayer fellow than usual of late, having been at a race, and also at, what I never saw before, a masquerade. This catalogue of jaunts, though not much perhaps for a girl, has been a great deal for me, and has indeed quite satisfied me. If these things are so little interesting even while they have the charm of novelty, I think I shall care very little indeed for them when that is worn off. The masquerade was not so entertaining as I expected. There certainly were some characters well kept up, but the most part behaved exactly as if they were barefaced. It was given by Sir W. Williams Wynn, and though certainly much inferior in splendour to Mr. Cholmondeley's ball, was very well conducted. *Sat de nugis, ad seria reverto.* My studies go on as usual. Machiavel I rather

admire more than at first. My Greek studies will be soon, I fear, *gravelled,* if I continue at home. My brother particularly recommends me to attend the public lectures on astronomy and mathematics at Oxford, as he says, they are at present very clever.

" We have some tumults in this neighbourhood. In Staffordshire the mob proceeded to domiciliary visits with halters and agreements, forcing the farmers to the alternative. All is however quiet at present."

To John Thornton, Esq.

Oxford, Nov. 11, 1800.

" I have had so few letters from my friends at Neasdon, that I can give you no news of them. . . .I have advised them to abstain from the celebration of the 5th of November, and again pressed the Rumford soup plan, which I wished to bring about last year; how they have determined I know not. . .

" I am very glad to hear you are settled to your mind at Cambridge. My experience of Oxford has been so short, that I am no very competent judge; but the little I have seen of it is certainly what would give me a very favourable opinion of Oxford in general, and Brazen Nose in particular. I have got through all the formalities of examination, matriculation, and all other —ations that are necessary. I have been fortunate in being able, for the present, to borrow very decent rooms, and have hopes of still better for my own next term. As to the plan of my studies I really know as yet nothing about the matter: that is to be settled to-morrow. My father and mother came up with me here, and go away to-morrow. I was in great hopes that my brother would have been able to meet me, and still expect him daily. My acquaintances lie quite differently from yours. I, indeed, know several of the fellows, the senior proctor, the bishop[1], &c. but they are *great men* and not given to associate with freshmen and commoners; so that I believe my acquaintance with them will be only

[1] Dr. William Cleaver, Bishop of Chester, Principal of Brasen Nose.—Ed.

CHAP. I. 1800.

bows. Mr. Hugh Cholmondeley[1] indeed has been very kind to me, and has taken much trouble in getting me settled in my rooms, as my tutor is out of the way. To him I owe my introduction to the few acquaintance I have, who are mostly Cheshire men. The bishop cautioned me very strongly against too numerous an acquaintance; it is a thing I certainly would not court. I am almost entirely without books; my own are as yet at Neasdon. Mr. Cholmondeley has, however, very good naturedly offered to lend me any thing I want, that he has got in an excellent library. . . . . I have been just this instant most agreeably surprised by the sudden arrival of my brother Richard. He only staid an instant and set off to the King's Arms, to my father and mother. I would fain have gone with him; but it is past nine and the gates are shut."

Reginald Heber was entered in November, 1800, at Brazen Nose College, Oxford, of which his father had been, his elder brother was then, and his younger brother afterwards became a fellow. As his education had been private, he came to the university under the disadvantage of having an entirely new acquaintance to form; his abilities were known only to a few, but his talents for conversation and literature soon introduced him to a circle so large as to endanger the future career of a man of meaner aspirations, or who had a less ardent thirst for knowledge. He never allowed his hours of study to be abridged by his evening parties, but would often tie a wet cloth round his head to keep off the approach of sleep. In his first year at college he gained the university prize for Latin verse, by his "*Carmen Seculare*," a poem on the commencement of the new century, which gave that bright promise of success which his future academical career so well fulfilled. The extracts which follow are from letters written during the early part of his residence at Oxford.

[1] Subsequently Dean of Chester.—Ed.

To John Thornton, Esq.

Oxford, Jan. 15, 1801.

"I am very much obliged to you, my dear friend, for your kind invitation to Cambridge, and I could wish it were in my power to accept it. I have, however, been so completely engaged, and shall continue to be so, that an absence, however short, from college, will be attended with considerable difficulty and inconvenience. Our meeting must then be deferred till after this term, when I hope we shall both of us be in town.

"I write under the bondage of a very severe cold, which I caught by getting out of bed at four in the morning, to see the celebration of the famous All Souls' mallard feast. All Souls is on the opposite side of Ratcliffe square to Brazen Nose, so that their battlements are in some degree commanded by my garret. I had thus a full view of the *Lord Mallard* and about forty fellows, in a kind of procession on the library roof, with immense lighted torches, which had a singular effect. I know not if their orgies were overlooked by any uninitiated eyes except my own; but I am sure that all who had the gift of hearing, within half a mile, must have been awakened by the manner in which they thundered their chorus, 'O by the blood of King Edward.' I know not whether you have any similar strange customs in Cambridge, so that, perhaps, such ceremonies as the All Souls' mallard, the Queen's boar's head, &c. will strike you as more absurd than they do an Oxford man; but I own I am of opinion that these remnants of Gothicism, tend very much to keep us in a sound consistent track; and that one cause of the declension of the foreign universities, was their compliance, in such points as these, with the variation of manners.

"I have got into a habit of tolerably early rising, which I intend to adhere to; the plan is that another man, who has been my companion in the course of mathematics which I have gone through, has agreed to read with me every morning from six till chapel, by which scheme we gain two hours of the best part of the whole day. This system must, however, be altered when chapel

CHAP. I. 1801.

begins at six, which it does in summer. I do not find "*Euclid de novo*" so irksome as your friend used to think. Though mathematics will never be the great rallying point of my studies, I should be very sorry to be ignorant of them, and that philosophy which depends on them. My class-fellow is agreeable and remarkably clever; though only sixteen, his acquirements and understanding are inferior to few in the college. He is at present a kind of tutor to a man at least five years his senior. Some traits in his manner and character have, I sometimes fancy, an imperfect resemblance to you; and, while they make me still fonder of him, serve to put me in mind of the only cause I have to regret that there are two separate universities in England.

"Term commences next Saturday, or at least the men come up then, as, strictly speaking, it began yesterday."

To John Thornton, Esq.

Oxford, 1801.

"Notwithstanding the miseries of fellowships on which you descant, I should like very well to have one. I cannot, indeed, conceive how an excellent society, good rooms, and the finest situation for study in the world, can have that effect in benumbing the faculties which you ascribe to it. There will, no doubt, be many illiberal men in these sort of societies; but I fear those men would have been still less gentlemen than they are at present, had it not been for the advantages of a college society. I was much entertained, my dear friend, with the account you gave of time passing away at Cambridge. 'The beef of yesterday is succeeded by the mutton of to-day,' are your words, when you show me the manner in which the Cantabs pass their time. You, indeed, who are clothed in purple and fare sumptuously every day at the fellows' table, would have more reason to reckon by meals than I should; for the dinners we get here, at least the commoners, (for the gentlemen commoners have a table to themselves, and fare very well,) are the most beastly things that ever graced the table

of a poor-house or house of correction. I write this letter in a very ill humour at some circumstances I happen to be engaged in, which are as follows:—It is thought expedient that, as I principally feel myself deficient in mathematics, I should stay in Oxford during this next vacation, in order to go through a course of lectures with the mathematical professor. This is certainly very much for a man's interest, but it will be very dull, I fear, as few Brazen Nose men with whom I am acquainted will stay. If you could contrive to take the opportunity of this vacation at once to see Oxford, and make an old school-fellow perfectly happy by your company for a day or two, I need not say how glad I should be. If you conveniently can, pray do come. '*Per hoc inane purpuræ decus precor.*'

"I have fagged pretty hard since I have been here, on a perfectly different plan, however, from my Neasdon studies. I was very closely engaged last week with a copy of verses, as you will believe, when I tell you that I literally had no time to shave, insomuch that my beard was as long and hoary as that of his majesty the erl king. I succeeded tolerably well in my verses, and had to read them in hall; the most nervous ceremony I ever went through.

"I agree with you on the subject of that fabled academical leisure. We are, at Cambridge and Oxford, in the economy of time, perfect Cartesians; we admit of no vacuum. I have been, through my Cheshire connexions and the long residence of my brother, introduced to a great many people; and this has, of course, produced very numerous parties, but, I assure you, I shall preserve my character for sobriety: no man is obliged to drink more than he pleases, nor have I seen any of that spirit of playing tricks on freshmen which we are told were usual forty or fifty years ago at the universities.

"Vale—si possis, veni.

"You seem not much to like the concerts at Cambridge. I very much approve of ours here, both as it is a rational scholar-

CHAP. I. 1801.

like amusement, and as it affords a retreat, if necessary, from the bottle."

On the back of one of Reginald Heber's early college exercises is written the following fragment on alchemy.

* * * * *

So fares the sage, whose mystic labours try
The thorny paths of fabled alchemy.
Time, toil, and prayer, to aid the work conspire,
And the keen jaws of dross-devouring fire.
In one dim pile discordant embers blaze,
And stars of adverse influence join their rays;
Till every rite perform'd, and labour sped,
When the clear furnace dawns with sacred red,
From forth the genial warmth and teeming mould,
The bright-winged radiance bursts of infant gold.

In one of the vacations he wrote the following imitation of a song, said to have been composed by Robert, Duke of Normandy, during his confinement in Cardiff Castle, addressed to an oak which grew in an ancient encampment within sight of his windows.

Oak, that stately and alone
On the war-worn mound hast grown,
The blood of man thy sapling fed,
And dyed thy tender root in red;
Woe to the feast where foes combine,
Woe to the strife of words and wine!

Oak, thou hast sprung for many a year,
'Mid whisp'ring rye-grass tall and sear,
The coarse rank herb, which seems to show
That bones unbless'd are laid below;
Woe to the sword that hates its sheath,
Woe to th' unholy trade of death!

Oak, from the mountain's airy brow
Thou view'st the subject woods below,
And merchants hail the well-known tree,
Returning o'er the Severn sea.
Woe, woe to him whose birth is high,
For peril waits on royalty!

Now storms have bent thee to the ground,
And envious ivy clips thee round;
And shepherd hinds in wanton play
Have stripped thy needful bark away;
Woe to the man whose foes are strong,
Thrice woe to him who lives too long!

To John Thornton, Esq.

Oxford, 1803.

" My Dear Friend,

" I believe I mentioned in my last letter the causes which prevented me from answering your's immediately. I was at that time in all the perplexity of forming a plan for a long poem, and turning over the bad Latin and tedious descriptions of Reland and Cotoricus. In the middle of this pursuit, I was interrupted by a very severe attack of the influenza, which, though it perhaps tended greatly to keeping your letter in my thoughts, incapacitated me from writing at all, as I could seldom bear to sit up, my head and body ached so much. After my recovery the time was so short, and the business so pressing, that you will not wonder that I postponed writing to you, among the rest of the pleasures which I gave up, till I should have completed the copy. This was accordingly given in on Monday night. I know not whether I told you in my last that it is a sort of prize extraordinary for English verses,—the subject, Palestine. I was not aware till yesterday that the same subject had been some time since given for the Seatonian prize. I think it on the whole a fine one, as it will admit of much fancy and many sublime ideas. I know not whether it ought to have been made exclusively sacred or not. Many men whom I have talked with, seem inclined to have made it so; but I have an utter dislike to clothing sacred subjects in verse, unless it be done as nearly as possible in Scriptural language, and introduced with great delicacy. I could not refrain, however, from mentioning and rather enlarging on the Messiah and the last triumphs of Judea. The historical facts of Scripture, I, of course, made great use of, as well as of the crusades, siege of Acre, and other

CHAP. I. 1803.

pieces of modern story. My brother, my tutor[1], and Mr. Walter Scott, the author of the Border Minstrelsy, whom I have no doubt you know by name, if not personally, give me strong hopes, and I am, on the other hand, I hope, pretty well prepared for a disappointment. Whether the event be favourable or otherwise, I shall know in about ten days, and will not fail to communicate my victory or defeat.

" I am so much agitated about the news of war, that I cannot help, contrary to my general practice, adverting to politics, and congratulating you on the hopes that, as good springs out of evil, this public confusion may terminate by cashiering our present ministry."

It was in the spring of 1803 that Reginald Heber wrote " Palestine." In the course of its composition, Sir Walter Scott happened to breakfast with him one morning, together with his brother and one or two friends, previous to their joining a party of pleasure to Blenheim. " Palestine" became the subject of conversation, and the poem was produced and read. Sir Walter, to whom the editor is indebted for the anecdote, said, " You have omitted one striking circumstance in your account of the building of the temple, that no tools were used in its erection." Reginald retired from the breakfast table to a corner of the room, and before the party separated, produced the beautiful lines which now form a part of the poem[2], and which were at a subsequent period, and alas! on a far different occasion, quoted by Sir Charles Edward Grey, as illustrative of the manner in which he trusted the Church of Asia would arise, and in which the friend he then mourned, was so admirably qualified to foster its growth[3]. On mounting the rostrum to recite his poem, Reginald Heber was struck by seeing two young ladies, of Jewish extraction, sitting in a conspicuous

[1] The Rev. T. S. Smyth, now rector of St. Austell, Cornwall.

[2]
No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung,
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
Majestic silence!

[3] Vide Appendix, for Sir C. E. Grey's speech at Calcutta.

part of the theatre. The recollection of some lines which reflect severely on their nation flashed across his mind, and he resolved to spare their feelings by softening the passage which he feared would give them pain, as he proceeded; but it was impossible to communicate this intention to his brother, who was sitting behind him as prompter, and who, on the attempt being made, immediately checked him, so that he was forced to recite the lines as they were originally written.

The success which attended this prize poem has been unparalleled in its class; universally read at the time, by many committed to memory, it has retained its place among the higher poetical compositions of the age; and has since been still further immortalized by the genius of Dr. Crotch, musical professor in Oxford [1]. The effect which its recitation in the theatre produced was affectingly commemorated by Sir Charles E. Grey, in the speech already referred to, and is thus recorded by an eloquent contemporary, writing at the interval of twenty-four years [2].

"None who heard Reginald Heber recite his 'Palestine' in that magnificent theatre, will ever forget his appearance—so interesting and impressive. It was known that his old father was somewhere sitting among the crowded audience, when his universally admired son ascended the rostrum; and we have heard that the sudden thunder of applause which then arose so shook his frame, weak and wasted by long illness, that he never recovered it, and may be said to have died of the joy dearest to a parent's heart [3]. Reginald

[1] It has also been translated into Welch by Dr. Owen Pugh; who had, previously, translated the Paradise Lost into the same language.

[2] Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine for November, 1827.

[3] There is no truth in this story; but an errour cannot be regretted which has given occasion to the following lines, by Miss Jermyn, published in one of the Annuals for 1829.

ON THE RECITATION OF PALESTINE.

Hush'd was the busy hum; nor voice nor sound
Through the vast concourse, mark'd the moment near;
A deep and holy silence breath'd around,
And mute attention fix'd the list'ning ear:

CHAP. I. 1803.

Heber's recitation, like that of all poets whom we have heard recite, was altogether untrammelled by the critical laws of elocution, which were not set at defiance, but either by the poet unknown or forgotten; and there was a charm in his somewhat melancholy voice, that occasionally faltered, less from a feeling of the solemnity and even grandeur of the scene, of which he was himself the conspicuous object—though that feeling did suffuse his pale, ingenuous, and animated countenance—than from the deeply felt sanctity of his subject, comprehending the most awful mysteries of God's revelations to man. As his voice grew bolder and more sonorous in the hush, the audience felt that this was not the mere display of the skill and ingenuity of a clever youth, the

When from the rostrum burst the hallow'd strain,
And Heber, kindling with poetic fire,
Stood 'mid the gazing and expectant train,
And woke to eloquence his sacred lyre.

The youthful student, with emphatic tone,
(His lofty subject on his mind impress'd,)
With grace and energy unrivall'd shone,
And roused devotion in each thoughtless breast.

He sang of Palestine—that holy land,
Where saints and martyrs, and the warrior brave,
The cross in triumph planting on its strand,
Beneath its banners sought a glorious grave.

He sang of Calvary, of his Saviour sang,
Of the rich mercies of redeeming love;
When through the crowd spontaneous plaudits rang,
Breathing a foretaste of rewards above.

What means that stifled sob, that groan of joy?
Why fall those tears upon the furrow'd cheek?
The aged father hears his darling boy,
And sobs and tears alone his feelings speak.

From his full heart the tide of rapture flows;
In vain to stem its rapid course he tries;
He hears the applauding shouts, the solemn close,
And, sinking from excess of joy, he dies!

accidental triumph of an accomplished versifier over his compeers, in the dexterity of scholarship, which is all that can generally be truly said of such exhibitions,—but that here was a poet indeed, not only of bright promise, but of high atchievement,—one whose name was already written in the roll of the immortals. And that feeling, whatever might have been the share of the boundless enthusiasm, with which the poem was listened to, attributable to the influence of the '*genius loci*,' has been since sanctioned by the judgment of the world that has placed 'Palestine' at the very head of the poetry on divine subjects of this age. It is now incorporated for ever with the poetry of England."

When Reginald Heber returned from the theatre, surrounded by his friends, with every hand stretched out to congratulate, and every voice raised to praise him, he withdrew from the circle; and his mother, who, impatient of his absence, went to look for him, found him in his room on his knees, giving thanks to God, not so much for the talents which had, on that day, raised him to honour, but that those talents had enabled him to bestow unmixed happiness on his parents. It is easy to conjecture what, with these feelings of piety and filial affection, must have been the tone of the letter written on this occasion to Mr. Thornton, and yet it is impossible not to regret its accidental loss. Had he possessed a mind less fortified by Christian humility, the praises which were now showered on him might have produced dangerous effects; but the tone of his character never varied; at college and through life, though distinguished by great cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirits, he retained that sobriety of mind which had marked his childhood, and he attracted not only the admiration, but the love of his contemporaries; for, besides that great superiority seems to be almost out of the reach of envy, his talents were accompanied with so much modesty and kindness, that the laurels which he won could not be viewed with jealousy, even by those whose exertions in the same race had failed of success.

Reginald Heber was always remarkable for the purity of his ideas, and early in life he was known hastily to close a book from

CHAP. I. 1803.

something meeting his eye which his heart shunned. One who knew him well, and had been his companion in his gayest and most unreserved hours, used to say, "that if his heart had no other covering than a glass, its thoughts were so pure, no one need fear to read them." And his conversation evinced the delicacy of his mind. His innocent gaiety, and his inexhaustible fund of anecdote, the information on almost every subject which his extensive reading and his memory enabled him to bring forward, made him the pride of his family, the delight of his acquaintance, and the pattern by which his younger friends strove to form themselves.

On his return to Malpas in 1803 for the long vacation, Reginald Heber found the neighbourhood engaged in forming volunteer corps to repel the threatened invasion. At the request of a neighbour and friend of his father's, Mr. Dod, of Edge, who had just raised a body of infantry, he wrote, when sitting round the tea-table in the evening with his family, the following stanzas, to be sung at the meeting of the corps the following morning.

HONOUR ITS OWN REWARD.

Swell, swell the shrill trumpet clear sounding afar,
Our sabres flash splendour around,
For freedom has summon'd her sons to the war,
Nor Britain has shrunk from the sound.

Let plunder's vile thirst the invaders inflame,
Let slaves for their wages be bold,
Shall valour the harvest of avarice claim?
Shall Britons be barter'd for gold?

No! free be our aid, independent our might,
Proud honour our guerdon alone;
Unhired be the hand we raise in the fight,
The sword that we brandish our own.

Still all that we love to our thoughts shall succeed,
Their image each labour shall cheer,
For them we will conquer—for them we will bleed,
And our pay be a smile or a tear!

And oh ! if returning triumphant we move,
Or sink on the land that we save,
Oh ! blest by his country, his kindred, his love,
How vast the reward of the brave !

To John Thornton, Esq.

1803.

" Palestine I have not published ; but if you will accept a copy, I have desired my brother to leave it in St. James's Square. I hope your military career is prosperous. I have myself been pretty similarly employed, together with Heber, who has had great success in raising a corps of infantry on my father's estate. All here are furiously loyal, and my brother has found more difficulty in rejecting than in soliciting. I do not apprehend that our services will be wanted, though, as Liverpool is an expected point of attack, we may in that case become really useful.

The Shropshire volunteers are, in case of necessity, to be united into a legion, commanded by Mr. Kynaston Powell, the member for the county. You give me a full account of your military proceedings, but not a word of your academical. Pray do not utterly throw aside the gown for the sabre ; I intend to try whether they are not very compatible, as I fag and drill by turns. My brother talks of running me for the honours next year. I own I am unwilling, but he is urgent, and I must work hard. I have lately seen some very interesting and melancholy letters from Ireland ; the last written under such apprehensions that no name was signed. They give every man reason, I think, to be thankful to Providence, and to be very angry with the ministry, who seem to have neglected the most evident and notorious reasons for precaution. A powder magazine belonging to the rebels had blown up and many arms been found, above a week before that attack which found the ministry so unprepared, that the rebels were within a street of the undefended castle before any troops were opposed to them. So much for the man whom Mr. —— declares above all praise !"

CHAP. I. 1804.

The following year, 1804, Reginald Heber sustained the heaviest affliction which an affectionate son is called on to endure. The death of his excellent father, in his seventy-sixth year, is thus related to Mr. Thornton:

Malpas, Feb. 22, 1804.

"DEAR THORNTON,

"Thank you heartily for your friendly condolence; indeed we have stood in need of comfort, as so grievous a deprivation must bear heavy on us, though the manner in which my father was taken away was most merciful both to himself and to us. May we die the death of the righteous! It was an event he had long looked forward to, and held himself in readiness to meet. It seems but yesterday, though eight months have since elapsed, that he came to the Act at Oxford with all the sprightliness and mental vigour of youth, as gay and, to all appearance, as healthy as his children. Yet, I believe it was about this time he perceived in himself some symptoms which he considered as a warning to trim his lamp and be prepared. Alas! in a month after we returned to Hodnet these symptoms grew more serious. Dr. Currie quieted our apprehensions, in some degree, by explaining the nature of his disorder, and assuring us that old age had nothing to do with it. My father's opinion remained, however, unchanged; he went through a long course of medicines, I think, principally for our sakes, and from a sense of duty, for he often said all was in vain. Much of his time was past in private prayer and reading the Scriptures: among his friends, his spirits were as even and his conversation as cheerful as ever. He often exhorted us to be prepared for his loss, and reminded us of the hope which he had in our Saviour. The skilfull treatment of his physician, joined to his own excellent constitution, seemed at length to have completely conquered the complaint, and removed the fears of all but my mother, who, as she saw more, apprehended more from his declining strength and appetite. In his letters to me at Oxford he mentioned slightly, that though his disorder was gone,

his strength did not return; but I considered this as the natural consequence of his confinement, and hoped that spring would set all right. At last I received a dreadful summons to return here immediately. He had suffered a relapse, accompanied with a painful and terrifying hysteric hiccough. His days were without ease and his nights without sleep; his mind remained the same, blessing God for every little interval of pain, and delighting to recount the mercies he had experienced, and to give his children comfort and advice. These conversations, which were much more frequent than his strength could well bear, I trust in God I shall never forget. Our hopes in the mean time were buoyed up by many fair appearances, and by the gradual diminution of his pains; but we could not long deceive ourselves. When at length all hopes were over, we knelt around his bed, his wife and all his children; he blessed us, and over and over again raised his feeble voice to bid us be Christians and to hold fast our faith; he spoke of the world as a 'den of wild beasts,' that he rejoiced to leave, and prayed God to guard us in our journey through it. My mother was quite overwhelmed with grief and fatigue, having for six weeks never taken off her clothes. He chid her gently for sorrowing as without hope, and talked much of the Divine Rock on which his hope was founded. The next morning he expressed a wish to receive the Sacrament, and bade me, in the mean time, read the prayer in our liturgy for a person at the point of death. I, through my tears, made a blunder which he corrected me in from memory. He now expressed some impatience for the Sacrament, saying he 'hoped not to be detained long.' Mr. Bridge[1] arrived, and we all together partook of the most solemn communion that we can ever expect to join in in this world, to which, indeed, my father seemed scarcely to belong. A smile sate on his pale countenance, and his eyes sparkled brighter than I ever saw them. From this time he spoke but little, his lips moved, and his eyes were raised upwards. He blessed us again; we kissed him and

[1] Mr. Heber's Curate at Malpas.—Ed.

CHAP. I. 1804.

found his lips and cheeks cold and breathless. O Thornton, may you (after many years) feel as we did then!

"I have been two days writing this letter, for I have been often obliged to break off. There are few people to whom I would have ventured to say so much, but to a real friend, as I think you, it is pleasant to open one's mind.

"I return to Oxford in the course of next week; my mother and sister go to Hodnet, to which my brother has, with the kindness and affection which he has always shown, invited us as to a home."

To John Thornton, Esq.

Oxford, April 23, 1804.

"I would have answered your letter long since, had I not been really very seriously occupied, as my examination is to come on, I believe, in a few days. I have given up all idea of standing for honours, as my mathematical and, indeed, my other studies have been interrupted this spring by, alas! too good a reason. In fact, to pass a tolerable examination, even in the most ordinary way, is by no means a trifling exertion. Perhaps, too, my ardour for academical distinction is a little cooled. My examination will be precipitated much sooner than I could wish, from a necessity of joining the corps I belong to, which is going out on permanent duty the tenth of next month. I am sorry to find you have not persevered in your idea of passing a short time at Oxford. The Michaelmas term I shall, I think, be resident, and it would of course make Oxford very delightful to me to have your society. I have been here the whole of the Easter vacation, fagging, sometimes, rather hard, though never so much as I ought to do. I have, however, during this time made myself pretty well master of Aristotle's ethics and rhetoric, and have gone through a good deal of Æschylus. Logic, alas! and mathematics sleep very quietly, and as a little of both is necessary, I believe I must trust to my memory for doing justice to some lectures I attended when a freshman. God bless you, my dear friend!"

On the 2nd of November, 1804, Reginald Heber was elected a Fellow of All Souls; which event he announces to his friend in his next letter.

To John Thornton, Esq.

1804.

"DEAR THORNTON,

"After much deliberation concerning which of the two societies for Promoting Christian Knowledge I should subscribe to, I have at length determined upon both; you will therefore oblige me if you will put down the enclosed under the signature of O. A., to the fund of the Bible Society. I would not trouble you in this if I had not lost the paper you were so good as to send me, so that I do not recollect the proper direction. I have in one or two instances beat up for recruits to the institution, but do not know whether successfully or not. I am strongly convinced that the union of the Bible Society with either of the former ones, would be productive of very good effects; if all three were united it would be best of all.

"I know your friendship is interested in every fortunate event which can befall me, and that you will hear with pleasure that I am become a fellow of All Souls. I even now begin to find the comfort of my new situation, which is, for any young man, particularly if he reads at all, certainly most enviable. I am now become, for the present, almost settled in Oxford, and a visit from you would make me quite, what I am already almost, the happiest fellow in England.

"I have, according to your recommendation, read Lord Teignmouth's 'Sir William Jones,' which pleases me very much, and is, I think, though rather lengthy (as the Americans say) an interesting and well done thing. As to my admiration of Sir W. Jones, it is rather increased than diminished, by seeing the tackle and component parts of which so mighty a genius was formed; and his system of study is instructive as well as wonderful. It has excited much interest in Oxford, where he is

CHAP. I. 1804.

still remembered with admiration and affection by the senior men.

. . . . " Talking about fagging, I have been rather fagging lately, though not near so much as I ought to have done after a long vacation of military idleness,—idleness at least with respect to the main pursuits of my life. My examination will, I believe, come on in a very few days; I have, indeed, sent in my name nearly a month ago, and have been during that whole time in the pleasure of suspense. Any serious plan of study, when a man expects every day a summons to the schools, would be impossible. I have been trying my hand at logic, but soon threw it down in absolute disgust; the barbarous terms, the ridiculous methods of conveying information, and the lumber with which every thing is crowded and blocked up, are quite too much for me. I shall, perhaps, some time or other, attack the Organon itself, as possibly Aristotle is not answerable for the stuff of his commentators and followers; but for this examination I shall certainly not take up logic. After my degree is well got over, there will be three good years for divinity, to which I intend to give a steady application, though no application or labour can be steady enough for the importance and interest of the subject. My brother is in Westminster, where business of my aunts' has long kept him pretty closely; he is their comfort and support under affliction and sickness, and they cannot spare him.

" Believe me, dear friend,

" Your obliged and affectionate,

" Reginald Heber."

The editor will be forgiven for closing this part of her husband's academical life in the words of the same author from whom she has before quoted. " His university career was equally splendid to its close. In the schools his examination for his bachelor's degree, although not so much distinguished as that of many others, for accurate remembrances of the manifold divisions and subtleties of Aristotle's philosophical works, by the solution of syllogisms out

of Aldrich's logic, or of mathematical problems, was brilliant in the oratory and poetry of Greece. But his reputation was then so great and high, that no public exhibition of that kind could increase or raise it. Some men enter the schools obscure and come out bright; others enter bright and come out obscure; but Reginald Heber was a star whose lustre was as steady as it was clear, and would neither suffer temporary eclipse, nor 'draw golden light' from any other source of honour within the walls of a university. The year after he had taken his degree, he, almost of course, gained the university's bachelor's prize for the English prose essay. The subject was well suited to his peculiar powers, and the 'Sense of Honour' found in him a temperate and charitable Christian advocate, who vindicated its high character as a great principle of morality, but showed its necessary subjection to conscience and religion."

CHAPTER II.

TO STRUND.

Departure from England—Gottenburg—Swedish soldiers—Mode of travelling—Hedé—Trollhätta—Falls on the Gotha—Swedish peasantry—Price of labour—Udevalla—Friderickshall—Mr. Anker—Wolf-hunting—Mr. Rosencrantz—Cascade on the Glomm—Population of Norway—Lake of Dillingen—Noëck, the kelpie of Norway—Christiania—Mr. Collet—Oesterval peasants—Fort—Cathedral—Alum works—Militia—Hedermarken—Lake Mios—Storhammer—St. Olave—Norwegian superstitions—Men of Gulbransdal—Colonel Sinclair—Dovre—Driostuen—Wolves—Lemings—Trondheim—Cathedral—Munkholm—Library—Rifle corps on skates—Leer Fossen—Röraas copper mines—Finns—Productions of Norway.

CHAP. II. 1805.

TOWARDS the middle of the year 1805, Reginald Heber accompanied Mr. John Thornton on a tour to the north of Europe, which was extended through Russia, the Crimea, Hungary, Austria, Prussia, and Germany; the rest of the continent being at that time closed by war against travellers. His friends were glad to seize this opportunity of removing him from the effects of that admiration which his talents excited, and which they apprehended might, in time, injure the beautiful simplicity of his mind; an apprehension which, though natural, experience has proved to have been unfounded.

His correspondence with his family during this tour, as well as the journals which he kept through the greater part of it, will be given in the following pages.

To Mrs. Heber.

Gottenburg, August 1, 1805.

" DEAR MOTHER,

" The uncommon beauty of the weather would, I hope, entirely quiet all your apprehensions respecting our voyage to this place, where we arrived yesterday morning. About two hours after I had finished my last letter we got on board the packet, a small black looking sloop, very little larger than the fishing smacks on the Parkgate shore. We found, however, a tolerably large and neat, though not fragrant, cabin, in which, as we were the only passengers, we had plenty of room and the choice of beds. We were, however, in such spirits with the fresh sea breeze that we had little inclination to quit the deck, and staid up till past midnight enjoying the novelty of our situation. A strong gale and the short pitching waves of the north sea, however, kept us in our beds the whole of the next day. Sea-sickness has, I think, been rather exaggerated; bad as it certainly is while you stay on deck, yet, when laid down and out of sight of the cause, I found sleeping a sure and almost immediate remedy. The weather from this time was very delightful, though the wind was rather unfavourable; we caught fish, walked the deck, studied Swedish, and learnt how to take an observation. We fell in with the Scout, armed vessel, whose appearance at first rather alarmed our captain, as she did not answer our signals. He was a man of but few words, but muttered a good deal, scratched his head, and with a very long face brought the mail on deck, with an old rusty swivel tied to it, that it might be thrown overboard in case of danger. Our uncertainty was however soon removed by her hailing us, and we enjoyed the benefit of her convoy as far as the Naze; she had been sent out on a false report of three French privateers in the Cattegat.

" On Sunday we came in sight of the tall blue mountains of Norway, stretching along our northern horizon, a rocky and almost perpendicular coast, with many fishing vessels under it, and above these some pointed Alpine hills rising to a great height. Having

CHAP. II. 1805.

left them behind us to the west, we saw next day the Swedish coast, likewise rocky, though much less striking than our first prospect. After being kept in a most tantalizing manner for two days by a dead calm, we at length got into the river Gotha about nine o'clock yesterday, and landed after a full three hours waiting for the Custom-house officers, which time we passed in admiring the singular appearance of the harbour, without tides, and with rushes growing even in the sea, and taking sketches of some odd shaped rocks which surrounded it. On the whole it very much answered my idea of a Scotch lake, excepting that in one part there were some large oaks almost close to the beach, a phenomenon which I scarcely expected in so high a latitude. Our baggage was at first taken to the Caledonian hotel (for there are Scotchmen every where;) but we soon found that Mr. Smith, the consul, had bespoken us very neat lodgings in a tavern near his counting-house. With him we dined yesterday very sumptuously, though, according to English ideas, every thing was inverted, as we began dinner with noyau, then roast beef, and last of all, fish and desert. Our party was entirely English. We dined to-day with another gentleman in the town, to many of whom we have been introduced, and who seem inclined to show us much civility. We can just talk Swedish enough to find our way about; and in company English is so well understood, that even French has yet been very little wanted. Thornton has purchased a light, but strong and comfortable carriage; and as the roads are, we understand, the best in Europe, and the little Swedish poneys very good goers, our posting will, I hope, be prosperous.

"We have seen all the curiosities of Gottenburg, which are indeed not very numerous; the city has suffered twice in the last five years by dreadful fires, and at present upwards of one third is a heap of rubbish. From this, however, are rising new streets, on a very uniform and magnificent plan, with a spirit which bears testimony to the flourishing trade of the place. When finished, few towns of its size will be able to vie with it. It is regularly fortified, but the ramparts are much neglected, and the cannon

lying to rust under long grass. The principal streets are of very great width, with navigable canals in the middle, which communicate with the harbour on one side and with the country on the other, and afford a very singular prospect by the mixture of masts, trees, rocks, and chimneys. The houses were formerly of wood, and are still so in the suburbs; but since the late fire all new erections are of brick or stone, and generally very handsome and lofty.

"As to the general appearance of the lower classes, I can merely say they are civil and cleanly. The women have their hair *snooded* in a large knot on the crown of the head, and in fair weather wear nothing upon it but a very white and clean handkerchief; they are generally barefooted. On the whole, Thornton, who has been in Scotland, says that he is often reminded of what he saw there; and the tone of voice, which is completely Scotch, assists the deception."

To Richard Heber, Esq.

Gottenburg, August, 1805.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I hope you have none of you been amused with any of the good stories of privateers, which have, we understand, been lately circulated; you might else have concluded that our voyage had terminated in the harbour of Dunkirk. . . . .

"Gottenburg is reckoned to hold about ten thousand people; I think, in reality, not more than six thousand. The fortifications, the canals, and the general appearance of the country are all so different to what I have seen before, that my attention has been on the stretch ever since I came here. Of the country I can as yet say nothing, and but little of any thing else. The society of the place appears very hospitable and well informed, though (as being chiefly mercantile) not particularly polished. There are, however, two or three chevaliers or 'ridderes' (chevaliers) of the orders of Vasa and the Polar Star, whose white crosses, and '*alba nautis stella refulget*,' and who seem to be pleasing men. Not that these

CHAP. II. 1805.

orders appear to be much thought of, being given to lawyers, architects, physicians, men of all classes, and even to the clergy. As to females, of the higher classes I mean, I suppose there are such things in Gottenburg, but I am utterly unable to give any account of them. The two parties we have been at were entirely male; and the weather is too rainy for seeing any thing gay in the streets. The lower classes of the men are, I think, taller than the English, with universally flaxen hair, and generally well made and handsome; for the women I cannot say so much: both are clean and civil. I saw some very picturesque groups, this morning, in the market-place, where was a good deal of meat and fish, but no vegetables of any sort; on enquiry, I found that, excepting green peas, none were yet to be had; yet fruit is plentiful and excellent, particularly strawberries. The claret here is very passable, and the style of dinners pleasant, without much tedious form or ceremony.

" As Gottenburg is a garrison town, I, of course, felt eager to observe the Swedish soldiers, with whom, on the whole, I am very favourably impressed; they are well-looking clean men, remarkably so, indeed, when you find that their pay is not above two-pence daily, and their uniform only changed every two or three years. Instead of sheathing their bayonets they reverse them on the musquet. The establishments of regiments and companies is much the same as of those in our service, where the company is a hundred men and four officers. The captains are distinguished by a white handkerchief tied round the left arm, a badge which originated in being worn by the king's party in the late revolution under Gustavus the Third. He, by the way, appears to be spoken of with respect and affection; more, I am inclined to think, from some expressions I have heard, than the present young king possesses, though his character appears very interesting. A gentleman to day was complaining that, since the revolution, the Diet had scarcely ever met, and unless the court was hard pressed for money, was very unlikely to do so. This surprised me, as I had always thought their sessions were as regular as those of our parliament. The king is also accused of some degree of hauteur, though he

is highly praised for a generous lofty spirit, and good intentions. On the whole, I shrewdly suspect that we shall meet with a party not much inclined to favour the measures of the present English government. The late rupture, and the contempt shown to the Swedish flag in searching the convoy are not forgotten. It is, however, very impossible to form any opinion so immediately on our entrance into a country. I shall, moreover, be extremely cautious in conversation.

" Prince William of Gloucester and Sir Sidney Smith, are said to be very popular characters at Stockholm; if you could get us letters of introduction from them, they would be of very great use, and there is still time to forward them.

" I have been to day in one of the petty courts of justice, which was pretty much like an English justice's room on a market day. The packet is to sail and I must finish."

To Richard Heber, Esq.

Friderickshall, August 8.

" The day after I sent off my last letters we left Gottenburg in Thornton's newly purchased carriage, which is a small light four-wheeled cabriolet with a coach box, and a seat behind for the peasant who goes to take care of the horses. The top is so contrived as to fold up with glasses, &c., so as, when wanted, to become as warm as a close carriage; the whole not much heavier than an English curricle and not so high; it is drawn easily by two horses about the size of a Welch poney. The manner in which post horses are procured is as follows; about four or five hours before you set out, you send on a person called the ' forbüd,' or bespeaker, with a card of the posts where you will want horses, and the hour they are to be ready. He goes in a small cart with one horse, in which it is usual to send part of the baggage. We sent one portmanteau, into which we put as many things as were necessary for a Norway tour; (a king's messenger who was going to Stockholm undertook to carry the remainder of our baggage there

CHAP. II. 1805.

directly). On the arrival of the forbüd at a post-house, a message is immediately sent to the neighbouring peasants, who are obliged by law to furnish the horses required; the rate of posting is about 1½*d.* English, per horse, the English mile; the horses are very spirited and able for their size, and the rate of travelling about six miles and a half, or one Swedish mile, the hour.

"The day before we left Gottenburg we met at Mr. Smith's two English travellers, Major Hanbury and the brother of Stackhouse of All Souls, who were going, like ourselves, to Norway, and had been through Denmark, and with the King of Sweden at Helsingborg; we met them again at Trollhätta, where they intended to stay a day or two to fish. They spoke highly of the affability of the Prince of Denmark. The King of Sweden's manners are not, it seems, so conciliating; of this, indeed, we had heard a good deal from the Swedes themselves. The Swedish soldiers are obliged to take off their hats whenever they are within a certain distance of Helsingborg; and the king reads all the passports granted to travellers himself. He is, however, by all accounts, really a fine fellow, though I think I have observed several symptoms of discontent at his conduct. Mr. Pitt, by the way, is much disliked at Gottenburg. I have nothing more to add respecting that town, than that there is a sort of affectation of literature, though probably not much real, displayed by some of its inhabitants. The booksellers' shops are pretty well stored with English and German, but no classics, and very few French books. The importation of the last is strictly forbidden by government.

"We have now seen a considerable tract of Swedish ground, which, with great variety, and, in one or two instances, excessive barrenness, has exceeded, on the whole, my highest expectations in the sublimity of the landscape, and the occasional appearance of cultivation and fertility. These qualities, indeed, are strangely blended with the wildest and most gigantic features of nature. Each day's journey has taken us through a rapid succession of rocks, forests, meadows, and corn-fields; and we have often met with lakes which in size certainly excell, and cannot, I think, be

surpassed in beauty by those of Cumberland. In one point only Sweden falls short of an English landscape; there is a sameness and want of variety in the fir woods, which made us often regret the oak and beech we had left behind. Of these but few are to be met with, and universally in sheltered situations. The ridges of the mountains are either bare, or assume a bristly appearance from the pine and spruce fir, which are the ordinary timber of the country. Of round-topped trees, the most common are the alder and the birch, which line all the valleys and the edges of the brooks and rivers. Of the characteristics of the country, the abundance of rock is, however, most remarkable. I do not believe we have at any time seen four hundred yards of land together, without rock visible above the surface. Amid the crags, juniper and strawberries grow very abundantly; and in sheltered situations we have frequently found whole thickets of rose-bushes, and a small kind of wild raspberry. The mountains we have passed are not particularly gigantic; those of Wales are, I think, higher; their appearance is, however, very striking from their perpendicular or craggy sides, and the tall fir trees which clothe them. I was once or twice reminded of Hawkstone on a much larger scale. Heath is very rare, except in the country about Hedé, which is, for nine or ten English miles, or more, as barren and desolate as can possibly be conceived, entirely crags and heath. At Hedé there was nobody who could inform us of any local traditions respecting this unfortunate district; indeed we are not sufficiently skilled in Swedish to render conference very easy; but we were much struck with the vast number of cairns and runic columns which were visible, and, above all, with a circle of stones rather larger and a good deal more perfect than that at Long Compton. What would Dr. Stukely say to such a monument in Scandinavia? Trollhätta, which was our first object after leaving Gottenburg, is a small and dirty village, remarkable for the beauty of the falls on the river Gotha, and for the canal and sluices by which vessels are let down a precipice of seventy feet by seven locks. By this means a junction is effected between the lake Wenner and the ocean. The

CHAP. II. 1805.

old sluices were erected at a great expense close to the falls; they are now in ruins; the new ones make a considerable detour, and cost 70,000*l.* in building. Trollhätta is the property of the Navigation Company. The Gotha itself is a noble river, if river it can be called, being, in fact, a channel by which the lake discharges itself into the sea; a fresh water Bosphorus would be perhaps a better name.

"With respect to the state of the lower classes in Sweden, our information is, of course, limited; they appear all tolerably clothed and fed, and are, perhaps, as well lodged as any peasantry in Europe; we have talked with them as much as our knowledge of the language would let us, and found them all civil and intelligent. The price of labour is from seven to ten skillings a-day; (the skilling is about three-farthings English). The system of farming seems much to resemble that in the mountainous parts of Wales; the hay crops are very light and are drawn to the barns on sledges; draining is a good deal practised, but apparently on an imperfect scale; grain tolerably well managed and thriving; the bread is chiefly oat cake. The fences to the fields consist of a great many rails of fir laid over each other like bricks in a wall, and kept together by upright stakes. The houses are built in the same manner with logs, and generally roofed with shingles or red tiles; on the roofs of cottages they place a layer of turf on which the goats are frequently seen browsing. The Churches are likewise generally of wood, painted on the outside in imitation of stone, and plentifully bedaubed with gilding and glaring colours within. Of Norway, where we only arrived this morning, I can yet say little; the people, particularly the women, seem much handsomer than the Swedes."

JOURNAL.

"The country about Udevalla is very beautiful, though the woods are small and composed of young trees; these are chiefly pine and fir on the hills, and in the valleys, alder, mountain-ash,

birch, and a little oak and willow. The Church is built in the form of a cross, and though too gaudy is very handsome; its steeple is detached. The population of Udevalla is estimated at about six thousand inhabitants: it is subject to the Bishop of Gottenburg; it has a large free-school where Latin is taught, and English is privately taught in the town. We were told by a Swedish gentleman at Gottenburg, that the importation of all French books is forbidden.

"*August* 7.—The country from Udevalla to Quistrun is very fine, the sea forming a magnificent lake. At the latter place an annual meeting of peasants was held on the day we arrived to settle taxes, &c. At Hodahl from the stupidity of our *forbüd* we could get no horses, and walked seven miles through a magnificent forest with fine rocks, to Swinesund, where we arrived at eleven at night, but were detained a couple of hours by the roguery of the Swedish Custom-house officer, who, on pretence of some informality in our papers, refused to let us proceed without paying a hundred and fifty rix dollars; but when we threatened to complain of him to the government at Stockholm, and declared ourselves ready to go back, he altered his tone and begged for six rix-dollars, as the price of our passage across the river into Norway.

"8*th, Fridericksha*ll.—The houses in this town are universally of wood, and of only one story; the inn is good, but the charges are very exorbitant, as is the case every where in Norway. We received great kindness from Mr. N. Anker, who introduced us to the best society in the place, and gave us the means of seeing every thing worthy of notice. From the castle there is a magnificent view of the town and harbour; but, as being foreigners, we were not admitted within its walls. Prince Charles of Holstein is the governor. It is customary here, whenever the merchants give an entertainment, to hoist flags on the vessels then in harbour, and to fire their cannon. We saw the place where Charles fell; it is now only marked by a plain wooden cross; but formerly there was a monument with an inscription on it, till Gustavus the Third caused it to be removed; its distance from the fort is little more than point

CHAP. II. 1805.

blank musquet shot; indeed the long musquets of which Marshal Saxe speaks, would certainly carry as far. Yet Mr. Rosencrantz told us that, not many years ago, there were some Swedes at Petersburg who boasted of having killed Charles with their own hands. There is a very large sugar-house here, which, with the exception of that at Trondheim, is the only one in the country. Mr. Anker has two ships employed in trading with the West Indies. We went with Mr. Anker this evening to a party in the town, where we met some very pleasant people; almost all the young men spoke good English, a knowledge of which is considered indispensable in their mercantile pursuits. The ladies, after supper, sang 'for Norske kiempers Födiland,' and some other pretty Norse songs with great spirit, and very agreeably. I have been struck, indeed, with the national high spirit of the Norwegians in general. The clergy are much respected, and live in easy circumstances. Over a certain number of clergymen there is a provost elected by themselves, whose functions nearly answer to those of our rural deans.

"A considerable degree of animosity seems to prevail between Norway and Sweden. The backwardness of the Swedish fleet during the rupture with England, was attributed by the former to private orders sent by the king, who wished to see Denmark humbled. The condition of the Norse peasantry is easy; their daily pay for labour is equal to two shillings of our money.

"Wolf-hunting is a very common amusement in winter; the party go out in sledges, having a little pig in each sledge, on whose tail they tread to make it squeak; the noise immediately brings the wolves out in such multitudes, that even a good shot is sometimes in danger.

"*Aug. 9th.*—We went this morning with Mr. Wolff, the Consul, to Haslund, the seat of Mr. Rosencrantz, the late envoy to Petersburg, where we were nobly entertained. I was much delighted with the conversation and manners of Mr. Rosencrantz; neither he nor his wife speak English, but are perfect masters of French. He is of a noble family, renowned in a book called 'The Worthies

of Denmark.' The house holds the second place in Norway for beauty and convenience; it much resembles a French chateau. The approach is through a long avenue of fir trees, and the rooms are all of the same size, about twenty-seven feet by nineteen, opening into a suite. The gardens are laid out in the old-fashioned style, with a large clock in the centre, moved by water, the invention and workmanship of a peasant. Mr. Rosencrantz has introduced larches into the country, and has planted many thousands himself, which seem to thrive well, and are certainly very superior, as timber, to the native fir. After breakfast we went to see the noble cascade on the Glomm, and the extensive saw-mills which are turned by it. The timber is, for the most part, felled at a great distance up the river, down which it is floated to the mills, not tied together or in rafts, but trusted entirely to chance. Mr. Rosencrantz has built excellent cottages for his labourers, most of whom, as well as the peasantry in general, are likewise small freeholders; this system has also been gradually taking place in Denmark since the emancipation of the boors.

"The population of Norway is rapidly increasing, and cultivation proportionably improved, without any apparent fears being entertained of a redundancy of people. Land has risen fifty per cent. in value during the last ten years. Mr. Rosencrantz, who has travelled a good deal in England, has introduced some English improvements into the system of farming, but not very extensively; he has a large dairy, and some of his cows are crossed from the English breed; the native cow is about the size of those of Cheshire, and very much resembles them; the cheese is however different, and more like that of Gloucestershire. The game laws have fallen very much into disuse. Mr. Rosencrantz spoke of game as not very plentiful, but I conceive that he spoke of it as in comparison with other districts. The Norwegian vegetables are more highly flavoured than those of most countries, which is probably owing to the great heat and rapid vegetation of their short summers; the pine apples are brought from England.

"The gentry pass nine months of the year in Christiania, and

CHAP. II. 1805.

during the remaining three they keep open house in the country. The wages of household servants are low, not more than five or six pounds a year for a man servant; but it is the custom for guests to give largely to the establishment of the house where they are visiting.

"10*th*.—We proceeded by a wild and uninteresting country across the Glomm in a ferry to Dillingen, situated by the lake of the same name, which is renowned as being the appropriate residence of Noëck, the kelpie of Norway. He is described as a malevolent being who generally appears in the shape of a black horse. If any one succeeds in bridling him, he becomes a useful animal, and serves his master faithfully. This information we had from an English servant, married in the country, who said that a relation of his wife's told him seriously that he had himself seen Noëck in harness, quietly drawing a plough; but the moment the bridle was taken off, he gallopped away with prodigious violence and noise, plunged into the lake, and disappeared. His favourite residence is at Dillingen, but he is occasionally seen in other parts of Norway.

"We passed through Mos, a large and very neat town, with harbour and shipping, and commanding a view of a fine country-house belonging to the late Mr. Bernard Anker, whose extensive iron works are in the neighbourhood, over a barren country to Prinsdal, from whence we had a noble view of Christiania. It was late when we entered the town, but we found very comfortable quarters at Thom's hotel; where, however, in compliance with the advice given us by Mr. Wolff, we made a previous bargain for every thing we wanted; as the Norwegian innkeepers are noted for their impositions on strangers.

"11*th*.—In the morning we called on Mr. Peter Anker, to whom we had letters from his cousin at Friderickshall. He gave us a very obliging reception, and an invitation to dine with him the next day. We then paid a visit to Mr. Collet, a merchant who had resided many years in London. He has a tolerable collection of pictures, one of which, a woman with a candle, he pointed

out as a Michael Angelo, but, which I think is impossible. At Uleval, Mr. Collet's country house, about two miles from Christiania, we dined, but were obliged to walk as we could get no post horses. We met a large party, among whom were three Oesterval peasants in the costume of their country; one of them was a very pretty girl of about eighteen; her hair was quite concealed under a close lace cap covered with a quantity of ribands, and she wore a great many gold and silver ornaments; but the dress was not altogether ungraceful: her father, a venerable old man with white hair, asked us to his house on our return from Trondheim; the third was the girl's lover, a gigantic wild-looking figure, a carpenter by trade, from the same neighbourhood. Mrs. Collet is not entitled to the name of *Frö*, as her husband has no office under government, though there sat at the same table the wife of a regimental surgeon, who claimed the title as the lady of a military officer.

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Mr. Collet's grounds are filled with gimcracks and whirligigs; he has a large hop garden, and has endeavoured to introduce the English hop into the country, but though the plants grow rapidly and are full of leaf, the hop never comes to perfection. The Norway hop is much less beautiful, but more hardy; I should think it might be introduced with very good effect into England, in any part of which it must *à fortiori* flourish. We went into the kennel, where was a strange mixture of Norway and English dogs of all descriptions. The farm yard is very extensive and well managed. In our tour we saw several frames or racks, of very simple construction and of all sizes, erected in airy situations for the purpose of drying the corn and hay in unfavourable seasons. Mr. Collet professes himself to be an improver on the English system, and certainly appears to understand what he is about. His oxen are entirely stall-fed in dark low houses, with the floors elevated above the ground and boarded, so that

CHAP. II. 1805.

they always stand dry and clean, while there is space below to shovel away the manure to the dunghill, where all the drains from the different stables and cow-houses centre. Mr. Collet expressed a great desire to have an English dairy-maid, and particularly begged me to let him know if he had any chance of inducing one to come out; (the cows are here all milked by women.) He also showed much anxiety to have models of thrashing machines, or any other English novelties. I wish I may be able to procure him some, especially a receipt for making Cheshire cheese.

"The birch-tree of Norway grows to a prodigious size, and is of a beauty of which we can conceive no idea; I should think its introduction into England would be a very valuable acquisition, and very easily effected.

"*Aug.* 12*th.*—I bathed this morning in the harbour, which is very deep in the middle, but shallow and muddy at the sides. We went over the fort which is in bad repair; the discipline of the garrison does not seem very strict, inasmuch as we found a sentinel asleep on his post. The Danish uniform is red with green facings; the soldiers are alert in their movements, but do not seem to stand much in awe of their officers.

"The sabbath appears to be very little reverenced in Christiania; the public comptoirs, indeed, are shut up, but generally speaking, all classes follow their various occupations and amusements as on a week day; and in the Cathedral, to which we went for morning service, we found only four or five old women and some charity children. The clergyman, when we afterwards met him at dinner at Mr. Anker's, at Bogstat, was dressed in a green coat and striped waistcoat. Bogstat is a very magnificent place, about three English miles from Christiania, with a fine lake, and gardens laid out in the English manner; there is a good deal of bad taste, however, visible every where; and a vile summer-house which Mr. Anker is building in the most beautiful and conspicuous part of the grounds, has the worst possible effect. There is a large and very tolerable collection of paintings, made by himself in Italy, which occupies several rooms opening out of each other, and

forming a handsome suite of apartments. After seeing these we were taken to the stables, where Mr. Anker has a fine stud. The horses that come from Dovre are the most famous; they are heavy in appearance, but trot with remarkable swiftness; when harnessed to a sledge, a good one has been known to go a Norway mile in fifteen minutes[1]. These horses are rarely kept up, but are driven at this rate when quite fresh and rough from grass; when tired they roll themselves on the ground. A fine one of this breed will fetch about 400 dollars, about ninety pounds of our money.

" Mr. Anker succeeded his brother Bernard in the office of chamberlain, and, as such, though not now in the army, he is entitled, in common with all officers under the crown, to wear a uniform with two epaulets. The badge of his office is a large key and riband embroidered in gold on the skirt of his coat. The title of chamberlain is considered as the most honourable in the kingdom: all others may be obtained by money alone; but for this is also required a noble descent, with very powerful interest at court. I had a great deal of conversation with Mr. Anker respecting the state of Norway; the information he gave enabled me to correct many erroneous opinions which I had formed from the partial and exaggerated statements of others. The peasants are totally and entirely free; this had been positively denied on my previous enquiries, and I consequently took a good deal of pains to ascertain the truth, both from Mr. Anker and others, and cannot doubt the fact. There has been no hereditary nobility in Norway since their extirpation by Christian: the wealthy families are either peasants grown rich, or merchants from other countries, who have purchased the estates of the ancient possessors, and with them their privileges of nobility, where the purchaser was of noble birth in his own country.

" We were entertained here, as well as every where else in Norway, with princely splendour and hospitality, accompanied at the same time by an endeavour, though generally a fruitless one,

[1] The Norwegian mile consists of 8223 English yards, nearly $4\frac{3}{4}$ English miles.

CHAP. II. 1805.

to imitate English manners. We met Mr. Bagé, the engineer of Trolhätta, a modest sensible man. He is now about to be employed by the Danish government, to form a tunnel and canal between Christiania and the Mios. The king of Sweden has lately ennobled him, and he wears the blue pantaloons, &c., which are appointed as badges of nobility. He mentioned his intention of travelling in England, with a view of improving himself in engineering. Two of Mr. Anker's nephews, and a niece, were of the party, the children of a younger brother who died at Bath; they were expected to inherit the large property of the late Bernard Anker, but he left his fortune in a strange manner, and partly divided among the Royal family; his will is, however, contested. The young Norwegians are often educated, from fifteen to eighteen years old, in London, not in the best society, where they acquire a bad imitation of our manners, and an affectation of dash, with very little good taste.

"*Aug.* 13*th.*—We went this morning to see the military academy. There are at present but few pupils, but it seems well managed. Under the shade of some fine trees in the citadel is a monument erected to the memory of one of the young men. There is a large school in the town, and great exertions were made by Mr. Bernard Anker to procure the endowment of a university, but to this measure the Danish government objected, in order to induce the Norwegians to send all their young men to Copenhagen for education. The public library is large, and open to all the inhabitants. The librarian did not understand French, but spoke Latin fluently. He informed me that the library was founded by a private benefaction, and that a considerable and increasing sum was appropriated for its support. The room is handsome and convenient, with a gallery all round it. They have few classical books, but a good collection of modern historians. The curiosity they set the highest value on, is a handsome Bible of the reign of Eric the First. I enquired for a book which Mr. Rosencrantz had mentioned, containing a prophecy of the French revolution. The passage was pointed out to me, but being in German it was incomprehensible.

I could not help observing the eagerness and real, though studiously concealed, faith with which the librarian and Mr. Rosencrantz, regarded some other predictions it contains concerning Denmark and Norway. The book is a commentary on the Revelations.

" The Cathedral is a handsome building; the bishop of the diocese lives at Opslo, a village about a mile from Christiania; it is, in fact, the remains of the ancient city which was destroyed by an accidental fire, or, as we learnt from some individuals, by the Swedes. Opslo is certainly the third city in point of antiquity in Norway; Storhammer perhaps the first, and Trondheim indisputably the next.

" At Christiania there is a small private theatre, in which, during the winter, the gentry of the place amuse themselves by acting Danish and sometimes French plays. During the winter dancing is a very favourite amusement, but it is not common in summer. The women make no scruple of confessing that all their clothes and finery come from England, from whence they are regularly supplied with the newest fashions. In Sweden they attempted to deny this, and said also, but I think from appearances untruly, that sufficient cloth for the men's clothes was manufactured in their own country.

" Christiania stands on an arm of the sea, amid wild romantic scenery; its harbour appears to be very secure, but is, in fact, occasionally subject to storms so violent as to drive vessels from their anchors. The Norwegians complain that their trade is not sufficiently protected by the Danes; no guard-ship is ever stationed in the port.

" The evening we spent with young Collet and a Mr. Bolton, the son of a Surry neighbour of Thornton's, whom we fell in with on our way back from Mr. Collet's on Saturday night. We went with him in his pleasure-boat to see Mr. Collet's alum-works, which are near the town. We saw the whole process, which is very curious; the alum is here chiefly produced from a kind of slate, strongly impregnated with sulphur, which is for some time exposed in heaps

CHAP. II. 1805.

to produce decomposition, and is then roasted for five weeks to extract the sulphur.

"*Aug.* 14*th.*—We left Christiania this morning, as the lateness of the season would not admit of our longer stay there. On the previous evening we engaged an English servant, who had been established for many years at Christiania as innkeeper, to accompany us to Kongsvinger; he had been in the habit of going to Trondheim with travellers, and had, lately, made the journey with Messrs. Malthus and Otter. The rate of posting in Norway is sixteen skilling[1] per Danish mile for each horse; two for each horse to the peasant, who goes forward to get them ready, and about the same or a little more to the man who accompanies you. Between Roholt and Minue we past a large house and iron-works, belonging to Mr. C. Anker. The roads were dreadfully cut up by timber carriages; boards are put up by the side of the roads with the names of the proprietors of land, who are obliged to keep their respective parts in repair, inscribed on them. The country gradually improved in beauty as we approached the lake Miosen, when it becomes beyond all praise. Near Minue is a ferry, at the place where the lake discharges itself in a broad and rapid stream. On our way we saw a party of the militia go through their manœuvres; they were cavalry, the soldiers fine looking men, and the horses tolerably good, though both were heavy. They were not very expert in their evolutions, and were only drilled by single rank, and told off by fours, instead of by threes as in England. The establishment of the militia is under the following regulations: during twelve years every person is obliged to appear, either on horseback or on foot, according to the extent of his property, for eight successive days for the purpose of drilling; they are assembled, for the most part, by single companies or troops, and their discipline is said to be very tolerable. In cases of necessity they are attached to the regular regiments, and are subjected to the same laws. We saw many of the foot returning home from drill, but none in the

[1] The Danish skilling is worth something less than a halfpenny of our money; that of Sweden is nearly double the value.

field; they were, for the greater part, stout men and clean, but had not a very soldier-like appearance. The time of their going on permanent duty is not fixed, but depends on local convenience. After they have served for twelve years, they are no longer obliged to attend drill, but continue for an equal length of time subject to be called out in case of invasion, or any other very urgent necessity; and they keep their arms till the expiration of that period. Wooden magazines, elevated on stone posts like English granaries, are erected in centrical parts of each district, and beacons are placed on the tops of the hills. It should appear from hence that the greater part of the population are armed, which circumstance will account for their apparent freedom, in spite of the arbitrary government under which they live. The province of Hedemarken, through which we are now passing, is said to be infamous on account of the dishonesty of its inhabitants; indeed in the southern parts of Norway in general, as well as along the sea coast, the manners of the people are much more brutal, and their morals looser, than in the interior.

"From Minue to Morstuer the road runs along the border of the Mios lake, and the scenery is more beautiful than any thing I have seen; Thornton was reminded of the Cumberland lakes, but gave this the preference. The foliage of the birch adds much to its beauty; the road is good though hilly. At Morstuer we slept and found a tolerable inn.

"*Aug.* 15*th.*—Our route to Grillum still lay by the side of the lake, of which, however, it is impossible to be weary, from the constant variety of scenery and beauty of the mountainous outlines of its shores. The width of the lake varies every stage from that of a lake to a river. Near Grillum we intended to have gone to the site of Storhammer, and searched for Runic antiquities, but were prevented by a heavy fall of rain; this we regretted much, though Mr. Anker had assured us there was nothing worth seeing; we wished however to judge for ourselves, but could not wait for the chance of more favourable weather, as our *forbiid* was gone on to order horses; when travellers adopt this method of bespeaking

CHAP. II. 1805.

horses, they ought to be careful to allow sufficient time between the stages to admit of their taking views of the country, or seeing whatever is most remarkable; for want of this precaution we found much inconvenience. Storhammer is situated in a most beautiful and fertile country on the headland of the lake. It is almost perfectly the centre of Norway, and I cannot conceive a more likely place for a general assembly of the tribes. We asked the postmaster at Grillum whether there were any ruins or vestiges of stone circles, &c., but he could give us no satisfactory information.

"Between Freng and Littlehammer is a fountain issuing from a large rock, which the peasants pointed out to us as the scene of one of St. Olave's adventures; his name and titles are rudely engraved on the rock. We could not understand whether the miracle is said to have consisted in his producing water, like Moses, by striking the rock with his riding-staff, or merely by inscribing his name on the stone, but the words 'riding-staff' were repeatedly mentioned by our informant. The scenery about Littlehammer is very beautiful. I searched in vain for runic remains, or any vestiges of the hammer of Thor. The Norwegians preserve but very few of their ancient traditions, and what they have recorded reach no further back than the periods of their own internal feuds, and their quarrels with Sweden. Here is no clanship, no hereditary distinctions, or hereditary bards, to preserve the memory of their ancient warriors. It is possible, however, that they still have more clear ideas on these subjects than have yet been discovered; and that a perfect acquaintance with their language, and a longer residence among them, might bring many of their romances to light. Their superstitions chiefly appear to consist in a fear of sorcery, and a belief in several evil spirits called by the general name of Neiss; some of these appear like 'the spectre hound in Mann,' in the shape of a large rough white dog, with long ears. Of fairies we have yet been able to learn nothing; the ancient Gothic name of Dvergar, by which they were universally known, is now appropriated only to mortal dwarfs. They believe in presages of death by lights and mystic noises. The Finns are held in great

terrour by them, as powerful diviners and sorcerers, who are able to kill men by shooting at them when they are absent.

"*Aug.* 16*th.*—The country to Moshuuse Star continues very beautiful, with the lake diminished into a narrow but very rapid river where it is confined by mountains, and then expanding to a great extent. Beauty seems to be more the characteristic of Norwegian scenery, in these districts, than grandeur. At Korsegarder the lake becomes permanently a rapid river, under the name of Logan, and runs through a wilder and less beautiful country; the inn where we slept was a mere hovel. We here began to recognize the simplicity of manners of the Norway peasants; the men who went with the horses all shook us by the hand at parting, were very talkative and lively, and addressed us with great frankness and familiarity, some of them giving us, out of pure good will, tolerably sound thwacks on the back and shoulders.

"*Aug.* 17*th.*—From Korsegarder to Breiden, our route lay through a country of a more mountainous and rugged appearance; Breiden is on the banks of a small but very beautiful lake, as clear as glass, and surrounded by mountains. We were ferried over to a peasant's house on the opposite side, where we dined. Here we met, for the first time, some of the gigantic figures and long yellow hair of the men of Gulbransdal; hitherto we had been disappointed in the appearance of the people of Norway, but we now began to see many fine looking men, though certainly not so many as we had been taught to expect; they were uniformly of fair complexions, with red bonnets on their heads, and dressed in plaid cloth, with garters of very lively colours tied in large bows at their knees. The women wear enormous buckles, which make a clinking noise as they walk, and high-heeled shoes, which gives them an appearance of height, though they are not taller, perhaps hardly so tall, as in many parts of Europe. Their dress consists of a coarse loose shift fastened round the throat, no stays, and only one dark coloured petticoat. Sometimes, however, they wear a waistcoat without sleeves, made exactly like that of a man, their hair snooded

CHAP. II. 1805.

round with tape, and tied back from the forehead, hanging down behind in long ringlets. The houses are a good deal ornamented with carving, sometimes done very neatly, and the doors are painted with flowers in very lively colours. Stoves, which are used in the southern parts of Norway, are here rarely seen. The natives adhere to their ancient wide chimney in the corner of the room, made to project with a salient angle, which is supported by an iron bar; their form is very convenient, and might be introduced with advantage into an English cottage; the tops of the chimneys are sometimes covered with a little dome to exclude snow, with lateral perforations for the smoke. In Sweden they have a small trap-door to answer the same purpose. Near Breiden we passed by the spot where Sinclair was defeated [1].

"From Oldstad to Tofte the road is bad and hilly. Near the former place we saw the ruinous effects of a flood in 1789, which was caused by the bursting of the sides of a lake in the mountains; twenty-six villages were at once destroyed. At Tofte the ascent commences to the Dovre mountains, which, though they are reckoned by their inhabitants to be nearly the highest land in Europe, do not appear very striking or lofty, but resemble much the north-country moors of England; in winter the snow may possibly be deep, but now, even on the highest peaks, very little was visible. We had a dreary and uninteresting stage to Jerkin; the people here were excessively delighted with Pontoppidan's map of Norway, which we had with us, and laughed with surprize and pleasure at finding the road marked out from their own houses to Kongswold. On our left hand we passed the highest peak of Dovre, which did not however appear very high, and had but little snow, even on the northern side. We slept at Kongswold; the inns on the Dovre are all clean and comfortable; they are built by the

[1] Colonel George Sinclair, with a considerable army of Scotch soldiers, was defeated by a band of Norwegian peasantry, at the Pass of Kringelen, in the year 1612. He had been enlisted in the service of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, in one of his wars against Christian the IVth, and was endeavouring to penetrate through Norway into Sweden when this event took place.—Ed.

crown, and have many independencies and privileges allowed them in consideration of their furnishing horses and provisions in the winter for government purposes, and for all the poor people who possess passports. A wild and formidable stage of two Norway miles brought us to Driostuen. Our carriage was thought too heavy for a pair of horses, so we got saddle-horses, and sent it on empty; the road runs along the banks of the Driva, one of the three rivers to which Dovre gives; it flows to Malde; the other two are the Glomm and the Dalhl, the former of which falls into the Cattegat, and the latter into the gulph of Bothnia.

"*Aug.* 18*th.*—This day, Sunday, we passed at Driostuen; our halt here gave us an opportunity of observing the manners and way of living of the richer peasants. Our host was a man of considerable wealth; besides the farm he held from the crown, he told us that he had two other freeholds, that he sold three hundred head of cattle every year, and kept above a hundred and twenty milch cows, and three hundred goats. He had given three thousand dollars as a marriage portion to each of his two eldest daughters. Driostuen is too cold for the growth of corn, in consideration of which he had an allowance of corn from the other crown farms in the neighbourhood. The house resembled other Norwegian cottages, but was inferior to many; and his own appearance, and that of all his family, were as far removed from any thing like wealth as could well be imagined. Yet in some respects his housekeeping was liberal; his table was spread for four meals a day, always with meat on Sundays, and generally throughout the week. He had extensive store-houses for salt meat and fish, as well as for oat flour, hops, malt, butter, and cheese; the luxuries of fowls, eggs, and vegetables, do not come within the calculation of a Norwegian peasant's wishes. The greatest simplicity of manners reigns within this valley, in some respects almost approaching to Arcadian elegance; the inhabitants were all most perfectly without shyness or coldness towards strangers, and they took great pains to understand and answer our questions. One of the girls had a sort of guitar with five strings, which Thornton found her playing

CHAP. II. 1805.

on to call some calves up from pasture; after a little solicitation she let us hear several tunes, most of them lively. On being asked to sing, she refused because it was Sunday; but on a sign from her father she ran to fetch her elder sisters, and a little brother, who began singing Psalms very agreeably, till the old man and his son Knute joined the chorus, which they did with the true parish clerk twang. They all read the Psalms out of a Psalm book. We afterwards were told by Mr. Leganger, at Trondheim, that the schoolmaster of the district, makes a regular progress from village to village, having his meat and lodging with the principal farmers; and all the inhabitants who cannot read, are obliged by law to go to him for instruction: he receives a very trifling fee from each person, about two or three stivers, and his whole annual income does not exceed twenty-five dollars a year; food and lodging are, indeed, supplied to him gratis during his journeys. The priests are obliged to examine the children annually in reading and writing, and to give in a statement of their abilities to the bishop. Bibles are costly and are seldom possessed except by the richer sort of peasants; they almost all have Luther's catechism and the Psalm book, which also contains the Epistles and Gospels for each Sunday.

"We spent this evening in a very long and fatiguing scramble towards the summit of the mountain; we reached a very considerable height, but though we saw others still above us, yet I am inclined to believe that one of the points we attained was more than two thousand feet above Driostuen. I had no accurate means of ascertaining this, and could only judge by comparison with the other hills around it, and by the time the sunbeams continued on it. We descended very rapidly, and yet were full two hours in reaching the base.

"*Aug. 19th.*—We left Driostuen by Rüsen and Beirndale, the valley of the bears, which by the account of the peasant who accompanied us, are still very frequently found in it. Wolves are very numerous and troublesome; they have already, this year, worried several cows, and, what is uncommon, have bitten some

peasants; they frequently tear and mangle cows without devouring any more of them than the bowels and kidneys. The country we passed through was very woody and savage. During this stage we saw the cow-pipe, an instrument five feet long, made out of the bark of the birch-tree, with a rude but not unmusical sound. The master of the farm at Driostuen accompanied us the first stage, and seemed neither ashamed to expect or receive the usual sixpence *drichspengar;* we shook hands with him and parted good friends. We passed Stuen, Sundset, Birkager, crossed a ferry over the Driva, and found the road to Sognas excessively bad. During this day's journey we saw several lemmings[1]; the fable of their dropping from the clouds does not seem yet to be quite lost; it was mentioned to us by a peasant, though not as a thing he credited; he added, however, that they always appear in swarms after thick rainy weather.

"*Aug. 20th.*—At Bye, Mr. Bootle mentions in his journal, that there was a capital inn in his time; there is now no post-house there; this change frequently happens in Norway, where the situation of *gestgevir* is often held by different farmers in annual rotation. It is accounted a gainful office, which I can easily conceive. At Malhuus we found an excellent farm-house, with more apparent symptoms of wealth about it, in the form of silver tea-spoons, forks, and coffee-pot, &c., than in any we had yet seen; it is situated in a very beautiful and fertile country, the landscape of which reminded me of some of Poussin's; every cottage has its own hop ground and potatoe garden, which give the scene a rich and flourishing appearance; some of their fences are remarkably elegant, with upright slender sticks: the corridores to the houses, which we had observed in the southern parts of Norway, are here no longer seen, probably on account of the increased price of timber; the woods are almost exclusively birch.

"The approach to Trondheim is extremely beautiful, between high rocks, interspersed with many gentlemen's seats and gardens,

[1] A species of rat.

CHAP. II. 1805.

though not laid out in the best taste [1]. On ascending a steep hill, we came suddenly in sight of the city, with its Cathedral, fortifications, and various buildings, white and glittering in the sun, in the centre of a most magnificent bay, land-locked with mountains, and covered with sails of all descriptions. The whole appearance of the town is imposing; the streets are wide, with good-looking white-washed houses, and a large market-place in the centre, where there is a conduit with a constant supply of fresh water. We met with very comfortable accommodations at Holt's tavern. In the evening we went to the Cathedral and the citadel; the Cathedral has been built at many different times. The original fabric, which forms the present chapter-house, was built by St. Olaf, and dedicated to St. Clement. The next part, in point of antiquity, is the south transept, built by Harold Hardcraade in the year 1060, and dedicated to St. Mary; it was repaired and beautified in 1183 by Archbishop Eisten, who also erected the circular chancel, the choir, the tower, and the north transept. The nave and the two western towers, which are now in ruins, are apparently of the same style as Melrose Abbey, and were built by Archbishop Sigurd in 1248. The whole building is much defaced by different conflagrations, pillaging, and by attempts to beautify it. In the years 1338, 1431, and 1522 it was burnt; in 1551 it was plundered by some Flemish pirates, who carried off several of its marble pillars; in 1689 the spire, which

[1] It is customary to erect monuments in the gardens of the Norwegian nobility, to commemorate any remarkable event; the following lines were translated by Mr. Reginald Heber, from an inscription intended to perpetuate the memory of the friendship of two persons who were living at the time it was written.

" May every light-winged moment bear
A blessing to this noble pair.
Long may they love the rural ease
Of these fair scenes, and scenes like these;
The pine's dark shade, the mountain tall,
And the deep dashing water-fall.
And when each hallowed spirit flies
To seek a better paradise,
Beneath this turf their ashes dear,
Shall drink their country's grateful tear;
In death alike and life possessing,
The rich man's love, the poor man's blessing."

was a hundred and ten ells high, was blown down, and the new one consumed by lightning in 1719. It is still, however, a noble fabric, with many remains of beautiful carving, especially about the windows, where it occasionally peeps out from under a coat of barbarous rough-cast. The inside is heaped up with four or five stories of galleries, having glass windows like ship cabins; many of the pillars are said to be of marble, but the whole is so bedaubed and blocked up, that nothing can be made of them. On each side of the Altar is a small Chapel, with a choir and a rail round it, fitted up with cushions for the use of those persons who go to Church on the Saturday evening previous to their receiving the Sacrament; in one of these is a picture of a Bishop Pontoppidan, who, as far as I can learn, was father to Erick the Krakenist. The present entrance into the Church is in the north transept; the south transept contains a great staring monument to the memory of Mr. Thomas Angell, a rich merchant of Trondheim, and a great benefactor to the town. He died in 1765, leaving an immense sum of money to be laid out in public benefactions. A free-school, where Latin and Greek are taught, an asylum for old maids, and various other institutions, either formed or improved, are the fruits of his liberality. We were shown a vault in the cathedral, in which it is the custom to bury all such military commandants as die during their command over Trondheim. The Cathedral is now called Dom Kirke, from the dome over the Altar; its ancient name was St. Olaf Kirke.

" The works and fortifications of Trondheim have been once very considerable, but are now wisely neglected, though still kept neat, and the ramparts turfed over. The situation of the town itself is perfectly indefensible; it has often suffered dreadfully by fire, as well as by the inroads of Swede and Flemish pirates. It was built by Olaf Truggeson, in the year 997; in 1522 it was much damaged by lightning; in 1551 it was plundered by the Flemish pirates, and by the Swedes in 1564, and burnt down by an accidental fire in 1681. A little to the north-east of the town is shown the spot where Harold Haarfagre held his court. On an

CHAP. II. 1805.

islet in the bay, and forming a very conspicuous object from most parts of the town, stands Munkholm, formerly a monastery, and now a fortress and state prison, called *la Bastille du Nord;* it was the place where the head of Haco Jail was exposed, as well as that of his treacherous servant, by Olaf Truggeson.

"*Aug.* 21*st.*—We called on Mr. Justice Raad Knudtzen, and were introduced through his counting-house with much solemnity. We found him a good-natured man, and very civil and serviceable. He took us to see Munkholm, or Monk's Island, which lies about an English mile from the shore; the water in the harbour was very shallow. At present there are but few prisoners in the fortress, and none, properly speaking, of state: there is one officer, who, for having challenged his colonel, is confined more strictly than any of the others, never being allowed to leave his room. A man of the name of Pascal Powli, formerly a workman of Mr. Bolton's at Birmingham, is in prison for coining; and we also saw a very old man who had been confined there for above fifty years, and had lost, in a great measure, the use of his faculties; we were much moved by his appearance, and the answers which he gave. On being asked how old he was, he answered three hundred years. His crime was variously reported; some said he was sent there by his relations for violent behaviour to his father; others, as being a spendthrift; and Mr. Leganger said, as being mad. A pretty government this, where a man is shut up for his whole life, and three or four different reasons given for his imprisonment, all equally uncertain! He is of a good family, the son of an admiral, and was himself, when first confined, a lieutenant in the navy; at present he is possessed of considerable property, and has a comfortable allowance made him in prison. Mr. Knudtzen has long since been empowered to release him, but he steadily refuses to return to a world which has so long forgotten him. Munkholm fortress is in bad order; its governor is a very old and infirm man, who expressed a wish merely to live to see some projected alterations brought to bear. We were shown a chamber where one Grippenfeldt, a minister of state, was confined many years under a false accusation,

and they pretend to point out the place worn by his finger in a stone table, round which he constantly walked. This Grippenfeldt was a learned man, and had studied at Oxford. Professor ————, of Copenhagen, mentions in his travels having seen his name on the university books, and his picture in the Bodleian gallery. Mr. Knudtzen's son, a fine lad of nine or ten years old, showed us some cannon balls, calling them potatoes for Englishmen. Four Dutch East Indiamen were lying in the Roads, which had been driven in by some English cruizers during the late war, and their cargoes (in despair of ever getting out) were consigned to Mr. Knudtzen.

"We called, with Mr. Knudtzen on Mr. Meirke, a merchant to whom we had also a letter of introduction from Mr. Wolfe. We found him a most valuable acquaintance, sensible and gentlemanlike, and very hospitable and friendly. In the evening we saw the museum, which adjoins the public library; it is a small square room, containing, among antiquities, minerals, &c., the bones of one of the ancient petty kings of Norway, who refused to submit to Harold Haarfagre. They were found in a tomb in a small island on the coast, and corroborate the account given by Snoors Sturleson, of his having buried himself alive; his sword was found run through his body, as if he had thrown himself on it after he had entered the tomb. We were shown a sword which belonged to one of Harold's principal attendants; the handle is adapted for a very small hand (I have observed the same circumstance in other Saxon, Danish, and even Roman swords) the blade very broad.

"The library consists of about thirteen thousand volumes, well arranged in a small room with stalls; the librarian, Mr. Helsen, is also *chef des mines* at Röraas; his daughter had been sometime betrothed to the under-master of the school, according to the Norwegian custom of betrothing several years before marriage. This was also the case with Mr. Meirke, who called his intended 'ma fille.'

"*Aug.* 22*d.*—We went this morning with Mr. Meirke and Mr. Thayl, a Dutchman, to call on the Governor-general Von Kraagh,

CHAP. II. 1805.

a very fine old man, with more of the manners of the real '*vielle cour*' than any one I ever saw. His house was built a short time ago, and is entirely composed of logs, which he refused to have either painted or papered, through his zeal for the ancient customs of Norway; it is situated on an eminence, with an avenue principally of young oaks, all looking very sickly, and the grounds beautifully laid out in the English manner. The Governor's son, Captain Von Kraagh, is a great agriculturist. We dined with Mr. Meirke, and spent the evening with his mother, Lady Lewson, where we met with a large party, and were amused by witnessing several peculiar traits of Norwegian manners; their dinners and even their suppers are served with a profusion, not unaccompanied with elegance, of which we have, in England, no idea; at the end of which, each guest rises and drinks the health of the mistress of the house; they then bow to each other and to their host, and hand the ladies out of the room.

Among the party at supper was Colonel Bang, the Commandant of the rifle corps of the northern division of Norway; two companies of from three to four hundred men, are always stationed in the Trondheim district, and as many at Roraas, all selected from the miners at the latter place, and are drilled in the usual manner; two battalions of about six hundred men, stationed in the north and south of Norway, are drilled in the winter on skates; these men are only called out twice a year, but they have frequent private drills for recruits. When they exercise in skates they have their rifles slung, and carry a staff in their hands, flattened at the end to prevent its sinking into the snow, and to assist them in the leaps they are sometimes compelled to take when going down hill, which we were told they do with great rapidity, over such obstacles as obstruct their progress. The only difference in their method of drawing up is, that in winter they allow between the files room to turn in the skates, which they do by changing the right foot by an extraordinary motion, which would seem enough to dislocate the ancle. We examined a pair of these skates; they are not above six or eight inches broad, and

of different lengths, that worn on the left foot being from seven to nine feet long, the other not more than four or five, and chiefly used as a means of directing the other.

"*Aug. 24th.*—We saw the city train-band reviewed by the general; a perfect burlesque, worse than the worst volunteers ever were, or ever will be; they were armed with rusty musquets, and long three-edged swords, and wore cocked hats, with long blue coats like our bell-men or town-criers; they are only called out once a year.

"*Aug. 25th.*—Captain Von Kraagh took us this morning to see the two cascades of Leer Fossen, formed by the river Nid, on his father's estate; they are very noble waterfalls, but I do not think the fall is so much as ninety feet, which they are both said to be. The governor has engravings of them, which give a very inadequate idea of their grandeur; he told me that he found great difficulty in procuring an engraver. Very extensive sawing mills are erected on the side of one of these cascades, which act on the principle of a spinning wheel; there is a salmon fishery at the other fall. We dined at the governor's, where we met a large party, all in uniform. The governor told me that agriculture had been improving very rapidly of late years in Norway; wheat will only thrive in very sheltered situations, but barley and oats come to great perfection; potatoes were first introduced by the governor, who imported some hundred tons, and distributed them gratis to the peasantry; they are now become a common article of consumption. About Trondheim all kinds of vegetables come to great perfection; but, generally speaking, the edible vegetables of the country are few: berries of several sorts, such as cranberries, wortleberris, multiberries, (a fruit not very unlike a mulberry, which grows in bogs on a creeping plant resembling saxifrage) strawberries, and mountain-ash berries are in common use and much eaten with meat; whenever they appear on a table, you may be sure that a joint of meat is, sooner or later, to make its appearance.

"On the evening of the 25th we left Trondheim much gratified with the hospitality and kindness which we had received; the grand

CHAP. II. 1805.

baillie, Mr. Angell, furnished us, in a very obliging manner, with passports. The first part of our journey was on the same road by which we had entered the town. At Malhuus we saw the rich peasant whose plate we had admired so much; but his appearance very little accorded with his wealth; he was a miserable dirty fellow, perfectly drunk. Drunkenness is a very prevailing vice among the Norwegian peasantry, and is generally made a part of their recreation on Sundays and other festivals. St. John's day is one of their principal festivals. Mr. Knudtzen, junior, kindly insisted on accompanying us to Röraas; he travelled in a gig without springs, but resting on long pliable shafts of birch. We passed a beautiful but savage country through Bogen, Singsaas, and Hoff, through roads rendered scarcely passable by the constant carriage of copper from Röraas, which is conveyed in one-horse carts with a driver to each. We had hoped to reach this latter place on the 26th, but were benighted, and slept at a cottage, the habitation of a deaf and dumb woman.

"*Aug. 27th.*—We arrived at Röraas, and were lodged and hospitably entertained by the deputy superintendant of the mines. Mr. Knoph, the inspector of the mines, took us over a desolate stony heath to the Storvatz mine, which was one of the first discovered. From this mine thirty thousand *shippunds* of copper ore are annually taken, which produce, in money, from twelve to thirteen thousand dollars; each *shippund* is equal to three hundred and twenty Norway pounds, and three *shippunds* and a half make a ton. The descent into this mine is so gradual, that horses in carts go with ease the whole way. Its length is about a third of an English mile. The different chambers are large and airy, and with the help of the torches carried by our guides, we were able to obtain a very accurate idea of the courses of the copper veins. The miners were blasting the rock in various places, the noise occasioned by which struck me as being much exaggerated by travellers.

"On our return we saw the founderies where the ore is smelted. About seven hundred persons are employed at these

forges; the wages of an ordinary workman are from three to six dollars a month, and of a smelter eight. Charcoal is principally used in the works, and the annual consumption is 30,000 last, or 360,000 ton. These smelting-houses are near the town. Röraas is situated on the side of a hill, at the junction of the rivers Haa and Hittre; it is of a good size, with spacious streets and comfortable houses; the Church is large and handsome, but the steeple is disfigured by being painted like an undertaker's card. There are several family burying places, and one public vault open to any one, and perfectly accessible, there being no lock on the door; we looked down into it and saw a great many coffins. There is a depot of arms in the town and two old cannon.

"From the mines we went on to see a colony of Finns settled in the neighbourhood; we rode about a Norwegian mile and a half to the banks of the lake Oresund, where we embarked in a leaky boat, in very bad weather for a voyage of a similar length; we reached Brehhe that evening, a small village containing seven families of about thirty persons; it is situated in a very bleak neighbourhood, but not altogether ill adapted for pasturage. The summers are here very short, and the winters extremely severe, with snow often lying higher than a man's head. There are many wolves but no bears. We slept on boards covered with deer skins.

"*Aug. 28th.*—Continued our expedition over some of the most desolate country we have yet seen, of rock mixed with rotten bog; the rock covered with lichen, and the bog with multiberries; here and there we saw woods of miserable birch, and frequent pools and small lakes. A snow-storm overtook us as we crossed this dreary region, and we suffered much from the cold. A group of reindeer appeared amid the rocks, snuffing the air strongly, and thrusting out their noses. At length we arrived at a Finn's tent, made exactly like a Terra del Fuego wigwam, of boughs of trees and sods, with here and there a skin. The family received us very hospitably, and gave us rein-deer cheese and milk; it consisted of about eight persons, including two servants. One old man of seventy-eight, who

CHAP. II. 1805.

appeared to be the father of the family, was perfectly blind; disorders in the eyes appeared general among them, probably owing to the smoke in which they live. Their herd of rein-deer consisted of about five hundred: the mistress said they had formerly a much greater number, but the Swedes, during the late difference, robbed her of 982 deer, and reduced their family for some time to absolute famine. The dogs are not larger than a common terrier, and of a singular appearance; excepting in size, they are the counterpart of the Greenland or Kamtschatkan dog. There are fifteen of these Finnish families in the neighbourhood of Röraas, and ten near Tolgen, who live in tents, and intermarry among themselves. They have lately made themselves obnoxious to the farmers by injuring their meadows, and are threatened with expulsion. The men do not reach much higher than the elbow of a common-sized Englishman; in their dress the ancient costume is rather mingled with that of their neighbours, though their shoes, gaiters, breeches, and long coats are all deer-skin, and of their own making. They are all able to read. Their mode of milking the rein-deer is singular; they first catch it by throwing a noose round the horns, then give it a blow on the loins, on which the animal immediately lifts up its leg, and the Finns, being so dwarfish a race, milk it standing.

"A considerable resemblance is said to exist between the Finnish and Chinese languages, and the similarity in their countenances is very striking. A Dutch officer told Mr. Knoph that he talked Chinese to a Finn for a considerable time before the latter discovered that he was not speaking Finnish, though he could not understand what was said to him. We returned to Röraas in the afternoon, round the head of the lake Oresund, over a very desolate country, with scarcely any inhabitants.

"*Aug. 29th.*—Left Röraas, and passed over an uninteresting country till we arrived at Agre, where it again became beautiful and rather more fertile.

"*Aug. 30th.*—Our journey this day led us over a very rich and beautiful country. Grundset, where we slept, is kept by a man who was formerly clerk to Mr. Anker. Mr. Anker has a house

near it, and he and Mr. Rosencrantz possess very extensive forests in the neighbourhood. We were struck by the remarkable neatness and cleanliness of the cottages and farm-houses. The dress of the peasantry here is rather different from that worn in other parts of Norway, particularly in the caps, which are generally made of red or blue woollen. We observed every where the skulls of bears and wolves, both of which are common in this neighbourhood, and the former very dangerous. I heard of an animal being occasionally found here, which I imagine, from the description given of it by the natives, to be the lynx, though some circumstances might seem to mark it for the glutton. There are but few traces of devastation caused by torrents in Osterdal, and those not so terrible as the vestiges of a Gulbrandsdal stream.

"*Aug.* 31*st.*—We reached Kongswinger through a continuation of the same sort of country; it was late when we arrived, and the family were all gone to bed; but, as usual in Norway, the house door was open, and without any fastenings.

"The next morning we walked through the town of Kongswinger, which we found clean and neat; it has a castle with a small garrison, consisting partly of fusileers; a light company of about thirty-six men was in the act of being drilled as we passed; the men were slovenly and irregular, and seemed to be chiefly exercised in the duties of sentry, patrole, &c.; their arms were rifles, with large cut-and-thrust swords; the officer who commanded them had the best way of giving his orders I ever saw.

"We left Norway this evening, and slept at Strund, a tolerable house on the Swedish frontier. Norway is generally estimated to contain nine thousand square German miles. It may be said to be naturally divided by the different ranges of mountains, which intersect each other at Dovre. Fin Fiald, which divides it from Sweden, is probably the highest range; between this range and the central chain is the valley of Oesterdal, a very rich and beautiful tract, through which the Glomm runs to Friderickshall. The central valley, watered by the Mioss and Randa lakes, with their tributary streams, all which fall into the bay of Christiania, is that of Hedermarken.

CHAP. II. 1805.

The south-west district or province of Christiansund is of a very different appearance; though mountainous, it is fertile, with a climate so temperate as to admit of the growth of oak timber. These three districts compose the southern and most valuable part of Norway. The province of Bergen consists, as we were told, of wild mountains and innumerable fiords and lakes; neither the province nor its capital seem to be much known to the inhabitants of the southern district. Bergen is said to be chiefly peopled by foreigners, who have settled there for the purpose of trading in the fish brought from the northern parts of the coast. The province of Trondheim is chiefly formed of beautiful narrow valleys, fiords, and mountain streams. The soil of the country is, as may be expected, not generally very fertile, though in favourable situations it is rich, and bears a high rent and price. Its chief vegetable production is timber. Towards the north it diminishes much in size, and on the high mountains fir will not thrive; the birch is more hardy, and grows to a prodigious size. The fir is of two sorts, white and red; the latter of which is considered the most valuable. The longest and best deals are all shipped for England, and the shorter ones are sent to Ireland and France; the duty levied being, in England, on the *number*, and in the latter countries on the *size* of the planks. The white fir, inferior as it is to the red for general purposes, is sometimes preferred to it, as being less liable to shrink. No trade is carried on in timber between England and Trondheim.

"In valuable minerals Norway is by no means rich, except in the neighbourhood of Röraas; the silver mine at Kongsberg is abandoned as not paying its own expenses. Its animal productions are very numerous; the domestic ones are of the same species as those of Holstein, and not very different from the same class in Yorkshire. Bears, wolves, and the animal which I take to be the lynx, are all found, though the latter are uncommon. Game is of course very plentiful in the wilder parts of the country, but much thinned towards the south; game laws are unknown in the north; hares, the chase of which forms the principal sport, are less

abundant, I think, than in England. The uro gallus by all accounts is not very plentiful. The lemmings I have mentioned. Of the eagle we heard but little; the large horned owl is often found, but not a very common bird; its plumage is remarkably beautiful. On the Fiallds, a bird is found about the size of a pewit, of a bright lemon-colour. In winter it is a very common occupation of the peasants to kill immense quantities of game on the Dovre and other mountains, and send them down to Christiania and Trondheim, at which season it is excessively cheap. Snakes of a large size are not unfrequent, and Thornton found one as we were climbing Dovre, similar to the blue and white one of England.

"The breed of horses is good, and in their natural state they are able to defend themselves resolutely against wolves; in the summer they live on the mountains, and are brought down in autumn for sale into the valleys, where they may often be bought cheap. The wolf-dog of Sweden is uncommon, if not unknown; nor are the Norway dogs at all distinguished from those of England. The rein-deer are universally known.

"Whales are, I apprehend, rarely thrown on the coast, if one may judge from the extravagance of the lies told of one which was caught while we were at Trondheim. The method of fishing, as well as of bird-catching, is by night, with lights, nets, and spears. By what I observed at Trondheim, I should imagine that it was on cod, not herring, that the principal subsistence of the inhabitants depended. The cod is distinguished as being either dried in the air, or salted on the rocks; the first is called stock-fish, the other klipfiska.

"It must be observed, that the Norwegian domestic animals have been much improved by crossing their breeds with those of England. We saw a very fine English setter for sale in the market-place at Trondheim."

CHAPTER III.

STRUND TO PETERSBURG.

Upsala—Dr. Afzelius — Dannemora mines — Stockholm—Charles XII.—Gulf of Bothnia—Abo—Finnish peasantry—Agriculture—Superstitions—Unpopularity of the king of Sweden—Petersburg — General appearance of the Russians — Character—Food—Manners—Houses—Winter amusements—Sledges and carriages—Theatres—Greek Clergy—The Taurida—The great palace—Popularity of the Emperor—His character and appearance.

To Richard Heber, Esq.

Stockholm, September 14.

CHAP. III. 1805.

" We arrived here this morning, and after so long an ignorance of all relating to our friends or our country, I need not mention the pleasure with which we caught hold of our packets of letters.... Excepting Upsala and Dannemora, our journey has taken in nothing very remarkable, and concerning Norway, the *memorabilia* are too numerous for a letter, and must be reserved for our future conversations. In general, it may be said to have an uninteresting shell, with one of the richest and most beautiful kernels in the world. The neighbourhood of Friderickshall is certainly striking, but far inferior in beauty to the romantic descriptions and drawings which I have seen of it; and the people, who affect to despise the Swedes, fall far short of them both in civilization and honesty. The western coast, Bergen, Christiansund, &c., we did not see; by all accounts, the manners are almost as wild, and the country quite as savage, as in the neighbouring regions of Labrador and Greenland. Yet hence the wealth of Norway is chiefly derived; and the innumerable *fiords*, and *sunds*, which intersect the country, while they

separate the people from all commerce with the interior, supply almost the entire Mediterranean with fish, and are the means of accumulating very considerable wealth to individuals and the government. I saw some of these vessels loaded, and it was a very singular sight; they were filled up not only to the hatchways, but even half up the mast; and the captain had literally formed a burrow for his bed with fish packed all round him. This was at Trondheim; at Christiansund every thing stinks of cod and herring, the refuse of which is the usual and almost the only fodder for their cattle. A cow will make a luxurious meal of stinking salmon; and you may conceive how delightful, in this country, is the *balmy* breath of a heifer. The cattle are soon fattened on this food, but acquire an unmanageable ferocity, and their nature is totally changed.

" The formidable mountains towards Sweden present a terrible scene of cold and barrenness. At Röraas, where are their principal copper-mines, no corn or garden-stuff will grow, and in winter quicksilver is frozen. We staid here a day or two, and went a day's journey into the mountains in quest of a small tribe of Laplanders, or Finns, as the Danes call them, who have been, time immemorial, wanderers in this neighbourhood. In the valleys we had been tormented by heat, but in this inhospitable tract it snowed fast, and probably does so occasionally through the whole summer. The fir-trees were no longer visible, and all the wood that remained was some stunted birch in the sheltered situations; at last these, too, disappeared, and nothing was seen but rotten bog, and rocks covered with lichen, a white mealy moss, which has more the appearance of a leprosy than a pasture. In short, I could easily conceive how a Swedish army, in the time of Charles XIIth. had been entirely destroyed by the cold in an attempt to cross these terrible *fielles*, (fells,) and was not a little glad to warm myself in the miserable wigwam of the people of whom we were in quest. Their huts are exactly resembling those of the Tchutski, given in Cook's last voyage, but are neither so large nor so high; and they still preserve their race, language, and dress unmingled with those

CHAP. III. 1805.

of their neighbours, from whom they also differ very remarkably in person, being much shorter, with round faces, and wide mouths. Their dress is generally made of sheepskin, with the wool turned inward. We drank rein-deers' milk, and stored ourselves with sufficient venison for our journey into Sweden. For a bottle of brandy and a rix-dollar they were so grateful that they would willingly have loaded us with a whole buck. Before this expedition we had intended to sell the carriage, and to go on horseback over the mountains to Faklun; but we were now satisfied that we should gain no time by such a species of *nearest way.*

" Yet in spite of this inhospitable frontier, the interior of Norway is a most delightful and interesting country. Hedermarken, Gulbrandsdale, Trondheim and Oesterdal, would hardly give up the palm of beauty and fertility to the finest valleys of Wales and Cumberland; and the appearance of comfort, and even wealth, in the cottages of the peasants, is, as a general characteristic, far beyond any thing of the kind in our own country. I was surprised, at first, at the great apparent liberty of all classes; but soon found reason to attribute the mildness of their government to the weakness of the ruling nation, and the circumstance that every peasant in Norway is armed and disciplined.

" There are, however, many injurious laws, of which the principal is the distinction apparent between the peasants and burghers. They are completely distinct castes; the peasant may grow rich, but his son, by the obligation of military service, is precluded from all elevation of rank, and remains as plain and ignorant as his father. There are, however, no doubt, many advantages which result from this state of society; and if it were not for the frosts of winter, the torrents of spring, and the lemmings of autumn, few people would be so happy as a Norwegian peasant. These two last plagues are peculiar to the country; we past by whole farms which the mountain torrents, from the melted snow, had desolated; they were covered with large stones, as thick as the shingly part of the sea-coast, and not a blade of grass could be seen. Of the lemming, you will find an accurate, though rather

exaggerated, account in ' Bewick's Quadrupeds;' they descend at uncertain periods from the mountains, where we saw great numbers, as large as little rats, of a dun colour, with three black stripes on their back. They are a plague little inferior to a swarm of locusts. With these drawbacks, you will not wonder that, notwithstanding their rich soil and delightful summers, the corn of Norway is, in a great measure, imported from England. Their cultivation is, however, rapidly improving, and the late introduction of potatoes by General Von Kraagh, has already caused a prodigious alteration in their comforts. The principal apprehension at present arises from the too rapid destruction of their forests, to the existence of which they attribute, with apparent reason, the superior mildness of their climate to countries under the same latitude. Their timber-trees are entirely fir, and, I think, inferior in size to those of Sweden. The larch has been introduced, and thrives well. Bears and wolves are still common; the first only are objects of apprehension to a man; they are brown, and as big as a moderate calf. In Oesterdal few barns are without some of their skulls nailed up as trophies.

" Tell —— I have not been able to get her any yellow hair; in truth, there is very little to be had: the hair is almost universally flaxen or light brown, and the complexions, figure, and very accent of the people are almost entirely English. Their songs, of which I contrived to collect a few, are in the same measure, and frequently almost in the same language as the old English; and many apparent differences only arise from the vile system of spelling, which the Danish Government has introduced to make it different from Swedish. The genius of the language, however, certainly differs from ours, and we must, I think, have got our grammar from some quarter distinct from Scandinavia. An Englishman, nevertheless, particularly if he knows any thing of Yorkshire, will hardly mistake their meaning when he hears of a ' bra bairn,' an ' ox stek,' a ' kalf stek,' when he is told ' sitta dere,' or ' ga til kirchen;' a ' skort simmer,' a ' cald winter,' ' snee,' ' swerd,' and ten thousand other words are equally similar.

CHAP. III. 1805.

" I enclose the literal translation of a fragment of a popular Danish song which I happened to see :

King Christian stood beside the mast,
In smoky night;
His falchion fell like hammer fast,
And brains and helms asunder brast;
Then sunk each hostile hull and mast
In smoky night;
Fly, fly ! they shrieked—what mortal man
Can strive with Denmark's Christian
In fight?

Niels Juel raised a warrior cry,
" Now, now's the day !"
He hoisted up the red flag high,
And dashed amidst the enemy
With blow on blow, and cry on cry,
" Now, now's the day !"
And still they shrieked—" fly, Sweden, fly !
When Juel comes, what strength shall try
The fray?"

* * * *

* * * *

" Though the Norwegians rather pride themselves on their affinity to England, I do not think our nation is popular. Mr. Pitt is most cordially hated both in Norway and Sweden. We ourselves, however, experienced the greatest hospitality from every quarter; to Mr. Rosencrantz of Hafstun, near Friderickshall, General Von Kraagh, and the society of Trondheim in general, we have very particular obligations.

* * * * *

" The road through Sweden, from Koningsberg to Upsala, lay through a flat well-cultivated country, which had nothing to distinguish it from Leicestershire, or any other country of the same sort, except the rockiness of the soil. Our route from Gottenburg to Norway had given us a very false idea of the general appearance of the country. Sweden may be compared, in general,

to a marble table covered with baize; it is level indeed and green, but the veil is thin, and every here and there the stone peeps through the cracks of its covering. Farming is well understood, and the soil, though very light, is not unproductive. In this, as in every thing else, we have detected the perfect falsehood of Wraxall's statements, and, I think, the general fidelity of Coxe. Carlstad, and most of the other towns on our route, contain nothing worthy of notice. At Westeraes is a small Cathedral, with many tombs of kings and great men. At Upsala we passed two days, and saw every thing of note in this northern Athens. There is a very respectable library, and a noble building as a green-house and museum, built by Gustavus the Third, of which the principal portico is Doric, very remarkable for its proportion and beauty.

The botanical garden is like that of Trinity, only much larger; of the plants you know I am perfectly incompetent to judge. The Cathedral is well-proportioned, and has been of the best style of Gothic in general; plain, and not very unlike Westminster Abbey. The inhabitants are very proud of it, and have taken care to remove all the carved-work or tracery from the windows, to daub the inside with plaister, and to case the outside with the very reddest brick they could find. This, with large white Doric cornices, and two bright blue things, like pepper-boxes, on the two towers, has so beautified it, that, if the bishop who founded it, and the mason who built it, were to return again, they would not know their own child in its present dashing uniform. There are separate houses for the different professors and lecturers, who are numerous, but with small salaries; those who are in orders have also prebends. We were there in vacation time and saw nothing going on, but had a good opportunity of hearing all the details, as we had a letter to the lecturer in botany, Dr. Afzelius, who was very attentive and communicative. The number of students is about one thousand; they wear their academical habits, which are black with scarlet facings, only on taking their degrees, holding acts, or the like. Anciently, the different nations as they are called, which

CHAP. III. 1805.

compose the Swedish monarchy, the Ostrogoths, Westrogoths, Swedes, Finns, and Vandals, as they call the German provinces, had all different uniforms, which were discontinued on account of the animosities to which they gave rise. They are still called colleges—have each of them separate heads and endowments, but have no separate buildings, and lodge and eat promiscuously in the town; there are also riding, fencing, and dancing schools, and French and German are taught. They have no fixed time for taking their bachelor's degree, and consequently have no privileges; their master's degree they take at the end of seven years.

"Dr. Afzelius has been much in England, and in Oxford, of which place he complained as being less civilized than Cambridge. I wanted him to state his grounds of dislike, but could not succeed in keeping him to the point.

"From Upsala we went to Osterby, the seat of Mr. Tame, one of the proprietors of the Dannemora mine, a ci-devant nobleman, who resigned his title during the disputes of the last Diet. We found a very hospitable reception, and met with a large and pleasant party. The mines we saw, of course, and I can hardly express the sensations of astonishment they caused. All other mines I have seen are dark and dirty cellars in comparison; here it is Vathek's chasm and portal of ebony realized. You find, not a dark and narrow shaft like a well, but a mouth of an irregular form, more, I think, than two hundred yards long, and, in one place, at least eighty wide. On different parts of this enormous gulph are the cranes and buckets by which you are let down to the bottom, four hundred and eighty feet; the side is, for about two hundred feet, a smooth iron rock; at length there are other masses which arise like islands, and you see opening on every side the prodigious caverns whence the ore is taken; one of them into which we descended is a vault higher for some little way than the nave of York minster. Notwithstanding the width of the chasm above, the rays of the sun fall too obliquely to reach the bottom, which is the region of eternal ice and twilight. We did not descend quite to the lowest part, as the waters of the adjoining

lake had lately broken in; to remove them they have established a small steam engine, the erection of which is under the superintendance of a Yorkshireman of the name of Owen. We afterwards learnt that there was a small boat below, and regretted much that we had not sailed on this 'Stygian ferry.' But what grieved us most was, that we had no opportunity of descending by moon-light, which, though I never heard of its being done, must be inconceivably noble; the brightness of the projecting rocks, and the sea of darkness below, must be still more thrilling than the descent by day. By Wraxall's account, as well as those of some other tourists, who have great pleasure in describing their own cowardice, the descent is dressed out with very exaggerated terrors; in fact the ropes and chains are perfectly secure. Accidents scarcely happen once in a hundred years. To see others descend, and to mark the gradual diminution of the bucket with its cargo, and the rope, which is at top a cable, seeming like a packthread at bottom, is a much severer trial of the strength of one's head, and what mine, indeed, could not have endured long.

"The road to Stockholm, which we have lately traversed, is through the same rocky green cultivated country as the rest of Sweden, excepting that towards the capital, the appearance becomes more woody, uneven, and even romantic. Nothing, indeed, can be more so than the situation of this extraordinary town, which is a collection of rocks scattered irregularly in a wide arm of the sea, (or lake, call it which you will) connected by bridges, covered with buildings and gardens, the domes of Churches intermingled with oaks, and the whole surrounded by an enormous palace, as big, I think, as five Somerset Houses. It is, however, chiefly of brick, but universally stuccoed or white-washed. The houses are all large and many-storied, with a common staircase, and a family on each floor; the inns are as dirty and as dear, and the landlords as impudent as in any part of the world; the streets winding and narrow, and not quite free from the effects of a crowded population and *patulæ pelves*. The quays, however, are some of them very noble, and the public buildings, though mostly small, in good

CHAP. III. 1805.

taste. We are unlucky in finding the town almost empty; the court is in Scania. Pierrepoint is there too, and Bathurst not yet arrived; these circumstances will probably shorten our stay, especially as we do not hear a very favourable account of the society and amusements, which are still more abridged by the recent death of the king's second child, the young grand duke of Finland.

" . . . Since I wrote the above, I have seen a little more of Stockholm, having been introduced to what is called *La Societé*, which is an establishment kept by a Frenchman, consisting of an eating-house, gaming-house, coffee-house, ball-room, &c., supported and frequented by the foreign ministers and most of the nobility. An introduction by a member is necessary, and your name is inserted in a book; after which you have free admission, and find a very good and reasonable ordinary, with the best society in Stockholm. No man need game unless he wishes it. The foreign ministers, to most of whom we have been introduced, are some of them very sensible men; I ought rather to call them *chargés des affaires*, for, except the Austrian, there are no regular ambassadors now in the town. The places of public amusement are all shut up, and our principal employment is in surveying the different buildings. We have seen Dronning Holm, the Versailles of Sweden, and, I should think, not unlike that palace in miniature; as well as Haga, the favourite retirement of the late and present king, in a most delightful situation on the banks of the lake; the gardens are prettily laid out, and the house might serve as a model for a parsonage.

" We are just returned from the arsenal, as it is called, which is a long room filled with, on one side, vile wax-work figures of their kings, like our tower, with their armour and trophies piled around them; and, on the other side are hung the effeminate silken trappings and lacquered tin breast-plates of the present race of Swedish nobility. These last have been used at the ridiculous mock tournaments celebrated by the late king. There are prodigious piles of standards and other spoils, the fruits of the ancient

victories of the Swedes, chiefly taken from the Poles, Saxons, Austrians and Russians. Our attention was, of course, attracted by the buff coat and breast-plate of Gustavus Adolphus, and the famous uniform of Charles the XIIth. We were surprized to find that this great hero had been so small and slight made a man; his gloves and boots prove it strongly; and neither Thornton nor myself could, with all possible straining, have made the coat button over the breast; with me it absolutely would scarcely come on at all; and the sleeves were also much too short. The sword, however, which is a rapier almost five feet long, has something heroic about it; and there was a standard just by which Charles had taken with his own hands from a Saxon officer.

"The most interesting things we have yet seen are the statues, which are the work of Sergel, a native artist who was sent to Italy by Gustavus the Third. They are far superior to any which I have seen by our Flaxman, and this is certainly very high praise.

"Direct your letters to Petersburg, where we hope to be in another fortnight. It will be impossible to return this winter; but you may assure my mother that I have no thoughts of Constantinople, and even Moscow will depend on circumstances. In all probability, however, we shall go in sledges from Petersburg thither, and so on to Berlin, where we expect to arrive by the latter end of the winter. I hope to be back in good time for the next spring meeting of the Shropshire volunteers.

"Pray make my best thanks to Mr. Bootle for his very valuable journal, which we have found an excellent guide every where. In Norway several persons enquired after him. At one place (Krogen) the peasants asked if we knew him, and said he was 'en ganska bra mand.'"

To Mrs. Heber.

Åbo, October 1, 1805.

"My dear friends at Hodnet will be glad to hear of our safe arrival again on the terra firma of Finland. We left Stockholm

CHAP. III. 1805.

on Friday last, in a fishing boat, which we were advised to hire for the whole way in preference to the numerous ferries which occur in the post roads over the isles of Åland, all of which are attended with delay, and some with danger. The boats between Stockholm and Åbo cut straight across the Gulf of Bothnia, and generally perform the voyage in two days; they are good sailers, and very convenient, having a cabin in the middle, like an English pleasure-boat, where there is room for two decent beds; our boat had even four. We had, at first, very little wind; and afterwards a violent gale full in our teeth, so that we are only just arrived. Our voyage, however, though not a quick one, was by no means unpleasant, the weather being fine. Our course lay through an innumerable multitude of rocks and islands, some barren, but many wooded to the very water's edge; the endless variety of their forms, and the winding channels which intersected them, were sometimes wonderfully beautiful, and seemed like the flowery isles of a dream, or an allegory. Indeed, like those, they were not without their dangers; and in the most tempting inlets we were sometimes shown the rippling of whirlpools and breakers. To us these were no subjects of alarm; our boatmen had been all their lives accustomed to this track, and always at night took care to secure their little vessel in some creek, where they could cast anchor till morning. One of these places, a small barren island covered with brushwood, where we halted for the second night, was really picturesque from the groupe of vessels which took shelter at the same time with ourselves, the grotesque figures of the men and women on board, and the numerous fires they had made along the shore. You will be surprised to hear women reckoned as a part of the crew; but here nothing is more common. In Stockholm, indeed, the boats are all managed by women; and a man would no more dream of rowing than he would of knitting stockings, or suckling a child. We were very well furnished with provisions by Mons. Martin, the Frenchman who keeps the club I mentioned in my last letter. Two of our kind friends in Stockholm, Mr. Gyldenpalm, the Danish Secretary of Legation, and Mr.

Wannerquist, a rich merchant, remarkable for his hospitality to Englishmen, had stored us, the one with some bottles of *particular* madeira, the other with port and London porter: the madeira is as yet untouched, being kept as a reserve for the wretched country between this place and Petersburg. We had a companion in the person of a poor Finnish student, who was desirous of returning to Âbo, but could not pay his passage; on which Thornton very good-naturedly proposed taking him on board our boat. We picked up some information from him respecting Finland, but not so much as I had expected; our conversation was carried on in Latin, which he spoke readily enough, but after a most barbarous fashion. Once or twice in the course of our voyage we were able to land for a short time, and were much pleased with the appearance and manners of the peasants of Âland. Castleholm we were prevented from going to.

" I have been so occupied with the details of our voyage, that I was nearly forgetting to say any thing about the society of Stockholm, which, indeed, though we met with much kindness, we saw at a very inauspicious time. By a chain of ridiculous and rather mortifying impediments and mistakes, we were prevented from meeting one of the ladies to whom Lady Corbet had given us letters of introduction. I was however charged (through the medium of the grand-master of the ceremonies) with a long message of esteem and affection to Lady Corbet; and the whole business was carried off with so much diplomatic gravity that I keep the notes as a pattern of state negociation. The lady indeed, the Countess Rossè, very kindly came to town on purpose to meet us, but by the stupidity of our *laquais-de-place* our cards were left at a wrong door. However I contrived to clear myself from all imputation of incivility; and the grand-master of the ceremonies and I concluded the negociation, by seizing the opportunity of assuring each other of our highest consideration. The Countess Selfocuspan was in Scania. We saw, nevertheless, some little of the female society of Stockholm, and were pleased with it. Sir Sydney Smith very obligingly enclosed me a letter to Baron Armfeldt, who is now in

CHAP. III. 1805.

Stralsund, and whom we shall see in the spring. Our principal acquaintance in Stockholm, besides Mr. Gyldenpalm and Mr. Wannerquist, was Mr. Edelcrantz, who is private secretary to the King, and at once a poet, a mechanist, an architect, and a connoisseur in music and painting; he is superintendant of the public works of the kingdom, a knight of half-a-dozen orders, a member of at least as many learned societies, and is a very pleasing well-informed man, with an excellent understanding and much general knowledge. These friends, with a few others, made our time pass with both pleasure and instruction; and we have certainly no reason to regret our stay in Stockholm.

Of Âbo I have yet seen little, and that little coincides with Wraxall's opinion, who calls it "the wretched capital of a barbarous province." I shall however be rather slow in speaking unfavourably of the most northern university in the world, an archiepiscopal and archiducal city, the queen of Finland, Bothnia, and Lapland; and shall rather content myself with the account given by our passenger, the student, that it has an archbishop, fifteen professors with moderate salaries, three hundred students, a ruined castle, a white-washed cathedral, and is *urbs antiquissima pulcherrimo gaudens situ.*

"If a foreigner of the name of Bagè should call at Hodnet, my brother will, perhaps, have the goodness to show him some little attention. He is a very respectable and ingenious man, ennobled by the present king for having carried to perfection the prodigious canal at Trolhätta. He is now engaged in a similar work in Norway, and intends visiting the Welch aqueduct, and the other English canals, being very desirous to improve himself. Assistance to his researches will be a kindness to his whole nation, and to science in general."

To Mrs. Heber.

St. Petersburg, October 9, 1805.

"I am unwilling to lose a moment in informing you of our safe arrival at this place, which we reached last night, after a cold and tedious journey from Åbo. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * I call our journey tedious because uninteresting; but, in point of speed, we have been very tolerably alert, and even travelled two whole nights, which is indeed the constant practice of travellers through Finland. Those who go this route in close carriages scarcely ever stop at all; but as Thornton's was only the poney-phaeton which he bought at Gottenburg, the nights are already become too cold to allow of our making this a constant practice. This poor little carriage has just seen us safe through the journey, and seems now very near the end of all its toils and labours, being most completely worn out, the springs broken and supplied with ropes, the harness patched with the same materials, and the coach-box having lost its foot-board. Our friends here seem quite surprised at so diminutive a vehicle having got through a tour of two thousand miles; but I am fully convinced that a heavier carriage could never have served our purpose so well. At Trondheim, indeed, the surprise lay the other way; every body saying it was the largest and most 'superb coach' that had ever passed the Dovre Fells. Our passage through Finland was, however, by no means without amusement, and the many little difficulties we had to get over rather served to give variety to a tract where there is nothing very interesting to a tourist. We saw all that was worth looking at in Åbo; it has a large old brick Church, with some ancient monuments; one to the memory of Catherine, the country girl, whom the unfortunate Eric the XIVth married; it is enclosed within a chapel, or shrine, belonging to the family of Tott, which likewise contains a marble monument to the memory of Achatius Tott, a grandson of Catherine and Eric. There was also another monument worthy of remark, with a long inscription to the memory of a Sir John Cockburne, a Scotch general in the service of

CHAP. III. 1805.

Gustavus Adolphus. A public library, containing about 10,000 volumes, is at one end of the Church; it belongs to the university, which is unfinished, and principally remarkable for some beautiful pillars of porphyry which are to compose the portico. They have also a small botanic garden.

" Helsingfors and Wyborg are wretched places. Swedish Finland is fertile and populous, but the whole country, from the frontier hither, is the most desolate that can be imagined. We had expected some difficulty with regard to the language, particularly as we had not been able to procure an interpreter to go with us. Swedish is, however, understood at all the inns as far as Friderickshamm, and our servant was able to speak Russian fluently; so that we were glad to have escaped the trouble of carrying a *laquais-de-place* from Stockholm to Petersburg. The Finnish language is a dialect of the Laplandish. As far as the boundary, and even for some short distance on this side the river Kymen, the appearance of the people continued Swedish, and nothing showed us that we were in Russia, except the chequered posts to mark the *versts*, and the dingy green uniform and dark complexion of the soldiers at the barrier, which were strongly contrasted with the blue coats and tall ruddy sentinels on the Swedish side. At Friderickshamm the difference in dress began to appear; a loose gown, girt with a broad woollen or cotton sash, a plush bonnet trimmed with fur, and, in one or two instances, a species of linen turban, supplied the place of coats and hats, which were only worn by the soldiers and post-masters. This oriental dress, with the bare necks and long beards which accompanied it, is very singular and interesting to an Englishman, who can scarcely fancy himself in a European state. The higher ranks, indeed, dress as we do, but their numbers are, comparatively, very small. In one point both the Finlanders and Russians are unfortunately agreed; I mean in the proverbial knavery of the lower classes. In Sweden every thing was secure from theft; and our carriage, with its harness, cushions, &c. stood every night untouched in the open street. But we soon found how very inferior the Sclavonian race is to the Gothic in honesty, and were obliged to

keep a constant watch. I cannot account for this apparently generic difference. If the Russians only had been thieves, I should have called it the effects of the slavery of the peasants; but Swedish Finland is just as bad, and the peasants are as free as in England.

"The approach to Petersburg over a bridge of boats across the Neva, a river as wide, and wider, than the Thames, is exceedingly noble; all the public buildings are assembled on its banks, and you might think yourself in a city of palaces. I have as yet seen nothing of the town, but the streets which we drove through yesterday strongly reminded me of London; and the English furniture of Mr. Bayley's house serves to complete the deception. Mr. Bayley had very kindly prepared a set of rooms for us in his house, in which we had the enjoyment of English beds last night. The frost is just beginning, so that we have got to these comfortable quarters in time.

"Believe me, my dear Mother,

"Your affectionate Son."

During the rest of the journey Mr. Reginald Heber did not keep a regular diary, but made memoranda of the countries through which he passed, under their respective heads.

RUSSIAN FINLAND.

"On our route from Louisa, the last frontier town in Sweden, to Petersburg, nothing is more remarkable than the change which takes place in the appearance, dress, and apparent circumstances of the peasantry. In Swedish Finland the peasant has all the cleanliness, industry, and decency of a Swede; he is even more sober, but very inferior in honesty. In Russia you see an immediate deterioration in morals, cleanliness, wealth, and every thing but intelligence and cunning. The horses, which through the Swedish territories were uniformly good, became poor miserable hacks; and to the good roads, which we had enjoyed ever since we left

CHAP. III. 1805.

Gottenburg, we now bade a long, very long adieu. The highways here, as throughout Russia, are of logs laid across the road; in the greater part of the empire this is absolutely necessary, as there are no materials for road-making but sand. In Finland, however, granite abounds every where; it lies in large masses, some of which gave me a perfect idea of the original state of the base of Peter the Great's statue, before Falconet had clipped it. The peasants we met with in these vile roads all turned out of the way for us in a great hurry; one man even overturned his cart and himself to make room for us; yet, it must be observed, we saw few people asking charity; and in the great towns of Fridericksham and Wyborg the accommodation at the inns was good, and there were several appearances of wealth among the higher and middling classes. Much of the poverty of the Finlanders may be, no doubt, attributed to natural causes, as the sterility and depopulation of the country are excessive. We took particular notice, that between Fridericksham and Wyborg we only saw one Church, which was apparently Lutheran; the majority of the Finns are still of that persuasion, though the Greek religion is said to be gaining ground; and we observed several new Churches, with their distinctive mark, the dome and pepper-box steeple. This, however, is not a positive proof of its increase, as a congregation is by no means necessary to a Greek Church: every wealthy family seems to make a point of erecting one, and though the materials are often very slight, being brick or wood, plaistered and whitewashed, yet much taste is frequently displayed in their architecture. With regard to the Lutheran clergy, they are said to enjoy great authority over the minds of the people. Mr. Anderson, at Petersburg, told me, that much of this popularity was derived from a style of preaching which would, in any other part of Europe, be called enthusiastic and ranting in the extreme. A Finnish preacher may, in summer, when the windows of his Church are open, be heard almost a verst off. This species of oratory is, however, well adapted to the people they address, who are by far the most miserable and least civilized of any part of Russia.

"Wyborg and Fridericksham, are the only towns in the two provinces that bear the same names; the latter is very small. Wraxall celebrates the beauty of its plan, which is that of a star; its centre is an ugly town-house painted green and red; and, as well as the Churches and the houses, built of wood. It is regularly fortified and is a sea-port, but with very little trade. Wyborg is larger and better built; but its fortifications are neglected and its commerce is also very trifling. It contains one Greek Church painted green, several Lutheran Churches, and some other ancient buildings of the time of the Swedes. The natural situation of the town is apparently strong; the approaches to it wind very much, and are carried a great way on bridges and causeways. It is customary at both these places for travellers to present themselves personally to the governor of the fort, before their passports can be signed, which caused us a good deal of embarrassment. * * * * * * * * * The country abounds in lakes, hills, and scrubby fir and birch timber, and is little more than rock, covered with a stratum of lichen.

"During the time of our journey, all the northern garrisons were greatly thinned on account of the war. We passed several regiments on their march, and were much pleased with the cleanliness, good clothing, and soldier-like appearance of the men, in which they far exceeded the Swedes.

"The Finnish peasants are at present very much assimilated to their Russian fellow-subjects, and are only to be distinguished by their language and their greater poverty and filth. We were told at Petersburg that they were distinguished by their light hair; but on advancing further into Russia we found that, though dark hair is more common among the Russians than among their neighbours, it can scarcely be assigned as a national characteristic. The Finnish language, although Voltaire (who knew nothing about the matter) denies it, is merely a dialect of the Lapp; this information we had from Mr. Wannerquist; * * * * * Indeed, in Norway and generally throughout the north, Finn and Lapon are synonymous. *Lap* merely means

CHAP. III. 1805.

wanderer, and the Finnish countenance is precisely the same with that of the Lap, only improved by a rather superior manner of living. The Samoyedes are, by all accounts, precisely the same race, and all are but the miserable remnants of the wealthy and commercial possessors of Perm and the ancient territory of Novogorod, who were expelled or subdued by the Slavi. Of their trade with India and Norway by the Volga and Petchora, and of their temple of Youmala, or the golden woman (Venus) who is still worshipped in China, we have accounts in many modern authors. I think Herodotus also mentions them; he certainly speaks of the tribe of Slavi, who afterwards subdued Novogorod. There is nothing in the distance which can render his having heard of them improbable. In a level country, with not much timber, and where for many months the rivers are all bridged over with ice, a few thousand versts are nothing to a Scythian. Witness the rapid and extraordinary emigration of the Mantchous from Russia to China, of the Mongouls *vice versa*, and the Calmuks of late years.

"The state of agriculture in Finland is, as may be imagined, miserably imperfect, yet their turnips and butter are famous all over Russia. The Russian butter is not fit to be laid on bread, or employed in any of the more delicate preparations of breakfast, but it is used in the kitchen. At Yaroslav, when we asked for butter, we were told that very little Finnish butter was made in the province, by which it would appear that it has become the name of the species. Vast multitudes of Finnish boors come during all the winter to Petersburg on small wooden sledges, very long and narrow, drawn by one horse; they sell butter, milk, vegetables, and game. It is very awkward to cross a string of these carts, as they all go at a round trot, and the horses are so habituated to follow the leader, that nothing can pierce the column, and you must wait till the whole cavalcade has passed.

"Finland, like Sweden, to the worst parts of which it bears a strong resemblance, is full of lakes, and the Russians think it a very picturesque country; there are many villas in it, and frequent

parties of pleasure are made during the summer from Petersburg. One favourite point for this amusement is a village, where in a morass are still seen the ruins of the famous bridge of pontoons, built by the Swedes, under De la Gardie. In this village Mr. Anderson found established in a small cottage, and wearing the dress of a peasant, an old lady, the widow of a marechal of France, who, on some quarrel with her friends, had retired here; she still had much dignity in her manner, and was once implored by the old women of the village, to intercede for the removal of a body of soldiers, who were sent to be quartered in their cottages; she acquitted herself of her commission with so much firmness and spirit, that she fairly talked the troops out of the place.

" The Finns are not a very military race, but a considerable part of the Russian sailors are furnished from the banks of the Ladoga lake. The territory as far as Wyborg was conquered from the Swedes by Peter the Great, and Fridericksham was added by Elizabeth, when the Russians penetrated as far as Âbo, which they were enabled to do chiefly by the divisions and venality of the Swedish senate. The Swedish troops behaved very ill in that war. The Finland regiments were considered as disaffected to the senate, and were kept in the back ground [1]. We found a good many chasseurs quartered in Finland; and in Wyborg, for the first time, we saw some Cossaks; their dress is a common blue kaftan with a red sash, large blue trowsers drawn over the half-boots, and a high cap of black sheep-skin; their lance is apparently very cumbersome and inefficient; they have one large pistol which hangs on their right side; their sabre is less, and less crooked than ours. Prince Wiasemsky, at Kostroma, told me, that till the reign of Paul they had still the power of choosing and degrading, *all* their officers *ad libitum;* at present the colonels are appointed by the crown. I apprehend, indeed, that this controul over their other officers is not exercised when they are in service, but merely in their own hordes. The post-houses in Finland all belong to the crown, and

[1] See Memoires de Manstein.

CHAP. III. 1805.

have their stables and other buildings arranged after a uniform plan. We got horses here with much more readiness and civility than we afterwards did in Russia. You have a *Podaroshna,* (order for post-horses,) made out at the frontier, for which you pay one copeck a horse per verst; you may pay either in ducats or Swedish money. Mr. Carr says that Swedish money is seized; on the contrary, it passes current at the post-houses, and every where else as far as Fridericksham, and even farther. *Russian* money is seized on the frontier without pity. A man leaving Russia with the intention of returning, may, on giving up his Russ money, demand a receipt, and, on his way back, may claim it again. The fare for horses, besides the *Podaroshna,* is two copecks per horse a verst [1]. The driver should have fifteen or twenty copecks, or even less will satisfy him in Finland. The ordinary rate of travelling is ten versts an hour; or on good roads more. In winter we were told by every one, that travelling was more rapid; but to speak from our own experience, we found it pretty much what I have stated.

" The Finnish peasants are generally of a shorter stature than their neighbours; their women are sometimes very handsome; and I was told that the women of the town in Petersburg are said to be chiefly of this nation; the nurses of the foundling hospital are also mostly Finns. The children of this establishment were formerly suckled by goats, but the custom, has, of late years, been altered.

" With regard to the domestic habits, religious prejudices, &c. of the Finns, we know but little. Mr. Anderson, from whom I have learnt that little, says that they have still retained a multitude of superstitious ceremonies, which, however, appear to be pretty much the same with the offerings to brownies and fairies in Scotland, and the Juttul, Nöech, and Neissen of Norway. The festivities of the May-pole are still kept up in Finland. The Finns are the only people in European Russia who retain the use of snow-shoes. The *Snä-plugh* of Denmark and Sweden is unknown in all this empire, where indeed the great intercouse on the high-

[1] One verst is two-thirds of an English mile; one hundred copecks go to a ruble, about two shillings and eight pence, English. (Now ten pence, Ed.)

roads makes this invention unnecessary. Oat-bread disappears soon after passing the frontier, and rye and excellent wheaten-bread supply its place; the meat also becomes better. These luxuries, however, have all their origin in ancient Russia. Finland produces little.

" Though the Finns are not distinguished for their military character, they are by no means a race of cowards. In their combats with the bear they display great courage; a man will frequently attack one hand to hand, with a short knife, for his only weapon, in his right hand, while his left arm is wrapped round with a sheep skin. Their usual weapons are, however, the gun or the spontoon. The bear is only found to the north of Novogorod, and is scarce even as far south as Petersburg. Of the lynx which is found in Norway, I have heard nothing here, nor have I seen the skin in any of the shops.

" The Russians, as well as the Swedes, always pile their arms when on guard, before the door of the guard-room, a slovenly practice, which exposes them to be always wet. The Russ bayonet is very much shorter than the Swedish. The grenadiers, and some other regiments, wear short hangers of very bad temper. Their uniform is green with white pantaloons and half-boots, with a broad white belt round the waist, which is tied so ridiculously tight as very much to impede the free use of their limbs; on the whole, their dress is, like that of most other soldiers, more fit for a parade than for actual service. Many regiments still retain the large hat. A Russian battalion consists of four companies, and each company of 138 rank and file, four officers, ten non-commissioned officers and four drums; each company now consists of two platoons; but in Catherine's time they were divided into four platoons, and the officers carried fusils; at present they have spontoons; in her time their uniform consisted of loose trowsers, a loose and wide jacket and a casque. Their pay is ten rubles annually with an allowance of provision; for their clothing, they are allowed one uniform jacket, one pair of cloth pantaloons every two years, besides which they have a linen jacket, a pair of linen trowsers,

CHAP. III. 1805.

and two pair of boots every year. A Russian is enlisted for twenty-five years, but at the end of twenty, if he has behaved well, he receives a medal which exempts him from corporal punishment, and gives him, in fact, the privileges of an officer. After the whole period of service is concluded he is discharged, and allowed to practise what trade he pleases in any part of the empire; but, should he desire it, and is still fit for garrison duty, he is placed in the invalid battalions.

To Mrs. Heber.

St. Petersburg, October 27th, 1805.

" DEAR MOTHER,

" By the arrival of Hanbury and Stackhouse, two Englishmen whom we left at Stockholm, I had the pleasure of receiving your second letter, which had not reached that place during our stay there. Believe me it was a very great pleasure to hear of the good health of my *English* circle of friends (for Hodnet seems very seldom to contain you all at once,) especially as I had been disappointed of finding any letters at Petersburg. Our time is passed pleasantly and, I hope, profitably, in learning German, improving in French, seeing sights, and listening to, not joining in, political discussions These employments, with a few Greek books which I hope to borrow, will give us ample amusement for the time we intend to stay here.

" I was a little premature when I mentioned in my last that the winter was begun; the severe frost we then experienced was what the Russians call the ' little winter,' and it is considered as a usual appendage of autumn. We had, indeed, afterwards some very delightful open weather, and our excursions to the palaces and prospects in the neighbourhood, which we secured in time to catch the woods before they were entirely naked, were in as favourable weather as the usual run of English Octobers. The frost, however, is now again severe, and there is every prospect of a universally sharp and early winter. The merchants here are al-

ready seriously alarmed for the vessels in Cronstadt harbour, most of which are only half freighted. The winter seldom really sets in till the middle of November; so that this premature cold threatens to send the vessels away empty, or to lay the hindmost by the heels till spring. We have as yet found it unnecessary to adopt warmer clothing; but we have each of us got a famous stuffed coat, which I shall try this evening. The Russians, I mean the higher classes, are already in their furs; but I have observed both here and in Sweden, where the cold is always comparatively moderate, that the gentlemen, from their indolent—I had almost said effeminate—lives, and from the great heat of their houses, are much more chilly than Englishmen. If a Swede rides out the hottest day in summer, the probability is that he wears a swansdown great coat, and a silk handkerchief about his mouth and ears; nor shall I ever forget the looks of astonishment and alarm which an open window never failed to produce. An officer in the guards would as soon, or sooner, face a cannon than a draft of air. You see whatever else I may learn in my tour, I have, at least, an excellent example of prudence. However, though we dissented from these good folks during the summer, I faithfully promise that, during the winter, I will be entirely guided by the customs of my neighbours, and will not pretend to understand their climate better than they do themselves.

"Our plans for future progress are, to stay here till Christmas, and then to proceed, on the winter roads, into Germany. In the mean time, we hope to acquire some knowledge of German, and to be able to settle our route, which must of course depend on politics, and the advance of the army. Letters of introduction to any part of Germany, particularly Vienna or Berlin, will be most thankfully received; I say to any part, because it seems impossible at present to say what parts it may be in our power to visit. All here are in high spirits about the war, particularly since the accession of Prussia. The emperor, indeed, is so popular, that he could scarcely do any thing of which his people would not approve. It is far otherwise in the country we have lately quitted; general ill-hu-

CHAP. III. 1805.

mour and dissatisfaction at all public measures, mutual distrust between the king and his people, and a bitter sense of their present weakness, contrasted with their ancient military glory, are at present conspicuous in every society and conversation in Sweden. I was really perfectly astonished at the expressions I often heard respecting the king, the hints thrown out against the legitimacy of his birth, and the public insults which he has received from the university of Upsala. Yet, on examining into the causes of dissatisfaction, we could find none that were by any means adequate. All acknowledged that his private conduct was most unblameable; that his general frugality, his attention to business, and the discipline of his troops, were great and commendable. All the objections they could really bring, were the austerity of his manners, his long travels in Germany, &c., and the present war. The first of these is surely no very serious one; and for the last, every Englishman will respect rather than blame him; for the second, which is a real and serious fault, he may plead, I know not how many French moralists and philosophers. I believe, indeed, we must look to another quarter for the reasons of his unpopularity, and that much more is attributable to his father's conduct than his own. Gustavus the Third had altered the constitution of his country, on the whole advantageously; but he had in many respects carried the regal power farther than his people were inclined to bear. He therefore kept them in good humour by *fêtes*, and balls, and masquerades, all which were very pretty, but contributed largely to swell the debts of his country, which his taste for the fine arts, the most unfortunate turn that a king can take, enlarged to a great degree for so small a kingdom. At last he left an empty treasury, a discontented people, an infant son, and a regent who was believed to be in the interest of France. All these disadvantages the present young king has had to struggle with, and I certainly know nothing more interesting or more critical, than the present situation of 'that good and brave nation,' as Kosciusko called them.

"I have prosed to you so long about Sweden, that I must make haste and return to Petersburg. Our usual ill luck with

respect to kings and princes followed us here. The emperor was set off for Germany before our arrival. Lord Leveson Gower's departure which took place soon afterwards, was a still greater disappointment, as we had met with great kindness and civility from him; and if he had staid we should have been introduced to the best society in the best possible manner.

"Mr. Möeler, the Hanoverian envoy, to whom Sandford had procured me a letter, has however been a very valuable acquaintance; by his means we are likely to see a good deal of the best circles here. The town is, of course, by no means full, as many of the nobility are with the army, and many more have not yet left their country-houses. Among the English we have a very good society, and owe great thanks to Mrs. Cowper and Dr. Cayley for their introductions. I am obliged to end my letter abruptly, as the pacquet of letters is making up. It is reported here that Lord Leveson Gower is to be recalled; if so, perhaps my brother can get me a letter to his successor, which will be of great importance; pray remember that introductions to any part of Germany will be of consequence, as we are really without plans at present.

"Believe me, dear mother, your dutiful son,

"Reginald Heber."

"I could get no music either in Sweden or Norway; in Sweden they have none worth hearing; and in Norway, though they have many beautiful simple songs, they have none with the notes printed or written. I hope to get a good deal in Russia.

"We found Colonel Pollen in Petersburg; he is married to the daughter of a Mr. Gascoyne, who has acquired a vast fortune by bringing the Carron system of iron foundery into Russia. Pollen's house is one of the most splendid in Petersburg, and we have received great civility from him. I must defer my account of this place till my next letter."

CHAP. III. 1805.

" *To Mrs. Heber.*

St. Petersburg, Nov. 20th, 1805.

" DEAR MOTHER,

" More posts from England, but no letters for me. I conclude from this circumstance that you are all well; but it would really be a very great treat to receive some certain information. I am inclined to think that some of my letters have miscarried. I wrote from Carlstad, Stockholm, and from Âbo. You really have no idea how ravenous I am grown after a letter from England, and how disappointed I feel at hearing of another barren post.

" In my last letter I promised you an account of Petersburg; and I know nothing to which it can be better compared than some parts of the new streets in London, without their causeways and railed areas. There is every where displayed the same activity in beginning, the same slightness in the materials, and the same want of accurate finishing or perseverance. There is indeed nothing more striking than the apparent instability of the splendour of this great town; houses, Churches, and public buildings are all of plaistered brick; and a portico worthy of a Grecian temple is often disfigured by the falling of the stucco, and the bad rotten bricks peeping through. The external ornaments and structure even of their great Casan Church, which, when finished, will be a noble building, are of the like materials. But whatever may be their durability, their general appearance, with their gaudy ornaments, their gilt spires and domes, and the gold-leaf which is lavished on the capitals and bases of their pillars, produces altogether a very glorious and novel effect. The neighbourhood of Petersburg, particularly on the Livonian and Moscow sides, is not so barren as I was at first induced to think, from the desolation of the Finland road. Russia itself, for St. Petersburg is considered only as a conquest and colony, is, I am told, a much finer country than what we have yet seen; and the real Russ peasantry are in much

more easy circumstances than those of the conquered countries. The difference in appearance between the Russians and the Ingrians and Finns, is, indeed, sufficiently remarkable; the rags and filth of the latter are enough to point them out, even without the distinction of their yellow hair and beard. The real Russian is generally middle-sized, (I think the average height is lower than in England, and the standard of their military height is lower even in time of peace,) his beard is thin and lank, and, as well as his eyes and hair, generally very dark; in his air and figure there is great appearance of activity and liveliness; a Russian servant is often idle, careless, and roguish, but very seldom awkward or uncivil. These national features are the same all over the empire; and you may go, I understand, from Archangel to Astrachan without finding the least alteration in dress, language, manners or food. Their food, which consists principally of sour cabbages or cucumbers, and water-melons, is certainly very wholesome, and, with their weekly use of the warm-bath, preserves them from the scurvy, and the cutaneous diseases to which the Swedes and Norwegians are excessively subject. The baths are, however, by no means sufficient to keep them sweet; and to pass to leeward of a Russian peasant is really so terrible an event that I always avoid it if possible; and experience only can give any idea of the bad smells united beneath his 'kaftan' or long gown, particularly in winter, when it is composed of sheep-skins. The manners and the parties of the upper ranks are so exactly like those of London, that there is no perceivable difference. Cards, which we were told in Sweden were absolutely necessary, we even see less of than in London. Some of the houses are pleasant, but the circle is not very numerous, and now begins to grow tiresome. The return of the Emperor will perhaps bring back gaiety. We shall, however, at all events quit this place in about six or seven weeks. The Russians strongly recommend a scheme for our future tour, which Thornton has written to his friends to propose, and for which I have promised to ask your permission. It is to go from Moscow the direct road to Constantinople, instead of to Poland; and after

CHAP. III. 1805.

a month's tour in Greece, to return by Venice into Germany. This route is, however, only proposed if, from the state of Europe, it should be difficult to get into Germany immediately. The principal difficulty in the plan is that, perhaps, it will require two months longer furlough from England. Under any circumstances we may possibly not undertake it; but if you or my brother think the scheme too extensive, pray send me word when you wish me to return to England. * * * * Believe me I shall be ready to return there, though I, of course, am unwilling to omit any of my present opportunities of improvement. All however that I wish for is provisional permission, if it should seem advisable to us. I shall take no steps till I hear from you. If you do not approve of the plan, which is indeed entirely formed on the advice of our Russian friends who have made the tour, pray say so. I would not for the world that my amusements should cause anxiety to my friends. Write your answer soon. Believe me, my dearest mother,

" Your dutiful son,

" REGINALD HEBER."

To Richard Heber, Esq.

St. Petersburg, December, 1805.

" DEAR BROTHER,

" My best thanks are due for your very agreeable letter, which was too full of English information not to be most interesting to a sojourner in the land of frost and snow. Though the severity of the winter is by no means yet at its height, we have had some little experience already of its general effects, and have (though really in compliance with advice more than from any necessity,) assumed a padded great coat for the day, and a prodigious fur gown for journeys, evening visits, and the play-house. This last, however, I have only worn twice, and then could willingly have spared it. We bow to experience, as we are told of many Englishmen who braved the climate, but have, in consequence, had rheumatism all their lives. The worst of this equip-

ment is its expense; my winter robes come altogether to, at least, twenty-five guineas, or perhaps thirty; and yet they are the cheapest kind a gentleman can wear, and were esteemed a remarkably good bargain. In Sweden they are much more simple in their dress. Many go without furs, and those who wear them are content with wolf-skin, which none but servants wear in Russia, when they stand behind carriages.

" I am, on the whole, not displeased with this arctic weather, which, though severe, is pleasant and serene; very favourable for exercise, and I think for health. The houses have all double windows, and the men are so fenced against cold by their dress, that we should hardly be aware of the keenness of the atmosphere, were it not for the thermometer which hangs at almost every window. The days are short but clear, and the nights are so magnificent, as quite to surpass my expectations. Yet I have heard some of the Russians complain that the winter has as yet been hazy and English. There have, indeed, been frequent thaws, and very remarkable transitions from intense cold to several degrees of warmth.

" You will expect, no doubt, an account of the flying mountains, ice-hills, and the other amusements which Coxe mentions; but these are mostly confined to the lower classes: and though I have looked for them with anxious expectation, none have, as yet, appeared on the river. Sledge driving is the favourite amusement, and I think it a very stupid one, unless for the sake of showing off a fine pair of horses. The horses used for this purpose are broke in a particular manner; one trots, and the other canters, prances, kicks, and rears with great pretended violence, all which he does so as to keep pace with the other; they pay an enormous price for a horse of this kind, well trained. A well equipped sledge is a beautiful and striking object, and answers to curricles and phaetons in England. No man, however, can pay visits without having a carriage; and if he aspires to any thing like noble society, or to the character of *gentilhomme*, his carriage must be drawn by four horses, all with long manes, and the traces three times longer than necessary; the coachman is a venerable figure, with a long gown,

CHAP. III. 1805.

beard, and square cap, like those worn by Bishops Parker and Grindall in their pictures. The postillion is a little boy in the same dress, girt tight round him with a broad red sash; he rides on what we should call in England the wrong horse, holds his whip in the left hand, and is obliged to cry out continually like the children who drive the crows from the corn-field. This he is obliged to do as there are no footways; and they drive so fast, that if the streets were not very wide and the population very thin, accidents must continually happen. Very neat carriages and sets of horses of this description, are always to be hired by the month, and we have got a remarkably good one. The carriages and furniture of all sorts in Russia are so minutely copied from the English, that it would require the eye of a connoisseur to distinguish them.

"There is no Italian opera here; the French theatre we have attended pretty constantly; there are also German and Russ theatres, but they are little frequented: the plays acted at the latter are, for the most part, on the model of Bluebeard and Pizarro, and merely attended for the sake of the scenery and dresses, which are at the expence of government, and the best managed I ever saw. The Greek theatre is very magnificent, a little larger than Covent Garden.

"In the German language we are making tolerable progress considering its difficulty; the grammar and the particles, separable and inseparable, are indeed more complicated than Latin, Greek, and Hebrew in one. The Russ we have not attempted, though we have been often amused with its strange and barbarous similarity to Greek. Οξυς and Foινο, with a true Æolic pronunciation, are vinegar and wine; and after a range of visits, we order our carriage to drive Δομως. I have had plates handed to me by Nestors and Nicons; and one day heard a hackney-sledge driver call his friend Athanasius; but all these are exceeded by an introduction we are promised to the divine Plato himself, who is the Archbishop of Moscow, and one of the few learned divines of the Greek Church. The Greek clergy are generally in a very low

station, and miserably ignorant, though greatly beloved by the common people. Their appearance when performing service is sometimes very striking; their long beards, flowing hair, and robes exactly resembling those which we see in an illuminated Greek MS. amid the glare of tapers, the smoke of incense, and a crowd of worshippers kissing the steps of the Altar and the hem of their garments, form as good a picture as most I have seen. This is a subject I could enlarge upon, as I have enquired about it; but I have much to say, and fear to be too late for the ΠΩΣΤ, for so is the post spelt and pronounced by a Russian.

" I am not sure whether in my last I said any thing about the palaces here and in the neighbourhood, of which the Taurida is the only one that has quite answered my expectation; the winter-garden there, which is a grove of evergreens in a vast saloon (something like an extension of the plan for a green-house, given by Mason, in his story of Alcander and Nerina) is perhaps a matchless piece of elegant luxury. The great palace is a vast tasteless pile of plaistered brick; and the marble palace is tamely conceived, and its pilasters look like slices of potted beef or char. In the great palace are some good pictures; the Houghton collection is in the hermitage which is now under repair. What interested me most were the private rooms of the emperor and empress, which were remarkable for their comfort, neatness, and simplicity. Alexander's private study and dressing-room, which, though not generally shown, we were permitted to see, was apparently just as he had left it, and answered completely my ideas of what a monarch's retirement ought to be. The table was heaped with books which we were not allowed to meddle with or take up, but among which I thought I distinguished Guichard and Folard; and round the room, which is small, were piled a great number of swords, musquets, rifles, and bayonets of different kinds and inventions; in the window-seats were some books of finance. The whole was so carelessly and naturally arranged, that I am convinced it was not intended as a show. In fact, his aversion to display of all kinds is the most striking part of his character, and it

CHAP. III. 1805.

is even carried to excess. As he is now in person with the army, and has, it is said, expressed a wish to *win his spurs*, before he assumes the military order of St. George, I fear we have little probability of seeing him before we leave Petersburg. The Russians and English attempt to outdo each other in his praises; and the women in particular speak of him as the best, the most polite, and the handsomest man in the world. But after all allowance is made for their partiality, he appears to be really of a very amiable temper and manners, and a clear unperverted head; he is said, above all, to be active and attentive to his peculiar duties; he is neither a fiddler, a poet, a chemist, or a philosopher, but contents himself with being an emperor. His person, to judge by his busts and statues, is tall and strongly built; his complexion fair and pale; his hair light, and his face full and round. I have been anxious to give you some general idea of this amiable man, in whose character and conduct Europe is so deeply interested. The minuter traits in his character, which may perhaps be necessary to the shading the picture, and which are collected from the different anecdotes one picks up, will serve for fire-side talk. There is, however, one very remarkable trait which tends to illustrate his character; popular as he is, one hears very few anecdotes of him.

"I expect impatiently my mother's answer respecting Constantinople. I write but little on politics, partly because Petersburg, from its remoteness, is out of the current of news almost as much as England; and partly because I do not chuse to submit all my political observations to the chance of an inspection at the Post-office, which sometimes happens in England as well as on the continent. The war here is popular, and the people profess themselves, and I believe really are, friendly to the English cause and nation. If any thing could have diminished this feeling, it would have been, I think, the inactivity of the arms of Great Britain during the present coalition; to the want of a timely diversion in that quarter, there are many who are fond of attributing the dreadful calamities which have befallen Austria: and though the presence of Englishmen was always a restraint, I have repeatedly

been made half-mad by witnessing the deep and general indignation at the conduct of ministry; a conduct which I have often endeavoured to defend, at least as far as the general character of the country was at stake. You will likewise soon see the curious effect which this produced on the terms of a late offered negociation. Thank God, the victory of Trafalgar, followed up by the arrival of General Don, at Cuxhaven, has turned the scale in our favour, and the destruction of Boulogne, of which we are in daily hopes to hear, will give new spirits to the friends of England, and of what is emphatically called 'the good cause.' Pitt is, I believe, thought highly of here, though his late inactivity staggered their good opinion. The news from the Russian army continues comfortable to Europe and glorious to Russia. Bragration, of whose exploits you have heard, is a very remarkable character; he is a Georgian by birth, and chief of one of the tribes of Mount Caucasus; he was a favourite of Suwarof, and acquired great reputation in Italy."

CHAPTER IV.

PETERSBURG TO MOSCOW.

Captain Davison's farm—Entrance into Petersburg—Russian weights and measures—Bridges—The Artelshiki—Czarsko-Zelo—Winter palace—Hermitage—Isaac's palace—Senate—Iron works—Police—Washerwomen—Sledge driving—Emperor's return to Petersburg—Levy for the army—Emperor's court—Ramadan—Livonian peasants—Palace of Peterhof—Oranienbaum—Cronstadt—Novogorod—Valdai—Shoes made of linden bark—Abrock—Slaves—Tobolsk—Iver—Anecdote—Russian's treatment of his horses.

CHAP. IV. 1805.

THE next in order among Mr. Reginald Heber's notes are the following memoranda on

PETERSBURG.

" In approaching nearer to the capital no superior advances in civilization are visible; and all that gives you any idea that you are approaching it is the distant view of Cronstadt, and the palace of Oranienbaum, on the Livonian side of the gulph, which is here barely so wide as the Severn at its junction with the Avon below Bristol. There is also a high point of land not far from Oranienbaum, which arrests the attention, as being the only object which breaks the sea-like level you look down on from the last rocks of Finland. On descending these you have a magnificent view of the town, with its gilded domes and spires. Just without the barrier is a patch of land, cultivated in the English manner by a Captain Davison, an English officer who came into Russia as secretary to Mr. Novosillzof; it is the only cultivated ground

on this side of Petersburg, and was reclaimed, at the expence of government, from a most unpromising morass, where the emperor and his horse were nearly swallowed up two years ago. It is now become very tolerable ground, and being cropped and stocked in the English manner, already supplies the principal houses in Petersburg with butter, garden-stuff, and butchers'-meat, of a much better kind than they had before. Davison, who is a man of great resolution and industry, devotes himself entirely to it; he has acquired a perfect knowledge of the Russian language, and living himself on the farm, in the neighbourhood of a great capital, with a convenient water-carriage in summer, he will probably succeed in bringing it to perfection. Some slight inconveniences he complained of, such as being obliged to make his farm a show, which of course is a great interruption to his works. He hopes, by crossing the breeds of Russian cattle with those of other nations, to produce a breed more suited to the climate than any yet known. The Russ cattle and sheep are but of very imperfect qualities, except the Archangel cattle, which were originally brought there by a mere accident from Holstein. The Archangel veal is a very celebrated dainty at Petersburg. The soil of Davison's farm he described as suited to the Norfolk system of husbandry; its chief products at present are cabbages, turnips, and a root peculiar to Russia, larger than a turnip and of the same colour, but of a conical form; it is eaten raw like a radish, which it resembles in taste. For cattle it is a very good winter provision. Potatoes are as yet scarce in Russia, and the people have not got over their prejudices against them. Mr. Jackson, of Petersburg, told me that one of the *dvornichs* (house-slaves) asked him, with much anxiety, if the troops sent to Germany would be well fed. On his answering in the affirmative, 'but, sir,' said the Russian, 'are you sure they will not give them potatoes?' The only garden-stuff on which the Russians set much value are cabbages, cucumbers, water-melons, and onions; these, with hemp and linseed-oil, a few pickled sprats, rye-bread, qwass, in which they generally mingle salt, and buckwheat boiled with oil, form the diet of a

CHAP. IV. 1805.

peasant. It does not appear a very strengthening one; yet they certainly thrive on it, and are preserved by this and their baths from the itch, scurvy, and other disorders to which the Swedes and Norwegians, though a much cleaner race, are dreadfully subject. I need only mention the *Plica Polonica* to show that their southern neighbours are still worse off.

"Davison's butter is stamped with the imperial eagle, and the farm is called the imperial farm; the emperor when at Kameny Ostrof pays much attention to it, and takes great pleasure in riding about it and showing the improvements [1] at Kameny. Ostrof is a small lodge on an island of the Nevka, adjoining the farm; the emperor and empress pass there a great part of every summer; it is a low, green and marshy situation embosomed in trees, on the right-hand entering into Petersburg.

"We entered the city by a long suburb, then passed the Nevka by a bridge of boats to the island of the citadel, and thence by another of the same construction across the magnificent Neva. The view is here strikingly grand; in front are the summer gardens with a very high iron gilt palisade, which has a fine effect among the lime trees, over which rises the gilt spire of Paul's palace of St. Michael; on the left-hand the length of the granite quay is lined with very magnificent private houses, and is bounded in the distance by the dome of the Taurida palace; the right-hand view is filled with the marble palace, the house built by Paul for the princess Gargarin, the theatre, Hermitage, winter-palace, and the admiralty with its gilded spire. On turning round you see on the other side of the river the citadel with its granite bastions, and the cottage of Peter the Great close beneath them; a little further the cadet corps, and lastly the new College of arts and sciences. On driving through the town as we did by the Isaac's place, the statue of Peter the Great, &c., to the Quai de Galerenhof, our admiration was continually on the stretch; and though it was no doubt increased by the comparison of what we saw now with what we had seen in Sweden and Norway, it is certain that, however

deficient in taste, convenience, or durability, each building taken separately may appear, as a whole the plan and *coup d'œil* of Petersburg may be considered as almost a standard of beauty. Its situation and distribution may be better traced by the plan than by any account. Its streets are generally very wide, and the houses low, nor always contiguous; the Nevska perspective is the principal, which is divided in the middle by a raised gravel-walk, railed in and planted with lime-trees. These rails, as well as all public buildings, bridges, sentry-boxes, and guard-houses, are checquered black and white; this was a whim of Paul's. The houses are mostly very large, built round courts, and generally divided into twenty or thirty different tenements. I remember Kerr Porter, hunting about a whole morning for a house of which he knew both the street and the number. The staircases are often common, and a family lives on every story; the basement story and cellars, even of the most magnificent houses, are always let for shops, brandy cellars, *cabacks*, and every thing that is filthy. The houses and Churches, with the exception of the marble palace, the marble Church, and the Cathedral of our Lady of Casan, are all of bad brick, white-washed and plaistered into a very good resemblance of stone. In this imitation, as well as that of marble, they are very happy; the marble, in particular, it is impossible to distinguish from real; it costs one ruble the square arskine [1].

[1] The measures of Russia are as follow:

16 vershoks = 1 arskine.
3 arskines = 1 sageen = 7 English feet.

40 Russ pounds = 1 pood = 36lbs. English.
10 poods = 1 birkweight.

2 potushka = 1 denga.
2 denga (vulgo denushka) = 1 copek
100 copiki = 1 ruble = 2 shillings and 8 pence, English.
10 rubles = 1 imperial.

There is an agio in favour of silver, which makes a silver ruble worth about one quarter more. The lowest paper money is for five rubles. The quantity of paper in circulation is

CHAP. IV. 1805.

" The situation of Petersburg is well known, as well as the obstacles in the way of its navigation, occasioned by the bar in the river on which there are only a few feet water. There are three large and several small bridges over the Neva, Nevka, and the different canals. The large ones are of boats; a stone bridge being impracticable on account of the depth and rapidity of the streams, and the quantity of ice which floats down in the spring. The plan of a wooden bridge of one arch to be thrown from the place where Peter's statue is now situated, to the opposite shore, has been projected by a peasant, and its model is preserved in the Taurida garden. The difficulty attending its adoption appears to be a doubt whether the wood would be of sufficient solidity to bear its own weight. Iron would unquestionably answer, provided the banks on each side are firm enough. A foundation of ice might be possibly invented; it has been tried already in one instance and found to answer, as ice never thaws more than four feet under ground. The inconveniences of the present bridge are immense; for many days in the year intercourse of every kind is suspended, as the floating ice renders the passage of boats impossible. The Neva water is reckoned good and wholesome by the

difficult to be ascertained; by what we could collect from prince Andrew Wiasemsky and Mr. Chepotof at Moscow, it may be guessed at about two millions. By the law there is a premium on paper at the bank, in exchange for copper; but according to Mr. Hawes, a banker at Moscow, this is sometimes difficult to procure. The bank of Russia is in the practice of advancing money to individuals at five or six per cent, or more, according to the security given. In order to facilitate the sale of land, it is no uncommon practice for a person to mortgage his estate to the bank, in order to sell it, thus encumbered, with greater ease than otherwise. This is in fact only to say, in other words, that in the sale of articles, the bank frequently advances a part of the money on the security of the land. There is said to be a very considerable treasure in gold, silver, and copper in ingots, which the late empress showed ostentatiously to the poor king of Sweden. Paul, however, diminished it a little; the present monarch is said to lay up a great deal. Almost every department of government, and every public institution, has an increasing income greater than the expenditure. Part of this surplus money is laid out in the purchase of land and peasants. The crown lands are at present immense; they have been more augmented by the present emperor than by any of his predecessors; the policy of this conduct we have heard variously stated. Prince Dashkof questioned it strongly, on the ground that crown lands were always the worst managed; probably one grand motive is the gradual emancipation of the boors.

inhabitants; but on strangers it has the same effect that almost every other water produces at first.

" The wharfs, warehouses, and other scenes of business, are in a separate quarter of the town, where the exchange is also situated; they are all built, on the eastern system, round a court, and vaulted. It is here that hemp, tallow, and various other commodities are laid up; the hemp is previously sorted by sworn workmen, who have, by long practice, acquired a wonderful facility in distinguishing its quality. It is divided into clean, half clean, outshot, and codilla, which have each their different value. Clean hemp costs forty rubles the birkweight; half clean about thirty-eight. Besides these sworn workmen there is another class of men of great use to the mercantile part of the town, the *artelshiki*. These are chiefly natives of Archangel and its neighbourhood, and are very frequently freemen; they are formed into a species of clubs called artel, each of which has a common fund, in which every person makes a considerable deposit of caution money. The society is then answerable for the good behaviour of its members; these last are deterred from dishonesty and drunkenness, not only by the certainty of fine and expulsion, but by an *esprit de corps*, which they feel very strongly. Mr. Jackson told me that one of his artelshiki, who had been drunk, came to him, prostrated himself at his feet, (a common practice among the lower class of Russians) and offered to pay any money he might choose provided he would not disgrace him by complaining to his artel. These men are used as porters to the warehouses, and as a kind of trust-worthy servant employed in the counting-houses, and in carrying messages, drafts, bills, &c. Every considerable merchant has some in his family; and these, with a *dvornie*, or house-porter, two or three livery-servants, and perhaps three maid-servants, constitute the general establishment of single men. Married merchants have a much larger household, and the Russian gentlemen have seldom fewer than fifty, and sometimes as many as 500 dependants.

" The principal articles of commerce in Petersburg are brought by barks from the interior by the native merchants; they are then

CHAP. IV. 1805.

shipped on board lighters, and sent down the Gulph to Cronstadt, where they are again embarked on vessels of burthen. Many of the smaller commodities are exported exclusively by foreign nations, but none of any great consequence. The tribunal to which merchants have recourse is the Chamber of Commerce, from whence an appeal lies to the Senate.

" We were fortunate enough to arrive at Petersburg a short time before the setting in of the winter; and this short time we employed in seeing the palaces and prospects in the city and neighbourhood. Of the palaces, Czarsco-Zelo, (royal village,) Pavlovska, Gatchina, (a seat purchased by Paul, when grand duke, from Prince Potemkin,) very little need be said; they are all brick buildings, slightly run up and plaistered, but very well situated. At Gatchina is the most beautiful pool of clear water I ever saw, which is, however, disgraced and put out of countenance by a marshy artificial lake, separated from it by a regular stone dam. Czarsco-Zelo, remarkable chiefly for its great size, and its profusion of ornament and gilding, was the favourite residence of Catherine the Second. She added greatly to it; in particular a long gallery, with glass walls like a green-house, in which she used to walk in winter, and where is to be seen the bust of Fox between Demosthenes and Cicero; this is, however, only a copy; the original, by Nollekens, is at the Taurida. Fox fell into disgrace with the empress during the French revolution, and the busts were removed, but reinstated by Paul. The situation of Czarsco-Zelo is the most dirty and boggy conceivable; its gardens are laid out in the English manner; and the gardener here, as almost every where throughout Russia, is of English extraction. One of the things which strikes a foreigner most in the Russian palaces is the immense size of the glass panes, which often fill up a whole window, being sometimes twelve or thirteen feet high, by five or six wide. The floors are invariably of wood, inlaid in small pieces of different grain and colour, well waxed and polished (similar to what one sees in some old houses in England, in Shavington [1] for example.) Half way between

[1] The seat of the Earl of Killmorey, in Shropshire.—Ed.

Czarsco-Zelo and Petersburg is a building, professing itself to be Gothic, of red brick, where Potemkin lived, and from the towers of which he used to address the Empress, as she passed, in the language of knight-errantry. The famous palace of the Taurida, which this favourite presented to his mistress, is remarkable for nothing but its magnificent saloon, which, with its conservatory, is the most striking thing of the kind, perhaps, in the world. The gardens are pretty, but confined, and the whole building externally is neither large nor very handsome; the gardener was an old servant of Mr. W. Bootle's, of Latham. The marble palace, which Catherine gave Potemkin in return, is only remarkable for its rich coating; it is something like Queen's College, but on a much smaller scale. The last person who occupied it was the unfortunate King of Poland, whose library, said to be a valuable one, is in a building in the Nevska perspective; it is distinct from the cabinet, which is well known for its valuable collection of books and curiosities, but stands in the same street. The winter-palace is an immense building, profusely ornamented, and in a very advantageous situation, containing some good pictures and some enormous looking-glasses. The private apartments of the emperor and empress are remarkable for their simplicity and good taste. There is another set of apartments very interesting, as having been occupied by Paul, and being now preserved by his widow, the dowager empress, in exactly the state they were left at his death. Not a book or article of furniture has been removed from its exact place; one book in particular remains turned down open on its face, to mark where he had left off reading. The table is covered with models for cocked hats and uniforms, and the walls with coloured half sheets, representing the uniforms of the different Russ regiments; his clothes and linen are lying carelessly about the room, and are preserved with the same religious care. In an adjoining library were deposited regularly the standards of the different regiments in garrison in Petersburg, and these have also been allowed to remain.

"What appears to be a part of the bookcase slides back,

CHAP. IV. 1805.

and you ascend by a dark and narrow stair-case into an unsuspected suite of rooms above, small, low, and not to be discovered even on the outside of the building by those not thoroughly acquainted with it. They consist of a bed-room, study and oratory, all filled with a collection of miniature pictures, and richly furnished: but the appearance of the whole is gloomy and desolate, and gives the idea of the tyrant's den in Dryden's Sigismonda and Guiscardo. These rooms are very seldom shown, and we were obliged to Mr. Pitt, the English clergyman in Petersburg, for contriving to procure us a sight of them. Though the advantage of the hiding-place endeared these particular rooms to Paul, he passed but little time in the winter palace, which he disliked as having been the residence of his mother. His own favourite house was the Michaelofsky castle, a vast brick building surrounded by the Fontanha canal, and defended with granite bastions, cannon and drawbridges. We saw its interior on the occasion of a Tartar religious ceremony which was performed in the great hall. The furniture was once magnificent, but is now all removed, and the very walls are dismantled of their ornaments; the chambers occupied by the emperor, and where he was murdered, are expressly forbidden to be shown; we tried some pretty high bribery, but it would not do.

"The Tartar festival we saw was the commencement of the Ramadan month. The number of Mahomedans in Petersburg is about six or seven hundred; they are chiefly soldiers, sailors, or hackney-coach and sledge drivers.

"Adjoining to the winter palace and connected with it by an arch-way with a covered gallery, under which flows the Moxha canal, is the Hermitage, and further on the private theatre. The whole extent of these three buildings fronting the river is, I think, about one-third of a mile. On entering the Hermitage from the winter palace, one is surprised at finding a small garden three stories high from the ground; it is formed on a leaden roof, like the hanging gardens of Babylon. The Hermitage is a most magnificent palace internally; and above all, is remarkable for the

collection of paintings purchased by the late empress from Houghton. One of the most striking pictures is a young man, apparently an Italian artist, in the dress of Leonardo da Vinci's time. I am not sure whether it is generally attributed to this master or no; there are some good Wouvermanns; but I was most struck with the Vandykes from Houghton, and the chamber of Rembrandt's. There is a fine collection, chiefly of smaller paintings, in a low covered gallery, shaped like an L, in which, about half-way down the room, is a magnificent view in the bay of Naples by G. Poussin. Both here and at Gatchina there are some fine Vernets. The best private collection in Petersburg is that of Count Stroganof; the modern paintings of the academy of arts are very wretched, but the institution itself is noble. There are about two hundred young men educated as artists at the expence of the crown, who are, most of them, lodged, and all fed within its walls; they are clothed by government in a uniform of green. Their statuary is better than their painting. Admiral Chichakof has employed Kerr Porter to paint some large pieces for a hall in the admiralty.

"The principal public establishments for education at Petersburg are, the convent of noble ladies, the school established by the present dowager empress for orphans, the cadet corps, the Jesuits' school, and the Alexandrooka cotton fabric, established by Sir Charles Gascoyne. Two or three hundred poor children, selected from different orphan houses are here maintained, instructed, and employed in spinning cotton. Sir Charles has introduced all the refinements of English machinery, at which some Englishmen are very angry; the children were clean and seemed well treated; but nothing surprised us more than the small size and apparent youth of some young women who were married. Marriages are, it is well known, early in Russia. The great patron of these, and of every other charitable institution, is the dowager empress, whose sound judgement, good sense and good character are apparently very remarkable. She shows great fondness for every active employment; and even in her amusements, which are

CHAP. IV. 1805.

turning ivory and studying botany, she proves her hatred of idleness. She is the only person who keeps up any degree of state in the empire; the emperor, his brother and his wife live more like private persons than princes. The court and the town are the dullest in the world. The emperor's greatest amusement consists in the organization and drill of his guards, of which the daily parade is one of the finest sights in Petersburg; each platoon, as the emperor passes, salutes him with a deep-toned cry of 'Sdrasta Alexander Povlovitz.' 'Alexander son of Paul,' it is well known is the usual way in which they speak of or to the emperor, or any other person; when they do not say this, they call their equals 'brat,' brother, and their superiors 'batushka,' father; names of family or office are only used when they speak French or German.

"There is a strange melange of nations in Petersburg, who appear to hate each other cordially; the Germans are very unpopular; and between them and the English there is a constant feud from the superiority of the latter in riches and in interest with the great. The term of 'niemitz,' dummy, at first given to all who could not speak Russ, is now by the lower Russians used only as a reproach to the Germans. The French in Petersburg are not very numerous, and are rather suspected people; and yet the education of the nobles is almost entirely in their hands. Even at Kostroma we found a French tutor, who was a violent jacobin; and perhaps if we had gone to Tobolsk we might have found the same thing; these fellows tell the most infamous lies of England without the possibility of being contradicted, as the natives are all ignorant of what happens out of their own country; and they have no doubt succeeded, in many instances, in exciting a most unfavourable impression of our nation.

"The only obstacle to St. Petersburg's becoming the noblest city in the world is its want of good materials. Its quays of hewn granite are all that are likely to go down to a very distant posterity; and if the court were removed, a hundred years would almost destroy every vestige of its present grandeur. Even the new Cathedral of

Casan, which is a magnificent specimen of genius, is of so perishable a stone (excepting the granite pillars within) that they intend to cover it with stucco and white-wash. The only large square in the town is that before the winter palace; the Isaac's place is a vast irregular area, containing the marble Church of St. Isaac, and the famous statue of Peter the Great; it is formed on one side by the boulevard, a gravel-walk, planted with lime-trees, carried along the glacis of the admiralty, which the present emperor has levelled for the purpose. On the other side is the building appropriated for the senate; this body it is known is the high court of justice of the country, and to which appeals lie from all the others. It is divided into two chambers, one held at Petersburg, the other at Moscow, each composed of four classes, with a different employment for each. The reigning emperor has conceded to them the privilege of enregistering the imperial edicts like the parliament of Paris, and even of rejecting them a first and second time; if, however, they are insisted on the third time, they are to submit. The internal jurisdiction of the country is entrusted to tribunals, which are erected in every district in the following manner:—the nobles elect two chiefs; the burghers two; and the crown appoints two more, one of whom is always president; these six compose the court, in which, when there is an equality of votes, the president has an additional casting voice. The justice of Russia is said to be very corrupt.

"During our stay at Petersburg, we made an excursion with Pollen to the iron-works managed for the government by his father-in-law, Mr. Gascoyne, at Colpina. These works are extremely interesting; they are constructed in a kind of amphitheatre, round a basin which communicates with a canal, the whole lined with granite quays of great beauty. In one part we observed nearly sixty persons employed in raising a small weight for driving piles, to effect which twenty men would, in England, have been thought too many. The waste of labour is excessive every where in Russia, as it must be where the labourers are slaves; (the Russians

CHAP. IV. 1805.

themselves own that free servants and labourers are cheaper in the long-run than slaves.) I admired much the manner in which a constant stream of water was supplied to a saw-mill, from a fall at a few yards distance; by means of a stove the water in the pipe and cistern was brought to the wheel without freezing, and the whole machinery was very simple and ingenious.

"Here, as well as at Petrozovodsky, in the government of Olonetz, and at Susterbeck in Carelia, is a manufacture of arms. All the Russian musquets, their screws, locks, stocks, worm-pickers, and all other the most minute parts are made in conformity to an exact guage; by this excellent system nothing is wasted, as from two or three useless musquets they may always make one good one, and the sound parts of their unserviceable arms may be always made use of for the repair of others. At Petrozovodsky the iron is drawn by poles out of the Ladoga lake; or rather the mud, impregnated with ferruginous particles, is thus collected and brought by the peasants to the *fabrique*. These iron-works were all founded by Peter the Great.

"The Church of St. Nicholas of Colpina, and his image, are very famous for their miracles. A Russian professes never to sell the images of his saints; he, however, hawks them about the streets, and exchanges them for other saints, or *money* to *buy* them. The Russian system of crossing themselves is with three fingers, except the Raskolniki, who only use two; a bloody war was once the consequence of this distinction.

"The police of Petersburg is very rigid; it consists of one general, several deputies, and three or four troops of cavalry, who are employed exclusively for this purpose. They are armed with pistols and short sabres, and patrole night and day, sometimes on horseback and sometimes on foot; there is also a watchman stationed at the corner of every street night and day, distinguished by a rattle, a wide great coat, a leather helmet, and a kind of battle-axe. These men are relieved every six hours; they have a small box, but larger than our watchmen have, provided with

a stove, so that they are preserved from the cold. In every government town the same arrangement takes place on a smaller scale [1].

" The river, while frozen, is sometimes considered dangerous to cross by night, being far removed from houses or lamps; and the different holes which are made to wash linen, afford a convenient hiding-place for murdered bodies.

" The washing of clothes at Petersburg is very remarkable; it is done by women, who stand for hours on the ice, plunging their bare arms into the freezing water, in, perhaps, eighteen or twenty degrees of frost. They shelter themselves from the wind, which is the most bitter part of winter—fifteen degrees of frost, with wind, being more severe than twenty-five or thirty without—by means of large fir branches stuck in the ice, on which they hang mats. In general the women seem to be more regardless of cold than the men; they seldom, even in the most intense cold, wear any thing on their heads but a silk handkerchief. These handkerchiefs are sometimes very beautiful, and embroidered richly with gold. Silk is generally cheap in Russia, and is much more commonly worn by the lower classes than elsewhere. Thus clad, but with their bodies well guarded by furs, the Russian women are very fond of night promenades in sledges.

" Of sledge-driving the natives are very fond, and the race-course on the ice before the palace is numerously attended. The racing-sledge is small and light, drawn by one horse, who is not allowed to break into a gallop. These horses are trained, when young, to great speed in their trot, by being obliged to keep up with others cantering by their sides. The sledges of pleasure most used are drawn by two horses, one of whom is in shafts, and trots; the other is called the '*furieux*,' and capers and prances beside him. One servant drives, and another, standing behind the car-

[1] The Russians boast much of the excellence of their police. Colonel Villiachef, at Yroslav, told me that before its institution, in no country were murders, highway robberies, &c. so numerous or daring as in Russia; at present they are not very frequent, though more so than might be supposed from the severity and apparent vigilance of the magistrates.

CHAP. IV. 1805.

riage, holds the rein of the *furieux*, whose head he almost turns round in a most unnatural and ridiculous attitude; these horses have all long manes and tails, lengthened by art.

"Carriages, those of merchants excepted, are all drawn by four horses; the postillion rides on the off-side. The usual charge of a carriage and four, all expences included, is about two hundred rubles monthly. The horses and servants are very hardly used, being frequently obliged to stand half a day and all night in the open air, exposed to severe cold. In the neighbourhood of the Greek theatre large fires are lighted under a kind of copper umbrella for their use, and all public amusements are forbidden when the cold is seventeen degrees.

"The nights are sometimes very beautiful, but I saw little or no *aurora borealis*. Count Caambe, the Danish secretary of legation, said it never was seen very brilliant in this city; but he spoke with rapture of its beauty in Lapland and East Bothnia, which he had traversed the winter before."

To Mrs. Heber.

Petersburg.

"My Dear Mother,

"As ill news flies always swift, you are, no doubt, by this time as perfectly acquainted with the dreadful calamities which have befallen Europe, as we can be in Petersburg. Here, indeed, news is slowly and obscurely communicated to the public; and all the information that has yet been given, has merely transpired through private channels. The loss on the side of the Russians is, we are assured, much less than was at first reported; their courage and conduct appear unimpeached; it can scarcely be believed, what I have myself heard from one of the Emperor's *aides-de-camp*, that while both Austrians and French wanted nothing, the Russians were without provisions for above four-and-twenty hours; and that when the Emperor Alexander was taken

very seriously ill, and sent to his brother of Austria for a bottle of wine, it was, after a long treaty, refused him.

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" Both Alexander and Constantine distinguished themselves greatly; the latter, it is said, for nothing certain is known, is wounded. The emperor has been requested, since his return, to assume the military order of St. George, which he had never taken before, always professing to defer it till he had earned his spurs. Even now he replied with much modesty, that the first class, or great cross, was destined for great conquerors or generals; that he had himself done little more than most officers in his army, and should not assume a higher rank than a chevalier of the third class. * *

" In consequence of the peace which Austria has made, and the subsequent withdrawal of the Russian troops, the emperor has been some days returned to Petersburg; we were, of course, eager to see him, and were fortunate enough to have several opportunities. His arrival was perfectly sudden and unexpected; he was at Gatchina, thirty miles from hence, before his setting out from the army was known, and arrived in Petersburg about five in the morning; his first visit was paid to the Cathedral of our Lady of Casan, where he spent some time in prayer; he then joined his wife and mother at the palace. The people, in the mean time, assembled in prodigious crowds before the gate; and when, about half-past nine, he came out to inspect the guard, the whole mob gave one of the most tremendous and universal shouts which I ever heard; they thronged round him, kissing his hands, his boots and clothes, with an enthusiasm which perfectly disregarded the threats and cudgels of the police-officers. Some men were telling their beads and crossing themselves; others, with long black beards, crying and blubbering like children, and the whole scene was the most affecting picture of joy which I ever saw. When he was

CHAP. IV. 1805.

at length disengaged he went along the line, each company as he passed giving him the deep-toned short cheer, which is their customary morning exclamation, 'Bless you, Alexander Povlovitz.' His person is not unlike the idea I had previously formed, though he is rather thinner and slighter made. I cannot help fancying that his countenance is strongly expressive of the great fatigue and inquietude which he has undergone; but as I never saw him before, I am, of course, very unable to judge of his present looks. He is certainly a handsome man, but loses much of his height by stooping, which is, perhaps, occasioned by his being very short-sighted. His arrival has contributed greatly to keep up the spirits of the Petersburgers, who comfort themselves now with abusing the conduct of Austria, and submit with great cheerfulness to a new levy of one man in every hundred. Volunteer corps are also talked of, but will never, I think, be adopted; one circumstance which has surprized me much, as being directly contrary to our ideas of a Russian levy, is its expense, not indeed to government, but to individuals; the usual price of a substitute for the army is three or four hundred rubles, about forty pounds; and even the proprietors of land find, in so thinly peopled a country, the loss of some of their ablest hands a very considerable burthen. Much of this inconvenience is, however, I think, imaginary, as every person keeps exactly ten times the number of servants which we do in England, which could not be the case were labour so dear as we are sometimes told it is. Mr. Dimidof, with whom we have dined to day, said that he had 125 servants in his town-house, and many persons had twice that number, all of them peasants and all their own property. Even a merchant keeps many more than those of the same class in England, and as they are not proprietors of peasants they pay very high wages. The Russians reckon their population at forty millions, and say that this new levy will add about 60,000 men to their present army.

"The emperor is not the only sight we have seen, having been at court, and at a grand religious ceremony of the Tartars. We have as yet only been to court as spectators, as there is, at

present, no English ambassador here to introduce us ; but having a recommendation to the master of the ceremonies, he very kindly gave us an opportunity of seeing every thing to the best advantage, and introduced us to a gentleman who explained their religious ceremonies, for all the levees and drawing-rooms begin with service in the chapel. On our first entrance into the room we found it full of officers and foreign ministers, who ranged themselves in two lines for the empress to pass through from the inner room, followed by all her ladies, to the chapel; at the upper end stood the senators and officers of the state, then the rest of the spectators, and the lower end of the room was occupied by Cossak officers, wild, savage-looking fellows, whose long black hair, bare necks, long flowing garments and crooked scimitars, formed a striking contrast with the bags and powdered wigs of the rest of the party. The chapel was crowded, and the singing the most beautiful I ever heard; no musical instruments are allowed by the Greek Church, and never was more delightful harmony produced by vocal performers. The effect was very grand when the singing suddenly ceased, and the vast folding-doors of the sanctuary were thrown open, and the gilded altar and the priests (who are all selected for their beards and stature) were discovered amid a cloud of incense. During the service the empress stood on a step in the middle of the aisle, as no seats are allowed by the Greeks in their Churches. But little attention was paid to the service by the greater part of the audience, though some continued bowing and crossing themselves the whole time. After the bishop had given the final blessing, I was surprised to see the beautiful young empress, for I really think her very much so, kiss his hand, which he returned on her hand and cheek; and his example was followed by the whole tribe of ecclesiastics, a race of as dirty monks as ever ate salt fish. The English clergy will, I fear, never be able to obtain a privilege like this.

" The other ceremony I mentioned was the commencement of the month Ramadan, or Mahomedan Lent, and was chiefly remarkable for its novelty, and for the number of the followers of

CHAP. IV. 1805.

Mahomet among the lower classes of Petersburg. It must also be observed that they were the most decent, attentive congregation that I have seen since I left England. The ceremony was performed in the great hall of the palace, (now deserted and almost ruined) which Paul built, and where his life was terminated; their mode of worship is very singular, as were the difficulties to which they were some of them put to comply with the laws of their prophet. I saw one sailor strip himself almost naked that he might not be obliged to wear a green uniform when at prayer, green being forbidden to all but the lineal descendants of Mahomet. The same caution was visible in their place of worship; it was decorated with sculpture and eagles, all which they carefully concealed with sheets, lest their eyes should meet an idol.

"I little thought I should hear the Alcoran read, or be dinned by exclamations of Allah, Allah Acbar. This is indeed the only sight of Mahomedan manners which, in all probability, I shall ever have, as, unless very good news comes, we shall certainly not think of Constantinople, but return much sooner than we at first intended to our respective volunteers; pray commend me to the Hodnet company, and tell them I am doing my utmost to gain information which may be useful to them, if they are ever brought into action; and that the more I see of the miserable state of Europe, I am the more convinced that Englishmen will shortly have to depend on their own patriotism, and their own bayonets. Hostilities are indeed a dreadful subject to occupy our letters and our conversation, and woe to the man who can view them with indifference! Russia, I believe, is firm, but Russia is herself in the greatest danger. We have the comfort, however, of being within a three weeks journey from England.

"We set out to Moscow to-morrow, and shall stay there about six weeks; our route from thence will be determined by circumstances; but Poland is so detestable a country to traverse, that we have every motive of convenience and curiosity to come back by Petersburg, Riga, and Mittau. At that place we expect an introduction from the French minister here, to the little court of the

unfortunate king of France. Pollen, who has been exceedingly kind and hospitable, has given us letters to Warsaw, Berlin, and Dresden, and to Moscow we have recommendations without end. He invited us the other day to a villa of his father's-in-law, about 300 miles off, to shoot bears; as, however, the expedition was to occupy a whole month, we thought it better to decline it. You cannot conceive the warmth of our clothing for this journey to Moscow—a warmth which the mildness of the winter has hitherto rendered unnecessary, but which we are assured is absolutely requisite to save us from freezing in the cold nights which we must encounter on our journey. From Moscow you shall hear from me again."

CRONSTADT.

"From Petersburg to Cronstadt (by land to Oranienbaum, and then across the Gulph) is about forty-five versts: by sea the direct distance is twenty-seven, and there are pacquet-boats during the summer; in winter the journey over the ice is very short. We went to Cronstadt by Oranienbaum, for the sake of seeing the palace there, and another at Peterhof. The country is not absolutely barren, nor uninteresting, but as nearly so as may be. It is very full of villas, and not quite so flat as the eastern side of Petersburg. It is a part of ancient Livonia, but is now, from its vicinity to Petersburg, assimilated with the Russians. Stuart told me that the Livonian peasants were the most miserable and oppressed by their lords of any district in Russia; and that some laws had been made expressly in their favour, as being subject to particular and crying abuses. They are called, together with Courland and Esthonia, the 'German provinces.' I think Coxe supposes that in Livonia the peasants are free, which, as far as I could ascertain from what Stuart said, as well as Baron Bode, who had himself property there, is an erroneous statement [1]. In the isle of Dago a

[1] See also Tooke concerning Esthonia and the isle of Dago.

CHAP. IV. 1805.

singular piece of atrocity was lately discovered, of which we were informed by Mr. Krehmer. A nobleman residing there constantly hung out false lights, to cause shipwrecks; and with the assistance of his people murdered the seamen who escaped; he enjoyed the plunder for many years, and was convicted with difficulty, as his slaves were the only evidence, and it is forbidden to receive the testimony of a slave against his master; at last he was found guilty by the evidence of his own son. Enormities of this kind are, however, uncommon in the Baltic; and very seldom indeed are the fishermen and others backward in assisting vessels; this good effect is produced by the high salvage allowed by law, which is greatly above that in any other sea.

" The palace of Peterhof was erected by Peter the Great, soon after the foundation of his capital. The plan of the gardens and grounds is Dutch; the situation, however, is magnificent, and the whole, from the gardens, has an air of ancient grandeur which is very imposing. The house is not magnificent; it is built of red brick, and stands on a high and steep bank, which is formed into a sort of amphitheatre of fountains and cascades, with gods and goddesses without end. The *jets d'eau* are boasted of by the Russians as equal to those at Versailles, and the effect on a hot day I can conceive to be very delightful; even the long straight alleys are far better and more agreeable for walking than the being burnt on a red-hot lawn. These gardens are lighted up one night in every summer, and a public masquerade given to all decently dressed persons. In Catherine's time this was a magnificent thing, and the delight of the bourgeoisie of Petersburg; at present the frugality of the emperor has greatly diminished its splendour, and in a few years it is expected to be given up entirely. At the bottom of the hill, close to the edge, and even dashed by the waves of the Gulph, is the cottage or summer-house which Peter frequently inhabited, and the temperature of which he found necessary to his feverish constitution. It is a small brick building of one story, with windows down to the ground, containing six or eight rooms, and fitted up like a Dutch villa. The furniture is precisely what Peter left, and

the bed and even sheets are preserved. It is furnished in a simple and in what was then considered, a gentlemanlike manner, something like an English house of about Queen Anne's time, with beaufets, corner-cupboards, and oak wainscotted rooms, all floored with Dutch tiles, which he liked for their coolness. There is a small collection of Dutch paintings made by himself when in Holland; and every thing shows how much he wished to recollect the active and interesting time he had passed as 'Master Peter,' at Sardam. His portrait in this character, drinking with the ship-carpenter, his master and instructor, hangs in a small gallery which forms the right wing; above is a view of a cellar which he frequented at Sardam; his own portrait is here again introduced, with that of a girl, the cellar-keeper's daughter, to whom he was much attached. Some of the other rooms are furnished entirely with his own hand; the beaufets and writing-desks are made by himself.

"After so interesting a place as Peterhof there is little at Oranienbaum to attract attention. The house originally built by Menzikof for himself is very small and mean; and there is nothing in the gardens but a flying mountain, where Catherine was nearly losing her life, and only saved by the prodigious strength of Alexis Orlof. There is also a pavilion where she lived during the reign of Elizabeth; it is fitted up with tapestry worked by the old princess Wyasemsky, as she herself told us. The fortification where Peter III. lived is now in ruins, having been dismantled by Paul; between this fortification and the gardens is a little neglected valley filled with hazels and alders, and with a brook running in the bottom, which Thornton discovered with great joy as the only place he could find which had escaped the shears, the spade, and the other expensive deformities which surrounded us.

"From Oranienbaum to the sea, about a verst, a straight canal is drawn exactly at right angles to the great gate; on this we embarked, and after a rather heavy pull across the Gulph, landed at Cronstadt. The channel for vessels of burthen is

CHAP. IV. 1805.

narrow; the rest is all a shallow with not more than six or eight feet water; it is owing to this circumstance that the Gulph of Finland is so soon frozen. On the left-hand in passing from Oranienbaum is a new battery on a small island, which is called Nelson's battery, as having been erected about the time he was expected. Between this island and the town is the channel for shipping, though even in that space, about two versts, are many shallows. The two harbours are entirely artificial, being simply large wet docks fenced from the sea by prodigious granite moles; one is exclusively appropriated to ships of war; and both have every appearance of great security and convenience. The whole island, seven versts long by about one in breadth, is surrounded by a granite wall; but its principal security against attack is, no doubt, the shoal water. If however Nelson's battery were silenced, I do not think that even this would have availed very much. The merchants' harbour is small, and the vessels are literally packed like sheep in a fold. At the entrance of the mole, which is perhaps twenty yards wide, a sentinel hails every boat that enters, and every person must produce his passport. We had forgotten ours, but having letters to Mr. Booker, post agent to several of the English merchants, he contrived to obtain our admission. We were much struck by the multitude of shops, ale-houses, and similar buildings, with English signs and inscriptions; and the sounds which came from the harbour were mingled with English words. Probably two-thirds of the shipping there were English or American.

"A large canal runs through the town, leading to some beautiful dry docks in the centre of the island; we were taken round these, as well as to every thing else that was remarkable, by a Captain Crow, an Englishman in the Russian service. No ships are built at Cronstadt; they are all constructed in the admiralty at Petersburg, and floated down on camels over the bar; this strains them terribly; but the situation of the admiralty was assigned by Peter the Great to the place where he could himself daily inspect every thing that was going on. At present, however,

person and servant; it is even strictly forbidden, under a heavy several of their vessels are built at Archangel, which is, on some accounts, a more convenient situation than Petersburg. Perhaps a new town about to be erected near the embouchure of the Petchora may be still better.

" The Russians sailors during the winter are all in barracks, which are kept very clean, and the men are generally healthy. Their pay is only eight rubles per year, but they have an allowance of rye-bread when on shore; at sea, of course their provisions are provided for them. They are employed in various singular ways, both here and at Petersburg, during their long stay on shore. We met many of them carrying the pictures and furniture into the Hermitage. Captain Crow told us that Chichakof had effected great reforms in the Russian navy; he showed us several old ships which he had ordered to be broken up, and which certainly were a most extraordinary contrast with the new ones then in dock to be finished and rigged. Many of the old ones had been run up in the greatest haste during the sudden exigency of the Swedish war. We saw no galleys, except a few that were completely unserviceable, and none are now built. The largest ship in the Russ navy is of 130 guns, but would not, according to the English system, carry above one hundred.

" The usual time of the ice setting in at Cronstadt and in the Neva is generally about the beginning of November, and it breaks up about the end of March. The Gulph of Finland is generally frozen before the Gulph of Bothnia, and Riga is sometimes open three weeks longer."

JOURNEY FROM PETERSBURG TO MOSCOW.

" We left Petersburg the night of the 30th December 1805. It had been our intention to set out early in the morning, but the never-failing delay in procuring the padorashna prevented us. To procure one it is necessary to send in the passports of every

CHAP. IV. 1805.

fine, to keep or entertain any person without a passport, and a master is answerable for his servant. We saw an instance at the barrier going out of Petersburg of the ideas which the Russians entertain respecting merchants: one of our party, who was entered in his passport 'English merchant,' had some very causeless trouble given him by a stupid police-officer, who, at the same time, respected the sanctity of Thornton's passport and my own, because we were put down *duwanini*, or gentlemen. We had engaged free horses to take us the first sixty versts without stopping, and they were bound to do it in six hours. This is the usual way of quitting Petersburg; but we afterwards found it advisable to have recourse to the regular system of post horses. The manner in which the post is conducted is as follows; each peasant pays seven copeks a year, which sum is collected in every district, and is more than sufficient, with the usual rate of travelling, to defray the expence of a certain number of horses. This income is annually sold by auction to the highest responsible bidder, who is then bound to furnish, at the common post rate, a specified number of horses. If a traveller, on his arrival at the post-house, (the master of which is usually a government officer,) is told, on presenting his pado-rashna, that there are no horses at home, he demands to see the day-book, in which the postmaster is obliged to enter the number of horses he has sent out, and the travellers' names who have taken them. If this account does not correspond with the number of horses kept at that post, which is always printed in the appointment sent by the postmaster-general, you may oblige the man to furnish you with peasants' horses, he himself paying the additional expence. This information we had from Prince Wiasemsky, at Kostroma.

"Novogorod is the first great town you come to on leaving Petersburg; its ancient fame and riches are well known; but at present, we were told, for we were prevented seeing it, it is desolate and ruinous. The fabulous accounts of its foundation carry its date to 1710 years before Christ. The age of Ruric is

860 years after Christ; this was the first establishment of the Russians in those parts. Ruric reigned in Ladoga; his two brothers, Sineus and Truvor, the one in Belosero, near the lake of that name, the other in Isborsk, near Pstow. The Russians, a northern tribe of Scandinavians, were gradually incorporated with the Slavi; and Novogorod submitted voluntarily, being weary of internal factions. After Ruric's death, A.D. 879, Igor, his son, held Novogorod as a dependancy rather than a possession. Oleg, brother-in-law to Ruric, and at his death regent of Russia, afterwards emigrated to Kreis, when Novogorod revolted, and was sometimes free and sometimes dependant; it never was conquered by the Tartars. Its government at length became pretty nearly assimilated to that of the other Hanse towns. There were long disputes and intrigues between the Poles, Swedes, and Russians, for the possession of the great Novogorod, which at last fell before the fortune of Ivan Vassilovitz the First, although defended with great patriotism, and inspired by the genius of Martha Polofski. The army of Novogorod then consisted of 30,000 knights, besides archers, who were defeated with the death of their general, Martha's adopted son. After a short siege Novogorod followed the fate of its defenders; this was in 1478. Its great bell, which is now seen in the Kremlin at Moscow, was then taken away; it assembled the people to council, and was considered as the palladium of their liberty. The ruin of the city was completed by Ivan the Second, 1570, in revenge for their reiterated rebellions.

"Here, as well as in almost every town between Petersburg and Moscow, is an imperial palace; it is, however, only a small wooden lodge so dignified, where the emperors sometimes pass the nights on their journeys. At Brounitza is a singular hill, with a Church on the summit, which Pallas imagines to be an artificial mound. It is of a perfectly regular form, though its size, being at least three times the size of the castle-hill at Oxford, makes its being entirely the work of art rather improbable. Valdai is a large town seated on a ridge of stony hills, which the Russians, who have never seen any thing higher, call mountains, and which are the ancient boundary

CHAP. IV. 1805.

between Russia and Novogorod. They extend in a wavy direction, and gradually diminishing in size, to the neighbourhood of Moscow. Though the hills themselves are trifling, the elevation from the sea is no doubt great, as from this province and the neighbouring ones, the great rivers all rise. The country between the sources of the Oka, Volga, and Dnieper, is very abundant in hemp.

" Valdai has a large convent in the middle of a lake founded by the famous Nicon, and renowned for a picture of the virgin Mary brought hither from Mount Athos, whence the convent bears the name of Aphonsky, the Russians pronouncing the Θ ϕ. Travellers are always beset here by a number of women who sell Calashki, a species of cake. Great part of this neighbourhood was originally peopled by colonies from Poland, and the inhabitants are much poorer and more dirty than in other parts of Russia. Their dress, however, is every where the same, consisting of a kaftan,—the feet wrapt round with bandages of hempen cloth, and defended with sandals of a kind of strong matting, made of the lime-tree bark. Boots are very rarely seen except on the starosta (elder of the village[1].) This practice of making shoes of linden bark is very destructive to the trees, as a man will wear out from twenty to thirty pairs of sandals in a year. The lime-trees of which they are made are very valuable, on account of their bark, of which mats are also made, and form a very considerable article of exportation. It is scarce in the western provinces, not loving the hungry sand; but in the eastern it is very plentiful, and flourishes even as high as Archangel. I have seldom seen finer trees than they are at Petersburg in the summer garden, and at Stockholm they thrive even better.

" We observed a striking difference between the peasants of the crown, and those of individuals in general; the former are almost all in comparatively easy circumstances; their *abrock* or rent is fixed at five rubles a year, all charges included; and as they are sure that it will never be raised they are more industrious.

" The peasants belonging to the nobles have their rent,

[1] On this subject see Scherer, Histoire de la Commerce de la Russie.

regulated by their means of getting money; the average payment throughout the empire is about eight or ten rubles annually. In this way it becomes, not a rent for land, but a downright tax on their industry. Every male peasant is obliged by law to labour three days in each week for his proprietor, and this law takes effect on his arriving at the age of fifteen. If the proprietor chooses to employ him the other days he may, (as for example in a manufactory) but he then finds him in food and clothing. Mutual advantage, however, generally relaxes this law; and excepting such as are selected for domestic servants, or are employed in manufactories, the slave pays a certain rent to be allowed to work all the week on his own account, his master being bound to furnish him with a house and a certain portion of land. The allotment of land is generally settled by the starosta, and by a meeting of the peasants themselves. In the same manner, when a master wants an increase of rent, he sends to the starosta, who convenes the peasants, and by this assembly it is decided what proportion each individual must pay. If a slave exercises any trade which brings him in more money than agricultural labour, he pays a higher rent; if he can get more money by going to Petersburg or any other great town, his master frequently permits him to go, but his rent is raised. Even the most minute earnings are subject to this oppression; the men employed as drivers at the post-houses pay a rent out of the drink-money they receive, for being permitted to drive, as otherwise their master might employ them in less profitable labour. The aged and infirm are provided with food, and raiment, and lodging, at the expense of their owner; such as prefer casual charity to the miserable pittance they receive from them, are frequently furnished with passports and allowed to seek their fortunes, but they somtimes pay a rent even for this permission to beg. The number of beggars in Petersburg is very small; when one is found he is immediately sent back to his owner. In Moscow and other towns they are numerous, though I think less so than in London; they beg with great modesty in a low and humble tone of voice, frequently crossing

CHAP. IV. 1805.

themselves, and are much less clamourous and importunate than a London beggar. The master has the power of correcting his slaves by blows or confinement; but if he be guilty of any great cruelty he is amenable to the laws, which are, we are told, executed on this point with impartiality. In one of the towers of the Khitai-gorod at Moscow, there was a Countess * * * confined for many years, with a most unrelenting severity, which she merited for cruelty to her slaves. Instances of barbarity are, however, by no means rare. At Kostroma, the sister of M. Kotchetof the governor, gave me an instance of a nobleman who had nailed, if I understood her right, his servant to a cross; the master was sent to a monastery, and the business hushed up. Domestic servants and those employed in manufactories, as they are more exposed to cruelty, so they sometimes revenge themselves in a terrible manner; the brother of a lady of our acquaintance, who had a great distillery, disappeared suddenly, and was pretty easily guessed to have been thrown into a boiling copper by his slaves. We heard another instance, though not from equally good authority, of a lady, now in Moscow, who had been poisoned three several times by her servants.

" No slave can quit his village or his master's family without a passport; every individual arriving in a town or village, must produce his to the starosta; and no one can harbour a stranger without one. If a person is found dead, and no passport is about him, his body is sent to the hospitals for dissection; of this custom we happened to be witnesses in one instance. The punishment of runaways is imprisonment and hard labour in the government works; and a master may send to the public work-house any peasant he chooses. The prisons at Moscow and Kostroma were chiefly filled with such runaway slaves, who were for the most part in irons. On the frontier they often escape, but in the interior this is next to an impossibility. Yet, during the summer, desertions are very common, and they sometimes lurk about for many months, living miserably in the woods; this particularly happens when there is a new levy of soldiers.

"The levies are made by taking one from every certain number of peasants at the same time all over the empire; but if a master is displeased with his slave, he may send him for a soldier whenever he pleases, taking a receipt from government that he may contribute one man less to the ensuing levy. He also selects the recruits he sends to government, with this restriction, that they are young men, free from disease, have sound teeth, and are five feet two inches high.

"The starosta, of whom mention has been so frequently made, is an officer resembling the ancient bailiff of an English village; he is generally chosen, as we were informed, by the peasants, sometimes annually, and sometimes for life. He is answerable for the payment of the rents to the lord; decides small disputes among the peasants; gives billets for quarters to soldiers, or to government officers on a journey, and performs all the lesser public duties of a similar nature. Sometimes the proprietor of the district claims the right of his appointment. A slave can on no pretence be sold out of Russia, nor in Russia to any but a person born noble, or, if not noble, having the rank of lieutenant-colonel. (This rank is not confined to the military, but may be obtained by men in civil situations. Professor Pallas had the rank of brigadier.) The law is, however, eluded, as 'roturiers' frequently purchase slaves by making use of the name of some privileged person; and all nobles have the right to let out their slaves for hire. Such is the political state of the peasants; with regard to their comfort and means of supporting existence, I do not think they are deficient; their houses are in tolerable repair, moderately roomy, and well adapted to the habits of the people; they have the air of being sufficiently fed, and their clothing is warm and substantial. Fuel, food, and the materials for building are very cheap, but almost all kinds of clothing are dear; for a common peasant's cloth kaftan we were asked thirty rubles; and even supposing the tradesman would have taken less, yet twenty is more than twice the price of an English peasant's coat. In summer they generally wear nankeen kaftans, one of which costs thirteen rubles. The *labkas* (lin-

CHAP. IV. 1805.

den bark sandals) cost nothing. They wear a blue nankeen shirt, trimmed with red, which costs two or three rubles; linen drawers, and linen or hempen rags wrapped round their feet and legs, over which the richer sort draw their boots. The sheep-skin schoube costs eight rubles, but lasts a long time, as does a lamb-skin cap, which costs three; the common red cap is about the same price. To clothe a Russ peasant or soldier completely is, I apprehend, three times as chargeable as in England; their clothing, however, is strong, and, as being loose and wide, lasts longer. A Russ is very seldom seen quite in rags. With regard to the idleness of the lower classes, of which we had heard great complaints, it appears that where they have an interest in exertion, they by no means want industry, and possess the same desire for luxuries which other people do. The great proprietors never raise their rents, and have very rich and prosperous peasants. * *

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* * * * * The crown peasants, also, it is reasonable to suppose, are happy, living at their ease, paying a moderate quit-rent, and choosing their own starosta; they are, however, more exposed to vexation and oppression from the petty officers of the crown [1].

" The time when the levies for the army are made is looked upon by the peasants with great terrour. Baron Bode told me that they generally kept the levy a secret as long as possible, till they had fixed on and secured a proper number of men; these men are, for the most part, kept chained until they are sworn in; the forepart of their heads is then shaved, and they are thus easily distinguished from other peasants; after this, desertion is very rare and very difficult.

" The distress of one of their popular dramas, which we afterwards saw acted at Yaroslav, in the private theatre of the governor, Prince Gallitzin, consists in a young man being pressed as a soldier. In the short reign of Peter the Second, who it is well

[1] This account of the peasants is an *abrégé* from the different statements we heard at Moscow, chiefly from Prince Theodore Nicalaiovitz Gallitzin.

known, transferred again the seat of government to Moscow, no man was forced to become a soldier; the army was recruited by volunteers, and slaves were permitted to volunteer [1].

" Of the agriculture of the country we, of course, were unable to form a judgement; it appears from Gmelin that in this part of Russia a custom prevails of cutting the corn when it is green, and drying it afterwards in smoke. Near Valdai is found in great abundance the gordius aquaticus, a worm like a hair, which is said to eat into the flesh [2]. In the hills coal is found resembling the Scotch; it lights with difficulty, but emits a strong heat; yet it will not support the action of the bellows, and is, consequently, useless in a forge. There are also salt springs

" The oak and ash-trees abound in the hills. The country people apply to wounds a powder of the dried leaf of the wild geranium; they make great use of other wild vegetables, boiling the wild angelica, the rumex obtusa (sorrel), the atriplex hastata (orache) which, boiled with fish or meat, supplies the place of sour crout; from this last plant they make a kind of treacle. Quas is made with unleavened bread allowed to ferment in water exposed to a gentle heat.

" Vischnei Volotchok is famous for the canal which joins the Mesta and Twertza, and by this means the Baltic and the Caspian.

" Torshok is chiefly remarkable for its leather manufactories. We here met with a famous receipt for the cure of rheumatism, which consists of an oil extracted from horse-radish, which is both taken internally and used externally. Tver is a very fine town; the old town was burnt down in the time of Catherine the Second and rebuilt by her on a regular plan. This part of Muscovy possesses a great advantage in its quarries of freestone, which is very handsome but not very durable.

" At the post after we left Klin, the drivers in order to have a good bargain by carrying us all the way to Moscow, drove us, without our knowledge, five versts beyond the post-house. We

[1] See Manstein.

[2] Gmelin Receuil des Voyages, Vol. V. p. 73.

CHAP. IV. 1805.

obliged them to return, and saw a singular instance of the authority of the postmaster of a petty village receiving-house, who, though his station was not more dignified than that of the lowest clerk of the post-office in England, yet ordered these two fellows to be beaten soundly with hazel sticks on the bare back, which was immediately done, the men roaring out lustily. He then took from them the money we had paid them, and put their horses in requisition to go the next stage.

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* * * * * * * * The carriers, of whom we daily met thousands, each with his 'sanky,' (small sledge) and single horse, travel many hundred versts without even allowing their horses to lie down; they feed them very liberally with corn, but only let them stand for about an hour every night in one of the serais. A small horse can draw the prodigious weight of thirty pood along a sledge-road; for carriage from Petersburg to Moscow, which is 720 versts, the charge is from thirty-five to forty copeks the pood.

CHAPTER V.

MOSCOW.

Aspect of the country—Russian cottages—Entrance into Moscow—Society—Greek funeral—History of Moscow—Kitai-gorod—Kremlin—Antiquities—Churches—Palaces—Foundling hospital—Theatres—College of foreign affairs—Prison—Inundation—Silk manufactories—Beauty of the women—Journey to Kostroma—Palace of Count Sheremetóf—Manners of the Russian gentry—Convent of Bethany—Monks—Clergy—Visit to Archbishop Plato—His conversation and appearance—Homilies—Rostof—Madame Vassilchikof—Yaroslav—Manufactures—Greek ordination service—Wolf hunt—Kostroma—Prison—Orphan-house—Tartar families—Return to Moscow.

To Mrs. Heber.

Moscow, Jan. 4, 1806.

"My Dear Mother,

"Our journey has been prosperous, and after about ninety hours' continued jolting, we arrived safely at Moscow about eight o'clock last night. Mr. Bayley[1] came with us, and we have found his knowledge of the Russian language and manners of great service to us on the road. Our method of travelling deserves describing, both as very comfortable in itself, and as being entirely different from every thing in England, We performed the journey in kibitkas, the carriages usually employed by the Russians in their winter journeys; they are nothing more than a very large cradle, well covered with leather, and placed on a sledge, with a leather curtain in front; the luggage is packed at the bottom, the portmanteaus serving for an occasional seat, and the whole covered

[1] Sir Daniel Bayley, now, 1830, consul-general of England in St. Petersburg.—Ed.

CHAP. V. 1806.

with a mattrass, on which one or more persons can lie at full length, or sit supported by pillows. In this attitude, and well wrapped up in furs, one can scarcely conceive a more luxurious mode of getting over a country, when the roads are good, and the weather not intense; but in twenty-four or twenty-five degrees of frost, Reaumur, no wrapping can keep you quite warm; and in bad roads, of which we have had some little experience, the jolting is only equalled by the motion of a ship in a storm.

"In the weather we were very fortunate, having a fine clear frost, about as mild as an English Christmas. Our first forty hours were spent in traversing an unfertile and unlovely country, the most flat and uninteresting I ever saw, with nothing but occasional patches of cultivation, and formal fir woods, without a single feature of art or nature which could attract attention. Once, indeed, from a little elevation, we saw the sun set to great advantage; it was singular to see it slowly sinking beneath the black and perfectly level horizon of the sea of land which surrounded us. The night which followed was distinguished by more jolting than usual; and about sun-rise Thornton drew the curtain, and cried out 'England.' I started up and found we were on the summit of a low range of stony hills, with an enclosed and populous country before us, and a large town, Valdai, which, with its neighbourhood, had some little resemblance to Oxford, as seen from the Banbury road. This is, in fact, the boundary of Ancient Russia; all beyond were the territories of Novogorod, Istria, and the other countries they have conquered.

"The whole plain from Valdai to Moscow is very level, entirely arable, generally common fields with some shabby enclosures, thickly set with villages and small coppices, in which the firs begin to be relieved by birch, lime, ash and elm. Tver and Torshok are large towns, but have nothing in them to detain a traveller. During this journey I was struck by observing the very little depth of snow on the ground, which was not more, or so much, as we often see in England, and no where prevented my distinguishing the meadows from the stubble-fields. Mr. Bayley said he had often made the

same observation, and that it was not peculiar to the present year. We had our guns with us; and often left the kibitka in pursuit of the large black grouse, of which we saw several,—a noble bird as large as a turkey. They were, however, so wild we could not get a fair shot. We had some hopes of killing a wolf, as one or two passed the road during the first part of our journey; but it was during the night, and before we were fairly roused and could get our guns ready, they were safe in the wood. In severe winters they are sometimes easily shot, as they keep close to the road side; and when very much famished will even attack the horses in a carriage; they are not considered dangerous to men except in self-defence. Of the people we, of course, saw but little; though having so good an interpreter with us, we asked many questions and went into several of the cottages, which we found much cleaner than we expected, but so hot that we could not endure to remain in them long. A Russian cottage is always built of logs cemented with clay and moss, and is generally larger than an English one; it has two stories, one of which is half sunk and serves as a storehouse; two-thirds of the upper story are taken up with the principal room, where they sit and sleep; and the remainder is divided between a closet where they cook their victuals, and an immense stove, not unlike an oven, which heats the whole building, and the top of which, for the chimney is only a small flue on the side, serves as a favourite sitting and sleeping-place, though we could scarcely bear to lay our hands on it. In the corner of the great room always stands the bed of the master and mistress of the family, generally very neat and with curtains, sometimes of English cotton; the other branches of the family sleep on the stove or floor. In the post-houses, which differ in no respect from this description, we always found good coffee, tea and cream; nothing else can be expected, and we carried our other provisions with us.

"The country people are all alike, dirty, good-humoured fellows, in sheep-skin gowns, with the wool inwards. The drivers crossed themselves devoutly before beginning each stage, and sung the whole way or else talked to their horses. A Russian seldom

CHAP. V. 1806.

beats his horse, but argues with him at first, and at last goes no further than to abuse him, and call him wolf or Jew, which last is the lowest pitch of their contemptuous expressions. Their horses are much larger and better fed than the Swedish, and when talked to *secundum artem* trot very fast. Nothing on our journey surprised us so much as the crowds of single-horse sledges, carrying provisions to Petersburg: it would not be exaggerating to say that we passed in twenty-four hours about a thousand. Every article of necessary consumption must, indeed, be brought from a distance, as the neighbourhood of Petersburg produces nothing to 'make trade,' very little to 'make eat.' When I have seen the fine fertile country abounding in every thing good and desirable, which Peter deserted for the bogs and inclement latitude of the Neva, I wonder more and more at the boldness and success of his project. It is as if the king of England should move his capital from London to Bamff, and make a Windsor of Johnny Groat's house.

"We reached this vast over-grown village, for I can compare it to nothing else, in the moonlight, and consequently saw it to great advantage; though, as we passed along its broad irregular streets, we could not but observe the strange mixture of cottages, gardens, stables, barracks, Churches, and palaces. This morning we have been much delighted with a more accurate survey. Moscow is situated in a fine plain, with the river Moskva winding through it; the town is a vast oval, covering about as much ground as London and Westminster. The original city is much smaller; it forms one quarter of the town, under the name of Kitai-gorod, the city of Kathay; it has preserved this name from the time of the conquest of Russia by the Tartars, when they seized on the city, and made the Russians quit their houses, and build without its walls what is now called, Biel-gorod, or White Town. Kitai-gorod is still surrounded by its old Tartar-wall, with high brick towers of a most singular construction; the gates are ornamented in the same oriental style, and several of the older Churches have been originally mosques. But it is in the Kremlin, or palace quarter, that the principal vestiges of

the Khans are displayed; their palace still exists entire, and is a most curious and interesting piece of antiquity. As I walked up its high staircase, and looked round on the terraces and towers, and the crescents which yet remain on their gilded spires, I could have fancied myself the hero of an eastern tale, and expected, with some impatience, to see the talking-bird, the singing-water, or the black slave with his golden club. In this building, which is now called the treasury, are preserved the crowns of Kasan, Astrachan and Siberia, and of some other petty Asiatic kingdoms. The present imperial apartments are small and mean, and are separated from the Tartar palace by a little court. The first entrance to the Kremlin, after passing the great Saracenic gate, is excessively striking, and the view of the town and river would form a noble panorama. I was indeed so well satisfied with what I saw from the court-yard, which is very elevated, that I was not a little unwilling to do what is expected from all strangers,—to clamber up the tower of St. Michael to see a fine prospect turned into a map. The tower stands in the middle of the court; half-way up is the gallery whence the ancient monarchs of Russia, down to the time of Peter the Great, used to harangue the assemblies of the people. Before it is a deep pit containing the remains of the famous bell cast by the empress Annė, and about three times the size of the great bell at Christ Church. It was originally suspended on a frame of wood, which was accidentally burnt down, and the weight of the bell forced it, like the helmet of Otranto, through the pavement into a cellar. On each side of the Michael tower is a Christianized mosque, of most strange and barbarous architecture; in one of them the sovereigns of Russia are crowned, and in the other they are buried. The rest of the Kremlin is taken up by public offices, barracks, the archiepiscopal palace, and two or three convents. An immense ditch, with a Tartar wall, surrounds it, and it is approached by two gates, the principal of which a Russian never passes with his hat on.

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CHAP. V. 1806.

* * * The houses, with the exception of some vast palaces belonging to the nobility, are meanness itself. The shops are truly Asiatic, dark, small, and huddled together in long-vaulted bazars, and the streets ill paved and lighted.

"*January* 10*th.*—Of the society we have seen too little to form any judgement. We have called on the governor, and some other persons to whom we had letters of introduction, and have been civilly received. We have also been at two private concerts, at one of which we met Madame Mara, who is now here with Signor Florio, and who sung but very carelessly. Concerts are fashionable in Moscow; and cards, as may be expected in a society which, though they will not allow it, is certainly at present provincial, are much more common than at Petersburg. The society consists in a great measure, we are told, of families of the old nobility and superannuated courtiers, who live in prodigious state, and, from what we have seen, great and almost cumbersome hospitality. Some of their daughters seem tolerably accomplished, and very good-natured unaffected girls; we have seen nothing remarkably beautiful, though the bloom and fresh complexions of Moscow are often envied by the Petersburg belles. We promise ourselves a great deal of amusement and instruction from the number of old officers and ministers who have figured in the revolution, and the busy scenes of Catherine's time. This being Christmas-day, according to the Russian calendar, we are going to a grand gala dinner of the governor's; it is necessary for us to go in full uniform, which, indeed, we must frequently do, as 'the old courtiers of the queen and the queen's old courtiers,' are much more attentive to such distinctions than the circle we have left in Petersburg. The English nation is said to be in high favour here, and we were much gratified by the cordial manner in which many persons expressed themselves towards us. We have been rather fortunate in seeing a splendid Greek funeral, attended by a tribe of priests, deacons, and archimandrites, under the command of one archbishop and two subalterns. The archbishop was a Circassian, and one of the

bishops a Georgian. The 'divine Plato' is not now in Moscow. I am eagerly expecting letters from you, which, with some regard to the news from Germany, must decide our future tour.

"Believe me, dear Mother,

"Yours affectionately,

"REGINALD HEBER."

MOSCOW.

"This great city was originally built, according to some of the older chronicles, by Oleg, brother-in-law to Ruric, in the year of our Lord 882. According to others, George Vladimirovitz, surnamed the 'long-handed,' struck with the beauty of the situation and of the heiress who was to inherit it, married his son Andrei to Vlita, daughter of Stepan Ivanovitz Kutchko, lord of the district. The Kitai-gorod took its name from a nickname of this prince. At any rate, it appears that Moscow was rebuilt by George, son of Vladimir, *circa* 1155.

"Baty Khan, chief of the Moguls of the Golden Horde, and nephew of the famous Zingis, seized it, and destroyed or carried away most of the inhabitants. This was probably the time when the Kremlin (a Tartar word, signifying fortress) and the Kitai-gorod (Cathayan town) took their names. The Biel-gorod (White town) was the residence of those Russians who were allowed to remain; but, as the same hordes also treated the Chinese, they were obliged to build their houses without the wall. The Emperor of Russia is now called by the Tartars the White Khan; and the name appears natural, as the Tartars are much more swarthy than the Russians. The general derivation of these names is, that the white town was surrounded by a white wall, and that Chinese goods (for every thing beyond the Oby is Kitai) were sold in the Kitai-gorod. Moscow was reconquered A.D. 1296, by Daniel Alexandrovitz.

"In the year 1300 or 1328, it became the capital of Muscovy, but tributary to the Tartars; it was again entirely subdued by the

CHAP. V. 1805.

Golden Horde, under Mamai Khan, in 1380, and at length delivered by Ivan the First; but though released from subjection to the Golden Horde, it was still tributary to the Khans of Kapshak, Krim, and Perekop, till the time of Ivan the Second: in the year 1521, it was very nearly taken by Mahomet Gerci, and his brother Sap Gerci, who defeated the Russians, and were only prevented from reducing it to ruin by the bravery of a single German soldier, Nicholas Von Speier. In Ivan the Second's reign it was burnt by the Krim Tartars, A.D. 1571; the number of its inhabitants was then about 30,000[1]. In the time of Olearius, 1623, the town consisted of 40,000 houses, and 2000 Churches, Chapels, and monasteries. Alexis Michailovitz, father of Peter the Great, was the man who finally delivered Moscow from the annual attacks and fear of the Krim Tartars.

"The circuit of Moscow we have heard variously stated; it may perhaps be about thirty-six versts, (twenty-six miles); but this includes many void spaces. The population is, as usual, exaggerrated. It is decidedly greater than that of Petersburg; I should think three or four times as much, judging from the concourse in the streets. The extent, in comparison with that of Petersburg, is nearly, as may be seen by the plan, twelve to one; and yet, from the master of the police, of all men the most likely to know, the population was estimated at only 250,000 fixed inhabitants. The servants and numerous retainers of the nobles may be perhaps estimated at nearly 30,000, who are here only in winter. The form of the Biel-gorod is nearly a circle, and it is now surrounded, on the site of the ancient rampart, with a walk planted with limes. This was an improvement of Paul's, and will, when the trees are grown, be a great ornament, as the space on each side forms a street, in some places, perhaps, three times as wide as Portland-place, and with many fine houses. The width of the London streets is, indeed, greatly diminished in our estimation by a view of some of those in Moscow or Petersburg; at the latter place, the exercise-house of the

[1] See Possevin. Also "A Letter of Richard Uscombe, touching the burning of Moscow by the Krim Tartars."

Michaelovsky palace is seven feet wider than Portland-place, and without a single pillar. The other streets of Moscow are not wide, and are very irregular; the houses are now mostly built of brick, wood being forbidden in any new erection, though the law is often evaded, and perhaps one-half of the town is still of wood, Within the Biel-gorod, which is all that can be fairly called the town, the houses are almost all contiguous, and the population certainly great; though even here many of the principal residences have gardens, coach-houses, and yards, which take up much room. The architecture of Moscow is, as may be supposed, very various, and generally most extravagantly barbarous.

" On the whole, however, the broad and winding streets, the irregularity of the ground, the variety of form and plan in the buildings, some of which are really most magnificent; the beautiful windings of the Mosqua river, and the singular forms of the Churches and steeples, make Moscow a noble and most interesting town; and there is, perhaps, no place in Europe more likely to detain a traveller.

" The principal buildings are, 1st. the Kremlin, with its vast cluster of fine edifices; 2d. the famous Church of which the architect lost his eyes by order of Ivan the IId.; 3d. the assembly-room of the nobles' club; 4th. the foundling-hospital; 5th. the imperial palace in the Slobode; 6th. the hospital of Prince Gallitzin; 7th. the theatre, now burnt; 8th. M. Paschkof's house; 9th. the university; 10th. the college for foreign affairs; 11th. the admiralty; 12th. Menzikof's steeple.

" On entering the city from Petersburg, our route lay to the right along the boulevarde, which in one part descends into a pretty deep valley which winds through the town, with a string of pools in the bottom, where are ice-hills every winter. The hill opposite is covered with buildings of the most singular form, with the steeples of Menzikoff's Church, a high building like a pagoda, on the right hand, and on the left at some distance the admiralty, a building of a still more singular appearance, of immense height, raised over the gate which leads to Troitza. If you pursue the

CHAP. V. 1805.

boulevarde as far as the Prokovka, you find to the right a long and straight street, which conducts you through the gate of the Kitai-gorod; here to the left hand you have a magnificent view of the Tartar and Yoaouse Slobodi; over the roof of the foundling hospital in the foreground is the tower where the cruel Countess *** was confined—a most dismal habitation. The walls of the Kitai-gorod are of brick, of great thickness, furnished with polygonal and square towers, diminishing in stories like those in the great wall of China. These are all of brick, with narrow loop-holes and semicircular arches, and are all machicolated; without is a very deep and wide ditch. In some parts, particularly on the countess' tower, are some young mountain-ash, which grow out of the rubbish on the top of the building, and have a very picturesque effect. The tops of all the towers are formed into high octagonal, or more commonly square, spires.

"The streets within the Kitai-gorod are close, narrow, and winding; there are few good dwelling-houses, the space being chiefly taken up with shops, Churches and convents. One building, now a warehouse belonging to government, still shows the lion and unicorn on its gate, which points it out as the ancient house of the English ambassadors. The space of the arms is occupied by a Slavonic, or ancient Russ inscription, for I could never learn it accurately, which declares the English to be regicides, heathens, and expelled the Russian empire. This was done at the time of Charles the First's death. Another ruinous building was the object of popular fear and detestation during the reigns of the four last sovereigns of Russia. It was a state prison, which from the secrecy with which persons were sent there and the dreadful probability of their never re-appearing, was called the 'Kremlin expedition.' It is now empty and the doors are open. The shops are all under arches in the eastern style, and the whole place is crowded and busy as a hive of bees.

"We now approach the holy gate of the Kremlin, which is separated from the city by a vast ditch and mound, crowned with a high brick rampart, which is garnished with very tall towers of a

circular form, diminishing like pagodas, and surmounted with high spires. The breast-works of the wall are in a very singular style, and seem to be intended as an imitation of palisadoes. The whole has a perfectly eastern air. The holy gate is painted red, and most of the towers have green spires; beyond the whole building is a cluster of turrets, spires, and domes. The famous Church of St. Basil, built by Solarius, an Italian architect, for Ivan the Second, who put out the artist's eyes in consequence of a foolish boast[1], is on the left hand; a strange building of painted brick, clustered with seven spires rising like a crown one above another. On the right hand is the great market; a fine range of shops under regular arcades and well disposed. You enter the holy gate by a long narrow bridge over the fosse; on the left hand is a noble view down to the river. The whole *coup d'œil* much resembled Seringapatam, as represented in Kerr Porter's panorama. In passing under the holy gate all hats are taken off in reverence for a saint suspended over it, who delivered the citadel, as tradition affirms, by striking a sudden panic into an army of Poles, which had possession of the town, and had almost succeeded in forcing this gate of the Kremlin[2]. Within the wall is a magnificent area on the summit of the hill, whence is one of the finest views I ever saw, of the town, the river, the bridges, and of the surrounding country, which is really very beautiful, particularly a wooded range of hills called the Sparrow hills. On the right hand, in the Kremlin, is the palace of the archbishop, beyond it the senate-house and several other public buildings; on the left, on the very brow of the hill, is a shed covering some ancient pieces of eastern cannon, and the famous bell which once summoned the freemen of Novogorod the Great. Directly in front is the tower of St. John, and behind it, the imperial palace with its high stone staircase and terrace, and on each side the churches of the Assumption and St. Michael; the one where the emperors are crowned, the other where they are buried. Behind this again, and on the very termination of the triangular

[1] Solarius boasted that he had often seen finer edifices in Italy.—Ed.

[2] Vide Crull's account of Muscovy, vol. i. p. 331. Lond. 1698.

CHAP. V. 1805.

hill, is the ancient palace of the czars, now the treasury. The whole together forms a wonderful group, of which the Muscovites have reason to boast.

" On advancing to the imperial apartments you mount a stone stair, adorned with carved lions, to a high terrace, which runs round the building, commanding the whole town; after turning to the right hand into a kind of hall ornamented with some very ancient Greek frescos, you pass, again to the right, into the great hall of audience, which we were prevented from seeing. To the left you enter a small irregular court, having on one side the old palace, where are to be remarked the balcony, whence Nariskhin was thrown out by Sophia's orders on the pikes of the *strelitzes*[1], the window whence Alexy Michaelovitz received petitions, and the little turret from whence the czars used to view the city.

" Among the antiquities preserved in this building, of which the interior apartments are small, low, and vaulted, are chiefly to be noticed the throne constructed for the princes Ivan and Peter, with a recess behind where their sister Sophia sat to dictate to them their answers to all ambassadors and public business; the crown brought from Kiof, with an inscription, and some others sent by Persian sultans; some ancient Russ and Tartar pieces of armour, very similar to each other in form, and chiefly consisting of chain work, with a conical helmet, and some very costly robes of the ancient patriarchs. There is a great quantity of old plate which was anciently, as we learnt from Count Moussin Pouschkin, used as a means of rewarding eminent services; a cup with a cover and the spread-eagle engraved on it, was given to the person of highest rank,—one without these additions came next; a gold coin with a hole drilled through it, rewarded military services; and one of a similar shape, but without the hole, was given as a less brilliant distinction. Civil rank was pointed out by a silver inkhorn hung on the left-side. The ancient coins are not struck, but punched out on the reverse, so as to stand prominent, and two pieces are often joined together so as to have the appearance of another coin.

[1] The word 'strelitz' means an archer.

Count Pouschkin showed us one of Sophia, with her two brothers on the reverse, made in this manner, and presented by her to her favourite Laponkin.

" The bows anciently carried by the Strelitzes were changed to matchlocks by Ivan the Second, and to musquets by Alexis. In his time they were chiefly commanded by German and Scotch officers, some of whom, according to Olearius, were much persecuted on account of their religion.

" The Churches of the Assumption and St. Michael, and the greater part of the Kremlin, were also built by Solarius the Milanese architect. In the Church of the Assumption are many of the czars buried, all in plain stone coffins covered with tapestry. Vladimir's tomb is honoured with the kisses of the people. St. Michael's Church is, within, almost entirely encrusted with silver plates, and surrounded by coffins of the patriarchs, similar to those of the emperors. Both are prodigiously lofty and very dark ; their outsides are covered with gilding and immense pictures of saints, in fresco. The style of architecture is evidently an adaptation of the Grecian orders to the old Tartar proportions ; but these, as well as every ancient Church in Russia, have had a distant reference to St. Sophia at Consantinople.

" The library of the synod contains some valuable manuscripts, a copy of the four evangelists, brought from Mount Athos by Nicon the patriarch, as well as a robe sent by one of the Constantinopolitan emperors, to the patriarch Joseph, which has the Nicene creed embroidered on it in pearls. Potemkin is accused by popular rumour of having embezzled great part of the riches in the Kremlin. (I must not forget that, on procession days, the patriarch's horse was shod with silver.)

" The present imperial apartments are small, and only inhabited during coronations. The Emperor, when at Moscow, is usually at his palace in the German Sloboda, formerly the house of the Count Besborodko ; it is a large wooden building, containing a neat Chapel, some good rooms, and bad paintings. A few common Russians were copying them with great diligence and even genius.

CHAP. V. 1805.

These men, we were told, were employed to finish some of the Churches. Near this palace is the military hospital, a very large and magnificent building, clean and well kept. The number of patients was not very great; most of their disorders were rheumatic, or proceeded from general debility and over labour. In the dissecting-room we saw the body of a man recently brought in, who had died of suffocation on a stove which had been closed too soon; he was a stranger, and without a passport, and was therefore sent here for the use of the surgeons; his breast was much distended, the blood fixed in his face, and the whole figure very horrible.

" The foundling-hospital is near the river, at the east corner of the Kitai-gorod; it is a very high and large white building, built round a court, having one great wing adorned with three domes, and surrounded by a semicircle of smaller buildings, the gift of one of the Dimidofs; it has a very fine play-ground for the boys, and another for the girls, besides a large garden. The building is divided into small wards, all warm and well ventilated with air tubes. On the ground-floor is a small reception room, with a font for baptizing such children as are brought in without the little cross hung round the neck, the necessary sign of a Greek Christian. The day-rooms are all on one story, and the bed-rooms above. On the first floor is a room furnished with couches for such mothers as require only rest; and several other rooms are fitted up, as a lying-in hospital, with great elegance and simplicity by the empress-mother, who has given largely to the fund. No charitable institution is indeed overlooked by her, and she keeps up a constant correspondence with the old grand chamberlain, Gallitzin, on benevolent schemes and institutions. The number of children regularly maintained in the house is about six hundred, two hundred and fifty boys and three hundred and fifty girls. The number received between the months of January, 1805 and 1806, was 2960. Every month, such of the children as have been vaccinated are sent with their nurses into the country, where they remain till they are five years old; they are then taken back into the house as fast as there are vacancies, where they are educated till they are eighteen, and

are then dismissed with thirty rubles and two suits of clothes; the numbers thus sent into the country average about one hundred and thirty. Before the introduction of vaccination, the mortality was much greater among them than it is at present, although they were inoculated for the small-pox. Such children as have one hundred rubles sent with them are called pensioners; they are better clothed and instructed than the rest, and are never sent into the country; their number generally averages from twenty to thirty in the course of the year; at present there are seventy: the mortality among them is greater than among such as go into the country.

"The appearance of the children is pale and sickly, but they are kept very clean: their food is good, but they are allowed no milk for breakfast: those of four or five years old, after eating, lie down for an hour on a sort of platform or inclined plane covered with cushions. They are all taught to read and write, as well as to speak German, which however they most of them do very imperfectly; the boys when little are employed in knitting stockings: those that are intended for the medical line are taught Latin; and such as show capacity are sent to study physic in foreign universities; there are two now at Strasburg; the others are chiefly brought up as shoemakers and tailors. The girls are taught to embroider, &c. and some of them are educated as midwives and nurses. The number of nurses in the house is about four hundred; they receive high wages, sometimes, under particular circumstances, as much as a ruble daily; their number in the country I did not ascertain; they each receive fifteen rubles annually; almost all the nurses and officers of the establishment are Germans.

"The mode of reception is very simple; the child is taken without any questions being asked, and immediately baptized, unless it has its cross about its neck. Women may come for their delivery and leave their children, after staying a sufficient time for their own recovery. This is an addition of the Empress mother's, who has herself sent the plans for the beds, &c.; every thing is kept scrupulously clean and neat. The expenses of the establishment amount altogether

CHAP. V. 1805.

to 138,000 rubles annually; the children's work, after the cost of teaching and materials is deducted, produces 1900 rubles a year; the annual expense of each child is computed at 150 rubles.

"The hospital of Prince Gallitzin is a fine building, about three versts from the town, built in the form of a crescent, with a small circular Chapel in the centre, of which the choir is very famous. A little to the right is the convent of Donskoy, where Ambrose, the late archbishop of Moscow lost his life; he was torn to pieces by the people for having removed an image to which they crowded in great numbers during the plague, and which consequently spread the infection wider; this happened during Catherine's reign. There is also another fine hospital now building at the expense of the family of Sheremetof. Count Sheremetof is the richest subject in Russia; his income is stated to amount to 800,000 rubles annually, and the number of his peasants is above 100,000. He has some magnificent houses near Moscow, one of which named Aslarkina we went to see, but it contained nothing very interesting.

"The theatres all over Russia pay a per centage on the profits of each night's representation to the foundling-hospital; that at Moscow was managed by an Englishman named Mattocks; it was burnt down two years since by a fire which originated during the rehearsal of the Rosalie; it consisted of an immense rotunda, a theatre, and a ball-room. The assembly-room of the nobles' club is very magnificent,—like that of York on a scale of perhaps three times its size. The university contains about 400 students, a good mineralogical collection given by M. Dimidof, and a sorry cabinet of stuffed birds and beasts bought by the emperor for 30,000 rubles from the executors of a Polish countess.

"The college for foreign affairs is an old palace where the archives are kept; the upper part of the building is thrown into a succession of public offices, where a number of lads are employed copying and reading a vast multitude of papers, the nature of which I could never exactly ascertain. So much is done by writing in this country that there is, probably, always sufficient employment for them. The young men of good families are sent

here as to a school; whence the cleverest and those who have most influence, are sent off to the college of foreign affairs at Petersburg, and thence again transplanted to the trains of foreign embassies, or employed as messengers. Their number is enormous, it being necessary for every gentleman to have some civil or military rank. At present, indeed, there is a new method of acquiring rank; persons who have not served either in a civil or military rank may, for 1200 rubles, purchase a cross of Malta, but this is considered as no very proud distinction. Young V * * * had such a cross, and at Kostroma we met a young man with a similar one. The college of foreign affairs itself contains the well known letters which passed between Ivan and our Elizabeth on the subject of his intended marriage with Lady Anne Hastings; several treaties and messages between the different sovereigns of Russia and England; the famous treaty between Russia and China, by which Russia abandoned so much territory; the order of the garter sent by Charles the Second to the minister Narischkin; some correspondence of an angry nature between Peter the Great and George the First, and many Persian and Asiatic treaties. The Russians show with great eagerness the deed in which the emperor Maximilian acknowledges the sovereign of Muscovy as emperor.

"The police of Moscow is very good, and the prison in excellent order; it is a stone building, on a very convenient plan, consisting of four wings with a Chapel in the centre. The number of prisoners I do not remember; most of them were runaway slaves. One well-dressed man was imprisoned for forgery; and three young men in uniform, with their father, a venerable peasant of sixty or seventy years old with a long beard, were just found guilty of issuing false government notes; their punishment awaited the emperor's decision. Banishment to Siberia was expected to be the sentence.

"After we left Moscow a remarkable inundation took place in the month of April, when, owing to the sudden melting of the snow, the river rose to an unparalleled height, and entirely inundated the Zämlenöy Gorod (the town on the right bank.) Great

CHAP. V. 1805.

damage was done, but no lives were lost. A similar accident had never been remembered; the banks of the river are very high, and the quays are at least thirty feet above the ordinary level of the water.

"During the carnival the river, which was then frozen, became a crowded street, covered with booths, ice-hills, and whirligigs. A short time before we had seen a very different ceremony, the blessing of the waters; it was attended by an enormous crowd of people, but there were few troops, and but little of the splendour which we hear of on similar occasions at Petersburg. The sight, however, of near two hundred thousand people, disposed in a sort of natural amphitheatre formed by the banks of the river, and all in the act of worshipping, could not fail to be very striking; and in this point Moscow would have the advantage. The ceremonies are not long; they are described by King; the intention is to represent the baptism in the river Jordan.

"The Russian Church-singing is plaintive and very beautiful; nothing is so striking as the repetition of *Gospodi pomillui* (Lord have mercy upon us.) There are particular Churches at Moscow which are famous for their music, and are crowded by the idle and the dissipated as places of amusement. The Chapel of Gallitzin's hospital is one, and the church of Nicetas the martyr another of these favourite places of resort.

"We were unlucky enough to miss repeated opportunities of seeing great funerals. The body, as we understood, is dressed in its best clothes, with the face painted, and laid on an open bier. After the burial service is read, the relations advance one by one, and kiss the cold cheek as a last farewell. The Russians are said to regard death with great superstitious horror. I never myself saw any particular instances of it. Mr. Carr pretends that they cannot endure the sight of any picture representing death; this is ridiculous, as their Churches are full of martyrdoms, and their houses of battle-pieces; to say nothing of the dead Christs and descents from the cross, which often fill the corners of their rooms. In one of the corners a saint or a religious picture is always hung,

and in religious families a lamp is kept constantly burning before it. The manner of worshipping, whether at Church or at home, is by bending the body very low, sometimes touching the ground with the fingers in token of humility, crossing the head, breast, and shoulders with the three fingers joined, and sometimes even striking the head against the ground. * * *

"The vast population of Moscow is apparently supported by very few manufactories; there is one considerable one of silk opposite the house of M. Dimidof; a great want of machinery is visible here as well as every where in Russia; some of the most simple inventions are unknown, such as the shuttle which enables one man to weave the widest web. A prodigious quantity of silk is worn in the country; all the women of the lower and middling classes wear silk handkerchiefs; the richer among them have silk gowns, and their heads are covered with silk handkerchiefs richly embroidered with gold. The finery of these damsels, their excessive quantity of paint, and their bad black teeth are very remarkable at a holiday time. In all manufactories and all in-doors' employment the Russian peasant wears nothing but his shirt and drawers; the former is generally dyed red and embroidered with blue under the arms; it is made round and full like a tunic, and hangs over the drawers almost to the knee."

To Richard Heber, Esq.

Moscow, Feb. 24, 1806.

"My Dear Brother,

"We are still in this place in expectation of our final directions from home. * * * My Mother's and Mr. Thornton's letters were received by us on the same day, and entirely knocked on the head one of the rarest tours, journeys, or pilgrimages that have been made since the time of Lithgow. Being at our wit's end at not receiving instructions sooner, we had determined to take a course which would fall in with our grand object of penetrating to Constantinople, and would, at the same

CHAP. V. 1805.

time, leave us at full liberty to vary our plans according to circumstances. It was, to set off immediately for Casan, a place interesting on every account, and as yet unvisited by any English traveller; from thence to follow the stream of the Volga, by Simbirsk and Saratof to Astracan, to pass the steppe or great desert to Tcherkask and the Don Cossaks, to make the tour of the Crimea to Odessa, and thence either return by Kiof or Poland, or proceed to Constantinople, as your letters might direct. Our letters were all ready, and our baggage packed up for this journey, of which the distance was the only inconvenience, and this we were inclined to think was counterbalanced by its numerous advantages. It would have led us through all the most interesting provinces of Russia, the seat of their greatest population and commerce, and all their antiquities, as well as those of their ancient Tartar masters, from whom the kingdoms of Casan and Astracan were wrested so lately as by Ivan the Second. At Casan it was our intention to have passed the carnival; and the introductions with which we were very amply furnished, would have brought us acquainted with all the ancient Russ families, who are very numerous in that province, and pass their lives in the real national manner; never seeing Petersburg and very seldom even Moscow, the place of which is supplied by Casan, a town on the true eastern scale in extent and population. It was besides no small inducement that we should pass the principal Mongul, Tartar, and Calmuck hordes, and see the Cossaks living in their own villages, and under their own military republic. I believe, likewise, the very prospect of seeing again an oak tree, for which the banks of the Volga and the Asiatic provinces are famous, had no little influence.

" As, however, our friends' letters evidently gave us to understand that they did not approve of our getting very far out of their knowledge, we have entirely given up the *επoικον αγιας Ασιας πεδον*, and even Constantinople itself, with all the temptations of Athens and Corinth, comforting ourselves with the old proverb, '*non cuivis homini contingit.*' Instead of this we are setting our faces homewards, and intend to go by Kiof, the Ukraine, and

Moravia to Vienna, and thence through Bohemia and Dresden to Berlin. This course we are induced to take, from the information we have had from Mr. Stuart [1], the secretary of legation at Petersburg, who is now here, on his return from Presburg and Buda, through Hungary. He says the French have evacuated Germany, that Sir Arthur Paget is returned to Vienna, and that an Englishman may go through any part of the country with perfect security. Under these circumstances, the accuracy and certainty of which it is impossible to doubt, it would be almost a crime to lose the opportunity of obtaining the information which may be derived from seeing a country recovering from the effects of so terrible an invasion, especially as we shall really lose so little time by the detour. In particular you may assure my mother, that though there is misery enough, there are no banditti; and that an Austrian is more inclined to beg than fight. If, however, your letters should express a wish for us to return immediately, we shall abandon this scheme and every other with equal readiness. The thoughts of seeing home, and the wish to make our friends easy, will either of them be sufficient to make even the sands of Prussia an agreeable journey. In the mean time, we fag at German and pass our evenings in a round of amusements almost to satiety. Amusement is, indeed, the great business of Moscow, and to do them justice, '*on s'amuse parfaitement bien.*'

" In my last letter I said something disrespectful of the beauty of the Moscow ladies, which, now that I have got more into their society, I must contradict; it is the only place since I left England where I have met with a really interesting female society, and at the assemblies of the nobles we see many faces that might be supposed to belong to Lancashire or Cheshire. Of their hospitality you may judge, when I say that I have only dined once at home since our arrival, and then we had an invitation which we declined. Of instruction to be acquired at Moscow, I can give but a moderate account; there are very few people who think at

[1] Now Lord Stuart de Rothsay.—Ed.

CHAP. V. 1805.

all, and of these few many think amiss. To Maffai, the librarian of the sacred synod, we have been promised introductions, but his health is so infirm that he can rarely see strangers. We have, however, made one distinguished literary acquaintance in the person of the Archbishop Plato, with whom we passed a day at his convent at Troitza, about forty miles from Moscow. We found him a fine cheerful old man, with a white beard floating over his breast. He asked us many questions about Porson, and on finding we knew him, showed us his Greek books, which were not very numerous, and consisting entirely of the Fathers; he made us construe a page of St. Chrysostom's litany, which put us into his good graces, and he insisted on our dining and passing the day with him. He speaks tolerable French and Latin, but Greek more readily than either. We had a long and very interesting conversation with him on the history and internal state of Russia; he expressed great horror of popery, and said the English government had done a very wicked thing in tolerating it. This was, however, quite in a different tone from his general sentiments, which were candid and tolerant. He coincided very much, both in appearance and manner with our ideas of a primitive bishop; and unfortunately his circumstances seemed primitive too. The house, and the dinner were those of a poor man, and I often thought of Whitaker's 'Father Tempest.' The Greek priests indeed, though clothed in purple and fine linen, are far from faring sumptuously; their lands are secularized, they have no tithes, and their allowances are very small. In point of education they are improving fast, as public schools are pretty generally established, partly by the crown, and partly by private benefactions. The munificent benevolence of the Russians is indeed very great; we have found every where charitable institutions founded by private persons, as well as new Churches on a magnificent scale. One old gentleman whom we know personally, a M. Dimidof, has during his lifetime given away upwards of half-a-million of rubles, about 76,000*l.* to different institutions.

"Our visit to Plato was made during a fortnight's tour to the east, which we took instead of our great Casan and Astrachan

journey, and from which, though our furthest point was not above three hundred versts, we have derived great pleasure and instruction, as our route lay through a very wealthy and important district, little known to travellers. Mr. Harris [1], Lord Malmsbury's son, was the only traveller whom motives of curiosity had drawn there before us; and we went one hundred versts further than he had done, following the Volga through Pereslav, Yaroslav, and Kostroma. Pereslav is chiefly remarkable for its antiquity, and as being built on the lake on which Peter the Great, when very young, first launched a boat. Yaroslav is a large and ancient city, about a third part of the size of Moscow, in a noble situation on the Volga, which even here, though above a thousand miles from the sea, is as wide as the Thames at Blackfriars. It has some considerable linen manufactures, and the population of the province is, for Russia, very great, being at the rate of about one hundred and twenty to a square English mile. The peasants and burghers still preserve their ancient dress and manners, and the costumes of Yaroslav and Kostroma are precisely the same as when the patriarch Theodore concealed his infant son (afterwards the Emperor Michael) in the convent of the latter place, which, except its convents and a mosque, has little that is remarkable. The population of the country is here blended with the Tartars and other Mahomedans; and we found, among various marks of our progress eastward, the commencement of the oak timber, which thrives only in these rich provinces, and is rarely found in the hungry sand to the westward. Among many other novelties and amusements, we had a wolf-hunt on the frozen Volga; and at Kostroma, which was the limit of our journey, we were entertained for two days in the ancient Russ style by a rich merchant, an old man, with a long gown and white beard, so exactly like the hermit at Hawkstone, that I was almost afraid to look him in the face. Every thing here was eastern; his two daughters had, we were told, according to

[1] The late Hon. and Rev. Alfred Harris.—Ed.

CHAP. V. 1806.

custom, been shut up from the age of twelve, when they are considered marriageable, from all eyes till the day of marriage, when they are produced to the bridegroom, with their cheeks painted red, their teeth blackened, their eye-brows shaved, and a tire two feet high, all of pearls, on their heads. Of these dresses I saw several, and they are the most costly deformities I ever beheld. We were not at all surprised to find in this good man's house some excellent sweet wine, made of cranberries; but I was a little at seeing some very good tokay and champagne, which he forced upon us most plentifully. His good beds and clean house were great treats to us, as the wretchedness of our ordinary lodgings could scarcely be conceived by an Englishman, any more than the cold we felt during our journey. With a pair of pantaloons and overalls, two pair of worsted stockings, a pair of socks, and boots lined with fur, our feet were still cold; and we were glad to warm ourselves in the post-houses, which were certainly hot enough in all conscience. We were, however, so well clothed and fed, that we have escaped without either colds or rheumatism; and after having been well bumped on some four hundred miles of the worst roads in the world, and having been well received in some of the pleasantest parties we have seen in Russia, (in particular at Prince Gallitzin's, the governor of Yaroslav,) we returned safe and well for the amusements and splendour of the carnival. We found the houses on the road all on the same plan, much inferior to those between Moscow and Petersburg. The inns are distinguished by a very large open stable, which admits the horses and carts of travellers and warriors; it is called *serai*, and when applied to the lodgement of a numerous body of merchants, becomes the well-known compound, *caravan-serai*.

" Your sincerely affectionate

" REGINALD HEBER."

FROM MOSCOW TO KOSTROMA.

"*February 4th*, 1806.—Left Moscow for this journey; the road lies by a magnificent hospital just within the gates of Moscow, built at the expence of the Sheremetof family; it is in the form of a semi-circle, with a semi-circular projecting portico in the centre. I could not learn any thing of the nature of its institution, except that it is intended for charitable purposes; indeed it is yet unfinished. We passed under the admiralty, a building so called, where recruits for the sea-service are mustered, contracts made for timber and stores, and other business done which has relation to the navy. It is a high brick tower built over a gateway, with a large eagle on the top, diminishing as it ascends so as to have much the air of a pagoda. The building is ancient, and originated in the whim of a private Russ merchant who built it as a ware-house. The country immediately without the barrier is rather better wooded than Russian landscapes generally are, having many lime trees, whose shade is more massive than the birch, and less formal than the fir. At about three versts on the right-hand side is an unfinished aqueduct carried on arches across a small valley; though of the simplest construction and only of whitewashed brick, it has a very pleasing effect; it is intended to continue it to the city. A house of Count Sheremetof, Rostankina, is a conspicuous object on the left hand, distant from Moscow about five versts; it is very much admired by the Moscovites, but has not much merit to boast of, being a slight building of wood; a fine old brick Church stands close to it. The house contains one very elegant saloon on the ground-floor, being a lofty dome-roofed quadrangle, with small circular recesses round it, filled with statues; one of these is entirely lined with marble, and has a large vase in the centre supported by three female figures as large as life; though the workmanship is not extraordinary the effect is pleasing. In another of the recesses are two small statues repre-

CHAP. V. 1806.

senting Catherine in a sitting posture, and Potemkin, as an ancient warrior, presenting her the crescent; the rest of the ground-floor is in arcades, very cool and pleasant in summer, and furnished with some taste, though much too gaudily, which is, indeed, the fault of the whole building. Above are a private theatre, and several good rooms, but furnished in a more gaudy style than those below, with some of the worst pictures I ever saw, the handy-work of a slave in the family; they are enclosed in gilt frames of half a ton each, particularly one of Paul in his uniform, which covers the whole side of a room. In the grand dome-roofed hall, which is lighted from the top, is a statue of Hygeia, the trunk of which is an antique found at Athens, and the legs, arms and head modern; and a statue of Catherine, remarkable for that false kind of dignity which distinguishes modern from ancient works of art; it has, however, merit in several respects. Catherine's manner of dressing her hair in a prodigiously high toupee is very ungraceful when it thus 'takes immortal buckle.' In the last room we saw, a little place which serves as antichamber to the room where some models and china are exhibited, is a good picture of some beggars and an ass.

"The proprietor of this and many other similar houses, Count Sheremetof, is reputed the richest subject in Russia, though his circumstances are now a good deal embarrassed; his number of peasants is 120,000, all at very moderate rents, though some are exceedingly rich; one man was mentioned to us who had purchased his liberty for 30,000 rubles, and there are many others who have bid almost equal sums. Several of these peasants themselves possess two or three hundred slaves under the name of their master. There is one village near Yaroslav which is famous for the wealth of its inhabitants. In general the peasants of very great lords who, it is known, will not raise their rent, become as industrious and acquire as much taste for luxuries as any other people; so false is that proposition which we have often heard maintained, that the peasants if indulged become only more indolent and miserable.

"Count Sheremetof derives a considerable part of his property

from the rent of houses in Petersburg, which contain one or more families on each floor, being inhabited mostly by the lower classes; one of these houses was pointed out to us as containing many hundred souls. His income in rubles is about 800,000, and might, possibly, be greatly augmented.

" This description of Count Sheremetof's country-house will not answer to the general abodes of Russian gentlemen. Rural magnificence, the ancient hall or castle, or even a respectable country-seat is what they have no idea of. Their villas are generally small low buildings of wood, of seldom more than one story, consisting of four or five rooms passing one out of the other, and always beginning with the room where they dine; the bedroom of the master and mistress, which is also used as a sitting-room, and for receiving company, concludes the suite. These apartments occupy the front of the house; behind are the kitchen and some dirty holes, where the servants and the other members of the family sleep. Visitors are accommodated with temporary beds, contrived on the floor or sofa of the drawing-room. A Russian sleeps with but one sheet; over him he has only a single coverlid, and seldom takes off any clothes but his shoes and coat; the women sleep in night-gowns; an English lady at Moscow was taxed with great indecency because she undressed at night. They generally rise early and are dressed in a few minutes; a servant pours a little water on their hands, they wash their own faces, and their toilet is soon finished. They sometimes take a single cup of tea, but never any thing more before noon; an English breakfast is, I believe, unknown on the continent. At Moscow we were sometimes invited to breakfast *à l'Anglais;* but always found that they imagined an English breakfast was a meal on beefsteaks and champagne. The cold collation and liqueurs which they take before dinner, are called *le dejeuner,* as well as *la challe,* and few people eat any thing sooner. These customs they have in common with the Swedes, Danes, Germans, and, I believe, the French.

" The country from Moscow to Troitza, a distance of about

CHAP. V. 1806.

sixty versts, continues to be prettily enough diversified with woods and small valleys. Troitza is a small town chiefly remarkable for its large convent, an immense building of brick surrounded by a brick wall machicolated and furnished with loop holes, and flanked by high circular towers also of brick. It was founded, I believe, some years before Boris Godunof. During the invasion of the Poles, it was besieged at the same time with Moscow, but unsuccessfully; it was then the repository of a great part of Godunof's treasure. At present it contains three Churches, one of them very wealthy in gold, jewels, and reliques, worth perhaps 30,000 rubles, several small Chapels, a convent containing forty or fifty monks, and a school for the sons of the clergy, in which about four hundred young people are educated for orders. They learn Latin and Greek, and the cleverest among them are also taught German and French. Having, however, no great stimulus to their ambition, and no other prospect before them than a scanty and miserable pittance for life, as the only reward of their studies, few of them are very diligent. Paul formed a regiment of ten battalions from these sons of the clergy throughout the empire; and Plato, the archbishop, confessed to us, that from the idleness and poverty of most of the young men, it was as good a use as they could be put to. The monks of Troitza, as well as of all the other convents in Russia, had their lands and peasants very much curtailed by Peter the First, and entirely taken away by Catherine. The convent of Befania (Bethany), where Plato lives, formerly possessed 100,000 peasants; at present the monks receive pensions of from fifty to a hundred rubles a head; a sum barely sufficient for their maintenance. Those convents which have schools attached to them, have allowances of servants, firing, and repairs also from the crown; that of Befania receives about 10,000 rubles altogether. A Russian monk is never allowed to eat flesh, and their days of total abstinence are very frequent; but in other respects their rules are not rigid, nor are they very strictly observed; the archbishop himself has set the example of great laxness in these particulars. The dress of a monk is a long black cassock and a loose gown with wide sleeves, like the

undress gown of a nobleman at Oxford; this is generally made of cloth, though the higher orders have it of silk, with the addition of a golden cross round the neck; the head is covered with a high felt cap like those of the eastern dervises, ornamented with a loose veil of black stuff. The bishops and archbishops have their garments of green, purple, or violet; their veils are white, marked with a red or black cross. These, as well as the archimandrites, and other high members of the Church, are all monks; the secular clergy can never hope to rise above the rank of parish priest, unless by first taking the vows, which, indeed, he generally does if he happens to lose his wife; it is well known that a Russian parish priest must be strictly 'husband of one wife.' Clerks and sextons, 'Panomiri' and 'Ditchok,' are considered as ecclesiastical persons, and promoted to the rank of deacons, and so on to priests, &c.

"In the year 1796 the clergy, monastic and secular, were computed at 68,000 souls; with their wives and children, 200,000. In the diocese of Moscow are 1500 priests and 6500 inferior ecclesiastics; and 2000 sons of priests are educating for holy orders in several convents and other seminaries. In the towns the priests have no other maintenance than what the bounty of their congregations affords them, except the fees on baptisms, burials, &c.; yet some of them get a comfortable subsistence in this way; a few as much as 1000 rubles a year; but such instances are probably very rare; we only heard of one on which we could quite rely. Many live by begging for the shrines and tombs of particular saints; and women are employed in almost every village to solicit the charity of travellers towards the maintenance of some Church or Chapel. They present a plate covered with a white cloth marked with a red cross, and beg, as the Russians generally do, with great humility and modesty. The village priests have a certain glebe which the landowner is obliged to furnish; and, by a ukase of Paul, he was also obliged to assist the priest in the culture of his land with a few peasants, when it was necessary. Alexander has, however, repealed this law, of which Plato heavily complained, saying that the nobles, who did nothing at all either for themselves or the state,

CHAP. V. 1806.

were not content to half-starve the clergy, but made them, in addition to their parochial duties, labour the ground with their own hands; he said he had remonstrated with the emperor, but in vain. Pecuniary compositions often supply the place of glebe lands; tithes were never known in Russia. The ignorance and despised state of the Russian clergy, of which we had heard so much, we found to be partly, but not entirely true; the schools which are now established for the education of their sons, have in a great measure removed the former reproach. We met at Troitza one monk of very superior manners, with the appearance and deportment of a person of genius, who spoke good French, and said he had travelled. Plato himself, and perhaps most of the higher orders, are also well bred, and well-educated men; they are, however, as monks, shut up for the greater part of their lives in convents. We have also found the secular clergy, generally speaking, not entirely ignorant of Latin, though but few could converse in it fluently. They fill very nearly the same rank in society that is held by the Roman Catholic priests; and, like them, have much influence among the middle and lower classes, with whom they entirely associate. In the remoter provinces they seem more respected, and fill a higher rank in society than in Petersburg and Moscow. At Sebastopol we met the priest, his wife, and daughter (neither of them very unlike what a country clergyman's wife and daughter might be in any country,) at a tea party of captain Messer's, who was one of the principal persons in the place; and in Kamstchatka we find, in Cook's voyages, the priest of Paratenska one of the principal members of the colony. In the more elevated societies of the capital, they never enter the house, unless they are professionally wanted; in which case people send for them as they would for any mechanic. In the more religious houses they come regularly to say mattins, which ought to be said at four in the morning, but which generally takes place over-night, the priest coming about eight or nine in the evening, to repeat the prayers for the next day. The garments of a secular priest resemble those of a monk, but are of any colour he pleases; and instead of the

high felt cap, he wears the usual hat, or fur bonnet. All ecclesiastics wear their beard and hair long, and sometimes curled and frizzled very absurdly.

" King's ' Rites of the Greek Church' is a work, according to Plato, not to be depended on; he had excellent opportunities for information, but was obstinate and attached to his own system. Plato said ' he would not use us fairly; he would not believe us when we gave an account of our own faith.' King had hoped to gain the empress Catherine's favour by his work, and affected to go often to court. She at last sent him word that ' the Greek Church needed not the apology of a stranger.'

" On the 5th of February we hired a sanky to pay Plato a visit, for whom we had an introduction from prince Feodore Nicolaïtch Gallitzin. The distance from Befania to Troitza is about three versts through a very beautiful country. We observed many tracks of wolves in the fields we passed through, yet the peasant said they were not particularly numerous; bears there were none. Befania stands amid some fine lime trees on the brink of a steep hill with a very pleasing view; adjoining it is a building raised by Paul as an academy for the sons of the clergy. The number of monks at Befania and Troitza, for both form a joint establishment, is about sixty; the number of students above three hundred; the income appropriated to their support is now reduced from, at least, 500,000 rubles a year to 10,000. Plato himself has an annual income of 8000 rubles. He occupies a small suite of rooms which forms one side of the quadrangle; it consists of a little study, a sitting-room, and a room where he dines, which also serves as his bed-room, his bed being placed behind a screen in the corner. Four or five dirty fellows like college-scouts, dressed in green coats, as being furnished to the convent by government, composed his sole establishment. A very neat Chapel forms the termination to his apartments. In this he made us remark that no sculpture or relief was allowed, except on one piece of plate, in which he said he had complied with the prejudices of the Russians, who had, in this respect, departed from the rules of the

CHAP. V. 1806.

Greek Church. On the mass-book, which was open, was laid the letter of orders of the priest who generally officiated.

" In the same book was a bit of what seemed to be asbestos, which appeared to be a relic; the archbishop evidently did not wish us to see or touch it, and changed the subject hastily. The Chapel of the convent, a whimsical brick building, which, without, looks like a red band-box, stands in the centre of the quadrangle, and is built according to a plan given by the archbishop himself. Within it is of a very singular construction; the west end, which is semicircular, is adorned with the representation of a rock, which is ascended by narrow winding stairs with a rustic rail, and painted shrubs and rocks, about half the height of the Chapel; on the top of this is a small tabernacle containing the Altar, with sufficient space for the Greek ceremonies. Within this tabernacle and on the Altar, the archbishop showed us a little cabinet ornamented with some Scripture histories in enamel, which formerly belonged to Louis the Sixteenth, and was presented to Plato by the present king of France. The common people of Russia, he told us, generally thought that Buonaparte had sent it to him. The space beneath the rock is occupied by a small Chapel, furnished with a stove for winter devotion; and on the right hand is a little narrow cell containing two coffins, one of which is empty and destined for the present archbishop; the other contains the bones of the founder of the monastery, who is regarded as a saint. The oak coffin was almost bit to pieces by different persons afflicted with the tooth-ache, for which a rub on this board is considered a specific. Plato laughed as he told us this, but said, 'As they do it *de bon cœur*, I would not undeceive them.' This prelate has been long very famous in Russia as a man of ability. His piety has been questioned, but from his conversation we drew a very favourable opinion of him. Some of his expressions would have rather surprised a very strict religionist, but the frankness and openness of his manners, and the liberality of his sentiments pleased us highly. His frankness on subjects of politics was remarkable. The clergy throughout Russia, are, I believe, inimical to their government;

they are more connected with the peasants than most other classes of men, and are strongly interested in their sufferings and oppressions, to many of which they themselves are likewise exposed. They marry very much among the daughters and sisters of their own order, and form almost a caste. I think Buonaparte is rather popular among them. Plato seemed to contemplate his success as an inevitable and not very alarming prospect. He refused to draw up a form of prayer for the success of the Russian arms: 'if,' said he, 'they be really penitent and contrite, let them shut up their public places of amusement for a month, and I will then celebrate public prayers.' His expressions of dislike to the nobles and wealthy classes were strong and singular, as well as the manner in which he described the power of an emperor of Russia, the dangers which surround him, and the improbability of any rapid improvement. 'It would be much better,' said he, 'had we a constitution like that of England.' Yet I suspect he does not wish particularly well to us in our war with France. He is a man of sixty-nine years of age, with a good open countenance and remarkably fine teeth; his hair and beard are very white and thick; his eyes light blue and very sparkling and lively; his manners simple, frank, and friendly; and his conversation that of a man of much general and classical reading. The room in which he was sitting was decorated with several bad pictures, and little religious ornaments and rarities, the greater part of them, apparently, presents from people of the lower orders, which proved his good nature, with a little mixture of an old man's vanity. Of his history we learned but little. He had been once in great favour with Catherine, whose confessor he was, but had afterwards been sent away from court where he was religious instructor to the grand dukes Alexander and Constantine. His brother was, with many other young men intended for orders, sent over to England and was educated at Oxford; an experiment which has not, apparently, answered; he is only a secular priest, so that he has had no opportunity of rising. We heard great praises of Plato's homilies, which the empress caused to be read on particular occasions in all Churches. He was the first person who introduced a habit of preaching into the Russ Churches, though

CHAP. V. 1806.

even now they do not preach regularly except in Cathedral Churches; the sermons are always read. Plato's catechism for the grand dukes is famous for its liberality, but his celebrated coronation sermon is but a poor composition; the text is very curious, being "And the Almighty permitted us to see our emperor crowned." I certainly do not know from what chapter it is taken. He has lately published a Church history which is said to be only calculated for the Russians [1].

"About the period of the French revolution, Plato was instrumental, we were told, in forming at Moscow a society called the Christian free-masons, on a very wide and extended plan, by which all sects of Christians were allowed to become members. Their meetings were secret; large subscriptions were raised, and vast quantities of books purchased for what was called the use of the society; their numbers were very great. We did not learn much about this association, but I could not help being struck with the resemblance between this and the Weishauphian scheme in Bavaria. I am, however, inclined to judge favourably of Plato's intentions. The times and circumstances rendered all such bodies so obnoxious that no one can wonder that this was soon suppressed by the government. It perhaps contributed to Plato's disgrace.

"On leaving Plato we found, at the first post-house, the use of a circular letter given us by the governor of Moscow, in keeping the postilions in order. The country through which we travelled was remarkable for the number of large Churches and convents.

"*Feb. 6th.*—Towards evening we arrived at Rostof, a considerable and well-built town, with a Cathedral and some fine monasteries; there are several good houses in the town, and one eating-house, but no place where a bed can be conveniently got. We had letters of introduction to Madame Vassilchikof, and went to call on her; she is a woman whose history is singular; daughter of prince Razamofsky, the last hetman of the Cossaks, she was married very young, against her consent, to general Vassilchikof; the mar-

[1] This work has since been translated into English from the Slavonian, by Dr. Robert Pinkerton, and printed at Edinburgh, anno 1814.—Ed.

riage was, of course, an unhappy one. * * * * * * * * * * * * She had several children, one of whom is married to Count Kotchubëy, the present minister for the interior. At length, at the age of forty-five, she left her family, retired from the world, and professed herself a nun. She now lives as a novice in a convent at Rostof, as by the Russian law she cannot take the vows before fifty. Her husband has often begged her to return to him, but she refuses; her conduct is by some attributed to madness, by others to penitence. We found her at tea with her father confessor, and the archimandrite of the neighbouring convent of St. Dmitri (Demetrius) a fine building, erected at the expence of the Sheremetof family. The dress of a nun differs little from that of a monk; their rule is not very strict, and they are allowed to receive and pay visits. CHAP. V. 1806.

"*Feb. 7th.*—Late at night we arrived at Yaroslav, and with much difficulty procured a lodging in a wretched carrier's inn, where we slept on the ground amid every species of misery and annoyance. In the morning we found an ordinary where we got some tea, and afterwards succeeded in hiring a miserable lodging at two rubles a night. Yaroslav is a large and ancient town, and one of the most famous in Russian history; the coins of Yaroslav, its founder, the grandson of Ruric, having on one side, his head, and on the reverse a horseman with the motto ὁ ἁγιος Γεωργιος, we saw in Count Pouschkin's collection at Moscow. They are very scarce, and evidently of Grecian workmanship, Russia being at that time too barbarous for such a production. Yaroslav was besieged and taken by the Tartars under Baty Khan; its suzerains were frequently independent of the Veliki Knœs, whose authority was very imperfectly recognized till the time of Ivan the First. The town still preserves the marks of ancient grandeur in the remaining ruins of its high walls with many brick towers, and several very ancient Churches. It is the residence of an archbishop, to whom I was introduced, and may contain about 20,000 inhabitants; the space of ground it occupies is very disproportionate to its real dimensions, being built with immensely wide

CHAP. V. 1806.

streets and many vacant spaces. There are two very large squares, one of which, the market-place, is surrounded with arcades, and was when we saw it, filled by a vast crowd of people, as a Russian market-place generally is, even in the least populous parts of the country; in the other are some handsome government buildings, which were begun by Paul, but never completed on account of the expense. The town stands on the point where the river Kotroso falls into the Volga, which, notwithstanding its vast distance from the sea, is here a magnificent river, broader than the Thames at Chelsea. There are some very considerable manufactories in it, one of silk, and two large ones of linen, particularly of Russia duck [1] and table cloths. The principal one belonging to Mr. Jacofleff, consists of a large square of low white buildings, adorned with walks bordered with rows of willows. There is also a handsome Church in the Dutch style, which the common people object to, as not being conformed to the ancient models of the country.

"Mr. Jacofleff carries on a very great commerce with England; in this and his adjoining paper fabric, he employs three thousand hands, but we could not learn to whom the majority of the peasants in the town belonged. They appeared healthy and clean. The flax is purchased ready spun of the peasants; from their spindles it is wound on reels, to form the warp. If the stuff is to be striped lengthways, the skeins, which are to be dyed, are taken to the dye-house, and brought back to the weaving-rooms when ready: if the stuff is to be clouded, as some sailors' trousers are, these skeins are partially dyed at fixed intervals: in checked stuffs the woof is dyed in the same manner as the warp. The red colour is derived from a grass very common in the country, called serpooka; the other dyes are chiefly West Indian. The patterns for damask table-cloths are divided into squares, and each square into a hundred sub-divisions; the warp is then put in a vertical position, and its threads are divided into tens. A boy passes a white thread under those threads which are dark in the pattern, according to the direction of a man

[1] A corruption of the German word *Tuck*, cloth.—Ed.

who counts the light and dark squares, repeating them aloud with wonderful quickness and precision. This operation is much simplified by all the sub-divisions being decimals. When the warp is placed in the loom, a boy takes up, in regular order, the ends of each thread which has been so passed, and lifts them up at each stroke of the shuttle. The greatest width of their figured-cloths is six *arsheens*, about fourteen feet; these require two weavers, one of whom sits at each end of the loom; and in this case there are two boys to lift up the threads in the way I have mentioned; the price of a damask table-cloth, five feet long and six wide, is eleven rubles; the produce of the fabric is averaged at 500,000 rubles; it is carried to Petersburg for sale both in summer and winter.

"The mangle in this manufactory was carried by a horse-wheel, in which the horse remained stationary, and the wood work was turned round by the pressure of his feet; the weight thus put in motion amounts to 1,350 pood, above twenty-one tons. In the Smollberg fabric belonging to M. Uglichinivi, seven hundred hands are employed; they are most of them peasants attached to the fabric, and not allowed to be separated from it. Flems are sold in pieces of fifty *arsheens* long and one and a half wide; ravenducks only differ in being coarser; these last are used for the top-sails of ships and for tents. Crash is made of the refuse flax, and used as outside covers to their bales. Calimancoes are made here of flax; they differ from flems in weaving, in that there are five pedals to the loom instead of two; so that the thread of the woof does not go above and below the threads of the warp alternately, but a fifth-part of the woof threads are lifted up at a time, instead of one half as in the common weaving.

"The silk fabric is not very considerable; there is but little machinery, and no spun silk; the owner told Thornton that the Russian peasants were too dirty for this work; but the people of Yaroslav boast much of the superior beauty and stature of their peasantry.

"While at Yaroslav I had an opportunity of seeing the ordina-

CHAP. V. 1806.

tion of a priest. The candidate was introduced between two priests to the royal gate before the Altar, where he was met by the bishop. After much praying and singing, a white cloth was thrown over his head and face, which was agitated up and down to imitate the fluttering of a dove. He was then led several times round the altar in procession, the choir singing αξιος, αξιος, several times repeated; he was then clothed in sacerdotal garments, the bishop and priests laid their hands on his head, and then embraced him by turns as a new brother. The archbishop afterwards administered the communion, of which many of the congregation partook. When this ceremony was concluded, a great number of persons flocked to kiss his hands, and the whole service concluded with a sermon, in the middle of which the preacher broke off, and went to kneel and kiss the hand of the archbishop, who sat in a chair before the steps of the altar. The archbishop was a gentlemanlike man, but looked very sickly. We afterwards called on him, and found him much better lodged than Plato; he conversed in very tolerable French and Latin. He and all the inhabitants of Yaroslav have an idea that 'the great' Mr. Pitt paid them a visit about twenty years since. The archbishop maintained that he had himself done the honours of the place to him. In such remote countries similar mistakes, or perhaps wilful impostures are not uncommon. The prince and princess Michael Gallitzin, told us they had had an Irish peer as tutor to their children; his name they had forgotten, but said he was a very clever fellow. To this prince, the governor of Yaroslav, as well as to his family, we are under much obligation for their kindness and hospitality; he is a very pleasing man, and his wife remarkably amiable. If the house they inhabited was a specimen of most country houses, they are indeed very miserable; it was tolerably large, but cold, ruinous, and unfurnished; yet we have passed in it many pleasant moments.

"There is a moderately good society of noblesse in and near Yaroslav. We went to two or three balls, one of them masked, at which were present about three hundred persons; many of them were, however, bourgeois, who, though they are admitted to the

balls, are not allowed to dance. These assemblies are held in a large room belonging to the orphan-school, a splendid public charity, maintained by the voluntary contributions of the town and province. Government gives nothing for its support. Some of the children who are educated in it belong to the poor gentlemen of the province, and are lodged separately. They all wear a uniform of green, and both girls and boys are very well clothed, fed, and taught. The rites of the Greek Church are regularly performed in a small Chapel, morning and evening, and the children read by turns a chapter in the Slavonic Bible; they sing very pleasingly. There is a large academy in the town, with German professors, who are liberally paid; one of them receives more than the governor of a province, who, however, has only £500 a year.

"In the province of Yaroslav there are some considerable oak-woods, and we found government agents in the town employed to buy timber and other naval stores. One of these, a Captain * * * was then under a cloud, having been accused of embezzlement. He had been in England and spoke English well. He was a very robust man, who never wore gloves or any thing but cotton stockings in the severest weather, and never tasted any thing stronger than small beer.

"I had almost forgotten to mention that while we were here we witnessed a wolf-hunt on the Volga. Mr. Yaroslav, the gentleman who gave the party, showed us four wolves which he had caught some days before, and kept in a stable to be turned out as they were wanted; they were all lying in a heap together, and showed great signs of fear and wildness on our approach. There were also several foxes kept in the same way. On the day fixed for the hunt the largest of the wolves was produced, his mouth confined by a cord with a running noose; they put him into a sort of box on wheels containing one large and two smaller chambers; the former was occupied by the wolf; one of the latter held a fox and the other two hares. The box was then drawn by a horse down to the river which was already covered

CHAP. V. 1806.

with spectators. There is on this river, as at Moscow and Petersburg, a space railed off on the ice for sledge-racing, an amusement of which the Russians are very fond, though they never make bets. The hares were first let out one after the other, and pursued by four great Siberian greyhounds, who however ran very ill. The wolf was then produced and unmuzzled; two stout fellows took him, one by the ears the other by the flanks, and carried him to some yards distance where they set him down on the ice. He looked round him for a moment and then set off as fast as he could. The snow, however, was deep, and the dogs, though they were also greatly inconvenienced by it, were too near, and soon came up with him, while two chasseurs on horseback rode round and headed him, very unfairly flogging him with their heavy Cossak whips. He now turned round on the dogs, bit one severely, and put the rest on their guard; they no longer came so near him, but contented themselves with baying round him. One of the huntsmen dismounted and began flogging him; on which he turned round sharp, made a snap at his hand and again set off running, in which by his superior strength he would soon have tired the dogs, had not the chasseurs checked him; again, however, he put his enemies to the rout, and would have escaped but for the chasseurs who continued the chase, though the dogs were quite knocked up and cowed. When the speed of the horses and the heavy blows of the whip had tired and half-blinded him, the running noose was again slipped over his jaws, and he was lifted into a sanky and carried home for another day's torment. The Siberian greyhound is a very beautiful creature with silky hair and a fan tail; they are not so swift as our greyhounds, but are said to be more hardy.

"The population of the government of Yaroslav is 950,000; in Paul's reign many English were sent there, as none were allowed to remain on the coast. Prince Alexander Obolensky, who served in the detachment which was charged with this duty, said they were reduced to great misery; many were plundered by the soldiers; and being unable to speak either Russian or French, had no means of making their complaints known to the officers, or of

expressing their wants. Those who were sent to the town of Yaroslav, received, we were told, much kindness from Captain Tchirnavin.

"From Yaroslav to Kostroma is a distance of sixty versts; the country is fertile, with many small lime woods and some oaks. Kostroma is a much smaller town than Yaroslav, and contains only 8,000 inhabitants; it is ancient and celebrated in history. The first czar of the house of Romanof was taken a child from the monastery in this town, where his father Feodor had concealed him and his mother during the invasion of the Poles. Feodor Romanof, though connected with the blood royal, had turned monk, and persuaded his wife to embrace a religious life. During the troubles of Russia his wife and his infant son Michael lay hid in the remote convent of Kostroma. He had become patriarch of Russia, and was entreated by the nobles to assume the crown, which, on his refusal, they bestowed on his son. The chair in which the wife of Feodor and her son Michael sat when the *boyars* came to make the offer, is still preserved in the great Church of Kostroma. Boris Godunof, who neglected nothing, had cultivated the regards of this monastic society, and we were shown several costly presents which he had made it. The proto-pope Jacob, from whom we received this information, speaks good Latin, and is a sensible well-informed man. Kostroma is an episcopal see; we did not see the bishop, but we heard a favourable account of his talents and character; his convent, as well as the Church where Michael received the *boyars*, is separated from the town by some meadows, and a small river which flows into the Volga. The town itself stands on a high promontory, with the Volga, a noble expanse of water, flowing at its foot; the opposite side is high and woody. The government-house stands on the highest point, and not far from it are two large Churches and an extensive square, surrounded with piazzas and shops, of which, however, only one side is yet finished; at one end of the square is a well built uniform street, entirely raised by Mr. Turigin, who received us into his house.

CHAP. V. 1806.

"The prison is a small and wretched hovel, full of fugitive slaves, mostly in heavy irons; some of them were employed by government, but the rest were idle. Of these wretches there were no fewer than three hundred, very dirty and much crowded, though their food was clean and wholesome; the heavy chains were rendered necessary from the house being built only of wood and very ill guarded.

"From the prison we went to the orphan-house; such hospitals are established in every great town in Russia, and are generally well kept up; this was a small, but tolerably clean cottage, containing seventy-three children. Vaccination had not yet been tried. Almost adjoining is a sort of workhouse, where, though the rooms were clean, different kinds of vice and misery were stowed together with very little distinction. In one room were four madmen, who were, however, apparently harmless, but very ill clad, and shivering with cold. In another part of the town is a small but neat hospital, which was then merely occupied by two or three women; and also an alms-house, where about twenty old soldiers, and fourteen or fifteen old women, the widows of soldiers, are maintained. The allowance to each individual is, I think, not more than five rubles a year from government; but private charity supplies the deficiency. The old men, with long snow-white beards, half blind, and with every mark of age and infirmity, were a very moving sight. These institutions appear trifling; but it must be considered that they are supported, almost entirely, by the voluntary contributions of a small and not a wealthy town. Separated from the town by a picturesque valley is a suburb, inhabited by about a hundred Tartar families, with a small neat mosque, part of the remnant of the ancent kingdom of Casan. A little further, and in the neighbourhood of Nishné Novogorod, a large proportion of the population is Tartar and Mahomedan.

"The manufactures of Kostroma resemble those of Yaroslav, but are not so considerable; the principal are those of Mr. Turigin, to whose hospitality we were greatly obliged; we also received much kindness from the governor, Mr. Kotchelof. The inns in

the town are ten times worse than even those at Yaroslav, and the society is not so numerous as at the latter place. There is an academy similar to that at Yaroslav, where Thornton heard about thirty boys examined, who really did credit to themselves and their teachers.

" While we were at Kostroma we saw a religious ceremony performed, in commemoration of the Empress Anne, and for the repose of her soul. The only remarkable part of the service was that a saucer of rice, mingled with wine, was set on a small table surrounded with candles, each of the officiating priests standing round with a farthing taper in his hand.

" On our return to Moscow we slept again at Yaroslav; in this our second visit nothing particular occurred, except that we went to see a Russ comedy acted by Colonel Valliachef, the master of police, and several gentlemen and ladies of the neighbourhood, in a private theatre at the house of Prince Gallitzin. The subject of the play was a young peasant being sent as a recruit;—though we could not ourselves understand it, we observed that some of the audience were often much affected; Colonel Valliachef acted the old man remarkably well; he is himself an author, and gave Thornton a volume of poems entitled ΛΝΡΑ. Between Yaroslav and Moscow we found every town full of preparations for the approaching carnival.

CHAPTER VI.

MOSCOW TO TAGANROG.

Preparations for journey—Change of weather—Death of Mr. Pitt—Count Alexis Orlof—Ornaments of the Russian ladies—Armenian merchants—Lazarof—Regret at leaving Moscow — Retrospection — Extortions of post-masters — Snow-storm—Serpouchof—Peasants' houses—Tula—Arsenal—Manufactures—Orel—Koursk — Bielgorod — Charkof — Cossaks — University of Charkof — Donetz ferry—Bakmuth—Steppes—Ivanovna—Suslik—Nogay Tartars — Taganrog—Trade—Fishery—History of Taganrog—Quarantine—Society—Madame Cashparof—Scotch missionaries—Eve of Palm Sunday.

" To Mrs. Heber.

Moscow, March 3, 1806.

" My Dear Mother,

CHAP. VI. 1806.

" Thornton has just received a letter from his father, the result of a conversation with my brother; this gives us a *carte blanche* with regard to our future progress; this will, however, continue as I stated it in my last letter to my brother from hence. To give up the idea of visiting Greece under the present view of things, is, I believe, most advisable; and the sacrifice will be made up by our speedier return home, and the means of instruction afforded by a visit to Vienna and Austria. Other accounts which we have received entirely confirm Stuart's advice, of the accuracy of which, indeed, no reasonable doubt could be entertained. Should, however, any change of circumstances take place, we shall have certain and immediate information at Odessa, which we mean to take in our way, and where we shall probably

pass some days; from thence we may bend our course either towards Prussian or Austrian Poland. Thornton is now busily employed in hunting out a convenient travelling-carriage; and we hope to quit this city on Monday next. Our stay here has been much longer than we either expected or desired; but it was absolutely necessary to wait for the decision of our friends; and I do not think we could have found a fitter residence for a Russian winter.

"From the round of visits and balls which I mentioned in my last, the beginning of Lent has given us some respite; and we have been employing this leisure in a close application to German, a knowledge of which is a *sine qua non* to our schemes. The weather is already beginning to change; and farther south, every thing, we are told, is green and flowery, which not a little increases our eagerness to be gone. On Monday, then, 'twenty adieus, my frozen Moscovites,' (though their climate is the only thing that we have found frozen about them, and that has been, generally speaking, very tolerable). Our first push is for Tcherkask, the capital of the Cossaks, where we hope to arrive in a fortnight; we shall then run through the Crimea to Odessa, and by Kamirici and Lemberg, to Vienna, where we shall arrive by the first of June. The detour of the Crimea we are induced to take as a sort of substitute for Greece and Italy; and in this country travelling is so rapid that a small increase of distance would not induce or even justify us in relinquishing one of the most beautiful and interesting countries in the world, and where we need apprehend neither plague, nor French, nor banditti. There is likewise this advantage in our getting to Vienna a month later, that we allow full time for the Austrian territories to get tranquillized, and shall be at Odessa in the best possible situation for getting advice and intelligence. Compare this with our immediate return through the sands of Poland and Brandenburg, and I am sure you will not wonder at our choice, especially as we shall be in England, at the latest, by the beginning of October, having completed the tour of the northern and midland parts of Europe. By your last letter I fear

CHAP. VI. 1806.

that some of my own have miscarried, a circumstance which often happens in the posts of this country. Direct to me at Vienna as at Stockholm, *poste restante*, and put no politics in the letter.

"Poor Pitt! We have just received the news of his death, which has caused great sorrow to the English and the friends of England, who are here very numerous, especially among the old ministers of Catherine, the Orlofs, the Ostermans, &c. At Count Osterman's house we are intimate, and dine there once or twice in a week; he is a very fine interesting old man. Count Alexis Orlof we have also been presented to, and have been at his ball; but unfortunately he does not speak French, and we are too weak in Italian and German to venture on conversation. As an object to look at he is one of the most interesting and venerable I ever saw; immensely tall, but a good deal bent by age, with a striking countenance, and long grey hair hanging about his face and shoulders. His daughter, a pleasing but not beautiful girl of about eighteen, who sings, plays, dances, rides, hunts, speaks French, English, and German, all to perfection, is, for these accomplishments, as well as for the additional one of being heiress to about 400,000 rubles a year, the 'cynosure of Russian eyes.' Her father, like the other Russian nobles, keeps a most immense establishment, having a family of about five hundred persons, and at least two or three hundred horses. Indeed, the eastern retinues and luxuries which one meets with here are almost beyond belief. There are few English countesses have so many pearls in their possession as I have seen in the streets in the cap of a merchant's wife. At a ball in the ancient costume which was given by M. Nelidensky (secretary of state to the late empress, whose family we have found the most agreeable in Moscow), the ladies all wore caps entirely of pearls, and the blaze of diamonds on their *saraphans*, (the ancient Russian tunic) would have outshone, I think, St. James's. The pearl bonnet is not a becoming dress, as it makes its wearer look very pale, a fault which some ladies had been evidently endeavouring to obviate. In general, however, this is not a very prevailing practice in Moscow, in which respect, as well as in every

other, its ladies have an infinite advantage over those of Petersburg. The jewels are brought here, for the most part, by Armenian merchants, or Tartars from Samarcand and Bocchara, who have from the earliest ages been the carriers of the east. They bring into Russia shawls, heron's plumes, attar of roses, jewels, and other Indian and Cashmerian productions, which bring them an immense profit. Their wanderings, which extend from Poland to Ava and Mysore, often last several years, and must be wonderfully interesting to any hardy European who might venture to accompany them. Some of the Armenians are very wealthy; one of them, named Lazarof, gave during our stay in Moscow a magnificent *fête*, to which we procured an invitation, and met almost all the great people in the place. The master of the house had assumed the European dress, but his servants and dependants retained their own, which is very graceful. Next to the Georgians they are the handsomest people I have ever seen.

The young men in Moscow are not generally well-informed, though all speak two or three languages with fluency. Nothing can exceed their ignorance of foreign nations, or their eagerness after foreign fashions. Of the English they have very little idea. I was once asked if it were not true that we hanged our prisoners of war; and once if the women in England were not slaves, and sold with a halter about their necks. There are, however, many striking exceptions, and we have met with several persons who are thoroughly well-mannered and well-informed, and who would be considered ornaments in any society in the world. The dissipation of Russia I had heard much of, but in this, as in every thing else, I have found the national character more amiable and innocent than it had been represented to me. Cards are very much the habit of the place, and they game very high, but have too good manners to ask you to play twice; and I have never touched a card except to draw a caricature upon it. The younger people, in fact, here, as elsewhere, are never expected to play, excepting in the lower circles, where we have had no connexion. On the whole, if it were not for the prospects before me, I should look upon what I am leaving

CHAP. VI. 1806.

with regret, as I always shall with esteem, as the seat of much real hospitality, good humour, and good manners. Every thing, however, increases my wish to be in England.

" Yours affectionately,

" REGINALD HEBER.

" Alas for Pitt!—neither balls nor belles can drive him out of my head!"

To Mrs. Heber.

Charkof, March 26, 1806.

" I am now writing in the capital of the Ukraine, where we are enjoying a day's rest, in a comfortable house, after a tedious and rather fatiguing journey from Moscow. We terminated our two months' residence there on the 13th. The preceding Monday had been originally fixed for our departure; but a severe cold, which threatened at first something more serious, obliged Thornton to take a day or two's nursing. We set out in a Polish britchka, an excellent travelling carriage, resembling a barouche, but of very simple construction, having springs only behind, while the fore-part plays on an iron pivot. Its simplicity renders it easy to repair in case of accident, and its length enables one to lie down almost as comfortably as in bed; no small advantage in a country where there is very often no other bed to be found. Thornton's servant followed in a kibitka; both were on sledges, with their wheels ready to be put on, as we hoped soon to get out of the 'land of mist and snow.' As we mounted the range of woody hills which look down on Moscow, with its white walls, and its fifteen hundred spires, we stopped our horses, and took a last and affectionate farewell. It is indeed here only, since my quitting England, that I have felt the tax which we birds of passage are said to pay, and experienced the reality of those regrets which it is so civil to counterfeit, and so uncommon to feel. At quitting Petersburg I had no such sensation; those few of my acquaintance whom I cared for I have a good chance of meeting again in England. But in

leaving Moscow the case is widely different; and it is almost a painful pleasure to run over in my memory the little circle of friends I have relinquished at once and for ever. It is but a sorry comfort that the regrets of a traveller are as short-lived as his pleasures; and that a little change of scene, and a little nearer prospect of home, will make me forget my Moscovite friends, as, in a short time, they will forget me. So, however, it is: and till I can persuade Moscow and Birmingham to change places, I fear we can find no remedy.

"Of former English travellers Tweddell seemed to have made the greatest impression; an impression augmented, no doubt, by his melancholy and romantic death. The society in Moscow, as I mentioned in a former letter, is by no means literary, though we have found exceptions to the general character in Count Alexis Moussin Pouschkin, the only Russian antiquary known to exist; in Prince Dashkof, the pupil of Robertson at Edinburgh, and some few others. With M. Karamsin, whose travels in Europe are reviewed in the 'Edinburgh[1],' we lived a good deal: he has married a remarkably fine woman, the daughter of Prince Andrew Wiasemsky, to whom we had letters of introduction, and whose hospitality and conversation made us pretty constant visitors at his house, though we seldom agreed in politics, and Thornton used to have discussions with him of an hour long. M. Karamsin is historiographer to the emperor, and is now employed on a history of Russia. He is a quiet gentleman like man of about forty-five or fifty; and told me, shaking his head, that he was very young when he wrote his travels. I afterwards found that a rival author, for M. Karamsin has also his rivals, has translated into Russ the Scottish critique on his travels, and circulated it through Moscow with great solicitude. Such is the wide-spread celebrity of an Edinburgh reviewer. I am not sure whether in my last letter I mentioned the Princess Dashkof, the friend and fellow-conspirator of Catherine the Second. We often visited her, and found her conversation, when she was disen-

[1] Edinburgh Review, Jan. 1804.

CHAP. VI. 1806.

gaged from faro, very lively and interesting. She, of course, has lost her ancient beauty, but still retains her eccentricities; her usual dress is a man's great-coat and night-cap, with a star. We received both from her and her son many civilities; she speaks admirable English, and he, from his education, still better. For our introduction to this family we were obliged to Prince Bariatinsky, whose acquaintance I made at Petersburg through Mr. Coxe, who knows my brother, and who is a very friendly good-natured man. To no one, however, at Moscow, I may add in Russia, are we so much obliged as to General Beklechef, military governor of Moscow, whose attention to us extended to every the minutest circumstance, which could add to our comfort or amusement, in Moscow or elsewhere. While in Moscow, he regularly procured us tickets for every ball, and gave us orders to see the prisons, public offices, and every thing else which could contribute to our amusement or instruction. When we proposed leaving the place, he furnished us, unasked, with recommendations to all the government towns through which we were to pass; and to save us the usual three weeks' delay in obtaining passports, he offered himself as guarantee for our debts, &c., which, however, as a month must necessarily elapse before our leaving Russia, turned out to be needless. You will find in a box of different prints which Mr. Bayley is going to send for me to England, a good likeness of this worthy old man, which pray receive with respect, as the portrait of the kindest friend we have met with out of England.

"My letter has hitherto been somewhat like a college commemoration of benefactors; proceed we now to our journey. It would be tedious to run through the many adventures and misadventures (none however serious) which we have met with in so long a tour, about nine hundred miles. Our progress in the northern part was impeded by deep snow, and in the southern by deep mud and overflowing rivers. Our way lay through Tula (the Birmingham of Russia,) Orel, and Kourisk, the two last very fertile provinces, where the snow was already melted, and the black rich mould almost prepared for the plough. In this province, the

plough is already at work. On the whole I have been much struck with the fertility and population of the country, the number of large towns, and the profusion of Churches. Yet, on making more rigid enquiries, we seldom found the number of people so great as we at first supposed, and which, indeed, in some instances, would almost have kept a Chinese statist in countenance. The country, though tolerably variegated with hill and dale, is never beautiful, being so absolutely bare of trees or brush-wood, that the people burn dung for fuel. Our present abode, Charkof, is ill off, as well as all the Ukraine, for water. A university on a very splendid scale has just been established here, and stocked with French and German professors, from whom, as well as from the governor, M. Backtyn, we have received a hospitality of which Oxford itself need not have been ashamed. The people of the Ukraine and of all Little Russia differ extremely, both in dress and manner, from the inhabitants of Russia proper. They rebelled from the Poles in the reign of Alexis (father of Peter the Great,) and again from the Russians under their famous chief Maseppa, who joined Charles of Sweden. They, as well as the Cossaks, who are of the same race, wear a dress between Polish and Tartar, and speak with great contempt of their Russian neighbours.

Taganrog, April 1*st*, 1806.

"My letter, which was begun in the Ukraine, is now finished on the shore of the sea of Asoph, where we are just arrived after a very pleasant journey from Charkof, through the territory of the Cossaks, enjoying a most delightful climate, and very tolerable roads. The country itself reminded me much of Craven, except that it is quite unenclosed, and still more bare of wood. It is almost entirely limestone hills, covered with verdure, and with numerous herds, but very thinly peopled. Its inhabitants are exactly the race I had expected to find them; boastful, high-spirited, proud, and jealous of their ancient customs and privileges; and at the same time as gay, idle, and, apparently, as profligate, as could be expected from a little commonwealth of soldiers. They

CHAP. VI. 1806.

are a very handsome race; and their dress, which is nearly the same as the Persian or Armenian, is warlike and becoming. We have, however, not yet seen them in their capital, Tcherkask, (Tcherkass, or Circassian, being the name they always give themselves,) but we hope to be there next week, after having spent a few days here to rest ourselves, and to get comfortably to bed, which is almost a novelty to us, never having had our clothes off since we left Moscow, except for two nights at Charkof. Taganrog is an inconsiderable sea-port on the sea of Asoph, which is, indeed, little more than a lake. We are now fast approaching classical ground: before us are the Palus Meotis, and the Bosphorus: on our right hand the Taurica Chersonesus; and on our left the Tanais, Colchis, and Iberia, the modern Georgia and Circassia. It is to this quarter we are turning our steps, intending, however, to stop on the safe side of the Kuban and Mount Caucasus, and to enter the Crimea by the straits of Taman, (the Bosphorus). Whatever information I may pick up respecting Prometheus, Io, the Arimaspians, or the Amazons, shall be contained in my next letter, which will be from Phanagoria, or Theodosia, where we shall arrive, I hope, in less than three weeks. The only real antiquity I have yet seen, is the multitude of tumuli on the steppes between Baenouth and this place. Each is ornamented with one, or sometimes two, statues, of rude workmanship, and of antiquity which neither history nor even fable has attempted to reach. They are, perhaps, those tombs, for which alone the Scythians told Darius they thought it worth their while to contend.

"We have seen many eagles and thousands of wild ducks, but have had very bad success in shooting. For the rest, we are both in excellent health, and exult in our escape from the snows of the north to this delightful climate. We are, however, cautioned to beware of relying on it too implicitly, and still continue the safeguard of great coats and furs, which are always useful after sun-set.

"I ought to be ashamed of sending you so slovenly a sketch of a very interesting and little known country; but within the

bounds of a letter accuracy of detail is, of course, impossible. For every thing that is worthy of remark, I must refer you to my notes, which I have continued to keep with tolerable care, and which may help me in many a winter evening's discussion. Highly as we have been favoured in our means of acquiring knowledge, it would have been very foolish indeed not to have taken advantage of the opportunities afforded us. In a letter, however, I can say little more than that I am safe and likely to continue so; well, and likely to continue so; mindful of my friends, and, I am very sure, quite certain to continue so. The spring is already far advanced, and the rivers which, a little way northward, were continual causes of delay, are here all subsided into their usual channel. The leaves are, however, not quite out, and I begin to suspect that the earliness of a Crimean spring is a little exaggerated.

"This journey and gradual change of air has, I think, completely restored Thornton's health, about which I felt not quite easy at Moscow. I, for my part, wanted no restoration; but the breezes of the steppe are certainly more salubrious than the sighs and whispers of a ball-room; and my companion assures me he is not the only person who has gained in good looks since our journey began. Our exercise has, indeed, been constant rather than violent, and our habits, from necessity, very temperate. These two specifics will be, I hope, sufficient to preserve us in health; but one of the last presents which we received in Moscow was a well-stocked medicine-chest. We have also letters for the famous physician Dr. Pallas, to say nothing of, at least, a hundred cautions and recipes from the Countess Pouschkin and Princess Dashkof; in particular, not to overheat ourselves, not to wet our feet, and never to go thinly clad. You see good advice and good old ladies may be met with in every part of the world.

"Believe me, my dear mother,

"Yours most affectionately,

"REGINALD HEBER."

CHAP. VI. 1806.

JOURNEY FROM MOSCOW TO TAGANROG.

"*March 13th*, 1806.—Left Moscow. In the interval between winter and spring a traveller must expect to meet with considerable difficulties, whether he goes on wheels or sledges. We had very many different counsels given us, and I am inclined to think the method Thornton took with his britchka was, after all, much the best. A sledge was put under the fore axletree, which raised the fore-wheels seven or eight inches from the ground; the hind wheels ran as usual The roads were very bad indeed. We left Moscow in company with Stackhouse and Baker, which unluckily exposed us to considerable inconvenience in getting horses. The post-masters showed likewise a strong inclination to impose on strangers. The delays we met with from these circumstances were great, the post-master extorting double at the first stage; and at the second, where we did not arrive till night, the man's demands were so exorbitant, that we got quietly into the britchka, and went to sleep, intending to wait the nine hours, after which we could legally oblige him to produce horses. He, however, came down in his demands, and we proceeded to the next station, where Thornton was again obliged to bribe high to get horses to Serponchof. A violent storm of wind and snow, which had continued increasing all the night, drove so terribly in our drivers' faces, and had so drifted up the road, that it was impossible to find it. The sankies generally, from their vast numbers, beat and mark a road very soon; but it was too early, and the storm too violent even for them. We lost our way, and continued about six hours in a snow-drift; at length we got shelter in a miserable cottage, and when the horses had rested, proceeded to Serpouchof, where we lodged in a little villa belonging to the Princess Dashkof. The plan of this villa was very convenient; the best rooms had divans covered with thick and soft mats, made of a kind of sweet-smelling grass, which served as very comfortable beds; the other rooms were partially carpeted in the same manner, in which the servants slept.

"Serpouchof is a department town, having a 'granitza,' or mayor, whose limit of authority is bounded by some white posts, about a quarter of a mile from town. There is a ruined fortress on a small eminence on the river Oka, or, as it is pronounced, Acca; this river is not very considerable here; at Orel it is much more so. After a very winding course it receives the Mosqua, and afterwards falls into the Volga at Nishné Novogorod, which, from that reason, being the centre of the water-communication of the empire, is sometimes called the natural metropolis of Russia. Its situation is described to us as very magnificent and convenient.

"To return to Serpouchof; its situation is pleasant, near a fine grove of fir and oak, and there are many good houses in the town. A manufactory of sail-cloth, raven-duck, &c. is carried on in it. We saw their manner of bleaching the flax, but for want of an intelligent interpreter, could not understand much of it. In winter, when they cannot bleach on the grass, they first boil the flax, and afterwards put it into cauldrons with layers of charcoal alternately, to steep; this process, however, bleaches it very ineffectually. The fine linen used in Russia is bleached on the grass, and is quite white; but all the linen exported is only half bleached. The best spun yarn costs twenty rubles per pood, and the worst thirteen. The workmen in this manufactory were worse dressed and looked more unhealthy than those at Yaroslav.

"*March 14th.*—Left Serpouchof for Tula. The horses which drew our britchka being quite knocked up, refused to move, and the drivers immediately laid the blame on us, saying that we had 'evil eyes.' On our way we met a gentleman in a kibitka, drawn by three horses, one before the other, with the postilion on the middle horse. This is the usual manner of harnessing them in cross-country roads, where the track is narrow. Russian servants on a journey endure great hardships, being exposed to a cold of which an Englishman can scarcely form an idea; and travelling night and day for, sometimes, eight or ten days together, on the outside of a kibitka, or in an open sanky. The country on this side of Serpouchof is bare of trees, and all arable. The peasants

CHAP. VI. 1806.

are much poorer than in the north, which is owing, in some measure, to the dearness of fuel; yet they all wear the *labkas* (shoes of linden bark.) Their houses are miserably small, consisting merely of a small ante-chamber, where they sometimes keep their cattle, and another room, where they live. The stove, which is without a chimney, occupies about a third part of one side of the room; and the remainder of that side is fitted up with something like a Turkish divan, covered with straw, on which all the people sleep who are not lucky enough to get on the stove. The fire is made of wood, turf, or dung, and there is a hole in the roof of the house by which, for some minutes, they allow the grosser smoke to escape; they then close it, and the whole room becomes one stove. The houses are all thatched, instead of being covered with shingles, and the walls are generally made of wood instead of mud, notwithstanding its dearness; the people rather choose to diminish the size of their cottages, than to adopt a different material for building them. They are dirtier than the inhabitants of Yaroslav, and are much worse fed.

"Zavodi, our next post, so named for its mineral waters, is a neat village with a very decent post-house—decent at least in comparison with what we have generally seen. The next day, March 15th, we arrived at Tula, capital of the province of the same name, famous for its iron works and for being a very ancient foundation. The original town is now only marked out by its walls which are entire, but merely contain the Cathedral Church and a few government buildings; its circuit is so small that I should doubt its ever having been any thing more than a fortress or convent, though the people call it 'Gorod.' The new town is of great extent and considerable population, containing about 25,000 inhabitants; the streets are for the most part very wide and generally built at right angles to each other; on the ascent of the hill which is behind the town, is an extensive square with two very large buildings apparently belonging to government; near it on the left hand, but rather higher up, is a singular Church with white columns, of two stories high, which is, indeed, no uncommon circumstance in Russia, the

ground-floor, which is much lower than the other, being warmed with stoves and used in winter. A small river runs through the town; the barriers are adorned with ridiculous triumphal arches of painted deal, and the ornaments on the gate of the arsenal are of the same material. The iron used in the arsenal is partly taken from some mines belonging to M. Dimidof, situated between this place and Kaluga, and partly brought all the way by the sledge-road from Siberia. What is used in the government fabric is chiefly of the latter kind; the number of persons who labour in the government works are about 3,500, and those who are employed in private fabrics are about 3000. The guns made here look very neat, but the springs, locks, &c. are all bad, and the guns very apt to burst when they are discharged. It is a common trick with the workmen to put 'London' on their works, sometimes even in Russ characters; a most clumsy attempt at imposition. A tolerable musket may be bought for two or three guineas English. One of the overseers of the government fabric, a M. Leontief, is himself a very good workman, and was formerly an apprentice of Nock. In these latter works they usually make 1,200 musquets a week; and in case of need can supply a regiment, which may demand about 1,600. In the arsenal are many old guns of various patterns and weight, according to the whims of Potemkin, Paul, Peter the IId. &c. &c. The present emperor has, since the affair of Austerlitz, sent down a new model; the musquet, without the bayonet, weighing only 10½ pounds English. The wood used in making them is supplied by some considerable woods in a low swampy tract of country which bounds the province to the south; they are under the direction of a set of government rangers, with the principal of whom we dined.

"We found very bad inns in Tula, though we understood that this was only owing to our having taken the recommendation of the peasants who drove us; we were unfortunate in the absence of several of those persons to whom we had letters of introduction, as we were thereby deprived of many pieces of information respecting the fabric, such as the expence and time of carriage, the

CHAP. VI. 1806.

quality of the iron in the neighbouring mines, which indeed we understood was inferior to that of Siberia, and the reasons which induced government to carry their raw material such a distance to a country neither abounding in wood nor convenient water-carriage, instead of working it on the spot. Much of the private trade of Tula is in toys and smaller hardware; minute steel chains and steel snuff-boxes are the principal articles manufactured. There are also some dealers in hogs' bristles, one of whom Thornton visited; he saw in his yard a pig of the bristle-bearing breed, which, however, differed but little from any other Russian pig, and a very bad breed it is. Thornton could get little information to be depended on about the bristles; the man said that none were got without killing the hog; one hog seldom afforded more than a pound of bristles, which were cleaned by combing, and then laid out on boards to dry in the sun.

"*March* 18*th*. Left Tula; the first stage presents a very fine wood, and a valley much resembling English park scenery, which is a sight of rare occurrence here. As we advanced, we found a very great improvement in the manners of the people, and in the facility of procuring horses; this last may, possibly, be owing to there being fewer travellers. The snow gradually began to melt; we met kibitkas on wheels, and saw winter wheat. The country people had many of them instead of the fur cap, the summer dress, a broad brimmed hat. On the 19th we passed through a great dirty town with eight Churches, called Mëenski; it stands on a small river which falls into the Oka; we breakfasted there, but could hear of no manufactures nor any thing worth seeing. The same evening we arrived at Orel, a government town of considerable size and importance, with a good inn, at least for Russia, kept by an Italian; Italians and Germans are scattered all over Russia. Orel is in a very noble situation on the banks of the Oka, which is crossed here by a wooden bridge; bridges of better materials are very uncommon, and would, indeed, be annually exposed to destruction from the ice and floods. The government buildings are extensive, consisting of a long range of barracks and gra-

naries; much of the grain for the use of the army is collected here, the whole of the province being arable. The province is populous, containing above a million of inhabitants. The barracks are destined for the regiment of the cuirassiers of St. George, which is raised and generally quartered in the neighbourhood. There is a civil but no military governor; he complained greatly of the want of society, and said that there were very few gentlemen's families in the neighbourhood, and even these seldom came to Orel. No manufactures of any consequence are carried on in the town; its chief trade is in flour. As we entered, the drivers had some bargaining with a gentleman who wished to purchase one of their horses, for which they refused thirty rubles; it was a poney which might, in England, have fetched eight or ten pounds. Our stay in Orel was short, for there seemed little to be learnt, and the governor was very uncommunicative. In the market we saw a vast quantity of lime bark.

"*March 20th.*—We here left our sledges, a step somewhat premature, as we found the clay we had to go over retained the snow longer than the sandy soil to the northward. We travelled all night, and at seven in the morning of the 21st were set fast for about two hours in a deep hole, whence we were dragged by the assistance of a dozen horses, which we borrowed from some sankies that happened to be passing. We were induced to leave our sledges at Orel by the example of some Polish travellers who had come from Kief on wheels.

"*March 22d.*—We arrived at Koursk about nine o'clock, A.M. and got into a very decent house kept by a Russ, who had married a German wife. Soon after our arrival, a physician named Klugelmacker, brother-in-law to our host, called on us and said that we had no time to lose in crossing the little river near the town, as, in a few hours it would be out of our power to do so, from the quantity of ice which the heavy floods were bringing down. We received a very obliging message from the governor to the same purport, accompanied with a padorashna as far as Taganrog, and a letter to the mayor of Bielgorod. We dined at the ordinary, and

CHAP. VI. 1806.

endeavoured to learn something about the town; it has no manufactures; cattle and corn are the products of the country and their only articles of commerce; both are very plentiful and cheap. There dined at the ordinary the host, the German hostess, and four other persons, two of whom spoke German and one a little French; we had some Rhenish wine, with the name of which they were unacquainted. We had no time to deliver our letters of introduction here,—but leaving the town after dinner, we made a detour to avoid the ruinous bridge, and crossed the stream on a temporary one higher up. Dr. Halliday was a long time physician at Koursk.

"We breakfasted on Sunday the 23rd at a very neat village belonging to the Archduke Constantine.

"*March 24th.*—We passed through Bielgorod, a large town with many Churches. Within one stage of Charkof, finding no horses, we made a bargain with a man, who was travelling with two fine horses and a little poney, to draw us there, a distance of about twenty-four versts, though, as we found too late, he had already come thirty-six versts without baiting: he was drunk, and we lost our way, and passed the night in a farm-yard, after being drawn by oxen out of a bog.

"Charkof is the capital of the government of Sloboda Ukranien. The word Ukraine signifies frontier. This is a different province from the Polish Ukraine, which comprehended the countries between Poland, Russia, Turkey, and Hungary. As this formed the frontier between Russia and the Turkish dominions, the inhabitants, as well as those of Little Russia, all anciently belonged to Poland, from whom they revolted in the reign of Alexis; they possessed many privileges, having their own Hetman, and enjoying an exemption from the power of the nobility, and many other of the privileges of the Cossaks. Those of the Sloboda Ukranien were *bona fide* Cossaks, till Catherine took away all their privileges; they are now *bona fide* Russians, but still preserve their language and their dress, and are very proud of their nation. We were struck by the frequency of swearing in all Little and New Russia; it is infinitely more common than in the

northern parts; the people are said to be great drunkards, but are, on the whole, a more cleanly and industrious race than the people of the north. Their houses are no longer built of timber, which is here very scarce indeed, but of clay whitewashed, and much more decent in appearance than we had expected.

"Notwithstanding the quantity of cattle, milk is rarely to be met with, and they make neither butter nor cheese; the milk is entirely employed for their calves, feeding cattle being their chief husbandry. The little milk we could get was always considered as so much stolen from the calf, who continued sucking on one side of the cow, while the woman was milking at the other, and after some time they changed sides, to which method the calf seemed quite accustomed. We were assured that the cattle from hence were sometimes driven even into Germany. The crown has large property here, as well as in the neighbouring parts. The houses in all Little and New Russia are good, and the condition of the people, except in the article of fuel, is easy; their soil is apparently the same calcareous loam which prevails throughout the empire, to the south of Ancient Russia, and water is every where scarce and bad. In finery and dress these Cossaks far surpass the Russians, especially the women. We once saw in a cottage an old woman who was covered with gaudy ornaments; she had on a silk gown embroidered with gold, a short silk petticoat; and an 'imperial' hung round her neck; she looked at our spoons, and said that she herself had twelve such, as well as some knives and forks, a tea-kettle, and a pretty daughter, who was to inherit all this wealth. Peacocks are kept as common poultry in the Russian cottages of the south.

Chrakof is itself a large and dirty town, in rather a fine situation; it has a very handsome building for the offices of government and the courts of justice, and another where Catherine lodged during her short stay, which was erected on purpose. It has been since used as the governor's house, and is now the university. This university was founded about three years ago by the present emperor, and is a noble public work. It has a chancellor,

CHAP. VI. 1806.

the Count Potolski; a rector, who resides constantly; and will, when complete, have twenty-eight professors, and twelve lecturers who have not the rank of professors. They are all paid very liberally by government, independent of what they receive from their pupils, which is, indeed, not much. M. Du Ballu, a Frenchman, the Greek professor, told me his income was a clear four thousand rubles a year. M. Du Ballu was quite an original, and, indeed, as might be expected from a new society, it was a complete paradise of schemes, every one having some new system of instruction to propose. Mm. Urnlauf, alone, a very sensible Prussian who spoke English perfectly, and who was professor of humanity and of German literature, declared himself against all schemes, and stood up for the old plans. We attended a lecture of M. Ballu's, on French tragedy, and another of M. Stoicovitz's, the philosophical professor on electricity; the instruments he used were all English. M. Stoicovitz is a Slavonian by birth; he finds the Russian so similar to his own language, that he has acquired it with very little difficulty. We met also the mathematical professor, a Russ, who knew nothing of Euclid; he said he possessed all Newton's works in one quarto volume, an edition of which we had never heard. The governor, Baktyn, is himself rather a literary man, and very attentive to the university; he was formerly procurator at Tobolsk, when Bootle was there, and was very intimate with Bentham. From him I picked up some particulars about Siberia. There is a sudden change of appearance in the country as soon as you have crossed the Ural mountains; on one side are oaks and firs; on the other neither oak nor fir is seen; their place is supplied by a species of cedar. The country is very fertile, and much resembles North America; its population is scanty, but the people cleanly, industrious, and thriving. There are very few estates belonging to the nobility; all the peasants are owned by the crown.

"To return to Charkof and its university. Every professor has the rank of colonel or major, according to his age; every lecturer the rank of captain; and every student that of ensign. The num-

ber of students are not above eighty, sixty of whom are the sons of priests. They are obliged to attend lectures regularly, are examined four times a year, and at length such of them as are deserving are provided for either in the Church, the civil or military departments. Their dress of ceremony is a green uniform with a sword; that of the professors is embroidered. There is a small but increasing library, and the whole establishment does great credit to its founder and to those who manage his bounty. The professors complained of the situation of the university as being quite too remote, and wished much for a translation to Kief. They had had some letters from different universities in Germany of which they were very proud; their hospitality and urbanity to strangers was worthy of All Souls or of Trinity. The manners of the place, of the loungers at the German traiteurs, &c. had all, even already, acquired something of an academical air, and we heard every mouth full of the rising university. The music-master told us that the people of Little Russia had a remarkable ear for music, and that most of the noblemen's bands came from that province; he had himself a peasant as his pupil, who certainly did him great credit; he also taught on an entire new system.

" In Charkof we found every thing reasonable, and the postilions were ready to throw their caps into the air for much less money than would have even contented them in the neighbourhood of Moscow. The wages of a man are not above fifteen or twenty copeks a day; neither this nor any of the towns in Little Russia are paved; in fact they have no materials for paving in the province. Charkof stands on a small river which is fordable in summer; but the very heavy rains of the spring and autumn swell it to a considerable height, and, with the melting of the snow, have left many deep chasms in the hill on which the town is built; the water is very bad. The soil on the southern side is sandy, and there is a considerable wood of firs.

We left Charkof on the 27th, and were obliged to make a considerable detour on the Pultova road to Merkof in order to avoid inundations, and had then great difficulty in persuading the men to

CHAP. VI. 1806.

give us peasants' horses to take us across the country to Smiof, where we rejoined the Bakmuth road. The roads were execrable, and we did not arrive there till four the next morning. We found a very clean post-house, kept by one of the most beautiful women I have seen in Russia; her husband was also a fine looking stout fellow. We were obliged to wait here some time for horses, during which, having a letter from governor Backtyn, we went to the granitza of the place, and procured from him an order for peasants' horses in the next village, which we afterwards found of great use. In the course of this stage we crossed the Donetz; its waters had already somewhat subsided, but still covered an expanse of about an English mile. The valley thus inundated was bounded by woody hills, and the scenery was very pleasing. The ferry-boats used in Russia are two or more canoes, each of a single tree, lashed together with spars, at six, eight, or ten feet distant, with a platform laid upon them sufficiently large to contain one or two carriages with their horses; the form of their canoes exactly resembles those of the Friendly Islands as described by Cook. At Izume we crossed the Donetz a second time; the boatmen here showed great unwillingness to take us over because we travelled with post-horses, which they are obliged by law to pass at a much lower rate than what they extort from the peasants. Some fifty or a hundred peasants were assembled on the beach waiting for the boat; we were among them above two hours, and had an opportunity of again observing the good-nature of the Russian character, as, notwithstanding the crowd and confusion, not a single quarrel took place. They showed great symptoms of being unused to strangers, mimicked our words and tones, and seemed much diverted at our talking a different language. This was the only time we had seen any marks of insolence in a Russian towards a foreigner. We had here again a letter for the granitza, and were obliged to have recourse to his authority to procure ourselves a passage. The stream was very much discoloured, rapid and violent; it was passed in the usual way by means of a great cable.

"Immediately above Izume, before passing a ruined barrier

of a very singular form, we ascended some high chalky downs, much resembling the downs of Surry. They continued for about twelve miles, during which space we witnessed many terrible ravages of torrents, from the melting of the snow; into one of the chasms made by their force our carriage was very near slipping. We passed the night at a village where was a fair of cattle; I unfortunately forget the price of a pair of oxen, but it struck me as not so cheap as might be expected.

"The 29th of March we reached Baemuth, the ancient frontier of Malo Russia, and the Crimean Khans; it is the first town in Novo Russia, a miserable place, with notoriously bad water, and in an unhealthy situation. Here the steppes begin; the soil is all the same species of whitish calcareous clay. In the neighbourhood of Baemuth, and scattered all over the steppe, are vast numbers of an ancient species of monument, consisting of a small tumulus, on the top of which a male and female figure are generally rudely carved in lime-stone. We had heard them attributed to the Monguls, but I cannot find that the Calmuks know any thing about them; and they have, perhaps, a much higher antiquity. Human skeletons, the bones of horses and other animals, have been found in those which have been examined. There are still some small towns and villages in the steppe, and much of it is ploughed. We passed through three of these villages; they had willows planted about them, and had, at first, something the effect of English villages, from the mixture of enclosures, houses, &c.; but the charm was dissipated on a nearer approach; the habitations are all miserable, and dirty, and small. The inhabitants were mostly Malo Russian colonists; to appearance they were more wretched than the peasants of Muscovy, but all the information we could gain seemed to prove the contrary. Their masters, we were assured by the people at Taganrog, were much more merciful than the Russians, and this was confirmed by Thornton's servant, who had spent many years of his life in this part of the country. Labour is very dear, and for what little corn they grow they find a ready vent. We asked them over and over again what they

CHAP. VI. 1806.

received for a day's work at Taganrog, but could get no satisfactory account; sometimes their masters received it, sometimes they themselves; sometimes it was a ruble, sometimes a few copeks. Almost all the land is in the possession of government.

"Ivanovna, where we arrived on the morning of the 30th, is one of the principal villages. There was a fair here of felt, cattle, linen, gauze, &c. We observed that many of the inhabitants were Jews. These people are common in Muscovy, but in Malo Russia are numerous, though not so much so as in Poland. At Charkof almost all the inns and kabaks are kept by Jews; they all speak German.

"At the distance of about ninety versts to the left of Ivanovna, is the foundery of Lugan, conducted by Sir Charles Gascoigne, who has a house there, where he frequently passes his summers. We were prevented from seeing this foundery, and therefore were obliged to content ourselves with the scanty information we could pick up. No iron is produced on the spot, but, as at Tula, all is brought from Siberia. There is a mine of coal near it resembling that of Scotland. Pallas, in his account of the Crimea, maintains that it is unable to bear the action of bellows, and is, consequently, useless in the forge. Baron Camperhausen assured us, however, that this difficulty had been surmounted by a more diligent examination of the mine. Indeed, charcoal or wood must be immensely dear, so that no fabric could exist without the aid of pit-coal. This fabric is employed by government in forging arms, cannon, &c. for the Crimea, Black Sea, Caspian Sea, and Siberia, for all which places it is conveniently situated. Old honey-combed guns are broken into small fragments at Sebastopol, and sent to Taganrog by sea; from whence to Lugan, where they are cast, the carriage is short and easy. Many English are employed in this foundery.

"Several small bodies of Pagan Calmuks wander during the summer on all this steppe. After leaving Ivanovna there are few habitations to be seen, except the half-buried huts of the Cossaks who are stationed for the post. The last post-house before Tagan-

rog is like all the posts on the steppe, an excavation in the side of a bank; it adjoins a ferry on the river, which is the road to Marinopol. Our road branched off to the left up a pretty steep though not high hill, almost at the summit of which was a well, which our drivers extolled as being excellent water. This hope (a very flattering one to people who had been some days drinking puddle on the steppe) was not disappointed. The country was still bare of leaves, except a little appearance on the willows; the whole plain in a deep mire, and every thing dismal. We saw for the first time vast numbers of the suslik, a small animal which I believe belongs to the hamster, and consequently to the marmot class. Its external form more resembles the ferret, especially when they sit erect at their holes; they burrow deep in the ground, and the peasants complain bitterly of them as destructive to the corn. Their cry resembles a man whistling with a key at his mouth. The peasants all said the only way to catch them was by pouring water into their holes, which uniformly drove them out. They are, indeed, very difficult marks for a gun, and they take shelter in their burrows with great nimbleness. Once, however, I saw an instance of one being fascinated, to all appearance, by a man's eye, and remaining immovable, yet trembling, and whistling loud in great alarm, till the man was almost close to it; so close, that I thought it possible to set his foot on it. The Calmuks, we are told, are fond of their flesh, but the Cossaks spoke of it with aversion; the hamster is, however, sometimes eaten by the gipseys in Hungary. The multitude of these creatures, for the country is stocked like a rabbit-warren, draws together a great many eagles of but small size, and almost rivalled by the great buzzard, of which we saw numbers, and of both of which the suslik forms the principal food. In the track we pursued we saw none of these little animals, till we got into the government of Taganrog. This extends only about ten miles inland, and over the north coast of the Sea of Azoph; to the north and east it is bounded by the Don Cossaks; to the west the Nogays have still a nominal Khan, who has a fixed residence in a large village to the west of Marinopol. I was told by Camperhausen,

CHAP. VI. 1806.

that in 1805, an ordinance had passed, to make the Tartars bear arms, on the same footing as the Cossaks. I could never exactly ascertain the numbers of the Nogays; they cultivate a great deal of corn, as we were told by Mr. Dalmas, a French merchant at Taganrog, but I could not learn what became of it [1]. There is none exported from Taganrog; and Camperhausen and Dalmas, who had both been often through their country to Perekop, agreed that the Nogays themselves consumed but very little, and disliked bread as an article of food. They extend from Marinopol to near Perekop, along the coast of the sea of Zabascha. Their tents, of which I saw one or two, or at least the frames of them, differ from those of the Calmuks, as being more clumsy, and never taken to pieces, but are carried about on cars. This usage they seem to have borrowed from the primitive Scythian population. Their own kindred, the Calmuks, have much larger tents, and much better adapted to a country where wood is scarce; and being easily taken to pieces, are transported from spot to spot with greater facility on camels. The Nogays, in fact, train their camels to the yoke, for which they are ill qualified, and the practice of which is unknown, by what I could learn, among all the Mongul tribes in Asia. The Calmuk tent, too, is shaped externally like a European bell-tent without the long ropes, while that of the Nogay resembles a bee-hive; both are made nearly of the same materials, and I could not help fancying that the Nogays had the Mongul tent placed on the old Scythian kibitka. The Russians call the tent of the Calmuk and Nogay 'kibitka' alike, though to the last only the name is at all applicable. In other respects, the few Nogays whom I saw betrayed a great mixture with Tartar and, I thought, with European population; they are taller and finer men than the Calmuks. We heard much of their horsemanship, and of their eating raw flesh. The last I had never an opportunity of verifying; the first I saw something of near Perekop.

"The climate varies very greatly between the steppe and

[1] We afterwards saw, at Phanagoria, four vessels with corn from Marinopol.

Taganrog; in the latter place the spring we were told was ten days earlier; yet on our approach to the sea of Azoph we saw masses of ice still floating in it, some as big as a large dining table. The hill we had now ascended is part of a branch of rather high land which runs from the steppe, and terminates in the round bluff point of Taganrog, which was now lying before us and almost under us. The harbour as yet only presented a few unfortunate vessels which had been detained by the ice; they were all, at least all that were in sight, two-masted and European built. The sea, though we could plainly distinguish its termination to the south-east (a low indistinct line of coast on which Azoph stands) had still to us, who had been so long inland, a very magnificent appearance, and we could hardly help calling out, *θαλαττα, θαλαττα.*

" The down we were on was all grass; it sloped gradually to a plain almost on the level of the sea on our left hand; on the right it seemed extensive; no part appeared to be cultivated, and the whole surface was teeming with susliks. The situation of Taganrog or ' the cape of the tea-kettle,' so called from the form of the rock on which the fortress stands, struck us as rather imposing. It is a round bluff promontory of no great height, with a pentagonal fort now ruined, though it still retains a garrison of one company, on the garrison establishment, of a hundred and sixty men. It contains a Church, some miserable barracks, and a wooden hut which Baron Camperhausen turned into a club-room; there is also a room used for dancing, very ill furnished and with no ornament but a Turkish looking-glass, and a smaller place like a coach-office, where the Moniteur and some other French and German papers are taken in. Under the east side of the fort is a small mole now almost choked with mud; on the north-west is a high down where the inhabitants have their promenades on Sundays, and where is the lazaretto; on the north, and sloping down the east side of the hill, is the town, with tolerably broad streets built at right angles, two Russian and one Greek Church. Beyond this there extends a row of warehouses on the shore, and at a little distance further are two houses surrounded with a few

CHAP. VI. 1806.

Dutch elms and willows, the only trees in the neighbourhood; the warm snug side of the hill beyond is occupied with vineyards, chiefly the property of the Greeks, and with three considerable distilleries of brandy. The intense cold of the winters of 1802, 3, and 4, destroyed the vineyards entirely; some of them we were told were beginning to recover, but they were never very profitable. The houses among the willows were occupied, one by the governor, Baron Camperhausen, the other by Madame Cashparoff, an Armenian; from the gallery of this last house Pallas' view of Taganrog is taken.

"On entering the town we were struck by the multitude of well dressed persons in the Cossak habit, who appeared to be returning from market; we had before seen only the miserable wretches at the posts on the steppe. We drove to a Greek coffee-house which was so small and dirty that our stomachs revolted at it, and after much enquiry we got lodgings with the bailiff of the town, who had a large wooden house adjoining to his own, which he let annually to the Russian and Cossak traders who frequented the fair; this fair, as it may be properly called, is at its height about midsummer. From November to March the sea is frozen and navigation is seldom safe earlier than April; as soon as the ice is supposed to have past, a small vessel is sent from Taganrog to Kertch, and *vice versa;* after this signal the navigation commences. From April to midsummer a south-west wind prevails very steadily, which greatly increases the depth of water, and favours the arrival of vessels. About midsummer the water is generally deepest, when the sea is crowded with small vessels; the harbour admits but few. Vessels may then lie tolerably near the shore; at other times ships of two hundred tons are compelled to lie in the open sea fifteen versts (ten miles) from the shore. In autumn the sea of Azoph is often no more than fourteen feet at its greatest depth. From Taganrog to Azoph is a shoal, or continuation of shoals, with hardly seven feet water, and in some places only five. The number of vessels is generally from six to seven hundred. Of these, about one hundred and fifty or two hundred are small craft

from Trebizond and Sinope, which bring 'nardek,' a marmalade of grapes, and 'bekmiss,' a sirup made from various fruits by boiling them with honey. Raisins of the sun are also brought in great quantities; all these are used in the distilleries. Since the destruction of the vineyards by the late hard winters, the bekmiss has become more necessary. The spirit thus produced is sold all over the empire as French brandy. The Greeks of the Archipelago bring chiefly wine, of a very poor sort, which is also used in the distilleries. Of these Greeks about one-third carry the Russian flag; but as our friend Dalmas said, '*Mauvais Russe, mauvais Pavillon.*' They are of very bad character, and very poor. Any Greek who would purchase a house and land, became at once a Russian subject, and enjoyed their protection. The real Russian traders are very few; the European traders were Italian, Ragusan, Austrian, and Dalmatian, and in 1805 a few French, but under English colours, and with Maltese crews. These bring French wines, and German and English cloth, and carry back fish and iron; hemp and cloth too are brought from Koursk and Charkof, and from their neighbourhood. These heavy commodities are carried down on sledges in the winter, at which time also the greatest fishery is carried on. The Don and sea of Azoph are very abundant in fish, which are of the same kind as those of the Volga; sterlet is common here, and sometimes very large. At Petersburg it is considered a great rarity, and a soup made of it has been known to cost four or five hundred rubles. Potemkin, when in Moldavia, sent an aid-de-camp to a celebrated cook at Moscow to bring him a pot of his soup, which was sent sealed up with the cook's seal and name on the lid. The sterlet has its mouth placed like a flounder's. The sturgeon is also very common, as well as the large species here called 'bieluga,' or white fish, which is sometimes fourteen feet long. A large white fish, called 'sudak,' is the common food of the lower classes, and is the principal species exported. When the season for the fishing arrives, holes are made in the ice at small distances, and the net passed under from each of these to the next in succession by means of a pole, until a large tract is

CHAP. VI. 1806.

enclosed. Christmas is consequently as busy a time as midsummer, and a mild winter is ruinous. It is then that the Russ merchants bring their commodities, which are purchased by the factors resident at the place. This is, however, but a small part of the trade, in comparison with what it derives from the salt, fish, tallow, beef, &c. furnished from the Don, to which, as things at present stand, it is the port. The merchandize brought from Voronetz comes down to Rostof in barks which will not bear the sea, but are broken up there; their cargoes are again embarked in lighters, which convey them to Taganrog and to the ships in the Road. As the wind changes to the east, and the water grows shallower, they get farther and farther out to sea, and are often obliged to sail without having completed their cargo. This singular kind of monsoon takes place almost every year after midsummer; the governor said it seldom failed. Storms are not uncommon; and the navigation is considered as very unsafe, by reason of the numerous shoals and the want of shelter. Marinopol, Arabat, and some other coves are only deep enough for lighters.

" Taganrog was built by Peter the Great, who was, however, obliged to give it up to the Turks, as well as Azoph and all the territory as far as Rostof and Baemuth, by the peace signed at Pruth. Catherine, in the first Turkish war, repossessed herself of these places, as well as of the island and fortress of Taman; and Taganrog was again likely to flourish had not Potemkin thrown every obstacle in the way, in order to favour Cherson, his own creation. He refused it a quarantine; and when Catherine was at Cherson, and expressed a wish to visit Taganrog and the mouths of the Don, Potemkin opposed himself very warmly to her intention. Yet she often seems to have thought about this place, and mentions it in one of her letters to Voltaire. After Potemkin's disgrace, Catherine showed it many marks of favour, both as having been founded by Peter the Great, and as being then the only harbour within a moderate distance of the Don. At present the establishment of Caffa, and its becoming a free port, has made the question of the utility of Taganrog more than doubtful; the quarantine is now

indulged to it as far as relates to all goods not liable to infection ('contumace').

"All vessels are examined at Kertch before they enter the sea of Azoph; such as are loaded with woollen stuffs, which includes all coming from Europe, must perform quarantine either there or at Caffa; the rest, which are loaded entirely with fruit, wine, &c., are allowed to proceed direct to Taganrog, where they perform quarantine. It has been lately proposed to government, by the merchants of Caffa, to establish a lighterage direct from Rostof to Arabat, whence there is a short passage by land to Caffa. This course, they say, was that taken by the Genoese and Greeks with the ancient Russians, whose wicker boats came to Arabat without fear or danger. They support their cause by arguments drawn from the shallowness of the sea of Azoph, the difficulties of the strait of Janicale, &c.; and add that if vessels are allowed to go to Taganrog without a previous quarantine, the facilities of communicating with the land must not only give great room for contraband trade, which in other respects would be injurious, and in so narrow a sea impossible to prevent, but might even introduce the plague into the heart of Russia. They were, therefore, strongly against a quarantine at Taganrog, as being dangerous and expensive; urging also that the lighters which now carried the goods from Rostof to Taganrog, would equally well carry them the whole distance to Arabat, which would be a great nursery for seamen. This plan would almost entirely destroy the trade of Taganrog, as during the time that vessels are lying in quarantine, they unload their goods in warehouses appointed for that purpose, and much less time is, therefore, lost, than if they were obliged to perform the quarantine at any but their final destination. The inhabitants have endeavoured to parry this attack, which, if it had succeeded, must have sunk Taganrog into a port of cabotage, merely exporting hemp and corn to Arabat, and importing iron from Lugan, by urging that the circumstances of the Greek merchants on the one hand, and of the Cossak and Russian traders on the other, their small capitals and want of mutual confidence, will not admit of the

CHAP. VI. 1806.

intermediate race of factors and correspondents required by the Arabat scheme; and that all the business of Taganrog is transacted *viva voce*, and without the long credit which would be extremely inconvenient to both parties. They also urge that the fruits, wines, and marmalades brought in the Greek vessels, are not 'contumace,' and are of a nature to suffer exceedingly by being disembarked, and can in no case bear a carriage over land; the wine, in particular, is contained in very large and very thin casks, into which it is pumped after they are stowed in the vessels. They plead the cruelty of ruining an ancient Russ town, the creation of Peter the Great, and suggest the consideration that it is found in America, that those ports are most advantageous to the country which have the most inland situation. Much petitioning on both sides had taken place; and General Fanshaw, governor of Caffa, had been residing many months at Petersburg, exerting all his influence in favour of his schemes. About the time we arrived here, the limited quarantine which I have mentioned, was granted to Taganrog, and government promised a gift of 100,000 rubles to General Fanshaw to establish a bank at Caffa and a port at Arabat, and had also promised 500 oxen to be employed in the land carriage from Arabat to Caffa.

"The quarantine of Taganrog is partly held under tents, and partly in some huts open on the northern side, on a point a little to the west of the fort. One of these huts, which is appropriated to the examination of new comers by the physician, is furnished with two strong wooden grates, through which he sees and interrogates them without fear of infection. Every thing in the town showed apparent poverty and disadvantage of situation. The European merchants or supercargoes, for few of them traded on their own account, were dirty, vulgar, and ill-informed, and evidently detested the place; they were mostly Ragusans, and of bad character. At the door of one of these men we observed, as we were walking with M. Dalmas, a very fine girl, neatly dressed, who had, he told us, been sold to this Albanian, as his mistress, by her owner, a gentleman from the province of Onega. This is as com-

plete slave-trade as any on earth; but it is an evasion, and a very common one, of the laws which forbid foreigners to purchase slaves. The town is, in a great measure, peopled by Greeks, who have a large Church, where service is performed in the 'Ellenisky,' as they call the ancient language. The modern Greek is called 'Romaisky.' The society is, of course, small; the principal people are the governor, a really well-informed man; Madame Cashparof, (an Armenian,) widow to a late governor of Georgiessk, who, with an old German who lived in her house, had drawn together a kind of literary club of neighbours; Mon. Dalmas, and a Russian Lieutenant-general Tregoubof, an intelligent man, who had lately become a merchant, a very unusual thing for a Russian field-officer to do, and possessed several ships. He complained that so great was the general uncertainty and apprehension of violent measures which England was expected to take, that he could get no insurance at Odessa or Caffa to extend beyond the Archipelago. Madame Cashparof is the daughter of Lazarof, the owner of the famous diamond purchased by Alexy Orlof for Catherine, and niece to Lazarof, the very rich Armenian merchant at Moscow. She was born at Astrachan, where the Armenians have their head-quarters; their sect is highly favoured in Russia, being permitted every where to build Churches, and even to make their processions publicly through the streets. Madame Cashparof gave us several particulars respecting the Scotch missionaries at Georgiessk; they are to the number of thirty, men and women. The principal person among them is named Brunton, whom she described as a man of abilities, and, in particular, as possessing great power of acquiring languages. He had made very extraordinary progress in the Russian and Circassian tongues; had been in many parts of the world as missionary; and had with him a young negro whom he represented to be the son of an African king, who had entrusted him to his care for education. They had suffered greatly by disease and the dearness of all the necessaries of life, and were kept in frequent alarm by the Tcherkesses, on whom their labours had produced very little effect. Madame Cashparof spoke of this little colony, particularly

CHAP. VI. 1806.

of Brunton, and a Mr. Paterson, with much praise, both of their industry and respectable character. Georgiessk is about seven hundred versts from Tcherkask; it is in a magnificent situation at the foot of the Caucasus; near it are the famous hot-baths. The Circassians of the horde of Little Kabarda are allied with Russia, but those of the other tribes are mostly hostile. Madame Cashparof and a few others spoke good English, and Thornton heard a common Greek sailor in the streets speaking it fluently.

"Every thing at Taganrog is dear but corn and fish; firing remarkably so; a pile of faggots, one faggot thick and one square arskine in surface cost thirty rubles. The usual fuel is reeds, or a long species of bent grass; and even this is very costly, and gives little heat. Manual labour and free-servants of all kinds are excessively dear.

"While we were here we had an opportunity of seeing the ceremonies of the eve of Palm Sunday; all the priests in the town and neighbourhood assembled at some little distance from the town, with their banners, crosses, and religious pictures; about two hundred people attended, a few with branches in their hands; the rest, in default of branches, with bundles of grass, and went in slow procession, singing hymns, to the principal Church. There was much crowd and much crossing and bowing, but no great appearance of devotion. We found these people much stricter in their observance of Lent than any of the northern Russians; yet, though we could only procure fish at the governor's and Madame Cashparof's, sucking pigs were sold openly in the market in vast quantities. They were thus sold to prepare for Easter, when every Russ family kills a pig; a singular kind of anti-Jewish passover. The population of Taganrog can hardly equal two thousand persons.

CHAPTER VII.

TAGANROG TO TCHERKASK.

Commodities of New Russia—Climate—Cossaks—Lent—View from Okhasi—Donskoy Cossaks—Rostof—Fishing of the Don—Armenian settlement at Nakitchivan—Colonel Abraamof—Armenians—Axy—Calmuk tents—Dance of the ring—Tcherkask—Inundation—Cathedral—Bazar—Mahomedans—Platof the Cossak—Manners and appearance of the Cossaks—Government—Armies of the Don—Zaporogian Cossaks—Territory of the Cossaks of the Don—Armies—Education—Shooting party—Sepulchral crosses—Eastern ceremonies—Donskoy wine—Morasses below Tcherkask—Flooded country—Story of Circassian prince.

To Richard Heber, Esq.

"Okhasi, half way between Tcherkask and Azof, April 7, 1806.

"My Dear Brother,

"I PROMISED in my letter to my mother from Taganrog to report progress again from Theodosia (*ci-devant* Kaffa.) An accidental delay of a night in one of the stanitzas of the Don Cossaks, in whose country, indeed, such delays are very frequent, gives me another opportunity of writing home, which I am unwilling to lose; especially as, from the irregularity of the post in these remote provinces, a letter of reserve is almost always prudent. I mentioned slightly in my last letter, our leaving Moscow, our being lost in the snow, our hospitable reception in the house of Princess Dashkof, and our delays, at first from deep and afterwards from melted snow; the hospitality we met with at Tula, and afterwards at Charkof. The first of these places is chiefly remarkable for its extensive govern-

CHAP. VII. 1806.

ment forges, where 1200 musquets are made every week. The number of workmen is about 3,500. The iron is all brought on sledges from Siberia. We found in the manager's deputy a very sensible plain man, who spoke English, and had served his apprenticeship in London. In the armory are piled a great number of arms of all forms and weights, according to the whims of Commanders-in-chief; for the cut of a bayonet here changes its fashion as often as a light-horse uniform in our own country. Since the time of Potemkin, five or six modes have all, in their turn, become unfashionable. The weapons of Paul's reign are prodigiously heavy and large; some of the swords are almost unmanageable. Since the late action, the present emperor has sent down a model which seems very good. It is like our usual musquets, and the bayonet fits on in a secure and ingenious way; in other points it resembles the Prussian pieces.

"When I mention the distance from which the iron is brought, you may conceive the advantage derived to Russia from the steady continuance of the frost, which creates a kind of natural and universal rail-road. While the sledge roads continue, a single horse can draw with ease a ton weight from one extremity of the empire to the other; a wonderful means of communication, which effectually compensates for the distance from the sea, and the difficulties of their internal navigation from ice, floods, and extreme drought, which follow close on the heels of each other. We had heard much of the fertility and population of the country through which we were to pass; the first more than answered our expectations, the soil being in many places as complete manure as one can see.

"The population is, I think, inferior to that on the borders of the Volga, which, to a traveller, is a much more interesting country, though an agriculturist would perhaps prefer the ploughed and naked hills of Koursk and Orel. Every thing which we have seen in the south of Russia appears of modern construction, and, except to the north of Tula, nothing exists which is not the erection of the Empress Catherine. There are no Tartar forts; no ancient convents or Churches; nor any of the marks of long-rooted wealth which

appear between Moscow and Kostroma. Their place is but ill-supplied by arcades of painted wood, pillars of stones, pyramids of lath and plaister, and mean timber houses arranged in wide streets and regular squares. These plans were chiefly given by the empress during her journey to Cherson; and though the effect at present is not good, will certainly, in process of time, people Russia with most magnificent towns. To the prosperity of the southern parts nothing seems to have been wanted but a vent for their commodities, which is now obtained by Odessa, and by the little town of Taganrog. * * * * *

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* * * * This, as well as the Crimea and the other conquests of Potemkin, labour, as yet, under all the disadvantages of infant settlements, while the excessive scarcity of timber forms another inconvenience, from which such settlements are generally exempt. On the other hand, they have the unusual good fortune of being, in some measure, the natural outlet of the mother-country, all the great rivers of Russia, the Dwina excepted, falling into the Black Sea; and though the canal of Vishni connects the Volga with the Ladoga, yet, as the stream of the former is exceedingly rapid, all bulky articles can, at a much less cost, be brought southward than northward. This, with the recent discovery of coals, and the canal which will certainly one day be executed between the Don and the Volga, will produce wonderful effects, though not, I think, so great as some sanguine rivals of Petersburg and Riga have endeavoured to prove. The native commodities of New Russia are only fish and corn; the sweetmeats and brandy, of which they make vast quantities, are chiefly produced from the grapes and fruits imported from Trebizond and Sinope. The climate, notwithstanding its southern latitude, fully answers to Ovid's complaint of the Bosphorus and Palus Mæotis, which are indeed barely salt-water, and are still annually frozen over. It is during this frost that their greatest fishery is carried on by means of holes in the ice, under which they drag the net; a mild winter is almost ruin to Taganrog. The neighbouring villages stink of

CHAP. VII. 1806.

fish so much, that we were a good deal reminded of Drontheim; and the case grew worse and worse as we advanced to the banks of the Don. The quantities of fish in this river absolutely exceed belief, though the present is not the season for the fishery; they may be in some spots ladled out with scoop-nets. The Cossak villages are built close to the water, and at present are almost all flooded; many miles of low-land are overflowed every spring, and where the waters are subsiding, present a horrible view of morasses and reeds. These last are very valuable to the inhabitants, being, in fact, their only fuel. The Cossaks are all in easy circumstances; they are freeholders; and, as a nation of soldiers, are exempt from most taxes. They are better dressed than the Russians, and, what is seldom the case with fishermen, are cleanly in their persons and houses. They are all '*starovertzi*,' (old believers, as they call themselves,) though the Russians tax them as '*roskolniki*,' (schismatics,) and are much warmer in their zeal than any persons we have before met with. In general, the Russians, though they keep Lent strictly themselves, do not care how foreigners act; but at Taganrog, when Thornton asked for a fowl, he received a look as if he had desired to have St. John's head in a charger. Milk, eggs, and butter are strictly prohibited; and the more religious people even hold fish in abhorrence. Their own food at this season consists chiefly of pickled mushrooms, onions, and wheat or millet fried in oil.

"We have been employed this morning in examining an Armenian settlement, to the number of some thousand families, who have built a town under the name of Nakitchivan, and carry on a considerable commerce, preserving the language and habits of their country. A pretty widow of Taganrog, who speaks English, and is herself an Armenian, the widow of a late Russian governor of Georgiessk, gave us a letter for the principal man in the town, a Mr. Abraamof, who has served in the army and has the rank of a lieutenant-colonel. His son, a little boy of ten years old, spoke French and was our interpreter. We were pressed to stay all night; but our time is precious, as the heats of the Crimea are fast approaching. We had hoped to get to Tcherkask to-night, but

we found the road flooded, and the boatmen refused to take us till to-morrow morning. It is too much trouble they say, and they will not lose a night's rest for any foreigner living. This town is a singular mixture of Cossak houses and the black felt tents of the Calmuks, all fishermen, and with their habitations almost thrust into the river. From the windows of the public-house where I am writing the view is very singular and pleasing. The moon is risen, and throws a broad glare of light over the Don, which is here so widely overflowed that the opposite bank is scarcely visible; the foreground is a steep limestone hill covered with cottages and circular tents; and we hear on every side the mingled characteristic sounds of the singing of the boatmen on the river, the barking of the large ferocious Calmuk dogs, which, in all these countries, are suffered to prowl about during the night, blended with the low monotonous chant of the Cossak women, who are enjoying the fine evening and dancing in a large circle in the streets. The form of the dance exactly resembles that of Moldavia, and is not very different from what is called by the modern Greeks 'the dance of Ariadne,' described by Lady Craven.

"*Tcherkask, April 8th.*—We arrived here this morning at eleven o'clock, after being punted with long poles over flooded meadows for about ten miles. The town is, as usual at this season, mostly under water, and as we approached it had something of the air of Venice. The houses are all of wood built on piles, raised above the ground or rather bog, and connected with each other by a kind of wooden bridge. No one but a race of fishermen or pirates would have chosen so unwholesome a spot; to the ancient Cossaks, who were both characters at once, it was certainly convenient. The Churches are very magnificent, adorned with numberless treasures and military spoils. I have never seen, even at Moscow, a greater profusion of pearls; all the pictures, chandeliers, and even the Altars are loaded with them. The appearance of the town and people is very novel, the Cossak dress being universally worn, even by the judges and civil officers. Our stay here will not be long, the *attaman* (or '*hetman*,' as he

CHAP. VII. 1806.

is corruptly called in most foreign books) being out of town. We have, however, found a friend in the grand procurator, who speaks French, and is by birth a Pole. We are very conveniently and cleanly lodged. The police-officer has promised us a non-commissioned officer to be our guide this evening to a horde of Calmuks, who live in the neighbourhood; and to-morrow I believe we shall continue our journey to the Crimea by the Cuban and the Bosphorus. Our arrival in this district has happened at rather an unfortunate time; had we been a little later we should have seen the Palus Mæotis covered with vessels,—six or seven hundred sail arriving every summer at Taganrog, and the whole river from Tcherkask to Azoph being like a crowded fair. We shall, however, see the Crimea to more advantage, and, what is still better, we shall be a month sooner at home.

"Your affectionate brother,

"Reginald Heber."

TAGANROG TO TCHERKASK.

"In the evening of the *6th April*, being Palm Sunday, according to the Russian calendar, we quitted Taganrog, and passed along the coast, through a tolerably populous country, to Rostof, where we arrived the next morning. As we here re-entered the territories of the Donskoy Cossaks, we were obliged to send our passports to the commandant, and had a long delay about the proper countersigning of our padorashna, as the attaman and the commandant were both to be consulted. On our return to the carriages we had a dispute with the postilion, who, because we had only a single padorashna, insisted for a long time on putting all the seven horses to one carriage; it is of great importance to travellers to have every particular exactly stated in their padorashna.

"Rostof, sometimes called San Dmitri Krepost, from the saint to whom the fortress is dedicated, is a small and ill-built town, but a place of very important trade. Here it is that the barks from Voronetz are broken up, and the goods embarked from Taganrog.

We saw about sixty lighters lying in the river, many large enough to perform the voyage to Arabat. Some of these, which we pointed out, they told us had made voyages all the way to Caffa. There is a large brewery, producing very detestable beer and porter; the distilleries are numerous, and, if we understood right, pay no duties unless the spirit be sent inland. The banks of the Don are covered above by vineyards, and below by stinking sudak, a large fish, drying in the sun. Fish are caught in great abundance and variety. The principal kinds are, beluga, sturgeon, sterlet, and sudak. There are also myriads of Prussian carp which, with all the refuse fish, are heaped up in great dunghills among the black circular tents of the Calmuks. The Cossaks, pay no duty on salt, if it be for their own consumption. The fortress is just above the town; it is extensive but ill situated, there being a deep valley within two hundred yards of it, where a besieger would be perfectly covered from its fire, and could make his approaches at his ease. In it is a small garrison, and a school kept by an old Frenchman of the name of André. He had about twenty pupils, who were taught French, German, writing and geography; they were all very little boys. We had a letter to the master, and found an old man in a sheep-skin, which would have turned the stomach of a *mushick*, sitting down to dinner with his flock; he did not ask us to partake, of which, indeed, we had no great desire, as, from the few questions we asked, he seemed to know little more of the country than ourselves.

"A verst (by land,) from the fort of Rostof, is a large Armenian town called Nakitchivan, after the ancient town of that name. We spent the evening in looking over it. They affirmed that it contains 1500 families, which I think barely possible; they are chiefly manufacturers in steel and leather, and are, apparently, industrious and prosperous. The town contains four Churches, and two very large bazars, which are much crowded. We had a letter to one of the principal inhabitants, who had the rank of Colonel, and whose son was one of M. Andre's pupils, and our interpreter. His name was Abraamof. I found that Armenians usually expressed their names in this manner, from the

CHAP. VII. 1806.

Christian names of their parents, yet with the termination in 'of,' which is a mark of gentility. This man had two sons in the Russian navy, and possessed the reputation of great wealth. He knew the Lazarof who sold Orlof the great diamond, and described in strong terms the misery and anxiety which the Armenian felt while it remained in his possession. His house was well furnished, and had a billiard-table, and many other European luxuries; all the family, however, sat cross-legged, except the master, whose dress also was something after the European mode. He had several curious sabres and poignards richly ornamented, which he exhibited with much pride. He said that himself and the greater part of his fellow-townsmen had emigrated from the Crimea during the disturbances there; that they had this situation given them, and a charter, by which they had the same privileges as their countrymen at Astrachan. The principal trade of the town is in leather. They are a very handsome people, have universally black curling hair, fair and fresh complexions, fine eyes, and generally aquiline noses, but with a Jewish expression in their countenance. The women are almost all veiled; but those we caught a glimpse of were extremely beautiful; their veils were very carelessly disposed, and they betrayed no timidity. The Russians declare that they have all a natural unpleasant odour, like that we attribute to the Jews. They dislike them greatly, and have a proverb, 'two Jews equal one Armenian; two Armenians one Greek; two Greeks one devil.' The Armenians, it is well known, are a very favoured sect by the Russian government; and many of the noblest families have a mixture of their blood. Of these are Dolgorucky and Bagration. Paul the First gave the title of 'Knæs' to great numbers of Armenians, and permitted to all a free-trade and settlement, with full liberty of worship, and even of making their processions openly. They have a magnificent Church in Petersburg, and many in Astrachan and Casan. Their enterprise and activity are well known. Mr. Anderson, of Petersburg, told me he knew one who had been twice to Bassora, and once to Samarcand and Tibet. I asked Abraamof if such journeys were common, and if they could take a European with them as their servant, or in any other dis-

guise. He answered both these questions in the affirmative. He himself had been in Georgia and many parts of Turkey, but never farther.

" Thornton played a game at billiards with Abraamof, and he, very civilly, offered us beds; but it was in Lent, and he gave us nothing but tea without cream, and dry bread; so that hunger conspired with our eagerness to get on to induce us to take our leave the same evening. We observed several Mahomedans—at least persons in green turbans, which no Armenian would wear—but unfortunately we only saw them after we had taken leave of our host, and had no one to ask about them.

" On the evening of the 9th of April we proceeded to a large village about half-way between Nakitchivan and Tcherkask, called Axy, in a very singular and picturesque situation, containing about one hundred and fifty houses, and one hundred Calmuk tents, all dirty, and wretched, and stinking with fish. There were many barks and lighters in its ports, and it has a large and handsome Church; the Churches among the Don Cossaks are generally rich and handsome, and well kept up. We passed the night in a very decent kabak with a billiard table, and a room adorned with many German engravings, and the English print of the death of Chevalier Bayard. The Cossaks, having never heard of the '*Chevalier sans reproche*,' called it the death of Darius; on my asking if Bourbon was Alexandro Macedonskoy, they answered, to my surprise, that he was not present at Darius's death, and showed themselves better acquainted with his history than one could have expected. Alexander himself could scarcely have hoped that his fame should be so generally diffused, as to become the favourite hero in a village of warlike barbarians on the northern banks of the Tanais. I had here an opportunity of observing, what we had, indeed, occasionally seen in some other villages of Malo-Russia, the dance of the ring, a very favourite one among the women, who alone dance it, accompanying their motions with a low plaintive song; it consists in hiding a ring and hunting for it, something like our 'hunt the slipper.' Some parts of the figure much

CHAP. VII. 1806.

resemble the 'Polonaise rondo.' The most common dance in Great Russia, is performed by two persons, and is one of the most beautiful successions of elegant attitudes I have ever seen, except in antiques.

" The whole north part of the Don is populous; the greater part of the Delta was still overflowed from the melting of the snow; and we were obliged to make the rest of our journey to Tcherkask the next morning in a bark. Tcherkask, the capital of the Cossaks of the Don, is an ancient and considerable town, and one of the most singular in the world; it stands on some marshy islands in the river, and so low that three-fourths of the houses are annually under water; they are built on wooden pillars, and the communication from one to another is preserved by a kind of gallery or balcony, also raised on posts and running before the houses. It is excellently suited to the piracies and fishery of the ancient Cossaks; but its situation is so exceedingly unwholesome, that the emperor has begun a new town on the high land on the northern bank of the river, behind the ruins of Fort Anna. The people are, however, obstinately attached to their ancient spot. When we saw it, every part was flooded except the principal street, the great Church, and the market-place; and the wooden cabins, mixed with the domes of Churches, tops of trees, and Calmuk tents, had an interesting effect just rising from the water. The sudak still continued to poison the air; but the houses, notwithstanding the people are all fishers, are neat; the Cossaks are, certainly, a much cleaner race than the Russians.

" There is a spacious and ancient Cathedral nearly on the same plan as the Casan Church at Moscow, with a high tower detached from the rest of the building, which, at a distance, gives a faint recollection of St. Mary's spire at Oxford. There are many other Churches full of very costly ornaments. I never saw so many pearls at once as on the head of a Madonna in the Cathedral; these treasures are the spoils of Turkey and Poland. To the east of the Cathedral is a large basin which seems intended to preserve the barks and lighters during inundations; it is divided

from the main stream and opens into a smaller arm of the river which flows through the town, and is crossed by a wooden bridge. A little to the west is a spacious square where the government-house, a handsome and large building, stands. Further still are the bazars, a large square of wooden buildings of only one floor, with wooden arcades on the outside, and intersected by several narrow and dark passages. Beyond are the houses with the connecting galleries and the bridges, with a mixture of Churches on every spot of solid ground. The river had a great many vessels on it, and many which were calculated to go to Taman or Caffa.

" The shops contained many articles of showy but coarse furniture, bad English prints, tawdry looking-glasses, &c. which a good deal resembled the taste of our English sailors; and there was in many of the houses a sort of vulgar showy style of ornament which corresponded to this impression. Their uniforms, indeed, showed the same fondness for ornament, as well as the women's dresses, and the boats belonging to the attaman, master of police, &c. which were very neatly gilded and carved.

" Tcherkask has a large and rather handsome town-house on the edge of the river; all the persons we saw belonging to it wore the summer uniform of jacket and trousers; the winter uniform is a blue kaftan, like that of the ordinary Russians. Both dresses are very costly, of English cloth, and embroidered with silver, with a silver epaulette on the left shoulder, worn even by the non-commissioned officers and privates [1]. All this gaudy furniture, as well as their arms and horses, is found at their own expence. There are in one quarter of the town, to the north-east of the bridge, a good many Mahomedan families, who are subject to the same laws and regulations as the other Cossaks. The women seemed to have very little apprehension of showing their faces, and the veil was often thrown over the back of the head; the men were strong-limbed, with Tartar, not Calmuk, countenances. They have a

[1] One regiment which we saw afterwards under General Nicholson at Tulchin in Poland, had a magnificent scarlet pelisse embroidered with gold.

CHAP. VII. 1806.

mean wooden mosque. Green, which ought to be the peculiar colour of the descendants of Mohamed, is here worn by all the imams and even by others. The Calmuk population in and near Tcherkask is considerable; a great many families live on the hills between it and Lugan. One tribe is very considerable, having a mirza and a grand lama. We made many attempts to procure a guide to conduct us to them; but the distance, we were told, was great; and owing to the stupidity of the people in Tcherkask, we failed in all our plans and hopes of finding some one who knew in what part of the steppe they were. The Calmuk servants are greatly esteemed all over Russia for their fidelity and intelligence.

" Most of the richer Cossaks have houses in Tcherkask, which they make their metropolis, but pass the greater part of their time in their farms on the northern bank of the river. Platof, the attaman, said he kept there two hundred brood mares. He had, however, no land in tillage, though he possessed a vineyard, a little to the east of Axy. Of the wine produced by these vineyards, they vaunted greatly. The best always struck me as being mixed with Greek wine, or raisins. The ordinary wines are very poor and tasteless; spirits are cheap and much drunk. Platof himself took a glass of brandy with a spoonful of salt in it, as if brandy was hardly strong enough.

" The manners of the people struck us from their superiority to the Russians in honesty and dignity. A lieutenant at Petersburg, who once begged alms from us, bowed himself to the ground and knocked his head on the floor. A lieutenant here who was imprisoned and also begged, made the request in a manly and dignified manner, and thanked us as if we had been his comrades. We found, too, the demands for lodging and for articles in the shops were reasonable, and that they were not, as in Russia, in the habit of cheapening commodities. We had already observed that a Cossak postilion would drive no faster than his usual custom, and was, on this point as impracticable as a German.

" Both men and women are handsome, and taller than the Muscovites; this name they hold in great contempt, as we had

several opportunities of observing. The procurator, a Pole by birth, the physician, the apothecary, both Germans, the master of the academy, and the post-master, being distinguished by their dress and nation from the Cossaks, seemed to have formed a *coterie* of their own, and to dislike and be disliked by the whole town. The post-master said they were much improved since he first came there; that at that time they would have pelted any stranger. We saw nothing of this kind, except that when we first landed from our bark, some boys cried out, 'Moscofsky canaille.' 'Canaille' has become a naturalized word in Russia.

"The internal government of Tcherkask is exercised, under the attaman, by a master of police and a chancery of four persons. The procurator, who is never a Cossak, exercises the offices of comptroller of their accounts, and visitor of the prisons and public buildings, and revises their judicial sentences. The master of police and, on some solemn occasions, the attaman is distinguished by a large staff, with a silver fillagree head, resembling that of a drum-major.

"The government of the armies of the Don (the legal style) differs in many respects from the ancient Malo-Russian, and has lately suffered repeated encroachments. The name of Cossak, which we heard variously explained, was most satisfactorily so by Platof, who said that 'coss,' which signified any crooked weapon, such as a scythe or sabre, was given them from the form of their swords. The present establishments are, one of about four thousand men who have lands near Charkof; a second on the Dnieper, but I could not learn in what part or in what number. In Poland is a third establishment of almost the same kind, which is, however, not so numerous; they are Mahomedans, of an ancient Nogay tribe, who have been settled there for some centuries, and still retain their religion and their habit of eating raw flesh. They were formerly taken into the Polish service as 'uhlans,' a Polish word merely signifying light-horse, and still keep their distinction and their privileges; they have the same allowance as the Cossaks and the same obligation to service. Fourthly, all over Siberia are

CHAP. VII. 1806.

scattered a multitude of barbarous Cossaks, who do the same duties, but whose allowances are less. Among them the people of the Yaik, since changed to Ural, were the most formidable supporters of Pugatchef. Fifthly, are the Zaporogians, but more of them hereafter. To return to the Cossaks of the Don; their territory, which is almost entirely pasture land, extends upwards of 350 versts in length, on both sides of the Don; in its widest part its extent may be 300; it is divided into stanitzas or cantons; for many stanitzas now contain more than a single village. To each of these a certain portion of land and fishery is allotted by government, and an annual allowance of corn from Voronetz and northwards according to the returned number of Cossaks. They are free from all taxes; even from those of salt and distilleries. The distribution of land to the individuals in each stanitza is settled by the inhabitants and their attaman. This attaman was chosen by the people, and was both civil and military commander of the place. Paul had laid some restrictions on this right, which I could not understand, and took every other means of breaking their spirit. He had also ennobled the children of all who had the military rank of colonel, which was complained of as introducing an unconstitutional aristocracy. This step of establishing a hereditary nobility has been productive of very bad effects in taking away the military spirit of a government, where all were formerly equal, or had only a temporary, but absolute power, when elected officers. At present these new-made nobles affect to have several privileges in the service, and claim a constant preference in the succession to vacant commissions. From these attamans an appeal lies to the chancery at Tcherkask. They used to elect their attaman there, and to appeal to him only, assembling occasionally as a check on his conduct; but he is now appointed by the crown, and his power is greatly diminished. The allotment of land and fishery which each Cossak possesses may be let out by him to farm, and often is so; and it is a frequent abuse to insert the names of children in the return of Cossaks, to entitle them to their seniority in becoming officers. I met with a child thus favoured. This has taken

place since the Cossaks, when called out, have been formed into regular regiments, which has depressed entirely the power of the village attaman, by the introduction of colonels, captains, &c. Formerly the attaman was addressed in the emperor's mandates almost as an equal; he himself marched at the head of his stanitza; now he merely sends the required contingent, which is put under officers named by the crown.

" The Cossak, in consequence of his allowance, may be called on to serve for any term, not exceeding three years, in any part of the world, mounted, armed, and clothed at his own expence, and making good any deficiencies which may occur. Food, pay, and camp-equipage are furnished by government. Those who have served three years are not liable, or at least not usually called upon, to serve abroad, except on particular emergencies. They serve, however, in the cordon along the Caucasus, and in the duties of the police. After twenty years they become free from all service, except the home-duties of police, and assisting in the passage of the corn-barks over the shallows in the Don. After twenty-five years' service they are free entirely.

" The procurator declared the whole number of Cossaks liable to be called on for one or more of these services, amounted to 200,000. He acknowledged that as they would allow of no examination into their numbers, he spoke only from conjecture, and from the different allowances of corn, &c. occasionally made. The whole number of the male population he reckoned at half a million. The office of procurator has been often mentioned; he is a kind of comptroller or visitor, appointed to watch over the execution of the laws, to examine the decisions of the courts of justice, to visit the prisons, attend the executions, &c. He is generally a native of a different province from that wherein he is stationed. At Tcherkask he is always a Russian; at least not a Cossak. The situation of a Cossak is considered as comfortable; and their obligations to service are deemed well repaid by their privileges and their freedom. 'Free as a Cossak' is a proverb which we have often heard in Russia; and they are apparently much happier than the

CHAP. VII. 1806.

other Russians. As troops I cannot conceive them good; they are no longer wild and warlike savages—they have lost their habits of Scythian warfare without acquiring discipline, and are now little better than peasants on horseback. When they have been some time in service they, of course, become like other troops, except that, by all accounts, they are more addicted to plunder. They have, however, a strong *esprit de corps*, and despise the Russians most cordially. The number of Cossak guards, who are all Donskoy, amounts to three regiments of a thousand each; the number employed in Persia and Caucasus I could not learn. In the year 1805, a corps of seventy-two regiments, of 560 men each, marched under Platof, the attaman of Tcherkask; but received counter-orders, as it did not arrive in time for the battle of Austerlitz. At Austerlitz only six hundred Cossak guards were present[1]. These Cossaks, Platof said, had suffered dreadfully, as they were for some time the only cavalry with the Russian army; and before the emperor joined Kutusof, they had lost almost all their horses with fatigue. During the quarrel of Paul with England, he assembled 45,000 Cossaks, as it was believed at Tcherkask, to march to India. I saw the plan was not at all unpopular with Platof and his officers. Platof's predecessor was the last attaman who was in possession of all his ancient privileges. He had often, by his own authority, bound men hand and foot and thrown them into the Don. He was unexpectedly seized and carried off by the orders of the empress (Catherine), and was succeeded, as general of the armies of the Don, by Maffei Ivanovitch Platof, a fine civil old soldier, with the great cordon of St. Anne. Our hostess, the wife of an old Cossak major, told us that when a boy, Platof had kept his father-in-law's horses, and had been raised entirely from merit. This story was contradicted by Anton Josipovitsk, but of the two I am not sure whether the old woman was not most worthy of credit.

"Education among the Cossaks is not so low as is generally

[1] The peasants near Austerlitz spoke of them as objects of considerable apprehension to the French cavalry; particularly the cuirassiers whose horses were more unwieldy.

thought, and it improves daily. All the children of officers are sent to the academy of Tcherkask, and learn French, German, &c. It was holiday time when we were there, but their progress was well spoken of.

" During our stay at Tcherkask we went out on a shooting party, which was ridiculous enough, as it chiefly consisted of a ramble among orchards and cabbage gardens, and shooting sparrows and field-fares. Our companions were the procurator and a Cossak captain; the former had some pointers and two very beautiful Turkish guns. This man was a Pole, and hated the Cossaks mortally; excepting the captain whom I have just mentioned, his whole society consisted of the man at the post-office, a Russian, an old Dutch physician, and a German apothecary. The Cossak captain was a very fine young man; he understood no language save his own, but had read a good deal, and was very well instructed as far as this would carry him.

" We had heard the Cossaks charged with drunkenness and sloth, but had no reason to assent to this opinion, though we saw them during the licence of the Easter holidays. The procurator accused the old people among them of great coarseness and aversion to strangers; but he was evidently prejudiced against them. There was, perhaps, no great reason to wonder that, though a good-natured man, they had found no delight in courting his society.

" The neighbourhood of Tcherkask is full of the sepulchral crosses raised over the tombs of the Roskolniki; this sect amounts to nearly a third of the Cossak population. I enquired several times how far they were tolerated, and was uniformly assured that they were not allowed the public exercise of their religion. About Voronetz we were told they are also numerous, and are there burdened with a double capitation tax. This we heard often, though it contradicts all I had been taught to think of Russian toleration. When we asked about their religious tenets, as we had only their enemies to inform us, we merely heard strange stories about their impiety and rebellions.

CHAP. VII. 1806.

They are allowed to wear their beards, which the other Cossaks cut off without a scruple.

"During our stay in Tcherkask we had an opportunity of seeing the ceremonies of Easter, and of observing the great devotion with which the Cossaks celebrate Good-Friday, Easter-eve, and Easter-Sunday. On Good-Friday the people assembled in a vast crowd in one of the principal Churches, all with lighted tapers in their hands. After the usual service a species of bier, covered with a rich embroidered pall, having the small figure of a dead Christ represented on it, was carried in procession from behind the Altar and set down in the Church, during which time some appropriate chapters in the Slavonic tongue were read. To all these offices the people attended with exemplary seriousness and great apparent devotion. The procession then moved to the great Church, singing hymns, and followed by all the principal persons in the town with their tapers. As the bier passed, the people bowed and crossed themselves. In the balcony of one of the best houses were assembled a whole family, who distinguished themselves by their devotion; one of the daughters threw herself down and touched the floor with her head, kissing it repeatedly in token of humility. When the procession arrived at the Cathedral another service took place, when all the priests and the principal persons in the congregation advanced, one by one, and kissed the feet of the embroidered picture of Christ on the bier. The service ended with a sermon; the preacher was a very rustic looking man, but he preached with energy and with some apparent effect.

"The day following was also a rigid fast, and passed in nearly the same offices. At night all the Churches were illuminated, and all were crowded, particularly the Cathedral; the congregations were dressed in their best clothes, and held lighted tapers in their hands. The effect produced was very solemn and magnificent. The priests and choir alternately continued singing plaintive solemn hymns; we observed that the same hymns occurred repeatedly. The priests stood in ranks on each side the steps of the Altar, all in their most magnificent habits; and the choir was placed in a very

which, at your desire, I have written to Archdeacon Barnes, it may be well worth your consideration, whether the district chaplain of Dinapoor may not be ordered to attend one Sunday in every month at Bankipoor, receiving an allowance for his gig or palanquin, and for a lodging in Patna, which every body seemed to say would be necessary. A Church at Bankipoor is really, I think, not wanted. The court of appeal is a large and convenient room, which answers every essential purpose; there are already a Bible, Prayer books, and a handsome service of Communion-plate; and when I preached and administered the Sacrament last Sunday, at least sixty persons attended, of whom thirty, I think, staid to receive it. On so numerous a body of Christians, a monthly visit will not be thrown away; and for baptizing children, &c., such a visit will be a great additional convenience and comfort, at very little additional expence to the Company.

"Should the extension of such a plan to other stations be practicable, it is easy to see how the clergyman of Ghazeepoor may visit Buxar, where he is exceedingly wanted and wished for; Benares and Chunar, Agra and Muttra, Neemuch and Nusseerabad, Saugur and Hussingabad may go together. As soon as I receive Archdeacon Barnes's answer to the queries which you suggested, I will again trouble you with a letter. The interest which I know you take in all that relates to the improvement and comfort of these stations, makes me hope that this will not have tired you.

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

Of his entrance into Benares, the seat of brahminical learning, and "the most holy city of Hindoostan," the Bishop gives the following characteristic description in a letter to the editor.

"I will endeavour to give you some idea of the concert, vocal and instrumental, which saluted us as we entered the town.

"FIRST BEGGAR. Agha Sahib! Judge Sahib! Burra Sahib!

CHAP. XXIV. 1824.

yek puesa do! hum fuqeer hue! hum padre hue! hum booku se mur jata hue! (Great lord, great judge, give me some pice. I am a fakir; I am a priest; I am dying with hunger.)

"BEARERS *trotting under the tonjohn.* Ugh, Ugh, Ugh, Ugh!

"MUSICIANS. Tingle tangle, tingle tangle, bray, bray, bray!

"CHUPRASSEE, *clearing the way with his sheathed sabre.* Chup! chup! jugih do judge sahib ke waste, lord padre sahib ke waste! baen! deina! juldee! (Silence, give room for the lord judge, the lord priest; get out of the way, quick.) *Then very gently stroking and patting the broad back of a brahminy bull.* He! uchu admee! chulo, chulo! (Oh good man, move, move.)

"BULL, *scarcely moving.* Bu—u—uh!

"SECOND BEGGAR, *counting his beads, rolling his eyes, and moving his body backwards and forwards.* Ram, ram, ram, ram, kurte huen!

"BEARERS, *as before.* Ugh, Ugh, Ugh, Ugh!"

The effect which the Bishop's visitation produced on the minds of all who came within the influence of his talents and his piety, cannot be more strikingly displayed than by the publication of the following letter from one of the principal persons in Benares.

From Norman Macleod, Esq. Magistrate at Benares.

Benares, Sept. 22, 1824.

"MY LORD,

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"I know not how to refrain from venturing on some allusion to the general sentiments of deep interest and lively gratification excited by your Lordship's visit to this place, (in common, I doubt

not, with every stage of your progress) and the very sincere regrets which have followed your too speedy departure. Of all the pleasing impressions which your Lordship has left to commemorate your brief sojourn amongst us, I will not here presume to speak; but I may hope your Lordship will not be displeased with the brief assurance, that your visit has been productive of much good in this community, in points essentially connected with those high and sacred interests which are so peculiarly under your charge, and ever so near to all the movements of your heart. For the mention of my own individual share in the grateful impressions your Lordship has diffused among us, I will hope to have found an admissible excuse with your Lordship, while I ascribe some portion of it to associations awakened by your presence, recalling to my mind the days of other times, the scenes of my youth, and of my native land; and many a recollection of no light or ordinary interest, to one who has wandered so far and so long from the *dulce domum* of early life. Your Lordship will readily conceive how this might be. And thus it will hardly seem strange to you, that the strains of pious and holy instruction, which fixed so impressive a record of our first visitation by a Protestant prelate on the minds of us all, should have spoken with peculiar emphasis to the feelings of one who, after many a year of toil and exile in a foreign clime, recognized, in the accents which now preached the Word of the Living God amid the favourite abodes of heathen idolatry, that self-same voice which, in his days of youthful enthusiasm and ardent undamped fancy, had poured on his delighted ear the lay that sung the sacred theme of the Redeemer's land, amid the long-loved haunts of his *alma mater;* amid the venerated temples of the religion of our fathers. But let me not give a license to my pen which may seem to bespeak me forgetful of the high value of your Lordship's time. Permit me, my Lord, to conclude with the expression of my unfeigned and most fervent wishes for your long enjoyment of health and vigour, for your gratification in all the hopes with which you contemplate the interesting journey before you, and for the success of every plan you may form for the advancement of

CHAP. XXIV. 1824.

those concerns of eternal moment, which have been so happily entrusted to your Lordship's care.

"I remain, my Lord,

"Most respectfully and sincerely your's,

"NORMAN MACLEOD."

An unpublished letter to one of the Bishop's friends contains the following passage relative to the riches of this part of India:

"Though Gunga through all her course 'disdains a bridge,' very long and handsome bridges of pointed arches, the works of the Mussulmans, are seen over the rivers which join her; and it may give you some idea of the population and ancient wealth of this part of the country, when I mention that, in a space of not more than one hundred miles on the map, I fell in (besides many large market-towns) with the cities of Patna, containing a population of 200,000; Chuprah, of 40,000; Chunar, of 30,000; Mirzapoor, of 300,000; and Benares, of 580,000."

Of the Sunday which the Bishop spent at Chunar, Mr. Bowley, one of the missionaries, gives an account in a letter to the Church Missionary Society.

"This morning the Bishop preached on the good Samaritan [1], and then administered the Sacrament both in English and Hindoostanee. The service was nearly four hours' long; and from the active part which his Lordship took, it seemed as if he would never be tired while thus engaged. At five in the afternoon we had Divine Service in Hindoostanee; the whole Church was thronged with native Christians, and the aisles were crowded with heathens; there must have been many hundreds present, of whom the greater part were drawn by curiosity. Immediately after, English evening worship commenced. Thus has his Lordship devoted about seven

[1] Published in "Heber's Sermons in India," p. 151.

hours this day to public worship. May his example and his zeal for the extension of Christ's kingdom influence very many!"

The cession of Chinsurah, to which the next letters refer, took place in the following year, when the Church service of the settlement was, by an order of government, committed to the Bishop's disposal. He had long considered Chinsurah a most desirable station for missionary purposes, and had, as will be seen, early applied for the use of its Church, to prevent its falling into other hands. He was at Bombay when he heard that his request had been complied with, and immediately appointed Mr. Morton, one of the missionaries of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to that important station; writing, at the same time, to Mr. Mill, to make such arrangements with the Dutch inhabitants of Chinsurah for Mr. Morton's reception there, as a regard to their feelings and their attachment to the Presbyterian form of worship demanded, without in any way compromising the principles of the episcopal Church.

The Bishop had made the Dutch an offer of the occasional use of the Church for Divine Service in their own language; but this was declined by Mr. De La Croix, their pastor and missionary; and when Mr. Mill arrived, he found that no difficulty remained beyond that of reconciling the inhabitants to our apostolical worship and discipline. Mr. Morton remained at Chinsurah till the year 1827, when the circumstances of the station being altered, he was removed by the archdeacon of Calcutta to his previous charge of the schools at Cossipoor[1].

[1] At the time of Mr. Morton's appointment, Chinsurah had not many European inhabitants; but soon after a depôt of the king's troops was established there, and the constant residents were, in 1827, augmented nearly four-fold. The consequent increase of the duties, which in fact belonged to a Government chaplain, occupied Mr. Morton's time almost to the exclusion of those which, as a missionary sent out from England for the express conversion of the heathen, he was bound to fulfil. The Archdeacon of Calcutta, therefore, applied to government for the appointment of one of its chaplains to Chinsurah, which was granted him; and Mr. Morton returned to his labours at Cossipoor, under the direction of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and to the completion of his Bengalee and English Dictionary.

CHAP. XXIV. 1824.

To Charles Lushington, Esq.

Benares, Sept. 6, 1824.

" My Dear Sir,

" I yesterday consecrated the Church at this place, and administered confirmation to about thirty persons, fourteen of whom were native Christians, the first who have yet offered themselves. In point of fact, these have been, I find, most of them originally Roman Catholics, who have married soldiers and joined their husbands' Church. Two, I think, of the men, and two only, were described as really converts from Hindooism. Mr. Morris, the missionary, is extremely well spoken of by the principal persons in the station; and Mr. Frazer, the chaplain, is one of the most gentlemanly and intelligent clergymen I have met with.

" I enclose a letter to government, with regard to the presentation of which, you will much oblige me by exercising your friendly discretion. It has been called forth by the general report that Chinsurah is to be given up to the British government, and by the anxiety which I naturally feel that the fine Church, and numerous, though mostly native population of that town should have a clergyman of our own persuasion, rather than one of the dissenting missionaries, who will, I have reason to believe, lose no time in applying for it. I have also reason to believe that the inhabitants of the town, both English and Dutch, would be extremely glad to have our liturgy and a clergyman of our establishment. With these feelings, I really am most anxious for the success of the request, and have been afraid of not speaking in time.

" Your cousin remained at Bankipoor some days after I left it, and is, I fancy, now on the river between Ghazeepoor and this place, with both wind and current against him. I should not now be here, indeed, if I had not left my boat at Seidpoor and come up by dâk.

" Ghazeepoor is in grievous want of a Church, or rather will

be, as soon as it has a chaplain; the present building is in a hopeless state of decay, so much so, that when I mentioned my intention of preaching in it, I was assured that no body would venture their lives '*sub iisdem trabibus*,' and was obliged to borrow an auction-room in the neighbourhood. But with these and other ecclesiastical matters, I shall probably trouble you soon in the form of an official paper. I congratulate you on the expected appointment of your relation [1] to Bombay; his dignified and disinterested conduct, when in Ceylon, gives the best possible augury to the people whom he is to govern.

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Ever most truly your's,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

To the Reverend Principal Mill.

Allahabad, Sept. 20, 1824.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Your interesting packet reached me just before I left Benares; but my time was so much occupied both there and at Chunar, that it was impossible for me to send an answer before my arrival at this place, which I reached yesterday. Your letter, and those which I sent you from Patna, must have crossed each other on the road; but I do not know that any practical inconvenience can have arisen from our want of concert. What I have said respecting the Church Missionary Society, may all apply to your letter written previously to my arrival in India; and it is quite as well that the committee at home should be in possession of both our views as to the case of the Church Missionary Society, and the employment of Lutheran missionaries. I cannot, however, forbear expressing to you my lively sense of the obliging and friendly regard to my opinion, which has prompted the letter

[1] The Right Honourable Stephen R. Lushington.

CHAP. XXIV. 1824.

which you have enclosed for my perusal, and which I now, with thanks, return. Your *exposé* of the objects, origin, and present state of Bishop's College, seems every thing which could be desired; and I trust soon to be enabled to ground some measures on it, both for a general collection in favour of the institution in the different stations of the diocese, and, what is of still more eventual importance, to prepare the way for the transfer (on a distinct and stable footing) of all the missionary transactions and schools of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, to that for the Propagation of the Gospel, in connexion with Bishop's College.

"Meanwhile I have not been inattentive to your valuable suggestion respecting the Church at Chinsurah, and wrote from Benares on the very day on which I received your letter, to government, requesting the use of that Church to myself, you, and such clergymen as we might appoint. The fact of my having made such application had better, however, at present, be said nothing of till we hear the result. I am inclined to anticipate, in the first instance, a doubtful answer, on the ground that Chinsurah has not yet been ceded. But I have, I trust, secured by this early application, the advantage of not being forestalled by the Baptists or Methodists.

"Undoubtedly, possession of the Church at Serampoor is a great point, and I rejoice exceedingly at Colonel Krefting's favourable disposition. I wrote to Dr. Parish, some time ago, my opinion as to the propriety of praying for King Frederic Christian, of Denmark, in the morning service by himself, and, in the prayer for all conditions of men, conjointly with our own sovereign. There may, indeed, as you observe, at first sight, appear an impropriety in praying that he may have victory over *all* his enemies, when we ourselves may *possibly* hereafter be found among the number. But, neither in policy nor in Christianity are we authorized to anticipate a future quarrel between nations worshipping the same God, and now in peace and alliance. Nor can such general petitions, from the nature of the case, be ever understood to invoke the aid of God against any whom the King, in whose behalf they

are offered, may hereafter, by injustice or aggression, compell to defend themselves against him.

"I have found Mr. Bowley, at Chunar, extremely anxious for episcopal ordination, and was, on the whole, well-pleased with him and his congregation. When I saw them, Mr. Morris, of Benares, read the prayers, and I gave the blessing; and, as a catechist may *preach*, I thus got over; as well as the case admitted, of the appearance of giving my personal sanction to the irregularity of Mr. Bowley's present orders. Nobody in this neighbourhood seems to know any thing of the history of his ordination, nor, perhaps, to care. He himself, however, was so earnest, that I regretted heartily that many months must yet elapse before I can, with due regard to the necessary solemnity of the sacred rite, admit him to the commission which he so much desires. His Hindoostanee is fluent, and even to me very intelligible.

"I have had a tedious journey from Ghazeepoor hither, owing to the failure of the eastern winds. The premature cessation of rain which this failure has brought with it, will, I fear, be very injurious to the agriculture of these provinces.

"Believe me, dear Mr. Principal,

"Ever your sincere friend,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

On one occasion, when the Bishop returned to his boat after spending some days amid the noise and bustle of a populous station, he wrote, "Much as I like those I have left, I confess I was hardly sorry to feel myself once more upon the waters. For many days past I have been in a constant hurry of occupation, visitation, information, salutation, and obligation; and great as have been the kindness and civility shown me, and many the objects of curiosity and interest by which I have been surrounded, I have more than once been tempted to look back with regret to the evenings that I rambled by the jungle side, and the days that I passed in the quiet contemplation of wood, water, and cottages,

CHAP. XXIV. 1824.

and to think that, though more is to be learned among the cities, camps, and castles of Hindoostan, as much enjoyment, at least, may be found in the fragrant groves and comparatively unfrequented ruins of green Bengal."

The editor has been permitted to publish the following extracts from the MS. journal of the Bishop's fellow traveller, Mr. James Lushington, by the kindness of his mother, the Honourable Mrs. Lushington.

"*September.*—Hume says that admiration and acquaintance are incompatible towards any human being; but the more I know of the Bishop the more I esteem and revere him,

cujus amor tantum mihi crescit in horas
Quantum vere novo viridis se surrigit alnus.

He seems born to conciliate all parties, and to overcome what has before appeared impossible. Most great talkers are sometimes guilty of talking absurdities; but, though scarcely an hour silent during the day, I have never heard him utter a word which I could wish recalled.

* * * * * * *

"*Futtehpoor.*—In coming through a brook of water running across the road, the Bishop's horse thought proper to lie down and give him a roll; with his usual kindness, instead of kicking him till he got up again, he only patted him, and said, 'he was a nice fellow.'

* * * * * * *

"*Kuleanpoor.*—Notwithstanding the threatening appearance of the skies, the Bishop and I set off to ride a long sixteen miles. We had sent on all our clothes hoping it might clear up, but had scarcely rode a hundred yards when a rain came on that wet us to the skin, and as we had not a dry rag to put on, had we returned to the tents, we faced the pelting storm, which, by the bye, was straight in our eyes, most manfully. 'We staid not for brook and we stopped not for stone,' but dashed on to Pulliampoor,

which we reached in about an hour and a half, at least I did; his Lordship's horse knocked up, and he was not up for half an hour after me. There was no standing on ceremony, and I rode on and got a fire lighted in a wretched serai. Perhaps the smoke and stink, &c. kept out the cold, which I thought I must have caught after standing so long in drenched clothes. The scene was rather good when the Bishop arrived. There was the Lord Bishop of all the Indies sitting cowring over a wretched fire of wet wood, the smoke of which produced a bleary redness about the eyes, surrounded by a group of shivering blacks, some squatting, some half afraid to come further than the door-way of the hut; and in the back ground, close to his head, my horse's tail, with a boy attempting to scrape off some of the mud, with which the poor beast was covered all over. The walls were of mud, and the roof of rotten smoked bamboo, from which were suspended two or three Kedgeree pots. We cut jokes upon the ludicrous figure we were conscious of making, and were comfortable enough as long as we were eating, which we did with ravenous appetites. But in a short time we began to be sufficiently wretched, worse far than the 'stout gentleman' on a rainy day, for the 'traveller's room' leaked like a sieve. There were camels, and oxen, and tattoos too, all standing and crouching to be rained upon; and one solitary cock, with his tail drawn up by the wet into a single feather; but there were not even a couple of gabbling ducks to enliven the dreary yard.

"The small tents which had been sent on last night were so soaked, that if you touched the roof with the tip of your finger, it immediately attracted a stream of water which ran down your sleeves; they were perfectly pregnant with rain, and at the slightest motion given, emitted a sluice. Our beds being all thoroughly soaked, though covered with oil-cloth, we were obliged to turn into the palanquins, which were, perhaps, the best of the two, as one is quite secure from rain in them."

CHAP. XXIV. 1824.

SONNET

ON THE BISHOP OF CALCUTTA PASSING THROUGH ALLAHABAD ON A VISIT TO THE UPPER STATIONS OF INDIA. BY G. A. VETCH, ESQ.

Bright with the dews of pure Castalian springs,
See Heber gladdens now our sultry plains.
Yet sweeter far than his most thrilling strains,
The glorious tidings which his message brings.
My lyre, across thy long neglected strings
Yet once again my feeble hand shall stray,
Nor, though disown'd by every muse, delay
The homage due to him who gifted sings.
Hail then, and Heaven speed thee on thy way,
Illustrious pilgrim of our distant shore.
Rous'd by thy call, enraptur'd by thy lay,
May nations learn their Saviour to adore.
For thee the fairest garland shall be twin'd,
The Christian's palm and poet's wreath combin'd.

CHAPTER XXV.

Native Christians—Anecdote of the king of Oude—The bishop's illness at Mallaon—Reasons for the governor general visiting the upper provinces—State of Christianity among Europeans—Visit to Meerut—Mr. Fisher—Victories in Ava—Idea among the people of Hindoostan that the British were about to evacuate the upper provinces—Character of the British in Kemaoon—Emperor of Delhi—Repair of the public serais proposed—Taxation—Administration of justice—Substitution of Hindoostanee for Persian recommended in the courts of justice—Administration of Oude—Demand for a fourth presidency—Consecration of Churches and burial grounds.

To C. Lushington, Esq.

Choubee Serai, between Currah and Cawnpoor, October 4, 1824.

"My Dear Sir,

"Many thanks for your kind and interesting letter, which found me yesterday on the fourth day of my gipsey state of existence, marching in company with your cousin and the Corries, between Allahabad and Cawnpoor. The state of the river and premature cessation of the rains made it almost impossible to proceed by boats, and General Martindell good-naturedly procured us tents from Cawnpoor. These, unluckily, are rather on a larger scale than we require, or than the strength of the camels, which the commissariat at Allahabad could spare, are quite equal to; elephants being out of the question during the Burmese war. By the aid of hackeries, however, we do very well; and at Cawnpoor we may get better suited in all respects.

CHAP. XXV. 1824.

"Since we left Benares the country has been daily increasing in interest, and the contrast of manners, habits, and countenances, between the people of the Dooab and Bengal, is becoming more and more striking. Here every body carries arms, every body walks erect, and with the apparent consciousness of the power of resisting or resenting an injury; and their comparatively fair complexions, their long swords, their long mantles, and method of travelling, all put me in mind, occasionally, of the idea which I have formed of Spain in olden time from Gil Blas, Don Quixote, and Lazarillo de Tormes.

"There are, on the whole, more native Christians than I calculated on finding when I last wrote to you. At Chunar there is really a large congregation, as many as seventy or eighty; still, principally women and soldiers' wives or widows; but who have, most of them, been actual converts, and retain many of their national peculiarities. The women, in receiving the Sacrament, would not lift up their veils, and even received the bread on one corner of them lest their bare hand should be touched. All of a certain age appear to have been brought over by Corrie, while he was in this neighbourhood; the present missionaries do little more, though decent and zealous men, than keep up his numbers. They are prudent, however, and conciliating, and, every body tells me, are respected and esteemed by the natives; a considerable number of whom, from curiosity, if from no better motive, continually attend their places of worship, and frequently invite them to their houses. The system of street-preaching, or obtruding themselves in a forward or offensive manner on the public notice, as is frequently done in Calcutta, is here quite unheard of, at least among the missionaries of the English Church. By this quiet way of proceeding, it is probable that few opportunities of doing good will be lost, and that many occasions of mischief and danger will be prevented.

"I have seen reason, thus far, to suspect, what I did not at all expect to find, a growing carelessness of the Hindoos towards their own faith, and a still more growing inclination towards

Mohamedanism. Mohamedan prayers and formula of devotion are, I understand, growing into frequent use among those who still profess themselves worshippers of Brahma; and the actual number of converts to Islamism is by no means inconsiderable. How far this is favourable to the future progress of Christianity, I do not know; but I am convinced, from many trifling matters which have occurred, that the chains of caste sit far lighter on the inhabitants of these provinces than on the Bengalees.

"But if the number of native Christians is not great, that of European Christians, even independent of the army, is far greater than I expected. At Allahabad I had sixty, at Benares, I think, eighty, and at Chunar, including, indeed, the native Christians, above a hundred and twenty communicants; and the eagerness and anxiety for more chaplains is exceedingly painful to witness, knowing, as I well know, that the remedy of the evil is beyond the power of government to supply; and that you are as anxious to give them the required help as they are to obtain it. On this account I have been exceedingly annoyed and disappointed by Mr. Northmore's intention to return to England; and am still more so by the chance of losing such a man as Mr. Thomason, who well deserves, as far as I have seen, the praise you bestowed on him. As I have reason to think that it will, in many respects, be inconvenient to him to leave India, I cannot help hoping that the grand physician, the cold weather, will put it in his power to remain. I find there are hopes that Mr. Robertson will return. I wish it may be so. Not Westmoreland, before the battle of Agincourt, wished with greater earnestness for 'more men from England' than I do.

"Mr. Williams of Cawnpoor is very ill, and, as I understand, quite unequal to the discharge of his duty. The archdeacon talks of remaining there some time, but he too is very weak and little able to exert himself. I am disposed to be sincerely thankful that my visit to these provinces has been paid while I have yet a tolerable share of my European constitution; for where help is so scanty, I am often obliged to be bishop, chaplain, and curate all in one; and

CHAP. XXV. 1824.

in India, though there may be pluralities, there is, verily, no sinecure. Mr. Hawtayne, as you will find by the enclosed document, has declined to become my domestic chaplain. * * * * If Mr. Thomason really goes home, will you allow me to request your friendly interest in his favour, to succeed him in the appointment of the jail? I have reason to think that he would much prefer this to Howrah, the exertion of which has, at times, been too much for his health.

"Your cousin is quite well. * * He has read more, and more miscellaneously than most lads who come out to India, and his memory, taste, and judgement, are all remarkable, and not the less so from his modest and quiet manner of producing what he knows. I have had a good many visits from natives, during which his Persian and Mr. Corrie's Hindoostanee, have been very useful; my knowledge of the latter tongue being very unequal to talk with gentlefolks, though with a bearer or a coolee it may pass. I find they have most of them a pretty accurate notion of my functions as a 'sirdar chaplain,' though in Benares a report at first prevailed that it was the patriarch of Constantinople who was expected.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Ever most truly your's,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

To the Venerable Archdeacon Barnes.

Cawnpoor, Oct. 16, 1824.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Several untoward and unexpected circumstances having occurred to retard my progress through these provinces, I have found it necessary to curtail my intended journey in some of its details; and have, therefore, determined, unless some strong motives to the contrary should offer themselves, to omit, for the present visitation, the station of Mhow, a resolution to which I

united at the top, and twisted with wicker like a crow's nest, where a sentinel is placed to watch the Circassians on the other side of the river; another sentinel remains below, mounted and holding the horse for his comrade in the nest, so that they can immediately make off in case of alarm. The soil of this part of the country is excessively fertile, the grass growing to an extraordinary height. The Comte de Rochfort said that he had seen thistles as high as a man on horseback. During the night an alarm was given that seventy horsemen had assembled on the Circassian side of the river, and threatened us with an attack.—We heard, however, no more of them.

"The 18th we continued travelling through a fertile but marshy country, abounding in deer and every kind of game. Among the birds we distinguished pheasants, pelicans in great numbers, cranes, and swans. This part of our journey was reckoned more dangerous than any other, both from the nature of the country, being perfectly wild, filled with low swampy wood and high reeds, and also because it is a very common resort of the Circassians for the purpose of cutting the reeds. Every man we met had his arms with him; and the officer at Ecatherinodar had ordered us a reinforcement of three Cossaks. We passed a ferry over the river Ae, which falls into the Cuban; on the opposite side was a fort commanded by an old Cossak sergeant, who was very civil. Here we breakfasted. About three o'clock we arrived at another fortress, where we had an adventure with a Circassian fugitive prince[1]. From this post we had a very merry guard who scampered about us like savages, whooping and screaming, and firing their pieces in the air. Thornton showed them the Hungarian broad sword exercise. They attempted to prove the superiority of their lances, but were evidently unable to guard themselves effectually. At night we supped with a large party of Cossaks on fish, in one of their subterranean huts; the fire was lit in the middle of the room, round which they all sat

[1] See page 249.

CHAP. VIII. 1806.

cross-legged, and formed a most picturesque and merry groupe. We at first wished to leave a guard with the carriage, but they assured us that our property was safe, as none were there but Zaporogians; and they strictly kept their word. They complained much of their poverty, and of the prohibition against all attacks on the Circassians, whom they said they would otherwise have long since exterminated. Their country they praised highly for its pleasantness and great population.

"*April 19th.*—We continued our journey through a tract of detestable country, all marshes covered with high reeds, in which the carriage frequently sank so deep that four oxen were necessary to draw it out. I myself had a thorough soaking in the mire, in which my horse sunk up to the withers. At a small station called Temrook we breakfasted on bread and 'vodka;' while we were thus employed in the kabak two Moldavians came in; and just as we were setting off a sailor came with great civility to offer us some crawfish which he had boiled for his own breakfast. He turned out to be a Frenchman employed by an Italian merchant at Taman to salt fish. He had been in England and spoke a little English. After travelling six versts farther through an immense morass, we entered the isle, as it is called, of Taman; it is separated from the continent by a large salt lake, which is only divided from the sea of Azoph on the one side, and from the Euxine on the other, by narrow necks of land rendered almost impassable by marshes. That on the southern side is, I believe, quite so; the other was formerly guarded by a Turkish fortress now in ruins.

"Taman, or, as it is now called by the revived name of Phanagoria, is a small and miserable place, situated on the southern shore of a deep bay branching from the Bosphorus. The opposite shore of Kertch, and the town and fortress of Yenicalé, are very visible from it. The bay is much too shallow for any thing but lighters; four or five feet of water being the average depth. There is a fortress, with a Russ garrison, of whom the Cossaks complain heavily as infamous thieves. Our carriage was guarded every night by a Cossak sentinel with his lance. The Church is small and

mean, but contains some morsels of antiquity, the remnants of the ancient Greek colony. Among them is a votive tablet—*ισχυροις Θεοις Ασταρλιᾳ και Αστραλεοντι.* Who are these *Τριβαλλοι Θεοι?* There is also a very famous stone with a Slavonic inscription, on which Count Alexis Moussin Pouschkin has written a dissertation. The inscription purports, that in the year 1065, Prince Gleb, the then chief of the Russians, had caused the Bosphorus, while frozen, to be paced from Kertch to Tmutaracan; and the distance was thirty-six versts. This is interesting to the Russians, as ascertaining the site of their ancient capital, which had been before much disputed. The name in Theodosius' itinerary is Tamartaca. Tmutaracan means, literally, the 'swarm of beetles.' We met with a very sensible and civil priest, father-in-law to the Cossak with whom we lodged. At our going away he desired us to sign a paper intended for the inspection of his bishop, purporting that he had treated us with civility and hospitality. His cottage was very neatly furnished, with some bad religious prints, a large Bible, and a collection of homilies. He could speak no other language but Russ. A very common print, in all this part of the world, is a strange representation of Mount Athos, with an inscription in Italian, Latin, Greek, and Slavonic. It is considered as tantamount to a Saint in any room or Church, especially as it is intended *εις θεου δοξαν και της Ανατολικης ορθοδοξιας.* This is almost the only print which is commonly seen in Russian houses, except a most extraordinary map of Russia, which we saw at a post-house three stages from Moscow, on the Troitza road. At Tcherkask, indeed, we saw a print of two persons talking over a globe; and below, a long dialogue between a Mushik and a *Προφεσορ.*

"The trade of Taman, such as it is, consists in salt and fish. There was one Italian trader in the place, who was, however, merely a sort of supercargo, employed by a house at Caffa. He passed among the Cossaks for a Greek, and was a very civil man, who would take no present in return for his civilities. The shops in the town would not bear a comparison with the worst furnished booth in an English fair.

CHAP. VIII. 1806.

"About fifteen versts from Taman is a small colony of Circassians, who, some years since, came over with their Chief, to the number of five hundred souls. Their chief, Sultan Selim Gerai, a fine young man of twenty-five, paid us a visit at Taman, accompanied by six attendants; one of these men the Cossaks called colonel. I suppose they meant attaman, or chief of a village. The Sultan had his bow and arrows; he shot one into the air, but we could not prevail on him to aim at any particular object; I suspect, because he was not very skilful. He declared that no Circassian could hit a goose, which we pointed out to him, though it was at a very moderate distance. He and all his party had shoes without soles, and long tight pantaloons; the colonel wore a red tunic, over a beautiful coat of mail. Their countenances, as well as those of all the Circassians I have seen, were precisely the same with the Turks and Tartars. We were not able to learn the cause of his leaving his country; indeed all the information which we derived from him was very imperfectly ascertained, from the double interpretation which was necessary. We could only make out that he had fled from being in fear of his life. Thornton got a whip from the chief, which he carried off as a memorial; these whips are of plaited thongs; the lash is three-edged, excessively sharp, and heavy; as a blow from so formidable a weapon would maim a horse, they fasten a strip of leather to the end, with which they gently touch the animal when they want him to go faster.

"On the 20th we took a ride with our Cossak host to see the mire fountains mentioned by Pallas. The first thing which we were shown was a circular area, resembling the crater of a small volcano. In the centre was a heap of stones, which, with the surrounding mud, appeared impregnated with sulphur. In one place was a pool of water, without any particular taste. About five hundred yards distant was another circle, but much smaller, all of soft mud; and in the centre was a little hole, whence slowly bubbled out a nauseous black fluid, like bilge-water. By treading on any part of the mud more matter was forced from the wound; for the whole had the appearance of one vast sore. We thrust our sticks into

the mud, but found no bottom; and on withdrawing them, a similar kind of fluid rose through the apertures which they had made. There was another, precisely similar, at a small distance; and very near this last a well of water, resembling that of Harrowgate in taste and smell, and sparkling. Pallas imagines that these have some connection with a singular island, which, with a tremendous noise, appeared suddenly above the sea near Temrook, throwing up mud and stones, which were succeeded by an eruption of fire and smoke, and afterwards sunk down again, and left no traces on the spot. We heard much of the fossils that were to be met with on the coast of the Black Sea. The good priest showed us the tooth of a giant which was found there, calculated for a man of, at least, fifty feet high; the whole scull, he said, had been sent to Petersburg. We found on the hill where the mire fountain was, several substances, like half-calcined bones. During this expedition we started four hares, which the priest's Siberian greyhounds chased, but only killed one. We were much struck with the sure-footedness of our horses, who went down some very difficult places with great ease.

"On the 22d of April we found that we had exhausted all the curiosities of Taman, and determined to proceed directly to Kertch, and wait for our carriage at Caffa. We were induced to take this step by understanding that Yenicalé offered nothing remarkable either in antiquities or situation, and by our desire to give as much time as possible to Caffa. The regular ferry-boat was then at Yenicalé, and the wind directly contrary. For this boat our carriage was obliged to wait; we ourselves obtained a fishing-boat from the point nearest Kertch. From Phanagoria to this point is reckoned twelve versts; it is a long narrow spit of land, evidently of recent formation, and marked in Guthrie's map as an island. Even where this terminates is a range of sand, reaching like a bar across almost half the Bosphorus, and hardly covered with water, which bids fair, in time, completely to block up the navigation. An immense quantity of sea-fowl are seen on every part of the straits. A vast flight of pelicans passed over our heads in a regular order of flight,

CHAP. VIII. 1806.

similar to that of wild-geese. The prospect is perfectly naked and desert; on one side, the bare downs and long sand Kossas of Taman; and on the other, a bleak and rocky coast, without verdure or inhabitants: and the miserable fishermen who rowed us over were a very fit groupe for such a scene. From the Kossa, where we embarked, to Kertch is reckoned twelve versts. Immediately opposite is a round shallow bay, where was a hut in which the fishermen occasionally slept. Behind the northern point of this bay opens a much larger, where a few miserable houses, a small Church, and a jetty of piles point out Kertch. The most conspicuous object is a conical green hill, either entirely or in part artificial, on the top of which are a seat and a flag-staff. The Russian officer who took us there fancied it was erected in honour of Mithridates, or some of his family. The shore is very shelving and shallow; and we had the greatest difficulty to get our boat within a reasonable distance of land. The commandant of Kertch, a Georgian by birth, told us that many plans had been given for a harbour and quarantine at this place; but the present scheme of making Caffa the emporium would probably prevent them. Immediately on landing we were accosted by a Russian priest, with the salutation, Χριστος ανεστη. We had before observed that the Cossaks used at this season to salute foreigners in Greek.

"The town of Kertch is very small and miserable; it is chiefly inhabited by Jews. There is one tolerable watch-maker in the bazar, and two shops where we saw some English cotton stuffs. The country around is all bare of trees, and their fire-wood is brought from the neighbourhood of Eski Krim, a distance of, perhaps, 120 versts. There is a spacious fortress, with a garrison of a lieutenant-colonel, a major, and four companies of light-infantry. The men were distinguished by not wearing swords, which most Russian soldiers do; the non-commissioned officers carried rifles. I had made some drawings and memoranda of the antiquities, which I have lost, but which differed in no material point from the account published by Pallas. The most interesting are in the wall of the Church. It is, perhaps, worth mentioning, as illustra-

tive of national character, that the Russian major, who agreed to furnish us with horses, and an open kibitka to Caffa, insisted on such usurious terms, that the other officers cried out 'shame;' and that the same man afterwards squeezed some further presents out of Thornton's servant. A Cossak would have disdained such conduct.

"We left Kertch on the 23d. From thence the road winds among swampy and uncultivated savannahs, having generally a range of low hills to the south, and the sea of Azoph at some distance to the north. These plains are covered with immense multitudes of bustards, cranes, and storks. I saw no more pelicans after landing in Europe. I never saw an English bustard; but those of the Crimea appeared to be a stouter bird than what is generally represented in prints. There are many ruins in this part of the country, and other vestiges of former population; we passed two or three small, but solid and well-built bridges over rivulets, which appeared to be of Mahomedan workmanship; and there were several tombs distinguished by the turban. The number of barrows near Kertch is surprising.

"We passed two villages still standing, and recognized at once the grotesque dresses of the Nogay herdsmen, represented by Pallas. At night we reached another village some time after dark, and had to wage a furious battle with the dogs before we could procure a lodging. Its name I have forgotten.

"The next day we observed several patches of cultivation, and the country improved, though still full of ruins. On our right hand lay the sea of Azoph, and on our left the Black Sea was now visible; a ruinous mosque lay before us. We found on inquiry that our driver had mistaken his way, that we had passed the turn to Caffa, and were then on the road to Karasubazar. Caffa now lay on our left hand, and presented a most dismal prospect as we approached it on that side. There is a striking ruin on the north-east point of the bay which was formerly a mint; and the walls and towers, though dismantled, are very fine. The town rises like a theatre from the water's edge, and is of considerable extent, but

CHAP. VIII. 1806.

almost entirely ruinous. On the land side it is defended by a high wall with loop-holes and battlements; the loop-holes communicate with a sort of gallery, and are contrived in the thickness of the wall, with large internal arches, which give it the appearance of an aqueduct. These arches support the upper walk and parapet. The towers are semicircular; on one of them on which is a gateway, are many shields with armorial bearings, not much defaced, which ascertain the Genoese to have been its founders. There are some noble Mohamedan baths entire, but now converted into warehouses; many ruined mosques, and one which is still in good order, though little used. There are also the remains of several buildings which, by their form, and position east and west, appear to have been Churches. Turkish and Armenian inscriptions abound; but I could find, in several days' search, no vestige which I could rely on as having belonged to the ancient Theodosia. The north-west quarter of the town is peopled by Karaïte Jews, and the narrow bazar nearest the water swarms with those of Europe. These are the two most populous parts of the town. There are some Armenians, but not exceeding thirty families, and hardly any Tartars. The remainder of the population consists of the garrison, five or six Italian and German merchants (no French when we were there,) and some miserable French and Suabian emigrants. General Fanshaw has constructed a very good quay; and by pulling down some ruinous buildings and a part of the wall, has made a good entrance from the north, which he has planted with trees. They were building a very large and convenient place of quarantine. I could find no aqueduct, nor did there appear any need of one, as there are many beautiful springs bursting out of different parts of the higher town, which, excepting the north-east quarter, where the Karaïtes live, is entirely waste and ruinous. The springs have all been carefully preserved in cisterns, some of them ornamented and arched over, with Turkish inscriptions; and one of them in particular, which is near the south-west angle of the walls, is a delightful bath, though small, being surrounded by picturesque

ruins and overhung with ivy and brush-wood. The ruins of Caffa are mostly of freestone; the greater part of the houses were, I understood, of mud and ill-baked bricks; but of these hardly any traces are left. None of those still standing have flat roofs, but are all tiled with very projecting eaves, and in the same style of architecture as the palace at Batchiserai. The best of these adjoin to the quay, and are inhabited by the merchants. There are a few buildings lately erected; one a tavern, by a French emigrant; and another a house intended for the governor, Fanshaw. All these are of slight timber frames covered with plaister.

"Caffa was called by the Tartars, in its better days, Kutchuk Stamboul (little Constantinople). I often asked different persons what its former population was; particularly an old Indian who had been interpreter to the Khâns; but the answers I obtained were not such as I could credit. Yet he and the Tartar peasants were in the same story, that it had formerly consisted of sixteen thousand houses. All the Tartars attributed its desolation to the calamities brought on it by the Russian garrison, who tore off the roofs of the houses, where they were quartered, for fire-wood. I was told by a Suabian settler that wood was chiefly brought from Old Krim and was very dear; the winters he complained of as cold. Corn is dear, and comes chiefly from the Don. Animal food is not so plentiful as I should have supposed. A young man, who was employed to buy stores for Mr. Eaton the contractor, stated the price of beef in the market of Caffa to be ten or fifteen copeks the pound, or sometimes more, and the supply irregular. About three miles from Caffa is a small village of German colonists, who were very poor and desponding; the number might be twelve families, who were then on their farms, the rest having gone into service or to sea. General Fanshaw, to whom we had a letter, was at Petersburg, so that I am unable to give so good an account of Caffa as if I had the means of deriving information from him. His object was to establish a bank at Caffa, and finally to arrange the intercourse with the Don by way of Arabat. The merchants of

CHAP. VIII. 1806.

Caffa were, as usual, excessively sanguine, and confident of the success of their scheme; and we heard a direct contrary story to the one we were taught at Taganrog. We could not learn whether Arabat had a safe harbour; the road from Caffa thither is level, and, if necessary, a rail-road might be put up at no great expense, as it would come by water from Lugan. The bay of Caffa is rather exposed to the south-east; but we were assured they had very seldom high winds from that quarter, and that accidents had been never known to happen. A small vessel, of the kind which Russia fitted out in numbers during the Turkish war, with one mast and a vast lateen sail, was lying in the harbour to take a Scotchman, named Macmaster, to Immeretta, where, and at Trebizond, he was to act as a sort of consul to an association which had just opened a trade there.

"At Caffa we obtained an order from the government for horses from the Tartar villages, at the rate of two copeks a verst per horse. The order was in Turkish; the date was explained to us, 'from our *healthy* city of Caffa,' which I conclude was its ancient distinction. The elder, or constable of each village is named 'ombaska;' but I write the Tartar words from ear only. The road is not interesting till after you have passed Old Krim, though there is a gradual improvement in the cultivation. Old Krim, we were told, is so called because the Tartars believe it to have been the ancient capital of the peninsula. It is now a village of fifty houses at most, inhabited entirely by Armenians; but the Mohamedan ruins are extensive; there are three mosques, and what appears to have been a bath. The neighbouring peasants are all Tartars.

"In the first stage towards Sudak a building presents itself on the left hand, in a beautiful situation among the woods, on the side of a steep hill, which our Tartar guide said had been an Armenian convent. We conversed with the Tartars by an interpreter, whom we hired at Caffa; he was a Polish Jew, but had resided several years at Constantinople. Nothing could be more interesting, and

to us novel, than the prospect, and the appearance of every one we met. A mirza, or noble, one of the few who still remain in the country, overtook us; and I was delighted at being addressed for the first time by the oriental salam, with which we were afterwards saluted by all the passengers. In this part of the country I saw only one camel, a she one, and kept for her milk; the roads are too steep and rocky for them. The common cart had two wheels, and was drawn by two oxen abreast, like a curricle; it was light but spacious. This is only seen as far as Sudak; afterwards the hills are too steep for any wheel carriage. We passed a day with Dr. Pallas at Sudak, who asked much about Messrs. Clarke and Cripps. The beauty of this celebrated valley rather disappointed us, except as far as the vineyards are concerned, which are more extensive and finer than any we saw besides. Dr. Pallas said that the wine made by the Tartars was spoiled by the over-irrigation of their vineyards, which increased the size of the grapes, but injured their flavour. The wine we tasted was all poor and hungry. Sudak, or, as it was explained to me, the 'hill of the fountain,' is a small village, peopled by a few families of Greeks, with a very small and insecure harbour. The castle, which is ruinous, stands on a high insulated rock, on the east of the town; at the foot is a beautiful spring, preserved in a large cistern, with a metal cup chained to it. I suppose this is the harbour mentioned by Arrian as possessed by Scythian pirates, between Theodosia and Lampat. There is a small but handsome mosque, still entire, in the castle. I saw nothing which could be referred to a higher antiquity than the Genoese, nor any thing which I could rely on as even so old as their erections. It is only after Sudak that the real mountaineer features and habits appear to begin. In the vale of Oluz, or Sudak, very few of the cottages are flat-roofed, and all the better sort of farm-houses are tiled.

"At Kaya, the next stage, and from thence to Baydar, the buildings have flat roofs, except the mosques, which are tiled; generally with gable ends, and surrounded by a wooden portico.

CHAP. VIII. 1806.

This distinction between the roofs of private and public buildings is mentioned by Aristophanes as existing in Athens:

——————— ὡσπερ εν ἱεροις οικησετε
Τας γαρ ὑμων οικιας ερεψομεν ΠΡΟΣ ΑΕΤΟΝ. Ορνιθ. 1109—10.

" The houses are generally piled up one above another, half under ground, along the sides of hills. They are composed of clay, and the villages resemble rabbit-warrens. Irrigation is practised universally, and with apparent skill, where the vineyards are planted. Very little corn is grown; but the valleys are literally woods of fruit-trees. Water is abundant; and near many of the best wells seats of earth are made, and bowls left for way-faring men to drink. There are wolves and foxes, and, of course, game is not very plentiful; but there are hares, and a few partridges.

" Between Lambat and Aliuschta is the way to ascend Chatyr Dagh, which we missed seeing by the blunder of our Jewish interpreter. Somewhere between Sudak and Lambat (Lampas,) is a rock, which from its fancied resemblance to a ship, is believed to have been a vessel which, with its crew, was turned into stone. We endeavoured to learn the legend, but could not depend on the interpretation of our Jew, who was very much fatigued, and, at that time, very stupid.

" Lambat is situated on a rocky promontory which forms the east shore of a fine bay, amidst some of the grandest scenery in the Crimea, having Chatyr Dagh on the right, and in front a beautiful promontory called Ayou Dagh, or ' bear hill.' This is connected with the range of Chatyr Dagh by a rocky isthmus covered with wood, and is itself peninsular; resembling, though on a grander scale, Ormes' Head in Carnarvonshire. The isthmus, however, though much lower than the hills, is itself of great height, in which respect it differs from that spot. At the foot of the isthmus, in a beautiful wood of walnut-trees, stands Partenak, a village with a good harbour for small vessels, formed by a high rocky island. Here we found an old Tartar who was in great practice as a boat-

builder; and had, with his own hands, and the assistance of his two sons, just finished a beautiful schooner of, I should guess, thirty tons, for a merchant at Caffa. The usual vessels of the country are like the Turkish, with lateen sails, and high prows, and poops very much curved. I was so much struck with Ayou Dagh, that I could not help fancying that it was the Criû-metopon of Strabo. A steep and narrow path leads over the neck of the mountain from Partenak. From the summit we saw, as we fancied, and as the Tartars assured us, the whole way from Kutchuk Koë to the Bosphorus.

"Kutchuk-koë is a village on the most southern point of the Crimea, and is so called to distinguish it from another koë, Deryk-koë, which stands on the hill above Hialta. Deryk-koë is the fountain represented in my drawing[1], which lies in the highway between Nikita Bourun and Deryk-koë. Hialta, a miserable village of Greeks, with a small Greek Church, lies to the left, and beyond Deryk-koë, in the way which branches off to Batchiserai, is a village of Russians, belonging, I believe, to Admiral Mordvinof.

"Above Kutchuk-koë the rocks become much more perpendicular and naked; and if this be the Criû-metopon, the name may have been derived from their high and bold forehead. It is evident from Strabo that this famous promontory was eastward of the Συμβολων λιμην, which I suppose is Balaclava; and therefore we have only Kutchuk-koë and Ayou Dagh to choose between.

"There is a small ruined fort above Gurzun, of which Pallas has given a good description. The forests in this tract are not of a very lofty growth; firs, however, and some oaks are found, and magnificent walnut-trees. The Tartars, in spring, when the sap is rising, pierce the walnut-trees, and put in a spigot for some time; when this is withdrawn, a clear sweet liquor flows out, which, when coagulated, they use as sugar. In different places we saw a few cypress trees growing in the burial-grounds; they were pointed out to us as rarities, and brought from Stamboul. Below Koriess, on the plains above the sea-coast, are some fine olive-trees. Lom-

[1] See the quarto edition of Dr. Clarke's Travels in Russia.

CHAP. VIII. 1806.

bardy poplars abound every where and are very beautiful. The people of Lambat complained that they were not allowed to cut down or sell their timber, not even to Caffa. I never could learn the reason of this restriction. In the neighbourhood of Aktiar, no such care had been taken of the trees, as not even a shrub had been left for miles.

"From Balaclava we went to see the vale of Baidar. This famous valley belongs to Admiral Mordvinof; but his possession was contested when we were there, and the rents were paid to government in deposit. Many of the Russian proprietors of the Crimea were in the same condition, owing to the following circumstances, as they were represented to me by the Comte de Rochfort, who was nephew to the Duc de Richelieu. Under the terrours of conquest, the Tartar proprietors made little opposition to the grants which were given of their lands; but now that they are again in some measure restored to their rights, such as did not come properly under the description of emigrants have commenced processes to obtain a reversion of their forfeitures, which was a very unexpected blow to their masters. The Russians, since the conquest, have established their abominable code of slavery; but not on so rigid a footing as in their own country. Two days a week, we understood from Pallas, is all the work a Tartar is obliged to do gratis for his lord; and the Russians complain heavily of their idleness. The mountaineers are almost all either entirely free-holders, or on the footing of peasants of the crown. The number of Russian residents in the Crimea is reduced greatly. Some have taken alarm at the tenure of their lands; others have sustained great losses by their slaves running away, some of whom are received and concealed by the Cuban Cossaks; this, however, is now prevented by the Duc de Richelieu's government, which includes the whole country up to Caucasus and the Caspian.

"From Balaclava we proceeded to Aktiar, so called from its white rocks. The old town stood, as we were told, on the north of the harbour, where there are no remains of any consequence. No vessels are built here, as all the timber must be floated down

the Bog or Dnieper. A regulation had been made prohibiting the entrance of merchant vessels into the harbour, unless in positive distress; a strange way of proceeding when compared with the general policy of European governments. The reason assigned was the embezzlement of the public stores, which were sold to the merchants by the government officers without shame. The effect has been to check entirely the prosperity of the town; and to raise every foreign commodity to a most extravagant price. Even provisions cannot be brought by sea without a special licence. This information I derived from the port admiral, Bandakof, and from an English officer in the Russian service. The natural advantages of the harbour are truly surprising; and the largest vessels lie within a cable's length of the shore. The harbour is divided into three coves, affording shelter in every wind, and favourable situations for repairs, building, &c. On a tongue of high land between the two southern creeks, stand the admiralty and store-houses, and on the opposite side is the town. The principal arm of the harbour runs east, and is terminated by the valley and little river of Inkerman. There are some formidable batteries, and the mouth of the harbour is very easy of defence. The old and unserviceable cannon are broken into small pieces by being raised to a great height, and suffered to fall on a bed of masonry; they are then sent, as we are told, to Lugan to be new cast. To build a ship in the Black Sea costs half as much again as to construct it at Cronstadt, the wood coming from so great a distance.

"Batchiserai is entirely inhabited by Tartars, Jews, and Armenians, and is the most populous place we saw in the Crimea. It has several mosques, besides a very fine one in the seraglio, with two minarets, the mark of royalty. There are some decent cutlers' shops, and some manufactories of felt, carpets, and one of red and yellow leather. The houses are almost universally of wood and ill-baked bricks, with wooden piazzas, and shelving roofs of red tile. There is a new Church dedicated to St. George, but the most striking feature is the palace, which, though neither

CHAP. VIII. 1806.

large nor regular, yet, by the picturesque style of its architecture, its carving and gilding, its Arabic and Turkish inscriptions, and the fountains of beautiful water in every court, interested me more than I can express. The apartments, except the hall of justice, are low and irregular. In one are a number of bad paintings, representing different views of Constantinople; and, to my surprise, birds were pictured, flying, in violation of the Mohammedan prohibition to paint any animal. It is kept in tolerable repair; and the divans in the best rooms are still furnished with cushions. One apartment, which was occupied by the Empress Catherine, is fitted up in a paltry ball-room manner, with chandeliers, &c. and forms an exception to the general style. The harem is a mean building, separated from the other apartments by a small walled garden, and containing a kitchen, with six or eight small and mean bed-rooms, each of which, (as we were told by our guide, who was a Jew, and remembered it in the time of the Khân,) was usually occupied by two ladies. In the garden is a large and delightful kiosk, surrounded by lattice-work, with a divan round the inside, the centre paved with marble and furnished with a fountain. The word 'serai,' or 'seraglio,' which is given to this range of buildings, seems, in the Tartar and Turkish language, to answer to all the significations of our English word 'court;' being applied indifferently to the yard of an inn or the enclosure of a palace.

"The Jews' rock has been often described; it seems singular that such fortresses should have been possessed by such a people; yet, in Abyssinia, the Falasha appear similarly situated; and Jackson mentions a Jews' rock in Morocco.

"Akmetchet, or 'white mosque,' now Simpheropol, though the seat of government, is a wretched ruinous place; it was formerly more extensive, as appears from its three mosques, which stand at a considerable distance from each other. There is here a good view of the mountain Chatyr Dagh.

"Koslof, or Eupatoria, was our next halting-place. In the desert near it we saw some parties of the Nogay Tartars, and had an opportunity of examining their kibitkas, which are shaped some-

thing like a bee-hive, consisting of a frame of wood covered with felt and placed upon wheels. They are smaller and more clumsy than the tents of the Calmuks, and do not, like them, take to pieces. In the Crimea they are more used for the occasional habitation of the shepherds, than for regular dwellings. We saw a great many buffaloes and camels; several of the latter we met drawing in the two-wheeled carts described before; a service for which I should have thought them not so well adapted as bearing burthens; and although 'a chariot of camels' is mentioned by Isaiah, I do not remember having heard of such a practice elsewhere. The plain of Koslof is hardly elevated above the sea, and fresh water is very scarce and bad.

"Perekop is a miserable station of only one or two houses, inhabited by the post-master and custom-house officers, and a little barrack. The famous wall is of earth, very lofty, with an immense ditch. It stretches in a straight line from sea to sea, without any remains of bastions or flanking-towers that I could discover. The 'golden gate' is narrow, and too low for an English waggon. 'Golden,' among the Tartars, seems synonymous with royal; and thus we hear of the 'golden horde,' the 'golden tent,' &c. Colonel Symes mentions the same manner of expression in Ava; so that I suppose it is common all over the east. There is only one well at Perekop, the water of which is brackish and muddy. A string of near two hundred kibitkas was passing, laden with salt, and drawn by oxen; they were driven by Malo-Russians, who had brought corn into the Crimea, and were returning with their present cargo. White or clarified salt is unknown in the south of Russia; it appears, even on the best tables, with the greater part of its impurities adhering, and, consequently, quite brown. Kibitkas laden with this commodity form a kind of caravan. They seldom go out of their way for a town or a village, but perform long journeys; the drivers only sheltered at night on the lee side of their carriages, and stretched on the grass. During the independence of the Crimea, (an old officer told me) these people were always armed, and travelled without fear of the Tartars,

CHAP. VIII. 1806.

drawing up their waggons every night in a circle, and keeping regular sentries. We here, with great regret, quitted the Crimea and its pleasing inhabitants; it was really like being turned out of paradise, when we abandoned these beautiful mountains, and again found ourselves in the vast green desert, which had before tired us so thoroughly; when we changed olives and cypresses, clear water and fresh milk, for the reeds, long grass, and the drainings of marshes, only made not poisonous by being mixed with brandy; and when, instead of a clean carpet at night, and a supper of eggs, butter, honey, and sweetmeats, we returned to the seat of our carriage, and the remainder of our old cheese.

"Pallas has properly distinguished the two distinct races of Tartars, the Nogays and the mountaineers. These last, however, appeared to me to resemble in their persons the Turks and the Tartars of Kostroma and Yaroslav. They are a fair and handsome people; like the Tartars in the north of Russia, they are given to agriculture and commerce; and here, as well as there, decidedly different from the Nogays and other Mongul tribes. The Nogays, however, in the Crimea, appear to have greatly improved their breed by intermarriages with the original inhabitants, being much handsomer and taller than those to the north of the Golden Gate. The mountaineers have large bushy beards when old; the Tartars of the plain seldom possess more than a few thin hairs. The mountaineers are clumsy horsemen, in which they resemble the northern Tartars. Their neighbours ride very boldly and well. I had an opportunity of seeing two Nogay shepherd-boys, who were galloping their horses near Koslof, and who showed an agility and dexterity which were really surprising. While the horse was in full speed they sprung from their seats, stood upright on the saddle, leapt on the ground and again into the saddle, threw their whips to some distance and caught them up from the ground. What was more remarkable, we ascertained that they were merely shepherds, and that these accomplishments were not extraordinary. Both mountaineers and shepherds are amiable, gentle, and hospitable, except where they have been soured by

their Russian masters. We never approached a village at night-fall where we were not requested to lodge; or in the day-time without being invited to eat and drink; and while they were thus attentive, they uniformly seemed careless about payment, even for the horses they furnished; never counting the money, and often offering to go away without it. They are steady in refusing Russian money; and it is necessary to procure a sufficient stock of usluks, paras, and sequins. This is not their only way of showing their dislike to their new masters; at one village we were surprised at our scanty fare, and at the reluctance with which every thing was furnished, till we learned that they had mistaken us for Russian officers. On finding that we were foreigners, the eggs, melted butter, nardek and bekmiss came in profusion. General Bardakof told us they were fond of talking politics; when we addressed them on this subject, they were reserved, and affected an ignorance greater than I thought likely or natural. Pallas complained of them as disaffected, and spoke much of their idleness. Yet their vineyards are very neatly kept and carefully watered; and, what is hardly a sign of indolence, their houses, clothes and persons are uniformly clean. But his account seemed to me by no means sufficiently favourable. They are, I apprehend, a healthy race; but we met with one instance where a slight wound had, by neglect, become very painful and dangerous. On asking what remedies they had for diseases, they returned a remarkable answer; 'We lay down the sick man on a bed; and, if it please God, he recovers. Allah Kerim!'

"Their women are concealed even more, the Duc de Richelieu said, than the wives of Turkish peasants; and are greatly agitated and distressed if seen, for a moment, without a veil. Like the men they have very fair and clear complexions, with dark eyes and hair, and aquiline noses. Among the men were some figures which might have served for models of a Hercules; and the mountaineers have a very strong and nimble step in walking. An imâm, who wears a green turban, and who is also generally the schoolmaster, is in every village. Not many, how-

CHAP. VIII. 1806.

ever, of the peasants could read or write; and they seemed to pay but little attention to the regular hours of prayer.

"Our road to Berislav lay across lakes and brooks, and terminated in a sandy desert, which, during the rains, is often inundated; this extended to the banks of the Dnieper, which having crossed, we ascended to Berislav. It is a small town, founded on a regular plan by the empress Catherine, on a fine sloping bank near the river, with a floating bridge which is removed every winter. The Dnieper, like the Don, is navigated in double canoes, composed of two very narrow ones, often hollowed out of trees, and united by a stage. The town has wide streets at right angles with each other; but the houses are mostly miserable wooden huts. The country around is all good land, but destitute of water; there are, however, many villages, and many acres of cultivated land along the banks of the river; and wherever there is a well, there is generally a small cluster of houses attracted by such a treasure. On the side of the Dnieper begins the regular series of Jews' houses, which are the only taverns or inns from hence all the way into Austria. Jews, in every part of Little and New Russia, abound. In Muscovy they are very uncommon.

"From Berislav to Cherson the road lay over a continued series of steppes, only varied in one instance by a large extent of stagnant water, which threatened fever and death to the traveller. Cherson is gradually sinking into decay from the unhealthiness of its situation, and still more from the preference given to Odessa. Yet timber, corn, hemp, and other articles of exportation are so much cheaper and more plentiful here, that many foreign vessels still prefer this port, though they are obliged by government first to perform quarantine, and unload their cargoes at Odessa. Corn is cheap and plentiful; but timber much dearer than in the north, as the cataracts of the Dnieper generally impede its being floated down. There is a noble forest which we saw in Podolia, not far from the Bog, a beautiful river, unincumbered by cataracts; but as some land-carriage would be necessary, it is as yet almost '*intacta securi.*' The arsenal at Cherson is extensive and interesting; it

contains a monument to Potemkin, its founder. Two frigates and a seventy-four were building; on account of the bar, they are floated down to the Liman on camels, as at Petersburg. Nothing can be more dreary than the prospect of the river, which forms many streams, flowing through marshy islands, where the masts of vessels are seen rising from amid brush-wood and tall reeds. In these islands are many wild-boars, which are often seen swimming from one to the other.

"No foreign merchants of any consequence remain here; those who transact business at the port do it by clerks and supercargoes. My information respecting Cherson was chiefly derived from a Scotchman named Geddes. The tomb of Howard is in the desert, about a mile from the town; it was built by Admiral Mordvinof, and is a small brick pyramid, whitewashed, but without any inscription; he himself fixed on the spot of his interment. He had built a small hut on this part of the steppe, where he passed much of his time, as being the most healthy spot in the neighbourhood. The English burial-service was read over him by Admiral Priestman, from whom I had these particulars. Two small villas have been built at no great distance, I suppose, also, from the healthiness of the situation, as it has nothing else to recommend it. Howard was spoken of with exceeding respect and affection by all who remembered or knew him; and they were many.

"Nicolaef, on the Bog, about sixty versts from Cherson, is a rising town, very advantageously situated; being without the bar of the Dnieper, it is the station for vessels when built, and here they are laid up to be repaired. Nothing, I should think, but the expence of new dock-yards induces government to persevere in their system of building vessels at Cherson, when this neighbouring town has so many superior advantages. It has a fine river, without either bar or cataract, deep still water, and a healthy situation. Vessels, however, are said to decay sooner than at Sebastopol.

"The road to Odessa lies over a flat steppe, with several streams intersecting it, inlets of the sea, and some large salt-water lakes. Odessa is a very interesting place, and being the seat of

CHAP. VIII. 1806.

government, and the only quarantine allowed, except Caffa and Taganrog, is, though of very late erection, already wealthy and flourishing. Too much praise cannot be given to the Duc de Richelieu, to whose administration, not to any natural advantages, this town owes its prosperity. The bay is good and secure, but all around is desert; and it labours under the want of a navigable river, and a great scarcity of fresh water. There are two wells in the town, both brackish, and a third, a very fine one, on the opposite side of the bay; a fourth had just been discovered when I was there, in the garden of an Italian merchant, and was talked of like a silver mine. All commodities are either brought in barks from Cherson, or drawn over the steppe by oxen, who were seen lying in the streets and on the new quay, greatly exhausted with thirst, and almost furious in their struggles to get at the water when it was poured into the troughs. The situation of the town, however, is healthy and pleasant in other respects; the quarantine is large and well-constructed.

"As far as I could learn, and I made many enquiries, it was very bad policy to fix their quarantine in Odessa instead of Otchakof, where were a city and a fortress ready built, in a situation perfectly secure from the Turks; and which, lying at the junction of the Bog and Dnieper, is the natural emporium of these seas. The harbour, I understand, is perfectly secure; and even if the Liman were unsafe, the Bog affords a constant shelter. The objection generally made was the necessity of a secure quarantine; to which it was answered, that the point of Kinburn afforded a situation even more secure than Odessa. If these facts are true, a wise Government would, probably, without discouraging Odessa, restore the quarantine to Otchakof, and allow them both to take their chance in a fair competition. This, however, seems little understood in Russia. Potemkin had no idea of encouraging Cherson but by ruining Taganrog; and, at present, Cherson is to be sacrificed to the new favourite, Odessa."

To Richard Heber, Esq.

Leopold, June 17, 1806.

"My Dear Brother,

"I wrote two letters from Odessa, both of which I hope you would receive, though they went by two very different ways. We have been since engaged in a slow, though not an unpleasant journey through Poland; of the Austrian share of which, Leopold, or Lemberg as it is sometimes called, is the capital. The post from Odessa to the frontier of the Russian empire is so uncertain, that we were advised at Odessa to hire horses to carry us to the Austrian town of Brody. You may conceive that a journey of four hundred miles, with the same bad horses, would be a work of time. As far as Balta, the ancient frontier of Poland, we had nothing but the same melancholy plains, uninhabited, except by a few Cossaks, who manage the hordes of horses and camels. On this side Balta we found, however, a very rapid change for the better. No part of Ancient Russia, that I have seen, except, perhaps, some part of the province of Yaroslav, can at all compare in fertility or beauty with her Polish acquisitions. Not the banks of the Volga, nor even the Crimea itself, have any thing like the oak woods and corn-fields of Podolia. The difference which principally struck us was in the appearance of the houses and towns, the paved and narrow streets, the crucifixes by the road side, the monasteries, the Latin inscriptions, and the other marks of a different religion, and habits more nearly approaching the rest of Europe. A majority of the lower class are, however, of the Greek religion, and several of the village Churches were rude imitations of the cupola of which the Russians are so fond. The number of Jews likewise is very striking; in Muscovy, properly so called, they are never seen; in Little and New Russia they begin to appear; but in this part of Poland I verily believe they constitute one-third of the whole population. All the inns are kept by them; and we had heard horrible accounts of their dirt and misery. To

CHAP. VIII. 1806.

us, however, having been well drilled to endure both, they were very tolerable indeed. We were always able to get, at least, clean straw and decent victuals, and these were no small luxury. The peasants are very poor and depressed. In Gallicia, for the first time in my life, I saw women holding the plough, and breaking stones on the highway. I know not to what circumstance to attribute this poverty, the laws being more indulgent to the peasant than in Russia. Their houses, indeed, are better and cleaner than those of ordinary Muscovite peasants.

" We arrived at Brody a day after the Austrian, or as the Russians call him the 'Roman' Consul; we had been introduced to him at Odessa, and found his acquaintance very useful in directing us to a good inn, and getting us, with less trouble, past the custom-house. The Austrian post is still very good, though it has been much injured by the passage of the army. Several persons in Leopold have complained of the conduct of the Russian troops in their march through the country; but the peasants seem to have been contented with their behaviour, and were much struck with the good cloth and gay uniforms they wore.

" The country which has fallen to the share of Austria is more picturesque and more populous than that of Russia; but apparently not so fertile. Both would, however, be called fertile and beautiful in the richest part of England. The national dress and the shaved head are still in universal use among the lower classes. Of the '*plica polonica,*' we have only seen one instance, and it is considered as rare. Among the nobility, the old people are still shaved and dressed like their ancestors, in long cassocks, girt with a broad sash; the sabre, however, the ancient mark of a gentleman, is, since the partition, rarely worn. '*Fuimus Troes.*' Leopold is a very considerable town, having 30,000 inhabitants. It was the favourite residence of John Sobiesky, whose palace is still shown. Charles the Twelfth came here in person to besiege the town, and it is almost needless to add, was successful.

" We brought with us some good introductions, particularly a letter from the venerable Russian General Michelson to the

governor, an old Hungarian Count Urmeni, whose kindness has furnished us with some letters for Buda. We intend to take this road to Vienna, as the last news from Russia seems to make our return by Riga inevitable. Our letters of introduction are directed in Latin, which language is still much used in Hungary. We are therefore rubbing up our phrases, and recollecting our old exercise books. 'Willimot's Peculiars' would be a real treasure to us, or any other book of dialogues.

"We are told of difficulties that await us if we take this route, but we are not very easily alarmed, and these difficulties are only those of getting horses and beds. A little exertion will supply the one, and on the celebrated hospitality of the Hungarians we must rely for the other. Our road lies through the Carpathian mountains, by Caschau, Eslau, and Tokay, (where I will drink your health) to Buda. From thence to Vienna by Raab and Presburg. The way is short and the road excellent along the bank of the Danube. I promise myself much pleasure in finding letters at Vienna. Our stay there will not be long. * * * * * I shall certainly see you before the All Souls' election.

"Believe me, my dear brother,

"Yours most affectionately,

"REGINALD HEBER."

CHAPTER IX.

LEMBERG TO YARMOUTH.

Przemisl—Daklo — Hungarians — Gypseys — Mineral waters of Bartpha—Castle built by Ragozzi — Wells — Jews—Hungarian peasants—Funeral—Aperies—Castle—Caschau—School—Tokay wine—Szerwz—Calvinist Church—Number of Protestants—Miskoltz—Kerestes—School—Erlau—Academy—Archbishop of Agria—Count Esterhazy — Halwar — Buda — Wine — Danube — Hungarian dress—Vienna—Theatres—German literature—The Prater—Baden—Events of the war—Conduct of French in Vienna—Buonaparte—Brünn—Battle of Austerlitz — Prague — Dresden — Leipzig — Moravians — Halle — Wittenberg — Luther and Melancthon—Potsdam—Berlin—Hamburg—Yarmouth.

CHAP. IX. 1806.

"*June* 19*th.*—LEFT Lemberg for Hungary. The country, like all Gallicia, is fertile and pleasing, with woody hills and a light chalky soil; the trees are principally fir. A little to our right hand lay a seat of the Prince of Lorraine, said to be very beautiful. Count Mussy had given us a letter to him, but we were unable to make use of it, as Thornton's illness rendered it necessary for us to keep the straight road, and to see this place we must have made a considerable detour out of the post-road.

"*June* 20*th.*—About ten this morning we arrived at Przemisl, an ancient town, with a castle and palace, both in ruins, a Cathedral, and two convents. Its history we could not learn. It stands in a fine situation, on the river San, which is crossed by a singular wooden bridge on three stone piers, roofed over, and having the road suspended from the roof. The San rises in the Carpathian moun-

tains, and flows into the Vistula, receiving first the Vislok and some other streams; its course is about 150 miles. At Przemisl it is a beautiful stream, as wide as the Dee at Overton bridge. A plan has been presented to the Austrian government for uniting the Vistula and Dniester by a canal drawn from the latter to the San; its execution depends very much on the demand for wood at Odessa. The Dniester is also considered an advantageous outlet for the productions of Hungary; during the summer it is almost dry, and full of cataracts; but in spring and autumn it is navigable with ease and safety. The Carpathian mountains are covered with inexhaustible stores of wood, particularly oak. The Bukovina, it is hoped, will gain great advantages by its neighbourhood to the Dniester; it is said to be the finest part of the Austrian territories, mountainous, but very fertile, and with excellent timber. The inhabitants are Moldavians, and are described as a very handsome and amiable race. Several wealthy persons have purchased lands there. The Pruth, which also runs through the Bukovina, is navigable for boats; but the country through which it afterwards flows is too dangerous to admit of a regular communication with the sea. Nor do the Hungarians at all avail themselves of the Danube as a channel of foreign trade, for the same reason. The San runs on the left of the road from Przemisl. At about a German mile from the town stands, on the left hand, a large convent, in a noble situation. The country is very hilly and beautiful. Daklo is a large village, with some gentlemen's houses; we were provided with a letter to the post-master, whom we found a very civil old man, with the manners and appearance of a gentleman. His house was neatly furnished, chiefly with a kind of dark wood, of which I could not learn the name. He was a Bohemian, and spoke very ill of the Hungarians. This class of men are here very decent, and often of gentlemen's families; forty years' service ennobles them.

"From Daklo the road becomes more hilly, and the country more elevated and barren, with magnificent firs. The cultivation is good, and carried up to the hill tops, though the soil is flinty,

CHAP. IX. 1806.

and the crops light. The valleys put me much in mind of Wharfdale. The Hungarian frontier is three miles from Daklo. We first passed by a sort of custom-house, where our passports were examined, but not our luggage; they told us we should want no passports in Hungary.

"The first Hungarian peasants we met did not give us much idea of happiness or liberty; they seemed half starved, half naked slaves, very wild and noisy; and both men and women dirty and ragged. The post-master at the first village where we stopped spoke Latin fluently, though a mere peasant and in rags. We met with some delay in procuring horses, none being kept at the post, as there were so few travellers; in such cases peasants' horses are furnished by the post-master. * * * *

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* The posts are little used, as the ignoble travel with carriers' horses, of which persons there are many in all the towns, who supply horses and carriages to any distance, at a price rather inferior to the post. The nobles have the privilege of demanding horses at every village from the peasants, which is called 'raising the comitatus.' They only pay a few florins drink-money every stage. We were advised to send a 'lanssettel' before us like the Swedish 'forebüd,' but Count Urmeni dissuaded us, saying we should always overtake the avant courier. There are few chaussees in Hungary; they depend on the pleasure of the county meetings and of the different proprietors. We slept at Orlich at a miserable Jew inn, which was already full of guests. I myself slept on the kitchen floor amid the Jew's family. Thornton preferred the carriage.

"*June* 21*st*.—At this place we saw several families of gypseys; these people have here the same Asiatic features, and lead the same manner of life as in England. They are very numerous in Hungary. Our drivers had been noisy and saucy; but on parting came to kiss Thornton's hand and wish him a perfect recovery. The language here and as far as Caschau, is Sclavonic, and does not materially differ from Russian and Polish.

Thornton's servant could make himself perfectly understood. Count Mussy informed us that all the country from hence to the mines at Cremnitz, is inhabited by the same race of people. They consider themselves as the aborigines of the country, and are said to be a much better-natured race than the pure Hungarian.

"A few miles from Bartpha is a large village with two Churches, a convent, and a fine house, the property of Count Asperman. Above, on a steep and high hill covered with wood, is a fine old castle, now in ruins, built by Ragozzi, a Transylvanian chief, and one of the followers of Bethlem Gabor, who, in conjunction with the Turks, overran all this part of Hungary, building many castles to secure his possessions. He was also leagued with various bands of Bohemian Hussites, who greatly infested these mountains by robberies and rebellions.

"The mineral waters of Bartpha have induced Count Asperman to build a village on the spot, and fit it up as a watering-place. The lodgings are in long low buildings, and look like streets of cottages. Every chamber has a bathing-room on the opposite side of the corridor; and behind are stoves for heating the water: * * * * The water is a very strong chalybeate. The physician, on whom, however, I place no great confidence, said it exactly resembled that of Spa. These lodgings form one side of a large irregular area, in the centre of which is the well, covered with a small leaden pavilion. The other side of the area is occupied by a large house, where are a table d'hote, rooms for balls, theatricals, &c. The whole is under the direction of a Lemberg inn-keeper, named Höcht. A new theatre is soon expected to be built, and the place seems increasing rapidly. The accommodations are now, however, miserable, merely consisting of bare walls, boarded bedsteads, and clean straw.

"I walked up to the castle; the outer wall is an irregular pentagon, having the entrance in a large hexagonal tower in one of the angles; on two sides it is guarded by a deep ditch; on the three other the declivity is a sufficient protection. From the first ward you ascend by narrow gateways to two others, and at last to

CHAP. IX. 1806.

what has been the donjon. Round the outer wall, and at its very foot, a deep subterranean gallery has extended. It is very dark and horrible, and put me a little in mind of the description of Bethlem Gabor's castle in Godwin's 'St. Leon.' The great donjon is rent in two, and from about half its height you look down into the different stories of rooms and dungeons, with a stupendous well at bottom. The materials have been bad stone mixed with bricks, and the whole covered with plaister, which is still tolerably entire. On the plaister of what has been the chief room, is engraved some gibberish.

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On the gateway are small compartments in the plaister, which seem to have been intended for arms or inscriptions, but they now offer nothing. The effect of the different openings into these dungeons, with the young trees bursting through their ruins, was strikingly fine. The area of the two lower courts was cultivated, and bore a good crop of rye; the whole space may be about three acres. The castle is perfectly commanded by the highest peak of the hills which rises at about half a mile distant, covered with firs. In my way back to Bartpha, I saw a wolf.

"We went into the bath, which covered our bodies with rust, and had a very bad effect on Thornton's leg.

"*June 22d, Sunday.*—The strangers at the well were this day in their best clothes. Most of the patients bathe twice daily, we, however, declined it this morning. The Churches in Hungary are built generally in the form of three or, sometimes, four small wooden towers, standing against each other like pulpit, reading-desk, clerk, and dog-whipper, the highest being the steeple, and containing the principal entrance. We dined at the great ordinary in a large saloon, the roof supported by pillars, and with a gallery round it. The party consisted of an abbot, a Franciscan monk, a young officer of cuirassiers, and several from different classes of the

people; but our whole number did not exceed fifteen. Some spoke French and others Latin. In the evening there was a ball, and a comedy. I took a walk in the tall fir wood which covers the hills round the village of Bartpha; some of the timber is uncommonly fine. The roads which have been made for carrying wood to construct the village, afford some beautiful solitary walks. On my return I was struck by the effect produced in the forest by the large fire of some woodmen, who were eating their supper with much singing and merriment round it.

"*June 23rd.*—The whole number of residents at the wells does not at present exceed thirty; when the season is further advanced there are frequently five or six hundred persons. The old prince Czartorisky is a regular attendant, and has a small house in the village. His first visit to the place is recorded in an inscription on the pediment of the little dome which covers the well. Another inscription on the house, at the southern end of one of the ranges of buildings, thus sets forth the intention of the whole establishment:

"Hasce ædes condidit
Senator Bartphensis,
Ut nobiles cives atque alii
Ex aquis et frondibus
Sese recreaturi,
Salutem
Ex aquis et frondibus
Bartphensibus
Acciperent."

There are in the original some half-dozen letters which seem intended for a chronogram, but I was not at the pains to pick them out and arrange them.

"There are three or four houses in the village belonging to Jews; these are not very common in Hungary, where Jews are only barely tolerated. In many districts they are forbidden to approach under pain of death;—such as the mining countries and some others. The few that are settled in Hungary seldom wear

CHAP. IX. 1806.

their own peculiar habit. At the ordinary to-day there were rather more persons than yesterday. Many of them dined with their hats on. After dinner a man who had sat opposite to me, called me aside to show me some smuggled tea which he had brought from Russia, and which he sold in glass quart bottles at three ducats each. Coffee and sugar are extravagantly dear, as well as all kinds of West and East Indian produce. Neither milk or butter are to be procured in Bartpha; the latter indeed is very scarce all over Hungary, and hogs' lard is used instead. The unmarried men also smear their hair and bodies with lard; but as soon as they marry they discontinue this filthy fashion. During dinner I had a good deal of conversation with a Pole, an acquaintance of one of our Lemberg friends; he afterwards called on us;

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* * this curious sort of pushing civility is thoroughly Polish. Plenty of fine strawberries were brought by children for sale, and there was good ice for desert.

"*June 24th.*—I saw, to-day, some female peasants remarkably well dressed, like English country girls, walking with their shoes and stockings in their hands. I dined again in the hall, and had some conversation with the cuirassier officer, who was lamed by a fall from his horse, and was now trying the virtue of these baths to cure it.

"It is not always easy to procure horses in the village; but having previously engaged four to take us to the town of Bartpha, a distance of about three English miles, we left the wells this evening. The town is small and ancient, surrounded by walls and towers, which are still tolerably entire. The houses are all built in the old German fashion, with religious mottos and pictures on the walls. There are one Roman Catholic and two evangelical Churches; one of which is old and small; the other is very handsome, but not yet completed. The Roman Catholic Church is also handsome, and built in tolerably pure Gothic. On one of the pillars is an elephant's tooth, which the old sacristan pointed out as the rib of a giant. I could not, however, learn any tradi-

tionary history of this supposed son of Anak. The population of the town is chiefly German and Lutheran. I here first heard the name of 'Evangelical' assumed by Lutherans. I witnessed one of their funerals, which was attended by a great number of persons, most of whom were dressed in short jerkins and long grey cloaks. At the gate of the church-yard, a person stood to collect the benevolence of those who attended the ceremony. The clergyman was dressed in a plain black cloak and broad-brimmed hat, looking not very unlike the pictures of Hudibras. The funeral-service merely consisted of a prayer, a hymn, and a short extemporary address. The number of *Evangelisher*, I learnt from one of the congregation, is about three hundred families, living in the town and neighbourhood, a third of whom are Germans and the rest Slavonians. Each nation has its own pastor and school, and the pastors preach by turns in the common Church. Protestants are very numerous in all Upper Hungary and Transylvania, and are under no legal disabilities whatever.

"A sort of fair was held in the town, in which some Italian and Jewish tradesmen had set up their booths. The former we met with very frequently all over Hungary. We left Bartpha this evening, with peasants' horses, who were engaged to take us to Aperies; but we stopped short at a small inn kept by a German, where we got a bed for Thornton, but nothing to eat or drink except brown bread and sour wine. The mistress of the house was a wrinkled witch, whose face would formerly have sent her flying into a horse-pond.

"*June 25th.*—We arrived this morning at Aperies, a moderate sized and neat town, walled round, and in a very fine situation. It consists of one wide street with the Church in the centre, and handsome houses on each side of three or four stories high, which struck us very forcibly after those we had been accustomed to see in Russia. Many of the rooms have coved ceilings, and the windows of all the good houses are secured with heavy iron bars. On a very high hill near the town, is a large castle built by Ragozzi. The Church is in a good style of Gothic architecture, but has

CHAP. IX. 1806.

little in it remarkable. In one corner is a small stage with a curtain before it, and a Latin inscription, purporting that here might be seen the passion and resurrection of Christ. On removing the curtain, I found, in fact, a collection of scenes, &c. as if for a puppet-show. In the centre of the stage was a small white figure of a woman weeping, which seemed exceedingly well done. A wine-merchant in the town told me that the number of Hungarian troops was very small, owing to the jealousy of the Diet.

" On quitting Aperies, we dined at a small inn at the first stage, where we found great neatness, and an excellent dinner produced in a few minutes, things to which we had been long unaccustomed. The mistress of the house was a Slavonian, and not one of the family could speak a word of German.

" We reached Caschau about six in the evening. The great inn ' Schwartzen Adler,' was too full to admit us, the *comitatus* being assembled in the town, and the Archbishop of Eslau was also holding his visitation. The waiter, a fine powdered coxcomb, was as impertinent as any of his fellows in the most refined countries. We were, at length, admitted into a small inn without the gates. I immediately called on a tradesman to whom we had letters, in the hope of being able, with his assistance, to get a carriage on four springs, for which Thornton wished to exchange his britchka. He went with me to two coachmakers. The price of a Vienna waggon, with springs only behind, was from three hundred to three hundred and fifty florins; for one with four springs I was asked from four to five hundred. I saw some very neat ones of both kinds, but none were quite finished. The coachmakers refused to give any thing for a Russian britchka, except as far as the value of the materials went.

" *June 26th.*—Caschau is a small but neat town, chiefly consisting of a square, or rather a very wide street, in the centre of which are the town-hall and the Cathedral; some of the principal Churches also form the sides. A clear stream of water runs down the middle. The Churches are handsome; the Cathedral, or rather the conventual Church, is large, and in a good style of Gothic

architecture. On a gallery in the south transept is a Latin inscription, commemorating the birth and coronation of Ladislaus Posthumus, son of Albert of Austria and Elizabeth. This publication of his birth and right to the throne was dictated by his mother's fears of Vladislaus, king of Poland, who did actually seize on the throne. Whether such usurpations were common in Hungary we could not learn. It is singular that, in the general hurry, she should have found time to procure this publication of her son's rights; and still more that Vladislaus did not destroy it. The bishop's throne is on the right-hand side of the Altar. The Church had been repaired by the benefaction of one of its rectors, and was very neat. I entered it just at the time when mass was saying; the archbishop and his clergy were present, together with many of the *comitatus,* with their whiskers and short jackets. Our host of the '*Grünen Bauen*' was a lieutenant in the city volunteer cavalry, and wore always his laced pantaloons and whiskers with great ostentation. Their number amounts to ninety-six; there is also a corps of volunteer infantry, consisting of a hundred and forty-six. I saw the funeral of one of their members, who was buried by the abbot, and attended with military honours to the grave. The men and officers were of a very decent, burgher-like, and most unmilitary appearance: their uniform is pepper-and-salt, with green facings; and they wear ridiculously large cocked hats and green feathers,—the only absurd part of their dress.

"The surgeon who attended Thornton here was a decent well-informed man. I had a good deal of conversation with the apothecary, a fine prosing fellow, who complained much of the dearness of drugs, and said that England ought to sell them cheaper. On my desiring to know what drugs they got from England, he answered, that they received every kind of luxury and physic from her and her colonies.

"Our landlord told us that the price of a good horse was from five to six hundred guilders. There are several Furmänner in Caschau who offered to take us to Vienna, finding both carriage and horses, for rather less than the usual post. Caschau has a

CHAP. IX. 1806.

great school or university with many professors. * * * * * * * * * There is plenty of wine made in the neighbourhood of the city, but none very good; many of the houses are well built, and the whole place bears the appearance of wealth.

"*June 27th.*—Left Caschau. The peasants here become downright Hungarian; the men have their heads dripping with grease, and wear a profusion of buttons on all sides of their jackets; the women are in red boots, quilted petticoats, and short jackets, with their hair hanging in a long plait down their backs. Many of them are very handsome.

"At the first stage from Caschau, where we were stopped about an hour for post horses, the mistress of the house gave us bread and cheese, and wine; and for our amusement brought us a vast collection of theses, held by her son at the university of Caschau, together with the synopses of several courses of lectures on the laws and history of Hungary. These last were very interesting; but the theses were written in so bad a hand that we could make out but little of them; they were on civil government, and seemed to be chiefly taken from Aristotle's Politics. The village was pleasantly situated by a small stream, in which two peasants were soaking wheat, in all probability for sowing; their mistress was standing near them, a plain-looking farmer's wife. There was one better sort of house in the village, to which a britchka and four drove up while we were there. A little way further, over a bridge, and shaded by some trees, was a statue of St. John Nepomacene. This saint, who was thrown over the bridge at Prague, has been ever since supposed to watch over bridges, and is always placed near one. Two stages further we found a very intelligent post-master, who took in the Vienna and Presburg newspapers. He dissuaded us from going to Tokay, whence we were not above twelve English miles distant. The town, he said, was not worth seeing, and by keeping along the great road we passed through some of the best vineyards in the country. He brought us some wine and refused all payment for his civilities.

I observed that the letters lying on his table were all directed in Latin.

" Vines were first planted in Hungary by the emperor Probus, from Greek slips; the wines made in the north are white; those south of Eslau are chiefly red, pretty much like a light port. Of the white wines that of Tokay is the most famous. It is made from such grapes only as drop from the tree spontaneously through over ripeness, and is very dear. At Pest we paid five guilders for a very small bottle, and were at first asked eight for it; in Austria the price is much greater. The colour of the red wine is derived, not from the juice, but from the skin of the grape. Presses are invariably used to press out the juice, and not human feet as is generally supposed.

" The Hungarian peasants in this part of the country appear in easy circumstances, and their houses are neat; their principal food consists of bacon and hog's lard, of which they are very greedy, and eat it raw. Their wine seems to make them a cheerful race. They are a musical people; at Caschau, in the little inn where we were lodging, there was a nightly concert of peasants, where some pieces were performed of really difficult execution.

" The lands of Hungary are divided into manors, each manor containing demesne, or private property of the lord, freeholds, and copyholds. The first is let to tenants, who are on the same footing with tenants in England; the freeholders only owe suit and service to their lord, who also inherits in default of male heirs. The copy-holders are obliged to work for their lord gratis, either fifty-two days with four horses, or a hundred and four without; there are also other dues settled by custom. Sometimes there is a sort of modus or quit-rent of very old standing, in lieu of the manual labour; and sometimes similar new agreements are formed. These copyholders are attached to their copyholds, which they cannot leave without the lord's permission; they are called '*serve*,' '*coloni*,' &c. There is, however, another class of copy-holders, who may leave their copyholds, or dispose of them as

CHAP. IX. 1806.

they please, if not in debt to their lord. The peasants are also liable to the burthen of 'fürspann,' and of being taken for soldiers. If, however, a peasant's son studies in the university, or becomes a member of a corporate town, he can no longer be reclaimed. This we learnt from the post-master, from the professors at Erlau, from Count Kettrai, at Buda, and from many other authorities. The lord has no authority over the peasants' copyhold further than is here stated, except the privileges of the game laws, which nearly resemble our own. At Szerenz, a village which was our next stage, we met an officer who was, we were told, a noted gamester, and was now going to his annual harvest at Bartpha. His carriage was very neat, well loaded with guns and other instruments of amusement.

"While we waited for our horses we went into the Calvinist Church, where a clergyman was doing duty. The inhabitants of the village were generally Roman Catholic, but this place of worship was very ancient, and larger than most parish Churches in England. We had some conversation after service with the clergyman; he was a plain respectable man, of about sixty, with a wife and one daughter, who spoke German; he himself preferred speaking in Latin. His congregation only amounted to about five hundred; but the number of Protestants in the neighbourhood was much larger than that of the Roman Catholics. They, as well as their clergy, are mostly poor; they take great pains in the education of their children, though without the same public assistance which the Roman Catholics receive. The greatest number of Protestants are to be found in Upper Hungary, and, above all, in Transylvania, where, if you want to travel quick, you have only to tell the post-master that you are a Protestant. Their toleration is very great, but a strange rule has been made within a few weeks, which subjects the Protestant schools and preachers to the inspection of the neighbouring Catholic clergy. This cannot but do mischief. The reason assigned is, that they hold uncharitable doctrines, which their '*pacta conventa*' of toleration do not admit of.

"At the village of Szerenz we met with a peasant who spoke Latin fluently, and who even corrected one of our phrases. Mis-

koltz, where we had hoped to sleep, was full of the people attending the county meeting. We went from inn to inn, every person, with exceeding civility, showing us backwards and forwards, but we could get no lodgings. There were no less than three decent inns in the town, a large school, and four or five Churches. At last the post-master took us in, and very hospitably gave us beds and a supper. We had a long conversation in Latin with the old man and his brothers, who had studied at Erlau; both were very profuse in their civilities, calling us '*magnificentia et excellentia*,' and both very violent in their politics, particularly against Austria. While we were with them we had an opportunity of observing how much Latin is used in Hungary. A servant of the archbishop of Erlau's came in, and addressing himself to the postmaster, ordered, in very fluent Latin, horses for his master the next morning. Our host's principal cause of complaint against government was, that '*Rex Hungariæ Germaniam habitat;*' they also said that Germans were preferred in every department of the state, even in Hungarian regiments. With such things as these, said he, '*degustata est natio.*' They expressed strong apprehensions of national bankruptcy, formed chiefly on what they had learned from a travelling Jew. Of Buonaparte and the French they spoke with great fierceness; but likewise said that Hungary would not act heartily against France, '*quia degustata adeo, et pertæsa est natio.*'

"The addition of two strangers to their household caused a good deal of inconvenience to our kind host; but we could not help being amused at the condensibility of which a large family is capable in a small house; one little boy was put to bed in a drawer. The mistress knew only Magyar, but their maid-servant, a pert lass in red boots, spoke German.

"*June 28th.*—Our first resting-place this morning was remarkable chiefly for its excellent gardens. We found there a great many priests returning from the visitation, who all recommended us to go to Erlau. The archbishop had bespoke sixteen horses all along the road.

"At our next stage we looked into a cabaret full of peasants,

CHAP. IX. 1806.

who were drinking some excellent red wine. A school-bell rang, and a multitude of ragged children collected in the streets; the schoolmaster was not yet come, but I met an intelligent countryman who spoke Latin, though imperfectly. He said that the village was named Kerestes, and that it belonged to the crown, or, as the Hungarians express it, the '*camera*,' (privy council.) The school was paid and supported by the crown. It contained three classes; one for Hungarian reading and writing; the second for the German language alone; and the third for German and Latin together. The German class rarely exists, except in crown villages. Almost every peasant attends the reading and writing-class, to which they are admitted gratis. The number of children in this village-school was about sixty, fifteen of whom were in the Latin class. In the estates of individuals, the schools are supported by parish-rates.

"We had peasants' horses from Kerestes to Erlau. Our driver was one of the dirtiest, wildest, and least civilized beings I ever saw; his hair was very long, absolutely swimming in hog's lard, and tied in many small tails with shreds of cloth. His waistcoat had at least a hundred buttons, of different sizes and colours, sewed on in various parts behind and before; and a leathern belt round his waist was similarly ornamented. The horses were small and bad, and as the harness merely consisted of a few ropes, without any means of holding them up, one of them fell going down a very steep hill at the entrance of Erlau. Victor said the poor beast was '*paresseux*.'

"Erlau stands in a singular situation, among rocks and vineyards. The rocks are all hollowed into cellars, and the hill looks like a town of Troglodites, or the city of *the Glumms*, in 'Peter Wilkins.' The town itself is large and irregular, filled with ruins and gardens. Some tall trees in the Archbishop's garden give the town a beautiful appearance, not very unlike Batchiserai. The castle stands on some high rocks, but is decidedly commanded by the surrounding mountains. From the lower town a steep winding ascent runs through the citadel gateway: we here were obliged to

ask our way of a man who kept a small shop close to the gateway; we found he was a foreigner, and, of course, an Italian. The principal inn, 'the Lion,' is a very good one. In it is a ball-room, with an inscription in Latin, Hungarian, and German, forbidding the use of tobacco. There are about a dozen Churches, of which the principal are the Cathedral, the Church of the Franciscans, and that of St. Anthony; the last has a cupola ornamented with paintings representing the miracles of this saint, among which the fishes are not forgotten.

"I went to give an introductory letter to M. Najmajor, a tradesman in the town, whom I found, to my great surprise, a very sensible, well-educated young man, speaking French and Italian, and having a good collection of Latin and German books; he was quite the Catcott, the literary pewterer of Erlau. In the evening we went with him to see the Academy. It does not take the title of university, because there is no Professor of Medicine. It is a noble building, of three very lofty stories, round a quadrangle about as large as Peckwater; this contains a neat Chapel, different halls for the respective classes, and a very large library, the ceiling of which is tolerably painted with the history of the Council of Trent. The rest of the building is occupied by the professors' rooms and a large observatory. It was all erected by a single benefactor, one of their archbishops, the Count Esterhazy, uncle to the present prince. He also left a large sum to rebuild the Cathedral after the model of St. Peter's, though on a smaller scale. This part of his will was, however, contested. The number of young men and boys educated in the academy is about four hundred; they all lodge in the town; yet the professors assured me that there were, in different parts of Hungary, colleges on our plan, which they called '*convictus*.' Besides the academy, there are many smaller schools in Erlau. The income of a professor is only five hundred florins yearly. They have a small, though, for so remote a situation, a creditable collection of astronomical instruments, all of English manufacture. The professors were exceedingly civil men, and apparently well-informed; they were very curious about every

CHAP. IX. 1806.

thing relating to England. I had some conversation with one of them about Daniel's seventy weeks, and the Arundelian marbles. Here again we heard complaints of their being neglected by the court; and that their king lived in a foreign country. Before we quitted the academy, one of the professors made us drink a large glass of mineral water, from a spâ in the neighbourhood, which is very famous all over Hungary; it exactly resembled the Harrogate water, and almost made us sick.

"The 29th June being Sunday, I went to the Cathedral, looking into the Franciscan Church by the way, where a monk was preaching with great emphasis in Magyar. The congregation was numerous and attentive. At the Cathedral the canons and all the other members were dressed in their gaudy effeminate robes. After Church I went to the archbishop's garden, which was chiefly composed of a collection of formal avenues; a natural warm spring rises very near it, impregnated, but not strongly, with sulphur. I then ascended the castle-hill, where is a vast heap of Turkish and Christian ruins. The Turks were in possession of Erlau, or Agria, for 108 years; it was taken during the reign of Soliman the Magnificent, after a most gallant defence, and retaken by Ferdinand a short time before he captured Buda. The character of Soliman appears, according to Istuanfi, to have been greatly misunderstood by the Hungarians, who considered him an effeminate philosophical prince, till fatal experience convinced them of the contrary. There are some vestiges of Turkish ornaments remaining in the citadel, but very few. In the town is the minaret of a Mahomedan mosque; it is very simple, and now serves as a steeple to a small Chapel. The situation of the fortress is bad, being every way commanded by hills; its fortifications have been immense, with two, and sometimes three, tiers of heavy cannon, one above the other, in vaulted galleries. These galleries still exist, forming vast caverns and romantic labyrinths round the hill; in some the vaulting was partially destroyed; and I could look down from the top into all the three stories. Most of them were, however, dark; and I rambled about for some time, without finding any inscriptions or

particular ornaments. Birds and bats occupied them, and flitted about on being disturbed.

"The archbishop of Agria has very great privileges; formerly he had a full jurisdiction, with the power of life and death; but at present, in capital cases, or in any cause of more than a certain value (which we could not ascertain) he is obliged to report to the king. His revenues arise from the vineyards, and from several demesne lands; he is entitled to a fifth of all the wine made in his diocese, which must bring him in an immense income. The present archbishop does not seem popular. Count Esterhazy appears to have been very much beloved; his magnificence was particularly commented upon. M. Najmajor, our friend, though a brazier, was a nobleman, and showed us his letters of gentility. His grandfather had received them from Maria Theresa for his zeal in furnishing horses for her wars. This sort of nobles are called '*armoles*,' because they receive a written permission to have armorial bearings, as in England; the other nobles are either such as have been summoned to a diet, or who possess certain lands in fee from the crown; these are called '*donatarii*.' They rank as nobles in virtue of such manors, though their rank be not expressed in the grant. This answers nearly to the Polish starosta; excepting that the starosta was necessarily for military service.

"*June 30th.*—We had some trouble this morning with the postman about horses; the usual recourse in this case is to apply to the '*vice-comes*'. Rather, however, than take this trouble we hired peasants' horses to draw us to Capellua, where we rejoined the great road. A continued range of mountains was on our right-hand, and large plains on our left. We stopped at a small cabaret, where several peasants were washing down raw hog's lard with sour wine. Gyongyas, where we slept, is a neat town, where, as we were told by a peasant, '*plurimæ habitant dominationes*.' It has two convents and a Parish Church, and a small but comfortable inn.

"*July 1st.*—At Halwar, the first stage from Gyongyas, we

CHAP. IX. 1806.

met a young German who had been engaged in the cloth manufactory in Transylvania, and was now returning barefoot to his own country, Saxony. He told us that German was the language most commonly spoken in Transylvania; and this was confirmed, and accounted for to us afterwards by the multitude of Saxon colonists who had been at different times established there.

"The hills on which Buda stands are very striking on first approaching them. Pest stands low, and, as well as the Danube, is not seen till you are close upon it. On the staircase of the 'Black Eagle,' where we stopped in the latter town, was a warning, in German and Hebrew, to all Jews that the entry was forbidden to them. This race are much hated in Hungary; they are not permitted the public exercise of their religion; * *

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"*July 2d.*—We went up to Buda this morning with our letters of introduction. The Danube is about as wide as the Thames at Battersea, and wonderfully rapid; it is crossed by a bridge of boats which forms a curve against the violence of the stream. Pest is handsomely built, but contains nothing striking except the county hall and prisons, which are very fine. Buda is a most remarkable city, perched on a high rock rising abruptly from the Danube. On the highest point of the rock is a magnificent palace, which is appropriated to the Palatine; it is large, and, from its situation and style of architecture, much resembles the temple of Jerusalem, according to the fanciful system of Villapardus. Indeed the whole town, in some points of view, gave me an idea of the rocky situation of Jerusalem. The Danube, however, is what that city has not to boast of. Under a rock to the left of that on which Buda is built, and still higher, are the hot baths, with many small houses for the convenience of the sick.

"We ascended by a very steep and winding street to the gate of the town. The ancient ramparts have been long since suffered to decay, but still encircle the city with their ruins. The city is very handsome, but I was disappointed in seeing so few

vestiges of antiquity, except the Church, built by Matthias Corviaro, and a few stones on which his crest was engraved, and which had formed a part of his palace; this was destroyed by the Turks, as well as almost every thing else except the Church. The Christians, when they recovered the place, retorted this treatment on the Infidels; and there does not remain a single Mohamedan vestige in the town that I could hear of.

" The hills round Buda produce a very excellent red wine, which is popular all through Austria. The principal nobleman to whom we had letters was out of town. We saw, however, Count Battriam, and spent the evening with Count Nittrai and Field-marshal Ott, who commanded at Genoa, and during the Austrian incursion into Provence. He desired to be remembered to Admiral Keith, if we ever met with him. From Count Nittrai we derived almost all our little knowledge of the Hungarian manners and constitution; his civility, and even kindness to us, were extraordinary. He spoke of the Hungarians as a loyal people, but I think he spoke *en ministre;* his attempt to gloss over their separate treaty, as if it was merely an agreement to supply Vienna with corn, was not very successful. We were desirous of seeing the crown of Hungary; but it is kept under so many locks and keys, that it was imposible to obtain a sight of it. Count Nittrai gave us a coloured drawing of it, which, he said, was perfectly accurate. Joseph the Second removed this crown from Presburg to Vienna; but on the reiterated complaints of the Diet, he replaced it. Francis the Second was the first who restored the seat of government, the public affairs, crown, and Diet to Buda, which had ceased to be their rendézvous since the Turkish conquest.

" We afterwards went with Count Nittrai to the theatre, where we saw Blue-beard performed; it was divested of all the miraculous part, and rendered very absurdly probable; the key, instead of being stained with blood, was broken in the lock, and the ghosts were all omitted. In spite of the prohibition on the stairs, a swarm of Jews pestered us sadly; they were all in '*Deutchen bleidung;*' I believe the black cassock is unknown in

CHAP. IX. 1806.

Hungary. Very good hackney-coaches are always to be had in Buda.

"We were unfortunate in not being able to see the university, which is, externally, a large and lofty stone building. It contains, we were told, a good library, a statue of Hercules, found in Temeswar, and about three thousand students.

"*July 3d.*—This morning on our departure, we had a considerable altercation with our landlord, who brought us one of the most extravagant bills I ever saw; but which we at last succeeded in prevailing on him to reduce. The chaussée was very good, and the horses excellent. We passed Gran (Strigonium) on our left hand, and a town on a rock by the Danube, which ran on our right, with a castle and several Churches. Strigonium was the residence of Stephen, the first Christian king of Hungary, and its archbishop is still primate of all Hungary, arch-chancellor, and has the privileges of placing the crown on the king's head, administering the oath, &c. The form of the coronation still retains some traces of its ancient election; the archbishop demands of the nobles, *num volunt jubentque ut coronetur.*

"The Danube is very beautiful; and the stream exceedingly swift. Many floating mills were on it. On the hills to the south are several old castles, and beyond these hills is a lake as large as that of Geneva; the banks, however, are not very promising."

To Mrs. Heber.

Vienna, July 6, 1806.

"My Dear Mother,

"Thank you for your letter; you can scarcely conceive how great a delight it is to receive news from home, or how earnestly I wish to be there again. I can assure you that Thornton shares in this feeling; and that it is the desire of improvement, not the love of rambling, which has kept us so long on the continent. We got here yesterday evening, and of course are little qualified to give an account of Vienna. Our journey through Hungary has been very melancholy. My poor friend on his arrival at

Odessa, six weeks ago, either from the fatigues we had undergone, and the bad fare we had met with since we quitted Moscow, or, as we were inclined to believe, from checked perspiration, was attacked by a swelling and inflammation of his legs, which being mistaken for erysipelas by a stupid surgeon, was repelled with goulard. During our journey to Lemberg he continued lame, and his legs were occasionally very painful; but while we were there they became so much better, that he was able to walk a good deal, and nothing of the malady remained, except a stiffness, for which the warm baths in Hungary were said to be a perfect cure. As these lay in our way, we tried the experiment, which, however, though strongly recommended by the physician of the place, produced a return of all the painful symptoms; and, from the metallic nature of the waters, inflamed his legs so much, as quite to discourage him from continuing them, and to make him perfectly unable to walk, or even to bear the jolting of the carriage without much suffering. He, with very great spirit and good sense, determined not to trust himself again to provincial surgeons, but to press on immediately for Vienna. We have here found excellent medical assistance, and the complaint, we are assured, is neither dangerous, nor likely to be of any very long continuance, though, for a fortnight, he must give himself as much rest as possible. Checked perspiration is decided to have been the cause, and warm clothing is one of the main remedies prescribed. A journey, under such circumstances, would afford but little leisure for inquiry and improvement; and though we lost no opportunity, we have to regret that our time was too limited to enable us to learn much about the country through which we passed. I regret it the more as there are, I think, few countries where an Englishman could obtain so much important information as in Hungary, the constitution of the government of which is a complete comment on the ancient principles of our own, as low down as Edward the Third. All that I have been able to do in this point, except a little conversation, is to get the names of the best historians, and of law books,

CHAP. IX. 1806.

which I shall still have opportunities of consulting, and which are all in Latin.

" I mentioned in my letter from Lemberg, that this language is, from various reasons, (particularly that every parish has a school) almost vernacular in Hungary; among the better and middling classes it is the most usual language; and even many of the peasants speak it fluently. In this point, and in the general diffusion of knowledge, Scotland itself, perhaps, falls short of Hungary. *

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German is very little understood, except by the Austrian inhabitants of the towns, and Hungary is as little known or traversed by Germans as by English. It was perfectly ridiculous to hear the alarming accounts given by some of our acquaintance at Lemberg, of the horror and miseries of the route we were going to take, of the want of roads, horses and inns, and the barbarism of the people. The roads, indeed, are very like those of Shropshire or Cheshire; but the horses and inns are excellent; and the whole country displays a wealth and population far superior to all which we have yet seen out of England. The market towns and boroughs, with their town-halls, whipping-posts, and gallows, things little known on the continent, are exactly in the style of building which we see in Hogarth's prints. Like England, Hungary still shows every where the deep scars of her former civil disturbances. Every county town has its ruined walls; and the hills, particularly the Carpathian mountains, are full of castles, the ruins of which are sometimes very fine.

" The inhabitants of Hungary (to say nothing of the German settlers,) are of two very distinct races. The mountainous parts as far south as Caschau, are chiefly peopled by Slavonians, the original inhabitants of the country, who, like the Welch, still preserve their race and language. The plains are inhabited by the pure Hungarians, the real descendants of Attila and his followers. They call themselves ' Magyar,' and their country ' Magyar Ország.' Their language is, as they say, sonorous, and has,

I think, the longest words I ever heard, so like Mexican or Sanscrit, that it would have afforded glorious amusement for Bryant, or for the Abbé Clavigero.

" They themselves, however, seem always to make use of Latin in preference, and acknowledge that from this source they have softened their own language. I have heard them complain that the Germans have marred the names of their cities by adapting them to their own pronunciation, or translating them. Thus, Buda is in German called Ofen; Agria, Erlau; and Pisonium, Presburg. We were often much amused with our Latin dialogues, which reminded us of our Corderius at school. Nothing can be more curious than the adaptation of modern titles to Latin. We were generally called '*dominationes vestræ*,' and were once desired '*dignabuntur sedere magnificentiæ vestræ*'—' will your magnificences deign to sit down.'

" Buda is a fine town, and in a noble situation; we had some excellent introductions, and much regretted that we were only able to stay in it two days. Here, as in the other towns, we were much struck with the readiness we found in the inhabitants to give information to strangers, and their good sense in perceiving what kind of information we most wished for. The prevailing religion is, you know, Roman Catholic, but Protestants are very numerous, and enjoy perfect equality of rights. A large proportion of the parishes have Protestant rectors, I believe nearly one-third. The older Churches are built, without the smallest difference, in the same style of Gothic which is supposed to be peculiar to England; an opinion which I have long thought to be erroneous.

" The country is generally very fertile. From Caschau to Buda, through the Tokay and Erlau country, are nothing but cornfields and vineyards, except one or two considerable tracts of pasture, which are covered with vast herds of ugly pigs. These creatures are the joy and pride of a Hungarian peasant; he dresses all his victuals with hogs' lard, with which also he butters his bread; he rubs his hair and whole body with the same precious ointment, and perhaps writes eclogues on his bristly and grunting favourites. Tell

CHAP. IX. 1806.

my brother I conceive the '*Pugna Porcorum*' is the work of a Hungarian herdsman; many of them are capable of such a production. The Slavonians, we were told, and our observation confirmed it, are like all their race in Russia or elsewhere, poor, lively, and good-natured. The Hungarians, or Magyar, are rough and churlish, particularly to a German; to us they were generally civil. The gentry have a very extensive authority over their peasants; and the system of free warrens, heriots, quit-rents, &c. are here now what they once were in England, when manorial authority was at its height. The effects of this system must, I should think, weigh heavily on the lower classes, though this feudal and limited authority is absolute liberty when compared with the West Indian despotism of a Russian master. The Slavonian mountaineers are, however, very poor, and apparently miserable. The Magyar are much better off; and their white thatched cottages would do credit to an English park. Almost all the Hungarian peasants are, indeed, what in England we call small copyholders. Their farms are their own, and hereditary, and only burthened with suit and service (a tolerably strict service indeed) to the lord of the manor. * * *

the tooth-ache, particularly if (as most elderly Hungarians do,) he wears a small cocked-hat, a bag-wig, and a gold-headed cane. A little crooked hanger is generally added as a badge of nobility. The usual colour of the dress is black. The name of the jacket is 'doliman,' which is, as well as its form, Turkish; from this nation, while in possession of Upper Hungary, they have borrowed many words and customs. The tradesmen and richer peasants are generally dressed with large slouched hats, and blue cloaks which reach to the ground like the long Spanish cloak. The poorer people have a sort of great coat made of rough black wool like a door-mat. On a journey they frequently carry a formidable bludgeon with a large metal head; this is called 'chakan,' and is a very ancient and favourite Hungarian weapon. With regard to the Hungarian wine we gained but little information; a ridge of hills extending from Caschau to Buda, is covered every where with vineyards, which are by no means so picturesque as I had supposed; the vines are suffered to grow only to a very small height, and at this time of year are no higher than gooseberry bushes. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * Wine presses are universally used, and they laughed and made wry faces at the Spanish and French custom of treading out the wine vat. In the country of Agria, (Erlau) an excellent red wine is made, and a still better at Buda; this last is very like port. * * * * * * * * * * * The best white wine, the only one indeed which will bear transporting to other countries, is made in the country of Tokay, and is very dear, even on the spot.

"Except the ridge of hills I have mentioned, and the Carpathian mountains in the north, Hungary is a very level country, and generally well cultivated. On one of its vast plains I saw the singular effect produced by the sun in causing, what, at a distance, had perfectly the appearance of a lake,—so perfectly, that both Thornton and myself were at first deceived. This phenomenon is mentioned by Denon as common in the deserts of Egypt; but I

CHAP. IX. 1806.

have never heard it accounted for satisfactorily. One of the finest things in Hungary is the Danube, which is, indeed, a noble river; though not so wide as the Volga, it is, even at Buda, as wide as the Thames at Battersea, and its stream is incredibly swift. At Presburg it is almost inconceivably so. This town, the last we saw in Hungary, and long its capital, has little remarkable, except a fine view from its castle, (a large white-washed building like a manufactory,) and the hall where Maria Theresa made her famous speech. This is a large tasteless place, something like a shabby concert-room; but it cannot fail to interest any admirer of chivalry or patriotism.

"Our journey has taken us through the most populous and fertile, but not the most beautiful parts of Hungary; the country near Schemnitz and Cremnitz, where are the mines of gold, was described to us as equal to Switzerland; but we were not able to make so great a detour. If we had gone that way to Presburg, we should have seen nothing of the real Hungarians; and to return from thence to Buda, would have been a journey of two hundred miles. The Vaivodship of Transylvania, and the two kingdoms, as they are called, of Slavonia and Croatia, are, in many respects, different from Hungary, even in constitution, government, and language. Transylvania, we were told, is full of Calvinist Saxons, (brought there by Bethlem Gabor) who have several very considerable manufactories. Of Austria we have seen but little; the banks of the Danube are woody and beautiful; and the entrance from Hungary is between two high rocks, crowned with ruinous castles, a most magnificent portal to the 'Holy Roman Empire.'

"As far as we can learn from the best authorities, there will be no impediment to our journey through Prussia. If, however, there should be any risk, (and we shall be sure not to go without good security) the journey from hence to Riga is always practicable. The Duc de Richelieu, at Odessa, told us he has often passed from Vienna to Riga in eight days, and we hope, even seeing Cracow and the salt mines, not to be above a fortnight. * * * * * * * Whether we return by Sweden or

Germany, we shall still hope to be in England before October begins. * * Sir Arthur Paget and his secretaries are still here, which is a fortunate circumstance for us, as our letters are addressed to them. Posting in Austria is double the Hungarian price, having been, in common with every thing else, greatly enhanced by the late calamities, to which Hungary (being in some respects neutral) was very little exposed. The general distress seems here to be great; the main hope of the people rests in the approaching harvest. The French troops appear to have behaved with great moderation while in Vienna; but though private property has been respected, the state has been terribly plundered; and a season of great scarcity having accompanied the other misfortunes, the necessary purchase of corn has contributed still more to drain the country of treasure, which they seem to have but scanty means, at present, of replacing; their paper is at fifty per cent. discount.

"*July* 10*th*.—The post did not give me an opportunity of sending this letter before, and I am now happy to say that Thornton is already infinitely better. * * The Austrian nobility are almost all out of town, as are the emperor and 'Cæsarian family.' Thornton has made a very remarkable progress in German; I have not been so successful, though I can read, write, and understand it tolerably. In Hungary we had no practice; and here French appears to be very generally spoken, even in the shops. I forgot to mention that in Hungary, for the first time since leaving England, we saw gypseys. Their complexion and stature are precisely the same as in our own country, and they have the same Asiatic eye. As to language, I am not sufficiently versed in Bamfylde Moore Carew to say whether it resembles the Anglo-Egyptian or no."

To Mrs. Heber.

Baden, July 22, 1826.

"My Dear Mother,

"You will be surprised to see the place from which my letter is dated. This is, however, not the electoral Baden, but a

CHAP. IX. 1806.

town celebrated for mineral waters about fifteen miles from Vienna. The baths have been prescribed for Thornton's lameness, which, though infinitely better, is still by no means quite well; but we hope that about ten days bathing will quite set him up. We shall then continue our journey homeward, our curiosity being pretty nearly satisfied at Vienna. With this so much celebrated town I am, I own, disappointed. Our expectations had, certainly, been raised too high by the successive increase of elegance and civilization which we had found in passing from Podolia to Galicia, and from Galicia to Hungary: and we concluded that such fine provincial towns as we saw every where must have a very magnificent capital. Yet Vienna, though clean, well built, and pleasantly situated, is by no means magnificent; and is, in almost every point of view, far inferior to Petersburg or Stockholm. The city, which is still surrounded by a vast ditch, and a neglected range of ramparts, which are now only valuable as a pleasant walk for the inhabitants, is not, I think, larger than York. It is, however, very populous. The houses are all five or six stories high, and the streets so narrow, that two carriages can only just pass, and in many places only one. Within this crowded enclosure are contained the palace, all the finest buildings, the Cathedrals, all the shops, &c. &c. The suburbs, which are very extensive, and contain many handsome streets and houses, are merely suburbs still, the streets being unpaved. The population of the town and suburbs together is about 200,000. The public and private buildings are all good, and some very fine; and notwithstanding the inferiority of the town to Petersburg and Moscow, there are, in the shops, in the number of well-dressed persons in the streets, in the general appearance of bustle and industry, all those traits which are, I believe, characteristic of European towns only.

"There are several German theatres, but none either French or Italian. We have been pretty frequent attendants at their representations; and you will perhaps laugh when I tell you that we are both far gone in our admiration of German literature. Their occasional bad taste is, unfortunately, evident enough; but

an Englishman will form a very unfavourable idea of German books in general from Mr. Render's translation of some of Kotzebue's worst plays. Of their poetry, I am as yet scarcely qualified to give an opinion; but of their prose works I am induced to think highly. For history, in particular, the German language is admirably adapted; no other language, except Greek, and perhaps Latin, possesses so much harmony and variety in its periods, and the construction of its sentences, as German. At the same time, I know no language but English that is capable of so beautiful and perfect a simplicity as some parts of Luther's translation of the Bible.

"The principal beauty of Vienna is its fountains, some of which are adorned with very elegant statues. There is a large equestrian statue of Joseph the Second, which is just erected; it is as yet so surrounded with scaffolding that it is unfair to decide on its merits, which, however, do not seem very great. The horse is the best part, as may be expected from there being so many good models in Vienna. I have never seen a place where there are such fine horses; even the hackney coaches are sometimes drawn by animals that an English gentleman would be glad to put into his carriage. The town is very rich in beautiful public walks, of which the principal are the Prater and the Augarten, which belong to the crown, and which Joseph the Second threw open. They are not quite so good as Kensington gardens, and are very inferior to the park at Stockholm. The society of Vienna is at this time almost all dispersed; and to those who remained our diplomatic friends have shown very little inclination to assist us with introductions. We had fortunately brought a good many with us from Russia and Poland, and have every reason to be pleased with the acquaintances we have formed. We have met with much hospitality from the Count Oreilly; he is by birth Irish, but is a general in the Austrian service. The Countess Oreilly is a very clever little woman, sister to Count Schwar, whom we knew in Lemberg. These, with Baron Arnstein and Countess Purgstall are our principal friends. Count Purgstall is

CHAP. IX. 1806.

a very well informed man, who has been a good deal in England and Scotland.

"The emperor is now at Baden; no opportunity has offered, or is very likely to offer itself for our being presented to him, which is, indeed, at this time of year, but of little consequence; in winter it is always customary. We have been introduced to the Prussian minister, whom we met at Baron Arnstein's. He confirmed what we had been told regarding the safety of travelling through Prussia, and promised us every necessary passport. The journey is, indeed, a very short one; from hence to Hamburg it is only six days, if we relinquished Dresden and Berlin, and it is even possible to reach England in ten days from Vienna. This letter ought to do it in less, but the posts here are sometimes tedious."

To Mrs. Heber.

"*Dresden, August 20th*, 1806.

"My dear Mother,

"* * * We left Vienna very melancholy; every day new encroachments and menaces of Buonaparte, increased depreciation of the public credit, and fresh proofs of the weakness and timidity of the government, were talked of with a sort of stupid despair, which seemed as if the people had ceased to care for what they could no longer prevent. The English were very popular, and the French most warmly detested, to which the excessive insolence of Andreossi and Rochefoucalt, the ambassadors, very much conduced. The army were longing for war, but the people had lost all hopes except of tranquillity for a month or two longer. The seizure of Gradesca was known the night before we left Vienna, and it was just announced that the Roman empire was at an end. While these usurpations were going on, the French troops in Bavaria kept menacing their frontier, and Andreossi's threats were, it is said, excessively violent and vulgar. Such is the state of the country with a population of 22,000,000, an army of 350,000 highly disciplined troops, and with a general like the

Archduke Charles! You will, of course, wish to know what causes have brought them so low, as the loss of a few battles is quite insufficient to produce such terrible effects. They themselves all agree in saying that it was the peace of Presburg which ruined them; and that if the government had been more patient and courageous, the most unsuccessful war would have been better than such a capitulation. But besides the cowardice of the emperor, the dreadful state of their finances, the broken spirit of their troops, and the total want of confidence between the sovereign and the people, were perhaps sufficient reasons. The troops are indeed very fine fellows, but their misery is great; their pay is about five farthings English a day, with an allowance of brown bread; and we were told by several officers that their men were literally almost starving. The wounded and superannuated have no provision at all, but are turned out to beg, and the streets are full of them. Yet the army thus kept absolutely beggars the country. Indeed the English must not complain of taxes. The Austrians last year paid an income tax of thirty per cent. besides other taxes, and three contributions in corn and cattle to support their army and that of the French. This year they expect to pay ten per cent. upon capital; and all is far too little to supply the wants of their own government and the rapacity of the French, who still hover on the frontier, and as the Austrians themselves expect, will pick another quarrel before many weeks are over. Should this take place, I do not see what better event can be hoped for than has already happened. The archdukes will be again thrown into the back ground; and till the emperor has lost all his crowns he will not be prevailed on to trust his own brothers, or any body but his wife.

" The conduct of the French in Vienna was, for many reasons, extremely moderate and soldier-like; no plunder, or even thefts were heard of; and the shopkeepers derived a temporary emolument, which kept them quiet, though the contributions were excessive and ruinous. There was some little dissaffection among

CHAP. IX. 1806.

those troops which were brought from Boulogne, and in general Buonaparte's arrival was unpopular among the officers.

" Of Buonaparte's conduct and appearance, many interesting particulars were to be learnt. Nothing struck me more than his excessive hatred of England and Russia, particularly the former. For the Austrians he only expressed contempt, and that galling pity which is worse and more intolerable than the bitterest insult. But whenever he spoke of England (and he seldom spoke of any thing else,) it was, in the words of my informant, Count Purgstall, who, from his situation, was constantly with Buonaparte, ' like Haman speaking of Mordecai the Jew.' All the Austrians joined in saying, that the only hope of safety for England was in a continuance of the war, and I was perfectly of the same opinion. God grant Lord Lauderdale a speedy and unsuccessful return from Paris.

" From Vienna we went to Brünn, and passed a whole day in tracing out and drawing plans of the battle of Austerlitz. Except a few skeletons of horses, and a few trees which have been shivered by bullets, all wears its ancient appearance.

' As if these [illegible] since time was born,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle horn.'

We had General Stutterheim's account of the battle in our hand, and likewise drew much information from a sensible farmer in the village of Scholmitz. All the stories we had heard in Russia were very false; and the Austrians' account of the behaviour of the Russian troops equally so. The loss of the battle is entirely attributable to the scandalous want of information of the Austrians, and to the extended line on which Kotusof made the attack. The French had behaved very well till their victory, but after it they committed great excesses among the villages; the Russians were popular among the common people, which at once proved the falsehood of the scandals circulated against them at Vienna.

At last, however, they too were driven to plunder; but it was by absolute famine, owing to the miserable weakness of the Austrian government, and the bad conduct of their agents. The Russians understood the Moravian language, being only a dialect of the Slavonian; and this circumstance endeared them a good deal to the people. The loss of the French on this memorable day was much greater than they have been willing to allow. My informant had passed the morning after the battle from Scholmitz by Pratzen to Austerlitz. On the hill of Pratzen, he said, 'I could not set my foot to the ground for blue uniforms.' I drew three or four plans of the ground, and at last succeeded in making a very exact one. While I was thus employed, I was taken for a French spy, and accosted by some farmers, who asked, with many apologies, for my passport. I told them I had none, and a very curious village council of war was held, which was terminated by the arrival of Thornton, and the guide we had taken from Brünn.

"Our road through Bohemia offered little that was interesting. Prague is a large and fine city, much superior to Vienna; and the banks of the Elbe are [illegible] ely beautiful. Dresden and its environs are, you know, ve[illegible], but I think over-praised. Pray thank my brother for his [illegible] very interesting and kind letters. I am glad to hear the Shropshire volunteers still exist. I have been studying some of the Austrian manœuvres, which are very simple and good; but I really do not think equal to the old eighteen, except that they do not wheel backwards. We are deep in an excellent library, and a noble collection of pictures. Here is a small court on the old system, at which we shall be presented next Monday. It is ridiculous enough to think how little we have seen of courts; and it would, I believe, have grieved many young men, at least those who like to talk of kings and princes. Every thing in Dresden is of the old school, and the guards are dressed like Marlborough's soldiers in arras, or the prints in the 'Norfolk militia,' which —— used to laugh at.

"We have not yet decided how soon we shall leave this place; but hope to do so next week. We go through Leipzig and Wit-

CHAP. IX. 1806.

temberg to Berlin. The Prussians are marching and moving with great activity, nobody knows where; and the French, it is said, are likewise making movements. The Prussians we meet with here talk very big and violently against the French.

"We shall certainly be with you early in October, spite of these little delays. Believe me, we lose no time unnecessarily.

"Your affectionate Son,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To Mrs. Heber.

Berlin, September 13th, 1806.

"DEAR MOTHER,

"We left Dresden the first of this month; having, during our stay there, made a four days' excursion into the mountainous part of the country, which is really very beautiful, though it scarcely deserves its usual title, 'the Saxon Switzerland.' I believe, indeed, that our eyes, having been accustomed to the gigantic features of Norway and the Crimea, are grown a little fastidious; and that many things which appear now on a very small scale, would, when we first set out, have struck us greatly. We were very much pleased with the Saxon peasantry, whose cleanliness, industry, and civilization, surpass all we have seen since we left Sweden; in all the German districts, except, perhaps, Bohemia, the situation of the peasants is extremely comfortable. Our journey from Dresden hither took up eight days; as we made a considerable detour for the purpose of seeing Leipzig, Halle, and Wittemberg. At the first place Thornton found an old friend, Lord John Fitzroy, who is a student at the university, and whom we had last year seen embark for Husum, at the same moment that we were weighing anchor for Gottenburg. He has been ever since at Leipzig, and lodges in the same rooms which belonged to Herbert Marsh. He showed us all the curiosities of the place, which are indeed few, and consist chiefly of some very beautiful shady walks, much superior either to Magdalen or Christ Church,

and several book-shops. In another point of view, Leipzig is very interesting, being the centre of all the inland commerce of Europe, and, perhaps, next to Astrachan, the spot where most people and languages are assembled. During the great fairs it is frequented by all the nations of Europe, and even by the Cossaks and Malo-Russians, who bring vast droves of cattle. There is a very neat Church, which the people of Leipzig boast to be the most beautiful Lutheran place of worship in the world. Those who talk in this manner have never seen Upsala; but, in fact, taste in religious architecture is, among the Lutherans, at a very low ebb. They have contrived to unite in most of their Churches much of the slovenliness of Calvinism, with a very plentiful allowance of the tawdry gilding and imagery of the Catholics. The Calvinistic Churches are by far the dirtiest things I ever saw; and of all the religious sects in these countries, the Moravians, whom we saw at Hernhut, in Saxony, keep their places of worship with most neatness and decency.

"Halle is only remarkable for a large public school and orphan asylum, and for one of the most considerable universities in Germany. Our reason for wishing to see it was that Thornton's father was brought up there; it being then considered as the head quarters of what in Germany is called 'pietism.' It has, at present, lost, I believe, all pretensions to superior sanctity, and is talked of throughout the country as a riotous and dissolute place. The students amount to eleven or twelve hundred; they are without any sort of discipline, and dressed in various fanciful costumes, chiefly hussar jackets. Four or five duels are calculated to take place among them in a month; the usual weapon is the sabre, and we saw several young men who still bore the scars of their rencounters.

"From Halle we went to Wittemberg, which is likewise a university, mentioned, you know, in Hamlet, and celebrated also for the tombs of Luther and Melancthon, and the room where the former lived. Our journey between these towns was very slow and tedious. We are, alas! no longer to enjoy the bowling roads

CHAP. IX. 1806.

and galloping horses of Sweden and Russia, or even the decent jog-trot of the Austrian drivers. In Saxony, indeed, there are, generally speaking, turnpike-roads; and by a little exertion and paying the post-boy high, we were enabled to get on at the rate of about three English miles in the hour. But on leaving Wittemberg we immediately plumped into about a yard deep of sand, and were for the first time made fully sensible of the cruel exactness of the description in the prologue to the 'Robbers.'

'Slow are the steeds that through Germania's roads, &c. &c.'

"At Potsdam we saw the palace, Sans Souci, the tomb of Frederick the Great, his apartments and library, which are suffered to remain unaltered, and where his clothes, his sword, and some of his MSS. are shown. Potsdam is a small but very well-built town; and Berlin is decidedly, next to Petersburg, the finest city I have ever seen. We shall stay here, I believe, a week or ten days longer; and have then some thoughts of going to Stralsund to see the king of Sweden, and thence to proceed to Hamburg by Mecklenburg and Lubec. This would complete our northern tour, to which nothing was wanting but a sight of Gustavus the Third and his army. Of the king of Prussia and his queen, the most celebrated beauty in Germany, we have not yet obtained a sight.

"Believe me, dear Mother,

"Your dutiful Son,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To Mrs. Heber.

Yarmouth, October 14, 1806.

"DEAR MOTHER,

"We are this moment landed from the Florence cutter, which Lord Morpeth, whom we met at Hamburg, was so kind as to give us permission to make use of. We have had a very agreeable voyage, and are both well. I hope to be at Hodnet Saturday evening. Love to all the dear party. We bring no good

news[1]. The king of Prussia and Buonaparte were a few posts from each other, and by this time they have probably had an engagement. The elector of Hesse has refused all the king's proposals, and is expected to join the French.

"Believe me your affectionate Son,

"REGINALD HEBER."

[1] On the day on which this letter was written, the battle of Jena was fought, which gave Buonaparte possession of the whole of Prussia, and led to the peace of Tilsit in the ensuing spring.—ED.

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Reginald Heber's return home—Elections—Letter from Sir James Riddell—Dinner given to the Hodnet Volunteers—Oxford University election—Reflections on the battle of Jena—Different routes through Sweden, Norway, &c. &c. described—Remarks on Calvin and St. Augustin—On the thirty-nine Articles—Recollections of Mr. Reginald Heber's university career, in a letter from a friend—"Romaunt du grand Roye Pantagruelle"—Jeux d'esprit—Lines written at Birmingham—Reflections on taking orders—Publication of "Europe"—Quarterly Review.

MR. REGINALD HEBER returned from the continent in September, 1806, at the time of the general election; and he was soon actively employed in canvassing for his brother, whose friends were endeavouring to procure his return for the university of Oxford. He also resumed his correspondence with Mr. Thornton, who was similarly engaged on behalf of his father and of his uncle, the late Henry Thornton, M.P. for Southwark.

To John Thornton, Esq.

Hodnet Hall, October 21, 1806.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"* * * I stopt at Oxford a day; all was there in a bustle, Sir W. Dolben having resigned his seat for the university. The Dean of Christ Church has set up Abbott. My brother is in Yorkshire, but I have written him word of this. If you have an opportunity of giving him a good word, I am sure you will do it. I am in very anxious expectation of hearing of you. God knows, you

wanted rest more than the bustle of an election. Take care of yourself.

"I found all here quite well, and my volunteers complete in number, and in high spirits. I have been much delighted with the kindness of my men and neighbours, and the pleasure they have expressed at my return. The farmers and people of the village have subscribed among themselves to purchase three sheep, and have made a great feast for the volunteers, their wives and families, on the occasion of 'Master Reginald's coming back safe.' It takes place to day, and they are now laying their tables on the green before the house. I am just going to put on my old red jacket and join them. How I do love these good people! If my *friends* had made a feast for *me*, it would have been to be expected; but that the peasants themselves should give a *fête champetre* to their landlord's younger brother, would, I think, puzzle a Russian.

"I wish you a speedy deliverance from the delights of a canvass, and a return to your own family and your own people, among the beech-woods of Albury. I hope yet to see them on some future occasion. Hodnet is very little altered, except that the trees are grown. My father's little oak is very thriving.

"Believe me, dear Thornton,

"Your's truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To John Thornton, Esq.

All Souls, November 11, 1806.

"MY DEAR THORNTON,

"I have not the least intention to condole either with you or your father; you have both every reason to be contented with yourselves; and the ungrateful mob, for whose interests he has been labouring so long, are the only persons to be pitied. I am, however, sorry, very sorry, that his integrity and knowledge of business are lost to the public, when such qualities are more

CHAP. X. 1806.

than ever necessary; and I can scarcely think he has acted well in declining the struggle for the county.

"As for my brother and myself, we are very little disappointed, and still less cast down. My brother's minority is the most numerous ever known on a similar occasion; and as the whole weight of government went against him, it was scarcely to be expected that a mere country gentleman, with no interest but his personal character, and from whom nothing was to be got or expected, could have produced such serious numbers, of which not a single vote could be attributed to unworthy or unfit motives. Heber himself wrote to me that he had received the news of his defeat with feelings very different from wounded pride or disappointed ambition; and that if he could trust his own heart, he would not then change places with Abbott. Some of our friends had started objections to Abbott's eligibility, and a petition was recommended; but Heber has returned a positive refusal, and has sent his opponent word, that he had no intention to dispute the point any further.

"For myself, I fear my temper is less sober than that of my brother. I was more elated by the fair prospect of success he once had before him; and I was, I believe, more depressed by his failure. But this very feeling is a proof that my temper was in need of disappointment; and that this, as well as some other little rubs I have met with since my return, are very gentle physic to what I might expect. * * *

* * * * *

* * * How very different has been your conduct; you, out of health and out of spirits, with three elections at once tormenting you, could still find time to write letters and use your interest for my brother. One of these was shown me by Spooner, which I saw by the date was written during the warmest period of the contest in the Borough. This effort of your friendship produced in me very mingled sentiments. I was inclined to blame myself for having troubled you with any application; but when I wrote I knew not that you had so much

on your hands; your father I considered as certainly secure, and your uncle as nearly so. To say that I thank you for what you have done, would be very useless and very idle; I expected much from your friendship, but, under your own embarrassing circumstances, you have done even more than I wished.

"With regard to the fatal 14th of October[1], to which you allude, I often think of it till I am half crazy, and endeavour in pure despair to drive it out of my head. There is, however, a much better use to be made of such reflections; and I cannot help thinking with shame, how unfit I now am for such a situation as Jænicke, or our poor friend the Hofprediger at Dresden. Poor fellow! the first half of his sad prophecies is fulfilled; I know not whether the *Papstthum's gewaltsame Schritte* will follow. We have, however, the old and popular motto left to comfort us, *dieses Haus steht in Gottes Hand;* and as long as we have that comfort we want little else. I am myself, however, by no means despairing; the flood of conquest now spread over so large a surface, by that very diffusion becomes shallower perhaps and less formidable; and while France must combat with Russia in Poland, I cannot but think she will leave her side exposed to an attack from England. I wish our cowardly ministry would think so too.

* * * * * * *

"Pray take care of your health; I am glad you are now by the sea and are going to Albury. I have great confidence in your good constitution, but do not face the fogs of Westminster till you are quite strong again."

To John Thornton, Esq.

All Souls, 1806.

"To see Cambridge with you has been always a pleasure to which I have looked forward with a kind of doubtful hope. This year I dare scarcely think of it; but I will not as yet quite

[1] The day of the battle of Jena.—Ed.

CHAP. X. 1806.

give it up. I have been only three days with my mother and sister since my return to England; since the bustle of the election has ended, I have been detained in Oxford by the necessity of keeping the term. My time is now indeed so limited, and I am so divided between duty to my mother and duty to myself in fagging, that I am not sure that two journeys, short as they are, will be in my power. Under these circumstances I had much rather see you and your family at Albury, than sit next to Major Markus at a long table in the Hall of Trinity.

"You do not say a word about your health, which augurs, I hope, well; my own has continued good. I have had but one very little return of my old complaint, which was removed in a few days; it was occasioned, I believe in part, by the fidget of mind and sedentariness of body, which a college life, under my late peculiar circumstances, was likely enough to produce.

"With regard to my studies, I am now *post varios casus* set down to them again in good earnest, and am so delightfully situated in All Souls, that the very air of the place breathes study. While I write I am enjoying the luxuries of a bright coal fire, a green desk, and a tea-kettle bubbling. What should we have thought of such a situation at Tcherkask or at Taganrog?

"I have just had a very long conversation with Bishop Cleaver [1] about orders, and the course of study and preparation of mind necessary for them. I have kept myself entirely from drawing plans of houses, &c. and though '*Guibert sur la grande tactique*,' unfortunately seduced me a little as he lay very temptingly on my study table, I have done with him; tactics are now, indeed, enough to make a man sick. What are our wise ministers about, sending Lord Hutchinson, at this time of day, to the continent?"

The next letter is addressed to Mr. Hay, now under secretary of state for the colonies, with whom Mr. Reginald Heber had

[1] Then Principal of Brasenose.—Ed.

formed an intimacy at College, and who had applied to him for information concerning the routes to the south of Russia and the Crimea.

To R. W. Hay, Esq.

Oxford, Nov. 1806.

" DEAR HAY,

" As you seem to think that there were three roads you might possibly take in your tour, I will mention what little I know about each of them. From Gottenburg, if you go to Norway, you will go by Bâhnus where there is a fine old castle, Trolhätta, which you know, and Udevalla, a beautiful situation, where there used to be a good inn; but since I was there the town has greatly suffered by fire. On the hills near Hedé are some Druidical remains; the passage into Norway is at Swinsund, where you must be cautious to have your passport properly backed, as there is a great jealousy between Sweden and Norway. Mr. Anker is the principal merchant in Fridirickshall; to him you must have letters of introduction.

" Between Fridirickshall and Christiania, be sure to see the falls of the Glomm at Haslun. Mr. Rosencrantz, of Haslun, is the most gentleman-like man in Norway. From Christiania to Stockholm, by Kongswinger, Carlstadt, Orebro, Upsala, &c. the way is excellent and interesting. From Stockholm you want no advice in getting either to Petersburg or Memel. I am inclined to think it is your best plan to make sure of Petersburg first. If you think proper to go to the army, you will, of course, change your track, and proportion the length of your tour according to the time you stay there. If you proceed southwards your way will be by Kiof, where are the catacombs, Human, a Tartar village, where Count Potolski has a park, and Tulchyn, the palace of the Potolskis, where is a good Nemetskoy *tractrie*. At Tulchyn you will get Jews' horses to take you across the steppe to Odessa. I am sorry I do not exactly remember what we paid; but I think twenty rubles for four horses. At Odessa, after the Duc de Richelieu, and the Comtes

CHAP. X. 1806.

de Rochfort, his nephews, the principal people are General Cobley, an Englishman, Mr. Fortgegger, a German merchant, and Mr. Season, an Englishman. The Duke's acquaintance, and letters of introduction will be indispensably necessary to you on your further progress; and while with the army you had better move every spring to get letters from Platof to the Cossaks. From Odessa to Caffa, you will find an itinerary in Guthrie's journey. At Nicolaef you must get introduced to Admiral Priestman, who is a great curiosity, and the best natured man in the world; the place is likewise very interesting. He will be able to give you good introductions to Cherson, where you must not forget Howard's tomb. On your arrival at Akmetchet (Simpheropol) you must apply to the governor for a firmân, addressed to the Tartars, to furnish you with horses; you pay them two copeks a mile per horse, the third copek not being collected among the mountains, as there is no post. Be sure that you explain very clearly that you want a firmân to carry you across the mountains from Sebastopol to Theodosia, (Kaffa) as otherwise the Russian secretary will doubtless blunder.

"Either here or at Sebastopol you must get an interpreter, and mind that he is an able-bodied one. Make it, however, a rule to pay for horses, &c. yourselves, or the interpreter will cheat both the poor Tartars and yourself. You will here make up your mind as to your way back; if the season is at all advanced, I would dissuade you from going on across the Bosphorus by Taman, Ecatherinodar, Mosdon, &c. to Astrachan. If then you make up your mind to return the shortest way to Moscow, you need only leave your carriage at Akmetchet till your return. The tractriè is very wretched; but there are, if I remember right, stables where a carriage could be left in safety. By this arrangement you will keep your European servant with you all the time, which is a great luxury.

"The country gradually improves in beauty all the way to Batchiserai. At this place there is a miserable inn, where, however, one may make a decent shift, both in eating and sleeping. The palace, the Jews' rock, and the town will occupy your atten-

tion at least one day. At Sebastopol is a most execrable ale-house kept by an Italian, which is, however, the best in the place. The people you ought to know here are General Bardakof, one of the cleverest fellows in the empire, and Messer, an English post-captain; there is also Prince Wiasemsky, a relation of our old friend at Petersburg. Do not omit to see Inkerman and Chersonesus; for your journey over the mountains few directions are necessary; you already know the itinerary; and it is endless to expatiate on every particular beauty you will meet with. Shun all Russians, Greeks, Jews, and Armenians, as you detest roguery and filth. The only houses where comfort is to be expected are those of the Mahomedans. I need not, however, tell you to be very careful not to shock their prejudices about women and dogs; take no dogs with you on your tour among them, as they will not allow you to bring one into a house; and if you leave him out of doors he will be worried before morning by their own dogs, who always ramble at night. The Comte de Rochfort told me that in this point, and in their jealousy, the Tartars go even beyond the Turks.

"The two finest situations during your tour, are Partenak and Halinkha; above Kutchuk-Lambat is the best point, I understand, to ascend Chatyr-Dagh; if you have time it will probably repay you. At Sudak Pallas has a cottage. At Staro Krim are many remarkable ruins, which are, indeed, scattered all over the country. The most famous are at Balaclava and Aliuschta. At Caffa is a miserable inn kept by a decent intelligent German. You will do well to pass some days here, where you may hire horses, and make an excursion on the hills. South-west of the town are noble views of rock and sea. The governor of Caffa is General Fanshaw, an Englishman of a west-country family; he was not there when we were; the second in command is a Baron Rosenberg. From Caffa you may return to Akmetchet, Karasu-bazar, the second town in the Crimea; take care to visit the source of the Karasu or Black River. From Akmetchet, where you will again take to your carriage; your way lies through Perekop

CHAP. X. 1806.

and the Nogayan steppe to Pultova. You will observe by the way the singular features of the Nogays, their moveable tents and dromedaries, though you will meet but few of them unless, for the sake of seeing their manners, you diverge a little to the east. From Pultova you go to Charkof, where is a university, lately founded and plentifully stocked with French and German professors. The ablest among them is Bellin de Ballu, a Frenchman, and a consummate Greek scholar. The governor, Baktyn, is a very intelligent man, a great friend of General Bentham, from whom you had better get a letter while you are at Petersburg. You will find it well worth your while to attend to the dissimilarity of manners, dress, &c. between Malo-Russia and Muscovy. There is a very good history of Malo-Russia by Benoit de Scherer, the French consul at Petersburg, in which you have also the best accounts of the Cossaks. Koursk and Orel present little worthy of notice except their situations, which are striking. Tula has its manufactory of arms, and is indeed a very curious town; at all these places are Nemetskoy tractries, and you may always find a German apothecary, who will tell you as much as he knows, or more.

"At Moscow, repair immediately to the Hotel de Lyons in the Tverskoy. The pleasantest family in Moscow is that of the Pouschkins, and the most splendid house is that of Prince Paul Volkonskoy. The tour I have now chalked out for you is certainly very practicable before winter; if you should, when in the Crimea, find yourself disposed to go on to the Cuban and Astrachan, the following will be your road:

"Instead of leaving your carriage at Simpheropol, send your German servant with it to meet you at Caffa, when you emerge from the mountains. Hire horses at Caffa to take you to Yenicale, about eighty or ninety miles, all of desert. You pass by Kertch, a small town with a garrison and some curious remains of the ancient Greeks. A large barrow near it is pointed out by tradition as the tomb of Mithridates. There is a regular communication between Yanicale and Taman (Phanagoria). At this latter

place you had better lodge with the attaman's deputy, a very intelligent civil man, who has the best house in the place, consisting of two rooms, in one of which there is space enough for a bed to stand. He and his wife, (daughter of the parish priest, who has got our names and titles at full length,) occupy the other. Your host can find you horses, and is himself an excellent cicerone, being a fine spirited young fellow. He must take you to the 'mud volcano,' as Pallas calls it, and to the Circassian village of Sultan Selim Gerai. At Taman are also some antiquities; one stone is said to be votive to the κραταιοις και ισχυροις θεοις Ασταρλις και Ασταρλεωνι—who these gods are, I could not make out, and quote, indeed, their names from memory. There is also a very famous stone there with a Slavonic inscription, which ascertains the site of the ancient Tmutaracan, the cradle of the Russians, as Azoph (Asgard) is supposed to be of the Scandinavians. Many very curious pieces of information might, I believe, be picked up in this district; but there is nobody who speaks either English, French or German; and even their Russian is barbarous and unintelligible. In order to obtain horses for your farther progress, you must have come to Taman provided with letters for the attaman of the place, and for his superior at Ecatherinador, which is the capital of the Zaporogi; you will otherwise not have an escort, which is necessary after leaving Temrook, the third stage from Phanagoria. At the second stage are some curious vaults of high antiquity; and on the way you pass a ruined Turkish fortress. In this Asiatic journey you must make up your mind to live hardly, and to sleep in your carriage; but this will be no novelty to a traveller who has passed through the steppes of New Russia. At Ecatherinodar you may acquire much information from M. Constantinof, the director of the quarantine, and of the market at the barrier, a man who is intimately acquainted with the Circassian manners; but, alas, he speaks nothing but Russian. I had forgot to say, that it was in the stage beyond Temrook where we saw the Circassian Sultan prisoner, and where we had our guards doubled.

CHAP. X. 1806.

All this way, if you are good shots, you may supply yourselves with venison and bustards.

"From Ecatherinodar is a post across the desert to Tcherkask and Azoph; but, if possible, I would recommend your proceeding straight to Georgiessk; there is no post, but horses are doubtless easily to be hired to go the whole distance; and though the road is dangerous, a good recommendation to the attaman will procure you a sufficient escort. Near Georgiessk is a colony of Scotch, who are established as missionaries, and who will give you the best information about the neighbouring Circassians. The town, though the capital of the province of Caucasus, is very small and miserable. From thence is a good post-road to Tcherkask. As I have not my books or papers to refer to, I cannot recollect any of these distances; but you will find them all in the common little road-books which you buy at Petersburg, and which are absolutely necessary for a traveller in Russia.

"From Tcherkask to Astrachan, and thence to Moscow, I can give you but very little information. At the latter end of the summer the hordes of Calmuks are often attracted westward by the commerce of Taganrog; so that you will have an excellent opportunity of paying them a visit from Tcherkask. They are also always to be met with in the neighbourhood of Astrachan; the best account of them is to be found in a small collection of travels in Russia, published by Pallas, but without his name. It is an octavo, in French, and may easily be got at Petersburg. As most of the Cossak chiefs are probably in Poland, your society at Tcherkask will be confined to the procureur, a Pole, and the physician, the only people who speak any thing but Russian.

"From Tcherkask to Astrachan, and thence to Voronetz, where are enormous tallow manufactories, little interesting can, I suppose, occur, being all desert, except the Moravian settlement at Sarepta. If your journey should coincide with the time of the great fair at Orenburg, I could almost wish you to proceed there in order to see the Khirgees, the most interesting of all the Tar-

tars; but you will be, probably, weary of the steppe, which has, certainly, very few attractions.

"Pelicans are common in every place where there is water; and in the dryer levels, the suslik, and the famous jerboa, a diminutive kangaroo, are found, as well as a few wild horses of a singular breed.

"If you wish to abandon Astrachan, and to return straight to Moscow, your best way from Tcherkask will be by Rostof and Nakitchivan, a town of Armenians, which is very interesting; we had letters there to a M. Abraamof, whose little boy spoke French; there is also a French master in the fort of Rostof, who may serve as an interpreter, though by far the dirtiest man I ever saw, even among the Calmuks and Laplanders. There is a considerable iron-foundry, lately conducted by Sir Charles Gascoigne, at Lugan, a little to the north of Rostof, with a house belonging to him; make some enquiries about the coal, which is found in this district, and whether it has really been applied to the use of the forge. Taganrog, in itself a miserable village, is interesting during the autumn and spring, from the number of Greek and Turkish vessels which are in its harbour; from its trade and importance it is a favourite hobby-horse of the governor's, who is very angry at the privileges which Caffa has obtained; he is a Baron von Camperhausen, an intelligent and hospitable man. From Taganrog you pass over the steppe to Bakmuth, a miserable town, where, however, you may get a room, and recruit your stock of bread. Through all Russia a military character is useful, and among the Cossaks necessary. You will be in the Crimea and the hot pestilential district of Cuban, at exactly the most unhealthy season; so be cautious of fruit and greasy food, or you will find that the yellow fever, or something very like it, is not confined to the West Indies. Clarke was laid up for three months. If you are obliged to sleep in the open air, you must be careful to cover your face and mouth; a gauze curtain to your carriage will be no bad thing, as the musquitos are very tormenting; but this you may get any where, the head-dresses of the women and their veils being of *serpanka*.

CHAP. X. 1806.

Pallas recommended us to wear flannel; but we were there in so healthy a season that we did not find it necessary. Only Turkish money passes among the Tartars, so that you must provide yourself with some at Simpheropol. The usluk, the largest silver coin, is worth generally 120 copeks, the piaster 80; the small money are paras, 100 to the usluk.

"If circumstances should induce you to return from Russia by Austria instead of pursuing the course I have mentioned, you may if you please very nearly reverse it, and go to the south through Moscow, and from Odessa cross through Moldavia, a country little known and very interesting, into the Bukovina and Gallicia; there is a road over the mountains passable for carriages, as I was assured by a very intelligent Moldavian consul at Vienna.

"If you prefer the straight road from Moscow to Vienna, giving up the south entirely, your way lies through Tula and Kiof to Brody, the first Austrian town, where, though it is only a miserable town, full of Jews, you will see at once the difference between Russian and Austrian government. All the towns in Poland are, indeed, infinitely better than in Russia; even in Russian Poland their superiority is striking over the Muscovites. Be sure to get both your Austrian and Russian passports correct, as that is always a terrible business to go through. To assist you at the Austrian custom-house, enquire at the best inn 'Zum Grünen Bauen,' for Alexander the Jew, a sort of privileged rascal who speaks English, and will for a couple of ducats do any work you please. Lemberg, the capital of Gallicia, is a fine old town, and has a good society; the best hotel is the hotel de Russie, for we are now again in the land of 'gasthoffs.' From thence you may go to Vienna through Hungary, or by the usual route. Hungary in fact is balanced against the mines of Vialitzna; we chose the former. You will, if you take this course, pass by Przemisl, Bartpha, where are mineral waters and a fashionable bathing-place among beautiful hills, Tokay, Agria, and Buda. At Agria is a famous university, and there are some immense ruins of Turkish fortifications; there are good inns in almost every town in Hungary. From

Buda, if you have time, fail not to go to the mines, which would, indeed, fall more naturally into your track before; but at Buda you may get useful letters. The post in Hungary is very bad; the nobles all travel with peasants' horses, which they have a right to levy in the villages; this is called Fürspann. It is a privilege which may be sometimes obtained for strangers; but our recommendations were few, and we only met with one really very hospitable man; it is indeed a virtue for which the Hungarians are not famous. Latin is your best passport through Hungary; German is not much understood, and the people hate to speak it. Our own passage through the kingdom was, unfortunately, very rapid, as Thornton was so ill that I wished much to hurry him to Vienna, as we had no confidence in the practitioners of the country, one of whom nearly killed him. Your road from Buda to Vienna passes by Gran (Strigonium) and Presburg, where you will, of course, see the castle.

"I have now, I think, told you pretty nearly all the *Kleinigheiten*, of which you will have occasion, go which way you will; if affairs keep quiet in Turkey you perhaps will take none of these tracts.

"Wherever you go, however, I wish you much pleasure and a prosperous journey. I shall be most happy if any of these hints are useful. I wish they were more numerous, but having none of my journals to refer to, or any other memoranda, I am obliged to write entirely from memory, and you must not wonder if you find omissions and mistakes. God bless you!

"Reginald Heber."

The following letter from Sir J. M. Riddell to the editor, although written in 1828, refers to this period.

"I had the happiness to be the contemporary of Sir Thomas Acland and Sir Robert Inglis, at Christ Church, during the period when our dear and lamented friend was enjoying his academical

CHAP. X. 1806.

honours; and to them, principally, I was indebted for being made known to him.

"Happening to call upon me, if I remember rightly, soon after his return from his Russian tour, some books just arrived lay upon my table, folded up in a sheet of printed paper: upon looking at it, the bishop found that it contained some light pieces of German poetry. In giving it to him, at his desire, I made the condition that he would send me a translation. In the course of a few hours I received the enclosed note. I have preserved it, in remembrance of one whose acquaintance, and, I hope I may be permitted to add, without presumption, whose friendship, I have always esteemed as high privileges.

Take here the tender harp again
O Muse, that thou hast lent to me;
I wake no more the glowing strain,
To youthful wit and social glee.

Forgive the cold and sickly tone
That could so ill my love express;
What most I felt I dared not own,
And chose my theme from idleness.

Oft, while I told of peace and pleasure,
I mark'd the hostile sabres shine;
And water, doled in scanty measure,
I drank, who wont to sing of wine.

Would peace, would love's auspicious fire,
But gild at last my closing day,—
Then, goddess, then return the lyre,
To wake, perhaps, a warmer lay.

"DEAR SIR JAMES,

"I send you the above specimen of the fragments you have given me; I have chosen it as one of the best and shortest among them. The author seems to have been poor, and a prisoner of war.

"Wishing you a good journey for your sake, and a speedy return for my own,

"Believe me, your's truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

In 1807 Mr. Reginald Heber took orders, and was instituted by his brother to the family living of Hodnet in Shropshire, soon after which he returned to Oxford, to take his degree as Master of Arts.

To John Thornton, Esq.

Oxford, 1807.

"All your letters give me pleasure; but none so much as those in which you describe your own happiness. I trust that it will be now increasing daily, and that your affection will continue as lasting as I believe it to be pure and rational. I trust, too, that amid your feelings of happiness, feelings of gratitude will always keep a place, united with a sense of your total dependence on the Hand which has given so largely to you, and which may, even now, in a moment deprive you of all you value most. The season of great prosperity is very seldom favourable to serious impressions; fortunate for us if it were possible, when we are most sensible of the value of a beloved object, to recollect the probability of that very blessing being immediately taken away. The more pain the idea gives, the more reason we have to examine and amend our hearts, lest we impose a necessity on Divine Mercy to take away from His thoughtless children, the blessing they are perverting to their own destruction. You, my friend, have often told me how uniformly happy your life has hitherto been; may it long continue so, and may your heart continue such as not to need any terrible visitation. To you I can write thus without your suspecting me of hypocrisy, or a fondness for giving lectures; thoughtless and thankless as I am myself, inattentive as my conduct is to my own welfare, I am not indifferent or careless about yours, and, indeed, we often reap advantage ourselves from talking or writing seriously to others.

CHAP. X. 1807.

"Nor will this perfect recollection of your dependence, this uniting always to the idea of your most beloved object, the idea of the Giver, at all produce that cold-blooded indifference which Pascal cants about; you will not love the creature less, but you will love the Creator more. Far from such unnatural enthusiasm, the more devotion we feel to God, the warmer I should think will be our affections to those with whom we are connected; we shall love them for God's sake as well as for their own. By this one sentiment our warmest feelings become hallowed; and even the blessings of this world may be a source of religious comfort. From the reflection that they are all His gifts, every enjoyment will receive a higher colouring, and the more happy we are, the more earnestly we shall long for an admission to that Heaven where we shall see the Hand which blesses us, and really experience, what we now know but faintly, how pleasant it is to be thankful. There have been moments, I am ashamed to say how seldom, when my heart has burnt within me with the conviction which I have just described. You, I trust, have often known it, and probably in a far higher degree. You now, if ever, ought to feel it. * *

"With regard to my own studies, I have, as usual, but a lame account to give; my progress is very inferior to my resolutions and hopes. I have, however, taken to regular early rising, so regular that I no longer find it difficult, and have no need of a *fine box*. The Greek Testament always occupies my morning. But I have received my Crimea sketches from home, and my other studies, Locke, Cudworth, &c. have a little given way to my Indian ink. In about a fortnight I hope to be able to send you a fresh series of drawings. I am glad almost to have this break in my studies, as I was beginning to perplex myself with several useless doubts, which had once almost frightened me from taking priest's orders. The more I read of the Scriptures, the more I am convinced that John Calvin, and his master St. Augustin, were miserable theologians; but I hope I am not deceiving myself in the idea that I may still conscientiously subscribe to the articles, which may well, *I think*, admit an Arminian interpretation. Episcopius thought so

even of the rules of doctrine in Holland. I hope I am not wrong. I had no doubts of this sort when I took deacon's orders; but I have since met with a little work, by a man whom they call here an 'Evangelical preacher,' (allow me still to dislike this use of the word,) who has deduced from our liturgy, doctrines enough to frighten one. I hope and trust for God's guidance; pray for me, my dear friend, that I may have my eyes open to the truth whatever it may be; that no interest may warp me from it; and that if it pleases God that I persevere in His ministry, I may undertake the charge with a quiet mind and good conscience. This is now my purpose; may it be profitable to myself and to many.

"Yours most truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To John Thornton, Esq.

All Souls, July 7, 1807.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"A thousand thanks for your kind letter, which (to use the expression of our old friend Bristow) was not the less welcome for being really unexpected. I hope you are not in earnest when you pretend to apologize for writing nonsense; nonsense is the true and appropriate language of happiness; and it is a kind of βαρβαρισμος to talk coolly in a situation like yours. But though perfectly happy yourself, you ought not to run restive and kick at others who are not equally so; and it is rather hard to attack our poor friends at Yaroslav, as incapable of reasoning, and subject to be *gênées.* I do not think you are much inclined to be so; and, at any rate, one month after marriage is not the exact date when I should suspect such a visitor as *ennui,* at least after such a marriage as yours. As to the Princess ———, if you yourself were twenty years older than your wife, *une amitié parfaite* is almost all that you could have expected; where ages and, in consequence, where the shades of character so much differ, even this share of happiness is more than common. As indeed she

CHAP. X. 1807.

defined this attachment, '*amitié parfaite, sans passion,*' I am not quite sure if it at all differs from that placid and tamer kind of love, which we are told arises from mutual esteem and long intercourse, almost as warm, though not so thrilling, as the feelings of romantic love before he has moulted his wings, and unlearnt all those pretty flutterings which make his youth so delightful. All this is what I have been told, and I state it fairly on better authority than my own, as a sort of vindication for the princess.

" For myself, I own, though I sometimes wish this statement were true, and I must confess it to be a very respectable kind of attachment, and attended with much less trouble than the other, yet I have not yet unlearnt my boyish hankering after golden shafts and purple wings. The shafts, however, never fairly struck me but once, and then the wings were unfortunately employed in flying away. To speak, however, my serious opinion, I believe that were it possible for a well-founded passion to wear out, the very recollection of it would be more valuable than the greatest happiness afforded by those calm and vulgar kindnesses, which chiefly proceed from knowing no great harm of one another. You remember Shenstone's epitaph on Miss Dolman: '*Vale Maria, Puellarum Elegantissima, heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse.*'

" I am not sure how long that romance of passion may continue which the world shows such anxiety to wean us of as soon as possible, and which it laughs at, because it envies; but end when it may, it is never lost, but will contribute, like fermentation, to make the remainder of the cup of happiness more pleasant and wholesome.

" You are no great admirer of the 'cherub of the southern breeze,' but there is one of his last published poems which took fast hold on my fancy. After having instanced all the changes which time may produce in his mistress, and denied their power to alter his affection, he says,

> 'Tho' the rose on her cheek disappear and decay,
> Can time with the rose steal the dimple away?

Age may alter her form, but must leave me behind,
Her temper, her manners, her heart, and her mind.
Roll on then ye summers, no change shall ye see,
But Maria will still be Maria to me.'

" May you long enjoy the blessing of a mutual and unchanging affection, and may you secure your enjoyment by a constant dependance on the Giver of all happiness, who will never forget those in age who remember Him in their youth.

* * * * *

" I have just taken leave of a man whom I think most highly of, during a short acquaintance; I mean Acland, who is, I trust, by this time at Gottenburg. What part of the north are you going to ?"

To John Thornton, Esq.

All Souls, 1807.

" I am sorry for the trouble my carelessness has given you, and much obliged to you for your advice. I am, indeed, a positive child in these things. My reason for not dating my draft was simply that I did not know the day of the month. When, alas! shall I be able to remember and apply the deaths of those eminent characters, good Christopher Finch and David Friar, who, with their friend, George Blunt, Esquire, lamentably for themselves, but most usefully for practical chronology, died in one day at Dover? It is, I own, the want of a distich like this which has puzzled half my schemes in life; my days roll on uncounted, and my months are buried in oblivion, '*Carent quia vate sacro.*' From you I have learnt many things; if you can but teach me exactness, it will be a crown to all your instructions, as from this want, even the little good I have about me will be often, I fear, inefficient."

CHAP. X. 1807.

To R. W. Hay, Esq.

All Souls, 1807.

" ***Zum Hoch-und wohlgeboren Herrn von Hay, des Collegium Christi gradüatirtem Studente, des Kais: Russisch: Ordens des Bär und des Schlüsselblume Ritter, &c. &c. &c.***

" Komm mein Freund, ich bitte, mit mir am Montag zu speisen,
Aber, ich muss dir sagen dass kein ausländisches Essen
Gebe ich dir; mit Schinken-Geschmack die saüere Kräuter,
Nicht die herrliche Fische, die kostbare Suppe des Sterlet,
Oder mit salzem Butter den Barsch, den wasser-gekochten.
Und, ach, leider des Armuths! den guten vortrefflechen Rheinwein
Hier bekommest du nicht aus grünen Gläser getrunken,
Und das dickes Bier, was liebt der durstige Deutscher!
Hier sind bloss Kartoffeln, und nur ein gewältiges *Beefsteak*,
Oder ein Schöpsenbraten, und ein paar Küchlein mit Zunge,
Und ein Salat, und Englisches Bier, und Wasser von Schweppe,
Und Wallnüsse nach Tisch, mit röthlichem Wein von Oporto.
Also bleib ich indessen,

" Mit einer wahren Hochachtung,

" Lieber Herr Hay,

" Euer unterthänigster,

" REGINALD HEBER.

" Die Zeit ist halb sechs—die *Local* meine eigene Stube."

For the following sketch of Mr. Reginald Heber's life at Oxford, the Editor is indebted to one of his friends and contemporaries, whose name she regrets not being permitted to mention.

30*th January*, 1830.

" MY DEAR MRS. HEBER,

" I promised to send you some recollections of his early life: and with very mixed feelings I now perform that promise.

" At a time when with the enthusiasm of the place, I had rather caught by heart than learnt Palestine, and when it was a privilege to any one of any age to know Reginald Heber, I had the delight of forming his acquaintance. I cannot forget the feeling

of admiration with which, in the autumn of 1803, I approached his presence, or the surprise with which I contrasted my abstract image of him, with his own simple, social, every-day manner. He talked and laughed like those around him, and entered into the pleasures of the day with them, and with their relish: but when any higher subject was introduced, [and he was never slow in contriving to introduce literature at least, and to draw from his exhaustless memory riches of every kind,] his manner became his own. He never looked up at his hearers (one of the few things, by the bye, which I could have wished altered in him in after life, for he retained the habit,) but with his eyes down-cast and fixed, poured forth in a measured intonation, which from him became fashionable, stores of every age; the old romances; Spencer; some of our early prose writers; of Scott's published works; or verses of his own. I speak not of one day only, but of my general recollection of his habits as after that day witnessed often. One moonlight night (I do not recollect the year,) we were walking together, talking of the old *fabliaux* and romances, with which his memory was full; and we continued our walk till long past midnight. He said that it was a very easy style, and he could imitate it without an effort; and as he went along, he recited, composing as he recited, the happiest imitation of the George-Ellis-specimens which I ever saw. He came to my rooms, and wrote it down the next day. He called it 'The Boke of the purple faucon.' I now send the original manuscript to you.

Icy commence le Romaunt du grand Roye Pantagruelle [1].

Yt is a kynge both fyne and felle,
That hyght Sir Claudyus Pantagruelle,—
The fynest and fellest, more or lesse,
Of alle the kynges in Heathenesse.
That Syre was Soudan of Surrye,
Of Œstrick and of Cappadocie,

[1] A few years later, Mr. Reginald Heber gave a copy of this "romaunt" to another friend, under a different title, and with a few alterations, which consisted principally in the addition of a marginal table of contents; as being thus made a more perfect imitation of the old romances, the editor publishes it in preference to the original manuscript.

CHAP. X. 1807.

Le Royaume de Pantagruelle.

His Eme was Lorde I understonde
Of all Cathaye and of Bœhman Londe.
LXX Dukes, that were soe wighte,
Served him by daie and by nighte.
Thereto he made him a lothely messe,
Everie morninge more or lesse,
A manne chylde of VII yere age,
Thereof he seethed hys pottage.
Everie knyghte who went that waye
His nose and ears was fayne to paye;
Sothely, as the Romaunts telle,
For the Dyner of Pantagruelle.
Yn all the londes of Ethiopeè
Was ne so worthy a kynge as hee.

Comment Pantagruelle tenayt bonne table, et fesoyt belle chere; et estoyt digne roy.

¶ Ande it befelle upon a daye
Thys Pantagruelle he went to playe
With his Ladye thatte was soe brighte,
Yn her bowre yn alle mennes syghte.
Thatte Ladye was hyghte Cycelee;
And thereto sange shee
Alle into Grekysh as she colde best,—
" Lambeth, Sadeck, Apocatest;"
Namely, " My love yf thou wouldest wynne
Bringe wyth thee a purple falcon ynne."

Comment il aimoyt la Royne Cycile.

¶ Thatte laye made hym sadde and sowre,
And careful came hee adowne the towre.
He layde his hedde upon a stone;
For sorrow hys lyfe was well nigh gone;
He sobbed amayne and sighed sore
" Alacke Cycile, for evermore."

Comment Pantagruelle estoyt mescontent.

Hys page he broughte him hys helmette
Thatte was cleped Alphabet
He donned hys bootes made of the skyn
Of Loup-garou and of Gobbelyn,
And hys hauberke that was soe harde
Ywoven welle of spykenarde.

Ses armures.

Virgile hadde made that cote-armure
With Mammetry fenced and guarded sure;
And Hypocras and Arystote
Had woven the rynges of thatte cote.
He tooke hys spere that was so strong,
Hys axe was sharpe, his sworde was long,

Li graund macycien Virgile.

And thys the devyse upon his sheilde—
A red rose yn a greene fielde,
And under, yn language of Syrie,
" Belle rose que tu es jolye."

Ycy commence le II chant du bon Roy Pantagruelle.

Lysten Lordynges to the tale
Of Pantagruelle and hys travayle.
He through many a lande has gone,
Pantagruelle hymself alone ;
Many a hyll most hyghe has clome,
Many a broade rivere has swome.
He paste through Cathaye and Picardié, Ses Voyages.
Babylon, Scotland, and Italie ;
And asked of alle as yt befelle,
But of no adventure herde he telle,
Tyl after manie a wearie daye,
Lyghtly he came to a foreste graye :
Manie an auncient oke dyd growe,
Doddered and frynged with mysletoe ;
Manie an ashe of paly hue
Whyspered yn every breeze that blewe.
Pantagruelle hath swome by Mahoune, Li Serment de Pantagruelle.
Bye Termagaunt and by Abadoune,
Bye Venus, thatte was soe sterne and stronge,
And Apollin with hornes longe,
And other fiendes of Maumetrye,
That the ende of that foreste he would see.

Lysten Lordinges the soothe I tell :
Nothyng was true that here befelle,
But all the okes that flourished soe free, La Forest enchanteé.
Flourished only in grammarie ;
In that same foreste nothing grewe
But broad and darke the boughes of yew.
Sothely I tell you and indede
There was many a wicked weede ;
There was the wolf-bane greene and highe,
Whoso smelleth the same shall die,
And the long grasse wyth poyson mixed,
Adders coyled and hyssed betwixt.

Yn thatte same chace myghte noe man hear
Hunter or horn or hounde or deer ;

CHAP. X. 1807.

Neyther dared yn thatte wood to goe
Coney or martin, or hare or doe.
Nor on the shawe the byrdes gay,
Starling, Cuckoo, or Popynjay;
But Gryphon fanged, and bristly boare,
Gnarred and fomed hys way before,
And the beeste who can falsely weepe,
Crocodilus, was here goode chepe;
Satyr, and Leopard, and Tygris,
Bloody Camelopardalys,
And everye make of beastes bolde,
Nestled and roared in that their holde.
Dayes and nyghtes but only IV,
And Pantagruelle could ryde no more.
Hys shoulders were by hys helmet worne,
He was a wearye wyghte forlorne,
And hys cheeke thatte was soe redde,
Colde and darke as the beaten ledde.
Sa misere. Hys destriere might no further passe,
It lothed to taste that evyl grasse.
Heavy he clombe from offe hys steede,
Of hys lyfe he stoode in drede:
" Alacke, alacke, Cycelie,
Here I dye for love of thee!"
Forth through the thorny brake hee paste,
Tylle he came to a poole at laste;
And bye that poole of water clere
Satte a manne chylde of seven yere;
Clothed he was in scarlet and graine,
Cloth of silver and cordovaine;
As a field flower he was faire,
Seemed he was some Erle's heir,
And perchynge on hys wriste so free,
A purple Faucon there was to see.
Courteous hee turned hym to that Peere,
But Pantagruelle made sory cheare.
Highe and stately that boye hym bare,
And bade hym abyde hys Father there.
When the Father was there yn place,
Never had knyght so foul a face;
He was tusked as anie boare,
Brystly behind and eke before;
Lyons staring as they were wood,
Salvage bull that liveth on blood,

He was fylthy as any sowe,
Blacke and hairy as a black cowe;
All yn a holy priest's attyre,
Never was seene so fowle a syre.

* * * * *

"He wrote what none but quick and clever men can write, very good nonsense: some of his *jeux d'esprit* appeared in the grave pages of a certain ancient magazine, in which he occasionally corresponded with himself, keeping himself down to the dullness of his model, to the infinite amusement of the few who were in the secret. One, I recollect, was a solemn inquiry from Clericus Leicestrensis, into the remedy for the devastations of an insect, which peculiarly attacked spinach,—the evil, the remedy, and the insect being all equally imaginary. Another was a sonnet on the death of Lieutenant Philip V * * who was killed at the storming of Fort Muzzaboo, on the St. Lawrence, (fort and war equally unknown) the last line was

'And Marathon shall yield to Muzzaboo.'

Mr. Gifford once assured me, that 'Mr. Higgins,' in the Antijacobin, deceived one person, at least, who seriously complained of the democratical tendencies of 'The Rovers:' the *jeu d'esprit* from which the last line is quoted, also deceived one other; for it happened, by an odd coincidence, that there had been missing for some years, a certain Philip V * * whose uncle was so much pleased with discovering the scene of his death, and with this glowing eulogium from a witness of his valour, that he sent five pounds to Mr. Sylvanus Urban, for the author of the sonnet.

"His powers of imitation and of humour were not confined to his own language. Once, as Reginald was on his way to Oxford, he stopped at the Hen and Chickens, at Birmingham, in order to take a coach thence on the following morning. There happened to be in the inn a ball, which not only assembled persons from a distance, who consequently had engaged all the beds, but kept up such a

CHAP. X. 1807.

noise throughout the night, that he could scarcely sleep even in his sitting-room. He employed and amused himself, therefore, in writing in Homeric verse a description of his situation: annexing a translation after the manner of Clarke, and subjoining the usual proportion of notes, he sent it to Lord Ebrington, then at Brazen Nose College, who kindly gave me a copy; and he fully permits you to insert it. It shews to equal advantage Reginald's scholarship and his humour.

* * * * *

510. Ω ποποι η μεγα πενθος οδοιπορῳ εσσεται ανδρι,
Οσπερ εϋκτιμενον ποτ' επερχομενος πτολιεθρον,
Η κλεινην Λυκιην, η Βιλστονα, η Βρεμιχαμον
Χαλχοπολιν, φιλον οικον αγανορος Ηφαιστοιο·
Και τοτε δη μεγαλην επιτηδευουσιν εορτην

Proh Deos! certe magnus dolor peregrino erit viro
Quicunque bene habitatam aliquando adveniens civitatem
Aut nobilem Lyciam, aut Bilstonem, aut Bremichamum
Æris-civitatem, charam domum ob virtutem-mirabilis Vulcani.
Et tunc quidem magnum cum-studio-parant festum

NOTÆ.

V. 510. Οδοιπορῳ ανδρι. Quis foret ille peregrinus non adhuc satis constat. Herculem Scholiastes, Thesea alii intelligunt. Non animadvertere scilicet boni interpretes de seipso Poetam hæc loqui, quem Poetam Iaspida fuisse Anglo-Phœnicem ipse suprà demonstravi: Excurs. i. v. 17. hujus libri. Et tamen cl. Turnebo Moses his versibus annui videtur: quam verè, judicent alii.

V. 512. Ubinam sit illa Lycia mihi hæret aqua. Lyciam Asiaticam faciunt vet. Schol. absurde: de Anglicanis enim civitatibus agitur, neque πτολιεθρον ista Lycia. Λευκην Hemsterhusius legit, nullis annuentibus Codd. Nescio an a lupis nomen habens nunc etiam ore vernaculari *Wolverhampton* audit. De Bilstone et Bremichamo etiam in celeberrimo Jacobo Thomsono *Bremicham* invenimus:

——" Thy thund'ring pavement, Bremicham."

V. 514. Non hospitale (ut videtur) festum paravere Bremichamenses, exclusum enim fuisse advenam satis constat. Ergo Bonæ Deæ tunc agi sacra Clarkius existimat, falso, istiusmodi enim sacris omnes excludebantur viri, et tamen v. 518. ανερες ευκομιεντες invenimus. Ut obscœnæ essent istæ saltationes, monente Abrescio, vix crederem, etsi nudis mamillis exilique veste saltasse puellas ab omnibus fere accepimus. Talia vocant festa Galli " un Bal parè," anglice "An Assembly."

515. Τεκτονες ανθρωποι, μεγα πλουσιοι, οἱς μαλα πασι
Χαλχον ενι μεγαροισι θεος και χρυσον εδωκε·
Ενθ' αρα παννυχιοισι χοροις τερπουσι φιλον κηρ
Κουραι εϋζωναι τε, και ανερες ευκονιεντες·
Σεισμος ὑπερθε ποδων γινεται μεγας, ευ γαρ ἑκαστος
520. Σκιρτᾳ, πολλ' ὑδιων, κνισση δ' εις ουρανον ἡκει·
Εκ δε λυρων χεεται γλυκερον μελος, ηε συριγγων.
Αλλ' ὁ ξεινος ενερθε καθιζεται αχνυμενος κηρ
Διφρῳ αεικελιῳ κλιθεις, κενεῃ τε τραπεζᾳ,
Χειλεσιν ουτ' επι δειπνον εχων, ουτ' ομμασιν ὑπνον.

κ. τ. λ.

Fabri viri, multum divites, quibus valde omnibus
Æs in ædibus Deus (Vulcanus sc.) et aurum dedit
Inde ergo per-totam-noctem-durantibus choris delectant suum cor
Virgines bene-cinctæ, et viri pulchro-modo-pulverulenti.
[Sc. pulverosum habentes caput.
Motus sub pedibus fit magnus, bene vero unusquisque
Salit, multum sudans, odor vero nidoris ad cœlum ascendit.
Lyrarum vero effunditur dulcis sonus aut tibiarum—
Advena verò infra sedet dolore-affectus cor
Sedili inhonesto reclinans, vacuâque mensâ,
Labris neque cibum habens, nec oculis somnum, &c.

NOTÆ.

V. 518. ανερες ευκονιεντες. De Barbarico capitis ornatu tantum innotuit ut tritum fortasse et tenue argumentum videar aggressus; Αλλ' ὁμως ειρησεται. Noscant juniores quod inter plurimas Barbarorum gentes Hottentotas sc. et Caffros et Anglos mos erat patrius lardo, nidore ursarum, et similibus, collinere crines, et deinde albo quodam pulvere conspergere et conserere. ευκονιεντες, Gallicè, "bien poudré:" anglice, "well powdered."

V. 522. Non in infernis regionibus, ut insomniavit bonus vir, Editor Glasguensis, ut inferiori camerâ, pedibusque saltantium subjectâ.

V. 524. Observandum est quam mirâ arte Poeta sui viatoris patrium innuit pudorem. Si nempe Scotus fuisset Hibernusve, mirum esset, ne innatâ fretus audaciâ, anglice "sporting a face," cœnam sibi, et gratis, comparasset. Cum vero et Anglus sit, et ingenui pudoris puer, manet immotus μαινομενος περ dum empto tardoque coquorum auxilio sibi cibus paratur. De Anglorum modestiâ vide cl. Marklandum in hunc locum.

"Many of his contemporaries will recollect other exercises of kindred talent; one was a mock heroic poem, the subject of which was laid in his own college: but though he wished to forget this

CHAP. X. 1807.

jeu d'esprit, as it gave offence at the time, and though, therefore, I do not send it to you, (how few can look back on their youth, without wishing far more to be forgotten) it may be said of it, as, indeed, of all his other performances in this line, that his wit was without malice, and his humour without a tinge of grossness. His sense of the ridiculous was certainly at this time very keen; but I never heard him say an unkind word; and it was in effusions of this sort that the spirits of his youth found vent. Even at this time, however, he was a very severe student; and made up in hard reading at night, the time given to society and lighter pursuits in the evening. At no period did his success, unparalleled then and since in a university career, tempt him to the assumption of any airs of superiority. He was uniformly humble, and gentle, and kind.

"Among his amusements was heraldry, as I know, because one of my tastes at the time happened to coincide with it. There is, therefore, at least one proof against the truth of the sarcasm of Grammont, 'the marquis was a great genealogist, as all fools with good memories are.' His younger brother, however, Tom Heber, was one who, of all men within my knowledge, possessed the most accurate recollection of the largest stores in this study.

"When Reginald Heber and I ceased, in consequence of our distances, to meet regularly, our intercourse was little carried on by letters; and I now look back with great regret upon my own indolence, and dislike to the act of beginning a letter, to which faults I attribute my present inability to send to you more of his correspondence. At the same time it will always be a comfort to me to think, that whenever we met, we met as friends affectionately attached to each other; and when we parted, carried away with each other a renewed and enlarged supply of the kindest feeling."

To John Thornton, Esq.

August 7th, 1807.

"I purposely delayed writing to you till I had had some little experience of my new situation as parish priest, and my feelings

under it. With the first I have every reason to be satisfied; my feelings are, I believe, the usual ones of young men who find themselves entering into the duties of a profession, in which their life is to be spent. I had no new discoveries to make in the character of my people, as I had passed the greater part of my life among them. They received me with the same expressions of good will as they had shown on my return to England; and my volunteers and myself (for we are still considered as inseparable) were again invited to a *fête champetre*. Of course my first sermon was numerously attended; and though tears were shed, I could not attribute them entirely to my eloquence, for some of the old servants of the family began crying before I had spoken a word. I will fairly own that the cordiality of these honest people, which at first elated and pleased me exceedingly, has since been the occasion of some very serious and melancholy reflections. It is really an appalling thing to have so high expectations formed of a young man's future conduct. But even this has not so much weight with me, as a fear that I shall not return their affection sufficiently, or preserve it in its present extent by my exertions and diligence in doing good. God knows I have every motive of affection and emulation to animate me; and have no possible excuse for a failure in my duty. The Methodists in Hodnet are, thank God, not very numerous, and I hope to diminish them still more; they are, however, sufficiently numerous to serve as a spur to my emulation. I have another spur of a much more agreeable kind in the clergyman of the next parish, a nephew of Lord Stamford, and though a young man, one of the best parish priests I ever knew. He was intimate with Tom, at college, and I then thought highly of him; but his character has displayed itself very much during this last year. With greater learning and talent than ——, whom I mentioned to you, he puts me a good deal in mind of him. I am sure I may derive great advantage from such an example as * * * within two miles; and I think I, too, may be of some little use to him, in keeping him from low spirits and a too great love of retirement, and diffidence of his own

CHAP. X. 1807.

abilities, faults to which some of his friends think him inclined, but which I have not seen much of in his character."

To John Thornton, Esq.

Hodnet Hall, 1807.

"I have been sadly delayed in copying the drawings; the costumes will, I hope, be finished in a day or two, and I will send them. I had hoped to have brought them myself, but I have been so little with my mother, that she will not yet consent to spare me; and my visit to Albury cannot take place for some weeks. Christmas I had hoped to have passed with you; and nothing but the particular wishes of my friends, and the expectation of a family party, a thing which cannot be said to have taken place for several years at Hodnet, would have prevented my coming.

"A thousand thanks for your care about the books, and your present of the Swedish turnip-seed, the promise of which last has already conferred more happiness on a respectable magistrate in our neighbourhood, than any other boon could have done. I am very sorry, however, that I have pillaged your father's acres, and heartily wish that the barren heaths of Shropshire contained any thing which I could send in return. We have, indeed, as I have just discovered, the Norwegian *multiberry*, which is here known under the name of cloud-berry, as only growing on the wildest hill-tops; but I fear where salad and currant jelly are known, the venison and mutton of Surry would not relish so wild an auxiliary. When, however, you come to see me, I will take care (with my wife's permission) that you shall begin your dinner with salt-fish, and end with '*braten* and *multiberry*.'

"I have been busy in recovering and copying my Norwegian views, in which I have succeeded better than I at first hoped, and shall send you some with the costumes.

"The good folks in this neighbourhood are all running wild after *cole-rabi*, and I find I have lost much influence in the county by not bringing a sackful of *Buda kail*.

"You will be glad to hear that I shirk volunteers, shun politics, eschew architecture, study Divinity as employment, and draw costumes for recreation; and you will, I am sure, believe how much I am ever

"Your obliged friend."

When Mr. Reginald Heber was at Dresden in the summer of 1806, he wrote the first lines of a poem, which were suggested to him during a sleepless night, by hearing the beating of drums, and the bustle of troops marching through the town to meet the French in Lower Saxony, and which, in 1809, he completed and published under the title of "Europe." The prophecy with which it concludes may seem, in its fullest sense, at the present moment, far from completion; and yet, as Spain has overcome the efforts of foreign tyranny, we may hope that, at no very remote period, she will shake off the still more galling yoke of superstition, and that we may yet hail the period when

"Spain, the brave, the virtuous, *shall* be free!"

To John Thornton, Esq.

Hodnet Hall, February 15th, 1809.

"You will be, perhaps, surprised to find that, after so long an interruption, I have, during the last fortnight, finished and sent to the press the verses, part of which I repeated to you. Both their name, 'Europe,' and the moment at which they are published is an unfortunate one; but I am glad that while Spain yet exists, I shall have borne my testimony in her favour. * * * While I am on this subject, will you allow me to solicit your assistance in procuring recruits for the Quarterly Review, a work in which several of our common friends are likely to be engaged, and which may serve to set some limits to the despotic authority of the Edinburgh. I have, myself, refused to undertake giving any thing, but very likely shall hereafter, if I have time, and if the first number gives me a favourable specimen of their calibre and opinions. As

CHAP. X. 1809.

to your enquiries respecting my parish, I hardly know what answer to make. I have reason to believe that both my conduct and my sermons are well liked, but I do not think any great amendment takes place in my hearers. My congregations are very good, and the number of communicants increases. The principal faults of which I have to complain are, occasional drunkenness, and, after they have left Church, a great disregard of Sunday. You know my notions respecting the obligation of the Christian Sabbath are by no means strict; but I have seen much mischief arise from its neglect, and have been taking some pains to prevent it. By the assistance, I may say advice, of one of the Churchwardens, a very worthy and sensible, though plain farmer, the shop-keepers have been restrained from selling on Sundays; and I have persuaded the inn-keepers to sign an agreement, binding themselves under a five guinea forfeiture not to allow drinking on that day. But though the wealthy farmers and women are generally orderly, the young labourers are a dissolute set, and I have not so much influence with them now as I had when I was their captain. It is a misfortune to me, in so wide a parish, that I am slow at remembering either names or faces, which is a very useful talent. I trust, however, to acquire this gradually. My Psalm-singing continues bad. Can you tell me where I can purchase Cowper's Olney hymns, with the music, and in a smaller size without the music, to put in the seats? Some of them I admire much, and any novelty is likely to become a favourite, and draw more people to join in the singing. What book is used at the Lock? If I could get one or two I should like to select from them. The Methodists are neither very numerous nor very active, they have no regular meetings, but assemble from great distances to meet a favourite preacher. Yet I have sometimes thought, and it has made me really uncomfortable, that since Rowland Hill's visit to the country, my congregation was thinner. Perhaps it was only owing to the bad weather, as my numbers are now a little increasing again. The test here of a Churchman is the Sacrament, which the Methodists never attend.

CHAP. X. 1807.

"The Hills, of Hawkstone, have declared their intention of attending Hodnet, which is their parish Church, and I can perceive this will do a great deal of good. Their whole family live together, and they are very pleasing neighbours to us. I make no apology for this detail, since I know that to your friendship every thing is interesting which concerns the happiness of

"Your's affectionately,

"REGINALD HEBER."

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Reginald Heber's marriage—Anecdote—Settles on his living—His charities—Remarks on "Cœlebs," and on "Zeal without innovation"—Translation of an Ode of Klopstock's—Review of Kerr Porter's travels in Russia — Luther—Clarke's travels—"Curse of Kehama"—Odes of Pindar—Duke of Gloucester's installation—Prefatory notice to the Hymns published in the Christian Observer—Dictionary of the Bible—"Morte d'Arthur"—Poems—Illness, and removal to Moreton.

CHAP. XI. 1809.

In April, 1809, Mr. Reginald Heber married Amelia, youngest daughter of the late William Davies Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph, and grand-daughter of the late Jonathan Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph. It may be here mentioned, as a proof of the value he set on the Holy Scriptures, that the first present which he ever made her was a Bible.

To John Thornton, Esq.

Llanbedr, near Ruthin, April 17, 1809.

"I write this from a little parsonage-house, which has been kindly lent to Emily and myself for the first week of our marriage. The ceremony, which we hardly expected to have taken place till to-day, was performed on Friday, and we came here the same evening. The situation, which is extremely beautiful, we are very much precluded from enjoying by a deep fall of snow, which has covered all the hills.

"Tell Mrs. J. Thornton, with my kindest regards, that I am

now become a competent cicerone for the whole of the vales of Clwyd and Llangollen, and shall be most happy to show them to her and to you. We past on Friday by the seat of her ancestors, Llanrhaider, which is one of the most beautiful spots I ever saw, more like a situation in the Crimea than in Great Britain. It lies in the narrow part of the vale of Clwyd, with a beautiful little river, and a great deal of wood; the hills round it were all covered with snow, and the whole valley with apple-blossoms; as delightful a contrast of winter and spring as can be imagined. Where we are at present the winter predominates."

In one of Mr. Reginald Heber's journeys into Wales, he thus describes to a friend a scene he witnessed:

"On my way I overtook a singular specimen of love in a cottage. A drunken fellow, who was driving two asses with empty panniers, boasted to my servant that he had sold a cargo of earthenware at Wrexham, and hoped to be able to get through the money before he reached Whitchurch, where his wife lived, to whom, he observed, he should be loth to give any of it. He intended being three days on the road, stopping at every alehouse on his way. To guard himself from the expected vengeance of his wife, he had had his 'hair clipped to prevent *lugging*.' I pitied the wife and the asses; but as the man was too drunk for advice, I heard his story in silence.

"I baited my horses at Bangor (the monastic, not the episcopal). The host pressed me much to stay there half an hour longer, when I should have an opportunity of dining like a prince, as —— and some farmers were going to do above stairs, where I might be sure of a hospitable welcome, and ale as strong as any drank by the old monks whom Ethelbert slew."

After his marriage Mr. Reginald Heber settled on his rectory, and entered, at first unassisted, on the cares of a large parish. His first act was to extend through the year an afternoon sermon, which had, till then, been confined to the summer months. In

CHAP. XI. 1809.

order to devote himself more entirely to the discharge of his parochial duties, he, in a great measure, withdrew from the society of that world by which he was courted, (though with the friends of his youth he kept up occasional intercourse and frequent correspondence) and he made those talents which, in almost every sphere of life, would have raised him to eminence, subservient to the advancement of Christianity, and to the spiritual and temporal good of his parishioners. He became, indeed, their earthly guide, their pastor, and friend. His ear was never shut to their complaints, nor his hands closed to their wants. Instead of hiding his face from the poor, he sought out distress; he made it a rule, from which no circumstances induced him to swerve, to "give to all who asked," however trifling the sum; and wherever he had an opportunity, he never failed to enquire into, and more effectually to relieve their distress. He could not pass a sick person, or a child crying, without endeavouring to soothe and help them, and the kindness of his manner always rendered his gifts doubly valuable. A poor clergyman near Hodnet, had written a poem from which he expected great emolument. Mr. Reginald Heber, to whom the MS. was sent, with a request that he would assist in getting it through the press, saw that its sale would never repay the expenses of publishing it; he, therefore, sent the clergyman some money; and while recommending him not to risk so great a sum as the printing would cost, spoke so delicately on its deficiencies, (having, as he said, a feeling for a *brother poet*) that the poor man could not be hurt at the manner in which the advice was given.

Mr. Reginald Heber possessed, in its fullest acceptation, that "charity which hopeth all things." He not only discountenanced every tendency to illiberal or illnatured remarks, but had always a kind and charitable construction to put on actions which might, perhaps more readily, admit of a different interpretation; and when the misconduct of others allowed of no defence, he would leave judgement to that Being, who alone "knoweth what is in the heart of man."

In his charities he was prodigal; on himself alone he bestowed little. To those whose modesty or rank in life made secrecy an object, he gave with delicacy and in private; and to use the words of one who had been for some years his companion and assistant, and whose pastoral care the people of Hodnet still feel as a blessing, "many a good deed done by him in secret, only came to light when he had been removed far away, and, but for that removal would have been for ever hid; many an instance of benevolent interference where it was least suspected, and of delicate attention towards those whose humble rank in life is too often thought to exempt their superiors from all need of mingling courtesy with kindness." The same feeling prevented his keeping any person waiting who came to speak with him. When summoned from his favourite studies, he left them unreluctantly to attend to the business of others; and his alacrity increased if he were told that a *poor* person wanted him; for he said that not only is their time valuable, but the indigent are very sensible to every appearance of neglect. His charities would, of themselves, have prevented his being rich in worldly goods; but he had another impediment to the acquisition of riches, an indifference as to his just dues, and a facility in resigning them, too often taken advantage of by the unworthy. If a man who owed him money could plead inability to pay, he was sure to be excused half, and sometimes all his debt. In the words of the writer just quoted, "the wisdom of the serpent, was almost the only wisdom in which he did not abound." When money was not wanting, he advised and conversed with his parishioners with such cheerful kindness, and took so much interest in their concerns, that they always rejoiced to meet him, and hailed with joy his visits to their houses.

He had so much pleasure in conferring kindness, that he often declared it was an exceeding indulgence of God to promise a reward for what carried with it its own recompence. He considered himself as the mere steward of God's bounty; and felt that in sharing his fortune with the poor, he was only making the proper use of the talents committed to him, without any consciousness of

CHAP. XI. 1809.

merit. Once, when a poor woman, to whom he had given three shillings, exclaimed, "the Lord reward you, and give you fourfold," he said, "How unreasonable are the expectations of men! This good woman's wish for me, which sounds so noble, amounts but to twelve shillings; and we, when we give such a pittance, are apt to expect Heaven as our reward, without considering how miserable a proportion our best-meant actions bear to the eternal recompence we are vain enough to think we deserve!" Thus, surrounded by his family; with a neighbourhood containing men capable of appreciating his talents; beloved by his parishioners, and loving all about him; silently, but beneficially, flowed on the first years of his ministry, only varied by occasional visits among his friends. His letters during this period will best pourtray his feelings, his pursuits, and his wishes.

To John Thornton Esq.

Hodnet Hall, May 29th, 1809.

"I hardly know with what face to begin my letter, having so long neglected to answer yours, and having forgotten not only my civility to you, but my friendship for poor Janické. The fact is, I can only plead the various engagements of brick and mortar, wedding visits, two sermons to write every week, and the whole weekly duty of my large parish, having no curate. All this has really so occupied and harassed me, that your letter, with many others, had been laid by and forgotten. Pray send poor Janické five guineas for me, or more if you think the occasion requires it; and let me know how much you have sent, in your next letter.

"I have not yet got into my old parsonage, as much more was necessary to make it habitable than I had expected. * * * Pray mention, when you write, the name of the little manual of family prayers which you had when you were abroad, as I have forgotten it, though I remember well their merit and simplicity. I prefer forms in general to extempore praying, particularly as you know my lips are rather those of Moses than Aaron.

"I have so many presents to thank you for lately, that I hardly know where to begin; the first, since the magnificent candlesticks, were 'Cœlebs,' and 'Zeal without innovation.' Cœlebs is deservedly popular and likely to do much good, though not so lively as I expected; in many places, indeed, the story flags sadly. The other I have read through with great attention, and can join most cordially in your approbation of it; it is candid, sensible, and well written, and shows every where a well-ordered and well-informed heart and head. Is Gisborne the author? I suspect it strongly from many circumstances in the book which seem likely to come from him. I can hardly hope that he will receive more than the attention which peacemakers generally obtain; or that any great reconciliation can take place between the parties he attempts to soothe. But where he gives advice to the younger and rising clergy, and points out the regular orderly means of doing good, he has a less thankless, and I trust will have a successful employment. To many well-disposed young men who feel a wish to do good, yet hardly know how to set about it, his book will, I think, be very useful. I cannot say he has much decreased my dislike of the Evangelical preachers, considered as a body. Their corporation spirit, and the assumption of Evangelical as a party title, he very properly attacks them for; though he omits the name by which they are, I fear, very apt to distinguish all the respectable and religious men who are not of their own number,—I mean that of 'formalists.' On the whole, if he obtains but a small number of followers, and if the phalanx of party is weakened on either side, he will have conferred a great benefit on religion, have made many excellent men more useful than they are at present, and taken away from Messrs. H.—— and H.—— much of the supposed countenance they at present receive from many who differ from them in almost every point of faith or conduct.

"Alas for Austria! Poor Chasteller! I trust he will escape the fangs of Buonaparte; indeed, you and I may feel interested about him from old acquaintance, and in memory of our Baden parties.

CHAP. XI. 1809.

"My parish goes on, I think and hope, rather on the mending hand, particularly in respect to the observance of Sunday; and, what is also perceptible, in an increasing desire to have comfort and advice from me when they are sick, which was chiefly only when they were at extremity. I have much less time for reading than I could wish; but my wife always encourages me to diligence."

To Mrs. C. L. Shipley.

Hodnet Rectory, August 7, 1809.

"My Dear Madam,

"When I reflect how long it is that I have owed you a letter, I should really be very much ashamed if this silence were not, in some measure, to be accounted for by my having unwittingly promised to do my best at rendering into English the most crabbed piece of German I ever met with. None of Merlin's fiends ever had such a task assigned them by the Lady of the Lake, as I have had by my dear aunt. You must not think I have forgotten it; on the contrary, it has occurred to me continually; and I was stimulated still more to the attempt by the real beauty of the lines, and by Sotheby's assertion, that they were *untranslateable*. I could easily have made a paraphrase, which would have been something like them; but I did not consider that as performing my task. At last, being really very busy, I despaired to bend the stubborn pentametres of the latter part into any thing like English verse; and felt a little tired at the repetition of the same sentiment, and the lady's solicitude to outlive her husband, which, though it is really beautiful, would be no bad subject for parody. On the whole, I subscribe to Mr. Sotheby's assertion; but to show, at least, my good-will to execute any task you may impose upon me, I send you the lines, as far as I have yet translated; after seeing which, you will probably feel but little anxiety for the remainder.

"Believe me, dear Madam,

"Ever your obliged and affectionate

"Reginald Heber.

" You will observe in this bad translation, that my principal difficulty has been to vary the lines, which, in the original, are repeated over and over again with very good effect; but this could not be retained in English.

HE.

Ah Selma! if our love the fates should sever,
And bear thy spirit from the world below,
Then shall mine eyes be wet with tears for ever,
Each gloomy morn, each night of darker woe;
Each hour, that past so soon in thy embracing,
Each minute keenly felt shall force a tear;
The long long months! the years so slowly pacing!
Which all were swift alike, and all were dear.

SHE.

My Selmar! ah, if from thy Selma parted,
Thy soul should first the paths of darkness tread,
Sad were my course, and short, and broken-hearted,
To weep those lonely days, that dismal bed!
Each hour that erst in converse sweet returning,
Shone with thy smile, or sparkled with thy tear;
Each lingering day should lengthen out my mourning,
The days that past so swiftly and so dear!

HE.

And did I promise, Selma, years of sorrow?
And canst thou linger only days behind?
Few minutes, few, be mine from fate to borrow,
Near thy pale cheek and breathless form reclin'd,
Press thy dead hand, and, wildly bending o'er thee,
Print one last kiss upon thy glazed eye.

SHE.

Nay, Selmar, nay—I will not fall before thee;
That pang be mine; thou shalt not see me die;
Some few sad moments on thy death-bed lying,
By thy pale corpse my trembling frame shall be;
Gaze on thy altered form, then, inly sighing,
Sink on that breast, and wax as pale as thee."

CHAP. XI. 1810.

To John Thornton, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, January 10*th*, 1810.

" Believe me I am obliged to any occurrence which recalls me to your recollection, and procures me a letter from you, though I own I am sorry on the whole that you have left Norwood. The cottage, the garden, and the redbreasts were all very interesting to me; and it would vex me if I were to pass by, and see a new white summer-house run up, and some cockneys smoking, as may perhaps be its lot now you have abandoned it.

" I am much gratified with the attention you have paid to my review, and with your approbation of it [1]. The poem on Talavera is very spirited, and only unfortunate in being necessarily compared with Scott; the author is understood to be Mr. Croker. The best article, I think, in the Review is the critique on Parr, which both in wit, taste, and good sense is superior to almost every thing of Jeffery's. I intend, as far as my necessary business will give me time, to contribute frequently to the Quarterly Review, as it serves to keep up my acquaintance with several interesting subjects, which I might else, perhaps, neglect. The religious poems are at a stand-still. In summer when I walked in green fields, or sat under shady trees, such fancies often came into my head; now, I have unpacked six boxes of old Divinity, and am otherwise employed.

" You will be amused and, perhaps, interested to hear that my Berlin Luther has afforded me much pleasure, and many valuable hints for sermons. Yet he is, in some places, inconceivably coarse, and generally displays great want of reading; but his strong mind makes ample amends. He is a sort of religious Cobbett; but with similar vulgarity of sentiment he has more eloquence, and writes, as far as I am a judge, excellent German.

I now come to the promise you so kindly make of coming here

[1] Review in the Quarterly for 1809, of " Travelling Sketches in Russia and Sweden during the years 1805, 6, 7, 8; by Robert Kerr Porter."

in June; nothing can give us more pleasure, and I do sincerely hope you will contrive it. Emily and myself are both as well as we can wish, and as happy as we can hope to be."

To John Thornton, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, 1810.

" I agree with you in thinking that my Russian notes are made more conspicuous in the Quarterly Review of Clarke's Travels, than the proportion they bear to the rest of the work would lead one to expect. You will not wonder, however, that he himself should be treated coolly, when I tell you that the reviewer is a staunch Muscovite, and an ' old courtier of the Queen's,' during the most splendid days of Catherine. With the Edinburgh Review, as far as good words go, both he and I have reason to be satisfied. I do not, however, think that, even there, they have been sufficiently acquainted with their subject to appreciate justly his knowledge of antiquities, the liveliness of his sketches of manners, and his power of comparing one nation with another, which are, I think, his strong holds. And they show a little too plainly their constant wish to make every thing a handle for politics. * * *

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" How do you like the defence of Pitt in the last Quarterly? It is by the same person who reviewed Dr. Parr's Philopatus, and written still more powerfully. If I wished that Clarke had got more praise, you will easily believe that I was most thoroughly vexed and surprised at the rough way in which Dealtry is handled, and which I attributed, till I got your letter, to Dr. ——, whom you seem to acquit. Gifford probably knew nothing of Dealtry; but he has been ere this informed as to his real character and attainments, which, though the past is irretrievable, will serve as a caution in future.

" How soon does Clarke come out with his octavo? I should like very much, if you thought I might venture, to give him some

CHAP. XI. 1810.

remarks, through you, on some of the too caustic assertions respecting the Russian character. His travels are the only good account we have of Russia; and one is really interested that they should be made as perfect as possible. What I send, however, may go to you first; and if you please, you may communicate with me in the same manner. I still think that many things in your letters would be interesting and useful.

"Ever your's truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To Mrs. R. Heber.

1810.

"We had a good journey, but so intolerably dusty, that I can even yet hardly breathe. My fellow-travellers were dust and ashes indeed; most admirable emblems of mortality, excepting in their conversation, which was very sensible, and rather above the common run of a mail-coach. They consisted of a Welch attorney, with his wife, a philosophical ironmonger, and a poor sick Irish officer, to whom the ironmonger, with great humanity, resigned his place in the inside.

"There have been some insignificant riots at Birmingham and Wolverhampton, occasioned by the dearness of provisions; but nothing of a dangerous nature. The local militia at the latter place were a good deal inclined to share in the popular feeling, but were repressed by the presence of the yeomanry, many of whom, as a yeoman whom I spoke with said, were, in fact, their masters and employers, as farmers or manufacturers. All is now quiet, and the farmers near Birmingham have volunteered to reduce the price of corn. No lives were lost, nor any material mischief done. I am sorry to say that the crops look very ill in most places, worse in Shropshire, I think, than any where else.

"As we were about two miles from Oxford, we saw a man lying senseless on the road; I lifted him up, and on giving him some cold water he recovered, having fainted from fatigue and hunger. It was the second day he had eaten nothing, and he had

walked that morning from Uxbridge. It was very providential that we passed by, as night was coming on, and would certainly have been his last. We got him some refreshment at a neighbouring cottage, and, of course, supplied him for the remainder of his journey, which was to Stratford.

"Another accident was far more distressing. In passing through Newport, the carriage-wheel went over a poor girl, and broke her leg. I had the satisfaction of hearing from the surgeon that the fracture was not dangerous, and he assured me he would take all possible care of her, to induce him to which I left my address."

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, August 2, 1810.

"DEAR WILMOT,

"You will think me a very shabby and uncivil person in not answering, long since, your entertaining letter, which nothing has prevented my doing except inability to comply with the principal request contained in it. I am not sufficiently perfect in it to write it all down from memory, nor have I forgot how keenly you looked after my errours in this kind, when we were at Barmouth. And Heber, whose arrival was to have furnished me with an authentic copy, has been called by business into Yorkshire, so that I see, at present, little chance of my being able to transmit to you 'the Leopard of Malwaw,' for some weeks longer.

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"How do you like the 'Lady of the Lake?' Her boat had not touched the strand, I think, when we parted last. * * * * I have myself been laid up for this week back with a sprained ancle; and have been reading Plato and writing sermons till I am become bilious and leucophlegmatic from inaction; and have been haunted by various fancies, the mishapen births of solitude, in particular that I was going to have the gout, which, however, did not proceed further than my imagination. I have been

CHAP. XI. 1810.

also *soured* by the income-tax, which I have this year had the honour of paying twice, owing to the agent to whom I had entrusted money for that purpose, having died suddenly, and I fear pretty near insolvent. Under these sorrows you must not expect so gay a letter from me, as if it were written under the witty influence of a red coat, and with the jaunty air of Macclesfield yet clinging to me. In good sadness, however, and with all the seriousness which such an assertion demands,

"Believe me ever your obliged friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To John Thornton, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, October 8, 1810.

"Among busy men, for I too am busy in a certain degree, though much less occupied than you are, excuses for a slack correspondence are almost needless. I, however, feel that you, whose time is so much more precious, and yet can find a half hour for a friend, have very good reason to complain of me; and I feel myself obliged to tell you that I have been really pressed hard during the last month with different reasons for writing.

"I have had an infirmary sermon, a long article for a Review [1], and am now engaged in a charity sermon, besides the weekly demand for sermons in my own parish, and the almost daily calls of parochial duty. Nor am I idle in other pursuits, for I read Plato, and am, though slowly, making progress in a poem, which, if it does not miscarry, will be longer than any of my preceding ones; it is, however, but too probable that when my summer rambles and hedge-row walks are stopped by sleet and mire, I shall, as has been generally the case, find my Pegasus in a *slough of Despond.* After all, though my labours, such as they are, occupy me from morning till night, I feel ashamed of mentioning them when compared with the labyrinth of care and exertion, the

[1] On "the present state of Turkey." By Thomas Thornton, Esq. Quarterly Review, 1810.

constant necessity for prudence, and the frequent collision with the art and roguery of other men, with which you are struggling. I do not wonder, when I read your account of difficulties and vexations, that you should feel some little disposition to change your present habits for mine; and I am so far attached to my profession, I have so much of the '*patriotisme du couvent*' about me, that for its sake I could well rejoice to see you in orders. Yet I rather feel inclined to encourage you to persevere in your present course; it opens to you, hereafter, a wider and more distinguished field of utility; and when a man is once embarked in a pursuit, it should, I think, be a strong motive to induce him to change it. Consider, too, that even I have my vexations. * *

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"Nor are my labours as a clergyman such as to make me find it altogether play. Do not think, however, that I fancy myself any thing but what I am, in truth, a prosperous man, who has unremitted causes of gratitude, and whose principal apprehension ought to be that he has a greater share of earthly happiness than he knows how to manage. I only mention these little drawbacks to remind you of the *novel* remark of our friend B——, 'Ah, Mr. Thornton, perfect happiness is not the lot of man!' That you may have as much as is good for your eternal interests, and that my gratitude may increase daily for the great share of quiet and prosperity with which I am blessed, is my earnest prayer, and I think I may add, my hope.

"Ever your's affectionately,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To E. D. Davenport, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, February 16, 1811.

"DEAR DAVENPORT,

"* * * * I do not accompany my wife to the Dashwoods, as I am most completely occupied at home at present; but intend to meet her at Catton on the 4th of March, which

CHAP. XI. 1811.

will, I hope, be no inconvenient time for your joining us there; an event to which I earnestly look forwards, as well as to your giving us a week or two at Hodnet in the course of the spring.

"I am, you know, no sportsman; and that '*vervecum patria*,' Leicestershire is, therefore, not likely to have many charms for me. Heber is in town, but is to return next week, and to pass the greater part of the spring at home. The Bailli[1] is well. Have you seen Southey's last poem, in which he, the Bailli, makes a very conspicuous figure, with the addition of a few hundred arms and heads? Seriously, however, the 'Curse of Kehama' is, on the whole, the finest thing which Southey has yet produced, and will, I think, please you greatly. (I have desired Emily to take the volume in the carriage with her on her present visit.) He particularly excels in the representation of a loud and powerful noise; and his descriptions of nuptial rejoicings and of the bellowing of fiends, are perhaps two of the most clamorous and sonorous pieces of poetry in the English language. How do you go on with your house?—mine yet remains in *posse;* nor have I received a single line from Harrison since, according to your description, he took my measure for it. I hardly know whether this will find you in Cheshire; but, as the safest course, I direct to Capesthorne. * * * * *

"Believe me, dear Davenport,

"Ever your's most truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, May 18, 1811.

"You have in your kind letter paid me two compliments which I very ill deserve; the first, in attributing to me the review of 'Kehama,' which is in truth by Scott; the other, in taking it for granted that I should answer your letter civilly; which, on

[1] "The Bailli Thomasi," was a name given by Mr. Davenport to Mr. R. Heber's younger brother Thomas.

CHAP. XI. 1811.

looking at its date, and observing how long a time has elapsed since I derived my first amusement from it, I fear you will have been inclined before this to retract. I have, to say the truth, had the most perplexing and the least satisfactory job on my hands, for several weeks past, which I was embarked in since I translated Spectators into Latin for missing Chapel at Brazen Nose. It has been the licking my peculiar ideas on Pindar's style, into the form of a short article for the Quarterly, purporting to be a review of the obscure translations of Pindar which appeared about a year ago; but in fact intended, as you suggested, to introduce one of my own attempts which I have subjoined to the article. It is, at present a short review, though I had at one time such an influx of matter, that I began to fear I should have exceeded my limits; and I have, in consequence, abridged at such a rate, that I am now in the other extreme, and fear I have hardly supported my assertions sufficiently. I am still by no means sure that it will be inserted. Gifford liked the idea when I first suggested it, and even entered into it with eagerness; but it is not impossible that, on seeing the length of the specimen, (the first Olympic ode) he may object to it as unusual, and, in a review, an imprudent precedent[1]. This, with laying schemes for a Lancasterian school in Hodnet, and a fruitless attempt to reform the psalmody, have, added to my usual fagging, pretty much engrossed me. At least I have a better reason to plead for silence than the Cambridge man, who, on being asked 'in what pursuit he was then engaged,' replied, 'that he was diligently employed in suffering his hair to grow.' * * * * * Have you any idea of going to the Duke of Gloucester's installation? Not that I have the smallest; but I should like to hear a good account of it, as compared with the same sort of puppet-show at Oxford.

"Now relating to our Edinburgh excursion, '*ita me Dii Deæque perdant, ut quid scribam vobis aut quid plane non scribam, haud scio.*' I am in daily expectation of the estimate for my new

[1] The article appeared in the Quarterly Review for 1811, and the translations were afterwards re-published with other poems.—Ed.

CHAP. XI. 1811.

house, which will be begun, as far at least as the foundation, the autumn of this present year; and on the amount of this estimate, and on my consequent riches or poverty, my locomotive powers will exclusively depend. When this is ascertained I can give you a positive answer. In the mean time Heber recommends a tour in Scotland strongly; but considers a continued residence in Edinburgh as neither sufficiently pleasant nor profitable to make it *tanti.* * * * * * *

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If, however, we effect a meeting in the summer, we can, as Sir Roger de Coverly observed, talk over these matters more at ease.

"Ever your's most truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

Of the Duke of Gloucester's installation at Cambridge, in the summer of 1812, he thus writes to the editor: "I was so hurried yesterday, that I had no time to tell you of my arrival. * * * The installation fell short of even the annual splendour of Oxford; but the Duke made a very graceful speech, and afterwards entertained no less than a thousand persons in the cloisters of Trinity, which was certainly the finest sight of the kind I ever saw. The cloisters round the court were laid with tables; the dinner was excellent, with good wine; the grass-plot in the middle was occupied by a splendid military band, and a great many ladies; which, with the dresses of the doctors and masters, formed a glorious *coup d'œil.* The evening concluded with fire-works and a good supper. All this was done at the Duke's expence; few chancellors would have liked to pay so great a price for their honours[1]."

Soon after Mr. Reginald Heber's marriage, he began to write a series of hymns which have lately been published, and some of

[1] On this occasion Mr. Reginald Heber was introduced to Dr. Clarke, in whose "Travels in Russia" several notes from his MS. Journal had appeared.

which first made their appearance in the "Christian Observer," in 1811 and 12, with the following prefatory notice.

"The following hymns are part of an intended series, appropriate to the Sundays and principal holydays of the year, connected in some degree with their particular Collects and Gospels, and designed to be sung between the Nicene Creed and the sermon. The effect of an arrangement of this kind, though only partially adopted, is very striking in the Romish liturgy; and its place should seem to be imperfectly supplied by a few verses of the Psalms, entirely unconnected with the peculiar devotions of the day, and selected at the discretion of a clerk or organist. On the merits of the present imperfect essays, the author is unaffectedly diffident; and as his labours are intended for the use of his own congregation, he will be thankful for any suggestion which may advance or correct them. In one respect, at least, he hopes the following poems will not be found reprehensible; no fulsome or indecorous language has been knowingly adopted; no erotic addresses to Him whom no unclean lips can approach; no allegory, ill understood and worse applied. It is not enough, in his opinion, to object to such expressions that they are fanatical; they are positively profane. When our Saviour was on earth, and in great humility conversant with mankind; when He sat at the table, and washed the feet, and healed the diseases of His creatures; yet did not His disciples give Him any more familiar name than *Master* or *Lord*. And now, at the right-hand of His Father's majesty, shall we address Him with ditties of embraces and passion, or in language which it would be disgraceful in an earthly sovereign to endure? Such expressions, it is said, are taken from Scripture; but even if the original application, which is often doubtful, were clearly and unequivocally ascertained, yet, though the collective Christian Church may be very properly personified as the spouse of Christ, an application of such language to Christian believers is as dangerous as it is absurd and unauthorized. Nor is it going too far to assert, that the brutalities of a common swearer can hardly bring religion into more sure contempt, or more scandalously profane the Name which

CHAP. XI. 1812.

is above every name in Heaven and earth, than certain epithets applied to Christ in some of our popular collections of religious poetry."

The greater number of these hymns were composed for particular tunes. Without being musical, Mr. Reginald Heber's ear was accurate; and he had a remarkable talent for adapting poetry to any tune which he chanced to hear. In 1812, he commenced a "Dictionary of the Bible," which continued to be one of his favourite employments during his residence in England; and to which he always returned with ardour when not engaged in more urgent avocations. In the same year he also published a small volume of poems, which, besides those already well known to the public, contained translations of Pindar, and a few pieces written on various occasions. Although he had, in a great measure, laid aside a pursuit to which both his inclination and talent disposed him, yet in moments of recreation, or at the request of a friend, he would prove that his "right hand had not forgot her cunning." About this time he began the poem on the Morte d'Arthur, now given at the conclusion of these volumes, in which he made considerable progress, but which was interrupted and finally suspended by higher occupations. He was particularly fond of Scotch and Welsh music; the following stanzas were repeated on hearing an intimate friend hum a Scotch tune; and the songs which follow were written to Welch airs.

I love the harp with silver sound,
That rings the festal hall around;
But sweetest of all
The strains which fall,
When twilight mirth with song is crown'd.

I love the bugle's warbling swell,
When echo answers from her cell;
But sweeter to me,
When I list to *thee*,
Who wak'st the northern lay so well.

THE RISING OF THE SUN.

Wake! wake! wake to the hunting!
Wake ye, wake! the morning is nigh!
Chilly the breezes blow
Up from the sea below,
Chilly the twilight creeps over the sky!
Mark how fast the stars are fading!
Mark how wide the dawn is spreading!
Many a fallow deer
Feeds in the forest near;
Now is no time on the heather to lie!

Rise, rise! look on the ocean!
Rise ye, rise, and look on the sky!
Softly the vapours sweep
Over the level deep,
Softly the mists on the water-fall lie!
In the cloud red tints are glowing,
On the hill the black cock's crowing;
And through the welkin red,
See where he lifts his head,
(Forth to the hunting!) The sun's riding high!

The moon in silent brightness
Rides o'er the mountain brow,
The mist in fleecy whiteness
Has clad the vale below;
Above the woodbine bow'r
Dark waves our trysting-tree;
It is, it is the hour,
Oh come, my love, to me!

The dews of night have wet me,
While wand'ring lonelily;
Thy father's bands beset me—
I only fear'd for thee.
I crept beneath thy tower,
I climb'd the ivy tree;
And blessed be the hour
That brings my love to me.

CHAP. XI. 1812.

I left my chosen numbers
In yonder copse below,
Each warrior lightly slumbers
His hand upon his bow;
From forth a tyrant's power
They wait to set thee free;
It is, it is the hour,—
Oh come, my love, to me!

But his pursuits of every kind were now interrupted by the return of a cutaneous disorder, originally brought on by exposure to the night air in an open carriage during his journey through the Crimea, and which had never been entirely eradicated. He tried the waters of Harrogate, and a variety of other remedies, without any but temporary relief; and at last was only cured by warm sea-bathing, and a long course of mercurial medicines. To this painful and distressing illness, which he bore with his natural cheerfulness, frequent allusions are made in his letters.

The house which Mr. Reginald Heber found on his living was small and inconvenient, and so much out of repair, that it was necessary to build a new one on a different part of the glebe. In 1812 the old rectory-house was pulled down, and during the next two years he resided at Moreton, a perpetual curacy and a chapel of ease to Hodnet.

CHAPTER XII.

Publication of Mr. Reginald Heber's poems—Letter on the death of Lieutenant R. J. Shipley—Letter on the Russian navy—Illness—Letter on lay-baptism—War in Russia—Moscow — Lucien Buonaparte's "Charlemagne" — Remarks on Sir William Drummond's "Œdipus Judaicus"—Madame de Stael—"L'Allemagne" —Bible Society—Wilkins' "Siege of Jerusalem"—Letter on the languages of the North of Europe—Death of Colonel Hill—"History of the Cossaks."

To John Thornton, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, March 17, 1812.

"OUR journey to Harrogate will take place, I expect, about the latter end of April; it is a very pleasant circumstance for us that the Wilmots are going there about the same time.

"What time I have been able to spare has been chiefly devoted to preparing for the press a collected edition of all my poems, on which Longman and Rees have stimulated me to venture; hoping, perhaps, that Dr. Crotch's music [1], which you have seen advertised, may tend to revive the vogue of the poem he has made use of.

"Soon after the 25th of this month we are to leave our present old house, the materials of which are to be applied to the new building, and to take shelter in the parsonage at Moreton for two years. The change, in point of goodness of mansion, is considerably for the better, and we are still within Hodnet parish, properly so called, of which Moreton is a dependent member.

[1] "Palestine" was set to music, as an Oratorio, by Dr. Crotch, about this time.—ED.

CHAP. XII. 1812.

"Both the crown Prince of Denmark and the ——— ——— — ——— seem inclined to give their old friends a practical comment on the text in Scripture, forbidding us to put trust in them. Henceforth I should recommend all political prophets to fortify their opinions by the salvo of Tiresias:

"'O Laertiadæ! quicquid dico, aut erit, aut *non*."

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Harrogate, June 10, 1812.

"We are now very snugly established in lodgings in High Harrogate, which continues as empty as possible. The great P—— is still president at the Crown, though he has been so bilious that the necessity of a regency was apprehended.

"We had a very pleasant round by Ripon and York, seeing the various lions in and near each, such as Fountain's Abbey, Newby, and Castle Howard. Yesterday we went to Bolton Priory, which I do not think you mentioned having seen, but which is 'past all peradventure,' as Master Fuller writes; the thing most worth seeing in the neighbourhood, and which struck us more, as nothing can be more dreary and barren than the surrounding country, and the woods and waterfalls burst on us completely by surprise. Emily drinks the chalybeate a *l'envi*, and is improving visibly in health. I, too, begin to have better hopes of myself than formerly, as, though far from well, my disorder certainly loses ground. Emily is a complete missionary of mnemonics, and has established a little, but thriving society of converts and neophytes at Ripon, where, however, are some who rebel.

"King Arthur has made pretty considerable progress in another canto, which is to be much fuller of moralization than the former.

"To speak of politics to you, would be carrying coals to Newcastle; so I shall only express my concern at the strange chaos which at this moment perplexes all firesides, from the parson's to the privy-counsellor's. * * * *

"You have, I conclude, got acquainted with your cousin, Lord Byron, of whom, I entreat you by your father's beard and your own right hand, to send me a full and impartial account.

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"Ever your's faithfully,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To Mrs. C. L. Shipley.

Moreton, July, 1812.

"Emily has borne the shock of the sad event announced in your letter, quite as well as I could have expected. Poor thing! she had not even the advantage of having her loss gradually broken to her, as she came unexpectedly into my room while I was reading the letter, and immediately anticipated its contents, as her alarms had been excited some days before, by accounts of the yellow fever in the West Indies. * * * * * * * * Emily, herself, is, I think, the greatest sufferer of the family, as from parity of age and other circumstances, her affection to John[1] was, perhaps, strongest. * * Indeed her loss is very heavy. Little as I myself had seen of her brother, I never, on so short an acquaintance, was disposed to like a young man so much. Not only were his talents, temper, and manners every thing that was most promising and pleasing, but there was a guilelessness about his character, joined with a steadiness of principle, and a freedom, apparently at least, from most of the common vices of a young man, such as I have very seldom met with. These latter traits, however, though they make the loss more heavy, afford the best comfort under it.

"I pity the poor Dean greatly. God knows what we wish for when we wish for children. Farewell, God bless and comfort you all.

"Your's truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

[1] Robert John Shipley, fifth and youngest son of the Dean of St. Asaph, a Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, who died of the yellow fever in the West Indies, 1812.

CHAP. XII. 1812.

To R. W. Hay, Esq.

Moreton, 1812.

" DEAR HAY,

" I feel truly gratified by your kind letter and recollection of me, and am sorry that I can send you no satisfactory answer respecting the Russian navy at Cherson and Nicolaef. I had taken some memoranda respecting both these places, but since Dr. Clarke has selected from my journals whatever he thought most curious, my papers have been so much dispersed, that I am altogether at a loss to know how to recur to any part of them. The time since I received your letter has been spent in endeavouring to recover some facts, but there are none on which I can rely. At Cherson they were building two ships, one of 60, the other of 36 or 38 guns, which were then very little advanced beyond the keels. I think, but am not positive, that there were no vessels in a sea-worthy state, except some of the small craft used in the Black Sea of four or six guns, and a large latteen sail.

" At Nicolaef there was very little appearance of activity in the dock-yards, as far as building was concerned; but a great show of stores, great at least to an inexperienced eye; three sail of the line, I think, were in the harbour, but apparently as well stricken in years as those at Sebastopol. Next to being able to give information oneself is telling where it can be got; and I recollect an intelligent young Englishman whom I met at Cherson, with the consul Yeames, who was very well-informed as to the sea-ports in the south of Russia. He has since been clerk in Thornton's house; and by his means Thornton was enabled to offer some very curious information respecting the then state of Russian commerce to Dr. Clarke, who for some reason did not, I believe, make use of it. From him you may obtain more satisfactory intelligence as to the two arsenals which are the objects of your enquiry.

" I had the pleasure of being introduced this summer at Harrogate to your uncle, Dr. ———, and heard with great satis-

faction from him that you were well, and, what I know is necessary to your happiness, that you were active. It is, alas, almost a hopeless thing to ask you to visit a remote situation in Shropshire; but if such an excursion should fall within the compass of probability, I need not say how happy I should feel in renewing our Oxford and Russian colloquies over my rectory fire. You have ranged far and wide since we last met; the extent of my excursions meantime has been little more than that of an artichoke, between the garden and the fire-side. My German reading, which I have kept up with some care, is the only thing which continues to connect me with the scenes of my former rambling.

"Believe me, dear Hay,

"Ever your's most truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Moreton, August 2, 1812.

"Writing has been for a fortnight back a service of some pain and difficulty to me. If you ever fell in with Costigan's Travels in Portugal, you need not be informed of the high military station held by Saint Anthony, who was in those days Colonel of the First Regiment of Guards, and held the rank of Field Marshal of the forces. Just such a military Saint Anthony has kept up the hottest fire ever witnessed on this side the Douro on my right-wing; and though, in the first instance, repelled by copious lotions of goulard and water, has repeated his attack a second time, and is now a second time defeated. The enemy being expelled, the civil powers have resumed their functions, and this is almost the first exertion since the second siege. This aggression of the saint's is more unprovoked and unexpected, as it has no necessary connection with my former complaint, any more than as the irritable state of my skin makes me more liable to such affections than I otherwise should be. It has too, I think, had an unfavourable influence on my original enemy, which still maintains a sort of guerilla warfare, and by too evident tokens gives me to understand that it has

CHAP. XII. 1812.

by no means yielded to the boasted waters of Yorkshire. There are those who assure me, that in the neighbourhood of Wellington, in this county, is a well of more efficacious stench and ill taste than even that we lately imbibed together. * *

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* * * Darwin still maintains the curability of my disorder; and even in this last visitation, the severest to which I have ever been exposed, I have ample reason for gratitude to Providence; had the erysipelas attacked my legs, it is probable, from the irritable state of the skin, that I should have been lame for many months; and if my head had been assailed with equal violence, my wife's affectionate care of her sick husband, would have, possibly, ere this been brought to a conclusion.

"I am glad to hear you have settled yourself comfortably in London. I know not whether the scenes of bustle which you are now in all probability witnessing, have a tendency to increase or diminish your parliamentary ardour; if indeed a seat in parliament be an object of so great importance to those who enter it with no intention of speaking, how much more will it be to one who regards it as an honourable career, and who looks to an interminable vista of other pursuits? * * *

"My paper is at an end, though not what I had to say. How garrulous is complaint! I have, I find, taken up two-thirds of my sheet with the narrative of my own illness, a subject which might require an apology, did I not know the friendly interest which you take in my existence such as it is."

The following letter was written, but never sent, to the editor of a periodical work, who had published some animadversions on an article on lay baptism, which appeared in the Quarterly Review for March, 1812.

"Mr. Editor,

"I have no pretensions to set myself up as moderator between the Quarterly Review, and the gentleman, who, in your

miscellany for July, has offered some pretty severe strictures on their assertions concerning lay baptism. But, as I verily believe that the general principles on which that review is conducted, are deserving of the praise which your correspondent liberally bestows on them, I am anxious to suggest some reasons which may, perhaps, induce him to think that, even in the question where their decision has offended him, they are not so much at variance as he supposes, either with the common practice of the Christian Church, or the doctrines and ritual of the Church of England. I am anxious to do this, because I willingly give your correspondent credit for the same attachment to our religious establishment, which he allows to the Quarterly reviewers; and because the present time is one which makes it peculiarly desirable, that no mutual suspicion or jealousy should exist between those who are, in all essential points, like-minded.

" 1st. The Quarterly reviewer has not, in any instance that I am aware of, attempted to *justify* lay baptism, or the assumption (in ordinary cases at least) of a power to dispense this Sacrament by any but persons episcopally ordained. All for which he contends, so far as I understand him, is this, that '*quod fieri non debet, factum valet,*' and that, though the person baptizing may himself be guilty of usurpation and schism, the person baptized with water in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, may still be regarded as a partaker in the privileges of Christianity, and consequently entitled to receive the Eucharist, to be admitted to Christian burial, and all other rites of the Catholic Church. The reviewer cannot, therefore, be said to extenuate the danger of schism, by maintaining that the deficiency of the instrument does not impair the efficacy of the Sacramental grace, any more than the Church of England, and the great body of protestant divines, can be said to extenuate the danger of sin, by maintaining, against the Romanists, that the same Sacramental grace is not impaired by the unworthiness of the priest officiating.

" 2ndly. That this is the usual doctrine of the several Churches of the continent, your correspondent is probably aware.

CHAP. XII. 1812.

He himself admits that the Church of Rome goes still further; and not only recognizes the validity of baptism administered by laymen, or by women in cases of necessity, but admits of it as a legal and usual practice. Nor does he seem to have considered that the uniform decision of a sect, embracing so large a proportion of the Christian world, and which, however corrupt, is admitted by those who most differ from her, to be a true Church of Christ, is, in all doubtful questions, of no inconsiderable authority; while, from the known disposition of the Romish Clergy to advance, as far as possible, the sacred character of the priesthood, a presumption will always lie against every doctrine which tends to carry the exclusive privileges of the sacerdotal office to an extent which the See of Rome has not claimed.

"3dly. The Church of Rome does not, in this respect, stand alone. The Greek Church, that of Russia, the Armenian, and all the eastern Christians of whose tenets I know any thing, (though they generally *discourage* lay baptism, and many of them consider it as sinful in the agent) allow it to be valid in the recipient, provided the forms which they regard as essential are duly complied with. Their ordinary rule is, that the rite ought not to be thus performed, except in cases of absolute necessity; but that when performed, it need not, and may not be repeated. With them the Lutherans agree; so that the Calvinists alone remain, who, I readily concede, are, after the authority of Calvin himself, and Beza, of the same opinion with your correspondent, and opposed, as they are in many other particulars, to the general faith and practice of the Christian world.

"4thly. I apprehend that not only the modern, but the ancient practice and weight of authority, are decidedly in favour of the reviewer. I do not say, nor does the reviewer say, that the administration of baptism by laymen was sanctioned, in ordinary cases, by the primitive Church, inasmuch as, in the beginning, neither deacons, nor even priests, were suffered to baptize without some additional authority from the bishop, or a visible and urgent necessity. But it may be safely maintained that a great propor-

tion of the principal Fathers admitted of lay baptism, in cases of similar necessity; and that almost all, even of those who disapproved of the practice, allowed the rite to be efficacious. Tertullian de Baptismo, Op. 231. Ed. Rigalt, admits expressly not only its validity but its legality, though he dissuades from the practice, as fruitful of emulation and schism. St. Jerome, Dial. adversus Luciferianus, Op. T. 2. p. 96. Ed. Francfurt, 1684, is of the same opinion, and speaks of the practice as recognised and not uncommon. St. Augustin, in two dialogues preserved by Gratian, expresses himself similarly; and in his second book against Parmenianus, he observes that '*si necessitas urgeat, aut nullum aut veniale delictum est.*'

" I have not now time nor access to books, or it would be no difficult matter to multiply authorities. If it be urged, as Wheatley has done, that the great men whom I have quoted spoke only their own opinion, not that of the Church; it may be answered, that, in very many points, we have no other way of learning the opinion of the ancient Church but through those whom that Church most honoured. But the fact is, that the council of Eliberis absolutely permitted the exercise of this rite to any believing layman, not a bigamist. And the bishop and clergy of the Alexandrine Church even went so far as to admit as valid the baptism of certain children, whom the great Athanasius, when himself a boy, had, in idle and most culpable imitation of a religious ceremony, sprinkled with water in the name of the Blessed Trinity. The story is told by Socrates, Sozomen and Ruffinus, and is received by the great majority of learned men as a genuine part of their histories.

" 5thly. The words of St. Chrysostom, which are generally urged on the opposite side, if they are understood as absolute, and condemning all such baptism without exception, will go too far, inasmuch as he excludes deacons from the office, as well, and as strongly, as laymen. De Sacerdot. lib. iii. chap. v. And that deacons were ordinarily thus excluded in ancient times is a known fact. But, in cases of necessity, he elsewhere allows of the deacon

CHAP. XII. 1812.

baptizing; and it is apparent, therefore, that his general rule was not to be understood without occasional relaxation.

"Of the most distinguished ancients, there remain, therefore, only Basil, and Cyprian as quoted by him, who maintained the necessity of re-baptizing, not only those who had received that Sacrament from lay hands, but those who were initiated by heretical priests and bishops, a conclusion plainly at variance with the general sense of the Church.

"6thly. Nor, if lay-baptism be once allowed as valid, can the schism of the administrator vitiate it. The whole force of the opposition rests in the argument, that a man cannot give what he has not himself. But the right of baptizing, if it were ever possessed, is certainly not taken away by the sinfulness of the party; and it follows that, however the Fathers to whom I have referred, might condemn the usurpation of our dissenting teachers, they could not, in consistency, deny their baptism to be real, provided it were with the proper element, and in the words prescribed by Christ. If the usurpation of the agent could vitiate the act, the baptism of Athanasius' playfellows must have been repeated.

"7thly. That the Church of England forbids, without exception, all lay-baptism, I admit. I admit that it is an indulgence which any national Church may grant or withhold; and, in the peculiar circumstances of our own Church, I think she has done most wisely. But I have too little respect for Wheatley to follow implicitly a scholar so shallow, and a guide, in many respects, so dangerous, even in points relating to mere rituals; nor can I forget that in *condemning* the act, the Church does not necessarily *invalidate* it. I am sure that the practice and authority of the Church has been always contrary to Wheatley's statement. I know of no clergymen, except the Wesleys, who have refused the Eucharist to persons who, having been baptized in a dissenting communion, have afterwards come over to the Church; and your correspondent may recollect, that their practice in this particular was condemned both by Gibson, bishop of London, and by Archbishop Potter. The German Lutheran clergy are as absolutely without episcopal

ordination; and, therefore, in the view of an episcopal Church, as merely laymen as the dissenting teachers in our own country. Yet, who ever maintained that King George the First, or the successive queens of this country, were not members of the Christian Church? Or who has blamed the venerable Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel, and Promotion of Christian Knowledge for recognizing not only the baptism, but the ordination of Lutheran superintendants and elders, and employing as missionaries and as dispensers of the Sacrament, those who, if your correspondent were correct, are not entitled to receive the Eucharist themselves? Bishop Butler and Archbishop Secker were both baptized by dissenters. Was it thought necessary to re-baptize them? Was Archbishop Whitgift wrong when he maintained that 'the lyfe of baptisme is to baptize in the name of the Father, the Sonne, and the Holy Ghoste; which forme being observed, the Sacrament remaineth in full force and strength of whomsoever it be administered?' Were Bishop Bilson, Archbishop Abbot, and the 'judicious Hooker,' and the learned Bingham, heretics in following his opinion? Or, lastly, is it of no importance to the question, that the highest legal authority of our Church, the Court of Arches, has given a decision (December 11, 1809) exactly in conformity with these sentiments? Your correspondent is, of course, at liberty to differ from all these. He has one illustrious name on his side, Jeremy Taylor, in his *Ductor Dubitantium;* he has Dodwell, who would have been better authority had he been less fond of paradox; and he has, I believe, the learned and highly respectable Archdeacon Daubeny. None of these, I am ready to allow, can be mentioned without deference; and I do not vindicate the Quarterly reviewer for his hasty expressions, in ascribing the opinion which they have maintained to bigotry. But it is rather too much to say that 'this opinion is held by the Church of England;' nor can I think the reviewer very wrong in asserting that the contrary doctrine is supported by the great majority of learning and authority among her members."

CHAP. XII. 1812.

To E. D. Davenport, Esq.

Moreton, August 9th, 1812.

"DEAR DAVENPORT,

"If you feel any inclination to escape for a few days from the seat of war in Cheshire, in which palatinate the interests of your father are, we are told, pretty secure, you may perhaps recollect how much pleasure your society will confer on a certain country rector, his wife and kindred, in a neighbouring county.

"We are approached some little nearer to Calveley Hall than we were at Hodnet, and are much better housed and stabled. The *façade* of the house, indeed, is not to be looked at fasting, as you remember, without risque of the same nausea which was excited in Winkelman by seeing, after a long absence '*les toits pyramidales*' of Germany. The inside, however, is really convenient and comfortable; and compared with our former hovel, appears to us much more so. We are distant from you, viâ Dorfold and Shavington, about twenty-two miles as I should guess. * * *

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"Wilmot has, perhaps, given you some account of our Harrogate campaign, which has, I hope, been of more service to him than it has to me. I have, indeed, been hardly my former self since I last saw you. You, I hope, have been always well and unplagued by that sharp-toothed pledge of longevity, the gout.

"Believe me, dear Davenport,

"Ever your obliged friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To John Thornton Esq.

High Lake, Oct. 10th, 1812.

"My Dear Friend,

"After four weeks sea-bathing, I am now about, to my great joy, to turn my face homewards. Though perhaps a little weakened by the quantity of mercury I have taken, I am on the whole better than I have been for a long time; and as far as one can judge from outward appearance, entirely recovered from my tormenting complaint; whether my present freedom will continue I know not; but I owe very great gratitude indeed to God for this relief, and for the continuance of my general health under a weakening course of medicines. We have not lost sight of the hope you so kindly held out of passing a few days with us in October; and I now write chiefly to remind you that October is arrived, and that we shall be at home again this day fortnight, for the rest of the year.

"This year has been to me a year of wandering and non-residence; but I may safely say that neither the one nor the other has been from choice, nor prolonged a single day beyond the necessity imposed by my ill health.

"We have all here been greatly surprised and shocked at the termination of the supposed victory of the Russians; yet, that Alexander has had the fortitude to abandon Moscow, and to adhere so long to the system of defence originally intended, is surely a good sign. I conclude the next line of defence will be the Volga between Yaroslav and Kostroma, by which means their communication with Petersburg will be preserved. Which of us could have believed, when we witnessed the wolf-hunt on those wide frozen waters, that the cuirassiers of France would ever let their horses drink there? For the fate of Moscow, I confess I feel very keenly; I cannot without sorrow fancy to myself any one of those wooden houses where we were so hospitably received, a prey to flames and military plunder, and I can even pity Latombelle's

CHAP. XII. 1812.

hotel, and the vile hovel of Mon. Makarof. I wonder whether Rouffe was one of the three thousand ruffians let loose from the prisons, or whether young V * * wore my stolen sword-belt in the first ranks at Borodino.

"I feel a more real interest in asking whether your prospects are materially affected by this progress of the French. As I know from your former letters you anticipated even a still greater advance on their part, I flatter myself they are not; and I trust that if the Russian armies still maintain a formidable front, their Scythian system of substituting extent of country for defensible features may, joined to the superiority one would think they possessed in light cavalry, compel the French to a final retreat. * *

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* * * * * * If possible contrive to give us the pleasure of seeing you. I have always much to consult you about; and it is now so long since we met that I wish for you more than ever."

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Moreton, Nov. 12, 1812.

"* * * Canning, you find, has got a retaining fee from Manchester as well as Liverpool. All these successes of his are wormwood to both whig and tory in this neighbourhood; the one fearing the rival of the present ministers and the friend of the Catholics; the other, the pupil of Mr. Pitt's. He has received a considerable accession of talent and reputation in Ward, who has now formally announced his intention of joining him; and Worsely Holmes has, I understand, given the entire disposal of his boroughs (two or three seats he has) to Lord Wellesley.

"While you are regretting not being a representative in the present parliament, you will laugh to find that I am one of the proctors nominated to my archdeaconry, out of whose number a representative is to be chosen for the clergy in convocation.

There was a time when this election was a matter of warm canvassing and active ambition; it is now only considered as the cause of a troublesome journey to Lichfield, and does not even, as I first fancied it might, exempt me from residence. * *

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"I am strongly recommended by Heber to proceed in my 'Dictionaire Historique Critique,' without, however, giving up my Bampton lecture scheme, or Ganore. For the dictionary I am collecting the necessary books of reference; the principal of which is a collection of tracts on Scriptural antiquities, which I must endeavour to get from Italy, contained in thirty-four folio volumes; in the mean time I go on with paradigms of Arabic, &c.

"Ever your obliged friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Moreton, Dec. 5, 1812.

"* * * I received your packet last night, and I have not yet had time to examine either of its contents. * * It is a curious portrait which you give of Mr. Gyles; a theological work by an esquire is not common in these days of statistics and calculations, and I shall feel very anxious to see whether he is orthodox. I am a good deal vexed with Gifford; after I had toiled to get my Swedish review in time, he postponed it to another number[1]. Having at present only three great works on my hands, I have some thoughts of setting up 'the Drayton Quarterly, or Salopian Register,' in opposition; and shall request your contribution in politics, Dr. Butler's (of Shrewsbury) in Greek, Davenport's in Italian literature, and Tom Smythe in belles lettres and poetry. Has not the scheme a promising face? As to Russian politics, as my hopes never were so high as some of my neighbours', I am dis-

[1] "Last years of the reign of Gustavus Adolphus the Fourth, late king of Sweden."—*Quarterly Review*, 1812.

CHAP. XII. 1812.

posed to be very well contented with the disastrous retreat and loss of reputation experienced by Buonaparte. If he persist in trying another invasion, viâ Petersburg, he certainly will have no opportunity of advancing even a verst before Easter; and at whatever time he set out, the country in that direction is far better qualified for the Wellingtonian system of retreat, than that between Smolensk and Moscow; yet I do not doubt that the same alarms will be raised and believed, as were believed at the beginning of the campaign which is now at its close.

"Dr. Butler of Shrewsbury gives a most flaming account of Lucien Buonaparte's poem, which he has read, and which he sets on the same parallel with Ariosto! Is not this a marvellous age in which we live? a poor parson like myself, who writes a dictionary and preaches a Bampton lecture, has no chance for notoriety among these *Deos Majorum Gentium.*"

To John Thornton, Esq.

Moreton, December, 1812.

"I certainly never expected our old Russian hosts would have made so good a fight, though I apprehend this uncommonly hard and early frost will materially assist the retreat of Buonaparte's army, and that the reports of their being surrounded are decidedly premature. This has been on the whole a very singular campaign; in some respects it bears a slight resemblance to the inroad of Darius Hystaspes into the same country, when occupied by the Scythians; but it offers some still more striking points of comparison with the memorable invasion of Persia by Julian the Apostate. The only differences are, that there heat, here cold, has been the agent of destruction; and that the modern Julian has not yet met with his death wound. Apropos of Persia and Russia, I have been, at different times during the summer, projecting a half religious, half descriptive poem, to be called "The Desert," giving an account of the wilder features of nature, as displayed in different latitudes. Much might be said about the steppes, which we

ourselves have traversed, and the fine woods of Oesterdal and Dovre; and Bruce affords some noble painting of the wilderness of tropical climates. One might, too, find Cossaks, Laplanders, Arabs, Mohawks and Israelites as moving objects in the picture in their several compartments, and describe the hand of Providence as displayed in the support and comfort of each. What will come of it I, as yet, hardly know. I have given up the translation of Klopstock's Messiah, from a real doubt how far we may venture to attribute to so aweful a Being, at such a moment, words and actions of our own invention. My main project, however, and on which I work hard a part of every day, is a sort of critical dictionary of the Bible, which, if I ever finish it, will supply on an enlarged scale, the defects of Calmet; and even if I do not, makes me more and more familiar with those books which it should be the business of my life to study.

"I often wish for you here, and while I was ill I thought of you very often. I have much reason to be thankful for the excellent friends which, besides my own family, Heaven has blest me with; but I feel it as very unfortunate that the earliest of them is placed at such a distance from me.

"Ever your obliged friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Moreton, March 16, 1813.

"I was disappointed at not seeing your memory article in the present number of the Quarterly; Heber says, however, that it is at last in print and ready for the next. Owing to the misfortune of mislaying Thornton's letter, I had not, after all, my song ready for his father's Russian dinner; a piece of apparent negligence which has caused me much vexation, as I was, on my own account, ambitious of doing the thing well, and as my failure in performing my promise may well make him seriously angry. How often have I resolved to be more careful and circumspect in my dealings in

CHAP. XII. 1813.

future, and how often have I broken my resolution! Seriously, I often fear when I am in low spirits, as is the case at this moment, that for want of steadiness, whatever I begin will never come to any good; and now that your example (which certainly used to stimulate me) is taken out of the way, you will hear of me presently subsiding into your friend's description of a country magistrate, 'a ruminating animal busied about turnpike roads.' * *

To John Thornton, Esq.

May, 1813.

"I had hoped, my dear friend, to have been able in my present letter to promise myself the pleasure of soon seeing you and your family in London, as we had been for some months proposing such a jaunt this spring. The building, however, in which I am engaged, and my other expences, ordinary and extraordinary, unite to condemn us to one year more of retirement. It is, in fact, a problem, which my building expences by no means entirely solve, how it happens, that with no expensive habit that I know of in either of us, and with an income beyond even our wishes, we have never succeeded in having that best sort of abundance which arises from living within one's income. Partly this arises, I believe, from the habits of Shropshire, where the expence of a servants' hall is considerably more than that of the parlour, and partly from my own habits of heedlessness, which I fear I am not likely to get the better of.

"It is very foolish, perhaps; but I own I sometimes think that I am not thrown into that situation of life for which I am best qualified. I am in a sort of half-way station, between a parson and a squire; condemned, in spite of myself, to attend to the duties of the latter, while yet I neither do nor can attend to them sufficiently; nor am I quite sure that even my literary habits are well-suited to the situation of a country clergyman. I have sometimes felt an unwillingness in quitting my books for the care of my parish; and have been tempted to fancy that, as my studies are Scrip-

tural, I was not neglecting my duty. Yet I must not, and cannot, deceive myself; the duties which I am paid to execute, have certainly the first claim on my attention; and while other pursuits are my amusement, these are properly my calling. Probably, had I not been a scholar, other pursuits, or other amusements, would have stepped in, and I should have been exposed to equal or greater temptations; but, I confess, when I consider how much I might have done, and how little, comparatively, I have done in my parish, I sometimes am inclined to think that a fondness for study is an unfortunate predilection for one who is the pastor of so many people. The improvement of my parish does not correspond to those pleasant dreams with which I entered on my office. My neighbours profess to esteem me; but an easy temper will, in this respect, go a great way. I write sermons, and have moderately good congregations; but not better than I had on first commencing my career. The schools, &c. which I projected, are all comparatively at a stand-still; and I am occasionally disposed to fancy that a man cannot attend to two pursuits at once, and that it will be at length necessary to burn my books, like the early converts to Christianity; and, since Providence has called me to a station which so many men regard with envy, to give my undivided attention to the duties which it requires.

"Wilmot, whom, next to yourself, I esteem and love most warmly, tells me that with method and a little resolution, I may arrange all that I have to do, so as that one pursuit shall not interfere with another. I wish I knew how, or that, knowing how, I had firmness to follow it. If you and your family would pass a part of your summer here, you might, like a college Visitor, correct what you found amiss; and you need not be told that I shall listen to no suggestions with so much readiness as yours. Possibly, for I will own that I am in a gloomy humour, I exaggerate circumstances; but a day seldom passes without my being more or less affected by them. On the whole, perhaps, such repinings at the imperfect manner in which our duties are performed, are necessary parts of our discipline, and such as we can never hope to get rid

CHAP. XII. 1813.

of. Do not, however, blame me for bestowing (as Dogberry says) all my tediousness upon you, but retaliate, when you have time, by a letter equally long, and equally egotistical.

"I conclude you have rubbed up all your Russian to converse with the Cossak; had he been the serjeant who accompanied us to Ecatherinodar, I should have been delighted to renew the acquaintance. Gifford, the Quarterly Reviewer, says all the world are Cossak-mad, and wants me to furnish him with a short article on the subject, for the next number of the Review. I have not yet begun it, and know not whether I shall have time. I had previously offered a review of Sir W. Drummond's *Œdipus Judaicus*, a very wicked and foolish book, which its author has, in order to escape the reviewers, only circulated privately; on this account my offer was declined. D'Oyley, of Bennet college, has since answered him very well; and a third person, I know not who, has offered to review D'Oyley; so that I am able at present to attend pretty closely to my dictionary, and to the eastern languages and customs. The necessity of making weekly sermons I feel pretty heavily; but, alas! this preference of my amusements to my especial duties, is the very feeling of which I complained.

"I am aware that you are busy, and cannot write often; but when you know how much pleasure your letters give, you will, I am sure, occasionally send me one. God bless you!

"REGINALD HEBER."

To E. D. Davenport, Esq.

Tunbridge Wells, June 24th, 1813.

"MY DEAR DAVENPORT,

"I was so hurried during my two days stay in town, that, however unwillingly, I was obliged to give up calling on you to learn your intentions respecting Tunbridge. We are now comfortably settled here, and find the place really very pretty, and, as we were told we should, quiet. The gaieties, however, such as they are, are now likely to commence, as this is the usual begin-

ning of their season. *Our gaiety* will certainly be much increased if you still persevere in your intention of coming here. There are at present *maintes* good lodgings to be had of all dimensions; we have a small house, which, like the other *ædes minorum gentium* at watering-places, is too small to enable us to offer you an apartment, though not too small to admit of our messing together. We shall stay here a month. If, during that time you think of coming down, we will, on due notice, get you lodgings, though we should rather recommend your coming to choose for yourself. Next door to us is a cottage, which I should, on many accounts, recommend, were it not that the situation, though very beautiful, is more retired than a man who comes to Tunbridge for a week or so to amuse himself, would perhaps wish; though for contrary reasons it suits us admirably. I have contrived to get a violent cold and defluxion in my eyes, or rather from them, which makes writing at present rather a duty than a pleasure. Fortunately, I have green woods and fields to look at, and shall therefore, I hope, soon be well.

"Believe me my dear friend,

"Ever truly your's,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Tunbridge Wells, July 13th, 1813.

"We have now been three weeks at Tunbridge, which is really a far prettier and more agreeable place than I expected, with less of gossip and the other distastes of a watering-place than generally make up our idea of such situations, and with a very shady and hilly neighbourhood, affording many interesting rides. I am the more inclined to like it since there is, at present, pretty strong appearance that our stay will be lengthened beyond the month which was originally talked of, as Emily has certainly profited by the experiment, and I apprehend her physician will, as usual, urge her to a longer trial. This circumstance

CHAP. XII. 1813.

alone would unfortunately discomfit all our hopes of being parties to the delightful plan which you mention in your last letter. There are indeed so many imperious calls, to me to hurry back, as soon as I am at liberty, into Shropshire, that from the first moment of receiving your very kind invitation to join your party, I hardly dared hope to do it. I have, it is true, still some time to spare out of the three months of absence which the law allows me from my living; and as my wife's health is concerned, might doubtless plead it as an excuse; but I cannot help feeling that conscience as well as law is to be attended to; and even so far as ambition is concerned, and the pursuit of my regular studies, I find that I have been already too long from home. Even here, however, my time has not been entirely lost, as by good fortune the circulating library has furnished me with Volney and other oriental travels, with which, though I was slightly versed in them before, I have seized the opportunity of being better acquainted, and have gained from them considerable accessions to my common-place book.

"You will be surprised to learn that I have had, since my arrival here, an offer of a prebendary of Durham in exchange for Hodnet. This is an exchange which, notwithstanding the difference of income, I should, on some accounts, be disposed to like; but as I believe that such a measure would neither be agreeable to my brothers, nor consistent with my regard for their interests, I declined it, reserving merely the power of applying to the person who made the offer, in case circumstances should induce me to change my mind. It is whimsical that when we were last talking about my ambitious views, I mentioned to you my liking for a prebendary of the sort which has now been thrown in my way.

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"Believe me, my dear friend,

"Ever your's truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To John Thornton, Esq.

Moreton, August 9, 1813.

" We had the pleasure of getting safe and well to our parish last Saturday; and I yesterday found myself restored to my usual scene of duties and interests, which I find considerably endeared to me by this temporary cessation. I was, I own, before our late excursion, growing listless, and almost discontented with my situation, and the little apparent good which my exertions brought about. I am now, I trust, cured; at least I feel no small degree of my original sanguine disposition returning, and could even fancy that I was listened to with more attention yesterday than I attracted during the spring. This is, perhaps, mere fancy; but the same feeling has thrown a sort of charm over many of the objects which had lost their value from my being accustomed to them; and from my pulpit and my new building, down to the little domestic arrangements of my present habitation, and the '*desiderato requiescere in lecto,*' I find every thing more comfortable than when I left it. This stimulus to my spirits I owe to my late excursion; and if this were all I should have reason to rejoice in it; but it has, in other respects, caused both Emily and myself so much unmixed pleasure, that, even if her health is not improved, we are still gainers. We have seen more of you and your family than we have done since our marriage; and I confess that I began to feel the long interval which had elapsed without our meeting as a serious vexation; nor, indeed, is there any drawback to our present comforts but the distance at which we are thrown from some of our best friends. Next year, as we cannot get to you, I do hope you will come to us.

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" Madame de Staël, to whom we were introduced the day after we left Tunbridge, said a good thing on the style of London parties, which she called '*une société aux coups de poing.*' I told

CHAP. XII. 1813.

her R. G——'s idea of the female slave trade; but though she understood the mercantile part of the idea, I do not think she was sufficiently acquainted with the arrangements of a slave ship to feel the wit of the comparison, as to crowding, pressure, &c. We met her three times, and I had a good deal of conversation with her. She is so little different in appearance, manner, and general conversation from many foreign women, that I could have fancied myself once or twice talking to la folle Gargarin. She is, however, better mannered, and more feminine and sensible than that worthy personage, and I think you would like her. She is not handsome, but, certainly, not ugly for her time of life.

"From town we started on Monday se'nnight; * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * we had good weather all the journey, and the satisfaction of seeing very promising crops in all the counties which we traversed."

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Moreton, August 21, 1813.

"We set out homewards, viâ Oxford and Gloucester, the day after we dined with you, and arrived at Moreton after a prosperous tour of a fortnight, only breaking two springs of our gig by the way, and seeing the splendid Cathedrals of Gloucester, Tewkesbury, and Worcester; the deep and rapid river Severn, (which, like a cow's tail, grows smaller the further it recedes from its source, being a noble stream at Bridgenorth, and a very paltry one at Gloucester and Tewksbury) together with all the usual lions of Colebrook Dale, which Emily had never visited before, and which I had not seen for so long a time that I enjoyed all the pleasure of novelty. Since our return we have been staying quietly at home, observing the small progress made during our absence in the finishing of our new house, and alternately elated and depressed with agrestic hopes and apprehensions, as the weather-glass has risen or sunk.

" Our neighbours, the Hills, have been, of course, in great anxiety during the long interval of suspense between the first and second accounts of the late battle. Sir John's four sons are, however, all safe. I felt very anxious on another account, as I could not help thinking, that if Lord Wellington had not beaten Soult very decidedly indeed, he must have been obliged to fall back to the Ebro, abandoning both Pamplona and St. Sebastian. At present there is nothing apparently to regret, except the heavy loss of lives. An intimate friend of Heber's, James Stanhope, is among the wounded. Did you see Madame La Baronne? * *

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" Adieu; be healthy, be prosperous, and do not forget me.

" Heber tells me your article on memory is very generally well spoken of."

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Moreton, September 14, 1813.

" My Dear Wilmot,

" I have been too much occupied by a sermon for the Bible Society, which I had to preach at Shrewsbury, to think of any thing else; so that I am grievously in arrear both to you and Gifford, whose Cossaks are still in mid-campaign, and making very little progress. For yourself, who have been dancing like a sun-beam on the wave, or refreshing your fancy with French novels, I apprehend you also have had little time for Madame La Baronne's book, which, though eloquent, contains, I think, but little that is very new, except the daring forgery of Lady Jane Grey's letter. What a strange fancy to make poor old Roger Ascham (whose name she cannot spell) the bearer of 'a box of poison strong;' or to make Lady Jane talk of the beauty of the

CHAP. XII. 1813.

prospect from the Tower garden! It is still, however, a pretty letter, and is calculated to give one a very favourable idea of the character of its writer.

"I have just met with a phenomenon which has considerably surprised me, in an epic poem on Gustavus Vasa, by an Eton boy of seventeen, named Walker. You will laugh at the idea, and so at first did I; but on carelessly looking it over to enable me to answer the questions of the lady who lent it me, I have found so much skill in the construction of his verse, and so many passages of lively and powerful description, as give promise of something very good indeed hereafter. Many parts will not shrink from a comparison with Pope's translation of the *Thebaid* at the same age. The story, as he has told it, is childish; and there is, as might be expected, a boyish ambition of introducing celestial machinery, such as angels and the Supreme Being, which are not happily introduced, and are weapons too ponderous for him to manage; but even this ambition, at his age, is no bad sign. I do not advise you to buy the book, but I do strenuously recommend your borrowing it, as it is really a curiosity. You, as an old Etonian, will probably be able to learn who the boy is, and whether he is thought clever in other respects.

"What a disappointing result to our hopes on the continent! I do not indeed apprehend that the fate of the campaign can entirely depend on this failure, though Berlin will be lost by it, as Buonaparte will now be enabled to detach so strong a corps against Bernadotte as to compell his retreat; but how mortifying it is to think, that had Buonaparte's return from Silesia been retarded a single day, he would have been in a state more disastrous than Peter the First at Pruth. And so the Austrians are again beaten by their old plan of extending their wings too much. 'Bray a fool in a mortar,' saith Solomon, 'yet will not his folly depart from him.'

"I envy you very much both your water-parties and your renewed intercourse with ———, whose society, from the little I have seen, and the much I have heard of him, must be very agree-

able. Do not, however, allow that philosophic indolence of which you talk, to seduce you. * * * * * * * * * A merely theoretic life must inevitably grow tiresome in the long-run; and though there may be fatigue, and will be disappointment wherever there is ambition, yet its enjoyments are, I apprehend, keener than its regrets. Nor is this all; an active and busy man is not only happier, but better than an idle one. * * * * * * * *
God bless you!"

To John Thornton, Esq.

Moreton, September 14, 1813.

"The last bulletin from the continent has disappointed me sadly; not that, from the face of events, it appears to have at all decided the fate of the campaign; but because it is the failure of an enterprize which, if successful, would have reduced Buonaparte to greater straits than he has ever been before, and which, apparently, nothing but a rapid march of the guards from Silesia to Dresden has enabled him to avert. An ordinary general would, doubtless, have been undone; Buonaparte has turned this destruction on his ensnarers.

——— Woe to him! he hath laid his toils
To take the antelope,
The lion is come in!

"* * * I preached a Bible Society sermon, on Sunday the 5th, at Shrewsbury, to a numerous and attentive, though not very liberal, congregation. The archdeacon, all the Evangelical and several of the other clergy, with a great body of squirearchy, as Cobbett calls them, form our society; there are some, also, of the old dissenters and baptists; but of the methodists, so few are subscribers that this last year only one name could be found of sufficient respectability to be placed on the committee. A few sensible men still continue

CHAP. XII. 1813.

to oppose us; some of them were among my hearers, but whether I have converted them I do not know."

To the Rev. George Wilkins.

Moreton, October 20, 1813.

"My Dear Sir,

"I ought to apologize for keeping your manuscript[1] so long; but as my engagements were, at the time of my receiving it, very numerous, and as I felt myself not so well versed in many parts of Josephus as I ought to be, I deferred undertaking its perusal till I had time to do it with real attention; and till this deficiency on my own part should be remedied, or, at least, till I had refreshed my memory in the principal part of the high priest's narrative. You will observe that, according to my promise, I have read over your history with a very attentive and a tolerably severe eye; and I can honestly assure you that I have not knowingly passed over any material fault or incorrectness either of fact or style. I have not been equally exact in noting such passages as I approved of, because every author is pretty well able to find out his own beauties; and it is the most useful, though certainly the most ungracious part which a friend can take, to guard a young writer against whatever might lay him open to censure, or diminish the general effect of his book; while, if I had marked my praise as well as blame in the margin, your manuscript would have been still more defaced than you at present behold it. I cannot hope that you will assent to all my alterations and erasures; but I am sure that you will impute them to their real motive; and also be sensible that if I had not thought your work worth some trouble I should not have been thus severe with it. The main faults which (though I have noted all the instances as they occurred to me) I think it right to mention in this place, are, the general

[1] Wilkins' History of the Siege of Jerusalem.

omission of the relative 'which' in your sentences, a habit which has of late become very common, but which is, nevertheless, slovenly, and in serious writing very improper. Secondly, the application of certain prophecies of the Old Testament to the final destruction of Jerusalem, of which it is far from certain that they do not relate to the previous calamity under Nebuchadnezzar. Thirdly, I would advise shorter applications and more details of the incidents mentioned by Josephus and others. There are other circumstances which I could not help noting down, and in which we differ, though I certainly do not consider them as *faults* in your work; I mean those circumstances in which you think more favourably of Titus than I do, and in which it is not only fair to differ, but you have most commentators and historians on your side. But I must protest against the argument in favour of his virtues, derived from the important commission which he had from God to fulfil. The King of Assyria had a similar commission; yet how the prophets exult in his fall, declaiming against his proud looks, and raising up hell to meet him. God, in fact, often makes use of the wicked to work His gracious purposes, blindly, and in their own despite; and all those tyrants of the earth, from Tiglath Pelesar to Buonaparte, have been first used as God's staff to chastize the nations, and then the staff has been thrown away.

"I have said all the evil of your book which I could; I must now, in justice, say something in its favour. It is pious, rational, and pleasingly written; when you have been warmed with your subject you have shown very considerable powers of description; and when it shall have received your further corrections, I have no doubt of its being both a useful and popular volume.

"I remain, dear Sir,

"Your's most truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

CHAP. XII. 1813.

To R. W. Hay, Esq.

Moreton, Nov. 20th, 1813.

" I was unwilling to answer your letter till I had been able to ascertain whether Heber possessed the book you mention, but can now say that unluckily we neither of us have it. I have not seen the book since I was at Petersburg. The following circumstances, if I remember rightly, he mentions. The Finnish language is oriental, and radically the same with the Hungarian, though differing more from it than English does from German. The Finns, Laplanders, and possibly the Greenlanders and Esquimaux are all of Mongolian race. The Finns are the earliest inhabitants with whom we are acquainted in the north of Russia; and are, perhaps, the red-haired nation living in wooden cities, mentioned by Herodotus as lying to the north of his Sarmatians. How they got the red hair, so different from their oriental ancestors, and from the black hair of the Laplanders, Greenlanders, and Samoieds, is not easy to say; probably by intermarriage with the Gothic tribes. In the days of Alfred (see Ohthere's description of his voyage made by that monarch's orders round the North Cape, published by Daines Barrington,) the Finns had a great city at Perm, with a female idol, all gilt, whom they worshipped; and they carried on an extensive trade with the Caspian, the people of Igur or Bukharia, and India, by means of the two rivers Volga and Petchora. Two Indians came to Alfred's court by this channel; and it was the general way by which the lighter commodities of India, or at least of Samarcand, came to the north of Europe; exactly as we met the Bukharian venders of shawls and herons' plumes in Petersburg. Karamsin, of Moscow, told me that the Finnish city of Perm was in alliance afterwards with the Hanse towns, and sent three hundred men to the aid of Novogorod against Ivan Vasilovitch; and Dr. Guthrie said that the Aurea Venus of Perm was mentioned by the Russian chronicles under the name of *Soliotta Baba,* ' the golden old woman.' I wish this scanty information may be of any use to

you, as I fear the book of Professor Porltan is not to be met with in England. I have myself been sedulously hunting old Polish and Hungarian Chronicles to find out the origin of the Cossaks. * * * Did not we meet Skioldebrand one day at Vennerquist's, a stout tall officer full of *empfindung ?*

" Our friend Gifford is a little unreasonable on busy men like you and me, who cannot be expected to give up so much time to articles for the Quarterly, as those who have less to do. B——— indeed is a case which may be urged against us; but he has acquired all his ideas, and has only to write them down; at our age we are obliged to read to enable us to write.

" Ever your's truly,

" REGINALD HEBER."

To John Thornton, Esq.

Moreton, February, 1814.

" MY DEAR FRIEND,

" You have been but too truly informed respecting Colonel Hill's death, which, from its suddenness as well as the greatness of the loss, not only to his own family, but to the neighbourhood, in which he had many friends, and, I believe in my conscience, not a single enemy, has produced a greater and more general shock than any event of the kind which has fallen under my knowledge. I began a letter to announce the circumstance to you the day after it took place, and was so completely overset that I broke off in the middle. A wife, whose whole happiness was wrapt up in him; children at an age when a father's advice and authority are most necessary; an aged father, whose other sons having been wonderfully preserved in situations of more apparent danger, was little prepared to resign the one who remained at home, all make it a cup of deeper worldly sorrow than is usually allotted for any family to drink. His death was extremely sudden, since, though he had some time before had a tedious liver complaint, he was considered as quite recovered; and the inflammation

CHAP. XII. 1814.

in his bowels, which carried him off, was only first perceived a week before his death, and was supposed to be overcome, till, within two days of the catastrophe, mortification was detected. He himself was one of the first sensible of his approaching end, and prepared for it, his friends assure me, with a Christian resignation and coolness, which few possess when thus suddenly called on. He retained his faculties to the last moment, which he employed in comforting his wife and father. * * * The funeral was private, but it was distinguished by very uncommon marks of grief, not only in the friends of the deceased, who were there, but among the tenants and the common people who were spectators. I saw, myself, several of the last shedding tears; a very unusual thing in persons to whom death-beds and funerals are so familiar."

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Moreton, Feb. 10, 1814.

"I am much disappointed at your being prevented from coming here, as I have several things respecting which I want your advice and criticism. I shall, therefore, if I can with any degree of convenience, follow you to town during the spring as a bachelor; probably immediately after Easter. I have been for these three weeks busy at work on a volume of Cossak history, being the issue of my abortive endeavours to furnish an article for the Quarterly on that subject. I found that I had too many materials for an article, and, therefore, determined to have a book to myself. This I should like very much to show you; nay, it is necessary that I should show it to you before it makes its appearance, so that you may make up your mind to be plagued with it."

CHAPTER XIII.

Dissenters—Letter to a Roman Catholic—Allied Sovereigns at Paris—Review of Madame de Staël's "De l'Allemagne"—Letter from Madame de Staël—"Lara"—Mr. Reginald Heber's return to Hodnet—His mode of life—Anecdote—Correspondence with Mr. Rowland Hill—Preaches the Bampton Lectures—Letter from Lord Grenville—Controversy with Mr. Nolan—Remarks on Corn Bill—"Champion"—Distresses of the country—Eastern poetry.

Mr. Reginald Heber had the good fortune to find but few dissenters in his parish. There was one Wesleyan chapel, but the number who frequented it was small, and during the sixteen years of his ministry they did not increase. A short time before his removal to Moreton, a Roman Catholic married the daughter of one of his most respectable parishioners. He had often wished for an opportunity of endeavouring to convert this man, and when he heard that some superstitious ceremonies had been observed in his wife's apartment during her confinement, and that he had caused his new-born child to be baptized by a Roman Catholic clergyman, he wrote him the following letter.

Feb. 10, 1814.

"My Dear Neighbour,

"During the few months of your residence in my parish, it has often been my wish to address you on the subject of religion; but the want of a proper opportunity, and my own unavoidable absence from Hodnet, on account of my health, during a great part of the time, have prevented my taking a step which, even now, perhaps, may seem unusual, and such as to demand an apology. Your absence from Church and the baptism of your

CHAP. XIII. 1814.

child by a clergyman of the Church of Rome, were circumstances which, from my former knowledge of your family, could cause, of course, no surprise; and you know, I trust, enough of my character not to suspect me of a disposition to quarrel with any man for worshipping the Blessed Trinity in the manner most agreeable to his conscience. Whatever may be your peculiar opinions I have no doubt that you are an honest man and a sincere believer. But, since I naturally feel the same regard for you which I feel for my other parishioners, the same desire to feed you with the bread of life, and the same earnest wish to amend whatever I believe to be wrong either in your opinions or practice, I trust you will not take unkindly the observations which I now offer, but that you will examine them with an attentive and impartial mind, as questions belonging to your eternal peace, and to your acceptance with God through Jesus Christ. And I am the more anxious that you should do so from my esteem for your wife, whose family is one of the most respectable in this parish, and whom, till lately, I have very seldom missed attending in her place at Church. If such arguments as I can offer should confirm her in the faith of her worthy parents, and induce you also to abandon those doctrines which now prevent your joining our Protestant worship, I shall indeed consider myself as most happy; and I beg you to reflect that, at all events, to read and meditate on my arguments can do you no harm. If you are not convinced by them, you will be only where you were at first; if you are convinced, I hope that nothing will prevent your forsaking opinions and practices which (forgive me for saying so) I cannot help thinking offensive to God and to Jesus Christ.

"Both your Church and ours are, I believe, at the present day, agreed in regarding the Holy Scriptures as the best and only certain rule of faith or conduct. They contain the only accounts on which we can at all depend of the laws given by God to Moses; of the Jewish kings and prophets; of the birth of our Saviour, His miracles, His doctrines, and His death. God has given no laws to men which are not contained in the Sacred Volume; nothing which is not grounded on Scripture can be necessary to be believed;

nothing which is contrary to Scripture can safely be taught or practised. If then we prefer any human authority whatever to the written word of God, we fall under the heavy condemnation pronounced by Christ against the Pharisees, where He saith that they vainly sought Him, while they taught 'for doctrine the commandments of men;' and where He complains that they had rendered 'the commandments of God of none effect through their traditions.' It is then by the Bible, and the Bible only, not by traditions or by the authority of the ancient fathers, (though even these are by no means favourable to the modern Church of Rome) it is by the Bible that every doctrine is to be at last determined; and every Christian who can read is bound, so far as he has ability, to build his judgement on this foundation. Christ commanded the Jews to 'search the Scriptures.' The men of Berea are praised by St. Luke, in the Acts of the Apostles, for their diligent examination of the Sacred Volume: and I am sure that not even the clergy of your own Church, can or will find fault with you for examining whether my arguments are really confirmed by the law of Moses and the Gospel of Christ. The Church of England, both in doctrine and discipline, differs less from the Church of Rome than most other Protestant societies do; and there are many things in which, thank God, you and I are fully agreed. We both believe in the blessed Trinity, in the incarnation of Jesus Christ, His birth of a pure virgin, His wonderful life and painful death; and it is through the merits of that death that we both of us hope to enjoy a blessed eternity. I also, as well as you, believe in the Holy Catholic Church; for 'catholic' (as any of your learned divines will tell you) is a Greek word signifying 'universal' or 'general;' so that, by the Catholic Church we mean that society of faithful people all over the world, which is called by the name of Christ, and governed, according to the appointment of the Apostles, by bishops, priests, and deacons; and this we believe shall continue to the end of the world, though we do not believe with you, that the pope or bishop of Rome has any authority over others of the same degree. The Church of England also acknowledges the commu-

CHAP. XIII. 1814.

nion of saints; for 'saint,' which is taken from a Latin word, signifying a holy person, is the same applied by St. Paul to all Christians in general; and their 'communion' (which is another Latin word, meaning fellowship or society) may be either taken for the holy Communion of Christ's body and blood, in which all Christians should partake; or else for that union of interests, that good will, that mutual help and comfort, which all should render to one another. We also believe, as well as you, in the resurrection of the body, the life everlasting, and all the other articles of the Apostles' Creed.

"There are, however, many things in which you differ from us; and those not things of trifling consequence, which a man may believe or disbelieve without endangering his soul; but things which must be either true or false, right or wrong; and which, if they are false, and contrary to the word of God, must, from their nature, be greatly displeasing to Him. Of these, the following are some of the most important.

"1st. We worship God in the language which we understand and usually speak; you, in your congregations, worship in Latin, whether you understand it or no. I shall, perhaps, be answered that there are some of your prayer-books in which directions are given in English to tell you when to kneel, and explanations of that which the priest is saying. That such are allowed, (for it is only of late years that they have been allowed,) is a proof of the gradual progress which truth is making among all classes of men; and is also a tacit confession on the part of your clergy, that our manner of worship is, on this point, more reasonable than their own. But for such as cannot obtain these books, and for the far greater number who cannot read, no provision can thus be made; and I appeal to yourself whether, in a congregation of Roman Catholics, by far the greatest number are not necessarily ignorant of the meaning of whatever is said or chaunted. Now I will not ask your clergy the reason, if any reason can be given, for so strange a practice. God surely understands all languages as well as Latin, and will hear our prayers which we offer, 'every man in his own tongue, wherein we

were born.' Nor will I ask the unlearned man how he can be sure that the priest is not abusing him to his face in an unknown tongue; or how he can be said to join in a prayer, which he can neither pronounce nor understand. It is sufficient to observe, that this practice is directly contrary to the words of St. Paul in 1 Cor. xiv. 14. 'For,' saith he, 'if I pray in an unknown tongue, my spirit prayeth, but my understanding is unfruitful. What is it, then? I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also. I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also. Else, when thou shalt bless with the Spirit, how shall he that occupieth the room of the unlearned say Amen at thy giving of thanks? seeing he understandest not what thou sayest.' These are the words of an Apostle of Jesus Christ, a man inspired by the Holy Ghost. I leave you to judge which of our Churches, in this respect, conforms to his directions.

" 2dly. Another point in which we conceive the Church of Rome to have greatly departed from Apostolic purity, is the administration of the Lord's Supper. All the communicants with us receive both bread and wine; with you the bread only is distributed to the people, and the priests reserve the wine to themselves. The reason, I believe, which is assigned for refusing the cup is, that it is unnecessary; and this is grounded on the doctrine which is called 'transubstantiation,' or change of substance. That is, instead of supposing, as we do, the bread and wine to be symbols or representations of our Saviour's mangled body, and of His blood poured out for our salvation, your Church maintains that, after the words of the priest, the bread and wine subsist no longer, but are absolutely changed into the very flesh and blood of Christ. And as the body must needs have some blood in it, so they maintain that whosoever partakes in the bread, partakes at the same time in both parts of the Sacrament. But consider, I beg of you, how can such a change be possible? Christ's body is ascended into Heaven, not to return till He comes with His mighty angels to judge the world. How, then, can this body, (for the question here is of the *body*, not of that spiritual existence by which, as God, He

CHAP. XIII. 1814.

is present every where;) how can His body be supposed to come down to twenty thousand different Churches at once, at the word of as many clergymen, to be divided, chewed, swallowed, and digested? I will go no farther! God forbid that we should believe such abominations! I know it will be answered that Christ Himself said, speaking of the bread and wine, 'This is my body;' 'this is my blood.' But does not Christ, in like manner, call Himself a 'door,' a 'vine,' a 'shepherd?' Do not the Scriptures call Him a 'lion,' and a 'corner-stone?' Does not St. Paul say that the rock from which the fountain flowed in the wilderness was Christ? And do not we understand, in common discourse, the exact force of such expressions? If, pointing to my own picture, I should say, 'this is my head,' would any one suppose that I meant any more than the likeness or representation of my head or countenance? How could that bread be Christ? or how could Christ carry Himself in His hand, say grace over Himself, break Himself, and distribute Himself to be swallowed by His disciples? Do we not see the bread? Do we not feel and taste it, that it is bread still? How then can learned men maintain an opinion which eyes, touch, taste, and smell alike pronounce untrue? But even if I should, for the sake of argument, admit the truth of such a change in the substance, yet would not this justify the conduct of your clergy in denying the wine to the congregation. Whatever the change is now, the same change took place when Christ Himself instituted the Sacrament. Christ Himself, as we learn from Scripture, 'after supper took the cup, and when He had given thanks, He gave to them, saying, drink ye all of it.' And St. Paul, writing to the Corinthian Christians, saith to all of them without exception, 'so eat ye that bread, and drink ye that cup.' And according to these injunctions, all the congregation were accustomed to receive the wine for almost a thousand years after the death of Christ; at which time the Romish clergy, they best knew why, began to rob the laity of one-half of the Lord's Supper, and to make, so far as they could, the word of God of none effect by their tradition.

" 3dly. I might ask your clergy on what authority the power assumed by the pope is founded? By what text of Scripture they can prove St. Peter to have been bishop of Rome? or what instance they can show in which the same Apostle (from whom they deduce the pope's prerogative) exercised any authority over the other Apostles? I might ask their grounds for the doctrine of purgatory, and of masses for the dead; for holy water and holy candles; and for many other particulars in the tenets and ceremonies of your Church. But I will not urge these points at present on account of the great length to which my letter has already extended. There is one, however, which I will mention, because it shows the little regard paid by the rulers of your Church to the words of Scripture, and the example of that apostle whose authority they chiefly profess to venerate. With us, priests are allowed to marry or live single as they find expedient. With you, they are, without exception, forbidden to marry. Now, whence comes it, I would ask, that your doctors impose this grievous yoke on men who have the same passions and the same temptations as the rest of the world? They cannot deny that St. Peter himself was a married man; that in the first ages of Christianity priests married like other men; that St. Paul twice gives directions that 'a bishop should be blameless, the husband of one wife;' or that the same St. Paul assures us, that they who forbid to marry 'have their consciences seared with a red-hot iron and preach the doctrines of devils.'

" 4thly. But heavier charges are yet to come against your Church, charges of so much importance to the vital principles of Christianity, that, as you value the hopes of a Christian, I entreat you to consider them attentively. The first of these remaining charges is the reverence paid by your Church to the Virgin Mary, to saints and to angels. We ourselves have holy-days in honour, and in memory of the chief of these; and collects, in which we give God thanks for the benefits which we have, by their means, received, and in which we pray Him to give us grace to follow their good examples. But, to pray to the saints themselves, to

CHAP. XIII. 1814.

sing hymns to them, to beg their mediation with God, is what we dare not do; since, let me ask, what warrant is there in Scripture for our paying them such an honour? What reason have we for thinking that they can hear the prayers which we offer? or how shall we venture to address them in this manner, seeing that Christ assures us we must 'worship the Lord our God and serve Him only?' and since the Scripture allows no other mediator between God and man save only the Lord Jesus? The Virgin Mary we acknowledge to have been blessed and honourable above all women; but a woman still, and, in some respects, a sinful one; nor to be saved except by the merits of her Son, who was also her God. The Apostles, the martyrs, and the other holy men who have departed this life, were and are our fellow-creatures and fellow-servants, and therefore not to be adored; and St. Paul gives us an express caution saying 'Let no man beguile you in a voluntary humility and worship of angels!' Nay, these holy beings themselves are so far from claiming such honour, that when St. John fell down at the feet of one of them, he answered 'see thou do it not! I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book. Worship God!'

"5thly.—A still more serious charge remains against the Roman Church,—the honour, that is, and worship paid to images and pictures. I am well aware that Christians of every persuasion are indignant at the charge of idolatry. But it remains for the divines of your Church to prove by what authority, what distinction, grounded on Scripture, they can exempt from this grievous imputation, the practice which they not only permit, but enjoin. To represent God the Father under the likeness of an old man, or otherwise, in any picture or carving, (a sight too common both in your books and Churches,) is surely no other than that crime which God so expressly forbids in the book of Deuteronomy. 'Take ye therefore good heed to yourselves,' saith Moses to the Israelites, 'for ye saw no manner of similitude on the day that the Lord spake unto you in Horeb, out of the midst of the fire. Lest ye corrupt yourselves, and make you a graven image, the likeness of

male or female.' Other images or pictures, as of the Virgin, of our Saviour, of the Apostles, or of different transactions in the history of the Bible, are not, indeed, forbidden to be made, or to be placed as Christian ornaments in Churches or in dwelling-houses; but to worship these, to bow, or kneel down before them; to say our prayers to them; to burn candles or perfumes before them; to crown them with garlands or jewels; to hope for any help or relief from them, is surely no other than that very same fault of which the ancient heathen were guilty. St. Peter, when he paid his visit to Cornelius the centurion, forbade Cornelius to bow down before him, saying. 'Stand up, I also am a man.' The angel's answer to St. John I have already told you. Shall we then do that to St. Peter's picture, which St. Peter, if he were present, would not suffer to be done to himself? Shall we pay that reverence to a piece of wood, with gilded wings, which a real angel would not receive, but declared to be due to God alone? And is it not far better to contemplate Christ with the eye of faith, where He sitteth at God's right hand, than to direct our eyes, our attention, and our prayers, to a painted representation of His sufferings? Above all, by what distinction is it, by what permission of God, or what text of Scripture, that the Roman Catholics hope to escape the sentence of that Holy Book, which saith, 'cursed is he that maketh any graven or molten image to worship it!' or of that commandment wherein we are told, 'thou shalt not bow down to them nor worship them?'

"If then, my worthy neighbour, you believe, as I doubt not you do believe, the Scriptures; if you reverence the Apostle St. Paul, who bids us celebrate our public prayers in a language understood by all; if you reverence Jesus Christ, who commanded His followers to receive the wine as well as the bread in the Sacrament: consider, I pray you, whether it be not necessary to separate yourself from those who transgress so positive commandments! If you hope to be saved by the merits of the Son of God, seek not the mediation of saints, of angels, or of the Virgin Mary! If you desire to escape the dreadful curse of the Almighty, bow not

CHAP. XIII. 1814.

down your knees before a graven image or picture, or 'the likeness of any thing in heaven or in earth, or in the waters under the earth.' That many good men, many great, and wise, and learned men, have held the opinions of the Church of Rome, is nothing to the purpose. We must not build our faith on man's authority, but on the words of Scripture; and we must remember that St. Paul saith, that if any man, or even if an angel, were to preach a doctrine contrary to the Gospel, we must not listen to him.

"In what I have now written I can have no desire to deceive you, nor can I have any worldly interest in your conversion. I do not wish to take you by surprise. Read this letter often; turn to those places of Scripture which I have mentioned, and compare my words with the Word of God. Show them, if you think fit, to your own spiritual adviser; and what answers he can offer, and again compare those answers with the Bible. The more you think upon religious subjects,—the more you read God's Word,—and the more you pray for His grace to enlighten your heart and understanding, the wiser man and the better Christian you will undoubtedly become; and the nearer, unless I am much mistaken, to that which I hope one day to see you, a Protestant of the pure Church of England!

"I remain your sincere well-wisher,

"REGINALD HEBER."

This letter was said, by some of the man's neighbours, to have produced a considerable effect on his mind; but it was, apparently, not sufficiently strong to induce him to make further inquiries into the truth of the representations it contains, for he still remains in the faith of his forefathers.

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, April 20, 1814.

"I do not wonder at your anxiety to repair to Paris at the present juncture, more especially as to you, who have seen Buonaparte

in his glory, the change of dynasty and the deportment of Paris under it, must be very interesting. For myself I must, perforce, be contented with hearing an account of the procession of the allied sovereigns to Notre Dame, and with reading the parallel cases of Sejanus and Rufinus, in Juvenal and Claudian. Is not the parallel perfectly extraordinary between the cries of the mob in Juvenal, and the first proclamation of the Parisian senate against the man whom they had so lately addressed as the second Charlemagne? That passage above all, is, from its nationality, invaluable, in which, after recounting various instances of Buonaparte's misgovernment, they charge him with having 'rallied females on the decline of their beauty!' Yet with all their faults and follies, how well have this people fought! Will it not follow that animal spirits and national pride are the principles of valour? and that a sense or desire of liberty has nothing to do with it? On the whole, the revolution which has taken place is so like the last scene of a comedy, that when I wake in a morning I can hardly believe it real. Not that even yet we are quite on dry land; the Jacobins in England will still continue bawling for a reform in parliament; and though the Irish catholics will probably sink in their demands, I fear the orthodox will harden their hearts in proportion. There are, in fact, too many mischievous spirits abroad to subside into perfect tranquillity; and though our external peace is, probably, for several years secured, yet the contemporaneous expansion of French and English commerce will, I suppose, bring as an inevitable consequence, that the first war in which France engages will be a naval one. Still we have, God knows, great reason to be thankful; and when we compare our best hopes two years ago with the worst of our fears now, we may well exult. I want to talk over various matters with you, in particular my Cossaks, who have been cruelly neglected during this canvass for Oxford, and whose services will now, I fear, be forgotten by Europe before my volume can make its appearance. From you I have, as you well know, no secrets; you may, therefore, be surprised that I had not already told you that the article on Madame de Staël, in the last Quarterly,

CHAP. XIII. 1814.

was mine. In truth, had we met, you would have seen the MS. I desired Murray and Gifford, for obvious reasons, not to name the author; why they have attributed it to a 'young lawyer' the father of *concealment* (for I will not use a harsher word) only knows [1]."

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, Sept. 5, 1814.

"All my pursuits have for a time been standing still, and I have so many employments gradually accumulating about me, that, like the ass between the two bundles of hay, I have not known which, to begin upon; or, still more, like Baretti's sluttish cook-maid, who, on being told that she had the house to clean, the fire to make, the clothes to wash, and a large dinner to dress, ran crying up stairs and went to bed in despair, I have been often tempted to shut my eyes on all my engagements and pursuits together. The vexations which have engrossed most of my mind, more indeed than they ought or needed to have done, were the necessity of dabbling still further in brick and mortar, when I had hoped I was at the end of my troubles, the continued plague of my waterless well, which at present only yields a fluid that would baffle the thirst of an Arab, the being compelled to run further into debt, which I hate and abhor, and, above all, the prospect of a law-suit for part of my last year's tithes. The manner in which these things have

[1] "De L'Allemagne," par Madame La Baronne de Staël Holstein. Quarterly Review, 1814.

The Editor cannot deny herself the gratification of publishing a note written by Madame de Staël, to Mr. Murray, on the article here alluded to.

"Ne pourriez vous donc pas me dire, my dear Sir, qui a fait l'extrait de mon ouvrage dans *le Quarterly Review?* Je ne parle pas seulement de la bienveillance pour moi qui me touche —mais il me paroit impossible de montrer plus de justice et d'étendue d'esprit, de connoissance plus approfondie, et un sentiment de piété si ferme et si éclairé, qu'il m'est impossible de ne pas regretter d'avoir suivi les conseils qu'il m'auroit donné; le morceau sur Klopstock en particulier est du premier rang: dites moi donc le nom."

To another person Madame de Staël remarked, "that of all the reviews on her work, (and she had carefully read them all,) this was the only one which had raised her opinion of the talents and acquirements of the English."

worried and unfitted me for writing and reading, has given me a pretty accurate knowledge of my own unfitness for business; and I have, seriously, at times, been led to feel thankful that I have no children, since if I am thus annoyed without them, what anxiety should I feel, if I had the embarrassed prospects of others to look to. For the last fortnight I have been endeavouring to run away from my cares into Wales, where Emily has had cares of another kind, in nursing her sister, Mrs. Dashwood, and attending her in her journey to London, where she is now waiting the departure of a store-ship to Malta.

* * * *

"Lara, though it has several good lines, is a further proof of the melancholy fact, which is true of all sequels from the continuation of the Æneid, by one of the famous Italian poets of the middle ages, down to 'Polly, a sequel to the Beggar's opera,' that 'more last words' may generally be spared without any great detriment to the world."

In the spring of 1814, the new rectory-house being completed, Mr. Reginald Heber returned to Hodnet. His health was now re-established; and although he continued through life subject to inflammatory attacks, yet by constant exercise and temperance, he was enabled to pursue his studies without injuring his constitution. He was an early riser, and after the family devotions were ended, he usually spent seven or eight hours among his books, leaving them only at the call of duty. Fond of society, and eminently qualified to shine in it, he never suffered his relish for its pleasures to betray him into neglecting his duties. He delighted in literature, but, at the same time, was a most active parish priest; remarkably happy in gaining the confidence and affection of his flock, he found his purest pleasure in administering to their necessities, and in attending their sick and dying beds; in consoling the mourner, in exhorting the sinner to repentance, and in endeavouring to draw all hearts after him to his God. In the long course of his labours he had occasionally to attend the death-bed of the wicked,

CHAP. XIII. 1814.

and to witness and grieve over the failure of his attempts to awaken the hardened conscience. But far more frequently the scenes of piety and resignation which he witnessed in the lowly cottage, were such as he delighted to relate to his happy wife; and such as he humbly trusted would make him a better man. He often observed that the mere bodily fear of dying is not a feeling implanted in us by nature; and that the manner in which a poor and unlearned man, who has little to regret leaving, and who fervently and humbly relies on the mercies of his Saviour, looks to the moment of dissolution, affords a useful lesson to the rich and the learned. It is with a mixture of feelings that the writer of the present memoir looks back to those days of happiness; and her grief that the bright vision has passed away is chastened and alleviated by the reflection, that every revolving year was fitting her husband more and more for the glorious crown of immortality prepared for him in Heaven.

It will be seen, as well from the tenour of Mr. Reginald Heber's writings already before the world, as from the present correspondence, that although his mind was deeply imbued with devotional feelings, he considered a moderate participation in what are usually called "worldly amusements," as allowable and blameless. When the editor requested his advice on this subject the year after her marriage, being for a short time without him in London, his answer was, "you may go where you please, as I am sure you will not exceed the limits of moderation, except to Sunday evening parties, to which I have a very serious objection." He thought that the strictness, which made no distinction between things blameable only in their abuse, and practices which were really immoral, was prejudicial to the interests of true religion; and on this point his opinion remained unchanged to the last. His own life, indeed, was a proof that amusements so participated in may be perfectly harmless, and no way interfere with any religious or moral duty. The Sabbath he kept with Christian reverence, but not with Mosaical strictness. His domestic arrangements were such as to enable every member of his household to attend Divine Service, at least

once on that day. After its public duties were ended, he employed the remainder of the evening in attending to the spiritual and temporal necessities of his parishioners, in composing sermons, in study, or in instructive conversation with his family[1].

He was equally ready to converse with the learned, or to enliven by his anecdotes and poetical talents the innocent gaiety of the social circle; and the editor has preserved many effusions of his muse, which, though forgotten by himself almost as soon as repeated, will long be remembered with pleasure and regret by those who were admitted to his unreserved intimacy. His modesty and humility heightened, in a very considerable degree, the influence of his talents upon the minds of those with whom he associated. In conversation he was much less eager to display his own acquirements than anxious to draw out those of others; and he rather led his hearers to think better of their own abilities than to feel mortified by his superiority. A child, by her mother's request, had been repeating her lesson to him; after listening to the little girl he gradually began to talk to her on the subject it related to; and when she was asked, 'how she liked saying her lesson to Mr. Reginald Heber?' she answered, 'oh, very much, and he told me a great many things, but I do not think he knows much more than I do[2].'

[1] The following anecdote only came to the editor's knowledge after her return from India. As Mr. Reginald Heber was riding one Sunday morning to preach at Moreton, his horse cast a shoe. Seeing the village blacksmith standing at the door of his forge, he requested him to replace it. The man immediately set about blowing up the embers of his Saturday night's fire, on seeing which, he said, "On second thoughts, John, it does not signify; I can walk my mare; it will not lame her, and I do not like to disturb your day of rest." The blacksmith, when he related this, added, that though as a matter of necessity he had often shod horses on a Sunday, he was much struck by the anxiety of his Rector to avoid being the cause of what would be blameable if made habitual, and might hurt the conscience of some of his poor parishioners.

[2] A friend and neighbour of her husband's writes thus to the editor:

"I never met with the man who, having so many positive excellencies and high accomplishments, had the negative and passive good qualities in the same degree; who, being so admirable, was also so amiable, and with such powers and imagination, was so inoffensive and so innocent. In social intercourse he was as attentive as he was communicative, and as good a listener as he was a talker. I used to think that, as a religious character, he was not always appreciated as he deserved; but it seemed to me that this arose from his being in every thing

CHAP. XIII. 1814.

The parish of Hodnet being very extensive, contains, besides the perpetual curacy of Moreton See, already mentioned, a small Chapel of ease to which the curate is appointed by the rector. Weston Chapel is within a mile of Hawkstone, and is generally attended by the family of the Hills. About this time the celebrated Mr. Rowland Hill, great uncle to the present baronet, Sir Rowland Hill, obtained the curate's permission to preach in his pulpit; and a few days after, his intention was announced of preaching likewise in the dissenting chapel at Woollerton, which is also within the parish. Although Mr. Reginald Heber would not interfere with the right of the curate of Weston to admit to his pulpit any regularly ordained clergyman whom he thought fit, yet when he understood that it was Mr. Rowland Hill's intention to preach on a subsequent day at Woollerton, he immediately, though with very painful feelings, forbad his officiating at Weston, and stated his reasons in letters to himself and to his brother, the Rev. Brian Hill.

To the Rev. Mr. P——, curate of Weston.

"DEAR SIR,

"It is my wish that Mr. Rowland Hill be on no future occasion admitted to officiate in Weston Chapel. To spare you any embarrassment or unpleasant discussion with him on the subject, I have just sent him a note, of which the following is a

so absolutely simple and good-natured, and from these qualities being so rare with most men. He was never considering how others might view him; and about things in which *he* saw no evil, he did not express himself doubtingly, *because* he knew that others were offended by them.

"I saw him often at religious meetings, and though his manner of speaking at the outset showed what he meant by an expression he once used to me, that he was, like Moses, 'a man of uncircumcised lips,' yet, as soon as he got a little into his subject, he was admirably clear, and impressive, and interesting. And he put so much of his heart into his act, seemed so unaffectedly zealous, and so far from thinking it beneath him to bring his great powers to our aid upon those occasions, that it was impossible not to be greatly animated, both by what he said, and his manner of saying it."

copy. I trust that you will see my motives for this step in their true light, and that you will believe me, dear Sir,

Your's, with much respect and regard,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To the Rev. Rowland Hill.

July, 1814.

"REVEREND SIR,

"I am informed that yesterday you addressed a sermon to my parishioners at Weston, and that you have announced your intention to preach on Wednesday next in the dissenting chapel at Woollerton, and again at Weston on the ensuing Sunday. I think it my duty, as rector of Hodnet, to request that you will not make use of the Chapel of ease at Weston. The munificence of Sir Richard Hill in rebuilding it, and the friendship which has, for so many years, subsisted between our families, render this a very unpleasant task to me; but it is one from which I am not justified in shrinking.

"Of your peculiar religious opinions I know but little; and I can well bear that a brother clergyman should differ from me on points which have no immediate reference to Christian faith or practice. But whatever your opinions may be, and happy as I might feel myself in the assistance of any man of talent or orthodoxy, yet as a member of the Church of England, I will not permit that the pulpits where I have any influence, shall be used by a person who encourages by his presence and preaching a dissenting place of worship.

"For this letter no apology is necessary. If you expect that your own way of preaching the Gospel should meet with a candid construction, you must allow me also my prejudices, my natural anxiety for the congregations entrusted to my charge, and my zeal for those institutions which I have, through life, been taught to venerate.

CHAP. XIII. 1814.

"With the greatest respect and esteem for the family of which you are a member, and a ready acknowledgement of the purity of your motives,

"I remain, Reverend Sir,

"Your very humble servant,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To the Rev. Brian Hill.

"DEAR SIR,

"* * I am far from desiring to dictate to any one, especially to one so much my senior, the manner in which he is to do good; but, as I sincerely believe separation from the Church of England to be both evil in itself and productive of evil, I am very earnest that, in this neighbourhood at least, the popular and powerful name of Hill should not lend its sanction to meetings which I cannot help considering as sinful. If Mr. Hill has no intention of preaching in the neighbouring dissenting chapel, I cannot object to his officiating at Weston, if Mr. Pugh thinks proper. Otherwise, however painful the task, I shall feel it right to bear my testimony against the practice. I have thought it my duty to be thus candid with you on a very distressing subject, begging you, at the same time, to believe that I have a perfect respect for your brother's character and intentions, and am sensible how much I myself might learn from his dauntless zeal and unwearied exertions.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Your obliged friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

These letters were received in the same spirit with which they were written, and the circumstance did not interrupt the friendship which had so long existed, and still exists, between the families.

In the course of this year Mr. Reginald Heber was appointed Bampton lecturer for 1815. The subject he chose, "The Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter," was well calculated to bring forward his stores of theological learning, and to exhibit the calm and profound devotion of his own spirit. Many of his friends differed from him on some speculative points; but "every competent judge was compelled to do justice to the depth of learning, the variety of research, and the richness of illustration which these compositions displayed."

In compliance with the will of the founder, Mr. Reginald Heber published these lectures the year after, dedicated to Lord Grenville, chancellor of the university. From this eminent scholar and statesman he received the following flattering testimonial to the merits of the work.

"* * * You have treated of a subject of the very first importance, yet one not in the ordinary and beaten paths of such enquiries; you have brought to bear upon it great ability and learning, and on some parts of it you have opened views which are new, at least to my limited knowledge of such subjects; and I feel persuaded that I have derived from what you have written, much satisfactory and useful information.

"I have only, therefore, to add to the expression of my personal thanks, that of my earnest hope that you will have health and resolution to persevere in studies, which, with your talents, must render you not only an ornament to the university, but a valuable and highly useful member of the sacred profession to which you have devoted yourself.

"I am with great truth and regard, Sir, your most faithful and most obedient humble servant,

"GRENVILLE."

Dropmore, April 25th, 1816.

By many other able persons of great theological acquirements, similar tributes were paid to the learning, the piety, and the rectitude of mind displayed throughout the whole volume.

CHAP. XIII. 1815.

But a few months after its publication, an article which was subsequently acknowledged to have been written by the Rev. —— Nolan, appeared in the British Critic for December 1816, and January 1817, which contained such unwarrantable charges against Mr. Reginald Heber's orthodoxy, as well as so much misrepresentation of his meaning, as to induce him to conquer his dislike to polemical controversy, and to publish an answer to the review. His pamphlet was generally considered a triumphant refutation of Mr. Nolan's assertions; and even his antagonist appears to have thought it, in a great degree, unanswerable, as, although he published a reply, it embraced only the former part of Mr. Heber's answer, and the promised conclusion never made its appearance.

The narration of the events consequent on the publication of the Bampton lectures, has necessarily interrupted the course of the more constant correspondence which will now be resumed.

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, Feb. 12, 1815.

"If I am not ashamed of writing you in the face after my long neglect, may I be doomed to the lot of the witty old hermit of Prague, who never saw pen and ink. Yet I now may promise amendment with more confidence than I could have done a week ago, since I have finished, to my own satisfaction, the three sermons which I am to preach before Easter; and of the remaining five, three are in a competent state of forwardness.

"I am not so fortunate, certainly, as to taste that which Gibbon calls the luxury of composition; at least it is a luxury which only attends history and poetry, while the streams of polemic Divinity are nothing less than Hippocrene; and till I have rinced my mouth with Morte Arthur, I hardly look to be my own man again. I do not know whether you will understand me when I talk of the dislike which I feel to any subject which I have been long engaged in writing and re-writing; and yet such is my hard fortune, that I have never been engaged in any thing of conse-

quence where I did not find this necessary. I quite long to get back to my old laborious idleness of the dictionary and the Quarterly. Do you mean to give any thing to the next number? I should not have asked you had you got into parliament, and glad indeed shall I be to hear that there is yet any chance of your being better employed than in reviewing. The corn laws are a subject which I am much vexed to think you will not have an opportunity of speaking on in parliament; and they are, it appears, the only point of interesting debate which is likely to come on before the holidays. I was a good deal comforted by learning from an old farmer yesterday, that the year after the American war things went still worse with men of his situation than now, and that the signs of the times were still less promising; yet then no corn-bill, I believe, was thought of. I wish you would give me some little sense on this difficult question. The clergy are certainly interested to keep the price up; but I cannot, as yet, admit a principle so apparently at variance with political economy, as any of the measures which the newspapers have hitherto offered; and cannot help thinking that though the return from our recent unnatural state may be painful, it is better to discontinue, as soon as possible, habits which we know to be eventually destructive. At all events, I rather want to make up my own mind, in order that I may have something to say to my neighbours, who are all wild after petitioning, and whom I have as yet exhorted to patience.

"Thank you for your communication respecting magic-lanthorns; I shall be very happy to subscribe to the Sieurs's first volume, which will, indeed, be only a necessary precaution, since, if he enables our friends and neighbours to become every man his own conjurer, the uninitiated will walk in continual terrours of quicksilver, phosphorus, and catoptric mirrors; never be able to take out their purse in a stage-coach, lest the gentleman opposite should swallow it; nor sit down without receiving a slap from an invisible hand. I only wish that the ingenious author may be able to account for the deception which is related, I believe, in 'Wanley's Wonders,' that one Zedekiah, a Jew and magician in ordinary to

CHAP. XIII. 1815.

Wenceslaus, King of Bohemia, in presence of the king and his nobles, swallowed the court-jester, or clown, all save his shoes, the same being then very dirty, the company standing by, without the said jester sustaining any injury; an experiment which doubtless transcends all the feats of the Madras jugglers.

" Believe me, your obliged and affectionate

" REGINALD HEBER."

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Oxford, April 14th, 1815.

" I am still obliged to fag very hard at my seventh and eighth sermons, which I was unable to finish during my stay in the country; my whole time and attention being engrossed by some very unpleasant circumstances in my household [1], which have ended in my dismissing some of my servants, and taking, what I am utterly unqualified for, the management of my farm into my own hands.

" My occupations have not, however, prevented my deriving much pleasure from your pamphlet, though it is more warlike than I should, *à priori,* have expected from you. I find that James [2], who is just come here, and some other people know that you are the author. I should have guessed, from certain internal marks, that it was yours, if you had not let me into the secret.

" Ever your obliged friend,

" REGINALD HEBER."

[1] A short time previous to the date of this letter, one of Mr. Reginald Heber's servants had been suspected of dishonesty; but many circumstances concurred, as the fact had not been clearly proved, to induce him to give the man another trial. In a letter to the editor, who was from home, he remarks, " God knows whether I have done right or wrong, but I have acted as I thought best became a Christian. It has been rather in his favour that I took his case into consideration to-day (Good-Friday;) for when a man is praying for pardon of his own sins, he is seldom much inclined to visit the sins of others very severely."

[2] The Rev. J. T. James, who succeeded Mr. Reginald Heber in the bishoprick of Calcutta.—ED.

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, May 20th, 1815.

"When I tell you that I had not finished my concluding Bampton lecture till eleven o'clock on the Saturday night previous to my preaching it, you may well believe that I had little time to write any thing else.

"Since my arrival here I have been busily employed in transcribing and finally correcting for the press, a task which weighs heavily on me, as I have now no curate, and the season is so sickly, that between visiting the dying and burying the dead, my time is fully employed. My friends in Oxford have given me very opposite advice as to whether I shall send my sermons to press immediately, or keep them by me for a year. Those who counsel the last, say that a second edition of Bampton lectures is a thing not to be expected, and that it is therefore wise to make them as correct as possible before they go into the world. Those who are for a speedy publication, urge that it is better they should be found fault with than not read at all, and that Bampton lectures when not published till their preachment has been forgotten, have very seldom any great circulation. I think, though half measures are almost always bad, I shall divide myself between the two opinions, and shall so contrive, if possible, as to have them make their appearance immediately after the long vacation. * * * * I am most heartily glad you have broken the ice of political controversy. * * * In this, as in every thing else, it is little more than *le premier pas qui coute*, and when a man has once got the ear of the world, he may, if he have any adroitness, say almost what he will to her.

"A report prevailed in Oxford, that on Abbott's becoming a peer, it was the intention of a strong party in Christ Church to set up Mr. Peel. Do you believe any thing of it? You, from your contemporary acquaintance, are likely to know it as soon as most

CHAP. XIII. 1815.

people. With best wishes for all that belong to you, or in which your happiness is interested,

"Believe me your obliged friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, Nov. 14, 1815.

"We had only just returned home from Wales after a month's absence, when your letter arrived, and I have since been in hot-water, and occupations of so many kinds, that I have not had time to say how sorry we feel at not having it in our power to come over to Catton at present, especially as I am, in consequence, to miss seeing Hay. Pray tell him so, with thanks for his letter, which shall have a separate answer so soon as I have got these lectures off my shoulders, which at present have worn my fingers to the stumps, and my brains to the lees. I hope to get them out in the course of next month, or even sooner.

* * * * * *

"Have you any fresh political engines stirring, or what do you make or meditate? For me, I have little correspondence but with the Clarendon press; no studies but Wagenseil's '*Tela Ignea Satanæ;*' nor any anxiety so great as to conform myself to that truly golden rule, 'Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.'"

To the Reverend George Wilkins.

"*Hodnet Rectory, Dec.* 4, 1815.

"* * * * You will find several notes in pencil on your manuscript, some of which you may probably consider as hypercritical; but as the common errour of friends is to be too favourable, I have not only restricted myself to finding fault, but have even found fault, in some cases, where my objection was very slight.

"You will now allow me to say that I think your work very much improved by the additions and alterations which it has received since I saw it before; and that I sincerely hope it will be useful to the world and productive of solid reputation to yourself. Your narrative is told in a very spirited and unaffected manner, and, in narrow bounds, a great deal of valuable matter is comprised.

"I have taken the liberty to keep one of your engraved pedigrees of the Herod family, and one of your elegant plans of Jerusalem. I have paid considerable attention to the very perplexed account which Josephus gives us as to the fortifications of his native city, and have compared it with the different ideas of Villalpardus, Calmet, Clarke, &c., and it is no flattery to say that your system reconciles the difficulties better than any other which I have met with.

"Ever your's most truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To E. D. Davenport, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, Jan. 2, 1816.

"MY DEAR DAVENPORT,

"I deferred several days writing to you, in the idea that I should be able to say something definite as to our time of visiting Catton, but our schemes of amusement have suffered a material derangement by a tooth, which first kept me awake several nights in intense pain, then swelled my face to a size little less than the turban of a Sherife, and, lastly, laid me on my back in a high fever, and blind of an eye, in what my apothecary called 'a superinduced paroxysm of regular erysipelas.' This unpleasant guest has at length taken its leave; but my eye is still weak, and I am altogether in an unfit state to leave the house during the present seasonable weather. I am sorry to learn that you have yourself been plagued in a way not altogether dissimilar; let us hear how you are as soon as it ceases to be too severe a task on

CHAP. XIII. 1816.

your eyes; and pray arrange matters so as that you may meet the Wilmots here in February. You are, I conclude, nay hope, since the contrary would be a strong mark of indisposition, a bird of passage; but I shall continue to direct to you at Capesthorne, as the best prospect of avoiding the same mischance which has befallen my letter to Brussels. Believe me, you could not suspect me of wilfully dropping our correspondence, if you knew how much I have been annoyed at its cessation."

To R. W. Hay, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, March 8, 1816.

"Your 'Champion' interested me a good deal, though the subject of his discussion was not quite what I expected. I feared to meet with the old pleadings over again 'in the matter of Tweddell,' and was heartily glad to find that the subject was one of more general interest. Who is Scott?—what is his breeding and history? He is so decidedly the ablest of the weekly journalists, and has so much excelled his illustrious namesake as a French tourist, that I feel considerable curiosity about him. For Lord E——— he has made a very good case, but has cautiously avoided touching on the more doubtful feature of his conduct at Athens, the injury alleged to have been done to some of the buildings,—the ruin of a temple, for instance, by removing one of its caryatides. As to the expediency of purchasing the collection for the national gallery, I think his reasoning very just; and I cannot help thinking that, though stinginess is, at the present time, a very natural and laudable feeling, as far as public money is concerned, that means may be found of obtaining the collection without materially deserving Mr. B———'s reprehension. If the sum at which the antiques are appraised be so large as to give offence even to the poorest midshipman now unprovided for, why not give it in the shape of an annuity? Fifty thousand pounds at one payment sounds alarming; and there are many people in the country who would fancy they felt their fractional part of even

20,000*l.* in the next half year's property tax which they have to pay; but 5000*l.* a year for life has not so formidable an appearance; and 2000*l.* is a flea-bite not to be put in large letters even in the most factious county chronicle, both the editors and readers of which are at present in a disposition to think a payment two years hence far more tolerable than even a better bargain for which ready money would be required.

"Talking of newspapers, I observe in the 'Champion' what I regard as one of the least pleasing signs of the time, that its editor, though feeling a bias towards the kingly side of the question, and approving, apparently, of the conduct of ministers, is afraid of speaking out, and assumes a sort of independent slang. Now I do not care a rush what his sentiments may be on these subjects so far as the ministers themselves are concerned; but I am convinced that a tory feeling is that which it is for the happiness of the country to cherish; and that when this is unfashionable, and its open avowal unpopular, a feverish and uncomfortable state is implied. A few years ago any expressions favourable to France or Buonaparte, or what, for want of a better word, we must call Jacobinism, were used with diffidence and fear, as if the person who used them was conscious that he belonged to the minority of his country. Now, with the exception of the Morning Post, which is utterly below criticism one way or the other, there is hardly any political essayist who does not, whatever may be his wishes, affect a contrary feeling; and the provincial papers, without exception, are little less than factious. It is a singular circumstance that *all* the political information which the lowest classes receive, goes through a medium of this kind,—that those who only see a newspaper once a week are *sure* to see in it personal reflections on the regent, angry remonstrances about sinecures and large establishments, interesting anecdotes of Buonaparte, and long extracts from Cobbett and Leigh Hunt. I suppose it is because the world has nothing else to think about, that the increase of grumbling since the peace has certainly more than kept pace with the increased difficulties of the landed interest. I cannot help thinking

CHAP. XIII. 1815.

that you would do a good service to the country if you made the causes of the present discontents the subject of an article in the Quarterly. They are all of a nature in which ministers are not concerned, and I am far from sure that, to any great extent, ministers can apply a remedy. There is much more in the power of the country gentlemen; and something might be effected by a true, though consolatory statement of the bright side of our prospects, and the reasonable grounds of hope that the present distresses are likely to be only temporary. Pray turn this in your mind; it can be best done by a man who lives in the world, and who can have access to calculations, &c. Figures, properly arranged, have a wonderful effect on the minds of Englishmen; and I really think you may do good service to the country by a paper, something on the plan of Southey's on Paisley, but going deeper into the causes of the bitterness of the public mind, and the absolute necessity which exists that men of property should make some more considerable sacrifices than they are now inclined to do, for the sake of public tranquillity.

"My wife desires her kindest regards to you; she and I were much concerned that you could not accompany the Wilmots here. Pray calculate so as to include us in your next leave of absence."

The following lines were proposed by Mr. Reginald Heber as an inscription for the vase presented to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, by the nobility and gentry of Denbighshire, at the conclusion of the war in 1815:

"Ask ye why around me twine
Tendrils of the Gascon vine?
Ask ye why, in martial pride,
Sculptured laurels deck my side,
Blended with that noble tree,
Badge of Albion's liberty?
Cambria me, for glory won
By the waves of broad Garronne,
Sends to greet her bravest son;
Proved beyond the western deep,
By rebel clans on Ulster's steep;

Proved, where first on Gallia's plain,
The banish'd lily bloom'd again;
And prov'd where ancient bounty calls
The traveller to his father's halls!
Nor marvell, then, that round me twine
The oak, the laurel, and the vine;
For thus was Cambria wont to see
Her Hirlas-horn of victory:
Nor Cambria e'er, in days of yore,
To worthier chief the Hirlas bore!"

To E. D. Davenport, Esq.

Hodnet, March 14th, 1816.

"DEAR DAVENPORT,

"I feel that I have too long neglected to thank you for the kind and useful warning which you sent me from Lichfield, of which I did not fail to take advantage, though whether any further benefit is likely to accrue to me from the *ci-devant* Old Bank[1], than the excellent appetite produced by a long ride on a snowy and rainy day, is as yet in the darkness of futurity.

"The farmers in this neighbourhood speak very despondingly of the bankrupt's sufficiency; but at the present moment a farmer is disposed to look on every thing in the most unfavourable and hopeless light. The Old Bank at Shrewsbury (on whose shoulders all the subsequent defaulters lay the blame of their own difficulties) is expected to recommence immediately, more strong from its fall. * * * * * * * * *

"I congratulate you most sincerely on your having so well arranged the letting of your farms. Verily, for those who can persevere in a course of losing for a few months longer, farming, I believe, will turn out a profitable concern, inasmuch as it will approach nearer to a monopoly than it has done for many years past. Yet, amid all these distresses, with the exception of a few flannel merchants in Shrewsbury, nobody in this neighbourhood has petitioned against the income tax. I do not ascribe this to

[1] At Nantwich, by the failure of which house Mr. Reginald Heber was a considerable loser.—ED.

CHAP. XIII. 1816.

patience, much less to indifference, but simply to the persuasion, which in this neighbourhood is very prevalent, that to petition would be only useless trouble, and I believe to some remains of the old confidence in that identity of interests, which De Lolme extols, between the representatives and the represented.

"I feel curious to know whether the necessities of the country gentlemen have rendered London duller than usual. Do more men dine at clubs, and give fewer parties? Are routs less crowded? or has bankruptcy produced, as it often does, a greater display, and more eagerness to conceal the poverty of which men are conscious? I should fancy that, as the present times are such as undoubtedly neither you nor I have seen before, and such as there is good reason to hope we shall neither of us fall in with again, the behaviour of mankind under their pressure might, to a philosopher like yourself, be not uninteresting. Nor can your lucubrations be communicated to one who will receive them more gladly than,

"Dear Davenport,

"Your obliged friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To the Rev. George Wilkins.

Hodnet Rectory, March 16, 1816.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"After a pilgrimage little less tedious than that of Mirza Abu Taleb Khân, your beautiful manuscript of Hafiz is at length safely arrived. Allow me to offer you my best thanks for so valuable a present, which will make a very conspicuous figure in my humble collection. I shall always look at it with pleasure, as recalling to mind the confidence with which you have flattered me, and as encouraging the hope that, notwithstanding our distance and occupations, we may still, at no distant time, contrive a meeting, and thus put an end to the solecism of a friendship carried on without personal acquaintance.

"Your's very truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

In looking over some prose translations of the Shah Nameh of Ferdusi, and the Moallakah of Hareth, Mr. Reginald Heber was so much struck with the beauty of the oriental imagery which they present, that he versified the two following passages:

SPEECH OF GEOORGIN TO BEYUN.

(From the Shah Nameh.)

Seest thou yon shelter'd vale of various dye,
Refreshing prospect to the warrior's eye?
Yon dusky grove, yon garden blooming fair,
The turf of velvet, and of musk the air?
Surcharg'd with sweets the languid river glides,
The lilies bending o'er its silver tides;
While through the copse in bashful beauty glows
The dark luxuriance of the lurking rose.
Now seen, now lost, amid the flowery maze,
With slender foot the nimble pheasant strays;
The ring-dove's murmur lulls the cypress dell,
And richest notes of tranced Philomel.
Still, still the same, through every circling year,
Unwearied spring renews an Eden here.
And mark, my friend, where many a sylph-like maid
Weaves the lithe dance beneath the citron shade!
Where chief, of Touran's king the matchless child,
Beams like a sun-ray through this scented wild;
Sitara next, her sister, beauteous queen,
Than rose or fairest jasmine fairer seen;
And last, their Turkish maids, whose sleepy eyes
Laugh from beneath each envious veil's disguise,
Whose length of locks the coal-black musk disclose,
Their forms the cypress, and their cheeks the rose;
While on their sugar'd lips the grape's rich water glows.
How blest the traveller not forbid to stay
In such sweet bowers the scorching summer's day!
How fam'd the knight whose dauntless arm should bear
To great Khi-Kusroo's court a Turkish fair!

FROM THE MOALLAKAH OF HARETH.

And Asma! lovely sojourner! wilt thou forsake our land,
Forgetful of thy plighted vows on Shamma's glittering sand?
No more in Shoreb's rugged dell I see thee by my side,
No more in Katha's mead of green where vocal waters glide!
In Ayla and in Shobathan all lonely must I go,
And, therefore, sleep has fled my soul, and fast my sorrows flow!

Yet am I loved, and yet my eyes behold the beacon light
Which Hinda kindles on her hill, to lure me through the night,
Broad as the dawn, from Akik's brow its ruddy embers shine,
But Hinda's heart may never meet an answering glow in mine!
And I must seek a nobler aid against consuming care,
Where all the brethren of my tribe the battle bow prepare.

My camel with the mother-bird in swiftness well may vie,
Tall as a tent, 'mid desert sands that rears her progeny,
That lists the murmur of the breeze, the hunter's lightest sound
With stealthy foot at twilight fall soft gliding o'er the ground;

But not the ostrich speed of fire my camel can excell,
Whose footstep leaves so light a mark we guess not where it fell;
Now up, now down, like wither'd leaves that flit before the wind,
On her I stem the burning noon that strikes the valiant blind.

Yes, we have heard an angry sound of danger from afar,
Our brother's bands of Tayleb's seed have braved us to the war;
The good and evil they confound, their words are fierce and fell,
"Their league," say they, "is with the tribe that in the desert dwell."
Their men of might have met by night, and as the day began,
A proud and a disdainful shout throughout their army ran,
And horses neighed, and camels screamed, and man cried out on man!

CHAPTER XIV.

Death of the Rev. T. C. Heber—"Timour's Councils"—Milman's "Siege of Jerusalem"—Heads of a proposed pamphlet "On the Causes of the present Discontents"—Kinneir's "Travels in Asia Minor"—"Childe Harold"—Mr. Reginald Heber's appointment as University Preacher—Fragment of the "Masque of Gwendolen"—Bowdler's "Select Pieces in Prose and Verse"—The distresses of the country—Anecdote of a beggar—Treatise on the distinction between the two Maries.

In the year 1816 Mr. Reginald Heber sustained a heavy affliction in the loss of his youngest brother, Thomas Cuthbert, who died from the rupture of a vessel on the brain, after a short illness, on the 27th of March. A similarity of age, education, and profession had united them with more than ordinary fraternal affection. From infancy they had seldom been separated; and the younger brother had acted as curate to the elder till the year before his death, when he removed to his own perpetual curacy of Moreton See. The blow thus fell with peculiar weight; under its influence the hymn for the fourth Sunday after the Epiphany was composed, and the original manuscript contained the following stanza:

"He called me by a brother's bier,
As down I knelt to prayer,
But ah! though sorrow shed the tear,
Repentance was not there!"

From this time forward it was Mr. Reginald Heber's constant

CHAP. XIV. 1816.

custom to consecrate every important occurrence of his life by a short prayer. Several of these aspirations have unfortunately been lost in the various removals of his papers; but such as are preserved will be given according to their dates. On his birth-day in this year he writes, " completed my thirty-third year. *Oh omnipotens et sempiterne Deus, da veniam peccatis annorum præteritorum et concedas, precor, ut quicquid vitæ sit reliquum melius sit et sapientius præteritâ. Exaudi me, Deus, per merita Jesu Christi. Amen.*"

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, April 8, 1816.

" Thank you sincerely for your kind condolence under our very great and unexpected calamity. We have all borne it so much the worse for having been flattered by the appearance of gradual recovery, from the time of my poor brother's first seizure, to the moment of his fatal relapse; and still more, I think, from a sort of feeling that we hardly appreciated his worth while living; certainly that we were not aware of half the acts of kindness and liberality which we now find that, with a small income, he was in the constant habit of performing in this neighbourhood. The poor speak of his kindness and good-nature with a regret which is painfully flattering. To his brothers, his singular disinterestedness, his warmth of attachment, and devotion to their service and prospects, can never be replaced; and he formed so prominent an object in all my airy schemes of ambition and utility; I miss him so continually in my walks and my study, that I can scarcely help feeling that there is only one being in the world whom I could have worse spared. He had himself had several vexations and disappointments, which, though of a hasty temper, he bore with philosophy and almost indifference; but where the happiness of a friend was concerned, his whole heart was engaged; and there was no labour or inconvenience which he would not incur, almost with-

out knowing that he made a sacrifice. I never knew so warm a heart which felt so little for itself; or one whose few faults were, apparently, in so fair a way of being corrected, when He, who in all things determines best, thought fit to remove him.

"These are early days of mourning, and I cannot yet be supposed to have abated in my sorrow. I sometimes think I have hardly yet begun to feel so much as I shall do hereafter. There are moments when all seems an illusion. I think my sister feels our loss the most; but she has concealed her grief from my mother with a spirit which might shame an old Roman."

Mr. Reginald Heber's literary pursuits were never for any long interval suspended; more various and excursive than those of almost any of his contemporaries, they found riches in every soil. It is curious to see the raw materials from which he would occasionally work, and the poetry which he could extract from a solitary fact.

In a review of Sir John Malcolm's "History of Persia," which appeared at this time in the Quarterly [1], he introduces a prophecy of the death of Timour, or Tamerlane, who, "after founding an empire more extensive than the life of any other man has sufficed to traverse, was arrested, like a tyrant of later days, in his schemes of universal sovereignty, by the rigours of a premature winter, which prevented his march to China." He died at Otrar, seventy-six leagues from Samarcand. "This event," *he* observes, "almost naturally slides into poetry."

TIMOUR'S COUNCILS.

Emirs and Khâns in long array,
To Timour's council bent their way;
The lordly Tartar, vaunting high,
The Persian with dejected eye,
The vassal Russ, and, lured from far,
Circassia's mercenary war.

[1] Vol. XV.

But one there came, uncall'd and last,
The spirit of the wintry blast!
He mark'd, while wrapt in mist he stood,
The purpos'd track of spoil and blood;
He mark'd, unmov'd by mortal woe,
That old man's eye of swarthy glow;
That restless soul, whose single pride
Was cause enough that millions died;
He heard, he saw, till envy woke,
And thus the voice of thunder spoke:—
"And hop'st thou thus, in pride unfurl'd,
To bear those banners thro' the world?
Can time nor space thy toils defy?
Oh king, thy fellow-demon I!
Servants of Death, alike we sweep
The wasted earth, or shrinking deep.
And on the land, and o'er the wave,
We reap the harvest of the grave.
But thickest then that harvest lies,
And wildest sorrows rend the skies,
In darker cloud the vultures sail,
And richer carnage taints the gale,
And few the mourners that remain,
When winter leagues with Tamerlane!
But on, to work our lord's decree;
Then, tyrant, turn, and cope with me!
And learn, though far thy trophies shine,
How deadlier are my blasts than thine!
Nor cities burnt, nor blood of men,
Nor thine own pride shall warm thee then!
Forth to thy task! We meet again
On wild Chabanga's frozen plain!"

To R. W. Hay, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, August 8, 1816.

"A severe fit of rheumatism is almost worth having when it serves as a shoeing-horn to draw on such a tour as you propose to yourself. I am heartily sorry, however, that you have so bad a reason for going to the Tyrol, and trust that the hot waters of Gastein will do all that your friends can wish them. You are

very good to recollect so favourably the few hints which I was able to give you in your southern Russian tour. The regions which you have now to pass through I only know as Parnell's hermit knew the world, by books and swains, since, when I was in Austria, the emperor Napoleon had made the best part of Europe a *terra sigillata* to the English. K———, whom I believe you may still find at Stutgard, you know as well as I do. If you should have time and inclination to go on to Vienna, which is a tour that all the Austrians will advise you to make, I could give you some few letters which might be useful; and the neighbouring hot-baths at Baden are greatly renowned for their stimulating powers. I am sorry that you and Wilmot have not contrived to make your tour together.

"Ever your obliged friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

"Murray has sent me a copy of a glorious poem by Milman on the fall of Jerusalem, which he wishes me to review immediately. I have looked at some parts and been delighted with it."

To R. H. Inglis, Esq.

Bodryddan, October 25, 1816.

"MY DEAR INGLIS,

"Thornton tells me that you have kindly taken the trouble to make some marginal notes on my Lectures. I am now about to send out a new edition; and should regard your friendly criticisms as a very valuable help in my necessary task of correction and improvement. I certainly will not promise implicit obedience to your suggestions; but I will promise them a very attentive consideration; and I have already derived so much advantage from similar communications, that you may rely on my being both patient and docile under your lash. If your observations are not too numerous for transcription within the bounds of a large sheet of paper, such a letter directed to me at Hodnet,

CHAP. XIV. 1816.

near Shrewsbury, will be thankfully received; or if you will send your copy of the Lectures to Hatchard's, it will be forwarded to me; and I will take all possible care of it. I believe Hatchard is in no great hurry for the second edition; and, therefore, I am naturally anxious to send it out in as improved a state as I can; but I trust, at farthest, another three weeks will enable me to send it to him, with all the advantage of your castigation.

"I write this letter from North Wales, where my wife and I are paying our annual visit; but I return to Hodnet next week. All here are in great alarm about the harvest, which is as yet very partially stacked, and some not even reaped. In Shropshire we are more forward; and the crops were not deficient in quantity, but the quality very bad indeed; some nearly spoiled by the rain, and some ruined by being stacked in too great a hurry.

* * * * *

"Dear Inglis,

"Ever your affectionate friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, November 5, 1816.

"MY DEAR WILMOT,

"I must answer both your letters together, as your first, having to follow me into Wales, only arrived two days before your second. And 'First of the First,' as our ancient divines used to say in dividing a sermon, I need not say that it gave me much pleasure to hear of your safe return to England, and that your tour had, in all its circumstances, answered your expectations. I am hardly sure whether it is a selfish unwillingness to lose you for so long a time, or from a disinterested opinion that a protracted absence abroad may, in more ways than one, be disadvantageous to your ultimate and English views, that I feel some alarm at the hints which you drop of an extensive Italian journey and

residence on the continent next year. Perhaps, however, I do not understand your schemes rightly. In the mean time, for I know you *cannot* be idle, what are you going to do? The times are very favourable for one way of aiming at distinction, and I cannot help thinking you might do well to try your hand at a pamphlet, 'On the causes of the present discontents, by the author of a letter, &c.' You write rapidly, and you have the means of getting as much official information as would serve your purpose without encumbering you. * * * *

Such a pamphlet as I should expect from you, might, I think, be of real service to the country, in which there seems to prevail, at present, among the higher ranks, a singular blindness to the feelings of the larger half of the country; and with the lower orders a still more fatal disposition to view through a very distorted medium every action of their superiors, and every circumstance of the real situation of the country. You might, on the one hand, point out how little reason for such complaints really exists in the conduct of the higher classes, when fairly stated; and how fair a prospect we have that our difficulties, if we are not impatient under them, may gradually pass away. The real amount of sinecures, of the expenses of the civil list, &c. which have, I apprehend, been greatly and wilfully exaggerated, might be given and compared with those of other countries, particularly of France under Buonaparte. You might, on the other hand, enlarge on the utter madness of despising popular clamour, whether unjust or no, when it is little less than universal,—on the natural excuse which such clamour may plead, where great real want is contrasted with great real or apparent prodigality. You might give your opinions, whatever they may be, on reform in Parliament, though you must, as I conceive, admit that the practical benefits of such a measure would be doubtful and far from immediate. The best practical manner of reducing public expense might be enquired into, and what *has* been done fairly stated. * *

* * * * * * *

"Here also a fair exposition of the expense and counterba-

CHAP. XIV. 1816.

lancing advantages of our French army might come in; uniforms, fêtes, &c. might be introduced, if you thought it expedient, since all these have fanned the flame which now burns in the minds of the common people; and you might conclude by a parœnesis to the gentry of England to exert themselves in recovering their lost popularity; pointing out the necessity, in particular, of relaxing the game laws, of residence on their property, and improving the condition of the cottager.

"Such a pamphlet as I should hope to see from you, written in no party spirit, with something of the tone of a reformer, and something of aristocratic prejudice, secretly inclining to the tory side of the question, but sufficiently and, perhaps, ostentatiously just to the other, and, above all, enlarging on practical remedies, and on those points where the people really feel themselves aggrieved, (for parliamentary reform they do not care) might be very generally popular and do much good; passages would be extracted from it by half the country newspapers, and I should have the satisfaction of boasting my friendship with the ingenious author, not only in drawing-rooms, but at turnpike-meetings, *(absit verbo invidia.)*

"I have dwelt so long on the former part of my text, that I have little room for my latter. I am now come home for a few days to attend a committee for the relief of the poor. * *

* * * *

"Ever your affectionate friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To E. D. Davenport, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, Nov. 24, 1816.

"MY DEAR DAVENPORT,

"I fear the Wilmots and Hortons do not mean to take us in their way from Cheshire, as the former talk of pressing back to meet their boys. But though I am compelled to acquiesce in this excuse, yet, as I do not believe that you expect any

similar pledges of affection these Christmas holidays, I trust we are not to give up the hope of seeing you here as soon as you can after the second of December; the earlier the better.

"I have been a little alarmed on receiving a parcel from Mr. Crawford of six quarto volumes of manuscript, each of them, '*so dick als dis sheese*,' being the travels of Mr. Kinneir[1] through Asia Minor, respecting the merits of which I am to give an opinion, according to a rash promise which I made when I was with you. I was not then quite aware of the bulk of the undertaking, but must now persevere, though the journey may be as protracted as that of the ten thousand Greeks through the same route.

"How do you like the new 'Childe Harold?' I think the beginning tolerable; the end very fine indeed; the middle '*party per pale*,' (to use the heraldic term,) very good and very prosaic and inharmonious. Bringing the mountains to bed of a young earthquake has been apparently suggested by the divine author of 'The Death of Hellebore[2].' I am not sure that a mouse would not have been the more eligible son and heir of the two. The prisoner of Chillon is not yet arrived. I hear a very high character of a novel not yet published, but soon to be; 'The Tales of my Landlord, by Jedediah Cleishbotham.' The author I do not know."

To Mrs. R. Heber.

Nov. 1816.

"I had a letter yesterday from Hodson[3], enquiring whether I had any objection to become one of the university preachers, and conveying a very civil message from Dr. Van Mildert, offering to nominate me, which he, as Regius Professor, is empowered to do.

[1] Sir John Kinneir Macdonald, now, 1830, British minister in Persia.—Ed.

[2] A mock heroic poem, written by an acquaintance of Mr. Reginald Heber's, to prove that perfect nonsense, when clothed in high-sounding language, and read with proper emphasis, may often be admired as eloquent poetry by superficial hearers.—Ed.

[3] The late Rev. Frodsham Hodson, D.D. Principal of Brazen Nose College.—Ed.

CHAP. XIV. 1816.

This offer gives me pleasure as a mark of my Oxford friends, especially Dr. Van Mildert, having approved my sermons; and it may, as a further opportunity of distinguishing myself, be advantageous. * * * * —— brings dreadful reports of the harvest in Cambridgeshire and the neighbouring counties. As he went to Cambridge, he saw men reaping wheat knee deep in water; and the oats, which are a very principal crop with them, are almost all spoilt; a great deal of corn, I am assured, is still standing in the neighbourhood of Leek. —— forebodes famine, and from the badness of the corn, perhaps, pestilence. I know no better comfort than the Mohamedan 'Ullah kerim!' But, in reality, I am not disposed to join in his forebodings. The dearth of corn may, possibly, serve as a stimulus to our manufactories. America and Poland will take back cotton and hard-ware in exchange for wheat; and if the affliction is not by these means taken away, it may be much lightened."

During the short absence from home in which the preceding letter was written, Mr. Reginald Heber commenced, and subsequently completed a "masque," taken from Chaucer's "Wife of Bath's tale." The plot turns upon the solution of the same riddle; but in the introduction of Titania and her fairies, of Merlin, and of the personages of Arthur's court, it differs from the original story. This was not the only dramatic poem he wrote; at different times he versified the oriental stories of Il Bondocani and Bluebeard; and there are many to whom the recollection of the kindness and promptitude with which he lent his talents to heighten the enjoyment of a merry Christmas party, will recur with a melancholy interest. From the "masque of Gwendolen," alone, however, will some extracts now be given.

FRAGMENTS OF THE MASQUE OF GWENDOLEN.

* * * * *

(Enter two Goblins bearing a casket.)

Gwendolen. What forms are these?

Goblin. Spirits of nether earth
Are we, and servants to the mighty Merlin,
From whom we bear these treasures to his bride.
Or ere the raven twice hath flapt her wing
He will himself be here.

Gwendolen. Good angels guard me!

Enter two Sylphs and two Sea Nymphs.

SONG.

Nymphs of air and ancient sea,
Bridal gifts we bring to thee!
Lo these plumes of rich device,
Pluck'd from birds of paradise!
Lo these drops of essence rare,
Shook from a wand'ring meteor's hair!
Nymphs of air and ancient sea,
Such the gifts we bring to thee!

Take these shells, approach them near,
And they shall murmur in thine ear
Tunes that lull the slumbering sea
More than mermaid's harmony!
Take these pearls, no diving-slave
Drags their like from ocean cave,—
Nymphs of air and ancient sea,
Such can only bring to thee.

Enter two Genii of Fire, with a Vase.

1 *Genius.* Loveliest of mortal mould! distant we kneel,
Lest our hot breath should mar thy snowy skin,
Or scorch thy raven locks! We are of fire
The swarthy ministers, whose active heat
Is as the soul of earth and sea and air;
Who sow the seeds of gold, who give the diamond
Its eye of flame, and wake the carbuncle
To rival day. Of such strange alchemy

We bring thee tokens; and before thy feet
Bow down our crisped heads, and in the dust
Abase our terrours!

* * * * *
* * * * *

Merlin. Am I proud, who lay
Mine empire at thy feet? All thou hast seen
Are but the least of wonders. Toiling fiends
Shall sweat to work thy bidding, and their claws
Rend from the greedy earth its buried treasure,
And drag the deep for thee. The sylphs of air
Shall fan thy slumber, and their viewless harps
Pour on thy waking ear strange melody.
The elfin nations, with fresh herbs and flowers,
Shall in thy chambers keep perennial spring;
And the wild mermaid sleek, with coral comb,
Thy dark and perfum'd tresses. Seek'st thou more?
More is in Merlin's power! Be thou my bride,
And I will place thee on a regal throne
Of solid adamant, hill above hill,
Ten furlongs high, to match whose altitude
Plinlimmon fails, and Idris' stony chair
Sinks like an infant's bauble; there, enshrin'd
A queen and goddess, shall the elements
Wait on thee, and the countless multitude
Of Genii worship thee supreme in hell!
I pause for thy reply.

Gwendolen. This then it is:
Thy power I know not, but thine art I know
For most unholy, and thy person hateful!
I own my folly, with remorse I own it,
Which play'd with such a visitor; but mine ears
Drank in thy wisdom,—and it soothed my pride
To see the powers of magic tax'd for me,
And the strong features of a face like thine
Relaxing in my presence! This forgive me!
My last request! Nay look not thus on me,
Nor press my hand! I may not dally longer.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Merlin. Ah, do not raise the fiend within my soul,
Nor arm, sweet petulance, against thyself
My worser nature! In this rugged breast

The heart which throbs is Etna's earthy fire,
Which, unprovok'd and slumbering in its strength,
Rejoiceth Ceres, and with fresher flowers
To Enna's valley lures back Proserpine:
But, if it burst its bounds, hath hellish mettle
Which is most dangerous! I was not made
To soothe a lady's scorn, or woo her lattice,
What time the cold moon on her garden bower
Flickers in silver whiteness, and the winds
Blend with mine amorous harp's sad lullaby.
My love or vengeance must be gratified.—
Wherefore, proud dame, I say to thee, Be wise!
In love unmatch'd, in hate unmatchable,
I have done that ere now which mine own eyes
Have wept to look upon. My Father's spirit
Is blent with mine, and schools me to such horrours!
Wherefore, I charge thee, as thou lov'st thyself,
Be timely wise! One little moment more,
I feel the demon rush into my soul,
And prayer will then be vain! Be wise! Be wise!

Gwendolen. Oh horrour, horrour! Oh for leprosy
To scathe this fatal form! Oh that the veil
Wherewith I shroud me from thy dreaded glance,
Were some wild thicket, some brake-tangled wood
Where this poor head might shelter,—where no foot
Of man approacheth: that myself were made
A thing of loathing and of natural horror,
Such as is pain to look on!—better so
Than thus to tempt thy wooing: take me, throw me
To the wild boar, or where the lioness
Seeks for her brindled young their human banquet;
Yea, rather marry me to death, and make
My bridal bed within the sepulchre,
Than bid me mount with thee thy guilty throne!

Merlin. Thy wish be on thine head, and thine own curse
Feed on thee till it waste thee! Exquisite maid!
Ev'n in the bitterness of my revenge
I love thy graceful passion! But my sire,
Whose flames now burn within me, goads my purpose
To wittier malice! Shroud thee in thy veil,
Oh my fair enemy;—for that withdrawn
Thy face shall never win a suitor more!

Hear Spirits hear!— *(Thunder.)*
I fix on thee
Curses, curses, one, two, three!
Fouler than a grandame ape,
Be thy features and thy shape;
Be thy face, so fresh and fair,
Worse than those of furies are;
Be thy snowy forehead dark,
And rougher than the maple bark;
In the green wood range alone
Thy disastrous lot to moan;
Lion wild and bristly boar,
Let them fly thy face before;
And the wolves that round thee prowl,
More from fear than hunger howl;
As a thing most scorn'd and hated,
And with demons only mated,
Every kindly creature shun thee:
And this burden be upon thee,
Till a youth of form divine,
Sprung from Brutus' ancient line,
Of beauty careless, and delight,
Shall woo thee to the nuptial rite;
Shall his arms around thee twine,
Shall his warm lips press to thine,
And sign thee with the holy sign!

(Thunder. Merlin sinks.)

* * * * *

* * * * *

(Gwendolen asleep as transformed by Merlin. Three fairies strewing flowers and leaves over her.)

SONG.

Rest thee on this mossy pillow
'Till the morning light!
Softly wave this whispering willow
O'er thy bed to night!
Every mortal grief forsake thee
As our drowsy spells o'ertake thee,
Nought from blessed sleep awake thee
'Till the morning light!

Enter TITANIA.

Titania. Spirits, well done! for not of ruthless mood
Are we, the rangers of the nightly wood.
Where found ye this sad maid?

1*st Fairy.* Down in yon dell
We found her, where the moon-beams brightest fell;
For Cynthia mark'd her with benignant eye,
And mourn'd, methought, a virgin's misery.
We mark'd her too, with what intense despair
She scatter'd on the winds her raven hair,
Invoking death: then with accurst intent
Of wilder madness, to the lake she went;
But, bending o'er its mirror, shriek'd to spy
In that wild glass her own deformity,
And fled apace. Anon, amid the brakes,
Like some pursued fawn a lair she makes,
And shrowding with her furry gown those eyes
Which not the curse of Merlin could disguise,
As at herself she trembled, 'till her grief
Found in a flood of gracious tears relief.

Titania. Poor wretch! ye sooth'd her then?

1*st. Fairy.* Her tears we dried,
And pluck'd the brambles from her bleeding side;
O'er her hot brain a grateful vapour threw,
And sprinkled every limb with drowsy dew;
Then bore her slumb'ring to this green retreat,
And with star-jelly cool'd her blister'd feet,
And scatter'd every flower of purple die,
And fann'd her rest with owlet's plumery.

Titania. Well have ye done! Sleep on, poor Gwendolen,
The hour of retribution is arriv'd,
And Merlin hath no longer power to harm.—

1*st. Fairy.* Is Merlin dead?

Titania. Ev'n now I heard the yell
Of ghastly merriment; in upper air
The fiends keep holyday. I knew their song,
A song of triumph: "Merlin is no more!
Merlin, the mighty one! Haste, haste to meet him
Ye rulers of the damn'd, and open wide
Your everlasting gates, to entertain
The master of the spell! Such charms no more
Shall tax our labours till the final doom!"

CHAP. XIV. 1816.

1st. Fairy. How died he? Say—

Titania. By female wiles he fell.
She of the Lake, his elfin paramour,
Jealous of his late wanderings,—in a tomb,
(First having won by sugar'd blandishment
From his dark soul th' unutterable name
Which all things fear in hell, in earth and heaven,)
Enclos'd the struggling wizard. Nine long nights
Within the rock the fairies heard him moan,
The tenth was silence!

1st Fairy. May the merciless
Such fate meet ever! But, our Gwendolen,
Is she now free?

Titania. The fates their course must have,
And Merlin's spells have power beyond the grave.
But Heaven, and those bright stars whose golden eyes
Behold the link of mortal destinies,
An equal lot of weal and woe prepare
To Harleck's virgin and to Albion's heir.
For this I came, to shed a soft controul
Of heavenly wisdom o'er her sleeping soul;
And bring to mind whate'er of secret lore
She from her wizard lover learnt before.
But soft, she stirs,—our potent pharmacy
Has rous'd her dream, and oped her sealed eye.
Vanish, kind fays—our forms she must not spy!

(Gwendolen awakes.)

Gwendolen. Oh sacred hour of retribution,
Foredoom'd to dry the wretch's tear,
And rectify this dark confusion,
Of earthly sin and shame and fear;
And art thou then a fond delusion
Around our slumber hovering near,
Of Heavenly bliss a blest infusion
Too holy to be tasted here?
Oh, in my dreams I feel them, see them!
The days of bliss return again,
As victor angels tread beneath them,
The snare of fiends, the rage of men!
And evermore a sweet delusion
Above my slumber hovers near;
And tells of holy retribution,
And chides my doubt and soothes my fear;

I wake—and all is dark and drear.
The oak wood rustles over head;
The aspen sheds its foliage sere
Upon my wild and dewy bed;
Before the melancholy blast
Autumnal clouds are driving fast;
For canopy of state I see
The white moon glimmering thro' the tree;
I tremble as with woman fear
The wolf's approaching howl I hear;
In sickening doubt I turn mine eyes
From mine own self thus hideous grown;
And, ranging, in this goblin guise,
The thorny brake, unseen, unknown,
I curse my sleep, whose magic power
Hath mocked with bliss my hopeless heart,
And trebly curse my waking hour,
Which bade that fancied bliss depart;
And doubt, so quick the changes seem,
If this or that were all a dream.
Alas! how know we which is true,
The night or day, the sun or shade,
The forms which glide in long review
Before our eyes in slumber laid,
Or those our waking scenes renew?
Was it a dream that Harleck's hall
Received my wandering steps again,
As throbb'd my heart at rapture's call,
More rapt'rous from remember'd pain?
On my cold cheek in joyful thrill,
My brother's tear, I feel it still;
And, closer to my heart than he,
The youth's warm kiss who set me free!
Was this a dream? or, dream I now
Of mourning weeds and desert wild;
Of whistling wind in hawthorn bough;
Of form by magic curse defil'd?
Come pitying death, dissolve the strife,
—And wake me from the trance of life!
A footstep in the wood! an armed man,
And hither bound! Retire thee, Gwendolen.
Yet, what hast thou to fear? Thine altered form
Is safe from the worst danger, and thy life,

Not worth the keeping, mocks his cruelty.—
Yet must I hide me—lend me your shade kind boughs,
To shade this hideous face from earth and Heaven!

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* * * * *

Scene, the Court.—Arthur on his throne, Llewellin in chains, Guards, &c. &c.

Arthur. How wears the time?

Kay. The sun hath well nigh scaled
The pinnacle of Heaven.

Arthur. Oh say not so:—
Is it indeed so late?—Where art thou Gawain,
Too slow to save thy friend? Ah, cursed oath!
Which stops the mouth of mercy, and but leaves
A barren grief to after penitence—
That I might now recall thee! Yet again
Be it proclaimed,—if that mortal tongue
Can solve our oracle,—and solving save
Yon gallant gentleman,—our kingdom's power
Is taxed for their reward. Still, still,—all still!
Oh good Llewellin, when the headsman's blow
Redeems mine oath, my hoary hairs shall follow
(Believe it) to the grave. Oh, that thy wrath
Had cool'd betimes, or mine. Pardon, oh pardon!
As I forgive thee thine unruly brow
Triumphant o'er mine age, thy words of fire
And looks of mutiny, such as no king
Can brook without resistance,—pardon thou
The rashness of mine oath, which sends thy youth
Untimely to the tomb.

Llewellin. My parting prayer
Waits on your silver locks; be brief good king;
Dismiss a soul which on its tiptoe stands
Knocking at Heaven's high gates. I have met death
In uglier shapes before, nor find I now,
Save in this tardiness, his teeth or sting.
Have with you, headsman.

Arthur. Stay, I charge ye stay!—
A noise—I hear it well,—a horse's tread
As one in speed—and hark that shout, oh Heaven.
Run some of ye and learn.

(Cry without.) Long live Earl Gawain!

* * * * *

Arthur. Welcome brave nephew,
Now more than ever welcome; have ye sped?
Is mine oath cancelled?—is the prisoner free?
Hath Merlin told his secret?

Gawain. He hath borne
That secret to the land of secresy,
Nor can Llewellin claim a further sentence
Than Heav'n hath past on Merlin. Oh my liege,
Strange things have chanced, which at fitting season
I shall unfold. Now to my chiefest care.
Unlock these rivets jailor, for thy charge
By Arthur's oath is free;—Arthur hath sought
What women mostly crave;—my answer follows.
Power is their passion. From the lordly dame
To the brown maid that tends the harvest field,
They prize it most. Wherefore is pleasure scorn'd
But to increase their sway?—why riches lavished,
But as an argument of queenly state?
Wherefore is virtue scorn'd? why vice thought comely?
But for the pride of taming him whose wiles
Have ruined many,—why is beauty marr'd
By ceruse or by corset?—wherefore love
Led like a blithe and perfum'd sacrifice
To Phœbus' altar, but in hope to reign?—
Ye have mine answer.—

Arthur. Loose Llewellin's chain!
Gawain thou hast thine earldom. Valiant friends
This day be peace to all. Let me embrace you
With penitent fondness. Ah! what ghastly spectre
Troubles our happiness?—Can this be human!
She kneels, she holds a ring—

Gwendolen. A boon, a boon
From Arthur and from Gawain! What I am,
What I have done, he knows.—What he hath sworn
This ring be witness.

Gawain. I acknowledge all,
And nobly will repay thee. Come to-morrow,—
To-day,—this even,—only scare not now
This royal presence.

Gwendolen. * * * * *
I saved thy friend,
I brought thine earldom back; my wisdom sounded
The craft of Merlin; and the grateful Gawain
(For he was grateful then,) sware by his sword,

This ring his sponsor,—to reward my pains
With whatsoe'er I ask'd. I ask it now,
Before the king—my hire, my righteous hire,
Such as a knight must pay.

Gawain. Ask and receive!
I own my oath,—and though my colder blood
Thrills to its fountain at thy gaze, and nature
Forebodes of something monstrous in thy soul,
Which I may shrink to answer—I have sworn;
And bid me tame the brindled pard, or keep
Mine unarm'd vigil in a dragon's den,—
Be the king witness, and this table round,
I will perform thy bidding; speak and obtain.

Gwendolen. Give me thyself,—be thou mine husband, Gawain!
What! scared already,—hast thou sworn in vain?
Am I so monstrous?—Oh, I feel I am!
Yet have I sav'd thy friend.

* * * * *
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Gawain. So are we married. Rule thou in my house,
Govern my treasure,—prank thee in my jewels;
All, all is thine!—for me, I mount my steed
And ramble forth to-night, an errant warrior,
To see thy face no more.—

Gwendolen. Alas for me!
Is this a marriage?—thus did Gawain swear,
To mock me with himself,—to leave me thus,
His lawful partner, to the scoffs of men,
And the constructions of a peevish world,
Weak and defenceless, childless, husbandless?
Oh, my good lord,—shall it be said this face
Has robb'd my country of its bravest knight?
And shall the Saxon, and the ruthless Dane,
Triumphant in your absence, thank the foulness
Of Gawain's countess for their victory!
Far be such curse from me! If I am loath'd,
Beyond endurance loath'd,—command me hence,
And I forsake your roof;—I know my duty;
And your poor wife, from forth her wilderness,
Shall bless and pray for Gawain.

Gawain. Nay, not so;
For I have sworn to shield thee; rest thee here,
And ev'n in absence shall mine eye behold
Thy comforts and thy safety; weep not, dame,

I am thy guardian, and will well discharge
A guardian's office. Friendship may be ours,
Thy form forbids not that. What—weeping still!
I will not leave thee;—with a brother's zeal
For thy past service done I will watch over thee:
Be of good courage,—come, one kiss of peace
To seal our bargain.——Hateful! horrible!
And dost thou cling around me, cursed fiend,
To drag me to perdition! Out, aroint!
For in God's name I charge thee set me free,
And by this holy sign!

Gwendolen. Oh, blessed be thou!—
Turn, Gawain, turn!—

(Loud thunder.)"

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To R. H. Inglis, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, Dec. 2, 1816.

"My Dear Inglis,

"I did not intend to have written till I had finished the correction of my lectures: but you have afforded me so substantial a proof of your kindness in the attention which you have bestowed on my writings, that I am unwilling any longer to defer thanking you. Some of your suggestions I must take credit to myself for having already adopted, and I will sincerely engage to reject none without a careful examination. If you were to see the margin of my corrected copy, you would acquit me of any idleness in the task of revision; at the same time I must own that my attention has as yet been paid to the collecting fresh authorities, and arranging my arguments in a more lucid order, rather than to questions of style. Your criticism may, therefore, be of real and great advantage to me. My wife joins in kindest regards to Mrs. Inglis with

"Dear Inglis,

"Ever your's truly,

"Reginald Heber."

CHAP. XIV. 1817.

To R. H. Inglis, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, Jan. 13, 1817.

"MY DEAR INGLIS,

"I am sensible that I may seem to have delayed too long the acknowledgements which your very friendly and valuable present claimed from me, and, if I had had any reason to apprehend that my sincerity would have been taxed in speaking as highly as I could have wished of the remains of your excellent friend, I would not have deferred writing my thanks till I had received and read the volumes[1]. I can now say, with great truth, that I am highly sensible of the kind manner in which you have distinguished one who enjoyed, unfortunately, so small a share of Mr. Bowdler's acquaintance, and can assure you that you were not mistaken in supposing that I should regard his 'remains' with very deep feelings of respect and regret. I expected much from all which I had heard of him during his life, and my expectations have not been disappointed by the volumes which you have sent me. It is very unusual to find so much playfulness of fancy united to so many traces of severe application, or to find both these brought to bear at once on so many different branches of knowledge; and I own my respect is much increased by the consideration, that these essays, which might many of them seem to have required a man's best exertions and undivided attention, were, in his case, nothing more than the relaxations of a mind daily pressed on by other cares, and fighting its way through the gloom of sickness and the hindrances of a most laborious profession.

"I have said thus much of the talents which the work you have sent appears to me to display; of the exalted feelings of virtue and piety which it every where expresses, nothing need be said, as its author is already gone to receive the only approbation which he had in view. I often, during his life, have regretted that,

[1] "Select pieces in prose and verse," by the late John Bowdler, Esq.

though I knew so many of his friends, and was well acquainted with his character, I had very slight opportunities of being made known to him, and none of cultivating his acquaintance. That regret would be now much increased if I did not venture to look forward, not only to the continuance in another world of the friendships begun here, but to the obtaining and enjoying the society of many excellent persons, whom I have here chiefly or only known by the reputation which they have enjoyed, or the works which they have left behind them. I do not know that the mutual recognition of happy spirits is actually revealed, though I think it is implied in many parts of Scripture. But I am sure that the probabilities of the case are all in favour of the supposition; nor can I conceive that, while the animal part of our nature is not to be destroyed, but raised and glorified, the best and purest parts of our natural affection, and those which seem most suited to Heaven, are to expire to revive no more, or to become useless in a future state. Let us be willing to hope that it may be more than a mere expression, when I sign myself,

"Dear Inglis,

"*Ever* your sincere friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, June 17, 1817.

* * * *

"I certainly think that, able and witty as ———'s statements of our prospects are, he is not sufficiently sensible to the dangers of the country. He says, and probably with truth, that a few fresh orders from Germany, and a little advance in the value of agricultural produce, would reconcile all parties to the constitution and the powers that be. But I wish he were able to prophesy that such mercantile orders are really likely to arrive, or that the prices which the farmer may expect when exposed to the competition of foreign corn-growers, will be such as to counterbalance his neces-

CHAP. XIV. 1817.

sary loss in the quantity and quality of his harvest. In one respect it is, indeed, possible that the failure of our crops may be of real advantage to the trade of the country, (which is, doubtless, our weakest side, and the quarter most susceptible of injurious impressions from the enemies of order,) by supplying the Americans with the means of purchasing our manufactures by the exportation of their corn. But, unless our corn-bill is repealed, this relief must, of course, be temporary; and if this alternative is adopted, the parliament will be besieged by starving country gentlemen and farmers. Look which side one may, I do not perceive how the evils are to be avoided, which, sooner or later, must attend those who have over-traded, or the demand for whose commodities is greatly and rapidly diminished. You have considered these matters more than I have done; but it appears to me that the same consequence has now overtaken the nation, (which is, after all, only a collection of individuals,) as individuals under such cases experience; and that every soul in the country must sit down with a positive loss of so much struck off from what he lately believed himself possessed of. Even then, thank God, more will probably remain to each than is possessed by individuals of corresponding station in any country in the world; but the transit is, and must be, very painful; and, as each person can only meet it by retrenchment of his expences, so it falls most heavily on those (too numerous a class in this country,) who have earned their bread by supplying others with superfluities, under which name every comfort that can be dispensed with, is likely to be included by a great part of the nation.

" I quite agree with you that government will be compelled to make concessions; I only trust that they will be made in time to prevent still more unreasonable demands, and that they will be of a nature really to meet the evil, which can only, I should think, be alleviated by a diminution of taxes, and an ostentatious removal of sinecures and extravagance. The people now are heartily wretched, and cordially inclined to lay the blame of their misery on any cause which may be pointed out to

them. But a compliance with their plans of reforming parliament would be worse than loss of time, inasmuch as it could not relieve a single symptom of the public distress. * * *

* * * *

"I have just been reading Clarendon's first volume aloud to my wife. I had not looked at it for many years, and am a good deal surprised with many points of resemblance between that time and our present prospects. The same accusations of extravagance and supposed luxury in the court, and complaints of bad times among the people, appear, as now, to have been the primary causes of discontent. The cry of reformation in the Church, to whose abuses all the ills of the country were imputed, was then as mere a stalking-horse for sedition as reform in parliament is now; and those who were most clamorous then, appear to have really cared as little for religion, as those who make most noise at present do for liberty; and what is more to our purpose, there was, at first, the same want of men of consequence and remarkable abilities on the disaffected side as there is now; it was only when disaffection became universal among the lower classes, that it began to obtain partizans among the higher. Yet, when this point was once attained, how many wise and good and powerful persons were carried away with the torrent; and how many demagogues of great abilities started up as soon as the number of their followers made it safe to declare themselves! The moral will be, that our friend comforts himself too soon with the reflection that the present discontents are not dangerous, because they have no leaders, since, when they reach a certain point, such leaders will not be wanting. What should now be done is to remove or lighten the real burdens, to disregard the ignorant or insidious remedies which are held out to the people as specifics, and to repress, with as much severity as possible, all tendency to innovation or revolution; taking care, however, never to aim a blow which government is not very sure will take effect; never to bring men to trial whom they are not sure of finding guilty, nor ever to bring out troops unless with a real design and under a plain necessity of bloodshed.

CHAP. XIV. 1817.

Biting may be, sometimes, wise; showing the teeth, never, not even with cowards.

"What I have said is chiefly, however, in the hope of engaging your thoughts on these subjects, without thinking that my own suggestions are either very new or very profound.

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* * I have just retured from Wynnstay, where I went to meet the Grand Duke and suite, who, however, journeying as royal and imperial highnesses usually do, had left the house before I got there, having paid a visit of about ten hours, instead of three days, as had been expected. I can, therefore, give you no account of him."

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, April 19, 1817.

"Among the anecdotes of the general distress of the times, the following is not least singular. While I was at Bodryddan last Monday, the overseer of an adjoining village came to ask the Dean's directions about a miserable beggar, who had fallen from weakness in the street, and who seemed dying. The apothecary, who happened to be in the house, was despatched to the spot, and directions were given for providing the miserable object with food, lodging, &c. On the apothecary's return, he reported that the man was dying of hunger and filth; that the vermin had, apparently, eaten into his flesh, and that his rags and person were in such a state that none of the cottagers could be bribed to take him into their houses. They laid him in a barn, where he was a little revived by some broth; and then, with much caution and reluctance, they proceeded to remove his rags, as it was considered absolutely necessary to wash and fumigate him with tobacco water. In the rags they found eighteen guineas in gold, seven or eight pounds' worth of old silver, fifteen dollars, and twenty-seven shillings. The man's age seemed to be about sixty. He had a

remarkably intelligent countenance, and spoke English well, but from weakness said very little; except weakness and filth he seemed to have no complaint. Is not this a strange picture of existence? A man with the means of purchasing food and comfort, literally reduced to the brink of the grave for want of both! Yet it is not a story to which I would, at this time of distress, give too great publicity. It cannot be a case of frequent occurrence, and there are many people who are glad to urge such stories as reasons for disbelieving all instances of distress."

To R. W. Hay, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, May 4, 1817.

"My Dear Hay,

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

"We wished for you very much this spring at Hodnet, to complete a party which I think you would have found not an unpleasant one; but I knew too well that wishing was, at that time, vain. Wilmot stayed a week longer than the rest of our friends. * * * He gives a good account of the party at Grillon's, which has, certainly, obtained some very valuable accessions. Wilmot says that in London nobody is talking of distress; here, where we have not many other things to talk of, it is a standing subject of conversation. The amount of suffering is, unquestionably, great in this neighbourhood; though as we have no manufacturing population, it does not appear in so terrible a shape as in many parts of England, and much has been done in a very judicious manner by different persons and parishes towards employing the poor on the roads.

"The farmers are in rather better spirits than they were during the winter, and those who were not obliged to thresh their corn early, find it better in quality than was the case with such as poverty compelled to sell it while new. Potatoes are at present the most urgent want, and which is likely to extend in its conse-

CHAP. XIV. 1817.

quences into next year, since many of the labourers will hardly get a sufficiency to plant their gardens with. I do not think that either the Spencean or the reformist partizans have made many converts among us; though I verily believe that Southey's powerful exposition of the principles of the former, as it appeared in the Quarterly, and has since been copied into all provincial papers, has put many odd fancies into the brains of men, who, but for this infusion, would never have dreamt of such a system. It is a great misfortune, by the way, that a poor man who is fond of reading, has so little wholesome nourishment provided for this laudable appetite, that he is almost driven to satisfy it with publications of the worst description, which are carefully disseminated through the country. This evil is not met by the usual distribution of tracts by the different religious societies, since their works are not read as amusement; and therefore, though they may sometimes correct the evil of a blasphemous or seditious publication, do not come in *instead* of such a work. Mrs. Hannah More's repository, to a certain extent, answered this object, but an abridgement of some historical books, of the lives of the admirals, Southey's Nelson, Hume's history, &c. would, I think, be of still greater advantage, if a society could be instituted to print them in numbers, so cheap as to make it more worth the while of the hawkers to sell them than Paine's Age of Reason, &c. which I believe they now do sell to a greater amount than is generally supposed.

"We are all here, as makers of cheese, in great sorrow that the salt tax is not taken off. Have you been ever induced to turn your attention to the fisheries, so as to have ascertained to what extent it affects them, or how far they are susceptible of improvement?"

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, May 4, 1817.

"* * * Sir John Hill is very full of the advantage of tacking a clause to the bill for assisting parishes, &c. to enable them

to enclose commons without a special act of parliament; and has written to our county members on the subject. He says that there are many parishes where the best possible effects would follow from attaching a farm to the poor-house; and that wherever there is a common this might be done without difficulty. If you think the measure worth discussing, or that any benefit could arise from naming it, you would confer on the good old baronet a great obligation, by mentioning it to some of your parliamentary friends. I am myself not very sanguine in expecting advantage from Mr. Vansittart's plan, either with or without this additional clause. Some individual cases of distress may be alleviated, and that species and degree of relief given to the public, which would be obtained by an issue of bank paper to the same amount, increasing the quantity, and, so far as it reaches, depreciating the value of the circulating medium, which, on Franklin's principle, which you may recollect talking over, may be, as far as it goes, no bad thing for debtors, or for nations in debt. I had rather the salt tax had been struck off, or reduced to half its present rate; and verily think that by the stimulus which it would have given to the fisheries, as well as to dairy and grazing farms, a more general relief would have been afforded to the country.

"I fancy you will have, by this time, received my *epistola objurgatoria*, in answer to the British Critic, on the style of which I shall be glad to have your opinion.

"I am glad you have met with Charles Vaughan[1], of whom I have a very high opinion; he has excellent sense, and very pleasing manners and disposition. Many thanks for your repeated kind invitation to Montague Square. I want no persuasions to induce me to accept it, as independent of the pleasure of being with you, I have a periodical thirst after London society this time of year. Yet, to say the truth, I have so much to do, and see so many hindrances in the way, that I can scarcely promise myself the indulgence."

[1] Right Hon. C. R. Vaughan, now, 1830, British minister in America.—Ed.

CHAP. XIV. 1817.

About this time Mr. Reginald Heber was asked by a friend to look over a MS. intended for publication. Its author had fallen into the errour of believing that Mary Magdalene was a woman of abandoned character before she became a follower of our Saviour, thus confounding her with the "sinner" who also washed our Saviour's feet. The letter in which Mr. Reginald Heber entered at considerable length into the question, has, accidentally, been lost; but at the request of a sister of the editor's, who had occasionally heard the subject argued, and who wished to have it in her power to show his recorded opinion, he wrote the following treatise, drawing such a distinction between them, as to make it impossible for its readers to confound the one with the other.

"It has been a very common opinion among Christians, that Mary Magdalene was a prostitute before she became a follower of Christ. This rests, partly, on the supposed connexion of some passages of Scripture, partly on alleged tradition. I will examine both these grounds. Of Mary Magdalene, *under that name,* nothing is related in Scripture which can favour such an opinion. She is said, indeed, to have been possessed by seven devils, and to have been delivered from this affliction by our Lord. (Luke viii. 2.) But this was a misfortune by no means confined to the wicked, and is no where spoken of in the Gospels as more *judicial* than any disease, by whatever means occasioned. And all which we read of her besides is highly to her honour, as being one among several devout women who supported Jesus, when alive, by their contributions, and brought an expensive preparation of spices for his funeral (Matt. xxvii. 55-6.; Luke viii. 2, 3.; Mark xvi. 1.). The probability is that she (as well as Joanna the wife of Herod's steward) was a person of some wealth and consideration. But be that as it may, often as Mary Magdalene is mentioned, we hear nothing of her previous sins, or her exemplary repentance. We read, however, that as Jesus was at meat in a house at Bethany, a woman named *Mary,* the sister of Martha, and of Lazarus, whom Christ raised from the

dead, anointed the feet of Jesus with precious ointment and wiped them with her hair; (John xii. 1, 2, 3.) and, by comparing the accounts given by St. Matthew xxvi. 6, 7., and by St. Mark xiv. 3, 4. of what appears to be the same transaction, we learn that this took place in the house of one *Simon* of Bethany surnamed 'the leper.' This is apprehended to be the same event which is related by St. Luke vii. 37, 38.; in which also a woman, of whom it was expressly said that she was 'a sinner,' is introduced as anointing our Lord's feet, washing them with her tears, and wiping them with her hair, the house of one *Simon* a Pharisee. And by understanding the word 'sinner' to mean a prostitute, and identifying the sinner in question with *Mary of Bethany*, whom they suppose to be the same with *Mary Magdalene*, the persons of whom I speak arrive at the conclusion that Mary Magdalene was a prostitute.

"Now 1st. It is by no means certain that the word 'sinner' means a prostitute. The objection of the Pharisee to her being allowed to 'touch' our Saviour (Luke vii. 39.), would have applied to any immoral person, or any one under the censures of the Mosaic law[1].

"2dly. The coincidences of the 'precious ointment,' and the name of 'Simon' are not enough to prove that St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. John are speaking of the same event which St. Luke records, since the ceremony of perfuming illustrious guests has always been usual in the east, and may, therefore, have been more than once practised on our Saviour by those who believed in Him; and since Simon is so common a name among the Jews, that no stress can be laid upon it. And that they are not speaking of the same event is plain: 1st. because the tenour of the history, as told by St. Luke, supposes it to have occurred in *a city* of Galilee at an early period of our Saviour's ministry; while the event of which the other Evangelists speak, took place at Bethany, *a village* of Judea, in our Saviour's last visit to Jerusalem, and, by the reproof which, in consequence of it, he gave to Judas, conducted

[1] See Drusius de iii. Sectis.

CHAP. XIV. 1817.

almost immediately to the revenge and treason of the latter. 2dly. It does not seem probable that the person described by St. Luke as 'a sinner,' can have been Mary, sister of Lazarus, because, in the former case, the Pharisee conceived it to be a proof that Jesus was no prophet, that He did not know 'who the woman was that touched Him.' This proves that she must have been a stranger, since no prophetic power was necessary to know an acquaintance. But Mary, sister of Lazarus, had long before been intimate with Jesus, and even dear to Him, as appears by the xiith chapter of St. John, which, in fact, is equally decisive against her being the sinner here spoken of, or her having been a sinner at all in any notorious and flagrant respect, at the time when *she* anointed the feet and head of Christ. The sinner, then, whose penitence is recorded by St. Luke, was not Mary, the sister of Martha and Lazarus.

" 3rdly. But, if we were even to concede that all the Evangelists were describing the same event, still, though the previous character of *this* Mary would be reflected on, yet it is certain that she and *Mary Magdalene* were different persons. 1st, because St. Luke, who always speaks of the latter with the addition of *Magdalene,* does, thereby, very clearly distinguish her from the person of whom he speaks as 'a sister of Martha called Mary.' (St. Luke x. 39). 2dly, the surname of 'Magdalene' implies that the birth-place or residence of the former was Magdala or Migdol, a city of Galilee; and she is accordingly described as one of the women who 'followed Christ out of Galilee' to Jerusalem. This does not agree with Mary the sister of Martha and Lazarus, who never that we know of was in Galilee, residing with her brother at Bethany, near Jerusalem; and so far from being a constant attendant on Jesus, sends after him into Galilee to implore him to heal her brother in his sickness. This Mary then is not the same with Mary Magdalene; and the latter would not be implicated in any reflexions cast on the former.

" 4thly. But still, it may be said, the sinner mentioned by St. Luke, *may* have been Mary Magdalene, though not Mary the

sister of Lazarus. This is a mere assumption without any proof whatever; and the circumstances of the history offer some violent presumptions to the contrary. Thus, if the sinner mentioned by St. Luke had been Mary Magdalene, it is strange that he should have named the latter, two verses after, without even hinting that she was the same with her whose penitence he had just recorded (Luke viii. 2). Again, Mary Magdalene is known to have been a constant attendant on our Lord's person and wants. But is it probable that Christ, at the age of thirty, and surrounded by calumniators, should have chosen a prostitute for this situation, however He might, in His own wisdom, know her to be reformed? And, further, we find Him so far from calling into His service the sinner in question, that He, to all appearance, dismisses her to her own house,—'thy faith hath saved thee, *go in peace!*' Here, surely, is no encouragement to a closer attendance on Him.

"It is plain, then, that the whole opinion of Mary Magdalene's loose character is founded on mistake, so far as Scripture is concerned. As to tradition, it is not worth while to spend much time on it. Jerome expressly distinguishes the woman who anointed Christ's head in the house of Simon of Bethany, from the 'meretrix' who washed his feet in the house of Simon the Pharisee (Comm. in Matt. xxvii. T. vi. p. 57). Mary Magdalene he calls 'a widow,' and says nothing of her having been a harlot in the commentary on St. Mark xv. which bears his name, T. vi. p. 87. Origen believes all the three narratives of Christ's unction to relate to different events and to different women, and does not seem to apprehend that any of the three was the same as Mary Magdalene. Chrysostom supposes the unction which took place in the house of Simon the leper, to be the same with that which took place in the house of Simon the Pharisee; but denies that 'the sinner' was Mary sister of Lazarus, and no where hints the possibility of her being Mary Magdalene. As for the pretended history of Mary Magdalene, purporting to be written by one Marcella, servant to

CHAP. XIV. 1817.

Martha, sister of Lazarus, it is a mere novel of modern fabrication, and rejected by all critics, Catholic and Protestant. Yet this legend, and the authority of the Roman Catholic missal, are all which can be urged in favour of the popular opinion which we have been examining. The ancient Fathers are either opposed to it, or altogether silent."

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Reginald Heber appointed Prebendary of St. Asaph—"The Spring Journey"—"Happiness"—"Carol for May-day"—Ladies' Association at Cornwallis House—Oxlee "On the Trinity"—Distress in Shropshire—Mr. Nolan—Southey's "History of the Brazils"—Chalmer's "Astronomical Discourses"—proposed heads of Mr. Reginald Heber's University Sermons—"Sketch of the Military and Political Power of Russia"—Typhus fever at Hodnet—Birth of Mr. Reginald Heber's first child—Proposed union between the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Church Missionary Society—Changes in Oxford—Death of Mr. Reginald Heber's child.

In 1817 the late Bishop of St. Asaph, Dr. Luxmoore, appointed Mr. Reginald Heber to a stall in that Cathedral, at the request of his father-in-law, the Dean of St. Asaph. His journeys into Wales became, in consequence, more frequent; and as he usually made them on horseback, he beguiled the loneliness of the way with poetical compositions, generally suggested by the scenes around him. From these lighter effusions of his muse the following are selected.

THE SPRING JOURNEY [1].

Oh green was the corn as I rode on my way,
And bright were the dews on the blossoms of May,
And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,
And the oak's tender leaf was of emerald and gold.

[1] Several of Mr. Reginald Heber's Hymns, and some of his minor compositions, have been set to music by the Rev. W. H. Havergal, for the benefit of different charitable institutions.

The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,
Their chorus of rapture sung jovial and loud;
From the soft vernal sky, to the soft grassy ground,
There was beauty above me, beneath, and around.

The mild southern breeze brought a shower from the hill,
And yet, though it left me all dropping and chill,
I felt a new pleasure, as onward I sped,
To gaze where the rainbow gleam'd broad over head.

Oh, such be life's journey, and such be our skill,
To lose in its blessings the sense of its ill;
Through sunshine and shower may our progress be even,
And our tears add a charm to the prospect of Heaven!

HAPPINESS.

One morning in the month of May
I wander'd o'er the hill;
Though nature all around was gay,
My heart was heavy still.

Can God, I thought, the good, the great,
These meaner creatures bless,
And yet deny our human state
The boon of happiness?

Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,
Ye blessed birds around,
Where, in creation's wild domains,
Can perfect bliss be found?

The birds wild caroll'd over head,
The breeze around me blew,
And nature's awful chorus said,
No bliss for man she knew!

I question'd love, whose early ray
So heav'nly bright appears;
And love, in answer, seem'd to say,
His light was dimm'd by tears.

I question'd friendship,—friendship mourn'd,
And thus her answer gave:
The friends whom fortune had not turn'd
Were vanished in the grave!

I ask'd of feeling,—if her skill
Could heal the wounded breast?
And found her sorrows streaming still,
For others' griefs distrest.

I ask'd if vice could bliss bestow?
Vice boasted loud and well:
But, fading, from her pallid brow
The venom'd roses fell.

I question'd virtue,—virtue sigh'd,
No boon could she dispense;
Nor virtue was her name, she cried,
But humble penitence!

I question'd Death,—the grisly shade
Relax'd his brow severe;
And, " I am happiness," he said,
" If virtue guides thee here!"

Oh for the morning gleam of youth, the half-unfolded flower,
That sparkles in the diamond dew of that serener hour,
What time the broad and level sun shone gaily o'er the sea,
And in the woods the birds awoke to songs of extacy.
The sun, that gilds the middle arch of man's maturer day,
Smites heavy on the pilgrim's head, who plods his dusty way;
The birds are fled to deeper shades—the dewy flowers are dried,
And hope, that with the day was born, before the day has died;
For who can promise to his soul a tranquil eventide?
Yes—though the dew will gleam anew—though from its western sky,
The sun will give as mild a ray as morning could supply—
Though from her tufted thorn again will sing the nightingale,
Yet little will the ear of age enjoy her tender tale;
And night will find us toiling on with joyless travail worn,
For day must pass, and night must come before another morn.

CHAP. XV. 1817.

TO A WELCH AIR.

I mourn not the forest whose verdure is dying;
I mourn not the summer whose beauty is o'er;
I weep for the hopes that for ever are flying;
I sigh for the worth that I slighted before;
And sigh to bethink me how vain is my sighing,
For love, once extinguished, is kindled no more.

The spring may return with his garland of flowers,
And wake to new rapture the bird on the tree;
The summer smile soft through his chrystalline bowers;
The blessings of autumn wave brown o'er the lea;
The rock may be shaken—the dead may awaken,
But the friend of my bosom returns not to me.

CAROL FOR MAY-DAY.

Queen of fresh flowers,
Whom vernal stars obey,
Bring thy warm showers,
Bring thy genial ray.
In nature's greenest livery drest,
Descend on earth's expectant breast,
To earth and Heaven a welcome guest,
Thou merry month of May!

Mark how we meet thee
At dawn of dewy day!
Hark! how we greet thee
With our roundelay!
While all the goodly things that be
In earth, and air, and ample sea,
Are waking up to welcome thee,
Thou merry month of May!

Flocks on the mountains,
And birds upon their spray,
Tree, turf, and fountains,
All hold holyday;

And love, the life of living things,
Love waves his torch, love claps his wings,
And loud and wide thy praises sings,
Thou merry month of May!

To the Lady Isabella King[1].

Hodnet Rectory, May 22, 1817.

"MADAM,

"I am ashamed to think that so long a time has elapsed without my acknowledging the honour which your lady-

[1] The following extract from Mr. Southey's "Colloquies," will explain the nature and objects of the institution to which this letter refers:

"*Sir Thomas More.* * * * * Methinks it should make a living heart ache to think, whenever this land of credit is shaken by a commercial earthquake, how many a goodly fabric of happiness is laid in ruins; and to know how many women, who have been bred up among all the refinements of affluence, and with the expectation that their fortune was in no danger of any such reverse, are reduced to seek for themselves a scanty and precarious support, by the exercise of those talents which had been cultivated for recreation or for display. * * * * You have no convents, no religious communities in which such persons may be received and sheltered. * * * * * * *

"*Montesinos.*—An experiment of this kind has been undertaken; it remains to be seen whether this generation will have the honour of supporting it, or the disgrace of suffering it to fail. That which is most essential, and which might have seemed most difficult to find, was found; an institutress who devotes her fortunes, her influence, and her life, to this generous purpose; and who, to every other advantage, adds that of rank. Her institution has not the sanction only, but the cordial approbation of persons in the highest rank; but efficient patronage is still wanting; nor is it likely to attain that general attention and consequent support which its general utility deserves. The likeliest chance for its being rendered permanent seems to be from posthumous bounty, if some of those persons, (and there are some in every generation) who bequeath large sums for pious purposes, should perceive that no purpose can be more pious than this.

* * * * * * * *

"*Sir Thomas More.*—There is no endowment, then, for this institution?

"*Montesinos.*—None. It was hoped that from ten to fifteen thousand pounds might have been raised, which would have sufficed for putting it upon a permanent establishment; but though the queen, and the late princess Charlotte, and the other princesses, contributed to the subscription, not 5000*l.* were collected; and the experiment could not have been made, had it not been for the support afforded it by the institutress, Lady Isabella King, and by those members who were able to pay a high rent for their apartments;—the scheme being devised for three classes, differing in point of fortune, but upon an equal footing in education, principles and manners. The wealthier members contribute, by their larger payments, to the support of

CHAP. XV. 1817.

ship has conferred on me, both by your obliging letter and your interesting communication through Mr. Stanley. My engagements have been very numerous, and I am, I fear, at best but a negligent correspondent. I can, however, no longer delay offering you my best thanks for the flattering attention which you have paid to my slight hints for the conduct of an institution which bids fair, if successful, to lay the foundation of many similar societies, to alleviate much distress of the severest nature, and even to become an important feature in the domestic prosperity of the nation. I have read your rules with much attention, and am really unable to suggest any alteration which would, in the present state of the establishment, be advisable. Mr. Stanley suggests that an article in the Quarterly Review might be useful, as making the plan more widely known, and removing the foolish objections to which every new idea is exposed. I am not sure whether, as the little work which you have sent me is unpublished, it will come under the regular cognizance of criticism; but if this difficulty can be got over, I shall have much pleasure in offering my services if no better advocate presents himself, and if your ladyship, on further consideration, approves of the measure.

"I remain, with unfeigned respect for the ability which has

the establishment; the second class pays 50*l.* each per year for their apartments and board; and there is a third class who, having no means of their own, though in other respects peculiarly fitted for such an institution, as well as peculiarly in need of such an asylum, are appointed to official situations, with salaries annexed. A school for female orphans, belonging to the same rank of life, is to be engrafted on the scheme whenever funds shall be obtained for it. No habit is worn; the institution has, necessarily, its regulations, to which all the members are expected to conform, but there is nothing approaching to what, in your days, would have been called a rule. It must be needless to say that no vows are required, nor even an engagement for any term of years. The scheme has succeeded upon trial, insomuch that the Queen, when she visited it, said it was a blessed asylum; and it would be as beneficial as it is practicable, if funds for extending and rendering it permanent were forthcoming."—*Progress and Prospects of Society*, vol. ii. p. 301, &c."

Cornwallis House, near Bristol, was purchased in the year 1821, by the trustees of "the Ladies' Association," as the permanent residence of the members. Lady Isabella King lives among them, presiding over the society, and devoting herself to its welfare and improvement.—Ed.

dictated your plan, and the courageous benevolence which has carried you through its difficulties,

"Madam,

"Your ladyship's obliged humble servant,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To the Rev. J. Oxlee.

Hodnet Rectory, May 22, 1817.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Accept my best thanks for your obliging letter, and the very learned and interesting work[1] which you have sent me. I think myself unfortunate that it had not fallen in my way before my lectures were published, and still more that my reply to the attack made on me in the British Critic, was already struck off before your work reached me. Had I seen the last in time, you are perfectly right in supposing it would have been most useful to me. As it is, I have learnt much from its perusal, and shall be happy to speak of it as it deserves in the preface to the second edition of my lectures, now preparing for the public. There are, I must, in honesty, confess, some points on which I differ from, or perhaps I do not understand you, and on which I may, possibly, when I have more leisure than I now enjoy, trouble you with a few observations. I mean, in particular, that your view of the Trinity may be understood as Tritheistic, an opinion which I am convinced you did not mean to support, but which, as it seems to me, some parts of your statement might be so perverted as to favour. Your arguments, however, for the plurality of the persons are, I think, perfectly satisfactory; and you have the rare merit of having been the first in the present generation of superficial readers, to call the attention of the world to those mines of ancient Hebrew literature, by the cultivation of which, I am con-

[1] On the Trinity.

CHAP. XV. 1817.

vinced, we may best hope to interpret Scripture successfully, and to extend, in God's good time, the light of the Gospel to the nation from which, however now blinded, we ourselves first received it.

"With sincere respect for the learning and talent which have been now made known to me, and in the hope that circumstances may allow us to meet as well as to correspond, I remain,

"Dear, Sir,

"Your's very truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, July 17, 1817.

"* * * Have you been led by your confinement to write any 'consolations of politics,' or has pain the same effect on you which it has on me, to indispose you from any serious employment of the mind? In this part of the world people care very little for Habeas Corpus; but a blow of village policy has just been struck, which has thrown half Shropshire into a ferment. The mining parishes have, several of them, declared, in a legal way, their utter inability to support their poor any longer, and have, consequently, called on the magistrates to rate all the other parishes in the hundred or county, in aid of their levies. In consequence, Hodnet has been ordered by three justices in the neighbourhood of Wellington, to send in a statement of its poor-rates, in order to determine the proportion in which we ought to be assessed for this object. My flock breathe nothing but war and defiance, as might be expected from persons who had murmured most grievously under the necessary burdens of their own parishioners. The law, however, seems to me, though it has never been acted on, I believe, since the time of Elizabeth, in favour of the demand made on us; but there are so many previous difficulties to be got over before any regular assessment can be enforced, that the distressed districts will gain little by their measure. It is, in the first place, not easy

to determine at what precise point a parish becomes unable to support its poor. Then, all the parishes are rated according to valuations of their property, made at different times, and by different surveyors; some almost a hundred years ago, others last year, some at a reduced rate, others at rack rents. All this must be equalized, or any parish or individual may appeal from the charge made on him, on the ground that it is more than his share. On the whole, I fear that the proposed measure will produce abundant harvests to attorneys and surveyors, and a very considerable expence to all parties besides, with but little benefit to the sufferers. If all the parishes called on in aid, would make a tender of some considerable sum as a free gift, and the magistrates would withdraw their order, more effectual good might be obtained; but this, I know very well, is not to be expected. The forges all this time are in a reviving state; but the miners, unfortunately, are not yet benefitted by this circumstance, since at the commencement of their distresses, the iron masters continued to lay in stocks of ore, which the probable consumption of many months to come will not exhaust.

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, July 13, 1817.

" * * * This year has passed with me apparently swifter, and in a more stealthy manner than most others, for lack of what had become a kind of annual mile-post, a mark of progress,—my visit to London. I still feel as if the spring was not over. We should not form habits and unnecessary wants; and, therefore, I ought to be glad that I was prevented from availing myself of the hospitality which you so kindly offered. But it, certainly, was a sacrifice; and I have felt it more, since I found that I might have helped, if not to nurse, at which I am no great proficient, at least to have kept you company on your sofa. Summer is generally an idle time with me, but I am now busy preparing sermons for the university in October term.

CHAP. XV. 1817.

"I have got Mr. Nolan's answer to my reply; it is not a retort courteous, but this I had no particular reason to expect at his hands. Whether I shall write him a formal answer, or content myself with a very short notice of his pamphlet in the preface to the new edition of my lectures, I do not yet know. Something may depend on the degree of circulation which his work appears to obtain, and the degree of credit which is given to it, which my friends in Oxford and London may be able to ascertain for me. If I reply, it will, as you recommend, be very shortly, and with all my disposeable stock of good temper. There is one point, and only one, where I am, at present, inclined to think that, from haste and want of information, I *may* have allowed him to gain an advantage. This I can easily ascertain when I go to the Bodleian, and if I find myself wrong I shall not hesitate to own it.

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"If, however, his pamphlet, as may very probably be the case, has few readers, and those few, persons of little consequence in the religious or literary world: if men, as I suspect, care too little about either of us to enquire which is orthodox, or whether we both are heretics, I shall, I think, do better to pay undivided attention to those progressive studies on which my reputation must eventually depend. In this light I regard myself as peculiarly fortunate in being appointed to preach again at Oxford, since a few popular sermons there, will do more to conciliate favour for my future efforts, and even to make men think well of my past doings, than all the answers which I can offer to charges so personal and offensive, as some of those which Mr. Nolan has brought against me.

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, Sept. 24, 1817.

"I am now reviewing Southey's Brazil [1], where the Jesuit institutions will be interesting to all those who have studied the

[1] History of the Brazils, vol. ii. Quarterly Review, 1817.

congenial plans of Mr. Owen, who, with all the absurdity of his *new religion*, &c., is an enthusiast of no common power. I should have wished to have been able, and to have had sufficient time to make a separate article on him, and to clear from the bran and chaff which make up the greater part of his system, such parts of it as are really valuable and practical, whether for a poor-house or a new colony, the only instances to which any portions of his scheme can apply. * * * Sir Robert Wilson's book I only know through the newspapers. * *

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"There are many good reasons why Russia never can be so dangerous to this country as France was; among which, one very obvious, is the fact that she has never been able to put *great* bodies of troops in motion beyond her own frontiers, without subsidies. The armies with which she subdued Turkey and Poland, were, in every instance, *small*. * * *

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"I am greatly delighted with Chalmers's astronomical discourses. * * * The matter is, in my opinion, so eloquent and admirable, that I should rejoice at few things more than to hear of a good French translation of them being undertaken. They are excellently qualified to do good on the continent, both in a religious view and as a specimen of British talent; and are likely not only to retain all their merits, but to get rid of their principal faults, when strained into a foreign tongue. His 'evidences' I have not yet read. * * *

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"Heneage Legge's appointment had been mentioned to me. I was much surprised at his accepting it, as supposing that it obliged him to give up his profession, in which, I find, I was mistaken. I rejoice in any good fortune which befalls so worthy a man, and hope that this may lead to something better.

"You ask me concerning Mr. Nolan; I am no less surprised than you that he has not yet renewed his attack on me as he promised to do. I cannot suppose that he has abandoned his hostile

CHAP. XV. 1817.

intention; yet, if he delays much longer the appearance of his second letter, his first will be nearly forgotten, no less than the pamphlet which called it forth; but I certainly have no business to hurry him.

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To John Thornton, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, Sept. 24, 1817.

" * * * The poor round us have been all sickly, with a tendency to typhus fever. I feel very grateful that this did not occur four or five months ago, when the workhouse and several of the cottages were crowded like slave-ships. At present, the iron-trade having revived, the greater part of these inmates are returned to their former places of residence, and the population, being neither so condensed nor so miserable as it was, is far less likely to receive or transmit infection.

" When does Inglis return from Boulogne? There is a meagre and unsatisfactory review [1] of the works of his and your friend Bowdler, which, though I believe it may be meant as friendly, does great injustice to his principles, and misrepresents one of his arguments strangely. You have probably seen the article, so I need not repeat what he or they say; but it is plain that they have entirely overlooked the jet of his argument, which is to show, that, as a firm persuasion of certain physical and political truths, as having a tendency to produce corresponding actions, has, in this world, an obvious influence on our happiness; so, in another world, our happiness may depend on the strength and accuracy of our religious persuasions here. To this, it is no answer to say that it is not the *belief*, but the *conduct* which arises from that belief, which, in either case, leads to happiness; the belief is, in both cases, the '*causa sine quâ non*' of the conduct, since no man acts without a motive; and therefore Bowdler's answer is strictly logical, as well as elegant.

[1] Quarterly Review for 1817.

"You ask respecting the subjects of my intended sermons at Oxford; one is on the existence, power, and number of evil spirits, and a practical conclusion on the necessity of Christian watchfulness; a second on the protection afforded through the agency of Heavenly spirits by the Almighty; a third on the gain of a Christian in dying, and a discussion of the various grounds of hope which men have built on against the fear of death; a fourth will be, I believe, on St. Paul's shipwreck, and the advantages of associating with persons of holy character. * * *

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* * I had a visit a short time ago from Hatchard, the bookseller, and Mortlock, the china-dealer, who were going round the country on a benevolent mission from the Society for relieving the manufacturing poor. I was glad to hear from them that the distress, on the whole, was fast diminishing. What is now most wanted is clothing."

To R. W. Hay, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, Sept. 24, 1817.

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"I hope you have got through the autumn in better health than several of my friends. Poor Gifford has, I fear, been dismally ill. What is to become of the Quarterly when he goes? *

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"The Quarterly Review brings Sir R. Wilson into my head, whose book I only know as yet by the extracts in the Times, but which appears, if *they* are a fair sample, to deserve castigation, in an article, which may prove the present inability and, I verily think, indisposition of Russia to the schemes which Sir Robert Wilson imputes to her; and the length of time and many events in the chapter of accidents which may be expected to intervene before she really becomes what Buonaparte's empire was. *

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* * * * And surely it would not be

CHAP. XV. 1817.

a bad piece of work to expose the inconsistency of those who could see no danger from Buonaparte at our doors, while they are so tremblingly alive to the ambitious schemes which may be entertained by Alexander's grandsons [1]. Is there not one respect in which we are rather obliged to the Princess Charlotte's choice of a husband, than to our own wisdom? I mean, that the greatest possible danger which could have arisen to Europe, would have been a conspiracy between France and Russia to divide the world; an event which is now rendered highly improbable by the manner in which Russia has connected herself with the Netherlands and Bavaria.

" To pass from these speculations to matters more befitting my profession, let me hope you have read Chalmers's Sermons. I can at present read little else, so much am I taken with the richness of his matter, in spite of one of the worst styles that ever matter was encumbered with on this side of chaos. I heartily wish that somebody would translate him into French; his arguments would do infinite good to the cause of Christianity on the continent, and his beauties are precisely of the kind which lose nothing by transfusion into another language, and which would be extremely popular abroad. When I go to Oxford next term, I will sound Bertin on the subject. I do not know whether he is an elegant French writer, but he certainly understands English, which not many of his countrymen do well enough to translate from it.

" I do hope we may be able to meet somewhere this year; and though there are few inducements to bring you so far, I should like to show you my new house and goings-on. Surely in these 'piping times of peace,' you are not kept in the midst of your well-mapped apartment so closely, as when the Algerines were to be brought to reason."

[1] Mr. Reginald Heber subsequently undertook himself the task which he here suggested. The article in the Quarterly Review for April, 1818, on " A Sketch of the Military and Political Power of Russia, in 1817," was from his pen.

To the Rev. J. Oxlee.

Hodnet Rectory, October 6, 1817.

" My Dear Sir,

" I received yesterday a letter from Mr. Gifford, who has been for a long time too seriously ill to attend to any business. He informs me that the first sheets of the article on my lectures had been already printed off for the next number, before your offer could be attended to. He begs me to express his regret that he has been deprived of the power of availing himself of your able assistance; and desires me to exert my influence with you to obtain your help on some future occasion. I do not think he is strong in theological labourers, as those who used chiefly to contribute to his review, in this branch of criticism, are now too fully employed in their own pursuits to be able to do so often; and I really conceive that, if any publication should appear which you may think a proper subject for your pen, you may be able in this way both to do much good, and add to your own literary reputation. It is fair to tell you beforehand, that Gifford claims the privilege, and exercises it with very little ceremony, of either rejecting or curtailing the articles sent to him.

" I now come to a much less interesting subject,—I mean Mr. Nolan. I have been a good deal surprised to hear nothing of his second letter, but have certainly no wish to hurry him, or to answer the first till he has entirely finished his plea. My brother tells me the former has been but little known or noticed in London; and my friends, in general, appear to think that unless the second produces more effect, it will not be advisable to answer either. I am to go to Oxford early in term, where I shall be better able to judge, and will lose no time in apprising you of my intentions.

" I am afraid that you are perfectly right in ascribing a less

CHAP. XV. 1817.

degree of Hebrew knowledge to the Fathers than I did in my reply; their pretensions are not of a kind to bear sifting.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Ever truly your's,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, Dec. 13, 1817.

"Thank you very much for your interesting particulars respecting the imperial family, which have enabled me to lay down the law on Russian politics in great style in several places. I had heard before so many facts as to the emperor's piety, that I had been by degrees constrained to think it unaffected, though it certainly did not tally with the general course of his life when I was in Russia.

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"As to the younger Grand Dukes being on fire for military glory, it is so common, I might say, so universal a fever in lads of eighteen or twenty, that we can lay no stress on it. This feeling, however, on their parts, from whatever cause it springs, is, beyond all doubt, an additional reason for wishing long life to Alexander.

"The oriental scholar whose learning and modesty I praised, is a Mr. Lee of Cambridge, who, from the situation of a journeyman carpenter in Shropshire, has, by his own application and talent, and, in some small measure, by the patronage of Archdeacon Corbet, raised himself to a great degree of deserved celebrity. His discovery relative to the Coptic is, that that language is radically the same with the Malayan.

"Believe me your obliged friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

[1] Arabic professor in Cambridge.—ED.

To E. D. Davenport, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, March 23, 1818.

"My Dear Davenport,

"Your offer to receive into your house such unwelcome guests as a family flying from contagion, is perfectly like yourself, and calls for our best thanks. The fear of a typhus fever, fortunately, is gone by; but we should have been still happy to accept your kind invitation, had not the Killmoreys already taken off our hands the friends whom we hoped you would have met here, and engaged us to meet them. Our house is still a sickly one, though, in point of direct 'contumace,' we have a 'clean bill.' The housekeeper, who was the first attacked, is still hardly able to speak or stir from the effects of quinsey. * * * * The apothecary, at least, has derived from hence no small advantage; and the housekeeper is so well drenched with old port, that she has no great inducement to recover her health speedily. I am encouraged, however, to hope that she will be quite well enough before next Monday to cook for yourself, Wilmot, and the Dean of St. Asaph, who will then come to us, and whom I should like you much to meet. Emily, though a little flurried by what has passed in the house, is going on as well as can be desired. I am to take her to Chester the second or third week in April, and we have written to engage a house there. Our parsonage, during our absence, is to be painted and smartened up, so as to make a favourable first impression on the little stranger whom we hope to bring back with us."

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To ———.

"Your last letter awakened so very blended sensations, and I so much distrusted my powers of comforting, that I deferred writing purposely, till I had reason to believe my letter would not

CHAP. XV. 1818

rather wound than soothe you. Trust me, I have greatly lamented the severe trial to which both yourself and ——— have been exposed, though the manly tenderness and firmness of your letters were sufficient to prove that you are both fully equal to sustain your share of the sorrows to which, in different ways, we all must be liable, and which, I fully believe, and it is a belief without which I could not be happy, are as truly designed for our improvement and advantage, as the physic we give to a sick man.

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"That your little group of treasures may be long so preserved to your still increasing happiness, is my earnest and constant hope. For the poor little one whom you have lost, as she herself has greatly gained by leaving the world, it is needless to suggest any comfort.

"Believe me, my dear friend,

"Very truly your's,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Chester, July 31, 1818.

"During the few days I was in Shropshire, I heard a good deal of two New Zealand warriors, who have been brought over by a missionary society, and are staying with a clergyman in Shropshire. I was amused with one story which I was told of the youngest. Some roasted rabbits were at table which he supposed to be cats. On being asked whether New Zealanders eat cats, he answered 'New Zealander eatee hog, him eatee dog, him eatee rat, him eatee creeper,' (biting his own arm like a dog in search of a flea) 'him eatee warrior and old woman, but him no eatee puss!' Yet this eater of warriors and old women is said to

be very docile to his spiritual pastors, and to have made no contemptible progress in whatever they have taught him."

To John Thornton, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, September 8, 1818.

" * * We left Chester five weeks since, heartily tired with our sojourn there, though, I hope, with feelings of sincere thankfulness for the blessing which we had received. I believe I wrote you word that our little Barbara was, in the first instance, a very healthy child; during the hot weather, however, of the latter end of July, she had so violent an illness as to leave, for some days, hardly the most remote hope of her life. Thank God! she wrestled through it surprizingly, but it left her a skeleton;—since that time her progress has been very rapid, and as favourable as we could hope or desire, and she is really now such a baby as parents exult to show.

" The harvest here, as elsewhere, has been a blessed one, not indeed in the weight of the crops, which have been, uniformly, through this county, light; but in the goodness of the grain, and the condition in which all, or nearly all, the winter corn has been got in.

" Has your attention ever been recalled to the subject which we discussed when we last met?—a union between the two Church Missionary societies. * * * * *

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" I have never lived very much with men of my own profession, but I have seen more of them during my stay in Chester than has usually happened to me, and I found reason to believe that many clergymen would give their zealous assistance

CHAP. XV. 1818.

to a united body, who now hang back for fear of committing themselves, &c. &c. But one of my strongest reasons for desiring such a union is, that it would prevent that hateful spirit of party (which, at present, unhappily divides, and will, I fear, continue to divide the Church) from operating, as it now does, to the prejudice of that common object which both sides profess to have in view,—the conversion of the heathen."

To the Bishop of ———.

Hodnet Rectory, Oct. 12, 1818.

"My Lord,

"May I hope your Lordship will pardon the liberty thus taken by a stranger, who would not have ventured to trespass on your valuable time, if it were not on a subject which he conceives important to the peace of the Church and the propagation of the Gospel among the heathen.

"Of the two societies established for that purpose in our Church, I have been induced to join that which is peculiarly sanctioned by your Lordship's name, as, apparently, most active, and as employing with more wisdom than the elder corporation, those powerful means of obtaining popular support, which ignorance only can depreciate or condemn. It is but justice to say that I have seen nothing which leads me to repent of this choice. But why, my Lord, (may I be permitted to ask) should there be two societies for the same precise object? Would it not be possible and advantageous to unite them both into one great body, under the same rules and the same administration, which might embrace all the different departments in which zeal for the missionary cause may be advantageous? In other words; since the charter of the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, forbids their joining us, why might not we, as a body, make an offer to transfer our subscriptions, our funds, and our missionary establishments to them, on such conditions as might secure our missions from neglect, and our money from misapplication, sup-

posing such neglect or misapplication to be likely or possible? The advantages of such a union would, I humbly conceive, be great. It might go very far towards healing the breach which unhappily exists in our establishment. It would be the most efficacious answer which could be given to those imputations of a party and sectarian spirit, which, either from prejudice or misinformation, have been brought against the Church Missionary Society; and I apprehend that the efforts of Churchmen in one accordant society, would be more efficacious in the good cause, than, under present circumstances, they are likely to be.

"It must, doubtless, have occurred to your Lordship, that supposing the two societies to proceed, as I could wish them to do, with mutual good will, yet still, two societies under separate management, may often be expected to clash in their plans of doing good. Missionaries may be sent so as to interfere with each other's labours; or, for fear of such interference, advantageous openings may be neglected; nor is it possible, I conceive, for so much good to be done separately as might be effected in one regular and systematic course of proceeding. But if, as there is too much reason to apprehend, the spirit of rivalry should be excited between them, it is plain how surely that will conduct the advocates of each to a depreciation of the zeal, or orthodoxy, or success of the other; how hardly we shall be tempted to judge of each other's motives; and how unedifying a spectacle may be presented to the laity and the heathen, of missionaries contesting the validity of each other's appointments; preachers extolled or censured according to the societies which they have joined; subscriptions canvassed for by one side from a fear lest the other should obtain them; and another bone of contention added to the many which at present disturb the private repose, or lessen the public utility of clergymen.

"I know it has been thought that such rivalry is of service to the common cause of religion, by bringing forward, on one side or the other, those contributors, who, though with little genuine

CHAP. XV. 1818.

zeal for Christianity, are yet induced, 'out of envy and strife,' to be forward in its service. But surely, no additional stimulus of this kind is necessary, beyond that which may be obtained by setting before the public eye the great exertions of dissenting missionaries, and the danger which exists lest India and Polynesia, as well as the Cape of Good Hope, be abandoned, by our supineness, to those whom we affect to despise as ignorant enthusiasts. But, on the other hand, I need not remind your Lordship, that, though God may turn the perverseness of men to His praise, it is no less our duty to avoid whatever has a tendency to cause sin, either in ourselves or others; and that the evils of faction are such as greatly to counterbalance the incidental good which may arise from it. Surely, then, we are bound, both in prudence and charity, to remove, if possible, whatever has, however unjustly, given offence; and, at least, to make the offer of marching in the same ranks and adopting the same insignia with those who, though engaged in the same cause, will hardly, without these preliminaries, admit us to the name of allies.

"It would ill become me to conceal from your Lordship the objections which have been urged against my project. They are such, however, as I cannot think invincible.

"1st. It has been said that 'by merging our own society in that for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, we should give up to them all the credit of our exertions during the many years in which they were comparatively inactive, and that many of our supporters would be thus induced to withdraw.'—But for this apprehended loss of renown, a remedy will, I conceive, present itself in the necessary publicity of the measure which I recommend, and in the *eclat* which attends every sacrifice of individual feeling or vanity to a cause so glorious as that in which we are engaged. The simplest statement of the missions which we have formed, and the sums which we have raised, will be sufficient to procure us our due share of earthly glory. But, I confess, I have little patience with objectors, so apparently actuated by human

motives in the aid which they have furnished to the cause of Christianity, and cannot conceive their number to be very great in a society formed like our's.

" 2dly. It has been said that 'many of our zealous supporters have no confidence in the zeal or judgement of those persons who conduct the affairs of the elder corporation, and would, therefore, not consent to the transfer of their subscriptions to such hands.' What precise ground there may be for such an objection I cannot say. I have endeavoured to provide against such a want of confidence in the scheme which I shall have the honour to state to your Lordship. In general it may be observed that nothing is so likely to raise the character of the old institution as a fresh infusion of zeal by the accession of our friends; and that, by our activity and numbers, we may hope, in case of a union, to obtain a very decided influence in the administration of the joint establishment. But, so far as my own enquiries have extended, I can assure your Lordship that I have not been able to discover this supposed indisposition to union on the part of our members. I communicated my scheme to many clergymen whom I recently met at the meeting of our Auxiliary Society at Shrewsbury, and found them so far from expressing any repugnance to the measure, that it is by their approbation that I have been chiefly encouraged to address these suggestions to your Lordship; nor can I doubt that, if they should be so fortunate as to obtain in your Lordship a patron and advocate, your name and talents would reconcile many to their adoption, who would have hardly given them a moment's consideration, as the plan of so obscure an individual as myself.

" 3dly. I have been told that 'our society cannot lawfully commit the management of the legacies and benefactions entrusted to their care to any other public body.'

" I conceive this to be a mistake, and that the governors of our society may, with the consent of the majority of its members, apply its funds in any manner which may tend to the furtherance of the object for which those funds were destined. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel have placed £5000 at the disposal

CHAP. XV. 1818.

of the Bishop of Calcutta[1]. Why, if they can do this, may not we lawfully place any sum of which we are in possession at the disposal of that society? But, lastly, it is said, that 'even if such a union were proposed on our part to the society in question, they would not accede to it.' Be it so. Yet, if the offer is made by us, and refused by them, I need not point out to your Lordship how completely we shall thus have placed ourselves in the right, and them in the wrong; how evidently we shall have proved that we neither desire separation, nor court any invidious distinction; and that whatever opposition the party might make to our society, was merely personal and factious. But I would willingly hope, that men, who are always inculcating the benefits of Church union, of a common treasury for our alms, a common direction for our benevolent exertions, would not be sorry to receive so decided a pledge of our seeking only the same objects with themselves; and that the magnitude of the aid which we should be able to tender, would overpower, in the minds of the great and honest majority, the clamours which might be raised by a few suspicious and ill-tempered individuals. And I cannot but conceive the present time peculiarly favourable for such an offer, when, if I am correctly informed, your Lordship is actually engaged, together with other prelates, in the digestion of a plan for extending the power, and reviving the activity of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. With these feelings, I venture to submit, with much real diffidence, the accompanying plan to your Lordship's consideration, requesting that, if it meets with your approbation, you will be pleased to appear as the advocate of a scheme which, coming from you, must, I think, command the attention of both societies. If, by my pen, or any other means, your Lordship thinks I may be useful in carrying it into effect, I need hardly add, that it will be my pride and pleasure to obey your orders.

"I have now only to renew my request of your Lordship's indulgence for the imperfections of my scheme, and the liberty which I have taken in addressing you; a liberty, however, which

[1] The Right Reverend Thomas F. Middleton, D.D.

has been prompted by my high respect for your character, as well as the importance of the subject on which I have written.

"I am sensible how little weight my name can add to any argument which I have been able to offer; and should, perhaps, have preferred addressing you in an anonymous form, if it were not that I dislike unnecessary concealment of every kind, and that I trust I may, at least, guard my proposal from the suspicion of improper motives, or intentional disrespect, when I sign myself,

"My Lord,

"Your Lordship's obedient humble servant,

"REGINALD HEBER."

"It is respectfully suggested to the members of the Church Missionary Society, that it is expedient that the said society should make the offer of uniting themselves with the Incorporated Society for Propagating Christianity in Foreign Parts, on the following conditions:

"1st. That the Society for Propagating the Gospel do admit as members all those who are now members of the Church Missionary Society, either on the presumption of their being churchmen, which the fact of their belonging to such a society warrants; or, if a further guarantee be thought necessary in the case of the lay-members, on the recommendation of some of the clerical members of the said Society for Church Missions.

"2dly. That, in consideration of the increase of numbers, one joint-treasurer and *three additional* secretaries be appointed by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; and that the same gentlemen who now hold those offices in the Church Missionary Society, be requested to accept of the treasurership and two of the said secretaryships.

"3dly. That District Societies, either county, diocesan, or archidiaconal, be instituted, with powers to recommend new members; to raise and receive subscriptions; appoint clergymen to

CHAP. XV. 1818.

preach for the society, &c., on the plan now adopted by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

"4thly. That all the missionaries, schoolmasters, &c. now employed by the Church Missionary Society, shall be immediately taken into the employ of the Society for Propagating the Gospel, and not dismissed unless in case of bad behaviour, but treated, in all respects, in the same manner with those which the last-named society at present supports.

"5thly. That, these conditions being agreed to, the Church Missionary Society will transfer to the Society for Propagating the Gospel their subscriptions, their stock, the services of their missionaries, their experience and local knowledge, and zealously co-operate with them in the support of their society, and the orthodox and orderly furtherance of their benevolent and Christian views."

To E. D. Davenport, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, Nov. 27, 1818.

"My Dear Davenport,

"* * * * I have myself been at home entirely, with the exception of a week's visit to Oxford, where I found sundry contemporaries grown bald and grave, and met sundry children of my friends in the country shot up into dashing young men. That same place always presents a curious gerometer to people who have long since ceased to be resident; but I do not know that I ever felt it so much before. In some respects, it is whimsically altered from what I remember it, though, of course, the whole outward show proceeds with less visible alteration than the library of Goëthe's grandfather, described in his Memoirs, where every thing was so old, and in such good order, that it seemed as if time had stood still, or as if the watch of society had been put back for a century. But in Oxford, notwithstanding this outward monotony, there are certain changes which an observer less keen than yourself would not fail to discover.

"First, when we remember Christ Church, it was an absolute monarchy of the most ultra-oriental character; whereas the reigning dean[1] is as little attended to, to all appearance, as the peishwah of the Mahrattas; the whole government resting on an oligarchy of tutor, under whom, I think, the college flourishes, at least as much as under the cloud-compelling wig of the venerable Cyril. My own old college is less altered in this respect; but the tutors there, as elsewhere in the university, are so different a race from the former stock, as to occasion a very ludicrous comparison. The old boys never stirred from home; these pass their whole vacations on the continent, are geologists, system-mongers, and I know not what. It is possible that, when we were lads, we rather underrated the generality of those set over us; but I cannot help thinking that this race of beings is, on the whole, considerably amended.

"Of the young men, I do not know that I can say much. The general story is, that they were never so diligent and so orderly as at present; all which is put down to the account of the system of examination. There is really, I think, much less lounging than formerly, which is produced, of course, by the greater frequency and regularity of lectures; but hunting seems practised to a degree considerably beyond our times; and so far as I can learn, in general they worship the same divinities who are enumerated in the Herodotan account of the university.

Διονυσον και Αρτεμιδα και Αφροδιτην, ἐνιοι δε φασι ὁτι και τον Ἑρμην.

"If Bacchus is somewhat less honoured, (of which, from certain sounds which reached my ears during a nightly walk, I have some doubt,) the general change of manners, in this respect, has probably had as much efficacy as any strictness of discipline.

"You will be glad to hear a good account of my wife and baby, though the latter is beginning the tedious and painful pro-

[1] The late Very Reverend C. H. Hall, afterwards Dean of Durham.

CHAP. XV. 1818.

cess of *cutting teeth*, as nurses say, though, judging from appearances, the best expression is *being cut* by them. Emily has been a good deal grieved and agitated by the death of Lady Killmorey, who is a most serious loss to all her friends and relations. I never knew any body, not the mother of a family, who is likely to be so much missed.

To John Thornton, Esq.

December 25, 1818.

"God has been pleased to afflict us in the point where we were most sensible of affliction, and least prepared to expect it, in the death of our little daughter, which took place yesterday morning, after a severe illness of several days, and one night passed in strong convulsions. She had been not perfectly well for the last month, which was attributed to her teeth coming; but I now apprehend that water had been forming in her head during that time; this was the cause of her death. Emily has borne her loss with as much tranquillity as I could expect; she has received the Sacrament from my hands this morning, and is, I believe, fully resigned, and sensible of God's abundant mercy, even when His afflictions fall heaviest. I am myself more cut down than I thought I should, but I hope not impatient; though I cannot help thinking that whatever other children I may be blessed with, I shall never love any like this little one, given me after so many years' expectation, and who promised in personal advantages and intelligence to be even more than a parent ordinarily hopes for. But I do not forget that to have possessed her at all, and to have enjoyed the pleasure of looking at her and caressing her for six months, was God's free gift, and still less do I forget that He who has taken her will, at length, I hope, restore her to us. God bless you in your wife and children, my dear Thornton, as well as with all other mercies, is the sincere prayer of

"Your affectionate friend,

"Reginald Heber."

CHAPTER XVI.

Lines by Dr. Turner—Fragment of a poem on the same subject with Montgomery's "World before the Flood"—Bristed's "America"—"The outward-bound Ship" "The Ground Swell"—Lines to C. H. Townshend "On Hope"—Ordination sermon—Letter to the editor of the Christian Remembrancer.

THE afflicting event mentioned in the last letter, happened at Catton, in Staffordshire, the seat of the late Eusebius Horton, Esq. The following prayer written after his return home, on the 9th of January, in the ensuing year, appears among Mr. Reginald Heber's memoranda. "*Miserere nostrûm, Deus! Lugentis orbæque matris audi preces; tuique (quod omnium est optimum) da Spiritûs solatium per Jesum Christum, Dominum nostrum. Amen.*"

The loss of their only child was long and severely felt by her parents; her father could never think of or name her without tears; and his private devotions generally concluded with an earnest prayer that he might, at his last hour, be found worthy to rejoin his sinless child. And who shall doubt that his prayer has been accepted!

In the hymn commencing "Thou art gone to the grave," may be traced the feelings which this bereavement occasioned [1].

[1] Soon after the editor's return from India, the following stanzas were given her by a friend, who only knew that they were written by a clergyman in Cheshire. It is a satisfaction to her to have learnt, that these lines, so expressive of the feeling with which their author heard of the loss the Eastern Church had sustained, were written by Dr. Turner, who has himself been

CHAP. XVI. 1819.

About this time Mr. Reginald Heber dismissed one of his servants for drunkenness, after many trials and broken promises of amendment. In his diary on this occasion the following passage occurs: "*O qui me aliorum judicem peccatorum et vindicem fecisti Deus, miserere mei peccatoris, et libera me ab omni peccato per Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.*"

To the Lady Isabella King.

Hodnet Rectory, March 17, 1819.

"DEAR MADAM,

"Owing to my absence from home I did not receive the honour of your Ladyship's former letter till some days after its arrival at Hodnet, and I felt so much vexed at the delay which had taken place in the fulfilment of my engagement (though I can assure you that this delay has chiefly arisen from causes over which I had no controul), that I determined not to answer it till I should have sent off to Mr. Gifford an article on the subject of the Bailbrook House establishment. At this I had, in fact, been working, as fast as my few leisure hours allowed me, when I received your last letter announcing that Mr. Southey had undertaken it. I will not dissemble the pleasure which this circumstance has given me, because I am quite convinced, without any mock modesty on my part, that he is precisely the writer in the world best qualified to do justice to the subject, and to recommend (both by his eloquence and his sense of the political importance of

called to the same scene of Christian labour; with a similar spirit of self-devotion, and a similar readiness to labour in the service of his Lord.

Thou art gone to the grave! and while nations bemoan thee
Who drank from thy lips the glad tidings of peace;
Yet grateful, they still in their heart shall enthrone thee,
And ne'er shall thy name from their memory cease.

Thou art gone to the grave! but thy work shall not perish,
That work which the Spirit of wisdom hath blest;
His might shall support it, His mercy shall cherish,
His love make it prosper, tho' thou art at rest.

the subject) the institution to the world. I will also confess, that, though I can assure you I have often, very often, attempted to embody my ideas into such a form as might be fit for a review, I have felt so much difficulty in the task, that I am not sorry to be released from it. I believe this difficulty arose from the obvious utility of the establishment itself, which gave me no objections to *combat*, and from the good sense and propriety of the rules which your Ladyship has framed, which really left me no objections to *make*. I endeavoured to supply the want of these, the most usual materials for a critic's task, by entering into a history of the different establishments on the continent, destined in like manner to the support and comfort of females of the higher class; but here, unfortunately, I found much difficulty in obtaining information. In short, I have been twenty times over on the point of writing to your Ladyship, to give up my engagement, had not my real anxiety to promote so good a cause rendered me very unwilling to do so. I shall write by this day's post to Mr. Gifford, who, as he expects an article from me on the subject, would, possibly, have been otherwise surprised at receiving one from Mr. Southey [1]. For myself I have only to thank you most sincerely for the patience which you have shown to an ally so tardy and useless as I am, and beg you to believe me,

" Dear Madam,

" Your Ladyship's obliged humble servant,

" REGINALD HEBER."

To the Rev. T. E. S. Hornby.

Hodnet Rectory, May 17, 1819.

" MY DEAR HORNBY,

" I can assure you that I have often regretted the long cessation of a correspondence, which used to be most agreeable to me, and the more so because I have had reason to apprehend

[1] The article here alluded to is on " British Monachism," in the Quarterly Review for 1819.

CHAP. XVI. 1819.

that I was myself the defaulter in it. The truth is, I have been for several years back pretty regularly and closely employed, and have found every year less and less time to bestow on any occupation, except those which habit or professional duty render necessary to me. And thus it has happened that the letters which I have written to my friends have become shorter and fewer, till I grew ashamed to remind those who had reason to think I had neglected them, that there was such a person as Reginald Heber.

"From Wilmot, with whom, of our old friends, I have been able to keep up most intercourse, and from your brother George, whom I have had frequently the pleasure of meeting at Oxford, I have heard, from time to time, of your cheerful and exemplary resignation under continued indisposition, and (which your letter confirms) that you occasionally amused yourself with poetry, though they did not tell me that you had any thoughts of publication. To *my* criticism *you* have a very good right, since I shall always remember with pleasure your frankness and good-nature, as well as your good taste, when I used to bring the foul copy of Palestine to read to you in your dark cell at Brazen Nose, in those days when the meaning of the words head-ache and heart-ache was almost equally unknown to either of us. You may depend, therefore, on my reading any poem of yours with attention and interest, and on my giving you an honest opinion on it. I only wish my judgement may be as good as my will, and that it may not be even less to be depended on, than it formerly was in questions of taste, since my habitual studies have now, for a long time, taken a very different direction from poetry. Since my Bampton lectures, I have been occupied in collecting materials for a huge dictionary of the Bible, on the plan of Calmet, and, besides this '*piece de resistance*,' have had frequent sermons to prepare for Oxford, where I am one of the select preachers. Except a few hymns, I have for a long time written no verses. I had projected at an earlier period of my career as a student in divinity, a sort of epic poem on the subject of Arthur; and have, once since, meditated a something, I know not how to call it, on the same subject

FORMATION OF A DIOCESAN COMMITTEE OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN CALCUTTA [1].

The Bishop of Calcutta preached for the Society, at the Cathedral, on Advent Sunday, the 27th of November, preparatory to the formation of a Diocesan Committee. We extract the following official report of the proceedings on this occasion :—

"On the day following, the 28th of November, a very numerous and highly respectable assembly met at his Lordship's house at two o'clock, for the purpose of forming a committee in aid of the venerable Society which had been thus ably introduced to the public notice, and with especial reference to Bishop's Mission College.

"The Bishop having taken the chair,

"The Honourable the Chief Justice moved the thanks of the meeting to the Lord Bishop for his sermon preached yesterday, and their request that he would allow it to be printed.

"The Bishop returned thanks, and entered upon the business of the meeting by enlarging on the great importance of the propagation of the Gospel in India, and the spirit of united zeal and prudence so manifestly necessary in this cause, which has uniformly characterized the exertions of the Church of England, in the various societies connected with her, instanced in their conduct towards those who have offered themselves for baptism. He then adverted to the objects immediately before them, the past history and future prospects of Bishop's College, with the preseent state of its beautiful but unfinished Gothic buildings; and concluded by announcing the expected transfer to this committee of the diocesan schools, now under the Committee of the venerable sister Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; a transfer contemplated by their founder and that of the College,

[1] See page 341.

APPENDIX.

his lamented predecessor, Bishop Middleton, who had, in this hope, kept the school-fund distinct from the other funds of that Committee, and no less expected by the leading members of both Societies in England, to whom, indeed, it had been already proposed by the Bishop of Chester.

" The following resolutions were then moved and carried unanimously:—

" I.—That the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts having, for more than a century, been zealously and successfully engaged in promoting the diffusion and maintenance of Christianity in the colonies of Great Britain, and having now extended its pious labours to the British possessions in the East Indies, under the superintendance of the Bishop of the diocese, and with the sanction of all the public authorities both in England and India, deservedly claims the cordial support of all sincere Christians.

" On this resolution being put, the Bishop, explaining the term ' sanction' of government, as applied to the government of British India, stated, that it was by no means intended to imply any influence of government, as such, in the promotion of their objects; but that sanction which they are ready to bestow on every benevolent institution, displayed in various instances, particularly in a grant of land for the College, and also by the active co-operation of many distinguished members of Government, in their private and individual capacity.

" II.—That this meeting, being impressed with a high sense of the principles and proceedings of the Society, is further persuaded that Bishop's Mission College, founded by the Society, near Calcutta, presents a safe and practicable method of propagating the Gospel among the natives of this country by the general diffusion of knowledge; the superintendance and publication of religious tracts, of the Liturgy, and versions of Scripture; and the education of persons qualified to act as preachers of the Gospel and schoolmasters.

" III.—That a committee be now formed for the furtherance of these important and benevolent objects, within this archdeaconry, under the immediate sanction of the Lord Bishop of Calcutta, to be called ' The

Calcutta Diocesan Committee of the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts,' and that the following be adopted for the general rules of the Committee:—

" 1.—That the objects of this Committee be the furtherance, in India, of the designs of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and more particularly to promote, by such means as are in their power, under the direction of the Bishop of the diocese, the establishment and support of the Society's missions and schools within the limits of this archdeaconry; the maintenance and education, in Bishop's Mission College, of proper persons to conduct the same; and the supply to the College and to the Incorporated Society of whatever information they may obtain as to the means and opportunities for missionary exertions in this part of India.

" 2.—That the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Calcutta be President, the Venerable the Archdeacon of Calcutta and the Reverend the Principal of Bishop's College Vice-Presidents, and the Treasurer of the Bank of Bengal Treasurer of this Committee.

" 3.—That all contributors to the objects and designs of the Society in this country, to the amount of one hundred and fifty rupees, and all annual subscribers to the amount of one gold mohur, be members of the Committee; but that benefactions and subscriptions to any amount be thankfully received.

" 4.—That the Reverend Thomas Robinson be appointed Secretary of this Committee.

" 5.—That the business of this Committee be conducted by quarterly meetings, open to all members, of whom three, besides the President or Vice-Presidents, shall be a quorum; to be held at the Bishop's house, on the first Monday in March, June, September, and December; and that the annual accounts of the Committee be audited at the quarterly meeting in December, from which date annual subscriptions shall be due in every year.

" 6.—That a special meeting of the Committee may be called, at any time, on due notice by the Secretary, in communication with the President or one of the Vice-Presidents; but that no business be transacted, unless three members be present besides the President or one of the Vice-Presidents.

" 7.—That, with reference to the unfinished state of Bishop's College, and regarding that institution as the source whence this and the other presidencies of India are to expect men duly qualified to communicate instruc-

APPENDIX.

tion to the natives of this country, the whole of the sums now collected, and the amount of the first year's subscriptions, after the necessary and incidental expences of this Committee shall be paid, be remitted to Bishop's College; reserving, however, a discretion to this Committee to dispose of any subscriptions or donations hereafter entrusted to them, in such manner as may seem to them expedient, in conformity to the first standing rule of this Committee, and to the regulations and practice of the Incorporated Society.

" 8.—That these be considered as the standing rules and orders of the Committee, and that none of them be repealed, suspended, or altered, except at the general meeting of the Committee, at which the President or one of the Vice-Presidents, and at least five other members, shall be present, and of which fourteen days' notice shall be given to all the members of the Presidency, and that intimation of the repeal, alterations, or suspension, be immediately notified to the President, if he be not present.

" IV.—That these resolutions and rules, together with a memoir of Bishop's Mission College, be printed, and copies of them forwarded to the Incorporated Society in London, to the Archdeacons of Madras, Bombay, Colombo, and Sidney, and to the chief civil and military officers at the several stations under this Presidency.

" V.—That books be opened at the different banks in Calcutta for subscriptions; and that the result of this meeting, and the report of sums collected, be sent to the several newspapers for publication.

" VI.—That the next meeting be held on the first Monday in March, 1826.

" On the motion of Sir John Franks, seconded by Mr. Pottle, resolved unanimously,

" VII.—That the cordial thanks of this meeting be offered to the Lord Bishop for having brought forward and ably conducted the business of the day, and for his exertions on all occasions for the cause of humanity and of the Christian religion.

" The Bishop having returned thanks, the meeting adjourned.

" The contributions on the occasion amounted to 8510 rupees in donations, and 1799 in annual subscriptions." APPENDIX.

PETITION FROM THE MISSION AT CUDDALORE [1].

To the Right Reverend Father in God Reginald Lord Bishop of Calcutta.

Cuddalore, March 17, 1826.

" My Lord,

" Praising Almighty God for having sent your Lordship safe to this place, and congratulating ourselves upon the happiness of seeing the head of the Indian Church among us, I most humbly beg leave to embrace this opportunity to lay before your Lordship the state of this little branch of our Mission Establishment, and present a petition in behalf of the same.

" The mission at Cuddalore was founded about the year 1736, by the Rev. Mr. Schultze. It flourished with various success, and comprehended at seasons upwards of three hundred souls ; in which number, probably, also half-caste and Portuguese were included. When Mr. Holtzberg took charge of it in the year 1804, the number of native Christians was only fifty-three souls, besides children ; I found it rather fall short of this number, when on my arrival last year I caused the members of the congregation to be numbered. The servants belonging to the mission are one native catechist, and one native schoolmaster.

" The number of children in the native school is about twenty ; the school-house being a very small one, and hardly able to hold more.

" A charity school for about fifty soldiers' children, supported by a private fund raised by subscription, and patronized by the commanding-officer, is under the superintendance of the missionary at this station.

" The buildings belonging to our mission are, the Church, and two mission-houses, of which, that which is next to the Church is inhabited by the missionary ; the other is inhabited by the widow of the late missionary and acting chaplain, Mr. Holtzberg. Both houses are large and convenient,

[1] See page 409.

APPENDIX.

with fine gardens, but they are upwards of seventy years old, and rather in want of repairs.

" The revenues of the mission arise from three Paddy-fields, near Cuddalore, which yield an annual rent of 108 rupees, which, however, is not sufficient, the annual current expences being 240 rupees. A village called Padrecottagam, near Portonovo, belongs to this mission. The revenue arising out of this possession would be more than sufficient to maintain the mission; but on account of arrears due to government, it was sequestered some years ago by the collector, so the mission does not derive any advantage from it for the present. The Madras District Committee and the missionaries have it under contemplation, either to sell it, if it could be done with some advantage; or pay off the arrears, and carry on the cultivation on account of the mission.

" The mission is for the present without debts; but in order to ensure it, for the future, a revenue adequate to its expenditure, and enable the missionary gradually to enlarge the establishment, build a new school, keep the mission-houses in repair, &c., I thought it advisable to employ 973 rupees received as donations from friends on the continent, by the Reverend Dr. Knappin Halle, in erecting a house to be let out for the benefit of the mission. This house is now building in Fort St. David, where a piece of ground on a very eligible spot has been obtained from government.

" But an object, to which I most humbly beg leave, in particular, to call your Lordship's attention, is our Mission Church.

" This Church was built not very long after the mission was established, but thoroughly repaired, and considerable improvements added in the year 1795, by subscription. Since that time no particular repairs seem to have taken place; and its present outward appearance bears ample testimony to the unchecked depredations which time has committed upon it. The walls enclosing the Church-yard are in a ruinous state, and the gates destroyed. The Church itself requires different repairs. The whole could not be done for less than 150 or 200 pagodas, which far exceeds our present means. Formerly the missionaries at this station were, generally, acting chaplains. They do not appear to have received any allowance from government, in order to keep the Church in repair, and I do not know whether they had any collections made in the Church for the purpose. At present, the Church has been given up to the use of the military chaplain. Some gentlemen here have been of opinion, that this circumstance, joined to the poverty of the mission, might make an appeal to public aid excusable. If

it should appear to your Lordship as a reason sufficient to justify a call upon the public charity to contribute towards the defraying the expences of the present repairs, I would most humbly ask the favour, that your Lordship would be pleased to grant permission, that a subscription for the use of the Church might be made among the residents at this station; and, as the Church is mission property, that the missionary might be permitted to have the sole management of the money thus collected, on circulating afterwards among the donors an account of its appropriation.

" The repairs, if the fund obtained admitted of it, were not only to be circumscribed to the most necessary things, but also to extend to the inward improvement of the Church, of which part a better and larger accommodation for the English congregation (which might be effected by changing the situation of the pews, and increasing their number,) has by many been considered a very desirable object.

" Recommending this most humble petition to your Lordship's favourable consideration, with my own and family's most sincere prayers, that it may please God to prosper your Lordship through His choicest blessings.

" I have the honour to be,

" My Lord,

" Your Lordship's most humble obedient servant,

" D. ROSEN.

" Missionary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge."

STATE OF THE DANISH MISSION AT TRANQUEBAR [1].

To the Right Reverend Father in God Reginald Lord Bishop of Calcutta.

Tranquebar, Feb. 8, 1826.

" May it please your Lordship,

* * * * * *

" This mission was, for upwards of a century, in a most flourishing state, and had from five to seven missionaries to conduct its concerns, who stood under the Mission College in Copenhagen, and were allowed, without

[1] See page 436.

APPENDIX.

the interference of the local government, to carry on its affairs in the way which long experience had taught them to be the best. They went about in the Tanjore country especially to spread the Gospel, and by degrees established twelve congregations, besides the two in this territory. In their schools here they had between four and five hundred, the most promising of whom were educated for country priests, catechists, or schoolmasters; and from their press went forth thousands of books to enlighten the benighted nations.

" But since about thirteen years, the number of missionaries has been reduced to only two, (the Rev. Dr. Caemmerer and myself;) and as the former has, besides, to perform Divine Service every fortnight in the Danish Church, that congregation having been left for more than twenty-two years without a clergyman, we are obliged to leave the performance of Divine Service, in one or other of our congregations, to our catechists.

" We have also, since the year 1816, at which time this colony was restored to the Danes by the English, not received the stipulated sum allowed towards the support of this mission, and have, therefore, been under the painful necessity of transferring all our country congregations to the Honourable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; also, to admit in our Charity Schools a small number of the poorer children only; on account of which, not less than fifty children are always growing up in the grossest ignorance, hearing nothing of Christianity till they come to be prepared for confirmation.

" But though this institution has, under these circumstances, been sadly reduced, yet the government here have now conceived a plan, which will be carried into execution as soon as its approbation shall have arrived from Europe, which will bring it to a much lower ebb.

" The plan is as follows:—

" 1st.—The denomination of mission and missionaries is to be abolished, as we need not convert the natives any more.

" 2dly.—There are to be only two clergymen to officiate in the Danish and Malabar congregations.

" 3dly.—The Portuguese, though they understand Tamil very indifferently, are to be deprived of Divine Service in their language.

" 4thly.—The charity-schools are to be no more, but only free instruction to be afforded to the children.

" And, lastly, the two clergymen and the schoolmasters are to stand under the government, and receive their salaries from them.

And guard the faith it teaches; safer so
Than girt around by brazen walls, and gates
Of seven-fold cedar.' Since that hour, my heart
Hath kept its covenant, nor shrunk beneath
The spirits of evil; yet, not so repelled,
They watch me in my walks, spy out my ways,
And still with nightly whispers vex my soul,
To seek the myrtle thicket. Bolder now,
They speak of duty—of a father's will,
Now first unkind—a father's kingly power,
Tremendous when opposed. My God, they say,
Bids me revere my parent; will He guard
A rebel daughter? Wiser to comply,
Ere force compells me to my happiness,
And to my lover yield that sacrifice
Which else my foe may seize. Oh, God! great God!
Of whom I am, and whom I serve alone,
Be Thou my strength in weakness—Thou my guide,
And save me from this hour!" Thus, as she spake,
With naked feet and silent, in the cloud
Of a long mantle wrapt, as one who shuns
The busy eyes and babbling tongues of men,
A warrior enter'd; o'er his helm
The casque was drawn * * *
* * * * *

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, June 12, 1819.

"It gave me much pleasure to see the other day that you had found your tongue again in the House of Commons. I am convinced you are quite right in not, during this early stage of your political career, aiming at any very ambitious style of oratory. In fact, the subjects which have been before the house have none of them been of a kind to call for, or admit of it; and it would have been a very short step indeed to the ridiculous from that sublime which should be exercised on the prison committee, or the bank restrictions.

"On any question wherein, as Lancelot Gobbo hath it, it may

CHAP. XVI. 1819.

be advisable to 'raise the waters,' I have little doubt of your being quite sufficiently animated and energetic.

"So my talents 'in the eloquential line,' as I once saw it happily expressed in an American newspaper, are not likely to be displayed at Lincoln's Inn. I was not much disappointed at being obliged to relinquish my pursuit. I should, indeed, have liked the situation very much, but the cold water had been so gradually applied to my hopes, that their final refrigeration, when it came, was hardly perceptible. I had then, too, a nearer source of inquietude in my wife's health, which had been, for some time back, very uncomfortable, but which has since visibly felt the good effects of Darwin's skill. About the middle of next month we intend to go to Seacome, a bathing-place between the ferry of that name, opposite Liverpool, and the Black Rock, with both of which you are acquainted.

"Have you looked over Bristed's "America?" I think it a curious book, full of useful information, and written, though with prejudices decidedly American, in a tone of more candour than you would guess if you only judge of it from the Quarterly, whose zeal against the Americans need not be expressed quite so strongly.

"I have been for some time engaged in correcting, collecting, and arranging all my hymns, which, now that I have got them together, I begin to have some high Church scruples against using in public. Otherwise, I have a promise of many fine old tunes, not Scotch as I once dreamed of having, but genuine Church melodies. This amusement, for I cannot call it business, together with the business which I cannot call amusement, of making two sermons weekly, has left me very little time either for my dictionary or the Quarterly. Yet the first goes on, however slowly; and for the latter, I am preparing an article on Kinneir's Travels, compared with Rennel's retreat of the ten thousand, and another on Hunt's translation of Tasso, one or both of which may possibly appear next number. I have also been reading and extracting from Dr. Hale's new system of Chronology from beginning to end. I did this

chiefly with a view to my dictionary, but am also inclined, if I have leisure, to make a review of it.

" How do the opposition like their new leader? his tactics do not seem to have been good lately. Above all, however, I feel anxious to know what is your opinion on the ultimate fate of the Catholic question?

* * * * * *

" This has been a very interesting session, but has it not also been an unusually stormy one? I do not recollect having read of more noisy houses than you have lately had, nor of more ill-tempered and almost *challengeable* expressions made use of. It is, however, edifying to see in how very Christian-like a manner the members of your house have learned to scold and retort, 'scorn,' &c. without drawing blood; and I am more and more convinced, what you were not willing to believe, that the occasions are very few indeed, on which it is necessary, according to the practice of the world, for a public man to fight a duel."

In the course of the next summer the editor was ordered to the sea for the recovery of her health, which had been much affected by the sorrow she had endured. The day of her departure was marked in her husband's diary by the following prayer:

" *Faveas, Deus bone, itineri, saluti faveas firmioremque reddas; animi concede tranquillitatem: nostrumque invicem amorem adauge per Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.*"

On his own birth-day he writes, " *O quam utinam a peccatis annorum præteritorum abhinc discederem! Summe Deus, pro vitâ quam dedisti humillimas ago gratias. Concedas etiam, Pater, Tui Spiritûs auxilium, ut quicquid vitæ supererit Tibi vivam! per Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.*"

At Seacome, where Mr. Reginald Heber soon re-joined the editor, he had more leisure than usual for poetical composition. The sea always possessed a peculiar charm for his imagination, and formed the subject of many of his short poems, from which the following are selected:

CHAP. XVI. 1819.

THE OUTWARD-BOUND SHIP.

As borne along with favouring gale,
And streamers waving bright,
How gaily sweeps the glancing sail
O'er yonder sea of light!
With painted sides the vessel glides
In seeming revelry,
And still we hear the sailor's cheer
Around the capstan tree.
Is sorrow there, where all is fair,
Where all is outward glee?
Go, fool, to yonder mariner
And he shall lesson thee.
Upon that deck walks tyrant sway,
Wild as his conquered wave,
And murmuring hate that must obey,—
The captain and his slave!
And pinching care is lurking there,
And dark ambition's swell,
And some that part with bursting heart
From objects loved too well.
And many a grief with gazing fed
On yonder distant shore,
And many a tear in secret shed
For friends beheld no more;
Yet sails the ship with streamers drest
And shouts of seeming glee;
Oh God! how loves the mortal breast
To hide its misery!

THE GROUND SWELL.

How soft the shades of evening creep
O'er yonder dewy sea,
Whose balmy mist has lull'd to sleep
The tenants of the tree.
No wandering breeze is here to sweep
In shadowy ripple o'er the deep,
Yet swells the heaving sea.

"LINES TO C. H. TOWNSHEND."

How calm the sky! rest, ocean, rest,
From storm and ruffle free;
Calm as the image on thy breast,
Of her that governs thee!
And yet, beneath the moon's mild reign,
Thy broad breast heaves as one in pain,
Thou dark and silent sea!

There are whom fortune vainly woos
With all her pageantry,
Whom every flattering bliss pursues,
Yet still they fare like thee;
The spell is laid within their mind,
Least wretched then when most resigned,
Their hearts throb silently.

TO CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND,

ON HIS LINES PRAISING THE TRANQUILLITY OF A RIVER, WHILE THE SEA WAS HEARD ON THE NEIGHBOURING SHORE[1].

Oh Townshend could'st thou linger where scarce a ripple played
Around the lily's glossy stem, or beneath the willow's shade;
And did that mighty chorus allure thy bark in vain,
The laughter of the dancing waves, and music of the main?

The breeze may tell his story of soft and still delight,
As, whispering through the woodbine bower, he fans the cheek of night,
But louder, blither sings the wind his carol wild and free,
When the harvest moon sails forth in pride above her subject sea.

I love to tread the little paths, the rushy banks between,
Where Tern[2], in dewy silence, creeps through the meadow green;
I love to mark the speckled trout beneath the sun-beam lie,
And skimming past, on filmy wing, the danger-courting fly.

[1] See Townshend's Poems, p. 206.

[2] A narrow winding stream which runs through the parish of 'Hodnet, and joins the Severn below Shrewsbury.—Ed.

CHAP. XVI. 1819.

I praise the darker shadows where, o'er the runnel lone,
The regal oak, or swarthy pine, their giant arms have thrown;
Or, from his couch of heather, where Skiddaw bends to view,
The furrows of his rifted brow, in Derwent's mirror blue.

But not that narrow stillness has equal charms for me,
With thy ten thousand voices, thou broad exulting sea!
Thy shining sands, thy rugged shores, thy breakers rolling bright,
And all thy dim horizon speck'd with sails of moving light.

Oft on thy wonders may I gaze, oft on thy waters ride;
Oft, with no timid arm, essay thy dark transparent tide;
Oft may thy sound be in my dreams, far inland though I be,
For health and hope are in thy song, thou deep full-voiced sea!

ON HOPE.

Reflected on the lake I love
To see the stars of evening glow,
So tranquil in the Heaven above,
So restless in the wave below.

Thus Heavenly hope is all serene;
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still flutters o'er this changing scene,
As false, as fleeting as 'tis fair!

Mr. Reginald Heber's return home was recorded in a prayer of thanksgiving for the improved state of his wife's health:

"*Gratias ago tibi, Deus omnipotens; gratum me reddas ex animo, Pater optime! ob uxorem saluti redditam; sanioremque me et religiosiorem reddas per Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.*"

To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.

Vale Royal, September 29, 1819.

" When your letter reached me, I had just received a request from the Bishop of Chester to preach an ordination sermon, which, as being a public occasion, and as being an unusual compliment to a clergyman belonging to another diocese, required as much pains and thought, at least, as one of my Oxford sermons, and was attended with the additional difficulty that I was at the time from home, and out of reach of any books.

* * * * * *

" Another topic has, indeed, lately driven all parliamentary disputes out of the field in this neighbourhood,; and from Seacome to Llangollen, and Llangollen to Shrewsbury, we hear of nothing but Manchester, Manchester! Of course men speak of the proceedings there according to their political bias." * *

* * * * * *

In the course of this year (1819) a royal letter was granted, authorizing collections to be made in every Church and Chapel of England, in furtherance of the Eastern operations of the Society for Propagating the Gospel. Mr. Reginald Heber went to Wrexham to hear the Dean of St. Asaph preach on the day appointed; and, at his request, he wrote the hymn commencing,

" From Greenland's icy mountain,"

which was first sung in that beautiful Church.

In one of the numbers of the Christian Remembrancer for this year, a letter appeared under the signature of " An Early Subscriber," containing some severe animadversions on the supporters of the Bible Society. Anxious to vindicate an association, the good effects of which he had been one of the first to see and to promote, from the unjust accusations brought against it, Mr.

CHAP. XVI. 1819.

Reginald Heber wrote an answer to the editor, under the title of "An Arminian." As it was that gentleman's wish to avoid taking a part in the unhappy controversy to which the Bible Society had given rise, he, in the following words, declined publishing the letter: "It is with regret that we refuse to insert the candid and liberal arguments of 'An Arminian.' We have stated our sentiments on the subject to which he refers, but have refrained from entering into the general discussion of it; the publication of his letter would involve us in a very unprofitable controversy." The original letter, with a rejoinder, caused by this refusal of its insertion in the Christian Remembrancer, will now be given to the public.

To the Editor of the Christian Remembrancer.

"SIR,

"The avowed object of your publication, and, still more, the candid and Christian spirit which has hitherto distinguished it, induce me to hope that, however your opinion may, in some respects, differ from mine on the subject of the following observations, you will not be unwilling to hear both sides, and give circulation to whatever may tend to remove or diminish mutual prejudice and misunderstanding among the members of the Church of England.

"Like your correspondent, 'An Early Subscriber,' I am one of those clergymen who have, for several years, supported the Bible Society; though I have not, like him, seen any reason to make me hesitate as to continuing my subscription. I shall be happy if I can soften his rising displeasure; but I shall also beg leave to embrace in my answer a somewhat wider field than that to which his objections would confine me, in justification of myself, and of those who have acted like me. It is not, however, necessary that I should occupy your valuable pages with the general controversy of how far the principles on which we acted have been correct or mistaken. It is our *honesty*, more than our *wisdom*, which

I, at present, wish to defend; and something will be gained, at least with some of our opponents, if I can induce them to believe, that we did not support the Bible Society from *evil* or (as your reviewer of Mr. Cowper's work expresses himself) from 'mixed motives,' and that we have a right to some little more of toleration, and even of courtesy, than we have received from some writers in the British Critic, or from the ingenious author of the '*Religio Clerici.*'

"It is a fact, I believe pretty generally known, that when the Bible Society was first instituted, the deficiency of Bibles among the lower ranks in England, Ireland, and, above all, in Wales, (to say nothing of other parts of the world,) was so great and crying, as to call for very strenuous measures to supply it; while no measures have been suggested by which this end could have been attained, except either the establishment of a new society for the dispersion of the Scriptures only, or a great augmentation of the funds of the venerable Corporation for Promoting Christian Knowledge. But there were many reasons which pointed out the first of these options as the only effectual means of remedying the evil complained of.

"The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, useful and active as it has always been, and admirable as are the principles which it has steadily continued to disseminate, was, at that time, neither so generally known, nor so accessible to new subscribers, as it has been since the establishment of diocesan committees. One of the earliest and most distinguished members of the Bible Society has been known to assert, that he had never heard the name of the elder institution till after the new one had arisen; and that he has no reason to believe that, among laymen like himself, this ignorance was unusual. And even of the clergy, whom it certainly behoved to be better informed, there were many, at that time, who were deterred from seeking admittance into the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, by the supposed necessity of a powerful recommendation, and the fear of that stigma which a rejection would cast on them. The *Evangelical* party, more par-

CHAP. XVI. 1819.

ticularly, (I use this term, however improper and offensive, as one which the unhappy squabbles of late years have made sufficiently intelligible,) were alarmed by the reported rejection of a candidate recommended by Mr. Wilberforce; and were naturally inclined to carry elsewhere those contributions which they were taught to expect would not be received into the treasury of Bartlett's Buildings.

"But, even among those who disclaimed the peculiar opinions or practices of the party just mentioned, and who were themselves already contributors to the elder institution, there were many who anticipated very great advantages to religion and to the Church of England, from a society which should concentrate in the pursuit of one grand and simple object, the exertions both of churchmen and dissenters, and which, without compromising the peculiar opinions of any sect, should embrace the contributions and exercise the diligence of all.

"It is plain that, by this means, an accession of strength was obtained, transcending all which could have been accumulated by members of the Church of England alone. To the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge the English dissenters would not have subscribed a single farthing; and it was as little to be expected that the Greek, the Lutheran, and Calvinistic Churches on the continent, in Scotland and in America, would have united with her as they have with us. It is true that the dissenters, if left to themselves, *might* have established a Bible Society, and have, so far as their means extended, pursued the same plan which we have conjointly acted on. But there was abundant reason to apprehend that their assistance, thus limited, would have been extremely inadequate to the wants of the German and Swedish and Russian Christians; and that their common hostility to the Church would have suggested to all the sects (unless such a concession were bought by the co-operation of Churchmen) a less inoffensive mode of proceeding than the distribution of Bibles without note or comment, and according to the authorized version. And, where foreigners were concerned, we of the Church of England might be

well allowed to feel some jealousy, on seeing the whole Christian world in brotherly and exclusive communication with the enemies of our establishment, receiving from their hands alone the Word of Life, and giving to them alone the praise of zeal for the dissemination of the Sacred Volume.

" It is, however, a fact well worthy of attention, that the dissenters, at the time of our society's institution, were so far from meditating any thing of the kind, that the plan which they suggested, and which they abandoned, (at the instance of some Churchmen, in favour of the Bible Society,) was a new institution, on the exact plan of that for Promoting Christian Knowledge, but which should, besides the Bible, disseminate the tracts which favour their peculiar opinions. And the consequence must have been, not only that fewer Bibles would have been distributed, but that those dragons' teeth, which our enemies sow under every hedge, and thrust into every cottage, must have been multiplied in exact proportion, as less of the disposable wealth of dissenters was expended in disseminating the Scriptures.

" For, however great may have been the wealth and zeal of some individuals among the separatists, it is certain that, as a body, they are less wealthy, and not more munificent, than the members of the Church of England. The maintenance of their distinct ministry, though dispensed, for the most part, with a very sparing hand, is felt by many of them as a heavy burthen. With the greater number it may be counted on, that he who gives a guinea for the purchase of Bibles without note or comment, will distribute 250 penny tracts the fewer; and a Churchman was, therefore, justified in conceiving, that while, on the one side, the Bible Society promoted, in its direct tendency, a great and certain good, it was also, incidentally, the means of preventing a serious evil.

" If it be said that Churchmen limited their power of purchasing Prayer-books by the same process which prevented dissenters from purchasing tracts, let it be remembered that the great and urgent want of the time was, and is still, a supply of Bibles at

CHAP. XVI. 1819.

home and abroad; and whether the dissenters had distributed Bibles or no, we *must*, so far as our means extended, have done so.

"But, further, it appeared to us who were members of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, that we were, at least, as effectually forwarding its interests and the interests of the Church as connected with it, by relieving it of a part of its burthen, as by directly augmenting our subscriptions to its funds. My parish, for instance, requires the annual distribution of a certain number of Bibles, Prayer-books, religious tracts, and school-books. But if, continuing the same subscription to Bartlett's Buildings, I purchase all my Bibles from another quarter, it is plain that I forward the peculiar ends of the society, by distributing a greater number of tracts and Prayer-books than I formerly did; or that, by not drawing on it to the whole extent of my subscription, I leave a greater balance in its hands for general purposes. There are few clergymen at present on the list of the Bible Society who do not also belong to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; and the means of the latter are certainly, therefore, not diminished by what has been most unjustly termed our *desertion* of it.

"On this point, indeed, I have been almost tempted to suppose that some of my friends, who are hostile to the Bible Society, have laboured under a singular errour. They seem to have persuaded themselves that, on becoming members of that body, we enter into some engagement to distribute no Prayer-books at all, and to belong to no other association by which Prayer-books and religious tracts are disseminated. I cannot otherwise account for the stress so often laid on 'the disadvantage of giving the Scriptures to the poor, without some further help to understand them,' and 'the necessity of inculcating, on proper occasions, the peculiar doctrines of our Church;' arguments which (though excellent and invincible if used to recommend subscription to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) are no more to the purpose when brought against *also* subscribing to the Bible Society, than they

would be against our contributions to the county hospital. But on these topics I have no time to dwell. I only beg leave to repeat, for the information of those whom it may concern, that most of the Churchmen who have acceded to that society, distribute, at least, as many Prayer-books now as they did before, or as bear a due proportion to the number of their Bibles; that by far the greater part of us are supporters of schools on the national system; and that we are fully sensible that the present of a New Testament is not exclusively the one thing needful to make a man an orthodox Christian.

"But while, by thus uniting ourselves for a particular and, certainly, a desirable object, with the different sects of dissenters, we hoped at once to avail ourselves of their efforts in a good cause, and to divert them, in some degree, from a channel which we accounted mischievous; while we thus increased the distribution of the Sacred Volume, and relieved the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge from a part of the burthen under which she was sinking; these were not the only nor the ultimate hopes which we were inclined to deduce from such a union with those who spoke evil of our ecclesiastical establishment. It was the fortune of some of us to have discovered that, among the different religious sects of our own country, of the continent and of America, the opinions and habits of the English clergy, more especially of those who are called the High Church party, were very remarkably misunderstood and misrepresented. This might, in part, so far as the continent is concerned, be attributed to the conduct of a late right honourable Irish prelate, who amused himself with rambling over Europe, and disgracing, by numberless eccentricities, and infidelity almost avowed, the order of which he never performed the duties, and to all the other members of which he was a subject of indignation and sorrow. Partly too, it might arise from the fact, that of the foreigners who visit England, a great proportion symbolize with those who separate from our Church; and are led, therefore, to form their views of it from very different sources than from

CHAP. XVI. 1819.

an actual examination of our manners and doctrine. But be this as it may,—a very general prejudice existed, to my own knowledge, on the continent, against the English Church and prelacy; while the dark and inveterate misapprehensions of the dissenters at home, will be plain from a cursory inspection of their periodical publications. Nor were they the dissenters only who were thus deceived concerning us. A considerable party within the Church itself had begun to show symptoms of confining the name of 'Evangelical and Religious,' to the limits of their own Shibboleth, and of accounting all their brethren who disagreed with them on particular topics, as secular, at least, or careless,—if not altogether profane and carnal. Thus situated, it was an experiment, as we conceived, well worth the making, to embrace the opportunity afforded us by the new Society of showing ourselves to them as we were, as men (I speak of the collective body of Arminian clergy) who were not inferior in learning, in zeal, in ability, or in personal holiness, to any other set of men upon earth; who were as active and anxious in promoting the common cause of Christianity as they themselves could be; who were actuated, even where we differed from them, by a love of God and man as warm and disinterested as theirs; who were ready to meet them in every office of brotherly love, and to co-operate with them in every scheme of apparent utility which demanded from us no sacrifice of principle or consistency.

"If we thus succeeded in removing their prejudices against our persons, we trusted that they would learn, by degrees, to regard our office and our claims with less aversion; that they would give us the more credit for sincerity in our peculiar opinions, when they found us earnest on those points where no difference existed between us; that they might, by degrees, be led to enquire into the grounds of our faith, and the necessity and lawfulness of their separation from us; that we might thus *prevent* that schism which was as yet only *apprehended;* remedy those ancient divisions which were chiefly founded on ignorance; that if our success was

more limited, we might, at least, glean a considerable amount of individual converts; and that, by becoming all things to all men, we should, at any rate, *save some.*

"If it be urged that the dissenters encouraged hopes which were the counterpart of ours, and that we might as reasonably apprehend that *our* people would listen to *their* allurements, as that *we* should bring *theirs* over to the truth,—our answer is, that we did not dread a comparison between our forms of worship and theirs, our preachers and theirs, our doctrine and discipline and theirs;—that it was our purpose then, as it has been our practice always, to instruct both our own people, and such of theirs as came to hear us, upon the necessity of making a choice in religion, and the danger of halting between two opinions; and that while we hoped to make gain of some of their party, we did not fear, and we had no reason to fear, that many out of our own flocks would desert us. There is, indeed, so much in the detail of the English Church service to attract and occupy a pious mind; there is so much in the human heart of that natural imitativeness which induces every man (unless strongly and extraneously biassed in an opposite direction) to conform to the majority of his countrymen; there are (so far as the higher and middling ranks are concerned) so many temporal advantages and conveniences, so much of social comfort and family interest associated with the profession of the established religion, that to obtain for it the support and affections of men, little more seems necessary than that it should be offered to them in its genuine colours, earnest without rant, dignified without ostentation, sober without needless austerity. Obtain such a hearing as may convince the dissenters that their dissent is unnecessary, and we may hope to see many a good man brought back from his perilous wanderings into the unity of the Church, and the sheepfold of his Master and ours. We, at least, judged so; and we may safely appeal to the calm sense and candour of our accusers themselves, whether expectations of this sort, however vain they may be reckoned, were akin to the views or feelings

CHAP. XVI. 1819.

of those old fanatics with whom some of them are willing to identify us.

"It is a source of much pleasure to me to be assured that, in several instances, these hopes have not been disappointed. I have seen with exultation the attention and respect with which dissenters have recognized the calm dignity and Apostolic earnestness of a Barrington, a Burgess, a Porteus, or a Fisher; men whom they had, till then, regarded as little better than so many antichrists, and whom they were surprised to find, on a nearer view, the affectionate and humble overseers of Christ's flock, whom St. Paul describes in his epistle to Timothy. I have heard a dissenter confess that it was in the Bible Society he first learned that an archdeacon might be a Christian; and I know that, in many places, a feeling has been thus excited in favour of the Church, which has given considerable alarm to the older and more rigid sectaries.

"Of the causes by which these blessed hopes have, as yet, been in some degree disappointed, and of the grounds which still induce myself and those who think with me, to adhere to the cause we have embarked in, I shall speak in another letter. What I have now written may suffice, I think, to prove to the more ingenuous of our adversaries, if not to Mr. Smedley himself, that it is not necessary to 'preach from a tub,' in order to be a member of the Bible Society; and that an institution which has been advocated by such divines as Bishops Porteus and Burgess, and such statesmen as Lord Grenville, Lord Liverpool, and Mr. Percival, may possibly be defended on other than fanatical or interested views. It is certain that a society, which reckons among its living supporters no fewer than *thirteen* bishops of the united Church of England and Ireland, and above *fifty* Christian bishops of other nations, besides all the Lutheran and Calvinist communities of Germany, Holland, and America, is not to be treated with scorn, however it may be assailed by argument. It is even possible that a principle of union which has produced such mighty effects, may involve in itself nothing hostile to sound reason or true religion,

though the Church of Rome (in perfect conformity with her avowed principles), and some learned and conscientious members of the Church of England (in apparent opposition to theirs), have as yet refused to accede to it.

" I remain, Sir, with my best wishes for the success of your work and its avowed objects,

" Your obedient humble servant,

" AN ARMINIAN."

To the Editor of the Christian Remembrancer.

" SIR,

" The courteous manner in which you have rejected the letter of ' An Arminian,' leaves its author, personally, no ground for complaint or dissatisfaction; and it is therefore as ' *amicus curiæ*,' and as really anxious for the success and extended utility of your publication, that I venture to remonstrate with you on the reception which I have met with, as an advocate for the honesty and consistency of the orthodox supporters of the Bible Society. You will observe, on looking back to my letter, that I had purposely confined my apology to these pointsa lone; that I also had abstained, as far as the thing was possible, from any discussion of the general expediency, or the practical effects of the society itself; and that I was more concerned to show our *orthodoxy* than either our *wisdom* or *foresight*. And for such an explanation or apology as this, we might, I conceive, have anticipated no unfavourable reception from our brethren in the Church, inasmuch as we have among us several bishops, and other clergymen of unblemished characters, to whom it cannot be supposed agreeable, either to be confounded with a religious faction, whose principles they disclaim, or to be held out to the world as men who, having once embraced a line of conduct, adhere to it from obstinacy or a worse motive, after all the world besides has been convinced of its irreligious tendency.

CHAP. XVI. 1819.

"If there are really dangers arising to the establishment both from within and without, those high Churchmen do not show their wisdom, or the sincerity of their allegiance, who reject the explanations of such of their brethren as, differing with them in one single point, are ready and desirous (which I know to be the case with many, who, like me, support the Bible Society,) to identify themselves with them in almost all other particulars, and join their best powers in the support of their common interest. And I did, therefore, suppose that I was serving both sides, when, by a candid statement of our principles, I had prepared the way for such a mutual understanding. I even hoped that by such an interchange of sentiments, through the medium of your work, many of the absurd and objectionable features of the Bible Society might have been, by degrees, done away with, or rendered less offensive; and that, in the words of your own prospectus,—'what was of an ambiguous character might have been prevented from becoming mischievous, and converted into an engine of unquestionable general utility.'

"But if the discussion of the subject was thus desirable on general grounds, it became still more necessary on account of the attack made on us by 'an early subscriber' in your magazine for April. His complaints, it is true, are avowedly confined to a particular measure of the Cambridge local committee. But, to say nothing of his insinuation of something dark and hostile, which, in our general conduct, has been gradually developing itself to his view, you can hardly fail to observe that the *present state* of the Bible Society could only be fairly understood by a comparison with its *first* and *avowed* objects and principles; and that, in fact, his objection went to the very root of our union, inasmuch as the distribution of the Scriptures by men of all sects indiscriminately, was the original and recognized purpose for which we gave our money. It was necessary then for the advocate of the society to enter into the general question at least thus far, before he could take off the edge of the particular charge which your correspondent made the ground of his secession. But you

have not even expressed a disposition to receive an explanation of the conduct of the Cambridge committee, supposing I had been inclined to narrow my defence within those limits. And I am, therefore, constrained to conclude that, while your pages are open to attacks on *us*, we must seek some other channel through which to justify ourselves from misapprehension or calumny.

" I do not know that this policy would be a wise one, even if you regarded us as positive enemies to the Church, and as leagued with fanatics for its subversion. Few methods can be named more likely to convert an enemy, than to invite him to a fair and friendly comparison of his principles with yours; and it is our conversion, I conclude, and not our excision, which is desired by our Christian opponents. But if, as I am rather induced to believe by the tenour of your answer to the letter of ' an Arminian,' you regard the dispute as one in which, unhappily for the Church, some of her most zealous members have taken opposite sides,—as a topic on which a fair and honest diversity of opinion is possible,—and as one where, in your editorial character, you wish, without concealing your private sentiments, to act as a conciliator of the contending parties, I may be permitted to observe, that there are two ways in which this may be done, and either of which, I have reason to believe, will satisfy the orthodox supporters of the Bible Society.

" The first is to invite or admit both parties to an ' *amicam collationem*,' rejecting, of course, or repressing in your capacity of moderator, all acrimonious language or unjust aspersion ; confining the disputants to as narrow limits of rejoinder and explanation as you may think proper; and reserving to yourself not only the right of terminating the discussion, but of summing up the arguments. To a correspondence of this sort, I certainly conceived myself invited by the tone of your prospectus ; and though I suspected the *bias* of my judge, I had so favourable an opinion of his competency and candour, that I should have been glad to submit my arguments to his decision. The other is to interdict, as far as possible, all mention of the disputed topic; and to endeavour to call off the attention of the combatants, from this minor and internal feud, to

CHAP. XVI. 1819.

the common interests, the common duties, the common dangers of the Church to whom they both profess fidelity.

"The first of these, though certainly not without its difficulties, is that, I should conceive, which, if well managed, would most conduce to the popularity of your work, and would most tend to heal the disputes of Churchmen, by accustoming them to refer their grievances or their suggestions to a common and unexceptionable tribunal, instead of carrying them, as is now the case, to those particular miscellanies which most favour their preconceived opinions, and where they have, therefore, least chance of having those opinions rectified or moderated. On the second, I will only say that it will require, in future, the exclusion of such letters as that of 'an early subscriber.' You will, I trust, take these hints as they are intended, not as dictating, which I have no pretensions to do, the line which you are to follow; but as merely conveying the sentiments of one who is pleased both with the plan of your work and its execution; and who, as he anticipates much good to the Church from the establishment of a rallying point for her defenders, is desirous to extend the benefits of such a design to as many of these defenders as possible.

"I do not know what value you will set on my future contributions; and an arduous work in which I have been for some years engaged, leaves me far less time than I could wish for other literary recreations. But, should I be blest with more leisure than I have lately enjoyed, there are other topics, perhaps, more generally interesting than the Bible Society, and certainly on which our opinions are less likely to differ, on which you may possibly occasionally hear from

"AN ARMINIAN."

"As I do not know that there is any advantage in keeping on my mask behind the scenes, may I request you will send me back my former letter, if you have no further use for it, to 'The Rev. Reginald Heber.'"

Hodnet Rectory, June 14, 1819.

CHAPTER XVII.

Critique on Scott's "Force of Truth"—Mr. Reginald Heber undertakes to write a Life of Jeremy Taylor, and a critical essay on his writings—The Travellers' Club — Inscription to the Memory of the Honourable Frederic S. N. Douglas.

THE following critique on Scott's "Force of Truth," was written when its author was from home, and, consequently, when he had not access to books of reference. It was a very frequent practice among Mr. Reginald Heber's friends to request him not only to give his opinion on different passages of Scripture, and on controversial books, but to direct their theological studies. On one of these occasions when he was asked with what commentator on the Bible it was advisable to begin a course of religious reading, he answered "read the Bible attentively yourself without the assistance of any commentator; first form your own opinion, and then examine those of others."

To Miss Dod.

1819.

"MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

"Several years had elapsed since I last read Mr. Scott's 'Force of Truth;' and I am glad that my attention has again been called to it, because it is a work which one can hardly read without deriving advantage from the eminent piety and sincerity which pervade it, and the truth of many of the opinions enforced in it. God knows how earnestly I myself desire to be altogether such a one as Mr. Scott is, in strength of faith, purity of

CHAP. XVII. 1819.

heart and life, and devotion of myself to God's will and service; and it is because I regret that his example, and the truths which he recommends, should be encumbered by any irrelevant or erroneous opinions, that I am the more anxious to point out to you the parts in which I differ from him, and what appear to me the leading and pervading mistakes of his system. To the few points in controversy between us, I have now for many years paid considerable attention, though certainly I have never been so much interested in them, as in those on which the Calvinists and Arminians are agreed in regarding as 'the great power of God to salvation.'

"Excepting incidentally, I have never written or preached on them, because I regard it as the great misfortune of our times, that men have been squabbling and calling names about doctrines not essential, and differences which only exist in words, to the neglect of the real interests of the souls committed to their charge. But the course of my studies has often brought them under my attention; my reading has been extensive among the elder divines of all sects and parties; and though I will not deny that I have been always under some degree of prejudice against the peculiarities of Calvinism, I do not think I have read the works of its advocates with an uncandid or uncharitable spirit. So far I am, perhaps, as well qualified to judge of the question as Mr. Scott was. In one respect there has, indeed, been a difference in our system of enquiry, inasmuch as, though I have always prayed God for the aid of His spirit to guide me *generally* into all truth, and more *especially* into the knowledge of whatever truth was necessary or profitable to my salvation and the salvation of others, yet I have not ventured to ask or hope that the Holy Ghost would secure me from *all* errour, or enable me to decide on topics so abstruse as those of free will, and the final perseverance of the elect. You will, therefore, take my notions on these and such-like points, as the opinion of one sufficiently weak and fallible; and who, though he believes himself right in his conclusions, has looked for no other aid in forming them, than (what I really trust

I have received in answer to my worthless prayers) a teachable mind, and grace to use diligently the means of information offered to me.

"That Mr. Scott has expected more than this seems to me the lurking root of the errours into which he has fallen. He reasons throughout his work, particularly in the conclusion, to this effect: 'I have examined these doctrines carefully; I have prayed diligently to God the Holy Ghost to show me the truth; I believe He has heard my prayers; and, therefore, I am sure that all which I have written is *true*.' He professes, indeed, (in p. 64 and 80) to make a distinction between doctrines absolutely necessary, and those which are peculiar to Calvinists. But, on the other hand, he tells us that the system of true Christianity is 'incomplete without them,' (p. 62.). He tells us (p. 71.) that he has been led to adopt a system (which in p. 72. he explains to be 'every doctrine of the despised system of Calvin,') 'under the *guidance and teaching of the Holy Spirit*;' and, therefore, it is plain that he has expected as a right, and as the promised return to his faithful prayers, not only the sanctifying and purifying graces of the Holy Ghost, not only grace to perceive the things which were absolutely necessary to his salvation—but power to determine between the opposite arguments of Calvin and Episcopius.

"Now this arises from a misconception of the promises made to prayer, and an inattention to what passes within and around us. It is, indeed, as certain as God is true, that whatever He has *authorised* us to ask of Him, He will grant to our faithful prayers through Jesus Christ. But when we ask for *more* than He has promised, we ask for what we have no right to expect; we presume beyond His offered mercy; and so far from being bound by His promise to hear our prayer, it is well for us if He does not send chastisement or blindness instead of the prosperity or knowledge for which we are over-anxious. But it is certain that God has only promised us necessary things; and all the passages in Scripture which Mr. Scott quotes (p. 75. 77., &c.) are understood by all parties as referring to *necessary* things only. Thus, if a

CHAP. XVII. 1819.

child asks bread of his father, a good parent will not give him a stone; but if he asks for a fine coat, for a costly toy or an unnecessary (to him, perhaps, an unwholesome) dainty, his father will refuse his request, and possibly punish him for making it; and if I should pray to be made a bishop or an expert mathematician, I should fall under the same censure. In like manner, in spiritual gifts, placed as we are in the lowest rank of spiritual beings, and sentenced for the present to 'see through a glass darkly,' it is plain that the promises of 'the Holy Spirit to those who ask Him,' of being 'guided into all truth,' and having 'by the same Spirit a right judgement in *all* things,' must be limited to such aids and particulars as may ensure our salvation through Jesus Christ; and that we may as well ask for the wings of an angel, as freedom from errour in whatever doctrinal point may chance to attract our attention. Were it otherwise, there could be no such thing as difference of opinion among those who are really God's children, while it is plain that such difference exists among men who are likely to have prayed for the help of the Holy Ghost as earnestly, (though with somewhat different expectations of the manner in which their prayers were to be heard) as Mr. Scott himself. Nor can we decide under how many or how great circumstances of errour God may allow His children to remain, or how small a measure of light is sufficient, in His hands, to bring them to Him.

"Many of the leading doctrines of popery are, to all appearances, subversive of some of the plainest and most essential articles of the Christian faith; yet I cannot read the lives of Bellarmine, Charles Borromeo, Vincent de St. Paul, Fenelon, and Pascal, without feeling that they were holy and humble men, incessant in prayer, and devoted to God and to their enquiries after truth; or without a painful consciousness that, with all the clearer views of God's dispensations which I believe myself to possess, I should be happy beyond my hopes, and certainly beyond my deserts, to sit at the feet of the meanest among them in Heaven. Nor dare we, as I conceive, deny that men like these, however grievously

mistaken in some points, were under the guidance and teaching of that Spirit from whose inspiration only such virtues as theirs could proceed.

"Notwithstanding, therefore, Mr. Scott's prayers and sincerity, he may be in errour of the most pernicious kind, though God in His mercy may, through mists and darkness, conduct him to Himself. And how much or how little of his views of religion is erroneous, must be proved by argument and the test of the Holy Scriptures, not by the sincerity of his conviction, the intensity of his devotion, or, what he himself lays so much stress on, the strength of those prejudices, those hopes and fears which he had to encounter in his progress to Calvinism.

"It is extraordinary, however, how little argument, or attempt at argument, there is in his work; and what little there is, is bestowed exclusively on what he himself professes to be least essential, and by no means necessary to salvation—the doctrine, namely, of assurance and predestination. The rest is entirely taken up with a statement of the change which took place in his opinions, and which he conceives to be the work of God's Spirit. I will readily grant that the amendment of his life proceeded from this source; and, as my own opinions coincide with his in many respects, I am, of course, inclined to rejoice that God enabled him to see what I esteem the truth. But what he has told us is quite irrelevant to its truth or falsehood.

"The arguments, however, together with some very incorrect and mistaken assertions (incorrect in point of fact) which occur in his work, I will consider presently. I now wish to observe, that the very strength and nature of those prejudices which he mentions as hostile to Calvinism, might incline him, when he had once overcome them, to go too great lengths on the opposite side. He was at first a concealed Socinian, then an Arian, both doctrines in manifest contradiction to the opinions of the Church of which he was a member, and whose articles he had solemnly signed, which must have been a continual source of misery and self-reproach to a mind like his. He would, therefore, naturally seek to quiet his

CHAP. XVII. 1819.

conscience during the continuance of this struggle, by listening to the suggestions of those who urge, (as all the Socinians do,) that three-fourths of the subscribing clergy were, in fact, as inconsistent as himself; that the articles were conceived in such a spirit of Calvinistic absurdity, that none but the methodists could sign them in their literal meaning, &c. And when he had once become alive to the necessity of sincerity on such a point, was it unnatural that he should still lie under the mistake of conceiving the articles to be exclusively Calvinistic, and labour, therefore, with more earnestness, not so much to find out whether Calvinism was false or true, as to *enable himself* to believe it? But, indeed, it is a trite observation in common life, that he who begins in one extreme, is more likely to go to the opposite, than to stop in the middle and moderate opinion. In politics we see it every day; and in religion it is no wonder if a vigorous mind, deeply impressed with the dangers from which it has escaped, should think itself never far enough from the burning city, and not be able to rest even in that Zoar to which God had promised safety. And this danger is then more likely to occur, when the natural temper of the person thus situated is warm and lively. I know that this is Mr. Scott's temper, as, indeed, he has himself in many places (as p. 73) given us to understand; and it is to this heat that I impute several of his misstatements.

"Thus (p. 7) he tells us, that 'the doctrines of the Church are diametrically opposed' to 'the Arminians;' and in the note, that 'numbers of the Arminians hold the doctrine of justification by works' in part, at least, and verge, in some degree, to the Pelagian system. Now, when he made the first of these assertions, he must have known that five-sixths of the English clergy, many of them as holy men as himself, and as sincere in their subscription of the articles as any men could be, were *avowed* Arminians. He must have known that Hales of Eton, Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Bull, Bishop Burnet, Barrow, Tillotson, and, in later times, and of those whom he most admires, Wesley and Fletcher, had all signed these articles in the Arminian sense; and would it not have been, in a

man of a different character, impudence to assert, as he does, (not as his own opinion, but as a well-known and acknowledged fact,) that the sense of the articles was notoriously Calvinistic? The observation in the note is no less ill-founded and uncharitable. He there says, that 'numbers of Arminians hold justification by works and Pelagianism.' Now, on what ground does he thus accuse us? I am myself an Arminian from conviction. I am pretty well read in Arminian divines, and yet I do not know any Arminian writer worth quoting, from Episcopius to Bishop Pretyman, who does not expressly guard against both these errours. What would he say of me, if I were to assure the world, that 'numbers of the so-called Evangelical clergy believed good works to be unnecessary,' or that 'numbers of professed Calvinists held secretly the wild opinions of Messrs. S—— and B——?'

"Again, he tells us (page 11, note,) that the name of methodist is applied 'to all who preach or profess the doctrines of the reformation, as expressed in our articles and liturgy.' Here also he begs the question, first, as to what *were* the doctrines of the reformation, and, secondly, what are the doctrines of our articles and liturgy? I have studied the question with some care, and I certainly find no Calvinism in either of these. Our chief reformers were not Calvinists. Luther himself opposed Calvin strongly on the subject of free-will. Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, were none of them Calvinists. And so far are the homilies and liturgy from teaching the doctrines of absolute predestination and necessary perseverance of the elect, that all the early Calvinist teachers object to them for *not* containing them. As to the manner in which the term methodist is applied, I will only observe, that neither Mr. B——— nor Dr. T——— were ever called so.

"In page 29 he quarrels with those who represent 'the Gospel as a mitigated law, and as accepting sincere, though imperfect, obedience.' It is possible that these opinions may have been sometimes misused; but, in themselves, what fault can be found with them? Is not the Gospel a mitigated law, when Christ Himself has called 'His yoke easy, and His burthen light,' in comparison

CHAP. XVII. 1819.

with the law of Moses? Is it not mitigated, inasmuch as it offers remission for all sin, while, by the law, presumptuous sin could expect none? Does it not require both sincerity and obedience from us, when Christ makes obedience the test of sincerity: 'Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?' and when we know that our best obedience must be most imperfect? Surely this observation is founded on mere captiousness!

"In the same page, what he says respecting 'water baptism,' is founded in misapprehension. Nobody, I apprehend, ever supposed, that 'being born of the Spirit' was the same thing with water baptism. What we maintain is, that it is a spiritual grace, quite distinct from the outward sign, but given by God, according to His promise, to those who receive that sign. We believe, that in baptism a mighty work is wrought on the soul by the Holy Ghost; that the person thus devoted to God is placed in a state of adoption and salvation; and that a seed of life is then sown, which the subsequent favour of the Holy Ghost (as displayed in His various ordinary and providential visitations, both internal and external,) like the genial influence of the sun, invigorates, renews, and calls into action. Without this belief, baptism would be an idle pageantry.

"From page 13 to page 56, little occurs which can call for remark from me. I cordially agree to the doctrine maintained there, of salvation by Christ through faith alone; but I conceive that no man was ever called a methodist for preaching this, unless there was some other peculiarity in his manner of doing so, or unless he was negligent in guarding against the abuses which the Antinomians have endeavoured to ground on this most important and blessed truth. I have at present no books to consult, but I am strongly impressed with the opinion, that (p. 39) he has misunderstood Hooker in his sermon of the certainty and perpetuity of faith in the elect. I have read that sermon frequently and lately, but found no Calvinism there, though some of his detached expressions may at first be thought to favour it. On the other hand, we know that Hooker was engaged in controversy with Travers, on the very

point of absolute predestination, with which perseverance is inseparably connected.

"What Mr. Scott observes, concerning the duty of contentedness under persecution and slander is very true and touching; but he might also have laid some stress on the necessity of avoiding all unnecessary cause of offence to weak or worldly minds. Where this caution is duly observed, we know that though every Christian should be prepared to meet obloquy in the cause of his Master, since it is a visitation which happens to many, and may happen to all, yet it is not universally or necessarily brought on us by the strictest piety.

"In page 57, it is said that persons brought into a state of repentance *need* the doctrine of election 'as a security that they should not fall back into their former course of sin.' If the doctrine be false this argument is good for nothing, since a false ground of security is of all things the most mischievous. But why do people need such an assurance of their perfect and indestructible security? Why, unless that they may relax that constant vigilance over themselves which I grant is painful, but which our Lord Himself enjoins when He bids us 'watch!' Surely no better ground of hope can be desired by even the most humble Christian than the knowledge that Christ loves him and has died for him, and that He will never withdraw His gracious protection from him, unless he himself wilfully and repeatedly flings it away! Nothing we know can separate us from Christ's love so long as we ourselves continue to love Him; and who that has truly loved ever apprehended that his affections were likely to alter? The fall of a sincere believer is possible; and therefore always to be guarded against, but it is not probable, and this improbability goes on increasing as life passes away, and the hour of our reward draws nearer, till at length we may, doubtless, cry out with St. Paul, "Henceforth is laid up for me a crown of righteousness!" But perfect security rather diminishes than increases the blessedness of hope; when the vessel is in harbour the interest of the voyage is at an end; and St. Paul must have felt less keenly his aspirations

CHAP. XVII. 1819.

after his Heavenly home, if he had not, as he himself says he had, these hopes contrasted with the possibility of becoming 'a cast-away.'

"But Mr. Scott forgets that there is a reverse to the doctrine of election, which, far from being a source of comfort, is full of horror. It is all very well for a person with good animal spirits, with a good opinion of himself, and inclined to look on the bright side of things, to fancy that God has, from all eternity, predestined his salvation, and that, under these circumstances, he cannot finally fall. But how can he be sure that he is really one of the favoured elect? And what are his expectations if this should not be the case? He knows that instances are on record of those who, having begun to all appearance well, and tasted the spiritual blessings of Christianity, have yet at length fallen away. And how can he be sure that his own present feelings of faith and love may not be like those which moved Herod 'to do many things,' nay, that this short and seeming favour of Heaven may not be sent to make his fall more dreadful, and increase his final damnation? While we know the effects which the doctrines of predestination produced on such a mind as that of Cowper, it is surely very dangerous to employ it as a source of comfort to weak believers.

"I know that there are modern Calvinists who, with amiable inconsistency, profess to hold the doctrine of election without that of reprobation. But it is strange that any man can be so blind as not to perceive that the one involves the other. The doctrine of election, as generally stated, and as held by all Calvinists, is, that *all* who are saved are saved by an *effectual* call from God which raises them from the lost condition in which they are by nature; a call which, as it proceeds from His absolute purpose that they should be saved, they have no power to resist, seeing that He inclines their will to obey at the same moment that He makes Himself known unto them. But if *none* are saved who have not this call, *all* are damned who have it not; and since men are damned for their *sins*, and since those who are not called, cannot *help sinning*, seeing it is the nature which cleaves to them, and

which they can no more get rid of than they can creep out of their bodies,—it follows that men are damned, that is, punished everlastingly by a merciful God, for actions which they could not help committing!

"If, indeed, we held with Baxter that only a few chosen vessels, such as St. Paul, are effectually, that is, irresistibly, called to eternal life, while all the rest of mankind have grace offered to them which they may either improve or reject, we get rid of these difficulties. But it is plain that this is something very different from Calvinism; and moreover, that, though it might have been a source of confidence to such a one as St. Paul, yet in the case of ordinary Christians, more especially timorous ones, it leaves the question just where it found it, and differs in no respect from Arminianism. It is, however, a very harmless opinion, and one to which I have no objection, except that I conceive it contrary to Scripture.

"For, surely, if any men were ever effectually called to salvation, they must have been those whom Christ himself selected from the world, and to all of whom, without exception, He promises that they should sit with Him 'on twelve thrones' in His kingdom. No one will dare to say that Christ could have made such a promise to any person who was, at that time, in a state of reprobation. Yet one of these afterwards betrayed his Master and hanged himself! But where is the necessary perseverance of the elect, if an apostle thus fell from grace received? Oh, when we read these things, it becomes us 'not to be high-minded, but to fear,' not to flatter ourselves with hopes that our salvation is absolutely secured to us, but diligently to improve the grace given lest it should hereafter be taken away, and to seek 'in this our day the things that belong to our peace,' lest they should 'be hidden from our eyes!'

"Mr. Scott (page 59) defends the justice of that conduct which the Calvinists impute to God, in an argument (the only argument in his work) to the following effect. 'The doctrine of personal election to eternal life lies open to no objection which

CHAP. XVII. 1819.

may not be urged against God's placing one nation in a more favourable condition than another as to religious advantages.' I answer, the case sare widely different. A Christian nation, or an individual to whom Christianity is made known, is certainly blessed with far greater means of grace, far more powerful motives to holiness, and with spiritual aid and comfort far greater than the heathen. But though the heathen has fewer and less advantages, I do not believe him to be altogether left destitute. He may 'know that God is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him,' and knowing this, which, for all that appears to the contrary, was as much as Enoch knew, he may, like Enoch, draw near to God, and please Him and obtain a seat in one of those many mansions which our Father's house contains, though not in so high a place of glory as he might have obtained had Christ been preached to him.

"I have discussed this point at some length in my sixth Bampton Lecture, where I think I have proved that they have the assistance of the Holy Ghost in the same kind, though not in the same measure with ourselves. But at all events, they will be judged according to what they *have*, not according to what they have *not* received; and in their blindest state they are on the same footing with infants, idiots, and madmen, whom Mr. Scott will hardly deny to be within the limits of Christ's atonement, and to be the objects of *His* care whom they know not, and on whom they, therefore, cannot believe. But the condition of the majority of mankind, according to the system of Calvin, is that of many millions of creatures brought into the world *in order* that they may sin and die and suffer everlastingly, without any power, either of their own, or given them from above, to avoid the wrath to come; punished in hell-fire for actions which it was the misfortune of their nature not to be able to avoid. Nor is this all; for if the system be true, the coming of Christ was, to these unfortunate beings, the most refined and dreadful act of cruelty which could have been inflicted. I prove it thus. All Christians agree, that they to whom Christ was preached, and who did not believe in Him, incurred by this

hardness of heart a great additional guilt, and will be punished more severely in Hell than they otherwise would have been. But no person could believe without God's grace assisting and disposing him to do it. The Arminian says, that this grace is given to every man to profit withal, and that they who neglect or resist it, perish by their own fault.

"But what says the Calvinist,—this grace is only given to God's elect. God's elect were but a small proportion of those to whom Christ was preached. Therefore the greater number had no power to believe whatever.

"In other words, God sent His Son into the world with offers of mercy and salvation to all men, on certain conditions, which were morally impossible for most men to fulfill. And not only did He thus mock them with pretended mercy, but He actually made their not availing themselves of that mercy, a pretext for punishing them more severely! God forgive those who hold doctrines which lead to a conclusion so horrible! But, turn it as they please, I defy the Calvinists to find a flaw in the chain of inferences. 'Unmerited favour to one person,' says Mr. Scott, 'is no injustice to others.' Certainly not; provided it is not imputed as a crime to these last that they have not been equally fortunate. But if, of two naked children, I give a shirt to the one, and beat the other for not having received what I never gave him, I should be a strange sort of parent. Again, Mr. Scott observes, that the existence of wickedness and misery at all 'equally embarrasses every system of Christianity and even Deism,' (p. 60.) Now, in the first place, though the Arminian system may not get rid of all difficulties, yet it certainly lessens them; and though many things must always surpass our comprehension in the scheme of Providence, that is no reason why we should rest contented under such an appalling creed as that of Calvin. But, secondly, there is a great difference between the *permission* of evil, and the *perpetrating* it. God *may* have seen fit to permit men to corrupt their way upon earth; but, as God is true, He never would pretend a concern for the souls of *all* men, and desire that *all* should be saved, while He never gave

CHAP. XVII. 1819.

to the greater part of men a single chance for salvation; and, as God is just, He will not punish men eternally for not doing that which He, their Maker, and professing to be their Redeemer, never gave them the power to do.

"As to Mr. Scott's observation, that 'if any man be fully persuaded that God has decreed his eternal happiness, he would find his aversion to the doctrine much abated,' it merely amounts to this; that those who have a good opinion of themselves, and believe themselves God's peculiar favourites, care very little for God's honour and justice, or for the prospects of their fellow creatures! I can only say, God keep me and those whom I love from such a temper! Mr. Scott, I hope, has a very different one.

"Do not, however, mistake me, or think that I mean to reflect on the personal character and personal holiness of those who hold the doctrine of election; I am acquainted with some; I know the works of many; and I believe them to be men as holy, as humble, and as charitable as men, in our present state, can hope to be. And, while I wonder at their blindness in not perceiving those consequences of their system which I have now laid before you, while I am persuaded that the natural result of Calvinism must be to sink some men into utter despair and carelessness of living, and to raise others into the most dangerous self-confidence and spiritual pride, I am the more inclined to bless God for the riches of His grace, which has kept the good men from those snares which their opinions laid for them, and forbidden them to trust their salvation to doctrines which they do not act upon, though they fancy that they believe them. Nor should I have spoken thus harshly of the doctrines themselves, if it were not fit that every system should be tried by the fruits, that is, by the consequences which flow from it.

"Still, however, it is said (p. 61,) that these doctrines are, absolutely, taught in the Scriptures. I can only say, that though I have sought diligently, I have never been able to find them there. And if I should, as I hope I may, have an opportunity of looking over with you the different texts which are generally sup-

posed to favour them, I have little doubt of being able to convince you, that the 'election' there spoken of is not immediately to eternal life, but to the spiritual advantages and blessedness which a knowledge of Christianity confers in the present life, whereby our progress to glory is greatly forwarded, though not rendered inevitable; and that the hope of their own perseverance expressed by the Apostles, is of a far more qualified cast than that which is now regarded by some as a necessary mark of adoption. On the other hand, I find in every page of the Sacred Volume, the most positive declarations that God's mercy is over *all* His works; that He 'desireth not the death of a sinner;' that He calls to all men, 'Why will ye die?' that there was a time when even Judas had a Heavenly throne promised him; and when they who crucified Christ might have 'known the things which belonged unto their peace;' that Christ died for the *sins of all men*, and to the intent that 'all might *through Him* be saved.' And though so good a man as Mr. Scott, nay, though an angel from Heaven should preach to me a doctrine which, either directly or by its inevitable consequences, contradicts these declarations, I am justified in saying, he shall not be my teacher.

"And how can Mr. Scott fancy that the system of salvation, through Christ, is incomplete without this monstrous excrescence? We Arminians believe, as firmly as he can do, that man is, by nature, in a fallen state; the slave of evil passions; a prey to every temptation which assails him; and altogether unable to please God or merit Heaven. We believe that Christ died as a true sacrifice for the sins of all the world, and that the only means whereby we, to whom Christ is preached, obtain this salvation, is by faith in His merits and sufferings. We believe that the grace of the Holy Ghost is freely given for Christ's sake, to all who hear this Gospel, whereby they are enabled, if they will, to turn to Him and be saved; and we believe that it is by this grace only,—for a more abundant measure of which we are taught to pray and use our diligence,—that we are enabled to bring forth the fruit of good works, to be grateful to God in our hearts, and in our lives to

CHAP. XVII. 1819.

show this gratitude. It is on His righteousness we depend; it is from His grace that we derive every thing; but we believe that we may, by our neglect or misconduct, forfeit these privileges, and cause this Divine help to be withdrawn from us; and we are, therefore, the more watchful over ourselves, and the more earnest in begging a continuance of those bounties of which we have not a *grant for life*, but which may cease at any moment. And this is, we conceive, all which Scripture has taught us on the subject, and and we are sure that this is enough for holiness in this life, and for our hope of a better life hereafter.

"I have undertaken only to review Mr. Scott, not to write a formal refutation of Calvinism. If you wish to enquire into the subject more at large, you will find, I think, convincing arguments in the works of the Bishop of Lincoln. There are also some very good things in the works of Mr. Flechier, a Shropshire clergyman, who was an ally of John Wesley, and in an answer to Mr. Scott, which has lately appeared, by a methodist preacher at Shrewsbury, named Brocas. I mention these two last to show, that they are not only high Churchmen who think as I do on these subjects. Indeed I am far from approving of the tone in which many high Churchmen have discussed them; nor can I endure that intolerant spirit which would deny the name of Churchman to the Calvinistic clergy, who, generally speaking, I have no doubt are as sincere as we can be in their subscription to our articles, and the allegiance which they profess to our ecclesiastical governors. On the contrary, it is one of my greatest quarrels with the doctrines in question, that they have introduced strife and bitterness between those whom every circumstance of unity of faith, unity of interest, and similarity of piety and sincerity, would otherwise have led to love and esteem each other. And really when we see such men on the one side as Dr. T——— and Mr. B———, whose lives have been a continued display of Christianity in its purest form; as ———, who gives up his whole time, and, literally, the greater part of his fortune, to the promotion of God's service; as the Bishop of Chester, whose zeal, earnestness, and great humility I have lately had

occasion to notice; and as my friend Pearson, of Chester, whose whole heart and studies are engrossed with his profession, and whose anxiety at this moment, though with the fairest prospects at home, is to be enabled to get into some corner of the world, where he may preach to the heathen: when, on the other side, I see my excellent friend ———, Mr. W———, Mr. G———, and the Bishop of ———, can we refrain from feeling a deep regret, that a misconception of each other's religious principles, (for, in truth, the greater part of those whom I have last named are not Calvinists,) should lead these men to distrust and avoid each other? that the one party should be held up as hostile to the progress of religion, and the other as fanatics and sectaries? To reconcile or soften these unhappy differences, so far as my age and situation have given me opportunities, has been through life the object constantly in my view, and the cause of several earnest and fruitless labours. Nor can I close this long letter without offering to your notice a few hints as to the conduct which, while such dissentions exist, it becomes, in my opinion, a lover of peace to pursue. (The remainder of Mr. Scott's pamphlet contains little to which my former criticisms will not apply).

"1st. I would wish every one to keep in mind the extreme insignificance of most of those points which are made the bones of contention. Calvinism, which makes most noise, and is used as the general watch-word, even the Evangelical party, as they are called, are by no means agreed upon; and the occasions are so few, even in the case of a clergyman, when it comes in question, that a man might go through a long and useful life, without being called on to confess or abjure it. But the usual sources of dispute and difference are in things too trifling to be reasoned on, on the legality of cards, or public amusements, or whether it be allowable to have a hot dinner on a Sunday, &c. &c. Now my own opinion on these points is, that they are no where forbidden; that, duly moderated, they are perfectly harmless, and that it is a return to the severity of the Mosaic law to teach the contrary. But on points like these, in God's name, let every man enjoy his own opinion!

CHAP. XVII. 1819.

'Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not, neither let him that eateth not judge him that eateth.' The appellations of irreligious person or fanatic, are far too serious to be bandied about for reasons like these; and it is better to shun such discussions, than to run the risk of unsettling the mind of our friend by unnecessary scruples, or irritating him by ridicule or uncharitable reflections.

"2dly. To those who are possessed of the power to give largely, I would recommend the subscribing to such charitable or religious societies as they think best, without regard to party feelings. For instance, I would make a point of subscribing *both* to the Bible Society and to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. But where only one subscription can be afforded, I would prefer the latter, both from the double application of its funds, and because it is a sort of badge of our attachment to the Church of England. Observe, however, that by supporting the Bible Society, I do not mean supporting, either by money or influence, any of those offensive follies which have been engrafted on the original excellent institution, under the name of *Ladies' Bible Societies.* These I have always opposed, and always will do so, from being persuaded that they have done infinite harm to our good cause in the minds of the clergy; and that the principles on which they are conducted are completely at variance with the delicacy and retirement which become females.

"3dly. Though perfect charity should be observed towards dissenters, and though we should be ready to co-operate with them in any good work, by which the peculiarities of our Creed or Church discipline are not compromised, this amiable principle should not lead us to support their missions, or attend their places of worship. The first is doing that by an irregular method, for which, in our Church missions, a regular way is open; the second I cannot consider in any other light than schismatical, and therefore sinful. This point you will see treated of in my ordination sermon.

"4thly. Avoid needless singularity of all kinds. The clergy-

man who dresses in a shovel-hat, at an age when most of his profession wear a round one; the high Churchman who snuffles in a pompous tone through his nose; and the Evangelical minister who preaches extempore, or affects a particular manner of administering the Sacrament,—all lose more than they gain, by shocking the prejudices of the weak, or attracting the ridicule of the worldly. The same may be said of the girl who covers up her throat and arms; of the gentleman who affects unusual plainness of apparel. In exterior, the Christian should not be distinguishable from the rest of the world; and as Christ could not mean His disciples to be more gaily decorated than usual when they fasted, so, when He ordered them on those occasions to anoint the head, He may seem not only to authorize, but to enjoin, on all other occasions, a decent and moderate use of such decorations as are usual in our country and station.

"5thly. Be not afraid to give a reason for the faith that is in you, when the occasion really calls for it; but avoid disputation; and beware of laying too great stress on things doubtful, or not essential to salvation. Beware how, by introducing such topics, you unsettle the minds of your friends, and perhaps bring into hazard essential articles, or (what is most essential of all) charity.

"6thly. Give your conscience into the keeping of no man or set of men, but do what you think right before God without caring whether or no it is usually done by the religious party with whom you are most connected. If this were universally observed, avoiding all perverseness or needless singularity, the spirit of party would soon disappear.

"7thly. Do not court the notice of the world. There are many more ways in which this notice is sought for than men at first suppose; and one very common way is courting persecution, by adopting language which we know to be the mere slang of a party, or practices, which we know to be offensive to, or suspected by, the generality of mankind. It is the proud man who is never content to be forgotten; and, begging Mr. Scott's pardon, something of this sort seems visible in many parts of his conduct.

CHAP. XVII. 1819.

He clung, as he himself tells us, to the applause of his superiors for a long time; but, on differing from them, he took care to proclaim the difference aloud; and since he could not have their praise, he endeavoured to get the praise of those who were opposed to them. The world, after all, is generally too much occupied with its own concerns to pay any attention to those who do not take some pains to draw its notice to themselves, their merits, or their sacrifices; and many a man talks of the obloquy which assails him, and boasts of bearing his cross, whose name is hardly known to those whom he believes to be wholly occupied by his concerns. If we do our duty quietly, we shall be seldom slandered or persecuted; but if we court persecution we shall often be led to outstep our duty. By observing such rules as these, a man, indeed, will get little or no praise or renown; and I do not say that he will be in all cases able to shun the censure of one or both of the opposite parties. But though the hot-headed, on either side, will dislike and suspect, or despise him, he may rest satisfied that he does not merit their ill opinions, and that, with the moderate and judicious, the very contrariety of their slanders will refute them both, while he will feel that to be judged by man's judgement is a very slight thing to him who is daily drawing nearer to that time when the voice of slander shall be heard no more, and the quiet sleep of the grave be awakened by the sound of 'well done, thou good and faithful servant!'

"I promised you a letter on the subject of Mr. Scott's book, and I find I have written a volume. You will excuse its many faults of style, since I have really no time to correct it, or to make out a fair copy. My meaning, I hope, is tolerably plain; and if there are any particulars on which you wish for further information, I will supply it to the best of my power. There are few, indeed, of your sex and age, to whom I could have ventured to send so long a treatise on topics so repulsive. But you, I know, are really anxious in your search after truth, and the subject having been thrown in your way, it is fit you should know that Mr. Scott is not unanswerable.

"Do not, however, expect too much certainty on topics which have exercised the sagacity of men for many ages, without any agreement being produced among them; but if you still find perplexities beyond your power, dismiss them from your mind as things which cannot concern you. 'Secret things belong to the Lord our God;' but on the necessity of an atonement, on justification by faith, and on the obligation which lies on us to work out, with fear and trembling, the salvation thus begun in us, no real difficulties exist, and by these, on every system, our entrance to heaven is to be secured.

"That you, my dear Charlotte, may through life 'believe and know the things you ought to do, and have grace and power faithfully to fulfill the same,' is the earnest prayer of

"Your sincere and affectionate friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

To —— ——

Hodnet Rectory, Nov. 22, 1819.

"MY DEAR ——,

"I have for some time back felt anxious to write to you, but I was afraid of intruding too soon on the sacredness of a grief so deep and justifiable as yours. The excellent feeling and good sense displayed in your letter to Emily, encourage me to do so now, in the hope that these lines may catch you before you leave England. Very different, indeed, are your present circumstances, from those under which I last addressed you; but different as they are, both dispensations proceed from the same good and wise Parent, whose mercy is as certainly, though, to us, not so visibly displayed in his chastisements as in his blessings. You yourself, and your poor —— were, I doubt not, as dear to Him, and as much the objects of His care, when He visited your house with suffering and death, as when He united your hearts by mutual affection, and your hands by a union which promised a long continuance of earthly happiness. It is, indeed, impossible for us to conjecture what merciful ends the Almighty has designed to bring

CHAP. XVII. 1819.

to pass, by this sudden and bitter termination of those delightful prospects; but from knowing whose hand has smitten you, you may, even in your ignorance of His motives, rely on His fatherly love, and trust that the time will come when such mysteries of Providence may be made plain, and when you may be enabled to perceive in what manner it has been good for you *both*, that you have been afflicted. Nor let it be forgotten that, however long, and however happily you might have lived together, this grievous separation must, at last, have come:—you must sooner or later have mourned for him or he for you; and the years of your conjugal happiness, how numerous soever, must one day have seemed no more than a tale that is told. All then that a different dispensation of Providence would have done for you, would have been either that your husband, not you, must have had the misery of surviving, (a grief which you know too well to wish transferred to him) or that the same grief which you now feel, would have overtaken you when you were less able to bear it,—when many of those who knew and loved him most, and in whose society you now feel your best comfort, had themselves dropped into the grave,—when your own health and spirits had been weakened,—and your habits of dependance on him had been still more formed, and to be unlearned with greater difficulty. If you are now solitary, you might then have been still more so; if you now sink under the blow, it might then have fallen upon you still more heavily. It is, indeed, possible that your separation from him may endure some years longer than if it had taken place later in life;—but what are a few years in a union, which, when renewed, is to last for ever? For I am convinced that Paley is right in his 34th sermon, where he lays down, on Scriptural grounds, the doctrine, that those who loved on earth are to recognise each other in Paradise;—that, as David felt on a similar occasion, you will go to him though he cannot come to you; and that every moment passed in patience and submission to the Divine will, brings you nearer to him. You remember the beautiful lines in Southey,—

Love is indestructible;
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth;

Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceiv'd, at times opprest,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of love is there!

"After all, however, there is, I believe, no support so certain, no relief so immediate in distress, as that which is derived from prayer. I dare not counsel you, (for it is a point on which I am extremely doubtful, and for which I confess I see no sufficient authority in Scripture) I dare not counsel you to *pray* for the *dead*. This is, indeed, a practice sanctioned by the immemorial custom of the Jews, by that of the primitive Christians of at least the third century, and of many good men among the Protestants of later times; not on any notion of the pains of purgatory, but as believing that, till the day of judgement, there might be still a possibility of the prayers of the living being of advantage to those whom they had lost. It is true that such prayers could not be offered with the same confidence of faith, which we are authorized to feel when we are soliciting promised blessings; but I cannot think there is any crime in thus following that instinct of our nature, which leads us to clothe our wishes in the shape of *prayers*, and to ask of God in behalf of those we love, that He would give them what is best for their present condition; on this point, however, you may follow your own persuasion—your own feelings; but however this may be, you are, *at least*, allowed and encouraged to pray to God for support, for consolation and grace; and prayers of this sort, we may be sure are never addressed to God in vain. 'Heaviness may endure for a night,' but, if we will but endure it, the darkness of this world must soon pass away, and a morning of interminable joy must follow it. That you, my dear ——, may on earth receive comfort, and in Heaven your reward with him who has departed from you for a time, is the earnest hope of

"Your affectionate ——,

"REGINALD HEBER."

CHAP. XVII. 1819.

To the Hon. and Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Oxford.

Hodnet Rectory, Nov. 23, 1819.

"My Dear Lord,

"I have lately received an application from Ogle and Duncan, the booksellers, on the subject of an edition which they are meditating of the complete and collected works of Jeremy Taylor, most of which are now become very scarce, and all only to be obtained in separate volumes of all sizes and descriptions. They design to comprise their edition in fourteen or fifteen handsome octavo volumes, and hope to obtain permission to print several unpublished sermons of Taylor's, which are said to be in the library of Lincoln Cathedral. I have undertaken, at their request, to furnish a life and critical essay on his writings; and they have also desired me to convey two petitions on their behalf to your Lordship, and the Society of All Souls; first, that your Lordship, as warden of Taylor's College, will permit them to dedicate to you the first complete edition of his works which has been attempted; and secondly, that they may be permitted to procure an engraving of the portrait of Bishop Taylor which Talbot has obtained for our hall.

"From all which I have been able to learn of the character of the persons who make the proposals, I am inclined to think very favourably of their spirit and enterprise, and to hope that the works of our great ornament will issue from their press in a form not unworthy of him, or of your Lordship, should you permit them to prefix your name to their edition. I have written to the Subdean of Lincoln, Mr. Bayley, on the subject of the unpublished sermons; and mean to apply to Talbot for any information which he may be able to obtain for me, from Taylor's descendants in Ireland.

"Believe me, my dear Lord,

"Your obliged and obedient humble servant,

"Reginald Heber."

To R. W. Hay, Esq.

Hodnet Rectory, Dec. 27, 1819.

"Will you have the goodness to transmit the enclosed note of thanks to the Travellers' club, of whose kindness I am very sensible, and only regret that I am likely to be so seldom able to avail myself of it [1]. As I suspect that it is to yourself that I am in a great measure indebted for the distinction conferred on me, pray accept at the same time my best thanks. Most heartily do I wish I had more frequent opportunities of cultivating your society, and that of the friends who only make me envy those who spend a part of every year in London. The scarcity of intellect, at least of a particular kind of intellect; the want of a vent for one's reading, and, consequently, the want of a stimulus to incline one to read, I cannot help often feeling,—though I am, I believe, more favourably situated in these respects than most men who live so much in the country as I do. My habits, indeed, during the latter part of the present year, have been less intellectual than usual, as I have had, from the long illness of my poor wife, and a consequent stay of some months by the sea-side, both less time, and, to say the truth, less inclination for any serious work than I generally have.

"We are all quiet and good subjects in these counties, so that but for newspapers, and the new volunteer corps which are raising round us, we should know nothing of the progress of sedition. Something of the sort was, indeed, heard a little while since in our village ale-house, from a body of the Chelsea pensioners on their way to the depot at Shrewsbury. They expressed, I am sorry to say, great displeasure at being called out, and a very decided adhesion to radical principles. As many of them have been rambling ever since their discharge, up and down the disturbed districts,

[1] By the rules of this club, as originally established, the committee were at liberty to invite, as honorary members, a limited number of persons distinguished as travellers, and whose usual residence was remote from London. Mr. Reginald Heber and three others are the only English individuals in whose favour this privilege has hitherto been exercised.—Ed.

CHAP. XVII. 1819.

this is not, perhaps, very wonderful; but it is not the less unfortunate that it has been necessary to introduce men infected with such a feeling into the body of our defenders. It is not, however, in the army alone that such a leaven has been attempted to be infused. A friend of mine, on a visit to one of the officers of Admiral Blackwood's ship, happened to find two men who had, a few days before, been admitted as able seamen, haranguing from a stool, and distributing hand-bills recommending universal suffrage. They were, I believe, punished, and have since deserted, so they will, perhaps, next try the army. If they had not been detected, they would have had time for a good long course of lectures during a voyage to India.

"I am very anxious to hear how Wilmot speaks in the house; he appears to rate himself very modestly, but I am inclined to hope he will eventually do extremely well.

"Poor M—— has found the Solicitor-general even a severer critic than the Quarterly."

In the Obituary for 1819, the following monumental inscription appeared, which was written by Mr. Reginald Heber:

To the Memory
of the
HONOURABLE FREDERIC SYLVESTER NORTH DOUGLAS,
only son of
Sylvester Baron Glenbervie
and of
Katherine Anne, daughter of Frederic Baron North, Knight of the Garter,
First Lord of the Treasury, and afterwards Earl of Guilford,
in whom
a short but useful and brilliant career
was eminently adorned
by splendid talents and amiable manners,
by mental accomplishments,
by scientific attainments,
and by the highest polish of elegant literature;

was honourably distinguished
by the able, upright, and assiduous discharge
of parliamentary duties,
by an active, zealous, and enlightened philanthropy,
and by the exercise of many public and private virtues;
and was suddenly and awfully terminated,
to the inexpressible grief
of his surviving relatives, and of the inhabitants
of the town which he represented,
among every description of whom
he had conciliated
the most grateful and affectionate respect
by his earnest and unremitting solicitude
to promote the diffusion of Christian knowledge and piety,
to improve the condition and increase the comforts of the poor,
and to advance the general interests of the neighbourhood.

He was born Feb. 8, 1791, was elected member of parliament for the borough of Banbury, November, 1812, and again elected for the same place in the following parliament; was married July 19, 1819, to Harriet, eldest daughter of William Wrightson, of Cusworth, in the county of York, Esquire, and died the 21st day of the October following.

END OF VOLUME I.

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APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

HISTORY OF THE COSSAKS.

THE following history, on which Mr. Reginald Heber was for a considerable time engaged, though circumstances prevented its completion, is inserted as an appendix to the present volume, its subject being incidentally connected with his tour in the Crimea, and allusions to it being also frequently made in the preceding pages. The memoir and correspondence will be renewed in the second volume.

I.—THE spacious regions which form the southern portion of the Russian empire, and which the ancients comprised under the general names of European and Asiatic Scythia, exhibit, in an extent of many thousand square leagues, so few varieties either of soil or landscape, that he who has traversed even a small part of this vast green wilderness, may form no inaccurate notion of the whole. The traveller who approaches from the north already perceives, in the neighbourhood of Charkof and Pultava, that the number and amplitude of the Muscovite forests have dwindled into a few scanty groves and coppices; and when he has passed the Donetz at Izium, and crossed a lofty range of calcareous downs, (which, if the Riphæan mountains were not altogether fabulous, must be supposed to have received that title from the vanity of their ancient inhabitants [1],) the

[1] "Riphæan mountains." The only hills worth notice between Moscow and the Crimea are those which form the northern boundary of the steppe of Tartary. They are, indeed,

APPENDIX.

prospect is gradually changed into a bleak, though not sterile uniformity, unshaded by trees, and unbroken by the plough, and affording in its higher grounds and central solitudes, a very scanty supply to its wandering occupants, of brackish and unwholesome water. The resemblance of the Tanais to the Nile has been remarked by many writers; but that these ample downs, whither its fertilizing waters cannot extend, have not since degenerated into a desert like those of the Thebais, must be ascribed to the difference of latitude, and the beneficial effects of a four-months' continued snow.

II.—This rigour of climate is so greatly at variance with those interested reports which, in the hope of attracting settlers to her new dominions, were circulated by the Empress Catherine; and it differs so widely from that temperature which might be supposed to exist in the latitude of 46, in the same parallel with Lyons and Geneva; that, though the ancients observed and recorded it, the fact has been very slowly admitted by the generality of modern enquirers. Even among those who yielded a respectful attention to the authority of poets and historians, many have been anxious to suppose that the peculiarity they describe had long since ceased to exist; and they have deduced from this supposed difference between the ancient and modern climate of Scythia, a proof that, by the destruction of forests, the draining of marshes, and the triumphant progress of agriculture, the temperature, not only of certain districts, but of the earth itself has been improved [1]. But how far all or any of these changes may be able to produce effects so extensive, as it may reasonably admit of doubt, so it is in the present instance superfluous to enquire; since, in Scythia, these causes have never operated, and no apparent melioration of the climate has taken

very unworthy of the name of mountain, and by no means answer to the description by Eustathius in his Notes on Dionysius. (p. 45.) ὁτε εν τοις Ριφαιοις ορεσιν ουδεποτε χιων επιλειπει. There are, however, no other hills in the direction mentioned by Ptolemy; nor can I agree with Mr. Pinkerton, who, with his usual hardihood, assures us that "the ancients often confounded mountains and forests under the same denomination." (Geography, vol. i.) In what language the same word serves for two such different things, he will, perhaps, in another edition, have the goodness to inform us. Forests are, indeed, in Scythia, little more abundant than mountains; and it would be necessary to advance a considerable way towards Moscow before he would meet with any very extensive one. Of the Riphæan mountains, however, Herodotus makes no mention; and Strabo (lib. vii.) treats as fabulous, if not the mountains themselves, at least the manners of their inhabitants. After all, there are few languages in which the relative size of eminences is accurately distinguished, or in which the same name would not be used either for Richmond hill, or Snowdon.

[1] Howard's Theory of the Earth.

place. The country still continues, for the most part, in the wild state painted by Herodotus and Strabo; and all the countries bordering on the Euxine Sea are still subject to an annual severity of winter, of which (though in a far higher latitude) the inhabitants of our own country can hardly form an idea.

III.—That water freezes when poured on the ground; that the ground in winter is muddy only where a fire is kindled; that copper kettles are burst by the freezing of their contents; that asses, being animals impatient of cold, are found here neither in a wild nor tame state, are circumstances no less characteristic of Modern Scythia, than of Scythia as described by Herodotus and Strabo [1]. Nor do I question the authority of the latter, when he assures us, that the Bosphorus has been sometimes so firmly frozen, that there has been a beaten and miry high-way between Panticapæum and Phanagoria; or that one of the generals of Mithridates gained there, during the winter, a victory with his cavalry, where, the preceding summer, his fleet had been successful. In the neighbourhood of the latter of these towns, by the Russians since called Tmutaracan, a Slavonic inscription has been discovered, which records the measurement of these straits over the ice, by command of the Russian prince, Gleb, in the year 1068 [2]. But such events must, from the force of the current, have, at all times, been of rare occurrence. By the best information which I could procure on the spot, though the straits are regularly so far blocked up by ice as to prevent navigation, there is generally a free passage for the stream unfrozen. Across the harbour of Phanagoria, however, sledges are driven with safety; and, on the other side of the Crimea, a Russian officer assured me that he had driven over the estuary of the rivers Bog and Dnieper, from Otchakof to Kinburn. But not only straits and estuaries, but the whole Sea of Azoph is annually frozen in November, and is seldom navigable earlier than April. In spring, so soon as the ice is supposed to have passed, a small boat is sent by government from Taganrog to Kertch, and *vice versa;* and till this proof of safety has been given, no vessel is allowed to sail from either port. This sea is fished during winter, through holes cut with mattocks in the ice, with large nets, which are thrust by poles from one to the other; a method which has given rise to Strabo's exaggerated picture of "fish as large as dolphins," (apparently meaning the bie-

[1] Herod. Melpom. 28. Strabo. L. vii.

[2] See the learned disputation of Count Alexis Moussin Pouschkin on the site of Tmutaracan. Petersburg, 1794.

APPENDIX.

luga,) "dug out of the ice with spades [1]." This remarkable severity of climate on the northern shores of the Euxine, may induce us to give a proportionate faith to what the ancients assure us of its southern and eastern shores; and though Ovid may be supposed to have exaggerated the miseries of his banishment; and though religious as well as African prejudice may have swayed Tertullian in his dismal account of Pontus, it is certain that Strabo can be influenced by neither of these motives, where he accounts for Homer's ignorance of Paphlagonia, "because this region was inaccessible, through its severity of climate [2]."

[1] Strabo calls them Antacæi. The bieluga is the largest species of sturgeon with which we are acquainted, and not unfrequently measures twenty feet in length. The same fish is found in the Euphrates, Tigris, and many other Asiatic rivers; but is unknown, I believe, to the waters of Europe and America. The isinglass which it furnishes forms a considerable article of Russian commerce. Sterlet is another, though much smaller, fish of the same genus, which abounds in the Don and Dnieper. A small tureen of soup, made of this fish, has been known to cost, in Petersburg, 500 rubles. Potemkin sent an aide-de-camp express from Moldavia to a famous cook at Moscow, for a pot of this soup. It was brought to him, to prevent adulteration, sealed up, with the cook's seal and name on the lid.

[2] The accounts here alluded to may seem to prove that the severity of climate is not confined to the northern coast. Making every allowance for exaggeration, enough will still be left to excite our wonder. Ovid was resident south of the Danube.

"Nix jacet; et jactam nec sol pluviæve resolvunt;
Indurat Boreas, perpetuamque facit.
* * * * * * *
Sæpe sonant moti glacie pendente capilli,
Et nitet inducto candida barba gelu:
Nudaque consistunt formam servantia testæ
Vina; nec hausta meri, sed data frusta bibunt.
* * * * * * *
Ipse, papyrifero qui non angustior amne
Miscetur vasto multa per ora freto,
Cæruleos ventis latices durantibus Ister
Congelat, et tectis in mare serpit aquis.
Quâque rates ierant, pedibus nunc itur; et undas
Frigore concretas ungula pulsat equi."

Tristium, Lib. iii. El. x.

In another place he comments with equal bitterness on the want of trees:

"Quoque loco est arbor, turgescit in arbore ramus;
Nam procul à Geticis finibus arbor abest."

Ibid. Lib. iii. El. xii.

IV.—To account for this phenomenon is far more difficult than to establish its existence; and the difficulty is greater, because none of those theories by which the problems of climate have been usually solved, will, in the present instance, apply. In elevation above the sea, which, when considerable, is an obvious and undoubted cause of cold, the downs of European Tartary do not exceed those of England. Forests, the removal

Mr. Pinkerton had, apparently, forgotten this last passage, when, after observing that "we read of battles on the ice of the Danube in Roman times," (where do we read this?) he proceeds to assure us that "this prodigious river was then surrounded by enormous forests, which shaded and chilled all around." (Dissertation on the Goths, P. I. c. iv. p. 44.) This is, indeed, a very common errour, but it is an errour notwithstanding. The banks of the Lower Danube appear to have been naked of trees.

The language of Tertullian in describing the climate of Pontus, is more forcible: "Dies nunquam patens; Sol nunquam libens, unus aër, nebula totus annus, hybernum omne quod flaverit, aquilo est. Liquores ignibus redeunt; amnes glacie negantur; montes pruina exaggerantur; omnia torpent; omnia rigent!" (Tertull. adv. Marcionem, lib. i. 1.) But Pontus was the country of the heretic Marcion, and had, therefore, perhaps no chance of being praised. Ovid was, at all events, an eye-witness.

About the year 1780, on the banks of the Liman, or estuary of the Dniester, a tomb, of workmanship evidently Grecian, was discovered by a very intelligent Dutch officer in the Russian service, General Wollant, a friend and correspondent of the lamented Mr. Tweddell. This tomb, among the usual contents of a sepulchre, offered a small female bust of burnt clay, and exquisite workmanship, which certain antiquaries at St. Petersburg, including in their number the Empress Catherine, discovered to bear a wonderful likeness to the medals of Julia, the daughter of Augustus. So picturesque an incident was not to be neglected; and it was inferred (taking for granted the vulgar story that Ovid's intrigue with Julia was the cause of his banishment,) that this was the tomb of that unfortunate bard. This opinion was backed by several notable arguments. First, it is plain from Ovid's Tristia that he was dissatisfied with his residence at Tomis, south of the Danube, and therefore it was very probable that he would travel for change of air; and whither so likely as to the Tyras, one hundred and forty miles northward, and in so pleasant a country as Scythia? Besides, as Tomis was a garrison town, and often besieged by the Sarmatians and Getæ, what more natural than that, for the sake of repose and safety, he should go still farther into the enemy's country? Particularly as at Tyras a Roman colony was established by Trajan, which must have been a great protection and comfort to a sick man in the days of Augustus. Finally, because he had a friend in Cotys, king of Thrace, he chose to reside out of his protection in Sarmatia.

I have given these arguments, I hope not unfairly, as they may be drawn from Guthrie's Letters, (pp. 433-4.) as they afford, perhaps, a curious specimen of the antiquarian spirit which has hitherto been exerted on Scythia. It is but justice to Dr. Guthrie and General Wollant to observe, that this mass of evidence was far from convincing either of them. The empress, however, decided the tomb to be Ovid's property, and the neighbouring fortress still bears his name.

APPENDIX.

of which has, in many countries, been supposed to diminish frost [1], have here never existed; and though the custom of burning the withered grass in spring, which has been for so many centuries the only secret of Scythian husbandry, may have produced in many parts of this vast pasture, a considerable deposit of saltpetre, it is not easy to suppose with Gibbon, that a cause like this can produce such bitterness of wind, or such unvarying rigour of winter [2]. It may be observed, however, (and the observation, though it will not solve the difficulty, may perhaps direct our attention into the right train of enquiry,) that it is only in comparison with the more western parts of Europe, that the climate of Scythia is a subject of surprise; and that in each of the two great continents we discover, in our progress eastward, along the same parallel of latitude, a sensible and uniform increase of cold. Vienna is colder than Paris, Astrachan than Vienna; the eastern districts of Asia are incomparably colder than Astrachan; and Choka, an island of the Pacific, in the same latitude with Astrachan or Paris, was found by the Russian circumnavigators in 1805, exposed to a winter even longer and more severe than is commonly felt at Archangel. In America the same marked difference is observed between the climate of Nootka and Hudson's Bay; and even in so small a scale of nature as that afforded by our own island, the frosts are generally less severe in Lancashire than in the East Riding of Yorkshire. If, then, the southern districts of European Russia be exposed to a winter more severe than those of France or Germany, they may boast in their turn a more genial climate than the banks of the Ural and the Amur; while all are subject to a dispensation of nature which extends too far, and acts too uniformly, to be ascribed to any local or temporary causes.

V.—Nor is this length and bitterness of winter without its own advantages, which, by the never-failing compensation of nature, suffice to reconcile the Scythian to his climate, and to make that very climate necessary to his comfort and prosperity. The hardened crust of snow, which transforms every track into a natural rail-road, by the cheap and rapid intercourse it offers between Petersburg and Odessa, Poland and China, repays most

[1] In the time of Herodotus the Scythians were accustomed to burn the bones of the animals which they had killed, in order to cook the meat, "the country being miserably bare of wood—αινως αξυλου εουσης"—Melpom. 61.

[2] Gibbon's Decline and Fall, chap. xxvi.

amply the necessity of warmer clothing[1]. A severe frost is most advantageous to the fisheries of the Palus Mæotis and the Don; and the driest deserts receive from the annual melting of the snow a supply of luxuriant herbage for herds of cattle, the numbers of which a western European would, perhaps, with difficulty conceive. No country is more abundant in animals than Scythia. The fisheries of the Tanais supplied the Roman world; nor is it easy to set a limit to the numbers which may be hereafter supported by the fish now piled up as useless, and suffered to infect the air in every Cossak village, and round the black tents of the Calmuks. From the south of Russia are sent almost all the hides and tallow consumed in Europe; and so numerous are their herds in comparison to the population, that at Charkof, in 1805, the market-price of beef was about a farthing the English pound, while at Voronetz, as I was credibly assured, the whole ox was sometimes thrown into the cauldron, to avoid the labour of separating the tallow from the *useless flesh*. The Cossak and Malo-Russian drovers make their annual journeys even so far as the heart of Germany, of which country, and its language, I found many who had acquired a knowledge, as travellers, which has doubtless been highly advantageous to them in the late war. Nor can it be questioned that, to the habits of rambling thus acquired, their consequent indifference to home, their familiarity with horses, and their experience of moving in large bodies, (circumstances which always make a grazing district a valuable nursery for soldiers,) as much, perhaps, as to any peculiarities in their government and discipline, the military prowess of the modern Cossak may be ascribed.

VI.—It is not true, however, that agriculture is entirely neglected. On the northern shore of this great sea of land, the Malo-Russians, an industrious and frugal race, are gradually reclaiming a considerable tract to the purposes of tillage, and every year thrusting their hamlets still further into the desert. Now, as in the time of Herodotus, a part of the southern wanderers, though despising bread as an article of food, are accustomed to raise grain for exportation. Some miserable villages of French and German emigrants were established on the Dnieper by Catherine, and the Cossaks have reared on the banks of the Don a few precarious vineyards. But to any great extension of agriculture in the interior, the want of timber presents, as yet, an insuperable obstacle, since not only shelter and the

[1] This facility of intercourse is noticed by Herodotus, Melp. 28.—Επι του κρυσταλλου οι εντος ταφρου Σκυθαι κατοικημενοι στρατευονται, και τας ἁμαξας επελαυνουσι περην ες τους Σινδους.

APPENDIX.

means of enclosure are denied, but also the commonest implements of husbandry are to be procured or replaced from a distance. On the banks of the Don or Dnieper, where the forests of the north are easily floated down in rafts, this want is not perceptible; but in the higher country, and even in the towns of the Crimea, it every where occurs to the traveller's notice. The vilest and most insufficient substitutes for fuel, bent-grass, rushes, the dung of animals, are painfully collected and preserved with care [1]. The tent of the Calmuk (a work of singular beauty and ingenuity) is constructed of sticks no larger than a common fishing-rod. The Cossaks of the steppe, (for so these grassy deserts are called) who, though graziers, are never wanderers, lodge in damp and smoky dens, sunk below the level of the soil—the walls of earth, the roof of sod, externally resembling oblong barrows; while, not only the beams for their roofs, and the wood for their waggons, but even those lances which have so gloriously vindicated the liberties of Europe, are mostly of exotic growth, and the produce of distant forests.

VII.—Another impediment to agriculture is found in the swarms of locusts which, at various intervals, have ravaged many parts of Scythia: their numbers and appearance in the air, which they almost darken, was described to me by an eye-witness of one of their visits, as a scene of singular awfulness and horror. They are ruinous indeed to the pasture, as well as to the corn-land; but a tribe of herdsmen has more power than a race of husbandmen to avoid the spot of their depredations; and the means employed to stop their progress are less injurious to grazing than to arable districts. It is singular that the ancient accounts of Scythia make no mention of these devouring insects; and it may be feared that their flights have been for many years extending gradually westward. Should France become subject to their annual inroads, our channel would, with a fair wind, be but an insignificant barrier.

VIII.—Salt, of an excellent quality, but which the inhabitants know not how to free from its impurities, is taken in prodigious quantities from the Sea of Zabasche, and the numerous brackish lakes, Caspian Seas in miniature, which are found in this great plain. Coal, a pit of which would be more valuable than a gold-mine, is found near Lugan; but the quantity

[1] At Taganrog, though a sea-port, and enjoying an easy communication with the Don and Donetz, fire-wood cost, in 1806, thirty rubles the stack of seven feet cube. The ruble was then worth 2*s*. 8*d*. English; and this was at a place where the best beef was bought at three-half-pence the pound.

as yet discovered is not more than sufficient to supply the neighbouring foundery. Manufactures cannot exist to any great extent; yet the felts made here are of various colours, and so remarkable for their softness and thickness, as to be sent into Turkey, where they are used as carpets. A considerable quantity of brandy is distilled at Rostof and Taganrog from the sirup of grapes, and other fruits imported from Trebizond and Sinope. The Cossaks have, indeed, for many years been anxious to establish vineyards, but the frost has repeatedly destroyed them; and even in the most auspicious seasons, I can give no favourable account of the wines either of the Don or the Crimea. The composition, called Donsköy wine in Russia, which my friend Dr. Clarke has, not without reason, applauded, is made, as I was given to understand, of the foreign sirup of grapes already noticed, and of wine from the Dardanelles and Archipelago, of which many tons are annually brought by Greek and Turkish vessels to the harbour of Taganrog. Strabo has remarked that the inhabitants of the Bosphorus were accustomed to bury their vines in winter[1]. I do not believe that the Cossaks of the present time do so; yet it seldom happens that an invention so simple and advantageous is lost by a nation. But the Bosphorites have been long since expelled, and those who came in their place were better skilled in destruction than in restoration. It must not be omitted, in the description of Scythian industry, that the Tartar towns of Batchiserai and Karasubazar are still renowned for their manufactories of leather and steel; and that the late Chevalier Gascoigne had established a cannon-foundery at Lugan, on the Donetz; while the stuffs and trinkets of the east and west appear, as in a common centre, and in considerable abundance, in the bazars of Tcherkask and the Armenian settlements of Nakitchovan.

IX.—To the happiness and political importance of these wide countries, the mighty streams which at considerable distances intersect them, contribute too greatly to be passed over in silence. Of these, the most celebrated in ancient times, though in modern days not of equal renown, is the Donetz, or Danaetz, which, and not the Don, as is vulgarly supposed, was apparently the Tanais of the Greeks, and the reputed border of Europe[2]. When I myself passed this least of the Scythian waters between Smiof and Izium, though at a considerable distance from its mouth, and though the annual inundation had already, at that date, (the 29th of March,)

[1] Strabo, lib. vii.

[2] Clarke's Travels, vol. i. p. 306. See also his map of the common embouchure of the Donetz and the Don.

APPENDIX.

in part subsided, it still covered an expanse of two-thirds of an English mile[1]. The water was then much discoloured, and the stream violent; but the fertility and rankness of vegetation which it causes is, by the accounts of the neighbouring peasants, little less than Egyptian. The same, or still greater expanse of inundation; the same muddy fertility, and swarms of fish which could neither be numbered nor exhausted, we afterwards found to characterize the Don; and the two rivers united form a delta of marshy islands, in extent not inferior, perhaps, to that of the Nile, and susceptible of equal cultivation; but abandoned now to reeds, and infection, and noxious insects, or affording, at most, a shelter to wild boars and deer. Westward of the Crimea, the Bog and Dnieper, (the Hyparis and Borysthenes of antiquity,) united at their mouths like those already mentioned, enclose, like them, a number of islands, and diffuse fertility by their annual overflowings of melted ice and snow, while their course and depth are far more favourable to the purposes of foreign intercourse. The other rivers are of less importance.

X.—The inhabitants of Scythia offer, at the present day, a very singular and varied picture, to form the groups of which, almost all the nations of both east and west appear to have furnished contingents. It has been well observed by the most animated of modern travellers, that in the streets of a single city we may recognize "Circassians, Malo-Russians and Russians, Tartars, Poles, Greeks, Turks, Calmuks, and Armenians," speaking their respective languages, dressed in their national habits, and affording a prospect which, in richness and variety, transcends a Venetian carnival[2]. But amid this chequered crowd, the three leading and most powerful branches are always strongly distinguishable, varying from the rest, and from each other, in features, language, dress, and religion—the Cossak, the Calmuk, and the Nogay.

XI.—The first of these presents a style of feature perfectly European: an open countenance; a complexion not so fair as the northern nations,

[1] The ferry-boat in which I crosed, was a double canoe, like those of the South Sea islanders; each canoe hollowed from a single tree, and the pair connected by a platform of spars and planks, eight feet across, on which the carriage stood. It was rowed by four men with paddles. The μονοξυλα, or canoes of a single tree, have in all ages been characteristic of these rivers. The double canoe is a modern improvement. In the time of Rubruquis, they ferried over a cart by putting one wheel in one boat, and another in a separate one, and the two were then lashed together by ropes.

[2] Clarke's Travels, vol. i. p. 336.

but clearer and more florid than the Spaniards, Italians, or French; the eyes are generally hazel; the nose small and turned up; the hair black or auburn, with a strong natural curl. Their limbs are remarkably well turned, and they are almost as active and indefatigable on foot as on horseback. From time immemorial they have lived in fixed habitations; have preferred bread as an article of food; and have been dexterous and hardy boatmen, both on the rivers, the banks of which they inhabit, and amid the storms of the neighbouring Euxine. Like the Russians they are Christians of the Greek communion; and their language, as I understood from many persons in the country, and as has been since confirmed to me by Captain Lisiansky, (himself a Malo-Russian, and their neighbour,) is a purer Slavonic than is now spoken either by the Russians, Poles, or Bohemians.

XII.—The Calmuks are a race as different from the Cossaks as one human being can be supposed to differ from another. Their complexion is swarthy, nearly approaching to copper, but which does not prevent a warm and healthy tinge from appearing on the cheeks of their younger females. Their noses are broad and depressed at the point; their faces broad, and, even in youth, often wrinkled; the eyes long and narrow, and the eyebrows form the same angle with the nose which is visible in the Chinese, whom, in many respects, they much resemble. Their hair is coal-black, lank, and strong as horse-hair, but their chins are seldom ornamented with a beard. They are strong, broad-set, and hardy; both men and women excellent riders, but on foot by no means nimble, and their legs are, for want of walking exercise, not well-proportioned to their muscular and fleshy bodies[1]. Their dispositions are remarkably sanguine and lively, their countenances intelligent, and they are said to delight in music and poetry to a degree of enthusiasm resembling what is told of the Arabs. Their usual musical instrument is a kind of lute, and they have large and hoarse-toned trumpets, which are chiefly used in their religious ceremonies. Though a wild, they are not an uninstructed race; few encampments are without a schoolmaster; and the leisure of a pastoral life has rendered writing, reading, and the study of history more universal

[1] The correspondence between this picture and that drawn by Ammianus Marcellinus, (lib. xxxi. § 2.) is very striking; and apparently sufficient to prove that the Huns and Calmuks were the same race; a supposition confirmed by the traditions of the latter, who often boast, as I was assured by many who had conversed with them, that their ancestors formerly subdued the world.

APPENDIX.

among them, than among the peasants of most European countries. They are said to make good soldiers, and have at present the same weapons and privileges as the Cossaks; but they never serve on foot, and their dislike to the sea amounts almost to abhorrence. All are irreclaimable wanderers, detesting the confinement of a house, and the insipidity of bread and vegetables. Their food is raw flesh and the granulated butter of the east; their drink milk or melted tallow, and the fermented milk of mares[1], which, since their abode in Russia, they have learnt the pernicious art of distilling into brandy, and to which they sometimes add the luxuries of tea and hydromel. They are wealthy in camels, horses, and horned cattle, as well as in the large broad-tailed sheep, which are common in all the countries of Asia. These tails, when produced on table, where they are considered a luxury, are little less than an ordinary shoulder of mutton; their substance is nearly of the same consistence with the udder of a cow; and they drag, as the animal walks, so completely on the ground, that, to save them from this painful friction, a little sledge, or board with rollers, is often fastened to them.

XIII.—Of the tents of this wandering race, the lightness and elegance, combined with firmness and warmth, are well worthy the traveller's notice. Those which I saw were a circle of slender rods, of which the lower ends were fixed in the earth in a sloping direction, so that the upper parts crossed each other in chequer-work, like a Chinese railing; while their tops were connected with horizontal sticks, like those called "bales" by cricket-players, extending from one to another, and tied on with thongs, or the tendons of animals. From this cornice, which is about four feet from the

[1] The "koumiss," or fermented milk, has, in all ages, been a characteristic Scythian dainty. "They diet," says Strabo, (lib. vii.) "on horseflesh, mare's milk cheese, and *milk vinegar*,"—οξυγαλα—τουτο δε και οψημα εστιν αυτοις κατασκευασθεν πως.—I find no mention of mare's milk distilled into brandy in Rubruquis, and suppose, therefore, that it is of later invention than his time. The method of making the koumiss is very simple. The milk, warm from the mare, is mingled with a sixth part of warm water, and about a twelfth part of very sour cow's milk, or the acid lees of a former brewing. The mixture is then agitated in a churn, (a leathern sack answers the purpose with the Calmuks,) and then put in a warm place to ferment for about twenty-four hours. They are careful from time to time to renew the agitation, and break the scum which rises to the top, which it is necessary to blend intimately with the rest of the fermenting mass; and thus a heady and well-tasted liquor is obtained, in high repute both among the Calmuks and Cossaks. Cow's milk does not contain sufficient saccharine matter to ferment in this manner; and though one of the Nogay tribes, according to Pallas, has succeeded in distilling it into brandy, it only yields one ninth of its quantity in ardent spirit; whereas mare's-milk produces at least one-third.

ground, a number of rods arise, like the ribs of an umbrella, connected in the centre by a stout circular hoop, which thus, like the Foramen of the Pantheon, was supported above the middle of the dome, and became, so to say, a key-stone to the whole rotunda. The frame-work thus completed, is covered with a hood of thick felt, and a low turf wall which surrounds the edifice, about eighteen inches high, contributes to keep the house warm, and the covering in its place. The circle of sticks is so far incomplete as to leave room for an entrance, and this is covered by a loose flap of the same material with the hood. The central hoop serves as both window and chimney; but when their miserable fire is burnt to a red heat, the inhabitants carefully close this orifice with a piece of felt, and confine as much as possible of the precious warmth within their dwelling. The furniture, it may be easily supposed, is not very costly. Some felt-carpets, a mattrass, a tea-equipage of coarse china-ware, a lance and carbine, a few leathern sacks and copper kettles, and a little establishment of idols, compose, in general, their only magnificence.

XIV.—These Calmuks[1], who are divided into the four great families of Oluts, Torgouts, Dersets, and Soungars, are the latest of all the nations who passed from Asia into Eastern Europe; and they only separated themselves from their countrymen of the Contaisch, or central kingdom of Tartary, about the middle of the seventeenth century. [2] Their subsequent fortunes have been, on the whole, neither brilliant nor peaceable. They were, during many years, engaged in constant feuds with their Cossak and Nogaian neighbours; and at length, in 1770, the tyranny of a Russian governor induced no fewer than 90,000 tents, or families,—the flower of their nobility, their priesthood, and their warriors,—to emigrate once more into the deserts now subject to China, and solicit, in the language of returning prodigals, the protection of their "father, Kien-Long." They were at first received with all the politic kindness which the interest or apprehensions of the court of Pekin would naturally show to a race of warriors thus numerous, whose lances and firelocks were equally formidable to Chinese

[1] Calmuk, I am informed by the Rev. Mr. Pinkerton, whose extensive knowledge of the Mongolian and Tartar dialects, I have already mentioned, means in the Tartar language, "Refuse," or "Worthless;" and was originally applied to the Oluts by their neighbours as a term of contempt. At present, however, like many other names of the sort, it is no longer used reproachfully, and the modern Oluts have no objection to be thus called.

[2] Des Guignes, tom. iv.

APPENDIX.

and Tartars. The history of their emigration was engraven on marble; their princes were honoured with the buttons and badges of Mandarins; and lands were assigned for their pasturage, in the most fertile districts of Tartary. By degrees, however, they were rendered liable to suspicious and vexatious superintendance. On plausible pretexts, their princes were detained at Pekin, while the people were divided (for the convenience of nourishing them) into different regions of the empire: and, if those fugitives may be credited, who have found means to retrace their steps to their former habitations on the Volga, the Torgouts now regret, under the jealous patronage of the Mantchoos, the more tolerable bondage of Russia. From the latter power, those who remain under its dominion are not at present subject to any vexation. They amount to thirty thousand families, or about 150,000 souls, of whom a seventh part are converted to Christianity [1]. The remainder still follow the religion of the Delai Lama; and a nuncio from Tibet had, when I was at Tcherkask, but recently quitted the neighbouring encampment. A few months afterwards, my friend, Mr. Charles Vaughan [2], now Secretary of Legation at Madrid, whose Persian Travels are still, alas! unpublished, met this Tibetian ecclesiastic at Astrachan. He was regarded by the Torgouts as too holy to touch the ground;

[1] The Christian Calmuks have, in another respect, departed from the customs and prejudices of their ancestors. They have become fishermen; and their black tents are seen pitched among the reeds and mud of the Don, close to the water's edge. This situation not being favourable for camels or horses, they transport their tents and families from place to place in large boats, one of which appears to be the joint property of many families. Some of them I saw in the act of removal, which afforded a most curious groupe. The filth and stench were terrible. The whole Delta of the Don, with all its streams and marshes, is absolutely poisoned with dead fish. A Calmuk fisherman, out of a prodigious haul,—as the salting or drying fish is expensive, and as it is some labour to select and throw back into the river the useless fish while they are yet alive,—allows more than half to rot on the beach. If, indeed, these dunghills grow so fast around his hut that the stench annoys him, (and to annoy a Calmuk it must be what the Knight of the Burning Pestle calls "a most valiant stink indeed,") he shovels the dead fish into the river.

While going by water from Tcherkask to Azoph, I was wind-bound in the neighbourhood of one of these encampments; and, after repeated attempts to obtain water which was not loathsome both to sight and smell, I abandoned in despair, though very thirsty, the idea of making tea, or diluting the brandy from the mighty river which extended around us. These Calmuks, though they have no objection to the navigation of the river, are never known to go to sea, or enter into the service of the traders at Tcherkask or Taganrog.

[2] The Right Honourable C. R. Vaughan, now (1830) His Britannic Majesty's Minister to the United States.

and when he visited the Russian governor, was carefully carried up stairs by attendant lamas.

XV.—The Tartars, or Nogays, (the origin of which last name will be explained in the course of this work,) are the most numerous, and were, till the Russian conquest, the dominant race in this country. They derive, as is well known, their descent from one of the tribes who followed Zingis Khân, and regard themselves as the elder branch of that mighty family, of which the Turks are only cadets. In person, habits, and temper, they differ widely from the Calmuks. Their faces, indeed, are generally broad, and their eyes small, but their complexions are fairer; their eyelids and eyebrows resemble those of Western Europe; their noses are universally aquiline, and their chins tolerably provided with a curly beard. Unlike the Calmuks, who have no wheel-carriages, and whose tents are taken to pieces and packed up on the back of a camel at every removal of the family, the Nogays have their huts mounted on wheels, and drawn from place to place by oxen, buffaloes, or camels. Many of them have, in the Crimea, abandoned their wandering and nomadic habits; and others, in the neighbourhood of Marinopol, though disliking bread themselves, have no objection, as has been already noticed, to the labours or profits of husbandry. Their persons are generally tall and large, of a kind which promises more strength than agility or endurance; their tempers are grave, gentle, and, from want of adequate motives to exertion, indolent. They speak a dialect of the Turkish language, and are zealous professors of Mahomedanism. Their origin and history, as well as those of the Cossaks, will occupy much of this treatise; though it is remarkable that neither of the races which now chiefly possess the country, can be any otherwise regarded than as among the last of a long train of successive invaders, by whom Scythia has, from the earliest periods of profane history, been ravaged.

XVI.—No district in the world has more or surer marks of the prolonged dominion of mankind, than the wastes over which the reader has been conducted. Besides the deep black mould impregnated with saltpetre, which is the common soil of the valleys, and evinces the annual decomposition of vegetable matter by the fires of many successive generations, the ancient proprietors of the country have provided for their own remembrance by monumental structures of the most durable form and material. The whole vast solitude from the Dnieper to the Donetz, and from Bakmuth to the golden gate of the Crimea, is like one unbounded cemetery, thickly spotted over with sepulchres. No towns, no villages, no solitary farms, no

APPENDIX.

Muscovitish domes or Turkish minarets, distract the attention from these rude memorials of a forgotten race; and the herds of cattle which seem to own no master; the marmots which whistle around our feet [1]; the eagles which scarcely notice our approach; and the sepulchres of various forms which rise on every side, impress the traveller, at times, with an awful and singular sensation, as if, of human beings, the dead only were the occupants of Scythia.

XVII.—Some of these tombs are mere conical barrows, of a character too vague to afford any clue to their founders, inasmuch as they are the common kind of tomb erected by barbarians in every age and country, and may be referred, with equal probability, to the most remote antiquity, or to the Calmuks of the last century. In many of them gun-barrels have been found, which identifies them with the last-named people; while some, which contain vaults roofed with stone, may be ascribed, with more probability, to the early Grecian colonists. Others, however, there are, of which Rubruquis noticed great numbers in his journey from the Crimea to the Don, and which Mr. Thornton and myself found in equal abundance on the downs between Bakmuth and Ivanovna, which differ widely from every other ancient memorial in the world. They consist of a tumulus of solid earth, surmounted by one or, more frequently, two statues, from five to six feet high, representing male or female figures in a sitting posture, naked, except the loins; the head covered with a ponderous cap, or turban, a massive necklace hanging over the bosom, and a small drinking-cup at the girdle. Though rudely, they are not, considering their apparent antiquity, contemptibly executed; and are by far the most interesting objects which

[1] An excellent description of these marmots, from the suroke, as large as a common terrier, down to the diminutive suslik, is given by Dr. Clarke, (vol. i. p. 248, 4to. edit.) The voice of the suslik is a shrill whistle, more resembling the note of a bird than any sound uttered by a quadruped. They are very nimble and lively, and difficult to be shot, as, while the herd is feeding, there are some who seem to act as sentinels, and on the first whistle the whole army disappears into their burrows *. Eagles are also very common on the more elevated parts of the steppe, though Strabo denies that they are found there. He is guilty of an opposite errour in peopling these wilds with a fabulous animal named *colos*, which carries a stock of water in its head; and with the *onager*, or wild ass. It is possible that by the onager he means the wild horse, which is still occasionally met with, and resembles, to a careless observer, an ass more than a horse.

* For a further account of the suslik, by Mr. Reginald Heber, see p. 213.—Ed.

excite the traveller's attention during his journey over these wearisome lawns.

XVIII.—To ask the history of these monuments from the Calmuks, the Torgorts, or the Nogays, would be about as useless as to interrogate the bones which they cover; and though the greater number of travellers have noticed and described them, nothing can be more unsupported and vague than the conjectures which have been produced as to their origin. If, with Dr. Guthrie [1], who agrees with Pallas and Gmelin, we ascribe their erection to the Huns, it is strange that no images of the same kind are found in countries where that people made a longer stay than in European Scythia; or that the Calmuks, a race of Hunnish extraction, and whose customs and religion have remained unchanged from a very remote antiquity, should not have retained the practice. Dr. Guthrie, indeed, lays considerable stress on the likeness of these images to the ancient descriptions of Hunnish deformity, and to a supposed testimony of Ammianus Marcellinus concerning them. But, between the modern Calmuks, at least, and these images, (though I have seen more specimens of both than Dr. Guthrie,) I could certainly perceive no striking resemblance; nor, in their present defaced and weather-beaten state, can they be said to afford a tolerable representation of any variety of the human countenance. The Doctor's reference to Ammianus Marcellinus is a still more curious specimen of his antiquarian judgement and critical acumen. "Ammianus," he tells us, "speaks of these very same statues in the fifth century, which, he says, are true representations of the Hunnish face." This citation, given without naming either book or page, long perplexed me, and I have been at length compelled to conclude, that the passage alluded to is—"Hunnorum gens, monumentis veteribus leviter nota, ultra paludes Mæoticas glacialem Oceanum accolens omnem modum feritatis excedit [2]." These words, by the help of a little bad construing, may, no doubt, be rendered, "The nation of the Huns, *easily known from the ancient monuments beyond the Palus Mœotis*," &c. The same objection which forbids us to consider the Huns as the authors of these sepulchres, must also militate against the Cumani; and we have the testimony of Rubruquis to show that they existed at the first arrival of the Mongolian tribes in Europe, so that these last are likewise excluded from all claim.

[1] Letters on the Taurida, Appendix, p. 409.

[2] Ammian. Marcel. lib. xxxi. § 2.

APPENDIX.

XIX.—The cup, however, suspended from the girdle of each, which all observers have noticed, and none have hitherto explained, affords a sufficient clue to their history. It was the known symbol which the Scythians inherited from Hercules, and which all their nations wore thus fastened, in token of descent from him [1]. The allegory or fable on which Herodotus grounds this custom, I shall certainly not attempt to unravel; but the custom for which it endeavours to account is not without its interest, and may almost identify these singular memorials with "those sepulchres of their fathers," for which alone the Scythians told Darius they thought it worth their while to contend [2].

That any now existing are so old as the Persian invasion, I will not certainly maintain; though to monuments of this kind a duration almost indefinite may be ascribed in a country so thinly inhabited, and where loneliness of situation is a better safeguard than all the care of superstitious or antiquarian affection. But that these are of Scythian origin, no reasonable doubt can, I think, be entertained.

XX.—But though these images be the only monuments which bear certain evidence of their great antiquity (for I dare not affirm that the vallum near Iski-Crim, or the similar work on the Isthmus of Perekop, are the same which Herodotus mentions under the name of Cimmerian walls [3],) the Scythians whose ashes they cover, were not the earliest occupants of the country. The Cimmerians, or *Cwmraeg*, who in almost all Europe have composed the advanced guard of colonization, and have every where been compelled to fly still further, or to retire into mountains and wildernesses before the succeeding waves of fiercer or more numerous tribes, have left their name, if we believe Herodotus, affixed to the Bosphorus, or ferry of the Palus Mæotis, and to a region, apparently the Iski-Crim of modern times. On the approach of the Scythians they appear to have yielded without a struggle; the major part of the nation retreating through Colchis into Asia Minor, while some of the boldest, as there is reason to suppose, maintained their ground in the mountains of the Crimea. The Tauri (a name derived from the Celtic word Tor, a rock or headland) were renowned, like the Druids, for their bloody sacrifices; they are expressly

[1] Ετι και ες τοδε φιαλας εκ των ζωστηρων φορεειν Σκυθας.—Melp. 10.

[2] Ει δε δεοι παντως ες τουτο κατα ταχος απικνεεσθαι, τυγχανουσι ἡμιν εοντες ΤΑΦΟΙ ΠΑΤΡΩΙΟΙ, φερετε, τουτους ανευροντες, συγχεειν πειρασθε αυτους, και γνωσεσθε τοτε, ειτε ὑμιν μαχησομεθα περι των ταφων, ειτε και ου μαχησομεθα.—Melpom. 127.

[3] Herod. Melp. 12.

called by Herodotus a nation distinct from the Scythians [1], and even at the present day, the florid complexion, the blue eyes, and curling auburn hair of many of these mountaineers *are a presumptive evidence of their pedigree* [2]. Of the fugitives into Asia, a part at least possessed themselves of the country round Sinope; and however inferior they might be to the Scythians, were so formidable to their new neighbours, that they had nearly reduced the whole of Asia Minor, and laid siege to the citadel of Sardis itself [3]. How long their ravages continued we know not; but we learn from Herodotus that they were driven at length beyond the Halys by Halyattes, king of Lydia. It is not impossible (and the conjecture, if confirmed by future discoveries, may tend to clear up a very obscure portion of historical geography) that vestiges of their language and physiognomy may be found among the yellow-haired tribes of the country between the Caspian and Euxine [4], and in the name of Albyn, or Albania, affixed during many ages

[1] Παραπλησια ταυτῃ και οἱ Ταυροι νεμονται της Σκυθικης ὡς εἰ της Αττικης αλλο εθνος και μη Αθηναιοι νεμοιατο τον γουνον τον Σουνιακον.—Melpom. 99.

[2] The Nogays regard these mountaineers as a distinct race from themselves; and instead of Tartar, call them by the contemptuous diminution of *Tat*. Dr. Pallas, to whose hospitality and conversation all travellers into these countries are indebted, assured me that their language differed, in many respects, from that of the other Tartars, which, as well as their fair complexion, he was inclined to ascribe to a mixture of Gothic blood. The Goths, indeed, did, in small numbers, occupy some of the mountain villages in the time of Rubruquis; but among those of whom I am now speaking, Dr. Pallas was not able to mention any Gothic words as still prevalent, nor did any such fall under my own observation, though I was not unable to judge of any striking similarity either to the German or Swedish languages. I was ignorant, however, of Turkish; and was at that time too young and too little experienced in such enquiries to have either power or inclination to pursue them properly. If we recollect the length of time during which the Celts have, under circumstances not dissimilar, maintained their national and separate existence among the rocks of Cornwall, Wales, and Biscay, it cannot be thought improbable that we should also find some relics of them among the modern inhabitants of the Crimea

[3] Herod. Clio, 15, 16; Melpom. 12.

[4] The beautiful Circassian prisoner described by Dr. Clarke, (Vol. i. p. 378,) had light brown hair; and she who was offered for sale in 1788 to the German merchant Keeling, had fair hair and light blue eyes. (Guthrie's Taurida, p. 153.) The same features, in which many of these mountaineers are strongly contrasted with the neighbouring nations, are also noticed by other travellers. Those whom I fell in with had dark hair and complexions.

The name of Albania has been often considered merely as a corruption of Alania, and deduced from those Alani who were driven southward by the Huns. But three hundred years before the time of Attila's invasion, and while the Alani were far to the north, Strabo places the Albani among these mountains; and these two nations are expressly distinguished from

APPENDIX.

to the *Hill country* of Caucasus, as Iberia (a word also of Celtic derivation) was to the district adjoining the *Fords* of the Araxes and Cyrus. The kings, however, of the Cimmerians, (for, like many other nations of antiquity, they appear to have had several possessed of joint authority,) did not so easily concur in the apprehensions of their people. When these last had determined to fly before the Scythians, the kings, preferring death to the infamy of deserting their country, fell each on the others sword, and were buried by their nation on the banks of the Dniester, where their tumulus, which certainly existed in the time of Herodotus, may probably yet reward the enquiries of future travellers [1].

XXI.—This invasion of Asia is placed by Herodotus in the time of Ardys, son of Gyges, king of Lydia, who began to reign, according to most chronologers, in the year before Christ, 680. And as it is apparent, from the circumstances mentioned, that the prior expulsion of the Celts from the northern shores of the Euxine was atchieved by the Scythians, without any difficulty or protracted struggle, we cannot well assign an earlier date than the above for the arrival of this last named people from the east. A far more ancient residence in Europe is claimed, indeed, for the Scythians by many learned men of modern times, who are anxious to derive from their lineage some of the earliest, as well as the most illustrious tribes of the west, and to refer to them as to a common storehouse of nations—the Goths, the Germans, the Thracians, the Greeks, and the Italians. Now, as all these nations, except the two first, are known to have existed as flourishing and populous communities for at least a thousand years before the date at which, if we believe Herodotus, the Scythians first drove their waggons eastward of the Tanais, it must follow either that Herodotus is incorrect in his statements, or that the Scythians, who expelled the Celts, had been preceded by other tribes of the same nation, who, at some very remote and unknown period, had colonized the countries above enumerated; or, lastly, that the above hypothesis is at least so far incorrect, as it derives the three last-named nations from the wanderers of Scythia. But that Herodotus could be mistaken as to the date of the Cimmerian inroad, which had occurred in times so near his own, and by which his own country of Asiatic Greece had so materially suffered, is a supposition which will not be very readily entertained. Nor, when the

each other by Ammianus Marcellinus. (Strabo, lib. viii. Ammian. Marcel. lib. xxvii. c. 12; xxxi. c. 2.)

[1] Herod. Melp. 12.

same historian ascribes the Celtic migration to a cause so probable and so obvious, as their own previous expulsion from their former possessions by a barbarous enemy, can any sufficient reason be assigned for doubting the accuracy of his information. And his authority is, on all which relates to the north-eastern parts of the world, so infinitely superior to that of succeeding historians, that some very strong reason must be assigned, to induce us to transfer our faith from him to the inconsistent and improbable compilations of Diodorus and Troyus Pompeius.

XXII.—That the Scythians were an ancient nation, though asserted in the vague eulogia pronounced on them by Justin and Diodorus, was not the tradition either of the Scythians themselves, or of the Greeks in the time of Herodotus. The Scythians esteemed themselves the most recent of mankind, and reckoned but ten centuries from the time of their mythological ancestor, Targitaus, to the invasion of their country by Darius Hystaspes[1]; a lapse of years too insignificant to ascend to the date of the ancient Pelasgi, or greatly to exceed the foundation of the kingdom of Argos. The Greeks, so far from reverencing them as the elder branch of the Pelasgian or Hellenic family, were content to ascribe their origin to a casual amour of Hercules, himself of Pelasgian race, and whom they described as wandering into these vast and uninhabited plains for the first time, on his return from a western expedition[2]. These stories, it is true, are mythological; but they plainly prove that, neither in the minds of the Scythians or of the Greeks, was there any suspicion that the last were a colony of the former. And though the scene of the Scythian theogony be laid in the neighbourhood of the Borysthenes, (a circumstance which might at first induce us to suspect that the Scythians were more ancient in Europe than Herodotus will allow,) yet is it no unusual occurrence, that barbarous nations should transfer the fables which they are taught to revere, from one situation to another, as they themselves have altered their place of abode. The scene of the death of Adonis, at first, perhaps, celebrated on the Ganges, was laid successively in Phœnicia and Cyprus; and three different caves in Arcadia and Crete were assigned as each the only real cradle of the infant Jupiter. What wonder then that the story of Targitaus, the offspring of the water and the air, and his three sons, among whom the

[1] Γεγονεναι μεν νυν σφεας ωδε λεγουσι οἱ Σκυθαι· ετεα δε σφι, επει τε γεγονασι, τα συμπαντα λεγουσι εἰναι απο του πρωτου βασιληος Ταργιταου ες την Δαρειου διαβασιν την επι σφεας, χιλιων ου πλεω, αλλα τοσαυτα.—Herod. Melp. 7.

[2] Herod. Melp. 8, 9, 10.

APPENDIX.

earth was divided, was affixed by the Scythians to whatever river the present generation was best acquainted with; and that this mythological corruption of Noah and his sons, which was at first applied to the Oxus, or Jaxartes, was afterwards fastened on a European stream? And as the antiquity of the Scythians in Asia is nothing to the present purpose, so it may be added, that neither Justin nor Diodorus ascribe to them an earlier settlement in Europe than that which Herodotus allows. It will be said, perhaps, that Herodotus contradicts himself, when he brings his Scythians into Europe at so late a date as he does in the present passage, since he had previously, in his second book, asserted that "Sesostris," (whose conquests are allowed by all to have preceded the birth of Ardys by many centuries,) "passing from Asia into Europe, subdued the Scythæ and the Thracians [1]." I might urge, in answer to this objection, the frequent inaccuracy of historians, who call a country by the name it is best known by, whether at the period which they mention it had been received or no; and the example of Machiavelli, who speaks in his discourses of the conquest of Rome by *the French* during the Dictatorship of Furius Camillus[2]. The truth, however, is, that Herodotus, as may be seen by a careful examination of all the passages in which he speaks of Europe and Asia, reckoned as the boundary of the two continents, not the Tanais, but Caucasus, the Caspian, and the river Araxes, by which last he meant the Oxus; so that not only that which we now call European Scythia, but the country to the east of the Volga, and Turkestan itself, were included by him in the common name of Europe [3]; and that the Scythians may have inhabited these countries in very remote antiquity, I certainly will not deny; any more than that Sesostris (if his exploits be not imaginary) may have paid them a visit there. The same observations apply to the mention made by Homer

[1] Herodot. Euterpe. 103.

[2] "Furio Camillo, poi ch'egli ebbe liberato Roma dalla oppressione dei *Francesi*."—Discorsi. lib. i. cap. viii.

[3] Herodotus speaks expressly of the boundary of Asia to the north and north-east, as being the Caspian sea, and the river Araxes. Προς βορεω δε ἡ Κασπιη τε θαλασσα και ὁ Αραξης ποταμος, ῥεων προς ἡλιον ανισχοντα, Melpom. 40; and in the same section, Τοιαυτη μεν και τοσαυτη ἡ Ασια εστι. And though he allows that some reckoned the Tanais as the boundary of Asia, yet he himself was plainly not of that opinion, since he calls Europe as long as Asia and Africa together; (§ 42.) and since he asserts in another place, (§ 45,) that no one knew either the northern or *eastern* boundary of Europe. Ἡ δε Ευρωπη προς ουδαμῶν φανερη εστι γινωσκομενη, ουτε τα προς ἡλιον ανατελλοντα, ουτε τα προς Βορην, ει περιρρυτος εστι· μηκεϊ δε γινωσκεται παρ' αμφοτερας παρηκουσα.

and Hesiod of the Hippemolgi and Lactophagi, who, if they were not Scythians, were a race at least of similar habits, but whom the poets afford us no reason for fixing to the west of the Tanais. Jupiter, seated on Gargarus, with his back to Troy, and his face consequently northward, might behold at once the Thracians and Mysians to the north-west, and the Asiatic Sacæ at the north-eastern extremity of his horizon [1]; and Phineus might be carried by the Harpies to the neighbourhood of the Aral, as well as to the Don or Dnieper. Nor was it more difficult for Homer or Hesiod to obtain some scanty knowledge of these eastern tribes, than of the southern and equally distant Ethiopians.

XXIII.—The difference of manners between the Scythians and the western nations of Europe should not be omitted, as greatly increasing the improbability of any original connexion between them. For though similarity of manners be no decisive proof of a common origin, since all nations, under corresponding circumstances, are led to institutions nearly the same; yet so slowly do men unlearn the habits of their ancestors, that any great variety of customs, especially such as are connected with religious observances, is a strong argument the other way. Now it will be found that all the nations of Western Europe, whether Goths, Greeks, Germans, Celts, or Thracians, have agreed, from the rudest antiquity, in the reverence of certain divinities, which the learned researches of Sir William Jones have identified with those of Hindoostan. Indra, the Sanscrit god of the visible firmament, the husband of the earth, the bestower of rain, and wielder of the thunder-bolt, was, under the various names of Zeus, Diespiter, Thor, or Taranis, the supreme divinity of the most ancient tribes of Europe; while other and superior powers were worshipped with various ceremonies, and all of them under representations of the human form. Tabiti, or "Fire," a su-

[1] Ζευς δ' επει ουν Τρωας τε και Εκτορα νησι πελασσε,
Τους μεν εᾳ παρα τησι πονον τ' εχεμεν και οϊζυν
Νωλεμεως· αυτος δε παλιν τρεπεν οσσε φαεινω,
Νοσφιν εφ' ἱπποπολων Θρηκων καθορωμενος αιαν,
Μυσων τ' αγχεμαχων, και αγαυων Ἱππημολγων,
Γλακτοφαγων, αβιων τε, δικαιοτατων ανθρωπων.
Iliad. N. 1.

The testimony of Hesiod, as quoted by Strabo and Eratosthenes from his lost poem, "concerning the circuit of the earth," is to the same effect, but with the yet more appropriate feature of the Scythian tented waggon.

Γλακτοφαγων εις αιαν απηναις οικι' εχοντων.

APPENDIX.

perstition of very different origin, was the greatest of the Scythian deities [1]. To images of the Divinity in a human likeness, they appear to have been utterly strangers [2]. The sword only was honoured as an appropriate symbol of the god of war; and with so much intolerance did they regard the worship of their neighbours, that Anacharsis and King Scyles were put to death by their countrymen, the former by his own brother, for attempting to introduce, at different times, and with the greatest privacy, the adoration of the two favourite divinities of Greece and Thrace, the mother of the gods and Bacchus [3]. The use of moveable tents, or fixed habitations, is another difference equally striking and equally universal. The wildest inhabitants of Germany, and the earliest savages of whom we have any account in Thrace, were hunters indeed, but not scenites or nomades. The use of tents, the tented waggon more particularly, appears to have been, in early times, unknown; and even the warriors of Homer's poem were lodged in barracks of straw and wicker. Strabo, indeed, informs us, on the authority of some nameless historian of Athens, that the Pelasgi were, by the ancient Athenians, called Pelasgi, or Storks, from their frequent change of habitation [4]. But this rambling character, as is plain from the context, was not the peaceable migration of shepherds, nor carried on in the same vehicles, or on the same element; but the restless excursions of roving pirates, who cruized about from one island to another in circular canoes, resembling the Celtic coracle. Nor should it be forgotten that this account of Strabo is clogged with many difficulties, which evince that in matters of such remote antiquity, he was neither so diligent nor so cautious as Herodotus. The origin which he assigns to the Pelasgi, that, being a small tribe in Arcadia, they all turned soldiers, and gave their own name to whoever enlisted into their number, is in itself unlikely, and in complete opposition to the general concurrence of history, which points them out as among the earliest, doubtless, if not the original inhabitants of Greece, of the islands of Crete and Cyprus, and of a part of Italy. His account, however, of their beginning, vague as it may be, is little qualified to encourage the scheme which would drive them from Scythia; and the lucid statement of Herodotus is such as materially to increase this improbability.

[1] Herod. Melp. 59.

[2] Αγαλματα δε και βωμους και νηους ου νομιζουσι ποιεειν πλην Αρηι.—Melp. 59. Ακινακης σιδηρεος ιδρυται αρχαιος εκαστοισι· και τουτ' εστι του Αρηος το αγαλμα.—Melp. 62.

[3] Ξεινικοισι δε νομαιοισι και ουτοι αινως χρασθαι φευγουσι.—Melpomene 76.

[4] Strabo, lib. v.

XXIV.—The population of Greece was, according to Herodotus, divided into two families, the Pelasgi and the Hellenes[1]. The first of these were what he calls a barbarous nation, who were the original occupants of the soil, and gave their name, in ancient days, to the whole country. The second spoke the language which yet bears their name, and in the time of King Deucalion were settled in the country of Phthiotis; afterwards, under Dorus, son of Hellen, (from whom they took the name of Dorians,) in the mountainous parts of Thessaly; and being expelled from this settlement by the Phœnicians, under Cadmus, they carried their name and language into Peloponnesus, which had been till then occupied by the Pelasgi, who, under the guidance of Apis, had first redeemed it from the wild beasts. The Dorians, or Hellenes, were thus the ancestors of the Spartans and other dominant nations of the peninsula, and always retained the same tongue which they brought with them from the Phthiotis. The Pelasgi, who took the name of Ionians on uniting with another body of Hellenes under Ion, son of Xuthus, acquired the language of their new allies, but considerably softened by an intermixture of their own; what this language was it is certainly, at the present day, impossible to determine, though the scale of probability would incline more to the Celtic than to the Scythian. From them the Athenians were descended.

I have thought it necessary to give this short sketch of the earliest population of Greece, as it is classed by Herodotus, and by all the other best authorities, except Strabo, to obviate the singular mistakes into which an author, for whose industry and candour I have the highest respect, has fallen, from a too great desire to reconcile Strabo with Herodotus, and from a too great reliance on his voluminous countryman, Dr. Gillies[2]. Had it been otherwise, he could not have supposed that it was the Pelasgic nation whose successive migrations Herodotus records, or have forgotten, what every school-boy knows, and what was under his eyes in the very passage which he misconstrues, that Dorus, from whom the Dorians took their name, was son of Hellen; and that the Albanians, who were the head of the Ionians, were of Pelasgic descent.

XXV.—Of these two nations Herodotus assures us that the Pelasgi were by no means addicted to wandering; and of the other, though he undoubtedly says that they had often changed their habitations, yet he nowhere implies that such migrations were, like those of the Scythians, the result of their domestic economy, or that they left a pasture when it was

[1] Clio, 56.

[2] Jamieson's Hermes Scythicus.

APPENDIX.

exhausted, to return to it next season. There is, in fact, a great difference between changing our country and changing our field; and the Tartars, who do the last four times in a year, would require a very strong inducement to do the former, or to forsake for ever those meadows to which they annually bid adieu. The territory and pasture-grounds of a horde of Calmuks are marked out and defended with as jealous care from the encroachments of their neighbours, as the borders of any agricultural or manufacturing nation; and the mere circumstance of changing their country, like the Dorians, as described by Herodotus,when chased from it by foreign force, or lured by the hope of foreign advantage, is no more characteristic of a Scythian than of a Scotsman. The change of residence which induced Herodotus to give the name of wandering to the Hellenes, appears, on examination, to have occurred only five times in half as many centuries, which is no great matter in the progress of a colony. Above all, however, the specification of the different places at which they successively dwelt in an extent of country, the whole of which would have been depastured and rambled over by the Golden Horde in one season, is a clear evidence, that far from being nomades, they were stationary residents within the scanty bounds of whatever canton they colonized.

XXVI.—In language (a yet stronger circumstance in proving or disproving an identity of race) it will not be easy to prove that either the Pelasgi or Hellenes retained any traces of a Scythian dialect. As of the language spoken by the former, we are utterly ignorant, the systematist has, indeed, a wild scope for conjecture; but on a comparison of the Greek with the scanty specimen of Scythian words which Herodotus affords us, even the most skilful etymologist will find but little chance of establishing a relationship[1]. The same observation will apply to the Gothic dialects;

[1] The following are such Scythian words as Herodotus has given us, disfigured, no doubt, by Greek spelling.

Tabiti . . . Vesta, or Fire.
Papaios. . . Jupiter, Heaven, perhaps the air or wind.
Apia . . . . the Earth.
Oitosuros . Apollo, the sun.
Arippasa . . Venus Urania.
Thamisadas . Neptune, or the sea.
Arima . . . One.
Spou . . . . An eye.
Oior . . . . A man.
Pata . . . . . To kill.

and if the Scythian was originally connected with any of them, it can only be said that its words and names are so far disfigured by spelling or pronunciation, that no traces can now be found of their original character. It is urged, however, on the authority of Diodorus, that the Hyperborean dialect approached to that of Delos[1], and a witticism of Anacharsis is quoted to prove that all the Greeks spoke Scythian[2]. It may, therefore, be worth while to examine how far these testimonies will bear up the hypothesis to the aid of which they are called in. Now as to the Hyperboreans it may be doubted, perhaps, by what species of inspiration Diodorus could so positively pronounce on their language and their intercourse with the Delians, so many centuries after that intercourse had altogether ceased; when all which Herodotus, 300 years before, could learn from the Delians themselves, amounted to so little. Twice only, at distant intervals, and in very remote antiquity, certain male and female pilgrims had arrived, they said, at their shrine from an unknown country in the North, whose names and nation had been afterwards celebrated by Olen, a Lycian poet[3]. Afterwards certain offerings, packed in straw, had been forwarded from the same quarter, which the Delians, however, could only trace as far as the tribes bordering on the Adriatic, and which Herodotus seems shrewdly to suspect, were the workmanship of some devotees among the neighbouring Thracians[4]. The men of Delos, however, were willing to suppose them to be the produce of a fortunate country seated beyond the north wind, whence Hercules had brought the first olive trees into Greece, and whence

Hexampaios, the name of the place which Herodotus translates "the sacred way."

Targitaus . . .
Leipoxais . . .
Arpoxais . . .
Kolaxais . . .
} Mythological personages, apparently corrupted from the history of Noah and his three sons.

"Coraci," the "friendly ones;" a name given to Orestes and Pylades in Lucian's Toxaris, belongs, I apprehend, not to the Scythian, but Tauro-Celtic dialect.

[1] Diod. Sic. Bibl. Græc. l. ii. c. 7.

[2] Clemen. Alexandrinus Stromata, lib. i. p. 225. Ed. Lugd. 1616.

[3] Pausanias lays the scene of this Scythian pilgrimage at Delphos, and makes Olen, not a Lycian, who sung of the Hyperboreans, but a Hyperborean himself. Thus vague were all the accounts of this people, of whom Diodorus affects to know the language. (Pausan. l. x. Phocie. pp. 809-810.)

[4] Οιδα δε αυτος τουτοισι ιροισι τοδε ποιευμενον προσφερες· τας Θρησσας και τας Παιονιδας γυναικας, επεαν θυωσι τῃ Αρτεμιδι τῃ βασιληίῃ, ουκ ανευ πυρων καλαμης θυουσας τα ἱρα, και ταυτα μεν δῃ οιδα ταυτας ποιευσας.—Melpom. 33.

APPENDIX.

a certain Abaris had journeyed, neither eating nor drinking all the way, and riding through the air on an arrow. It is surely loss of time to enlarge any further on tales of which Herodotus was ashamed; and it is sufficient to observe that, according to his authentic testimony, *no tidings of these Hyperboreans or their offerings were to be learnt from any of the Scythian nations*[1]. Whatever then the degree of credit which is given to their Grecian dialect and Grecian superstition, the Scythians at least had no concern in either; and since the course by which their offerings came to Delos implied a western origin, since Diodorus places their *island* in the neighbourhood of Gaul, and since there are so many Celtic antiquarians who would gladly lay claim to the praises of Olen and Bovo, it is strange perverseness to bind their wreath around the unconscious or unwilling brows of a nation, which, in behalf of itself and its neighbours, disclaimed all title to the honour.

XXVII.—The expression of Anacharsis is, if possible, still less to the purpose. All its point, and all the point of the manner in which it is applied by Clemens Alexandrinus, consists in the Greeks and Scythians being alike unintelligible to each other. Clemens is reproving the vanity of his own nation, who despised all other tongues as barbarous, and he thus reminds them that foreigners had as good a right to despise Greek, as the Greeks had to despise the language of foreigners. "To me," said Anacharsis, "all the Greeks speak Scythian." Scythian, it should be observed, was not the native name by which the countrymen of Anacharsis distinguished themselves, but was given them by their neighbours in the same manner as the Cwmraeg are called Welch, and the Osmenli Turks. Anacharsis, therefore, whom attic levity had probably derided for his Scythian jargon, at once in his answer disavows the name of Scythian, and retorts the charge of barbarism on his hosts. "If by Scythian," is his reply, "you signify an unintelligible language, you yourselves are as much Scythians to me as I am to you." The discovery, then, that the Scythians spoke Greek, is to be imputed neither to Anacharsis nor Clemens, but is entirely, for all that we have yet seen, the property of certain modern antiquarians. Of the Thracian tongue, as we know little or nothing, it is impossible to say what it resembled; but that the Getæ (who were a

[1] Ὑπερβορεων δε περι ανθρωπων ουτε τι Σκυθαι λεγουσι, ουτε τινες αλλοι των ταυτῃ οικημενων, ει μη αρα Ισσηδονες. ὡς δ' εγω δοκεω, ουδ' οὐτοι λεγουσιν ουδεν· ελεγον γαρ ἀν και Σκυθαι ὡς περι των μοννοφθαλμων λεγουσι.—Melpom. 32.

Thracian tribe) spoke a different language from the Sarmatians (who were, as will hereafter be shown, a kindred race with the Scythians) is proved from the testimony and experience of Ovid, who sojourned in their country and learnt the language of each nation [1].

XXVIII.—In their weapons and manner of fighting, the nations of whom I have been speaking showed the same remarkable discrepancy from the characteristics of Scythian warfare. The defensive arms of ancient Greece, and of the wealthier Thracian and Gothic tribes, consisted in massive helmets, greaves, and breast-plates, all of copper or strong leather. They were all alike distinguished from the Scythians and Sarmatians by their heavy and ample bucklers, which their wandering neighbours seldom if ever wore, by the use of long pikes pointed with copper, and short straight swords of the same material. Horsemanship was originally so rare an accomplishment among them, that its introduction gave rise to the fable of the Centaurs; and so late as the siege of Troy, the horse was never used in battle, except harnessed to a chariot, a custom which, though it prevailed with all the tribes with whom we are acquainted west of the Dniester, is never noticed among the wanderers to the east of that river [2].

[1] "Didici Getice, Sarmaticeque loqui."

[2] The armour of the Greeks is well-known. The Thracians are described by Plutarch as "of lofty stature, with white and shining shields of the largest size, with greaves of the same, and shaking their heavy pikes, which they carried erect on the right shoulder."—Ανδρες ὑψηλοι τα σωματα, κ. τ. λ.—Plutarch. Æmilius Paulus.

Of the northern nations Tacitus says "Harum omnium gentium insigne, rotunda scuta, breves gladii. (De mor. Germanorum)." The use of the shield Tacitus regards as decisive proof that the Venedi were not Sarmatians. (Ibid.) Among the Greeks and Thracians of Homer's time, the use of the chariot in war is known to have been universal. Even so late as the time of Herodotus it was used by the Sigunna, a warlike nation in Pannonia (Terpsichore q.) and in much later times by the Britons and northern nations. To the Scythians, if we believe the descriptions given us, it was unknown. Mr. Pinkerton, indeed, assures us that Philip in his war with the Scythians, took a vast number of war chariots; and cites the authorities of Strabo and Justin. But, in the first place, it does not appear that either Philip or Alexander ever advanced so far as the Scythians, their war extending only to the Thracians, Getæ, and Tribulli; and secondly, those who are not acquainted with Mr. Pinkerton's peculiar accuracy, will scarcely perhaps believe, what is, nevertheless, the fact, that the authors to whom he refers, say not a single word of these chariots! (See Pinkerton's disser. on the Goths, p. 70.) We are apt, according to the present system of war, to consider these chariots as only a martial incumbrance, nor is it easy to conceive how they can ever have been really serviceable. Yet Cæsar, (no bad authority on military subjects,) speaks of them in high terms of praise, when he says, "*Mobilitatem equitum, stabilitatem peditum, in prœliis prœstant.*" (Bell. Gall. l. iv. § 29.) But the national and most familiar manner of ranging an army, among all the western Europeans, was

APPENDIX.

The bow was rarely employed and regarded by the boldest warriors with a the phalanx, or a deep and solid column of infantry, of all other forms the least adapted to Scythian habits of warfare. Thus the Greeks, in the Trojan war, advance to battle.

Ασπις αρ' ασπιδ' ερειδε, κορυς κορυν, ανερα δ' ανηρ'
Ψαυον δ' ἱπποκομοι κορυθες λαμπροισι φαλοισι
Νευοντων· ὡς πυκνοι εφεστασαν αλληλοισιν.

Iliad. N. 131.

An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
Armour in armour lock'd, and shields in shields;
Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,
Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.

POPE.

In like manner the Illyrians under their old king Bardyllis, in the battle with Philip of Macedon, advanced in the form of battle called Plinthion. And the Germans, according, to Cæsar, "*Ex consuetudine suâ, phalange facta, impetus gladiorum exceperunt.*" (Bell. Gall. i. § 41.) The contempt expressed by the ancient Greeks for the bow is proved by the expressions of Diomede to Paris.

Τοξοτα, λωβητηρ, κερᾳ αγλαε, παρθενοπιπα,
Ει μεν δη αντιβιον συν τευχεσι πειρηθειης,
Ουκ αν τοι χραισμῃσι βιος και ταρφεες ιοι·
Νυν δε, μ' επιγραψας ταρσον ποδος, ευχεαι αὐτως.
Ουκ αλεγω, ὡς ει με γυνη βαλοι, η παϊς αφρων·
Κουφον γαρ βελος ανδρος αναλκιδος ουτιδανοιο.

Iliad. λ. 385.

Vain archer! trusting to the distant dart,
Unskilled in arms to act a manly part!
Thou hast but done what boys or women can,
Such hands may wound, but not incense a man!

POPE.

And Menelaus, in the Ajax of Sophocles (line 1120) treats the art of Teucer with equal contempt.

ὁ τοξοτης εοικεν ου σμικρα φρονειν.

It is remarkable, indeed, that among the Greek nobles, Teucer and Philoctetes only are recorded as archers; and on the Trojan side, only Paris and Pandarus. Nor are any of the troops thus armed, except the Pæonians on the Trojan side, and the troops of Philoctetes (350 men) on the other (Iliad. B. 720. 848.) Nor did the Scythian bow resemble that of the Greek in shape. "Cum arcus omnium gentium flexis curventur hostilibus, Scythici soli vel Parthici circumductis utrimque introrsus pandis et patulis cornibus, effigiem Lunæ decrescentis ostendunt, medietatem recta et rotunda regula dividente." (Ammian. Marcell, lib. xxii. c. viii.)

contempt, from which not even the example of Hercules could redeem it; and the main strength of all their armies consisted in a close and weighty column of infantry. How greatly does this picture differ from the pliant habergeon, the feigned retreat, the sudden rally, the crooked iron scymitar [1], and the bow and poisoned arrows of the light armed cavalier of Scythia. Against this general want of likeness it will surely not be urged as a material exception that the Getæ, a Thracian tribe adjoining the Scythians, and inhabiting like them a country of open plains, had in part adopted their manner of fighting; or that the Getæ must have been Scythians, though differing from them both in religion and language, because they were armed with bows and arrows, and went to war on horseback [2].

XXIX.—"But the Getæ," we are told, "are proved by incontrovertible evidence to have been the same people with the Scythians [3];" and this evidence will be found to resolve itself into their vicinity of situation, their similarity of weapons and their name. Now the second of these circumstances may, as we have seen, be fairly accounted for by the first; and how far the first is to prevail against the opinion of Herodotus, may be left to the verdict of even a Gothic jury. The argument drawn from their name, if I understand it rightly, is as follows: we find on the banks of the Dniester the Tyri Getæ, or, as Herodotus calls them, Tyritæ; the Thyssagetæ, a tribe east of the Volga; and the Massagetæ, a mighty and numerous people in the neighbourhood of the Abtaian mountains. "And it is obvious that Getæ must have been the primary denomination." But all these were Scythians, and the Scythians and Getæ are therefore, according to these learned persons, identified. It is singular that in this chain of argument there is not a single link which is not defective, either in the fact itself, or in the inference drawn from it. Of the three nations mentioned, the Tyritæ and Thyssagetæ are, by the positive testimony of Herodotus, decided not to have been Scythian; the first being a colony of *Greeks* [4], the second, "*a large or numerous and peculiar people* [5]," and the Massagetæ, though often confounded by the Greeks under the common name of Scythians, (a term as vaguely and improperly applied to all wandering

[1] Iron, not copper, was used by the Scythians in their various implements, "αργυρῳ δε ουδεν ουδε χαλκῳ χρεωνται." Melp. 71. Their swords are always called "ακινακεις." See Herodotus, passim.

[2] Jamieson, Hermes Scythicus, p. 10.

[3] Ibid. p. 7.

[4] Ἑλληνες οἱ Τυριται καλεονται.—Melp. 51.

[5] Θυσσαγεται, εθνος πολλον και ιδιον.—Ibid. 22.

APPENDIX.

tribes as Tartar is at present) are distinguished from them by Herodotus as using copper for their weapons instead of iron; as fighting on foot with pikes as well as on horseback; by a greater profligacy of manners; and by the deadly feud which existed between them and the Scythians, and which first compelled the latter to take refuge in Europe [1]. Whatever, then, the connexion between the Massagetæ and Getæ, this will not prove the latter to have been Scythians; and it must be owned that the distinctive features ascribed to the Massagetæ, resemble the nations of Northern Europe much more than any which are recorded of the Scythian wanderers. But, in truth, the mere circumstances of a correspondence between one name, and the two last syllables of another, is by far too slight a circumstance to induce us to believe in the affinity of nations so widely separated as Thrace and Turkestan. Of the Massagetic language, it should be remembered, we know not a single syllable; and if a Chinese antiquarian should discover in some corner of Eastern Tartary a tribe named Ish, he would be hardly justified, I apprehend, in identifying them with the nations of Europe; or inferring, from the knowledge of a few names in our language, that Ish was the "primary denomination of all," and that English, Scottish, Irish, were only modifications of it. Besides, if Strahlenburgh's derivation of Massagetæ from *Matchudi* be correct (and it has at least the merit, which none of the others have, of being founded on a Tartar etymology) it is plain that the controversy is at an end so far as either Goths or Getæ are concerned, since *Tchudi* is now, and always has been, the oriental name for the *Finns;* and that the Getæ were of this last race will hardly, I think, be suspected. If, however, it can be shown that we have no good reason to consider the Getæ as Scythians, I may well be excused the labour of proving that they were not Massagetæ.

XXX.—The testimonies of the ancients, which are alleged to prove the Scythian descent of the Greeks, resolve themselves, I apprehend, into that of Lucian [2], who calls Deucalion a Scythian; the epithet, Scythiadis, given by the poets to Delos; and the opinion mentioned, but apparently not adopted by Strabo, that the [3] Caucones, who had in very early times colonized parts of Greece, were of Scythian extraction. What weight is in this instance to be given to the authority of Lucian, will appear from a reference to his Toxaris, in which he applies so vaguely the name of Scythian to the Tauri or Celtic worshippers of Diana, and the Sauromatæ, whom Mr. Pinkerton and his followers will certainly not allow to have

[1] Herod. Clio. 215. Melp. 11. [2] Lucian. de Dea Syria. [3] Strabo. l. xi.

deserved the title, that, it is plain, by the word Scythian he only meant a person of northern descent, and what the Greeks called a barbarian. The epithet of Scythiadis was given to Delos by the poets, whose accuracy in points like these is very seldom to be relied on; and it might be given either because that shrine was frequented and honoured by the Hyperboreans, or because the Scythian Apollo was worshipped there. The Hyperboreans have been already proved not to be Scythians; and Apollo received this title, either from the Hyperboreans who were his favourite race, or because he was the patron of archery. But, admitting for a moment that Delos derived the name of Scythiadis from any original connection or continued intercourse with the Scythians, its bearing this name *in distinction* from the rest of Greece, would be at least a strong presumption that the neighbouring regions had no tradition of the kind as to their own origin. The truth however is, that Delos received the name of Scythiadis from the well-known fable of the island having *wandered* many years about the sea, till it was fixed as an asylum for Latona. The passage in Strabo proves that there was the greatest uncertainty respecting the origin of the Caucones, "some reckoning them Scythians, some Macedonians, and some Pelasgi." The manner in which these names are mentioned, is at least a proof that the Greeks had no idea that the Macedonians or Pelasgi were Scythians; and that the Caucones were so is doubtless a most improbable conjecture, if we consider their situation, or their previous history. Their first known residence was in the south-west angle of Asia Minor; they spoke the same language with their neighbours the Carians, and they came, according to their own tradition, preserved by Herodotus, not from Scythia, but from Crete. Herodotus, indeed, did not believe this tradition; but though he was better acquainted with the Scythian tribes than any writer since his time has been, and though he was the near neighbour of the Caucones, it does not appear to have occurred to him as possible, that these subjects of Minos drew their pedigree from the nations north of the Araxes. To prove the Thracians Scythæ, no ancient authority is adduced; and all the testimonies which support this hypothesis as to any of the neighbouring nations, are the eleventh ode of the second book of Horace, which Mr. Pinkerton applies to the Illyrians; and a passage in Pliny, wherein he classes the Getæ among the Scythian tribes. But the first of these alludes, beyond a doubt, not to the Illyrians, but to the inroad of the Sarmatians and other wandering people, who had associated themselves with the Getæ and Daci, and at that time threatened Pannonia; and the geographical

APPENDIX.

nomenclature of the Latin poets is too vague to serve as basis for a serious argument. The passage of Pliny if it prove any thing, will, in the opinion of Mr. Pinkerton, prove too much, since what he says of the Getæ he says also of the Sarmatæ. But what, after all, is the value of authorities like these against the opinion of one who, like Herodotus, had sojourned in the land and caroused with the people whom he describes, and who lived at a time when, if any tradition of a Scythian descent had ever prevailed either among the Greeks, Thracians, or Getæ, it was surely more likely to be remembered than 500 years afterwards, when, as shall hereafter be shown, the Scythians had no longer any national existence.

XXXI.—The Goths, however, it is in vain to deny, are repeatedly called Scythians by the Byzantine historians; and their origin, as well as that of the Vandals, is deduced by their own writers and by those of Greece, at some uncertain epoch, from the eastern shores of the Palus Mæotis. These opinions are very far from being identical, inasmuch as the country beyond the Tanais was at no time, within the range of history, peopled by Scythians, except during their progress from the Araxes; and that the Goths are of *Sarmatian descent*, has never, I believe, been pretended. And by those learned men who speak of the Goths as Scythians, something more is meant, I apprehend, than that they have, at some unknown period, inhabited Southern Russia; a character which has, at different times, applied equally to so many different communities—to Celts, Greeks, Huns, Romans, Calmuks, Turks, Sarmatians, not to mention Jews and the Pontic followers of Mithridates. It is certainly possible that some of the many nations who have sojourned in Scythia, or in the neighbourhood of Caucasus, may have sent out colonies into Europe which have escaped the notice of historians; but the same reasons which militate against the descent of the Greeks and Thracians from the north-eastern tribes, must militate also against the same hypothesis as applied to the Goths or Germans, since the analogy of language and manners so strongly points out a different connexion, and since neither the Celts first, nor after them the Scythians and Sarmatians, were tribes of such a yielding character, as to suffer strangers to pass through their land, unless they had themselves been first subdued or extirpated. Perhaps, indeed, it may be found that neither the name of Scythian, as applied by the Byzantine authors, nor the traditionary account of their origin, are circumstances of any great weight in deciding the question.—We shall discover, in the course of this work, that the eastern neighbours of the Scythians, at a date not greatly preceding the

Christian æra, had so completely overthrown this latter people, as to efface them from the list of nations; so that their name was only known in history, or as it was still preserved, in obscurity and dependance, by a few remote and scattered tribes. Of this Strabo positively informs us [1]; and this is what has occasioned an expression in Pliny, which Mr. Pinkerton misunderstands, "that the whole name of Scythians had passed away, or been amalgamated with those of the Germans and Sarmatians." The name, nevertheless, was still applied by both Greeks and Romans to whatever succeeding tribes occupied, in their turn, the plains where the Scythian once drove his waggon; and not the Goths only, but the Sarmatians, the Huns, the Patzinacitæ, and the Avars, are called Scythians in the Byzantine histories, in the same manner as the Gothic tribes of England and Scotland have inherited from their Celtic predecessors the name of Britons; as the Franks are often called Gauls; and as the descendants of Alaric have taken in Spain the name of Spaniards. We find, accordingly, that the Goths were only then styled Scythians, when they were in possession of the Crimea and the Ukraine, and when they poured forth their warlike youths, with short swords and circular bucklers, to ravage the Roman provinces contiguous to the Danube. When they are mentioned by Pliny and Ptolemy under the name of Guthones, in their ancient habitations adjoining the Baltic, not a hint is dropt of their resemblance to, or kindred with the Scythians; and the accurate Tacitus, so far from deducing the Germans from the east, was reduced, in failure of a clearer origin, to suppose them the indigenous growth of the country where they then resided. The mere name, then, of Scythian either proves nothing at all, or proves too much, since there is hardly any nation of Asia to which it has not been thus applied; and the observations of the ablest and earliest writer who has described the Gothic nations in their own country, give no colour at all to their having any more definite property in the title.

XXXII.—In like manner, the authorities so often cited of Stephanus and Georgius Syncellus; the first defining the Goths as "a nation first inhabiting the country within the Palus Mæotis, and afterwards migrating into Thrace [2];" the second calling them "the Scythians who are also Goths," are both very little to the present purpose, since both refer only to that time in which they really occupied European Scythia, and when they, to the great misfortune of the Byzantine empire, extended their ravages

[1] Strabo. l. vii.

[2] Stephan. de Urbib. voc. Γοτθοι. Georgius Syncellus, p. 376.

APPENDIX.

and authority over the greater part of Thrace. But succeeding enquirers, misled by the famous legend of Odin, have applied to a remote antiquity those passages in which the Greeks described the events passing under their own eyes, and have discovered the first population of Germany and Scandinavia, nay, of Dacia, Thrace, and Hellas itself, in the passage of the Ister by King Cniva, three centuries after Christ. The legend of Odin, his flight before the arms of Pompey, and his fortunate progress from Azoph to Scandinavia, is in itself utterly improbable, as it is evident that the Goths of Germany had been established in their present habitations at a date so far anterior to that here assigned, that Tacitus considered them to be indigenous. Now while the Germans were thus forgetful of their original country, we cannot believe that the Swedes, more remote and less civilized, should have preserved a tradition so circumstantial. These traditions, then, are in themselves unworthy of notice, while the Byzantine authorities, however accurate, are irrelevant to the subject under discussion. The only important testimony I know, which, though it would not account for the origin of the Goths in Europe, would at least throw a new light on the recruits they received from other quarters, is that of Procopius, where he adds, " that the Vandals, a race bordering on the Palus Mæotis, being prest with hunger, went over to the Franks, or Germans, on the *river Rhine*, having first made an alliance with the the Alani, a *Gothic nation* [1]." But an event of this sort could not have taken place without our hearing of it from other quarters besides Procopius; and after an attentive review of the circumstances, I cannot but suspect that the Palus Mæotis is a mistake for the marshes of Prussia, and that by the Alani, Procopius means the Alemanni. Sure we are, from the testimony of Ammianus Marcellinus, that the *Alani* had not left their eastern homes before the arrival of the Huns in the fourth century; and that the Vandals were already in Germany, so long before the time of Tacitus, as to be included among the descendants of the patriarch *Mannus*.

XXXIII.—We must therefore, I apprehend, abandon as untenable the hypothesis which derives so many stationary nations of Western Europe from the wandering tribes of Scythia. But it is so far only as this imputed origin goes, that I differ from their opinion who deduce from a remote but common source, the various families agreeing in the use of, what Adelung calls, the Indo-European language; from which, blended with Celtic, the dialects of Southern as well as Northern Europe are apparently

[1] Procopius de Bello Vandal, lib. i. c. 3, p. 182.

deducible. To trace its progress from the east with any degree of certainty, may baffle, perhaps, the efforts of sober enquiry; inasmuch as that frontier of Europe has undergone so many revolutions, that I know not how we are at this distance of time to ascertain what was the ancient language of Thrace or Dacia; and must, consequently, remain in the dark as to one most material link of the chain which unites Europe to Persia and Hindoostan. But it is known, from undoubted authority that, from Armenia westward to the Bosphorus the whole of Asia Minor was occupied by tribes agreeing with the Thracians in language, manners, and religion [1]. And as we know the relationship between the Germans and inhabitants of Iran; between the Goths and the Greeks; it is surely more natural to look

[1] Strabo enumerates the Mysians, Phrygians, Mygdonians, Beboyces, Medo-Bythynians, Lycians, Bythynians, Thynians, and Mariandyne, as Thracian tribes resident in Asia. To these may be added, on the authority of Herodotus, (Clio. 171.) the Lydians and Carians, who were a kindred race to the Mysians; and on that of Eusthasius, the Pæones, Cicones, and, perhaps, the Paphlagonians. Well might Herodotus say, that the Thracians were the most numerous of all nations but the Indians! Some of these tribes, indeed, are supposed by Strabo to have emigrated from Europe into Asia. And such retrograde movements are common in history. But there were others, such as the Carians, Lydians, and Mysians, whom Herodotus reckons Antochthones, in Asia. Others, such as the Veneti, Curetes, and Tyrrheni, are known to have passed from Asia into Europe; and it would be as contrary to the analogy of history to assert, that Asia Minor was peopled from the west, because some few western colonies were founded there, as that Gaul was peopled from Britain, because some British fugitives established themselves in Armorica. Yet this is the opinion maintained by those learned Goths, whose opinions I am now examining; and who absolutely take it for granted, that all these tribes were Scythians, because they were Thracians, having first taken for granted that the Thracians themselves were so; and omitting, secondly, to reflect, that it was more natural to derive the Thracians from the Asiatics, than the Asiatics from them.

As for the Lycians, whom one of the ablest of the defenders of the Scythian hypothesis, boldly claims, together with their poet Olen, as belonging to his favourite nation, on the grounds of their being a kindred people to the Carians, it is remarkable that Strabo, whom he cites, asserts nothing whatever, either about their origin or their relationship to the Carians; and that Herodotus not only believed them to have proceeded originally from Crete; but actually gives an account of the causes which induced them to emigrate. (Clio. 173.) I am, however, on a comparison with Strabo and Herodotus, inclined to suspect that the reason why so many nations of Asia Minor were supposed to have passed thither from Crete, was, because they were descended from the Curetes, who though they colonized Crete were of Phrygian origin, and may therefore have established themselves in many parts of Asia, not after, but before their voyage to the islands. The return of the Lycians, however, from Crete to Asia, is too positively told to admit of any doubt. That they were originally from the same stock with the Carians, though I think it highly probable, yet I certainly do not find asserted in Strabo.

APPENDIX.

for their connecting tribes in Thrace and Asia, than to conduct the ancient Hellenic and Teutonic population through the passes of Caucasus, and the trackless desert of Astrachan; a country which, far from being the best and most familiarly known to antiquity (as might have been reasonably supposed, had it been the channel of their first communication with Europe) was regarded by Homer as the land of darkness and departed souls, and was only first explored, if we believe the common voice of poetry and tradition, by Jason and his Argonauts. If the ancient language, then, of Thrace and Phrygia were known, we might expect to find it so much less removed from the classical languages than the Gothic, as it was nearer in respect of time and situation. And such a language, partaking of Gothic, Greek, and Latin, but in its construction approaching nearest of any to the second of these, exists, as shall be hereafter shown, in a part of Thrace at the present day; and may be proved to have existed from remote antiquity, if not in Thrace itself, yet in the countries immediately adjoining.

XXXIV.—It is doubtless not impossible that, while the north of Persia was pouring out its swarms on one side into Asia Minor and Europe, similar colonies may have advanced from this common centre to the north and east; and that some words of identical meaning may be found, on enquiry, in the language of the Turks and Western Tartars, and the inhabitants of Europe. But that these last owed their origin to any tribes of Northern Asia, we have not therefore any reason to suppose; and the thin scattering of military and religious phrases which answer to this description in the Tartar dialects, are more naturally derivable from intercourse than parentage. And no words of this kind occur in the scanty specimens of Scythian which we possess.

XXXV.—Who the Scythians were, or with what family of Northern Asia they were connected, is however a much less easy thing to prove, than to decide who they were not. Their adoration of fire and the scymitar connects them with many tribes both of Turkish and Hunnish descent; and the same reverence is paid to their weapons at the present day by certain of the wandering Finns [1]. They cannot, however, have been

[1] The worship of fire they appear to have brought with them from the neighbourhood of Bactria. Their reverence for the scymitar, and their custom of swearing by it (see Lucian's Toxaris,) they had in common with the Sarmatians (Amm. Marcell. xvii. 13.) and the Huns and Alani (Idem. xxxi. 2.) The Chagan of the Avars, when accused of violating the Roman frontier on the river Saave, swore by his sword. Τους Αβαρικους ωμνυεν ὁρκους ξιφος σπασα-

Huns or Mongolians, since the peculiarity of the Calmuk countenance was unknown to the ancients, whether Greeks or Persians, before the time of Attila. With some of the Turkish tribes, their tents on wheels; their art of preparing a fermented liquor from mares' milk; the form of their bows, and their crooked scymitars, appear very strongly to identify them. The little, however, that we know of their language, which differs as much from the Tartar as the Gothic or Greek, induces me rather to believe that they were a race of Finns, to which the colour of their hair would also persuade me [1]. If so, the Hungarians, not the Greeks, are their modern representatives in the south of Europe. But where knowledge cannot be obtained, it is better to avow ignorance, than to waste time and labour in conjecture.

XXXVI.—The name of Scytha, or Scythian, was unknown to the people themselves, to whom it was applied by other nations, and is probably no other than the Celtic "Scuyth [2]," *a wanderer,* which the Cimmerians would naturally affix to their roving enemies; though it may be also noticed that Tchudi (the oriental name of the Finns) approaches more nearly to Σκυθαι than any other national appellation which we know: their native appellation, however, was Scolot, and they had themselves been expelled from their ancient habitation on the banks of the Araxes by some more eastern tribes of Massagetæ [3]. This is the result of the enquiries made by

μενος, και επαρασαμενος ἑαυτῳ τε και τῳ Αβαρων εθνει παντοιως ει κατα Ρωμαιους τι μηχανωμενος γεφυρουν τον Σαον, ὑπο ξιφος μεν αυτος και το Αβαρικον ἁπαν αναλωθειη φυλον.—Menander. Eclog. Legat. p. 106.

The Pagan Finns, many of them, still worship their spears and hatchets. (See Lindenbrog's note on Ammianus Marcellinus, ubi supra.)

[1] The colour of the Scythian's hair is no where, that I know of, mentioned; but the Alani and Sarmatians, kindred tribes, had yellow hair. (For the first see Ammi. Marcell. xxxi. 2.) The second nation are called 'Flavi,' by Claudian, in his Fescennine verses on the marriage of Honorius and Maria.

Dices ô quoties, Hoc mihi dulcius
Quam flavos decies vincere Sarmatas!

The young emperor, it seems, had rather give one kiss than gain ten victories; on the other hand, Regner Lodbrog, in his death-song, likens (according to most interpreters,) the "certaminis gaudia" to the "kissing a young widow on the highest seat at a banquet." My friend, the Hon. W. Herbert, has, however, given a different meaning to this strange comparison, and one which makes Honorious and Regner more of one mind. (Herbert's Select. Icelandic Poetry, p. 117.)

[2] Συμπασι δε ειναι ονομα Σκολοτους—Σκυθας δε Ἑλληνες ονομασαν.

[3] Melp. 11.

APPENDIX.

Herodotus himself; and it coincides, in all essential points, with the account of Aristeas of Proconnesus, who had visited the country, and advanced even so far as the remote Issedones, to whose inroad, impelled in their turn by the yet more formidable Arimaspi, he ascribed the emigration of the Scoloti westward into Europe. An unsuccessful war, indeed, has, among the barbarous tribes of Northern Asia, been almost always followed by the expatriation of the weaker party. Those whose wealth and gods and habitations are alike portable and comprized within the circle of an encampment, have no adequate motive to remain in the neighbourhood of a victorious and insulting enemy; the impulse once begun is communicated from one tribe to another, so long as the retreating nations fall on hordes still weaker than themselves; and it has often happened that the storms arising at either extremity of this great sea of land, have been felt to vibrate through its whole extent from Kief to the Altai. Nor is the testimony of Aristeas to be despised, though he may seem, by the account Herodotus obtained of him, to have been a religious impostor, or a crazy enthusiast. For though their miraculous stories are, undoubtedly, to be received with caution, there is no reason, where they have no interest in deception, to reject the testimony of such wanderers as these, who, regardless of misery and insult, and secured from danger by the superstition or pity of the fiercest savages, afford often the only sources of information respecting remote and barbarous countries. Lamas and Santons ramble securely where merchants and philosophers perish; and the sanctity of madness, more than that of poetry, would enable Aristeas to realize the boast of Horace [1].

XXXVII.—It is apparent, however, on a comparison between the accounts of Herodotus and Aristeas, and still more on attending to the circumstances detailed by the first concerning the emigrations of the Scoloti, that when he places their original seat on the banks of the Araxes, he does not mean the Armenian river of that name, but some one of the

[1] Visam Britannos hospitibus feros,
Et lætum equino sanguine Concanum:
Visam pharetratos Gelonos,
Et Scythicum inviolatus amnem.

Aristeas pretended to have followed Apollo in the shape of a raven. His testimony, as to what he knew himself, in no material respect contradicts that of Herodotus; since the Issedones, no less than the Massagetæ, may have had wars with the Scythians, and would, no doubt, boast of having driven them westward.

mighty floods of Eastern Tartary, and most probably the Oxus or Jaxartes. For, if their previous habitation had been, as the usual interpretation of the passage requires, to the southward of what is now called the Araxes, and in the province of Ghiban, the Massagetæ, or Issedones—tribes seated to the north-east of the Caspian, could by no means have driven them across the river in the direction of Scythia, unless they had first made a way to them through the whole of Media, an event of which history makes no mention, and which is in itself highly improbable. And, if this mighty army of emigrants had advanced against the Cimmerians from the side of Caucasus, it is absurd to suppose that these last would fly before them in the exact direction which was likely to bring them together; or that the Scythians, on finding their enemy gone, would return to seek him by the very way which they had themselves so lately traversed, and along which they had been pursued by the tremendous Massagetæ. It is, above all, incredible, that if they were a Caucasian or Armenian race, they should have lost their way, as Herodotus assures us they did, amid their own native mountains, or on that Median frontier which must have been previously familiar by frequent and mutual forays. It is apparent, indeed, from all the circumstances of the description of the Araxes by Herodotus; its mighty size; its numerous islands; the uncertainty which prevailed whether it fell into the Caspian Sea, or into a distinct lake, that the Oxus is the only river to which his expressions can belong; and that the phrase of its flowing to the east, which has been applied to the course of its stream, and has been therefore supposed to identify it with the Araxes of later geographers, is to be understood to mean, that the river forms the north-eastern boundary of the Persian empire. Were it otherwise, Cyrus would not have crossed it to attack the Massagetæ; nor, as we have seen, could these last, without a miracle, have been the cause of the great Scythian emigration. And this north-eastern origin of the Scoloti is still further confirmed by the apparent connection which existed between them and the Sacæ of Turkestan, who really had the Massagetæ for neighbours, and who are expressly called a race of Scythians, not only by Arrian and Justin, but also by Herodotus. And this last writer, it may be observed, so carefully distinguishes the people in question from the Massagetæ, the Sauromatæ, and other wandering tribes, that it is evident the name of Scythian was not, like our modern phrase of Tartar, indiscriminately applied to the pastoral nations of Northern Asia, but appropriated, at least in early times, to a peculiar race and language.

APPENDIX.

XXXVIII.—We have seen the Cimmerians flying before the Scoloti in the same manner as, in after ages, the Goths fled before the banners of Attila: and we have seen them (in this also resembling the Goths) carry destruction and havoc into the countries which yielded them an asylum. But the miseries of Asia were not to terminate with the expulsion of these unruly guests by Halyattes, since their pursuers also were at hand, and in their hostility against the Cimmerians, found an excuse or a motive for the invasion of the countries whither they had fled; but ignorant of the district of Caucasus, or of the exact tract which the Cimmerians had followed, the Scythians marched, with the mountains on the right hand and the Caspian Sea on their left; and were thus conducted, not into Lydia, but into the equally opulent and fertile kingdom of the Medes. To these last the Sacæ were doubtless well-known as troublesome neighbours on their eastern frontier; and Cyaxares, who then sat on the throne of Ecbatana, had, some years before, experienced a lamentable proof of the vindictive and bloody temper of these wanderers, a small party of whom he had retained in his service as huntsmen. But from the north-west, and through the passes of Caucasus, so great a storm had never proceeded before; and the whole tenour of Persian history, or romance, is evidence how much Upper Asia suffered from this unexpected irruption of the warriors of *Touran*. Yet the Medes at that time were among the most warlike nations of the world, and Cyaxares one of the greatest captains of his age; the first, if we believe Herodotus, who had introduced the division of armies into regular and distinct bodies of infantry and cavalry, heavy-armed troops and archers; and he was then occupied by the siege of Nineveh, when he was called off by the arrival of this new and tremendous enemy. He was overpowered in one decisive battle by the cavalry of his invaders; he himself and his nobles fled to the mountains; and the Scolot chief, Madyes, son of Protothnias, during the space of eight-and-twenty years, governed or ravaged Asia from the Caspian to the River of Egypt. Their cavalry, however, was prevented from entering Egypt itself, either by the intersected and marshy nature of the country, or by the submission and tribute of its rulers. A disease of a doubtful and unusual nature, which is described by Herodotus in too general terms to enable us to give it a modern name, assailed and weakened their army in its return through Palestine, and was imputed by the Pagans to the revenge of Venus, whose temple in Ascalon they had plundered. On their retreat into Media, the Scythian nobles incautiously accepted a treacherous invitation to a banquet, where

they were all murdered by Cyaxares: the remnant of their nation, dispirited and discontented, fell back into the same northern solitudes whence they had first expelled the Cimmerians.

XXXIX.—This terrible inroad, the first we have any certain account of, in which the northern tribes rushed forward to the milder climate and richer soil of the south, might reasonably be expected to have found a place in the sacred writings of the Jews, whose country must have been, during a considerable time, while the Scythians were arranging their terms with Egypt, the scene of their encampments; and contained the ancient city of Bethshan, in after times, and in memory of this inroad, called Scythopolis [1]. And there is some reason to conclude that the invasion of Palestine by the Scythians is described by the Prophet Ezekiel, who has, under the name of "Gog, chief prince of Meshech and Tubal," painted in very lively colours the peculiarities of a predatory army like theirs. Very different explanations have indeed been hitherto given of this famous passage; so, though the digression be somewhat long, I may hope for pardon from my readers, if I draw their attention from the Scoloti themselves, to the effects which they produced on the more civilized nations of the world, and to accomplish which they were the destined and predicted instruments of Providence.

XL.—The substance of the prophecy is briefly as follows:—At some period, when the people of the Jews should be in part restored to their native country, and before they had repaired the walls of their cities [2], a northern nation or potentate, who is called by Ezekiel "Gog," bringing with him, as subjects or allies, many nations therein enumerated, was to invade Israel with a mighty army; they were to be all horsemen, equipped, according to the authors of the Septuagint version, who best knew the dresses and armour usual in their own time, with small Amazonian [3] targets; with bonnets, fillets, or tiaras; with swords and bows. They were to be actuated by the hope of plunder and slaves; and their loose array and predatory character is beautifully expressed by their "covering the country like a cloud." They were, however, to be destroyed by some evident interposition of the Almighty, by storm, pestilence, and some great dissension among themselves, which was to turn every man's sword against his neighbour. The Jews themselves are not mentioned as having any active hand in their defeat, but were to bury their corpses and burn their bows;

[1] Reland. Palestine de Urb. a Vicis. Art. Scythopolis.

[2] Ezekiel xxxviii. 11.

[3] Πέλται, περικεφαλαίαι.—LXX.

APPENDIX.

and a district and city of Israel was to receive a new name from this inroad, and the ruin of the invaders.—These prophecies are applied by Calmet to Cambyses [1], who was a bloody tyrant doubtless, and who perished by a singular accident at Ecbatana, near Mount Carmel; by Grotius, to Antiochus Epiphanes; by Lowth and others, to some modern or future potentate, who should, in the last ages of the world, disturb the peace of the Christian Church, and impede the conversion or the restoration of the Jews.

XLI.—But "Gog and Magog" have, by the common testimony and tradition of the east, been referred to the nations north of Caucasus; and cannot, therefore, be with any propriety applied to either Persian, or Syrian, or Macedonian kings and armies, of whom the first would have been called in Scripture Elam, or Mædai; the second and third either Aram, Chittim, or Javan. We have no reason to suppose that Cambyses was *actively* hostile to the Jews; and it is directly contrary to history that his army fell either by pestilence or sword on the mountains of Israel. Nor were the Persians of those days an equestrian nation. The arguments against the identity of Gog with Antiochus Epiphanes, are yet stronger. Of the nations enumerated by Ezekiel as Gog's vassals, very few were subject to Antiochus. Instead of all his army being horse, he had but a very moderate proportion of cavalry; while, at the same time, he had many elephants, a description of force which the prophet would hardly have omitted in a poetical painting. His most remarkable and characteristic weapons were not those ascribed to Gog by Ezekiel, but the long pikes and massive shield of a Macedonian phalanx. Judea, instead of being a land of unwalled villages, was, in his time, filled with fortresses; and so far from the defeat of his army being produced by pestilence and dissension, it was ascribable to the valour of the Jews under the Maccabee princes. Against those, lastly, who refer the fulfilment of this prophecy to modern or future times, it may be urged, that the bows and shields of Gog are not characteristic of a modern army; and that the general tenour of Ezekiel appears to fix the coming of this invader to a time anterior to the building of the second temple. With the Scythian inroad it has not yet been compared; but this last hypothesis will be found, perhaps, less liable to the objections and obscurities which have perplexed the more sober train of enquirers into the meaning of these prophecies, and have produced the strangest political visions in interpreters of a more sanguine turn.

XLII.—By far the greater number of the predictions given by Ezekiel

[1] Calmet Dissert. sur Ezekiël.

relate to events which were very speedily to follow; and it is, perhaps, on this account that he is, of all the prophets, the most exact in fixing the date of their publication, because on this date depended the evidence of the priority of the prophecy to its accomplishment. Now the curse denounced on Gog is apparently a part of that vision or revelation of the Divine will, which Ezekiel professes to have received in "the twelfth year of our captivity, in the tenth month, and fifth day of the month [1]," in which he inveighs against the lawless and predatory habits of those who, after the taking of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, continued to inhabit "the wastes of the land of Israel," and threatens them with a still heavier calamity, and destruction still more hopeless than that which had already befallen their nation. The date, then, of Ezekiel's prophecy being obtained, there is, it may be observed, a very remarkable event recorded by Herodotus, which enables us to fix within a few years the period at which the Scythians invaded Media, and places the great calamity almost forty years later than Dean Prideaux and most other chronologers have supposed. This event is the total eclipse of the sun, which Thales, the Milesian, had calculated, and which occurred on the day of a great battle between the Medes and Lydians, and, as is generally believed, in the year before Christ, 601. In what year of the reign of Cyaxares this took place, we are not told; but as it was at the close of a five years' war between that sovereign and the Lydians, occasioned by the protection afforded by these last to the fugitive Scythian hunters who had murdered their royal pupil, we cannot conveniently place it earlier than his sixth or seventh year. But the whole reign of Cyaxares was forty years, during twenty-eight of which the Scoloti were in military possession of Asia; and as, after their expulsion, we cannot allow him less than three years to re-establish his power and subdue Nineveh, so an equal time must be allowed between the eclipse above mentioned and their invasion, during which time Cyaxares made peace with Alyattes, by the mediation of Labynetus, king of Babylon [2]; married the Lydian princess, Ariene; and, after collecting a great army, defeated the Assyrians, and was actually employed in the first siege of Nineveh when Madyes and his hordes assailed him. The invasion, then, of Madyes may be safely placed in the year before Christ 598, being the one after the first taking of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, and being, therefore, the second year of Ezekiel's captivity. It may be further collected from the narrative of Hero-

[1] Ezekiel xxxiii. 21.

[2] Clio 74.

APPENDIX.

dotus, that the final expulsion of the Scythians from Media took place very soon after their return from the Egyptian expedition; and, indeed, many years were likely to have been consumed in their previous subjugation of Upper Asia. Fixing, therefore, their advance against Egypt to the twenty-fourth year after their entrance into Media, or to the twenty-fifth year of Ezekiel's captivity, a space of thirteen years will be found to intervene between the date of this prediction and the passage of the Scoloti through Israel and Judea.

XLIII.—During the period which elapsed between Zedekiah's death and the return of Ezra with the nobility and priests to Jerusalem, it is apparent that the great body of the common people remained in Judah. Nebuchadnezzar only carried away four thousand six hundred persons; the emigrants who fled with Gedaliah into Egypt, do not appear to have been very numerous; and several of these last, and many of those who had been carried away by Esarhaddon and Nebuchadnezzar, returned from time to time to their native country; where Ezra, who does not describe the land as uninhabitable, undoubtedly found a resident population to receive the forty-two thousand who returned with him. And these were the people living without laws and in scattered villages, whom Ezekiel menaces with calamities subsequent to the destruction of their city by Nebuchadnezzar. The circumstances, therefore, of the Jews, at the time of the Scythian invasion, precisely tally with those under which Gog, with his kindred hordes, was to assail them. Nor can any other time be mentioned in which the children of Israel dwelt "safely," or, as the word may be rendered, "carelessly," or "lawlessly," without walls or fortified cities. Moreover, the names of those nations who were to compose the army of Gog, nearly correspond with the circumstances of the Scythian inroad; as will appear from the following observations. That "Gog" itself is the usual name for the nations north of Caucasus, we have the authority of Bochart, and of the uniform traditions of the east, which have always dignified the defences raised by the Persian sovereigns against the Tartars with the name of "the ramparts of Gog and Magog." In like manner, "Tubal, Meshech, and Togarmah," (who were all descendants of Japheth, and whom we find in other passages of Ezekiel, trading to the fairs of Tyre with the usual Scythian merchandise of slaves and horses) are always placed in the north; and the two last-named patriarchs may be regarded, perhaps, as the ancestors of the Massagetæ and Turkish tribes. Nor, when we recollect how easily the Huns induced the conquered nations of

the north, to unite under their banner, and aid their further progress against a feeble and wealthy enemy, can we be surprised to find so many other tribes associated with the Scoloti in an enterprize so promising, as the invasion of Media and Egypt? Elam and Gomer, the Persians and Cimmerians, are found accordingly, among the allies or subjects of Gog; as well as Cush and Phut, the descendants of that Egyptian colony which Sesostris left on the coasts of the Euxine. But of all these nations the predominant character would be Scythian; their arms and equipments would be formed after the same model, and the main object of their invasion would be doubtless slaves and booty.

XLIV.—For the circumstances of their retreat from the frontiers of Egypt, as the Jews who were resident in their own country had then no historian, it is useless to weary conjecture. We may recollect, however, that it was the custom of the heathen nations to ascribe to their own gods, whatever act of miraculous power had been displayed by Jehovah: and that the Egyptians attributed to the interposition of Vulcan the destruction of the Assyrian army under Sennacherib [1]. This being considered, it may strike even a careless observer as a remarkable coincidence, that the Almighty threatens by his prophets "to plead against Gog by pestilence and blood;" and that Herodotus tells us that in consequence of their having pillaged the temple of Venus in Ascalon, the Scythians were afflicted by a strange and grievous disorder, and were so much reduced in numbers, as shortly after to be expelled from Asia by a very trifling effort of the Medes. It may then be thought that the miserable remnant of resident Israelites were at this time afflicted by a new invader, but rescued from utter ruin by a providential and, probably, a miraculous deliverance; that this Scythian inroad was, however, the term of their calamities; and that thenceforward the restoration of their country gradually proceeded till the return of Ezra, and the rebuilding of the temple. And, lastly, that Bethshan, a district and city near the sea of Gennesareth, became from that time, under its new name of Scythopolis, in the expressive language of the Septuagint translation ΤΟΠΟΣ ΟΝΟΜΑΣΤΟΣ ΤΩ ΓΩΓ ΣΗΜΕΙΟΝ ΕΝ ΙΣΡΑΗΛ.

XLV.—I am not insensible to the arguments which may be used against my hypothesis, and feel that many difficulties will even yet remain unexplained in this remarkable prophecy. If, however, it should be urged that Prideaux places the Scythian invasion almost forty years earlier than I have done, I would merely refer my readers to the text of Herodotus,

[1] Euterpe 141.

APPENDIX.

which that learned person has in this place strangely misconceived; since it is apparent that the solar eclipse occurred, not after the expulsion of the Scoloti from Asia, but before their entrance into it [1]; and I would further add, that had the Scythian army passed through the land of Israel and Judah twice (and such a race would not have passed without leaving their track in blood and fire) during the reigns of Josiah, Jehoiakim, or Zedekiah, we should have had, doubtless, a regular account of the circumstance from the contemporary prophets and historians. Some may perhaps object that the arrival of Gog is placed by Ezekiel "after many days"—"in the latter years;" and that he is said to have been "spoken of in old time by the prophets of Israel." But length of time is merely comparative; and thirteen or fourteen years is a terrible duration for a tyranny so wild and outrageous as that which Herodotus ascribes to the Scythians in Asia, and which had already continued ten or twelve years. "In the latter years" is only a simple periphrasis for "at length [2]," as "in old time" may merely signify beforehand; while the expression, "many years," in our translation, is not warranted either by the original or the Septuagint. In the reference to former prophets, Joel is apparently intended, though some passages in Isaiah himself have a seeming relation to Gog. Another objection which occurs to me is, that the Almighty promises, after the destruction of Gog, to have mercy "on the whole house of Israel, and that he would "hide his face from them no more." These are passages which have induced many interpreters to refer the prophecy to the future and final re-establishment of the Jews, and their conversion to Christianity, but which are very capable of another explanation, since Ezra uses the same expression of "all Israel" to those who returned with him to Jerusalem; and since the same notions of final restoration are coupled by Isaiah with the decree of Cyrus. It is evident, indeed, from many texts both in the Old and New Testaments, that this return from Babylon included many individuals and families of all the twelve tribes; and it was certainly true that God thenceforward never abandoned His people or His sanctuary, till He came, in whom the whole law of Moses and expectations of Israel were sealed up and accomplished. It may, lastly, be objected that the burial-place of Gog was to be "east of the sea," an expression which certainly does not apply to Scythopolis. But the Hebrew word קדם more frequently signifies "before," or "towards," than "eastward of;" and it is in the first of these senses that the seventy interpreters have in this place translated it. I need hardly observe, that

[1] Clio 73, 104.

[2] Grotius ad loc.

the above hypothesis as to the primary meaning and fulfilment of Ezekiel's prophecy, does by no means interfere with the application of many of its military terms and poetical images by the author of the Apocalypse, to a future and, most probably, a spiritual victory of Christ and his saints over the powers of the earth and hell in the last ages of the world.

For this long digression on a subject which may seem, perhaps, not very closely connected with the history of Scythia, I am sensible that an apology is necessary; but if it save the world from a repetition of certain applications of the characters of Gog and Magog to modern times and tyrants, one good end at least will have been obtained by it, and neither my labour nor that of my readers will have been entirely thrown away [1].

XLVI.—One strange consequence is asserted by Herodotus to have followed from the long campaign of the Scythians in Media, which is, however, too preposterous to be worth mentioning, had not modern compilers, gravely and without suspicion, retailed it on his authority. Their wives, whom they had left in Scythia, married, during their absence, their bond-slaves; and these last, or their offspring, took up arms to resist the return of their rightful lords [2]. With the bow and the sabre both sides were equal; but when the Scythians brandished their whips against these refrac-

[1] Theodoret supposes the invasion of Gog to have occurred in the time of Zorobabel. But had it then occurred, it would have been most probably recorded by Ezra or Nehemiah. He calls however, Gog, Mesheck, and Thobel, all Scythians; and assures us, on the authority of the ancient Rabbins (which singularly corresponds with the statement of Herodotus) that the northern nations made, about this time, a notable inroad into Palestine.—Ρησιν οἱ κατα καιφον γενομενοι εκκλησιας διδασκαλοι ταυτα τα εθνη επιστρατευσαι τῃ Ιουδαιᾳ.—Theodoret. Tom. ii. p. 513. Ed. Par. 1642.

[2] It is not very easy to discover from the statement of Herodotus, whether they were the adulterous lovers of the Scythian women who opposed the return of their masters, or the children who had grown up from this intercourse during the twenty-eight years absence of their husbands. The Scythian slaves were blind; so that the first supposition seems out of the question. Yet the trench dug to oppose the return of the invaders of Media. was called the "trench of the blind," which seems to make it their work. And it is equally preposterous to suppose that the children of slaves, who had grown up during their masters' absence, could have any fear or habitual reverence for whips which they had never felt. On the whole, it may be thought, perhaps, that if there be any truth in the story, they were the slaves themselves who mutinied; and that the cruel precaution of blinding them was occasioned by their rebellion, and had not been practised till then. The entrenchment, which extends from Iski Crim to Arabat, has been regarded by many as a work of the Bosphorites. But Strabo (l. xi.) regards it as Cimmerian; and it is plain, from the history of Herodotus, that it existed before the Bosphorites had settled on that coast.

APPENDIX.

tory domestics, the well-known instrument of correction, which the disuse of eight-and-twenty years had not, it seems, obliterated from the recollection of the mutineers, at once put them to flight.—It is evident that this story must be either false or greatly exaggerated, since the Scythian natives were in the habit, not of leaving their wives and flocks behind them defenceless, but of emigrating with all their wealth and connections about them; and since the effect imputed to a brandished horse-whip surpasses all power of belief. But it is certain that a vallum, or trench, of very considerable dimensions still exists, extending from Iski Crim to the neighbourhood of Arabat, in the exact situation in which Herodotus places the entrenchment of these slaves; so that there was, doubtless, some foundation for this extravagant story, though at present it may be impossible to separate the truth from its attendant falsehood and exaggeration.

XLVII.—For a considerable space of time, no more is certainly known of the history of the Scythians. Like those, indeed, of most other barbarous nations, their annals, if we possessed them, would probably contain very little which could interest or gratify curiosity; and even the expedition against their country by Darius, king of Persia, is an event of which the details are too familiarly known to most of my readers, to require any lengthy comment. Herodotus ascribes it to a desire on the part of Darius to revenge the invasion of Media, one hundred and fifty-two years before. Ctesias, with more apparent reason, regards it as the consequence of a slave-trading scheme of Priaramnes, Satrap of Cappadocia, who, having sent thirty small vessels to ravage the coast of Scythia, encouraged his government to undertake a similar, but far more extensive effort for the subjugation of the whole country. The expedition of Darius was, if we believe Ctesias, confined to the deserts of Bessarabia; and his retreat was rendered chiefly unfortunate by the destruction of his bridge over the Danube, and the consequent loss of the rear of his vast army. Nor can I help regarding this account as far more probable than the progress ascribed to the Persians by Herodotus, through a desert and almost waterless country, under circumstances which must apparently have destroyed any army, however frugal or well-provided. But to whatever extent the army of Darius overran the country, it is probable that by this expedition, and the naval one of Priaramnes to the sea of Azoph and the Don, the greater part of European Scythia became known both to the Greeks and Persians; and this knowledge was soon after considerably extended by the settlements which the former people effected on the coast of the Tauric Chersonese,

and at the mouth of the principal rivers. The accounts of these settlers, however, as collected by Herodotus, are very difficult to reconcile with the present face of the country, which, wide as it is, has hardly room for the various tribes whom he enumerates, and into which, with the usual lot of barbarous nations, the Scoloti soon divided themselves. West of the Borysthenes, and in a situation admirably adapted for agriculture, the two families of Callipidæ and Halizones, the first of Greek, the second of uncertain origin, were distinguished from the Scythians by their habit of tilling the ground and feeding on bread. Next to them were the Scythian ploughmen, who had already so far unlearnt their pastoral habits as to cultivate corn for sale, though not for their own consumption. Of the Neuri further north no information is given, and they do not appear to have been a Scythian people. East of the Borysthenes, a maritime and uninhabited district was known by the name of Hylæa, "the Woodland;" to the north of Hylæa the same bank of the river was occupied by another race of agricultural Scythians, and above them, by a nation distinct from the Scythians, and called by Herodotus the "Man-eaters [1]," or, from the colour of their garments, "the Black-mantles," or Melanchlæni. These extended far to the eastward, and formed the northern boundary of the several tribes of "Grazing and Royal Scythians." The first of these inhabited a space of fourteen days' journey between the rivers Panticape and Gerrhus. The second had the Gerrhus for their western boundary; for their southern, the country of the Tauri, while to the east they were partly contained by the Tanais, and partly by the entrenchment formerly mentioned as erected by the mutinous offspring of the slaves. Beyond the Tanais were the Sauromatæ; and to the north of these last, a numerous and red-haired nation, called Budini, among whom Herodotus places a colony of degenerate Greeks, fugitives from the various factories established by that nation on the coast, but who still cultivated the ground, and in their wooden city of Gelonus had temples to the gods of their forefathers. The regions eastward of the Sauromatæ were altogether unknown, or peopled with monsters or savages, the usual marvels by which a barbarous people seek to disguise ignorance.

[1] That the Androphagi and Melanchlæni were the same people, is apparent from what Herodotus says of the latter, that they were the *only man-eaters* in that country. (Melp. 107.) Mr. Pinkerton calls the Melanchlæni, Sarmatians; on his own authority, I suppose. At least he cannot produce a single ancient testimony to their having any connection with the Sarmatians. (Dissert. p. 17.)

APPENDIX.

XLVIII.—This account is sufficiently minute indeed, but is so perfectly irreconcilable with the present features of the country, that it is apparent, either that Herodotus was strangely misinformed in many circumstances of Scythian geography, or that succeeding writers have given very different names to the features of nature which he describes; or, lastly, that the face of the country itself is materially altered. If we take it for granted, as most geographers have done, that the Borysthenes is no other than the Dnieper, we find no streams between that and the Tanais answering to the descriptions given of the Gerrhus and the Panticape[1]; nor a space by any means sufficient for the several tribes of the Agricultural, the Royal, and the Grazing Scythians. Thus, from the Borysthenes to the Panticape was three days' journey, occupied by the first-named of these tribes; the Grazing Scythians wandered over a space of fourteen days' journey between the Panticape and the Gerrhus; and between this last and the Tanais a considerable tract must have intervened, which was occupied by the most numerous and powerful of all the Scythian tribes, the Basilii, or Royalists. But the whole space between the Dnieper and the Don does not exceed fifteen days' journey at twenty miles each day; and of the rivers which really occur in that space, the small streamlet of the Calankia Ingul only falls into the sea west of the Tauric peninsula. There is no district eastward of the Dnieper, which offers the least sign of a forest; nor did I ever hear of any fossil-wood being found, which might be an evidence of such having formerly existed. And the assertion of Baron de Tott, that a forest had once extended over the district between Kirburun and Perekop, I suspect to have rather proceeded from his own reliance on Herodotus, than from any testimony of the neighbouring Tartars. Those bleak downs can never have been favourable to the growth of trees, which

[1] The Panticape and Gerrhus are described by Herodotus as the one rising from a northern lake, and running for eleven days' journey nearly parallel to the Borysthenes, at about three days' journey asunder; then as passing through Hylæa, and falling into the Borysthenes. The Gerrhus is said to diverge from the Borysthenes at the distance of forty days' journey from the sea; and to have diverged so widely as to leave a space between the streams of fourteen days' journey, in which space, and between the two, the Panticape, had its source. The Gerrhus then falls into another river, called the Hypacaris, which falls into the sea, bounding to the right hand the country of Hylæa and the Dromos Achillcios. Now it is certain that no such streams as these exist between the Dnieper and the Donetz; and the elevated level of the Nogay steppe makes it utterly impossible that the Dnieper should ever have sent out such an arm as is here described. It is something remarkable that Herodotus makes no mention of the cataracts and rapids of the Dnieper.

are in this country confined to the marshy islets of the Dnieper, and the warm and sheltered glens of the Crimea.

XLIX.—If we could suppose that in ancient times the Borysthenes, besides its present devious course, discharged itself by a channel in the line of the present Kingili Ingul, a direction far more exactly answering to the southerly course assigned it by Herodotus, than that which it at present maintains, the collocation of the rivers would be easily understood, though their intervals would still be exaggerated; and we might reasonably conclude that the most western arm of the river was taken by the Greeks for its main stream: that the Ingulec which falls into the Liman by Cherson was their Panticape; the marshy and woody isles of the Liman were their Hylæa; and the present bed of the Dnieper was with them the Gerrhus, or the easterly branch of the Borysthenes. In that case, we should refer all the Scythian tribes, except the Royalists, to the west of the present Dnieper, which we must necessarily do to obtain room for the pasturage of this most numerous horde, who would else be contracted into a far less compass than either the Callipidæ, Halizones, or Ploughmen. But the rapid stream of the Dnieper, and the rocky nature of its present bed, render me unwilling to believe that it can have ever flowed by a direct course to the sea, and have then abandoned it for a more devious one; and it is safer, perhaps, to believe Herodotus mistaken, than nature changeable. That one change, however, has taken place in the course of these mighty streams, as it was the opinion of many well-informed persons with whom I conversed at Odessa, and as it may lead to some new lights on this intricate geography, I will not suppress, though I do not vouch for the truth of the supposition. North of Odessa, and in a direct line between the bay of that city and the Dniester, a string of salt lakes extends along a narrow valley, which has altogether the appearance of having been the bed of a great river, and by which, as it might seem, the Dniester originally reached the sea. When I was in that country, the possibility was frequently discussed of diverting the river from its present to its supposed former channel, and of thereby making Odessa the natural emporium of all the corn and timber of Podolia and the Bukovina; and I did not hear that any other obstacle existed than the expense and labour necessary. Now if this were really its ancient estuary, not only will the mouths of the Dniester, Bog, and Dnieper be brought greatly nearer to each other; but if we suppose, as is not improbable, that the whole channel between Tendea and Odessa was regarded by the Greeks as the estuary of the Borysthenes, and that their ignorance

APPENDIX.

made them consider the Bog and Dnieper as branches of the same mighty stream, it may be thought that not the Bog, but the Dniester is the Hypanis; and that the Candak, a stream too considerable to have escaped the notice of Herodotus, is, in fact, the Tyras of that author. At all events, unless we place the grazing Scythians to the west of the Dnieper, it is impossible to find either a wood for their southern, or a river for their eastern boundary; and unless Herodotus be wrong in all his reckoning of distances, we shall vainly seek for room in this scanty continent for the tribes which he enumerates [1].

L.—The Grecian colonies on the rivers and promontories of Scythia, of which Bosphorus, Cherson, and Olbiopolis were the most considerable, do not appear to have excited much jealousy in the wandering lords of the soil, nor to have materially impaired their independance: and for several hundred years after the repulse of Darius, the Scoloti enjoyed their deserts unmolested. Philip of Macedon and his son Alexander made, indeed, small inroads north of the Danube; and the latter, in the plenitude of his power, led a fruitless expedition against the Sacæ of Turkestan, whose river, Jaxartes, both Arrian and Justin ignorantly confound with the Tanais [2]. But the Getæ and Triballi bore the main brunt of the former of these attacks, and the western Scoloti were nowise concerned in the other.

[1] So far as the Basilii are concerned, most geographers have materially encreased the difficulty by supposing that the ταφρος των τυφλων, which Herodotus describes as, in part, their eastern boundary, was the same with the present vallum of Perekop. But this famous entrenchment runs east and west, and therefore cannot have been the eastern boundary of any region; and so far from being a considerable distance from the Hypacaris, if this last be the Calankia Ingul, it is hardly two days' journey from it. And as Rubruquis is perfectly silent as to any such entrenchment in his time, we may be sure that the works at Perekop are modern. And though he compares the isthmus itself to a trench, he does not mean that it was intersected by one, but that, by the optical deception common in such cases, the two seas seemed higher than the narrow green track between them. The trench, (or vallum) of the blind, however, was drawn from "the mountains of the Tauri to the Palus Mæotis," and can, therefore, answer to nothing but that which I have already mentioned as passing from Iski Crim to Arabat.

[2] Arrian, Lib. iii. 28, 29. Justin. Lib. xii. 5. This confusion of names has given rise to the fancy mentioned by Dr. Clarke as prevalent among the Cossaks, and of which many ancient authors are not guiltless,—that Alexander passed the Don, and raised altars and a city there (Travels, vol. i. p. 273.) The ruins which the Cossaks consider as the remains of Alexandria are probably those of Sarcel, the city of the Chosares, which, though D'Anville has strangely misplaced it in his map, was, beyond a doubt, built on the Don, to repress the incursions of the Patzinacitæ.

The Scythian empire of Mithridates was chiefly confined to the Tauric and Grecian colonies; the wandering tribes were his allies rather than his subjects; and slaves and fish, the only valuables which those regions furnished, were more easily and cheaply procured by barter than by military expeditions. About a century before the Christian æra we find, however the whole of Western Scythia, and the Crimea itself, subdued by the more remote and ferocious tribe of Sauromatæ, whose habitation, in the time of Herodotus [1], was eastward of the Tanais, but who had, at the period in which Strabo [2] wrote, and that, still earlier, in which Mithridates reigned, extended themselves to the Danube and the Carpathian mountains, extirpating or amalgamating with their own name and nation, the whole multitude of intervening tribes. These Sauromatæ, or Sarmatians, were, if we believe Herodotus, of a kindred race with the Scoloti themselves, and the descendants of certain young Scythians, who intermarried with a fugitive race of Amazons [3].

LI.—When those warlike females (whose history, so improbable in itself, and yet confirmed by so great a force of testimony, must probably remain for ever among those historical features which it would be equally dangerous to reject or to receive) had been defeated by the Greeks in the great battle of Thermodon, the victors, after collecting such of their captives as were worth the carriage, embarked them on board three ships for Greece. The prisoners, during the voyage, rose on their guards, and put them all to death; but being ignorant of navigation, and not knowing whither to direct their course, were carried, at the mercy of the winds and waves, to the barren and rocky entrance of the Cimmerian Bosphorus, which was then possessed by the Royal or Free Scythians, where, having landed, they seized a herd of horses, and, armed with the weapons of their late masters, began to pillage the neighbourhood. The Scythians regarding them as men, at first opposed their incursion by force; but when they found, by the corpses of those whom they slew, with what kind of enemies they had to deal, it was resolved that a party of their young men, answering in number to these female warriors, should be detached to observe them closely, and seek all opportunities of conciliation. The particulars of this savage courtship are told by Herodotus with that graceful simplicity which is peculiar to the ancients, and which a modern compiler cannot venture to imitate. They hunted long in each other's neighbourhood, "and when the Amazons knew that the young men came for no treachery, they let them

[1] Strabo. l. vii. [2] Appian. de bell. Mithridatico, lxix. [3] Herod. Melp. 110.

APPENDIX.

speed, and every day the one camp drew closer to the other." A straggler from each party found means to meet and express themselves by mutual signs, (for they had no common language but that of the eyes;) and this good understanding soon led to a general alliance. "Joining their camp, they dwelt together, each having as wife her whom he had first met with; and the men could not learn the language of the women, but the women caught that of the men; and when they understood each other, the men said unto the women, 'We verily have both parents and household-stuff; wherefore now let us not lead this life any longer, but going to our nation, let us dwell with them, and you and none other will we have to wife.' And the women said, 'We cannot dwell with your women, for we have not the same customs with them; we shoot with bows, and throw the spear, and ride on horseback, and we have not learnt womanly works. And your women do none of these things, but work womanly works, abiding in the tents, and going not forth either to hunt or war; we cannot, therefore, dwell with them. But if ye will have us for wives, and deal justly by us, then go to your parents and receive your shares of their inheritance, and afterwards we will dwell apart from your people.'" The nation thus formed was called Sauromatæ, or Sarmatians; they spoke the Scythian language, a little corrupted by the faulty pronunciation of their mothers; and their women retained, even to the time of Herodotus, the custom of attending their husbands in the battle or the chase [1].

LII.—I certainly shall not undertake either to justify the accounts of an Amazonian nation, nor to reconcile this story with the date of the battle of Thermodon [2]; but there is, in fact, no necessary connection between

[1] If we believe Herodotus, no Sarmatian girl was allowed to marry till she had killed an enemy; and many died unmarried, not having had an opportunity of fulfilling this law.

[2] The battle of Thermodon is said by Justin (lib. xi. c. 4,) to have been fought by Hercules and Theseus. In this he is at variance with the Greek writers, who make Theseus to have visited the Amazons in Attica, not to have invaded them in Paphlagonia; (Plutarch in vit. Thes.) and this date is utterly inconsistent with the accounts given by Herodotus, since Hercules had been long deified, and Theseus long deceased, before the Scythians entered Europe.

There may, indeed, have been two battles of Thermodon; for Herodotus does not seem to have supposed that Hercules was present at the one which he mentions, and Homer mentions nothing of either. But so recent a compiler as T. Pompeius is no very competent authority on the affairs of Hercules.

The story which Herodotus gives of the origin of the Sarmatæ has been strangely misquoted by many historians, but by none so much as by Mr. Pinkerton. He gravely tells us, giving Herodotus as his authority, that "some of the Sarmatæ learned the Scythian tongue

the circumstances here detailed, and that celebrated engagement; nor, if we suppose that the information of Herodotus was thus far incorrect, is there any thing in the remaining statement which is at all improbable. The crews of three Greek slave-ships, on their way from Mingrelia to Paphlagonia, are surprised and massacred by their miserable cargoes. That these were all women, can excite no surprise, since, in those days, no males received quarter in battle; since field-slaves were unknown; and since all the offices of a family were performed by females. Nor is it at all unlikely that these poor creatures, on landing in Scythia, should have employed the weapons of their late masters to defend themselves from a new slavery; or that, this fear removed, they should have been good and courageous wives to their wandering husbands. At the same time, supposing them to have existed as a separate community for even a few months, it is obvious how the circumstance of women landing on a foreign soil with arms in their hands, might give rise to the belief of an Amazonian nation, of which these were a colony. Nor is it less evident how naturally the Greeks, in after times, would connect such a story with their own national legends of Penthesilea, Hippolita, and Menalippe. At all events, and whatever credit may be given to this account of their origin, concerning the language spoken by the Sarmatians in his own time, Herodotus was surely competent to speak with certainty; and the fact of which he assures us, that they spoke a dialect of Scythian, is apparently a sufficient answer to the opinion which many learned men have, in later times, adopted, that they were a distinct race from the Scoloti, and a more recent colony from Media.

LIII.—Diodorus Siculus [1], the great authority on which this hypothesis is built, and whose whole history of the Scythians is so much at variance with that of Herodotus, that the one or the other must be abandoned, wrote at a period so much more recent than Herodotus, and his knowledge of all these countries is so greatly inferior, that it seems a strange kind of prejudice which builds on the testimony of a remote and credulous antiquary, in preference to that of one who had himself visited the countries, and conversed with the people whom he describes. And further, the conduct attributed by Diodorus to the kings of Scythia, of bringing away, not slaves, but colonies of subjects from Media and Assyria, however consonant

from the Amazons." (See Dissert. chap. ii. p. 20.) Let any one compare this account with the literal translation which I have given of the passage referred to, and he will be in considerable doubt, I apprehend, whether this be utter ignorance of Greek, or utter contempt of truth.

[1] Diod. Sic. lib. ii. chap. 43.

APPENDIX.

to the policy of civilized nations, would be utterly preposterous in a people of wandering habits, and in a state so barbarous as that of the Scoloti. Whatever Medes or Assyrians they might carry away with them, would be, undoubtedly, not to plant in cities, after the manner in which the Czar Peter dealt with his neighbours, but as concubines or slaves; and these last, so far from being left in bodies strong enough to become independent tribes, would have been not only scattered through the tents of their respective owners, but, if the Scythians adhered to their usual inhuman custom, have been deprived of eye-sight. Again, if the Sauromatæ were a Median colony, what made them so soon forsake their ancient stationary habits of agriculture and commerce, in a situation so favourable for both as the Palus Mæotis? The Medes were not a wandering but a highly-civilized people; the Sauromatæ were the wildest of the Scythians; surely such a dereliction of ancient manners, such a deterioration of character, is not to be lightly credited. The Tartar may become settled, and learn to work and eat bread like a European; but it would take many years to wean a European from his bread and wine, to horse-flesh and koumiss; nor have I ever heard an instance of a nation thus retrograding from the agricultural to the pastoral life. Lastly, however, Diodorus goes on to assert, that in consequence of the wars of these Sauromatæ with the Scythians, and the distress to which the latter were reduced, many of the Scythian women took the field, and thus gave rise to the fable of the Amazons. Now this we know to be utterly false; for the Amazons, whether fabulous or not, are mentioned by Homer; and the Scythian invasion of Media, and the supposed introduction of a colony of Medes into the Cuban, as the invasion of Media only occurred in the reign of Cyaxares, could not have taken place till some centuries after Homer's death; till which time, according to the arguments of Diodorus himself, any collision between the Scythians and Sauromatæ was impossible. Nor should it be forgotten that, in the time of Herodotus, both the Scythians and Sauromatæ existed as independant and friendly nations, neither of them inclined to invade or distress the other. But this is not the only proof to be found in Diodorus Siculus, that, from the days of the father of history, the knowledge of the north and east was retrograding amongst the Greeks, and that the more widely succeeding authors departed from his authority, the more effectually they betrayed their own ignorance.

LIV.—To corroborate this hypothesis of Diodorus, it has been added by some learned moderns, for whose talents and knowledge few men have

more respect than myself, that the name Sauro-Matæ, or "Sar-Madai," signifies (in what language we are not told) "the descendants of the Medes;" and that the pass of Derbent was called in after times "the Sarmatic gates," because the descendants of the Medes had passed through them to the Palus Mæotis. But till we know that "Sar" was ever used to signify a "descendant" in either the Median or Scythian language, this etymology will have but little weight with the common race of enquirers. There is besides a prior claimant in Madyes king of Scythia, from whom the Sauromatæ may be esteemed full as likely to have taken their title as from the Medes. And though the pass of Caucasus was certainly called the Sarmatic gate by the Greeks, as it was also called by the Arabians the rampart of Gog and Magog, it was not so styled in memory of the peaceable egress of the Sarmatians from Media, but of their frequent and terrible inroads by that passage to plunder and destroy. On the whole, the supposed descent of the Sauromatæ from the Medes, will be found, perhaps, no less apocryphal than that of the Turks from the Teucii, nor can any connexion be proved between them, except that both originally sprang from the same son of Noah. Media has received many colonies, but is too spacious and fertile a region to be itself deserted for Scythia [1].

LV.—With the exception of the districts occupied by the Grecian colonists, the Sauromatæ, or Sarmatians, for at least 250 years continued

[1] Herodotus mentions, indeed, a northern tribe who professed themselves to be a colony of Medes; but they were found in a country far removed from Sarmatia; and he treats their pretensions as very slightly founded. They were the Sigunna, a tribe of warlike barbarians, whose dress or armour resembled that of the Medes, and who had war-chariots, drawn by small and shaggy, but swift horses. They occupied the regions beyond the upper Danube, and bordering on the Veneti. They may, perhaps, be the same people who were afterwards called Vindelici, whose supposed eastern origin and Amazonian battle-axes were famous in the time of Horace.

——— Vindelici, quibus
Mos unde deductus per omne
Tempus Amazonia securi
Dextras obarmet, quærere distuli:
Nec scire fas est omnia.

On this passage the scholiast writes "that the Vindelici were a tribe who had been expelled from Thrace by the Amazons."

If, as the similarity of the name may seem to imply, they were a tribe of Veneti, the report of their Median descent is easily explained by the known emigration of this last people from Paphlagonia. (Strabo. lib. xi.) They were certainly neither Germans nor Celts; and they are distinguished both from the Rhæti and the Suevi.

APPENDIX.

in possession of the sovereignty of Scythia. In the time of Strabo their southern extremities reached the Danube in Europe, and the Cuban in Asia. Their eastern tribes appear to have extended to the Caspian, and westward they ravaged the country of the Getæ and Bastarræ so far as the Tibiscus of Teyss. To the north their empire was more contracted, since the Rhoxolani to the north-west, and the more eastern Alani occupied no small part of the plain between the Borysthenes and Tanais[1]. The Sarmatians themselves were divided into many tribes, with whom the conquered Scythians were confounded. Like the Scoloti, their ruling and paramount clan assumed the denomination of Royalists. The others were the Jazyges, the Urgi, the Aorsi, the Seiraci, and, lastly, the Limigantes, a mutinous race of bond-men, whom their masters had entrusted with arms during their war with the Scythians, and who had used these weapons to establish their own liberty. All these clans, as well as their neighbours, the Alani, had the same language, dress, and manners. Their arms were lances, bows and poisoned arrows; and their bodies were defended by cuirasses composed of shavings of horn, disposed like scales on a coarse linen tunic. Their tactics were, however, more adapted for plunder and assassination than for open war. Even in the decline of the empire the Roman infantry easily kept them at bay; and the slight resistance which their Gothic invaders met with in the third century after Christ, is very singularly contrasted with the spirit and prudence which their ancestors displayed against Darius Hystaspes. Yet though the Goths had at least a military possession of the rivers and of the more cultivable parts of the country, the Sarmatians still seem to have preserved to themselves the pasturage of their grassy deserts, and the savage liberty of wandering and plunder. They continued for many years after to ravage the fields of Dacia, and Ammianus mentions a treaty made with their king so late as the year 360.

LVI.—Of the Goths themselves, and their progress from the Baltic, or of the short but memorable period of their empire in Scythia, it is

[1] The Rhoxolani, or Rhoxani, are distinguished by Strabo from all the Scythic or Sarmatian tribes, and classed with the Peuci and Bastarræ. They had helmets and breast-plates of raw hides, and shields (a sure proof that they were no Sarmatians) of the same material. Their king, Tasius, brought 50,000 men to the assistance of the Chersonites against Mithridates, who were, however, totally defeated, with immense loss, by the disciplined troops of Pontus. (Strabo vii.) That the Rhoxani were of Slavonic race is highly probable. That they were the founders of the Russian name and nation I could readily believe, if it were not contradicted (as will be seen hereafter) by the earliest histories of the country.

unnecessary for me now to speak. The name of Gothland was for some time affixed to the Crimea; and in some of the mountainous cantons of that peninsula their colonies were long blended with the ancient Tauri, and the German or Swedish language was not unknown there even so late as the embassy of Rubruquis in the 14th century. But the main body of their nation was, as is well known, expelled from Scythia in the year 376, by the great inundation of the Huns and the Alani, who were closely followed in tremendous and continual succession by the Avars, Chozares, Patzinacitæ, Cumani, Magiars, and Vlachi, with many other nations of Mongolian, Tartar, and Finnic descent, who were in these ages let loose from behind the mighty rivers and pathless deserts, where Providence had hitherto kept them bound from disturbing the western world. The immediate causes, however, of their irruption into Europe may be found in the subjugation of the Sauromatæ, by whose name they had hitherto been held in respect, and in the facility with which the Alani (a kindred race with the Sarmatians, who occupied the eastern frontier of Europe along the Volga) united with any invader who led them on against their enemies, the wealthy and tyrannical Goths. The Huns were doubtless a Mongolian family, since the description of their hideous features, as given by Ammianus Marcellinus, can only belong to the ancestors of the present Calmuks. The Tartars or Turks, with whom the learned Des Guignes, misled by his Chinese authorities, most strangely confounds them, so far as to reduce all the various tribes of Northern Asia to one common denomination, are a race distinct both in language and history; and though by conquest and intermarriages they have received a strong tincture of Mongolian blood, are still a fair and comely people in comparison with the followers of Attila. The snowy range of Imaus may seem, indeed, to have bounded, till the time of that monarch, the western progress of his countrymen, since we have no reason afforded us by ancient history for believing that either the Sacæ, Massagetæ, Turks, or Chorasmians at all differed in countenance from the rest of mankind, or from their immediate neighbours the Persians[1]. The Avars, Chazares and Vlachi were known to have

[1] The following painting of the Turkish females in the days of Cyrus, is a tolerably accurate versification of a literal translation from the Shah-Nameh of Ferdusi, for which I am indebted to a MS. of General Malcolm's *. It may be regarded as proof, first, that the modern

* Now, 1830, the Honourable Sir John Malcolm, Governor of Bombay.—Ed.

APPENDIX.

been of Turkish stock, and are so called both in the Byzantine histories, and in the earliest Slavonic chronicles. The Patzinacitæ and Cumani spoke the same language; and the similarity of name would lead us to derive the latter from the river Cuma, which flows through the desert of Astrachan, or from the city of Cumania, which Pliny fixes in the neighbourhood of the Caspian gates. Both these nations, then, may seem to have been Sarmatian tribes, of the same original stock as the Scythians and Alani; and the enormous length of their hair, which is noticed by the Hungarian writers of a later period, was, perhaps, a proof of their pedigree. The Magyars came from those ample regions, which are now occupied by the Baschkirs and Yakonti. The city of Madshar on the coast of the Caspian, the ruins of which have excited the attention of many travellers, and have been regarded with a very misplaced veneration by several Hungarian literati, is proved by later enquirers to have been a Tartar erection of the 14th century. They are called Turks by Constantine Porphyrogenitus; but the similarity of language evinces a descent from the Finns, and a close relationship to the far less fortunate tribes who drive their rein-deer through the frozen snows of Lapland and Samoiedia [1].

LVII.—Of these nations the subsequent fortunes may be given in a few words. The Huns, after the declension of their empire, were still under the name of Chunni, a powerful people in the provinces of Poland, and often ravaged the north of Hungary to a very late period. Their race perhaps may yet survive in the Tartars of Humann, (a singular people, who, in the midst of Slavonians, retain a dialect of Mongolian, and the use of horse-flesh,) or, more probably, has gradually lost itself among the warlike and equestrian Lithuanians. Firoff was called Chunigrad by the Slavonians so late as the year 900. The Avars, at one time the most powerful of eastern nations, can now be no longer traced on a map of the world; and their excessive pride and exemplary destruction was recorded by a pro-

Tartars of Turkistan are not an uncomely race, since Ferdusi would not have selected a tent of Calmuks as the habitation of beauty; and secondly, that there was no tradition among the Persians that the ancient Turks at all resembled the Huns, or differed from their present appearance. A part only of the following passage is relevant to this topic; but the whole affords so pleasing an Eastern landscape, that its insertion will, I trust, be pardoned. It is the speech of Georgin to Begun, when he points out to his companion the beautiful gardens of Afrasiah *.

[1] Gyamati, Affines Linguæ Hungaricæ.

* See p. 437.

verb, in the time of the historian Nestor [1]. Of the Chozares, Patzinacitæ, and Cumani, I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. The name of one of the Danubian provinces attests the final settlement of the Vlachi or Wallachi; and the Magyars, more fortunate than any of the rest, are at present, with unaltered name, and still preserving their Tchudic language, the peaceable and glorious possessors of the rich plains and vine-clad hills of Hungary [2]. What became of the Sarmatic and Scythian population during these repeated revolutions, it may not be uninteresting to discover. Their main stock would be so easily blended with the Alani, Patzinacitæ, and Cumani, tribes of kindred manners and language to their own, that the conquered and conquering nations would be soon an undistinguished mass. But though many tribes were, doubtless, extirpated or absorbed by their conquerors, the name and posterity of the Jazyges may seem to have still survived the shock in the obscure, though warlike tribe of Jagii [3], who subsisted as an independant nation in Lithuania so late as the year 1277.

LVIII.—We have hitherto contemplated the main stream of conquest as it continued, during many centuries, to set steadily in from the east. But these were not the only, nor the most important colonies which Scythia was destined to receive; and the Russians and Slavonians from the north and west, began, so early as the ninth century, to show themselves amid the cataracts and marshy islands of the Dnieper. Of these, the first were, if we believe the earliest Russian chronicles, a Scandinavian tribe, the kindred of the Swedes, the Danish, and the English. They landed in the territory of Novogorod about the year 860; and shortly after had sufficient power, or address, to unite the neighbouring tribes of Finns and Slavonians with themselves, under the common authority of a Scandinavian chief, named Ruric, or Roderic [4]. They were the same race with those Waran-

[1] "And these were the Obri (Avars) in those days; and they made war against the Czar (emperor,) Heraclius, and well nigh mastered him. These Obri made war against the Slavi, and they subdued the Duliebi, who are of the Slavi, and they abused the women of the Duliebi. And when an Obre went a journey, he harnessed to his waggon neither horses nor oxen, but he harnessed three, or four, or five women, and they drew the Obre; and to this service the Duliebi were constrained. For the Obri were mighty, and filled with pride, and God destroyed them, and they all perished, and there is no Obre left. And there is a proverb among the Russians, which saith,—'They have perished like the Obri, and have left no children to preserve their remembrance.'"—(Nestor ap Potocki, pp. 194—197.)

[2] Magyar-Orsag is the name which the Hungarians still give to their country. "Orsag," is "kingdom."

[3] Des Guignes, L. xviii. 342. Pastori Horus Polemicus, L. ii. § 14.

[4] "In the year (of the world, according to the Russian computation,) 6368, and in the

APPENDIX.

gians who were long the most faithful mercenaries of the imperial Byzantine guard, whose name, Waringa, or "Warrior," is rather professional than national, and whose language is called by Codinus a dialect of "English[1]." Askold and Dir, two of Roderic's companions, three years after his accesion to the Russian sovereignty, advancing to Kief, and uniting themselves with the neighbouring Slavonians, defeated the Chozares, who were till then lords paramount of the soil, and established a new empire in Scythia, which, within a few years, became as formidable to the imbecile government of Constantinople as any of the former occupiers of this country. Thus it was that, about three hundred years after the Saxon conquest of Britain, and sixty previous to the establishment of the Normans in France, another swarm of the same northern hive succeeded in giving a name and a race of sovereigns to the still wider regions of European Scythia. But the Warangians were too small a part of the population to effect, like the Saxons in Briton, a total change in the language of the tribes with whom they coalesced; and there was not that radical difference between the ancient dialects of Scandinavia and Slavonians, which prevented them from easily blending with each other into that mixture which now bears the name of Russian, and of which Slavonian is by far the most conspicuous ingredient. For a few generations the Warangian tongue endured, and

year 6369, and in the year 6370, the Warags came from beyond the sea, but they (the Slavonians,) paid them no tribute. And they began to govern themselves, and there was no justice, and nation strove with nation, and they had war. And they said among themselves, let us make us a prince, that he may govern us, and counsel us aright. And the Russians went beyond the sea to the Warags; for these before-named Warags called themselves Russians, in like manner as others called themselves Swie, others Urmani, others Ingland, others Goths. Thus, therefore, spake the Russians and Tchouds, and Slavi, and Krywiczi, and all, 'Our land is great and fruitful, but we lack counsel. Come therefore hither, and thou shalt be our prince and govern us.' And they brought over three brethren with their kindred, and these had all Russia. And they came among the Slavi first and built the city Ladoga, and Riurik dwelt in old Ladoga, and the second Syneus dwelt with us at Biel-Osero, and the third Truvor at Isborsk; and since these Warags, Novogorod is called Russian land. These men of Novogorod are of Warag race, but before they were Slavonians (who dwelt there,) and they were so called until the time of Riurik. After two years died Syneus with his brother Truvor, and Riurik only had all the rule, and he came to the Ilmen, and he built a city on the Volchof and settled there to be a prince, and he called it Novogorod; and he gave lands to his men and built cities. One had Pultusk, one Rostof, one Biel-Osero. And in these cities the *new comers were called Warags*, but of Novogorod, the former citizens were Slavi, and of Poltosk, Krywiczi, and of Biel-Osero, Vessi." (Nestor apud Potocki, p. 208, et seq.)

[1] Reiske. Comment. in vor. Varangi. ap. Stritter compared. Hist. Byz. tom. iv. p. 472. Codinus de Officiis, cap. viii. § 12.

Constantine Porphyrogenitus gives us the names of five cataracts on the Dnieper in the Russian language [1], which bear considerable marks of their northern origin. The dialect of the majority soon, however, prevailed; and though the Finns still call the Russians by the name of Guda, or Goths, the modern Russian has lost all recollection of his kindred with the Swedes and Norwegians.

LIX.—I have adopted the plain unvarnished story of Nestor as to the original country of the Russians, and their establishment at Novogorod and Kief. His testimony is the earliest which we possess, and his character as a historian unimpeached. Nor is there any thing more probable than that the same valiant pirates who subdued France, England, and Ireland, should, about the same time, be making similar exertions on the side of Russia. Nor do I know any thing more explicit than the simple and almost Scriptural language of this father of Muscovite history. Yet, in the face of this direct evidence, there have been many modern writers who assign to the Russians a very different descent. The learned and diligent L'Evesque is, in this point, so far abandoned by his usual judgement, as to conclude that they were a race of Huns; and there are others who are equally positive in deriving them from a Slavonic origin. The first of these opinions, and which only deserves refutation as being the opinion of an author like L'Evesque, is founded on the following circumstances: Kief, as we have already seen, was anciently called Khunigard, the "city of the Huns;" and to prove that its founders were of that nation, *Kii*, the traditionary name of its builder, is asserted to have no Slavonic meaning. 2dly, Constantine Porphyrogenitus, as well as Cadrenus and Zenaras, calls the inhabitants of Kief, Russians; and, 3dly, when Oleg, the regent of Novogorod during the minority of the sons of Ruric, was endeavouring to entrap the princes of Kief to a conference, he reminded them that they were of the same race with himself. 4thly, There is a passage in the chronicles of the monastery of St. Bertin for the year 839, in which the sovereign of

[1] The Russian names given by Constantine are very different from the Slavonic appellations which he also furnishes; but they are so much disguised by their Grecian dress as to make it very difficult to trace their resemblance to any known language. They are "Oulborsi," probably "Wolver's Eoa," or Wolve's island, since the corresponding Slavonic word, Ostrobunipratch, implies there was an island at the place. 2. "Aiphar," the corresponding Slavonic, which is "Neapit," or Pelican's Nest, may lead us to render "Eya-far," or Egg-ferry. 3. "Baruphorum" may be "Bar" or Bear-ferry. 4. "Leanti." 5. "Stroubun." Of these I can make no meaning which pleases me. The nautical terms of the Baltic may perhaps afford a clue to both.

APPENDIX.

the Russians is called "Chacanus," which L'Evesque supposes to be the same with Chagan, or Khân, a title exclusively oriental. But, first, it is no uncommon circumstance that a town should receive a name from its occupants, as well as from its founders; and as the Huns must have been in possession of Kief for many years during the continuance of the empire founded by Attila, it is no wonder that the neighbouring Slavonians should call it after its occupants, whether it were built by the Huns or no. And though it be true, as L'Evesque observes, that the hill where the ancient Russian princes were buried is called "Ongorskaia Gory," it is not so called because the Huns were buried there, but because the Hungarians, in the year 888, were encamped on it in their passage through the country. In whatever nation we are to seek for Kii's parentage, it is plain that the Russians are not concerned in the question, since the city which he founded had flourished some centuries before the arrival of Askhold and Dir, who are described by Nestor as the first Russians who came thither. Secondly, when Constantine Porphyrogenitus speaks of Kief as inhabited by Russians, he evidently refers to the then ruling nation, in the latter part, that is, of the tenth century after Christ, who were undoubtedly Russians, and the descendants of those Warangians who came from the north with Askhold and Dir; but to say that these were Huns is nothing less than begging the question. And, thirdly, they were, these very Warangian chieftains, not the founders or original population, but the conquerors of Kief, whom the Regent Oleg called his kindred. So that, not only have we no good reason for supposing Kief to have been built by the Huns, but even granting that it were their work, and that the original population was Hunnish, the Russians were plainly a completely different people. The passage, lastly, in the Bertinian annals will not suffice to prove that the Russian sovereigns were anciently styled Khân; but, on the other hand, it very strongly confirms the account of Nestor, which fixes their former habitation in Sweden. Certain strangers, it informs us, who said they belonged to a nation named "Ros," and had been sent "by their king, Chacan," on a friendly message to the Emperor Theodosius at Constantinople, were recommended by this last to the German monarch, Lewis the Debonnaire, to be forwarded by him, through Germany, to their own country. They were ascertained by Lewis to belong to a Swedish tribe, and were, therefore, dismissed by him with much reluctance, under the impression that they were enemies both to the eastern and western empires. This happened in 839. And how rightly Lewis divined their motives for this em-

bassy to Constantinople is plain, when we find that, not many years after, the Swedish Warangians invaded Scythia in their way to the Euxine. And the fact of the Russians being originally from Sweden is thus, as it should seem, so strongly confirmed, that L'Evesque himself is obliged to have recourse to the strange supposition that some of the Huns might, by unknown means, (for they had no vessels,) and at some unknown period, have established themselves beyond the Gulph of Finland; a notion to examine which would be little less absurd than to maintain it, if it did not lean on the supposed similarity of Chacan to Chagan. But Chacan (supposing it to be a title) may be a corruption of the Swedish "Kong," a king, as well as the Tartarian "Khân." It has, however, as Schlæzer observes, in the present passage, every appearance of being a proper name, and is probably no other than the well-known Scandinavian appellation, Hacan, or Haco.

LX.—The opinion that the Russians were of Slavonic race has been espoused under various modifications by some of the academicians of St. Petersburgh, and by the editor of L'Evesque, M. Malte Brun. The first, without contravening the positive assertion of Nestor, that the Russian Warangians came from Sweden, suppose that, as so large a proportion of the northern population of Germany and Prussia was Slavonic, it is not improbable that a sprinkling of kindred tribes may have existed also in Sweden; and that of these the followers of Riuric might have been composed, whose language they supposed would have agreed better with the Slavonic tribes of Novogorod than the Gothic could have done. And they plead that the Gothic could not have been so completely lost in the Slavonic, as it is in the present Russian language. But there is, as will be shown hereafter, so great a similarity in radicals between the Gothic of Scandinavia and the Slavonic of the north, that these circumstances need cause no difficulty; and for the rest, a hypothesis which is built entirely on possibilities need not take up any very long consideration, more especially as the expressions of Nestor imply that the Russian Warangians were of the same stock with those of Sweden, Germany, and England.

LXI.—M. Malte Brun attempts to show that the Russian Warangians received their distinctive name, not in Scandinavia, but after their residence in the north of Russia among a people of the same appellation, whom he identifies with the ancient Rhoxolani or Rhoxani, a name certainly applied by the anonymous geographer of Ravenna in the 9th century to a people bordering on the Baltic. But the similarity of the name on which M. Malte Brun lays considerable stress, is not sufficiently striking to serve as

APPENDIX.

a foundation for a hypothesis contradicted by a historian so nearly contemporary as Nestor, who, certainly, if there be any force in language, describes the Russians as foreigners. And, as the above named geographer wrote some fifty years at least after the establishment of the Warangians on the southern shore of the gulph of Finland, we have too many examples of the custom, common with the Greeks, of misusing the names of nations, to doubt that he has applied in this place the character of the ancient Rhoxani, sojourners in the south of Russia, to a race very different in situation, but of which the patronymic was something similar. We have seen how vaguely and improperly the term of Scythian was applied by the Byzantine writers; and the fancied resemblance between Rhoxani and Rossi was in itself sufficient to lead an author of this stamp to prefer the classical to the barbarous name, without examining or caring whether the first were properly applied or no. Secondly, however, M. Malte Brun (after expressing much contempt for those who give credit to the "traditions collected by Moses") assures us that it is in vain to seek after a foreign origin for the Russian people, since all great nations have been "Antoethones," or, at least, without any known origin. If he intends to signify that all great nations have from eternity, or from unknown antiquity, occupied the countries which they now inhabit, it is evident what new systems may be introduced by the judicious application of this rare historical canon. The Angles in Britain, the Turks in Greece, the English, Spanish, and Portuguese in America, (all of them at present pretty considerable nations), we must conclude are all without any known origin, or grew like plants from the soil; and all which we have read of Hengist, Mahomet II., Columbus, and William Penn, are inventions of later ages, and equally vain with the "traditions collected by Moses." Or, if these nations do not deserve in his opinion the epithet of "great," there is one at least to which he will not refuse that magnificent title, which has been said to owe its present name, its laws, and its renown to a race of foreign adventurers. Clovis, however, we must hereafter suppose is a character entirely fabulous, and the Franks must have either grown out of the earth in Gaul, or at least have continued there from a period beyond the earliest "Aurora of History." So much for the historical intelligence of those who despise as fabulous or absurd "the traditions collected by Moses."

It may be thought then, on the whole, that no good reason has been given for deserting or interpolating the information afforded by Nestor; and that the name of Russian was unknown in the east of Europe before the

time of the Warangian invasion. The Rhoxolani, I am willing to believe, from Strabo's account of them, were a numerous nation of Slavonians; but as we hear no more of them in any writer of authority for so many hundred years afterwards, it is impossible to decide on their probable fate, or their subsequent place of habitation. No such people, I apprehend, are mentioned by Jornandes among those whom the Goths encountered in their passage from the Baltic to the Euxine.

LXII.—The Slavonians or Sloveni, with whom the Russians thus coalesced, were a branch of that great family whose language is diffused through the several tribes of Wends, Poles, Prussians, Muscovites, Bohemians, Moravians, Bosnians, Croatians, Servians, and Cossaks. All these nations at the present day, however distant their homes, understand and converse with each other, on first meeting, with surprizing readiness and fluency; and, notwithstanding the various distinctive appellations which they have adopted, acknowledge the name of Slavon as the common term for all. This word, according to Gibbon, and most other writers on the subject, was, with the usual pride of barbarians, derived from the Slavonic word "Slav," glory or renown. But as in the oldest Chronicles the word is not "Slavoni," but "Sloveni," and as at the present day, all those who do not speak their language are called by them "Nemitzi," or "Silent," it is probable that "*the speaking race*" would be the term by which they would most naturally distinguish themselves, and that the root from which their name is taken is "Slovo," a "speech or discourse." The same learned theorists who have deduced so many of the western nations of Europe from the Scythians, have, with equal positiveness, and, perhaps, with as little reason, assumed that the Slavonians are of Sarmatic race. But as we know that the Sarmatians spoke a dialect of the Scythian language, it should seem that the difference between this last and the Slavonian, is a very strong proof against such a relationship. And it is remarkable that the ancient names of all the principal rivers of Scythia, instead of bearing marks of a Slavonic original, have no consistent meaning in any dialect of that language, and either prove by their Celtic derivations that they were imposed by the original Cwmraeg, or belong to some language to which modern Europe is altogether a stranger [1]. The language, indeed, as well

[1] It would be perhaps most natural to expect that the etymology of rivers and other features of nature should be found in the language of the first occupants; and that, as the Celts were, doubtless, first in possession of Scythia, the names of these objects should be traced to Celtic. Accordingly, we find that Don, Doon or Tan, the Celtic for a wave or stream, is

APPENDIX.

as the mythology of the Slavonians [1], would lead us to place them among the most ancient European tribes, and those most nearly connected with

found as the common appellation of the Scythian waters of the Donetz or Tanais, the Don, the Danapies or Dnieper, the Danastris or Dnieper, or the Donau or Danube itself. Thus the Danapies is, apparently, Tanau-brys, the "river of rapids," and Danastris, Tan-astrys, "the winding stream." Don-au is the union of two words of nearly the same meaning, in the same manner as Dywr-don-wy is the ancient name for the Dee. Ister, or Isder, the name given to the lower Danube, has also, in Celtic, a corresponding signification. In Russian and Slavonian, none of these names have any meaning; though Dno, I have been told, signifies "a bottom," or "a shallow,"—surely no appropriate name to such deep and mighty waters as those in question. L'Evesque, indeed, attempts to derive Borysthenes from "Bor," a fir-tree, and "Stanitzi," a wall, or fortified village; a strange name for any river, more especially for one the banks of which are by no means well clothed with timber. But Borysthenes is, apparently, the same with Danapies inverted; and may be resolved, like that, into Brys-Don-wy, or Brys-Don-aw. For this new light on Scythian etymology, I am chiefly indebted to my friend Mr. Bernard Bosanquet *, who, though not of Celtic extraction, has studied their language and antiquities with a zeal and success which few of even the genuine Britons have surpassed.

[1] The following are the names of the principal Slavonic divinities, taken from L'Evesque, and the more ancient authority of Strikowsky, (Kronica Macieia) and Duysburg (Chronicon Prussia). The reader will not fail to observe their close correspondence with the superstitions of Greece and India. Peroun was Jupiter the thunderer. Koupalo, Saturn, or Belus, honoured with bonfires and rejoicings every midsummer-eve. Lada was Venus, and Leliu, or Cupid, was her son. Trigliva was Hecate Triformis, as the Slavonian name implies. And Zenovia, a huntress, answering to Diana. Svetovid, "the holy seer," was Apollo, to whom horses were consecrated; and who appears to have been gradually metamorphosed into St. Vitus, a saint who has received much popular homage in the north, though his name appears no where in the calendar. Znitch was Vesta, the deity of fire: Ziemennik, the god of the earth, or Pluto: Tzar Morski, "sea-king," answered to Neptune. There was also a Tchoudo-Morskoe, "sea-monster," corresponding to the Triton of the Greeks, and the Kelpie and Noëck of the north. The Rousalki were nymphs, beautiful and amorous, inhabitants of the woods and waters; and the Lecky were the satyrs, compounded of the goat and the human figure, sportive and mischievous, and still greatly dreaded by the Malo-Russian girls, who believe that they lurk in the bushes to seize on females, whom they are accused of *tickling to death*. A strange and singularly wild custom, apparently connected with this superstition, prevailed in the province of Kief so late as the beginning of the last century. On certain holydays it was the custom of every village, for all its inhabitants, high and low, from the lord to the slave, to dance together on the green which generally environs them. On these occasions it was the privilege of the young men, from time immemorial, to rush forward dressed in skins, and, with loud cries, to carry off any one damsel whom they could catch, or who pleased their fancy, whom they consigned to one of their number in the covert of the nearest wood. If

* Now, 1830, The Hon. Sir John Bernard Bosanquet, judge of the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas.

the Greeks and Romans; and it furnishes, as will be seen in the Appendix, a more satisfactory link between these last and the Gothic dialects, than any other with which we are acquainted[1]. In manners, too, the same

APPENDIX.

the ravisher could conceal her there for twenty-four hours, he was entitled to a free pardon, and was generally married to his prize. But his life depended on his success; since, if he were overtaken by the friends of the female during his flight, or discovered in his lurking-place before the stated time was over, his head was cut off without mercy or any form of trial. Even the daughters of the lord of the manor were liable to this risk, though, it may be presumed, they were generally pretty well guarded. Of the Tchoudo-Morskoë the same stories, nearly, are told, as are related in Norway and Scotland of the Noëck or Kelpie. To Ziemennik, the god of the earth, snakes were consecrated; and a large black snake is often, at the present day, the inmate of a Podolian cottage, which is fed carefully with eggs and milk, and is the harmless favourite of the children. The utility of such a domestic is, indeed, one probable motive for the protection which he receives. The earthen floors of the houses in these countries are, in spring, continually visited by frogs and toads. At Odessa, in the best inn of the city, I was often obliged, on leaving my bed of a morning, to use great caution in avoiding a collision between my naked feet and these disgusting "contubernales." One of the sacred snakes of Ziemennik would soon have cleared the premises.

[1] The frequent occurrence of Greek and Latin words in the various Slavonian dialects, is obvious to all who visit the east of Europe; and it is the more remarkable, because these regions have not, like the Celtic countries of the west, been subject to the Roman empire, and because their religious intercourse with Rome or Constantinople can have had but little effect on the familiar language of a country, where writing and reading are, among the common people, very rare accomplishments. The following parallels are selected from words of the most common occurrence; and some of them are very remarkable links between the dialects of the north and south.

Slavonic.	*Latin.*	*English.*	
Grad	Grando	Hail	
Plamia	Flamma	Flame	
Glyba	Gleba	Clod	
Loutch	Lux	Light	
Lieva	Sinistra	The left hand	λαιος
Swon	Sonus	Sound	Suono *(Italian)*
Notch	Nox	Night	νυξ Nôs *(Celtic)*
Voda	Vadum	Water	ὑδωρ—ὑδατος Vatn *(Swedish)*
Vetr	Ventus	Wind	Wetter, a storm, *(German)*
More	Mare	Sea	
Noss	Nasus	Nose	
Sol	Sal	Salt	
Semia	Semen	Seed	
Gorod, or Grad		A town	Gard *(Swedish)*
Gosti, or Hosti	Hostis	Stranger, or enemy,—of old synonymous terms.	
Rad (Nestor)		Rede, or counsel. Ῥητωρ	Rad *(Swedish)*

APPENDIX.

general difference from Scythian or Sarmatic habits (and that these two were similar can hardly, I apprehend, be denied) will be found to have

Slavonic.	*Latin.*	*English.*	
Novo	Novus	New	
Malo	Malus?	Little, paltry	
Ovsta	Ovis	A sheep	
Osel (pronounced Asel)	Asellus	Ass	Œsel *(German)*
Swenia	Sus, suillus	Swine	
Dom	Domus	Home	Δομος
Sinapi	Sinape	Mustard	Σιναπι Sennep *(German)*
Muitch	Mus	Mouse	
Dalgo		Long	δολιχος
Vorona	Cornix	Crow	κορωνις
Golub	Columba	Dove	
Pubatz (Polish)	Bubo	An owl	
Gus		Goose	
Oko	Oculus	Eye	Occhi *(Italian)* Auge *(German)*
Solntze	Sol	Sun	Sonne *(German)*
Liona	Luna	Moon	
Den	Dies, diurnus	Day	δην, δηναιος long ago, many days
Vetcher	Vesper	Evening	ἑσπερος
Mesetz	Mensis	Month	Μην.—μεις *(Æolice)*
Sniet		Snow	Snee *(Swedish)*
Reka		River	ῥεω, fluo
Zemli		Earth	Zemin *(Persian)*
Oden		One	ἑν
Dva	Duo	Two	δνο Dou *(Persian)*
Tre	Tres, tria	Three	τρεις, τρια
Tchetera		Four	τεσσαρα, τεταρτος Ciar *(Persian)*
Pet		Five	πεντε
Tchest	Sex	Six	ἑξ Schesh *(Persian)*
Sedm	Septem	Seven	
Deciàt	Decem	Ten	δεκα
Esm	Sum	I am	ειμι. εσμι *(Dorice)* Em *(Persian)*
Essi	Es	Thou art	εσσι *(Dorice)*
Est	Est	He is	εστι Est *(Persian)*
Sout	Sunt	They are	
Proch!	Procul	Away, off!	
Stati	Stare	To stand	
Sedeti	Sedere	To sit	
Dai	Da	Give me	
Padite	Vadere	To go away	
Videti	Videre	To see	
Pasti	Pascere, Pastus	To feed	

existed in all the tribes of Slavons, which I have already pointed out in the case of the Greeks, Goths, and Thracians; the same distinctions of stationary, though simple dwellings; of attachment to husbandry and maritime affairs; the use, too, of the large shield in war, and equal agility on foot, are ascribed to the Slavonians, as to the other tribes of the west. And so striking were these distinctions to contemporary writers, that the Venedi or Wends, who are known to have been Slavonians, and the Bastarnæ, Penci, and Rhoxolani, whom, as will be proved immediately, there is every reason to consider as such, were referred, both by Tacitus and Strabo, to the German rather than to the Sarmatic nation.

Slavonic.	*Latin.*	*English.*	
Mogu		I may	Ich möge *(German)*
Ia	Ego	I	Jag *(Swedish)*
Mene	Mei	Mine (genitive)	
Tui	Tu	Thou	
On		He	Han *(Swedish)*
Evo	Ejus	His	
Emu (dative)		Him	
Moi (adj.)	Meus	Mine	
Moia	Mea		
Moe	Meum		
Svoi	Suus	His	
Tvoi	Tuus	Thine	
Toi		That	οὗτος
Covo	Cujus	Whose	
Arou	Avo	I plough	
Plyvon		I sail	πλεω
Pepton		I cook	πεπτω
Po		Upon	Pâa *(Swedish)*

These words are taken from the Russian dialect of Slavonia. L'Evesque gives many more; but I admitted none which had not fallen under my own knowledge, and rejected several which might be reasonably supposed of foreign growth, and introduced by the intercourse of the Russians with other nations. Those who wish to see the strong points of resemblance between the grammar of the Russians and the Greeks and Latins, may consult the short treatise of that most extraordinary linguist, Henry Wilhelm Ludolf, (Oxon, 1696.) The foregoing specimen may, however, serve to show the importance of the Slavonic dialects to those who wish to trace the connection between the northern and southern languages of Europe; and may prove that the settlement of the Slavonians in the west must have been much earlier than the time which is generally assigned to them.

The verb substantive *esm, essi, est,* is pronounced as if it were written *jesm, jessi, jest;* on which L'Evesque remarks, that Cicero, (De Oratore iii. 4.) assures us that it was accounted elegant among the Romans thus to pronounce the E as if a J preceded it.

APPENDIX.

LXIII.—Again, we find many tribes of Slavonic extraction in situations, whither it requires a very ardent love of hypothesis to suppose that the Sarmatians were likely to penetrate. They occupied, at a very early period, Lusatia, Pomerania, and the Isle of Rugen. The Carni are placed by Strabo in their present country of Carniola; the Save and Drave bore, in the time of that geographer, their modern Slavonic appellations. The language of Pannonia and the Osi was different, according to Tacitus, from both German and Sarmatic; and the ancient names of places in Illyria, afford, according to the learned and cautious Dolci, many remarkable proofs that their primitive occupants were Slavonians. Now the irruption of the Sarmatians into Europe must have been preceded by the conquest of the Scythians; and neither the one or the other of these events is placed by learned men much earlier than the Christian era. How, then, was it possible that so close on this event, the Sarmatians could have penetrated so far as the provinces bordering on the Adriatic, or have given names to the rivers of Pannonia. But further, Jornandes, the Gothic historian, describes all Poland from the Baltic to the Carpathian mountains, as being occupied, previous to the irruption of the Goths, by nations of Slavonic descent; and this description must, therefore, have included the Bastarnæ and Pencini, who, as well as the Rhoxolani, are effectually distinguished by Strabo from the Sarmatians; and who are, by the same authority of Jornandes, shown, in opposition to Mr. Pinkerton, to have been, not of Gothic but of Slavonic ancestry. And though we cannot say, with equal certainty that the Getæ and Thracians were also Slavonic, yet as a Slavonic population was found by the Magyars extending over the whole of Pannonia, it cannot seem improbable that this had always been the case; and that the tribes bordering on the Ister were the same with those of the Drave. I have already remarked the pedantry of the Byzantine writers, and the frequent impropriety with which they applied the names of ancient to modern nations; and on that account I lay very little stress on the testimony of Cantacuzenus and Theodoret, of whom the first repeatedly calls the Slavonians, Triballi, and the second asserts that they were the same people who were anciently named Getæ. It is of somewhat more importance that Procopius places the paternal seat of the Slavi on the Danube. The name of Veneti, Feneti, or Venidæ, is of known Slavonic origin, applying perfectly to the situation, not only of the Wends on the furthest edge of the north, but to the ancient Eneti or Venetians at the extremity of western Thrace; and if we suppose (what cannot be con-

sidered as an extravagant opinion) that these last were of the same stock with the neighbouring Carni, and, perhaps, with the Vindelici, not only is a kindred fully made out between the Thracians and the Slavons, but the origin of both from a very different race from either Scythians or Sauromatæ, is established by the clearest evidence, and a new and very important light is thrown on the remarkable connection between the Latin and Slavonic languages. For the Veneti and Tyrseni, tribes of Asia Minor, the kindred of the Phrygians and Thracians, emigrated about the same period from their former habitations; the one through Thrace to the north of Italy; the other by sea to its western coast, where they established the Etruscan republic [1]. It should seem, then, that the same Slavonic language, which now prevails in the north and west of Thrace, has at every period, since the dawn of history, existed there; and it is possible that it is by this channel, as the intervening link between the Greeks and Goths, and orientals, that we have the best chance of tracing those derivations which have been noticed as common to all.

LXIV.—To verify this conjecture, a more accurate and ample collection is required of Getic, Phrygian, Thracian, and Dacian words than any which has been yet attempted. Had we those Getic hexameters and pentameters which Ovid recited with so much applause to the warlike tribes of the Danube, how much labour might be saved to contending antiquaries. Yet may this circumstance lead us to identify the language of the Getæ with the Slavonian rather than with the Gothic tongue; since the former is more likely to have complied with the rules of Latin prosody, than any dialect of the latter with which I am acquainted. The language of Ulphila would limp strangely ill on Roman feet. But to whatever extent the above hypothesis be carried, enough has been said to prove, at least, that the Slavons were not a Sarmatian colony; and those warlike savages, like their Scythian kindred, instead of usurping the name of the great colonists of Europe, must be contented hereafter with the humble renown of having invaded and wandered over a very moderate portion of its surface.

[1] Strabo, L. xi.

[2] "Ah pudet, et Getico scripsi sermone libellum,
Structaque sunt nostris barbara verba modis.
* * * * * *
Hæc ubi non patria perlegi scripta Camœna,
Venit et ad digitos ultima charta meos,
Et caput, et plenas omnes movère pharetras,
Et longum Getico murmur in ore fuit."

Epist. de Pont. L. iv. E. 10.

BOOK II.

APPENDIX.

THE Warangian chieftains, Askhold and Dir, had scarcely established themselves in Kief, than, with the characteristic restlessness of northern pirates, they meditated a more important expedition [1]. From Kief to the Euxine, the course of the Dnieper offers a short and obvious communication; and the thirteen cataracts of this beautiful river were not obstacles which could deter the mariners of Scandinavia, whose light canoes were easily carried over land, whenever such a step was necessary, on the shoulders of their crews [2]. The circumstances of this navigation and of these *portages*, (of which the principal danger arose from the attacks of the neighbouring Patzinacitæ,) are sufficiently detailed by L'Evesque and Gibbon [3]; but neither has noticed that the form of the Warangian vessels of the ninth century, on the Dnieper, exactly answered to the description given by Tacitus of the boats employed in his time to carry the Scandinavians from one island to another. For these boats, which were only made of willow and beech, covered with leather, the banks of the Dnieper afforded sufficient materials; and Askhold, leaving Dir at Kief to secure their recent conquest, set out with the greater part of his Warangians to attack Constantinople. His voyage was prosperous, and he had almost succeeded in his object, when a sudden storm, imputed to the exhibition of a consecrated garment which had adorned an image of the Virgin Mary, destroyed a part of his fleet [4];

[1] Nestor.

[2] The marvellous voyage and tedious *portages* of Mr. Mackenzie, in North America, fully vindicate the truth not only of the similar exertions made by the Russians, but of the still more extraordinary transportation of the Argo from the Danube to the Adriatic, and

Quicquid Græcia mendax
Audet in historia.

[3] L'Evesque, Hist. de Russie, tom. i. pp. 107, 108. Gibbon.

[4] Gibbon.

and Askhold, either alarmed or weakened, solicited baptism, and retired from his prey. Fifteen years afterwards, the two sovereigns of Kief were invited to a friendly conference by Oleg, prince of Novogorod, to whom Ruric, on his death-bed, had bequeathed his sovereignty and the guardianship of his infant son [1]. They attended without scruple, but were instantly seized and murdered by their treacherous host [2], on pretence that, not being of Ruric's blood, they had presumed to exercise sovereignty over a part of the Russian people. The murderer took possession of their city without opposition, and leaving his ward, young Igor, in Kief, set out himself on a second expedition against Constantinople. This was more fortunate than the former, if we believe the Russian chronicles; and the Emperor Leo was glad to purchase the retreat of his invaders at the rate of twelve pounds of gold to every ship. A treaty of commerce was, at the same time, ratified between the Greeks and Russians, to the faithful observance of which, the latter swore on their swords, and by the gods "Peroun and Voloss [3]." In fact, a very considerable trade in slaves, honey, fish, hemp, and furs, was at this time carried on between the Slavonians and their southern neighbours, and, far more than these pillaging excursions, brought to the Russian nation a degree of wealth, which made it long an object of envy and wonder to the remoter tribes of the north and west. This second Russian invasion is not, however, noticed by the Byzantine writers [4], and it is, therefore, probable that its importance is greatly exaggerated. It is, indeed, impossible to believe the chronicles which give to Oleg two thousand barks, and eighty thousand men: the whole united nation of Warangians could not have furnished so great a multitude.

II.—But though Oleg was thus formidable at Constantinople, he was himself exposed to considerable danger at home, by the arrival of the tremendous swarm of Finnic nations, who, under the common name of Hungarians, or Magyar, advanced from the east, in their way to the country which they now inhabit [5]. Of these formidable passengers, the Russians merely record that they formed a camp, "drawing up their waggons after the manner of the Polotzi," on the hill near Kief, where the Russian princes were afterwards buried, and which still preserves, from these "Ougurs,"

[1] Nestor. [2] L'Evesque.

[3] Voloss is the Scandinavian Pan, the guardian of flocks and herds. The custom of swearing by the sword was, as we have already seen, familiar to so many nations, that it cannot be considered as any mark of descent.

[4] Gibbon. [5] Nestor.

APPENDIX.

the name of "Ourgoraskaia Gory." Of their further exploits, they only tell us that they passed over the mountains towards the Danube, and subdued the Slavonians and Vlachi, who inhabited its vicinity. The Hungarian annals give a very different account, and speak of a bloody battle fought between their tribes and the united army of Russians and Cumani; of an annual tribute imposed on the dukes of Kief; of hostages given for its due performance; and of the emigration of great part of the Cumanian nation, in company with these new warriors of the east. But the Cumani, we know, had not then left their original habitation on the Caspian; and this errour, on so material a part of their history, must naturally throw considerable doubt over the remainder, though it be not equally impossible. On the whole, from the testimony of the Russians, compared with that of the Hungarians, it may seem that the former were content, by presents and submission, to purchase the peaceable departure of these warlike visitors; and that, for this time at least, they escaped the storm of invasion by bowing the head, and letting it pass over. Oleg himself, after a prosperous reign of three-and-thirty years, died in consequence of the bite of a serpent; and the crowns of Kief and Novogorod descended to his pupil, Igor, son of Ruric.

III.—Igor is chiefly remarkable for his two attempts against Constantinople, of which Gibbon has given an account, and which terminated, as usual, in a costly present to the invaders, and a new treaty of commerce between them and the Greeks. The curse denounced against those who should violate this truce is curious, as uniting the terrours of the Christian and heathen divinities, and therefore proving that many among the Russians had already embraced the true faith. "If a Russian break the peace, if he be baptized, let him be damned in this world, and in the world to come; if not baptized, let him have no help either from God or Peroun; let his shield fail him in time of need, and let him be a slave evermore in this world, and in the world to come!" An article of the same treaty provides that whenever the Greek emperor stood in need of mercenary troops, he should have full liberty of recruiting among the Russians; and we find, accordingly, that henceforth the Byzantine sovereigns were always surrounded by numbers of these hardy northern youths, who flocked from Russia, Scandinavia, and England, to the high wages and easy duties of a prætorian guard.

A.D. 945. IV.—Igor fell in an ambush of the revolted Dreolians; and his widow, Olga, took the sceptre at the unanimous request of both Warangians and

Slavons. Her reign is distinguished by the visit which she paid to Constantinople, under far different circumstances from those of her predecessors—in the habit of peace, and to receive the grace of baptism; her sponsors being Constantine Porphyrogenitus and his empress. Olga is highly praised for her beauty, which procured her the title of "Precrasna," "most ruddy;" and which, if we believe an ancient Russian chronicle [1], first raised her from the rank of a slave to that of a princess. It was her original and humble occupation to ferry passengers over a stream [2], and Igor happened to pass that way. He was struck with her beauty, and still more astonished at a virtue which was at once proof against temptation and menaces. He left her, but it was not long before he returned to the ferry with the offer of his hand, and the succession to the crown. The Warangians and Slavons had insisted that their future sovereign should marry. Oleg left him to his choice, and his choice had already fallen on the young and ruddy boat-woman. From Olga some of the later Russian historians date the conversion of their country. In truth, however, it appears, from the testimony of Nestor, that she neither built Churches, nor even ventured to profess Christianity publicly. Sviatoslav, her son and successor, resisted all her efforts to convince or persuade him; and it appears from his answer, "Wouldest thou that my companions should mock me?" that the religion of the Greeks and the example of an old woman were, at that time, in little honour among the warlike youth of Russia. In truth, it may be thought that Olga herself, however anxious after Christian knowledge, was not altogether satisfied with the instruction which she received. As if displeased with the Greek Church, she sent ambassadors to Otho, emperor of Germany, to request from him some Latin ecclesiastics. One Adelbert was sent, with some companions but their reception in Kief was not such as to induce them to continue in their mission.

V.—The savage virtues of Sviatoslav, the son of Igor and Olga, have been celebrated by all historians. The rudeness of the Scandinavian pirate was united in him to that of the Tartar. He slept, during his military expeditions, on the ground and without a tent; and was often contented with a repast of horse-flesh broiled on the coals. His whole life was one continued campaign, and in its commencement he was highly successful. Though the Chozares still retained possession of the Crimea, A.D. 968.

[1] Kniga Stephannaia, cited by L'Evesque, tom. I. p. 130.

[2] Among many of the northern nations the office of a ferry-*man* is unknown; the use of the oar is, on these occasions, always entrusted to women.

APPENDIX.

Sviatoslav succeeded in destroying their power on the continent; and by the capture of their principal city, Sarcel or Bula-Vesh, extended his eastern boundary as far as the Don. On his return from this expedition he chastized the Petchenegui or Patzinacitæ, who, during his absence, had insulted Kief. This warlike people, who are now first noticed in the history of Scythia, had, during the weakness of the Chozares, assumed the lead among the most formidable enemies of the Russian princes. On the present occasion, however, their resistance does not appear to have been either protracted or formidable, since we find Sviatoslav the following

A.D 970. year peaceably attending the death-bed of his mother, and two years afterwards, setting out on the great expedition against the Danubian provinces in which he had conceived the design to fix his seat of empire, or to which he had been, according to the Byzantine historians, invited by the emperor Nicephorus Phocas, who was engaged in a war with the Bulgarians. The termination of this campaign is variously told. If we believe the Russians, Sviatoslav was always triumphant; but the Greeks, with more apparent reason, assert that John Zimisces, the successor of Nicephorus, defeated him in several successive engagements, and forced him, with a handful of men, and in wretched condition, to direct his march back again to Kief. But this measure was no longer in his power. The Patzinacitæ, never tamed, and lately irritated, were not likely to miss such an opportunity of revenge; and taking post in the neighbourhood of the cataract, opposed his passage up the Dnieper. After struggling some time with famine (for in that desert situation no supplies were to be obtained) Sviatoslav, at last, at the head of his little army attempted to force a way through his enemies. He fell in the effort, and his skull, adorned with a circle of gold, was, during many years, the favourite drinking cup of the Patzinacitæ sovereigns.

A.D. 972. VI.—The short reign of Sviatoslav was, in most respects, a misfortune to his people. His savage thirst after martial renown impeded their progress in the arts of peace: his restless expeditions wasted their strength and population; and the custom which he introduced of dividing the Russian monarchy into different appanages amongst his children, was, in the very first instance, hurtful to the state, and was eventually the cause of its temporary ruin. Yet, notwithstanding the wars which, immediately on his death, arose among his sons, the princes of Kief, of Novogorod, and of the Dreolians, the boundary of Russia became daily more extensive. Volodimir of Novogorod, by the assistance of a fresh Warangian swarm, subdued, on

the one side, Rogvold, prince of Pultusk; and, on the other, pushed his hunting or slave-trading parties to the passes of the Uralian mountains. Aided by his northern allies, he at length succeeded in reuniting all the different members of the Russian sovereignty into one, though he purchased their success by the murder of his brother Jaropolk, who had himself previously stained his hands with the blood of the youngest of the three, Oleg, prince of Dreolia. The sons of Sviatoslav were as bloody in their idolatry as in their ambition. Volodimir celebrated his victory by the sacrifice of all his prisoners at the altar of Peroun, and by the martyrdom of two Warangian Christians, a father and son, who were regarded as still more acceptable victims to the father of the gods. But neither these horrible rites (which are in themselves, perhaps, the proof of a mind not perfectly at ease) nor the splendid temples and images which he reared to the whole calendar of Slavonic or Scandinavian deities, had power to relieve his conscience from the weight of a brother's blood. Dissatisfied with the little comfort which his own religion afforded him, he consulted the priests of all the neighbouring nations, the Mahomedans of Great Bulgaria, the Jews, who have for so many centuries remained as a distinct community on an inaccessible rock in the Crimea, and the Christians of the Latin and Greek communions. Of these, the last prevailed; and the splendid and touching ceremonies of Easter, which the Russian merchants were in the habit of beholding at Constantinople, from their accounts, made so great an impression on Volodimir, that he lost no time in embracing so picturesque a faith, which was further recommended by the example of his grandmother, Olga.

A.D. 986.

VII.—A strange story is told by L'Evesque, on the authority of the Russian chronicles, which Gibbon has the discretion to omit, though it pretty much resembles, in character and authority, many which he has inserted. Volodimir, disdaining to ask as a favour of the emperor of Constantinople, Basil, that he would send him priests to convert himself and his people, resolved to conquer such spiritual instructors by the force of arms, and laid siege to Cherson. That celebrated and ancient republic had, during all the revolutions of Scythia, preserved a doubtful freedom, and a connexion with the other Greeks; and now, though the Chozares, Patzinacitæ, and Russians contested, with various fortune, the possession of the northern and eastern plains of the Crimea, it appears to have possessed in full sovereignty the little rocky peninsula on which it stands, and which was divided from the territory of the Chozares by a strong intrenchment from Inkerman to Baluclava. Against this position, naturally one of the

A.D. 988.

APPENDIX.

strongest in the world, the Russian art of war could avail little; but a treacherous monk revealed to the besiegers the place whence the city derived its sole supply of water by a subterraneous channel from the neighbouring mountains; and, this intercepted, Cherson soon surrendered. Volodimir was previously in possession of the isle of Taman and the peninsula of Kertch; and this conquest appeared to secure to him the peaceable possession of the whole Crimea. Elevated by his success, he demanded of the Greek emperor, not only bishops and priests to instruct and baptize him, but the princess Anne, the sister of Basil, as his wife. The marriage and the baptism were celebrated together within his conquest of Cherson; and, with a singular generosity, the new convert, Basil, (for such was the name which he received at the font, though history still continues to call him Volodimir,) restored Cherson to his brother-in-law, and contented himself with carrying off its brazen gates, as an ornament to the Church which he designed to build in Novogorod.

VIII.—It is not, however, easy to discover why, if Volodimir had so great an objection to ask for spiritual instructors from the Byzantine emperor, he should at last have recourse to a measure which he had taken such pains to avoid; and at a time when, being in possession of more than one Grecian city, besides Cherson, he had abundance both of bishops, priests, and monks, among his own subjects. There is also a considerable doubt as to the town which was the scene of this extraordinary conversion. L'Evesque makes it Caffa, which was, however, a place at that time of too much insignificance to answer the description given of it; and Peyssonel is of opinion that it was Koslof. The brazen gates of the Church of St. Sophia in Novogorod, which were long shown as relics of this expedition, are now ascertained not to be of Greek, but of German workmanship, and the gift of the Hanse Towns to Novogorod the Great, when she joined their alliance. On the whole, I am inclined to doubt the fact that Volodimir was ever in possession either of Cherson or Caffa; and to suspect that his expedition into the Crimea was against the Chozares, not the Greeks, and in alliance with the emperor and the Chersonites; and it may seem further probable that the hand of the princess Anne was the price paid by the court of Constantinople to a new convert and a useful ally.

IX.—Volodimir celebrated his change of religion by various absurd but harmless tokens of abhorrence for that of his ancestors. Peroun, to whom, a few years before, he had erected splendid temples both in Novogorod and Kief, was dragged from his shrine, beaten with clubs, and thrown into

the Volchof at the former city, and into the Dnieper at the latter. But the men of Novogorod, who had not received with equal faith the new religion which their sovereign recommended to them, related how, after their idol had been sunk in the stream, it rose again in a menacing attitude, and flinging a cudgel on the shore, exclaimed, "Ye men of Novogorod, I leave you this in token of remembrance." In consequence of this curse, it was believed that every midsummer eve, the day on which Peroun had been worshipped, the youths of Novogorod were seized with a temporary madness, and ran through the streets with cudgels in their hands, inflicting on each other, and on all passengers, the annual vengeance of the dethroned demon. This custom, which, as L'Evesque observes, was "too foolish not to continue a long time [1]," was finally suppressed about the beginning of the last century.

X.—Volodimir had, before his conversion, five regular wives and no less than eight hundred concubines; but, on his marriage with the princess Anne, he is said to have dismissed them all. Among them was Rognieda, daughter of Rogvold, Prince of Pultusk, a Scandinavian chieftain, who had established himself in Livonia about the same time that Ruric was invited into Russia. Her history is melancholy and interesting. She was renowned for her beauty all over the North, and was courted by the two princes of Novogorod and Kief at the same time. But the haughty damsel recollected that Volodimir was only the natural son of Sviatoslav, and her choice, therefore, fell on his younger brother, Jaropolk. "It shall not be said," in allusion to a marriage ceremony common through all the north, "that the daughter of Rogvold loosed the sandal of the son of a slave." Her determination was followed by the invasion of Pultusk by Volodimir, by the death of her father in battle, and by the murder, as we have seen, of her favoured lover, Jaropolk: and she was herself constrained to become the queen of her greatest enemy. Such a marriage was not likely to bring happiness; and after many years, as Rognieda was in bed, she thought over all the injuries she had received, and was irresistibly tempted to revenge them on the tyrant who slept by her side. She rose from the bed to search for her husband's dagger; the noise she made awaked him; perceiving her attitude, he sprang up, wrested the weapon from her more feeble grasp, and was about, in his turn, to plunge it into her bosom, when their little son, who slept near them, stretched out his arms and uttered a piercing cry. The chord of natural feeling was touched

[1] L'Evesque, tom. i. p. 173.

APPENDIX.

in both parents; Volodimir threw down the dagger, and both together ran to embrace their innocent offspring. What became of Rognieda later in life we are not told [1].

XI.—We have hitherto seen the foul and bloody side of Volodimir's character. But such is the power of Christianity, even in its most superstitious and corrupted form, that this wild boar of the wood was completely tamed; and by the subsequent exertions of a long life in the service of his people and the mastery of himself, he gave the best possible evidence that his repentance and conversion were sincere. His liberality to the poor was unbounded; and in the establishment of schools, hospitals, colonies, and courts of justice, he displayed a talent equal to his zeal, and laid the foundations of an edifice of civilization and public happiness little inferior to the institutions of our own great Alfred, and which might have brought forth equal fruits, but for the subsequent invasion of the Tartars. His attachment to Christianity was ardent; but we have no reason to believe that he ever used persecution to bring over his subjects to his own way of thinking. It is probable that many of them were, like other barbarians, well-disposed to embrace whatever tenets their prince and nobles might approve. But it is also apparent that Christianity had been for several years making a silent progress among the Russians, and that the king, by his conversion, only kept pace with the sentiments of, perhaps, the majority of his people. The immunities and privileges which he granted to the clergy may at first appear unreasonable. But such grants were in the style of the age; and it was a necessary policy of Volodimir to avail himself among a barbarous people, of the only class who possessed any tincture of knowledge; and to pay even an extravagant bounty for foreign instructors and missionaries. The same enlarged mind was shown in his bridges, his high-roads, and the palaces and Churches which he encouraged, by his example, the Russian nobility to raise. His court was magnificent, but in his own person he was rigidly abstemious and frugal. A deep shade of melancholy hung over him at all times from the recollection of his brother's murder; and he never gave orders for the execution of even the meanest malefactor without tears, and exclaiming, "Who am I, that I should condemn another?" Did we look on the early part alone of this man's life, we should be induced to place the pagan Volodimir among the greatest monsters who ever defiled a throne. If we behold his maturer age, we may confess that Volodimir the Christian was hardly unworthy of the high

[1] Depping, note sur L'Evesque, tom. i. p. 161.

honours which his country has ever since bestowed on his memory, or the name of saint with which the Greek Church has adorned him.

XII.—The latter years of Volodimir's reign were agitated both by foreign and domestic misfortune. The Patzinacitæ again disturbed him, and defeated him in a great battle, in which the old prince was obliged to hide himself from his pursuers under the arch of one of his own bridges.

His sons, amongst whom, by the same fatal policy of which Sviatoslav had been guilty, he divided, in his own lifetime, the greater part of his territories, made war on each other and on their father; and the death of Volodimir is said to have been accelerated by grief, while he was on his march to chastise Jaroslav of Novogorod, who, after a long and bloody struggle with his brethren, succeeded, at length, in possessing himself of the crown of Kief.

XIII.—The Patzinacitæ, during these disturbances, were far from idle. A.D. 1019. Sometimes espousing one side, sometimes another, they contributed, by constant inroads, to weaken whatever Russian prince was in possession of Kief; and though continually defeated, showed plainly that it was no easy task to crush or tame them. The history of the princes of Kief is, from this time forward, of very little interest. Jaroslav made an unfortunate expedition against Constantinople, in which his fleet was almost entirely destroyed by a tempest, and by the Greek fire; and the sovereigns of Western Europe appear, at this epoch, to have maintained a closer intercourse with the princes of Russia than they ever did in after ages, till the time of Peter the Great. His eldest son, Volodimir of Novogorod, had to wife the daughter of our own unfortunate Harold. His third son married a German countess of Stadt; and his fourth, a daughter of the Emperor Constantine Monomachus. Of his three daughters, the first was given to a king of Norway; the second to Henry the First of France; the third to Andrew, king of Hungary. Voltaire, then, (as L'Evesque with justice observes) had little reason, when speaking of a prince thus widely connected, to call him "the unknown duke of an undiscovered Russia." But it was enough for Voltaire, that the turn of the sentence pleased him; of the accuracy of the assertion he was, probably, more than careless. Notwithstanding the assertion of Mr. Pinkerton, that no Slavonic code can be found before the sixteenth century[1], Jaroslav is regarded as the first who published a written code of laws in Russia; but that which is generally

[1] Geography, Vol. I. p. 305.

APPENDIX.

attributed to him has been so much altered by subsequent princes, that it is difficult to distinguish the work of the original legislator. L'Evesque has given a short account of the leading articles, which are mild and favourable to foreigners, who might prove their claims or accusations against a Russian by a smaller number of witnesses than a Russian was required to produce. The judges, as in England, made annual circuits; and though ordeal was not forbidden, it could only be undergone by the accuser in failure of other proof; a law which might have its use in preventing false accusations. The punishment of murder, as in all uncivilized countries, was committed to the kindred of the murdered person, and the tenour of the law seems more designed to correct or moderate their unbridled rage, than to pursue the criminal himself. The same circumstance may be observable in all early codes, and the rights of sanctuary, the rule of retaliation, and the Gothic custom of duel, were all alike calculated in their origin to curb revenge by confining it within certain bounds, or permitting its exercise only under particular circumstances. But though, in Russia, the murderer might be killed by the kindred of the deceased during the heat of blood, no other person had a right to take such vengeance on him; and the judge was contented with imposing a pecuniary fine. A robber, if found in the fact, might be killed on the spot; but if taken alive was to be brought to the judge uninjured. The peasants are spoken of as slaves. But this law which L'Evesque relates without suspicion, is apparently of a far more recent date than the days of Jaroslav. In fact, their vassalage only began at a later period than the Tartar invasion; and in the principality of Kief has not at any time been universal.

XIV.—The reign of Isiaslav, or Demetrius the first, was disturbed in 1054 by an irruption of the Turks, or Chozares, from the Cuban; and when these invaders were repelled, they were succeeded by the still more formidable horde of the Cumani, who, in a very few years, extirpated or subdued the Patzinacitæ, and eventually drove the Russians from all the conquests which Sviatoslav and Volodimir had made in the Crimea and on the Don. The evil days of Russia were now coming on, and her warriors were more engaged in fighting with each other, and in pillaging and massacring the Jews, than in resisting their common enemy, who had now nearly cut them off from all communication with the Euxine and Constantinople. By the easy and obvious policy of fomenting the quarrels between the sovereigns of Novogorod and Kief, the Cumani were the arbiters and lords of Scythia; and this wretched strife continued, diversified only with

occasional inroads of the Lithuanian Huns, or Chuni, the Poles, who were now rising rapidly in power and estimation, and the Hungarians, till, in the year 1235, these minor feuds were dismally suspended by the arrival of a new and most formidable enemy.

XV.—The inhabitants of Central Asia, though all confounded by Des Guignes under the sweeping name of Huns, are composed, in fact, of three separate races, distinct in language and in physiognomy. The Finns in the north are easily known by their yellow hair and European countenances. The Calmuks, or Monguls, present, at the present day, the same peculiarities which the ancients ascribe to the Huns; and the Tartars, or Turks, though now strongly tinctured with Mongulian blood, must have been originally very different from either, and have approached pretty closely to the Persian countenance. So long as these remained hostile and independant, Europe and the other civilized countries of the world had little to fear from their inroads. But the Mongolians under Zinghis Khan and his successors had, during a century of continual conquests, united under their own broad banner the whole of Tartary and China; and now advanced, with the valour and ferocity of the former, and the arts and wealth of the latter, against the miserable and jealous governments into which the empire of Jaroslav was divided. Instead of the naked savages who, from the same quarter, had formerly terrified Europe, the Monguls and Tartars (for though the former were the dominant race, the latter were the most numerous) were cased in admirable armour of steel, and well-seasoned hides[1]; and the implicit obedience which they paid to their sovereigns[2] was fatally contrasted with the feudal misrule of the people with whom they were to contend. And they well understood how to make the best use of superior numbers, by the system of successive retreats and reinforcements of unbroken squadrons. To these military talents were added, if we believe the European chronicles, a perfidy and cruelty which, as it proved that nothing was to be expected from their forbearance as conquerors, ought to have inspired, at least, a valiant desperation in those whose native soil they came to invade.

XVI.—Instead, however, of rousing the inhabitants of Europe to resistance, their arrival, thus unexpected and thus formidable, appears to have struck a panic wherever they passed, which deprived their victims not only

[1] Dlugossi. Hist. Pol. p. 679, edit. Francofurt. Bonfinius, Hist. Hungar. viii. 289.

[2] Des Guignes, vol. iii. p. 7. Bonfinius, ubi supra.

APPENDIX.

of hope, but of courage. The Chozares and other Turkish tribes on the frontiers of Europe, either sunk into slavery without a struggle, or were content to swell with their numbers and valour the train of their invaders. Jury, or George, prince of Moscow, died bravely fighting in battle; but his city surrendered on a capitulation which not even the citizens themselves expected to be observed, and which was, in fact, immediately followed by a massacre of all who were either formidable or worthless to the enemy, the young men and the aged of either sex. Michael, prince of Kief, having put to death a Tartar chieftain whom Batu (the general under Octai Khân) had sent to reconnoitre his fortress, saw no hope of safety from the vengeance which he had thus incurred, but in immediate flight to Hungary; and the same kingdom afforded a short and unquiet refuge to Cuten, king of the Cumani, at the head of 40,000 horsemen of his tribe, and an infinite number of women, children, and bondsmen. To the same asylum fled Boleslav the Chaste, duke of Cracof, with his wife, his mother, and a numerous body of clergy. But Bela, king of Hungary, far from protecting other crowns, was ill able to defend his own; and Batu, after ravaging Moravia before the eyes of King Venceslas of Bohemia, (who wisely contented himself with observing his motions from the mountains,) entered Hungary, if we believe Bonfinius, with an army of 500,000 horse [1]. Yet a sufficient number remained in Poland to annihilate the united force of that kingdom, of Silesia, and of Russia, under the command of Henry, duke of Viatislav, and the Grand Master of the Teutonic Order, Pompo de Holstern [2]. Henry fell, bravely fighting in the midst of his enemies; and such was the slaughter, that when the Tartars, according to their custom, cut off one ear from each dead body, they filled nine water-skins with these bloody trophies.

XVII.—The Christians consoled their national pride under this defeat by ascribing it to the well-known magic of the heathen: and a circumstance is related which, if true, afforded, in those days, no unreasonable ground for the suspicion [3]. The Mongulians had, it seems, among their standards, one very large and terrible banner, inscribed with a symbol resembling St.

[1] Bonfinius, p. 293.

[2] I have introduced the Teutonic knights in this battle on the authority of Duglossi, (p. 675,) though their presence is not mentioned in Herman Corner's Chronicon, published in Eckhard's Corp. Hist. Med. Œvi. (tom. 2.) nor in Raymond Duellius' Historia Ord. Equit. Teuton; though this last, as being an avowed panegyric, would hardly omit any instance of their merit and sufferings.

[3] Duglossi, 679.

Andrew's cross; its staff was surmounted by the image of a fierce and swarthy head, with a long beard. The Tartars had already retreated a furlong from the impetuous charge of Duke Henry; and their retreat was, by degrees, changing into a flight, when the bearer of this fatal ensign began to shake and brandish it violently. Immediately a thick and poisonous smoke exhaled from that fiendish visage; and as it spread like a cloud over the whole Polish army, every man felt his heart die within him. The Tartars returned to the charge with horrible yells, and the issue of the combat was no longer doubtful [1]. This story might be invented to extenuate the failure of the defeated army; and it has every appearance, it must be owned, of being copied from the "Dragon Standard" of Merlin in the old romances. Yet the empire of the Monguls in China renders it not impossible that some species of fire-works was known to them, which, exaggerated by fear and ignorance, might easily give rise to such a description. APPENDIX. A.D. 1242.

XVIII.—On the other side, the arms of Batu were crowned with equal success in Hungary. The Palatine opposed some hasty levies which were crushed without difficulty:—the Cumani who, though at first hospitably received, soon experienced the bitterness of dependance, went over in a body to the division of Sudai Bahadour; and Cadau, or Coucton, another of Batu's lieutenants [2], was joined by the Count Aristold and 600 German mercenaries, who formed the garrison of Rudana, and who selong pikes, heavy armour, and cross-bows, supplied the only species of force in which the Mongolian army was defective. Other troops of the same nation are accused of resorting to their standard from the wreck of the Silesian and Russian army; and thus reinforced they pressed still closer on King Bela, who, being forced by the cries of his subjects to sally from Pesth, was defeated and chased by the indefatigable Cadan, till he took refuge in the islands of the Adriatic. Except a few fortified places, all Hungary, Poland, and the north of Turkey were overrun without further opposition. The barbarians were now on the frontier of Germany. The Emperor Frederic had sent importunate letters to all the sovereigns of Western Europe, imploring aid against the common danger; and St. Louis, the king

[1] Duglossi does not say that any wounds were inflicted by this engine; and it is possible that the intention of the smoke thus raised was only to serve as a signal to the whole Mongolian army to return to the charge from their pretended flight, though it had the additional advantage of striking terrour into their Christian adversaries.

[2] Bonfinius, 294.

APPENDIX.

of France, was levying an army, in doubt whether it would be employed for the defence of his neighbour's territory or of his own, when in the midst of these universal and natural apprehensions, like a wave which had spent itself on the open beach, the mighty army of Batu glided back silently and unpursued to the deserts whence it had issued, loaded with the wealth, the strength, and the beauty of the west, and leaving behind it, the blood, and groans, and tears of Hungary, and Poland, and Russia[1].

XIX.—To the plains of Scythia, however, the invaders did not bid a similar adieu; the blended hordes of the Monguls and Tartars still pitched their tents, and pastured their herds among the sepulchres of the Scoloti; and Europe for the first time saw camels grazing in her meadows. And though the latter years of Oktar Khan were too much engrossed with Asiatic conquests to leave him time to vex Europe any further, yet Gaiouk, his successor, to whom the Dominicans, Plan Carpin and Benedict, were sent by Pope Innocent the Fourth, (though not unfavourable to the Christian clergy who visited his court) was fully bent on subjugating all the west, of the value and beauty of which he had formed a high opinion during the campaign of Batu in Hungary. He had made preparations for a new expedition of eighteen years into Europe; and out of every ten men able to bear arms, had ordered a conscription of three; which, if carried into effect throughout his dominions, must have surpassed even the wildest stories which are told respecting the army of Xerxes. But Providence kept back a storm which must have ruined Christendom, by the death of Gaiouk Khân himself, who was meditating death to so many millions of his fellow-creatures. A female regency and disputed succession followed; a dreadful drought and famine consumed the stores of the regular troops, and obliged the Tartar hordes who were already collected to disperse; and Mangou Khan, to whom Rubruquis was sent, was more disposed to extend his empire on the side of China and Persia, than to make war with the western Churches. The miserable Dominicans, whom the King of France and the Pope selected as ambassadors, were, indeed, but little qualified to give a warlike race of barbarians any exalted opinion of the power or wisdom of the Franks; but it is possible that their poverty was not ill calculated to disarm the cupidity or ambition of those to whom they were sent; and to Rubruquis, the envoy of St. Louis, we are indebted for the best and fullest account which we possess of the Mongul empire and the state of Scythia in the 13th century.

A.D. 1248.

[1] Bonfinius, p. 301.

XX.—The Chosares, or Chazares, had long since disappeared from Europe; but the Crimea, which Rubruquis describes as of a triangular shape, still bore the name of Chazaria, having "Chersova" (Cherson) to the west, and "Soldaia" (Soudak) on its southern coast, and opposite to Sinope. Both were places of considerable trade, and the first was remarkable as being the scene of the martyrdom of St. Clement, bishop of Ancyra. Passing by this city, Rubruquis had a view, he tells us, of an island, on which was a Church built by angels. Is this the present monastery of St. George, whose lofty situation may, from the sea, appear insulated? or is there any trace in this tradition of the marvellous stories current among the ancient heathens, respecting the island and shrine of Achilles? East of the Crimea, and at the mouth of the river Tanais, by which he understands, apparently, the Bosphorus, was the city of Matriga, by which he means Tamatarcha, or Tmutaracan, a place also of great trade for sturgeon and other kinds of dried fish, the produce of the Tanais. This mighty river, he observes, makes of itself a kind of sea, (the Palus Mæotis,) seven hundred leagues in extent, before it falls into the Sea of Pontus; but it is too shallow for vessels of burthen, and the merchants of Constantinople send up smaller barks from Matriga into the interior. Caffa, or Theodosia, though, both before and after his time, a place of considerable importance, he passes over in silence. Zicchia, at the foot of Caucasus, still retained its ancient name; and between Cherson and Soudak were no less than forty castles, or fortified villages, in almost every one of which a different language was spoken; and some were inhabited by Goths, who spoke the German tongue. He describes the mountainous coast and the beautifully-wooded country which occupies the south of the Crimea; the vast green desert extending thence to the isthmus of Perekop; the salt-pools; the commerce which has always been carried on in that article between the Russians and Tartars, and which, in those days, produced an ample revenue of linen cloths and gold to the Mongul chieftains, Batou, and Sartach. The price, or duty, on each cart-load were "two webs of cloth, to the value of half an yperpera;" and there were also many ships which resorted to the coast for the same commodity, and paid a duty according to their tonnage. A more burdensome impost of an axe and a certain quantity of corn was paid to the conquerors from every house throughout their dominions; and the Mongulian chieftains had most of them farms cultivated by Russian peasants, for the maintenance or luxury of their vast numbers of domestics and concubines. Before the arrival of the Tartars, the open plain which he was now traversing belonged, he tells

APPENDIX.

us, to the Cumani, "who compelled the above-mentioned cities and castles to pay tribute to them." But when the Tartars came upon them, the Cumani fled, all of them, to the sea-shore, being in such extreme famine, that they who were alive were compelled to eat up them which were dead. "And as a merchant," says Rubruquis, "reported to me, who saw it with his own eyes, living men devoured and tore with their teeth the raw flesh of the dead, as dogs would gnaw carrion." Of the Tartars themselves, he gives a lively and familiar picture. The manners of a wandering race are susceptible of little change; and their domestic habits were almost the same in the time of Rubruquis as in that of Herodotus, or as at the present day. In point of wealth, however, and of splendour, the Mongulian conquerors of the east and west exceeded, as may well be supposed, in an infinite degree, the ancient or modern wanderers of the north of Asia; nor do I know a more gorgeous description of a nomade life, than that which is given by Rubruquis of the moving palaces of these warlike and lordly shepherds.

XXI.—"They have no settled habitation," are his words, "neither know they where they shall rest to-morrow. They have all Scythia to themselves, which stretcheth from the river Danube to the furthest extent of the east. Each of their captains, according to the number of his people, knoweth the bounds of his pasture, and where he ought to feed his cattle, winter and summer, spring and autumn; for they remove in the winter to warm and southern regions, and in the summer they go northward into the cold. In winter when snow lies on the ground, they feed their cattle in the pasture where there is no water, because they then use snow for drink. Their houses, wherein they sleep, they raise on a round foundation of wickers, artificially wrought and compacted; the roofs consisting also of wickers, meeting above in one little roundel, out of which there rises upwards a neck like a chimney, which they cover with white felt; and often they lay mortar and white earth on the felt, with the powder of bones, that it may shine and look white. Sometimes, also, they cover their houses with black felt [1]. This roof of their house they adorn with a variety of pictures. Before the door they hang a piece of felt curiously painted, for they spend

[1] The distinction between the black and white felt has since become national, and has been frequently the badge of factious animosity. The Kirghees, at present, have white tents; the Calmuks and Nogays have them, for the most part, black. The paintings and ornaments described by Rubruquis have, in modern times, greatly degenerated. They still, however, have often a flag covered with symbolical painting, or an inscription, designating their tribe, or comprising some religious saying or verse.

all their coloured felt in painting vines, trees, birds, and beasts thereupon. These houses they make so large, that they contain thirty feet in breadth; for measuring once the breadth between the wheel-ruts of one of their carts or wains, I found it to be twenty feet over; and when the house was upon the cart, it stretched over the wheels, on each side, five feet at the least. I told two-and-twenty oxen in one draught, eleven in one row, according to the breadth of the cart, and eleven in the other. The axletree of the cart was of huge bigness, like the mast of a ship; and a man stood in the doorway of the house, on the forestall of the cart, to drive the oxen. They make also certain square baskets of slender twigs, as big as great chests, and afterwards, from one side to another, they frame a hollow lid of the like twigs, and make a door in the front of the chest. Then they cover the said chest, or house, with the black felt, rubbed over with tallow or sheep's milk, to keep the rain from soaking through, which they likewise adorn with painting and white feathers. Into these chests they put their whole household stuff, or treasure, and bind them on other carts, which are drawn by camels, that so they may pass through rivers; neither do they ever take down these chests from their carts. When they take down their dwelling-houses, they turn their door always to the south; and next they place the carts, laden with the chests, here and there, within a stone's cast of the house; insomuch, that the house standeth between two ranks of carts, as if it were between two walls. The women make themselves most beautiful carts, which I am not able," continues the missionary, "to describe to your majesty but by pictures only. I would willingly have painted all things for you, had my skill in that art been great enough. A rich Tartar hath a hundred or more such carts, with chests. Baatu (Batu) hath sixteen wives, every one of whom hath one great house, besides other smaller houses, which they place behind the great one, being, as it were, chambers for their women to dwell in; and to each of the houses belong two hundred carts. When they take their houses off the carts, the principal wife placeth her court on the west, and so all the rest in order, so that the last wife's house is on the east frontier; and the court of each wife is distant from her neighbour about a stone's throw. Hence it is that the court of a rich Tartar will appear like a very large village, few men being to be seen therein. One woman will guide twenty or thirty carts at once, for their country is very flat; and they fasten the carts, with camels or oxen, one behind the other. A woman sits in the foremost cart driving the oxen,

APPENDIX.

and all the rest follow of themselves the same pace. When they come to a place which is difficult of passage, they loose them, and guide them, one by one, for they go a slow pace, and not faster than an ox can walk."

XXII.—" When they have taken down their houses from the carts, and turned the doors southward, they place the bed of the master of the house at the north part thereof, and the place of the women is on the east, so that they are on the left hand of the master when sitting on his bed with his face to the south; but the men's place is to the west, that is, to the right of their master. Men, when they enter into the house, never hang their quivers on the women's side. Over the master's head there is an image made of felt, which they call the master's brother; and another, fastened to the wall over the head of the mistress, which they call her brother; and a bow hangs between them, besides a little lean idol, which is, as it were, the guardian of the whole house. The mistress places at the foot of her bed, on the right hand, the skin of a kid, stuffed with wool, and near it a little image looking to the apartments of the women; next the door, on the women's side, is another image with a cow's udder, which is the guardian of those who milk the cattle, for that is the constant employment of the women. On the other side of the door, next the men, is another image with the udder of a mare, as the guardian of those who milk the mares. When they meet to make merry, they sprinkle part of their drink upon the image which is over the master's head; and afterwards on the other images in order; then a servant goes about the house with a cup full of drink, sprinkling it thrice towards the south, and bowing his knee every time; and this is done in honour of the fire. He performs the same ceremony to the east, in honour of the air; then to the west, in honour of the water; and, lastly, to the north, in honour of the dead. When the master holds a cup in his hand to drink, before he tastes, he pours a part upon the ground. If he drinks sitting on horseback, he pours out part on the neck of the horse before he drinks. After the servant has paid his reverence to the four quarters of the world, he returns into the house, and two other servants stand ready with their cups and two basons to carry drink to the master and his wife, who sit together on a bed. If the master has more wives than one, she, with whom he lay the night before, sits by his side that day, and all the other wives resort to her house to drink, and there the court is for that day; the gifts, also, which are presented that day, (from strangers or vassals) are laid up in the chests of that wife. One

piece of ceremony is constant in all houses: there is a bench on which stands a vessel of milk, or of other drink, and cups for drinking it [1]. They make in winter an excellent drink of rice and honey; strong, well-tasted, and high-coloured, like wine; they have also wine brought to them from other countries. In the summer time they care not for any drink but kosmos (koumiss.) This liquor is placed always at the entrance of the door, and beside it sits a minstrel. I saw there no such violins as ours, but many other musical instruments which are not in use among us. When the master of the house begins to drink, one of his servants crieth out with a loud voice, 'Ha!' and the minstrel thereupon begins to play."

XXIII.—Rubruquis gives a very accurate account of the manner of fermenting koumiss, which he describes as "sharp on the tongue, like raspberry wine," but as leaving a taste behind it like almond emulsion. To make this and the kara-koumiss, which was a more valuable species, the subjects and vassals of each Tartar lord contributed their mares' milk every third day. Their butter, he observes, was preserved by boiling, without salt; and sour curd, beaten up with water, supplied the place of milk in winter. He mentions the sogur (suslik) as a common dainty among them, and calls the jerboa (mus jaculus) "a sort of rabbit with long tails, the outside hair of which is white and black." He falls into the same errour with Strabo, in mistaking the wild horse for a species of ass; and notices the wild Tartarian sheep with ponderous horns, which were often made into drinking-cups. Falconry, a sport unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and originally introduced into Europe from the east, was a favorite

[1] Besides the skin of koumiss, the Calmuks have, at present, a small board, on which are a few cups of some liquor, which I took to be tea, and which seemed to be an offering to their principal idol. The rice drink spoken of by Rubruquis they got from China, where it is usually drunken at this day. (See Journal of an embassy to China, Macartney's Works, vol. ii. p. 260.) The description of Rubruquis applies, it should be observed, more especially to the Mongul nobles, not to their Tartar subjects. He makes no mention of tea, which is now a very common beverage among all the Mongulian and Calmuk tribes. Nor does Marco Polo, who was actually in China, notice it, which he could hardly have avoided doing if it were in so common use in his time as it is at present. It may be curious to enquire at what time it became an article of universal and daily luxury. Tea is mentioned by the Mahomedan traveller, the date of whose journey, which was published by Renandot in 1718, is generally referred to the ninth century. (Harris's Collection, vol. I. p. 527.) But the manner in which this Mahomedan speaks of it is rather as a medicine than as a daily drink. It is singular that Rubruquis describes their wine as brought from foreign countries. What had become of the numerous vineyards of the Crimea? Was their produce neglected by the Monguls as of a bad and hungry quality? or had they been rooted up in the destructive progress of conquest?

APPENDIX.

and profitable amusement of the Monguls, who derived from it no trifling part of their subsistence. Their great men generally affected to carry a hawk on the wrist; and when Rubruquis was introduced to Mangu Khân, the Mongul sovereign continued playing with his feathered favourites, of which one was brought after another into his presence, for a long time before he took any notice of the ambassadors. Their women wore a botta, or high conical head-dress of wood, which rose two French feet above the head. Something like this, though of less portentous altitude, is still worn by the Tcheremissi and the Russians in the province of Kostroma. "When a great company of these ladies ride together, they seem, at a distance, like a party of soldiers, with helmets on their heads, carrying their lances upright; for the botta appears like a helmet with a lance above it." The Mongulian females were hardy, corpulent and flat-nosed; so much so, that the honest friar fancied that the wife of Zagatai, the first great man whom they saw, had "pared her nose between the eyes on purpose, and anointed the scar, as well as her eye-brows, with black ointment." The latter custom is at this day common in many countries of the east. In their habits they were disgustingly dirty, never washing their garments, dishes, or bowls, and daubing their faces with grease most frightfully. When they washed their hands and face, they were contented to fill the mouth with water, which they spirted on their hands, and thus rubbed their faces and heads with it. The usual manner of washing at this day in Russia is simply to pour water over their hands; to dip the hand into a bason being regarded as slovenly and ill-mannered. The Mongulians abstained from washing their garments and platters from a superstitious motive, and used to beat such as washed any thing in their presence, "because," they said, "if washed garments were hung out to dry, the gods would become angry, and dreadful thunder would ensue[1]." They were terribly afraid of thunder and witches. When a great man was sick, no stranger was allowed to approach within a certain distance of his tent, lest witches or evil spirits should enter with him. Their soothsayers practised many spells to counteract the malicious witchcrafts of others; and there were many impurities which, according to their notion, were only to be cleansed or secured against danger, by passing the infected person or garment between two fires; a well-known custom of the Magi, which we should hardly expect to find so far north. The drum or timbrel, a usual instrument of divination through

[1] This was an ordinance of Zinghin Khân.—*Des Guignes*, tom. iii. p. 73.

all the north, from Lapland to Kamtschatka, was much used by their sorceresses; and when any person of rank died suddenly, it was usual to ascribe the accident to magic, and many miserable creatures were tortured on this suspicion. On the ninth of May was a great festival, in which all the mares of their herds, and particularly those of a white colour, were brought together to be blessed by their magicians; and, on this occasion, the Mahomedan moullahs and the Nestorian monks were also obliged to attend.

The Christians among them were Alani, Nestorians, and Russians, all very ignorant, complying, without scruple, with the idolatrous and magical ceremonies of their masters, and placing almost the whole of religion in an abstinence from mares' milk and koumiss; which scruple of theirs was what mainly kept the Tartars, who were lovers of koumiss, from, at least, nominally embracing their faith. On what ground they considered mares' milk to be unlawful diet, we are not informed. The modern Russians and Cossaks have no such scruple. Koumiss is a common and successful regimen among them for pulmonary disorders, and is served, during the season, at all the best tables in Tcherkask.

XXIV.—From Perekop, Rubruquis travelled eastwards, having, as he describes the country, the sea on the south side, and a vast desert on the north; "which desert, in some places, reaches twenty days' journey in breadth, without tree, mountain, or so much as a stone therein, and affording excellent pasture. Here the Cumani, who were called Capthad [1], were wont to feed their cattle, and were the same whom the Germans called Walani, and their country Walania. But Isidore calleth all the tract of land stretching from the river Tanais to the lake Mæotis, and so far as the Danube, the country of the Alani." To these Cumani, or Cumanians, Rubruquis ascribes the singular monuments already mentioned, and notices the drinking-cup which the statues carried "before their navels." But, as the Cumanians were either killed or driven from the country before his arrival, this testimony amounts to no more than that these monuments were constructed by some race anterior to the Tartars; and I have already given some reason for supposing them to be of Scythian origin. At the same time, as the Cumani were probably themselves a Scythian race, it is

[1] Capthad, or Capshak, was the name of the territory, not of the people; the Tartar sovereigns of Astrachan and the Crimea were called Sultans of Capshak, as the more northern state of Casan bore the name of Kipshak. Has Shak any reference to the Socæ, the oriental name for the Scythians?

APPENDIX.

certainly not impossible that they may have had the same rites of sepulture, and the same national distinction of a cup at the girdle. If this, however, had been the case, we should probably have heard of it from the Hungarian authors. The Tartars appear to have had very different customs; yet some of them are truly Scythian. Rubruquis saw one newly buried, in honour of whom they had hung up sixteen horse-hides on high poles, four towards each quarter of the world; and they set beside him koumiss to drink and flesh to eat; and yet they said he had been baptized. He noticed the pyramids and towers of brick and stone which the Nogays still, not unfrequently, raise over their dead; and tombs of another kind, in the eastern districts, composed of a large pavement of irregular stones, and four long stones pitched upright towards the four cardinal points. Of these last I have seen no instance, nor have I met with a description of them in any other author.

XXV.—"A few days before the feast of St. Mary Magdalen," Rubruquis arrived on the banks of the Tanais, "by which he means the Don." In his course from Perekop he had passed two rivers; and before he arrived at the main stream of the Tanais, which was as broad as the Seine at Paris," (a great deal broader he might have said,) "they had passed over many fine waters, all full of fish; of which delicious food the Tartars, however, made very small account."

This description appears to apply to Tcherkask, which is seated on some small islands in the bed of the river; or perhaps still more to Azoph, as the successive passage of the different streams which intersect its Delta, strictly corresponds to the several waters full of fish which were passed before a traveller arrived at the main stream of the Don. No Cossaks are mentioned by that name; but on the eastern bank of the river, Sartach, the Tartar chieftain, had erected some cottages, and placed in them a colony of Russians to maintain the ferry. Carriages were taken over as they are at present, in double canoes. A little lower down the stream was another cottage, where passengers were ferried over in the winter time, where the Tartars were accustomed to drive their herds from the north of their dominions towards their southern frontier, and the warm meadows of the Cuban. The dress of the Russians of the thirteenth century differed little from that which they now wear. They had plantations of rye and millet in the neighbourhood of their settlement, the soil not suiting wheat. They pleaded, at first, a privilege from Batu, which exempted them from furnishing oxen or carts to travellers; but on Rubruquis

representing that his mission was for the common good of Christianity, these poor people cheerfully furnished them with oxen and drivers; proceeding with which, they arrived, on the 2d of August, at the court or camp of Sartach.

XXVI.—The geography of this ferry is not a little perplexed; but I can find no place where it can be fixed with much probability, unless it be somewhere between Tcherkask and Azoph: the last of which stations is apparently the most southern of the two ferries mentioned by Rubruquis. It cannot have been to the north of Tcherkask, because the rivers Don and Volga were ten days' journey asunder in the place where the missionaries passed, which can only answer to a situation near the mouth of the former. And it is a circumstance not without its importance to the historian of the Don Cossaks, that the people who inhabited their country in the thirteenth century were of the Christian faith, and of Russian descent. The banks of the Tanais Rubruquis describes as woody and fertile, and he gives the same character of the country eastward. Yet he must here speak of the northern parts, and of those which he only knew by hearsay, since this description does, certainly, not apply to any part of the country south of Voronetz; and Rubruquis himself asserts, that his company travelled three days after they passed the Tanais, without meeting either inhabitants or dwellings. During this lonely march, their oxen and themselves were ready to sink with fatigue; and they were only able to discover a Tartar encampment on the fourth day, by the providential appearance of two stray horses in the wilderness.

XXVII.—North of the country which the ambassadors now traversed, were the forests of the Moxells, (Tcheremissi) and the Merclas, or Merdui, (Mordvini,) and more northward still, a country where the carriages were drawn by large dogs. To the south they had very high mountains, (yet at such a distance they could not possibly see Caucasus, and must, therefore, here also speak from hearsay,) at whose feet, and adjoining the great desert which they had so long been traversing, were the several nations of the Carges, (Kinghis) the Alani, or Abcas, "who were yet Christians, and made war on the Tartars;" and the Lesgees, who were subject to the Tartars; and beyond these was the "iron gate" of Caucasus. "The regions which we passed," continues Rubruquis, "the Cumani inhabited before they were expelled by the Tartars." All these tribes are still found in the seats which he assigns to them, except the Cumanians, whose expulsion he had already mentioned, and the Kinghis Cossaks, who are now

APPENDIX.

found to the north-east of the Caspian: they still, however, preserve the tradition of having migrated from the neighbourhood of Caucasus; and the testimony of Rubruquis, which fixes them there in the thirteenth century, may seem to prove that it is to them, and not to the Cossaks, that the district of Casachia, mentioned by Constantine Porphyrogenitus, belonged.

XXVIII.—The third day after leaving the camp of Sartach, who received them not over courteously, they arrived at the great river Etilia (Volga). "The stream of which, when Rubruquis beheld, he marvelled from what region of the north such huge and mighty waters should descend." They had been chiefly allured into Tartary by the report that Sartach was a Christian; but before they left his encampment, Coiat, with many other scribes of his court, said to him, "Do not make report that our lord is a Christian, but a Moal (Mongul) because the name of Christian seemeth to them to be the name of some nation; and so great is their pride that, though they believe, perhaps, something concerning Christ, yet they will not be called Christians, being desirous that their own name, that is to say Moal, should be exalted above all other names. Neither will they be called by the name of *Tartars, for the Tartars were another nation, as I was informed by them.*" The country between the Don and the Volga was considerably infested by small predatory companies of Russians, Hungarians, (from Great Hungary, I presume, or the neighbourhood of the Yaik) and Alani; and on the Volga was another ferry maintained by a blended colony of Tartars and Russians.

XXIX.—Having thus conducted Rubruquis to the eastern limits of Scythia, it is not my intention to pursue his further progress to the court of Batou, or to that of Mangen Khân, and the imperial city of Caracorum. It may suffice to observe that the tents of these rustic sovereigns were apparently well stocked with every thing which might contribute to indulgence or splendour; that Christian slaves, and monks, and artificers were abundant every where; that there were Germans digging for gold, and forging armour at a village named Bolac; and that in Caracorum, though a city of no great size or promising appearance, was resident one Master William Bouchier, a Frenchman by birth, and a goldsmith of no ordinary skill, who adorned the palaces of Mangen Khân with toys which might excite the cupidity of the modern court of Pekin, and must have considerably surpassed the richest ornaments of his own sovereign, or of any other European potentate of the age. "Mangen," says Rubruquis, "hath at Caracorum a great court, hard by the walls of the city, enclosed

with a brick wall, as the priories of monks are enclosed with us. In that court there is a great palace wherein he holdeth his feasts twice a year; once in Easter when he passeth that way, and once in summer when he returneth; but the latter is the greater, because then all the nobles meet together at his court, and then he gives unto them garments, and shows all his magnificence. There are many other houses there as large as our farms, wherein his victuals and treasures are stored. In the entrance of that great place (because it was indecent to have flagons going about as in a tavern) William, the goldsmith, made him a great silver tree, at the root whereof were four silver lions; having one pipe sending forth pure cow's milk, and four other pipes, conveyed within the tree to the top thereof, and thence spreading back again downward like branches; and upon each was a golden serpent, the tails of all four of which were made to twine round the tree; and one of these pipes ran with wine, another with carakosmos, another with mead, another with drink made of rice called teracina; and to each species of liquor was its proper vessel at the foot of the tree to receive it. Between these four pipes, at the top, he made a golden angel holding a trumpet, and under the tree he made a hollow vault, wherein a man might be hidden, and a pipe ascending through the heart of the tree unto the angel. First he made bellows, but they gave not wind enough. Without the palace is a chamber where the liquors are laid, and there were servants ready to pour out when they heard the angel sounding the trumpet; and the boughs of the tree are of silver, and so are the leaves and the pears on it. When, therefore, they want drink, the butler commandeth the angel to sound the trumpet: he who is hid in the vault, hearing the command, blows the pipe strongly, which ascending to the angel, he sets his trumpet to his mouth," (how he did this is not expressed) "and the trumpet soundeth very shrill. Then the servants in the chamber pour liquor into the proper pipe, and the pipes pour it from above, and they are received below into the vessels prepared for that purpose." The journal of William de Rubruquis is marked throughout with an apparent honesty and exactness which forbid us to doubt whatever he asserts of his own knowledge; yet, it must be owned, the works of his French goldsmith surpass, both in magnificence and artifice, any thing which we should have expected to find at such a period either in Europe or Asia; and the machinery of this marvellous conduit resembles rather the elaborate fictions in the "Dream of Polyphile," than the usual efforts of art in a barbarous age, and at the court of a Khan of Tartary. But though

APPENDIX.

there were many Christians in the court, and though the Nestorian monks pretended that Mangen Khân was really baptized, there was every outward appearance of his still professing the religion of his ancestors. At all his public feasts he venerated, in the usual manner, the little felt idols which are the Penates of the Mongul tent; and his regard for Christianity appears to have proceeded no further than an unbounded toleration or indifference for every sect of Christians, and a belief that their priests, like other Schamans, or Bonzes, had a certain degree of influence with the Almighty.

XXX.—The death of Mangen Khân, who was killed in a fruitless attempt to storm Ho-tcheou, a city in the Chinese province of Setchuen, which was at that time subject to an independant monarch, was a fatal blow to the integrity of the vast Mongulian empire [1]. Kublai, his successor on the throne of China, was, indeed, considered as lord paramount of the whole vast tract from Kief to Nangkin, and from the northern to the Indian ocean; but Batou in Capshak, Houlagon in Persia, and Zagatai in Maralwinhar, or Bucharia, assumed the title of Khân, and the power of absolute, though nominally dependant, sovereigns. Yet were these fragments of the empire of Gengis Khân in themselves so formidable, that the sultans of Kapehac continued long the terrour not only of Russia, which they governed or wasted at pleasure, but of the furthest extremities of Poland, of Hungary, and of Thrace. But the savage policy of Batou, though it sufficed to extend his conquests, was not able to transmit even a part of them to his son. His brother Berekay put his nephew to death before Batou was cold in the grave; and the nobles, when assembled at a great feast, proclaimed the murderer sovereign of Capshak, A.D. 1255. The reign of Berekay was chiefly distinguished by a fresh inroad into Lithuania in the year 1258; by the establishment of a census and poll tax all over Russia in the year following; and, above all, by the introduction of Mahomedanism into Scythia, and the conversion of the Khân and his subjects. His latter days were embittered by the revolt of his kinsman Nogaia, son of Mogol, son of Tatar, son of Touschi Khân, who was supported by the Greek emperor Michael Palæologus, whose natural daughter, Euphrosyne, he married, and whose name has since become a natural appellation for all the Tartars of New Russia.

XXXI.—Berekay, who had murdered his nephew, was not likely to

[1] He fell in the 52d year of his age, and the tenth of his reign, A.D. 1259.

leave the crown to any posterity of his own, and was succeeded by the third brother of Batou, Mangu Timur. This prince destroyed, in 1277, the poor remains of the Jazii, or Jazyges of Lithuania, and took their city Dediadoh. In them perished the last independant relic of those Sarmata, so famous once, and so formidable, though Pastori [1] ascribes their destruction to Lescus, the black king of Poland in 1289. Mangu Timur was attended in this expedition by almost all the nobility of Russia, who refused, however, as it should seem, to follow him in his further progress against the Christian kingdom of Bulgaria. It was during this monarch's reign that Bibars, sultan of Egypt, who, like many of the other Mamelucs, had been originally a Cumanian slave, from a natural desire to enrich and beautify the place of his birth, erected those splendid baths and mosques at Iski Crim, or Cimmerium, of which the ruins still rise so proudly above the orchards and cottages of its present Armenian inhabitants [2]. The district, however, which is one of the most fertile in the Crimea, and the best peopled, by no means merits, at the present day, the lamentations of Des Guignes, who contrasts its ancient multitudes of inns and bazars with "*the deer and wild-goats*" which now wander, as he supposes, in its desolate places.

XXXII.—The following circumstance is worth noticing, as it may serve to show the nature of the excesses committed by the Tartars in Russia. In 1283 there was in the province of Koursk, a chieftain of that nation named Achmed, who had built and fortified two villages in which a great number of robbers collected, who ravaged all the country of Koursk and Orel. Oleg, prince of Russia, and Sviatoslav, one of the chief boyars of the country, complained to one of Nogaia's generals named Toulabouga, who destroyed this nest of robbers, and set at liberty all their prisoners. But Achmed had interest enough at the court of Nogaia to shift the charge of robbery from his own people to those of the Russan chieftains; and, having obtained a sufficient force, compelled both Oleg and Sviatoslav to

[1] Pastori Flor. Polonicas, L. ii. § 14.

[2] Des Guisgnes, tom. iii. p. 343. The principal mosque was cased with white marble, and paved with porphyry. He established also, in the same city, several colleges for the study of Islamism and astrology. Des Guignes supposes the present inhabitants of Iski Crim to be Jews and Tartars. They are, in truth, a colony of Arminians, though a very poor one. The place fell into decay when the Genoese transferred the commerce of Europe from Sudak to Caffa, which latter town was only just reviving from the ruins of old Theodosia at the time of which we are now speaking.

APPENDIX.

fly the country, put their daughters and several of their nobles to death, and clothing some beggars in their robes, sent them through the country to proclaim the fate which awaited whatever district should oppose itself to the "Baskaks."

This last name perplexes Des Guignes; but is nothing more than the Tartar name for governor, and was assigned to an officer appointed by the conquerors to receive the tribute of every province.

XXXII.—It would be neither easy nor interesting to enter into the details of this confused and calamitous period of Scythian history, any further than to state that the empire of Kapshak, though reunited after the death of Nogaia, who fell in battle in the year 1291, was again split into the sovereignties of Astrachan, of Casan, and of the Nogayan horde; and that intestine divisions, and the repeated though unsuccessful insurrections of different Russian districts had so far weakened the western Tartars that they fell an easy prey to Tamerlane, the famous conqueror and sultan of Maralvenham in the year 1395[1]. In the year 1415, Idikon, a Tartar chieftain, ravaged all the duchy of Kief in consequence of a disgraceful alliance which the Teutonic knights in Russia had formed with these enemies of the Christian faith, against Poland and Lithuania. And the new kingdom of the Crimea, which was erected about the same time by a Tartar peasant named Gerai, though, by weakening still more the power of the Tartars, it freed Europe from all further fear of subjugation, was during many years, under the protection and influence of Turkey, a very troublesome and dangerous neighbour to the borders of Poland and Russia[2].

[1] Des Guignes, tom. iii. p. 360.

[2] During the intestine troubles of the kingdom of Kapshak, an infant descendant of Genghis Khân was brought up by the shepherd Gerai, who, eight years afterwards, on the horde to which he belonged lamenting the extinction of their ancient blood royal, produced the boy, then eighteen years old, to them as a scion of that noble stock. All the western Tartars hastened to join his standard; and Hadgi Khân, when seated on the throne of Batchiserai, assumed, as a mark of honour to his foster-father, who refused every other reward, the surname of Gerai, and appointed it, thenceforth, as the name of all the descendants of Zinghis. I have omitted to observe that, in the account which Des Guignes furnishes of the inroad of Tamerlane into Kapshak, he strangely confounds the Borysthenes, or Dnieper, with the Terek, or some other river of Caucasus, since he makes the Uzi, or Usbeks, fly over *the Borysthenes into Asia Minor*. The flight of these Usbeks at the approach of Tamerlane, and the direction which they took, corresponds pretty closely with those of the Cimmerians in the time of the first Scythian invasion.

In the meantime, however, a new power was silently rising in Scythia, of a character distinct from any which had yet appeared there, and which has since seemed destined to produce more striking and permanent effects on the general interests of Europe than any of the tribes which preceded it.

XXXIII.—During the scenes of intolerable oppression which I have thus slightly portrayed, and to which, during many centuries the country was exposed, there were certain situations, which, as being neither objects of cupidity to the Tartars, nor easily accessible by their violence, were the natural refuge of all who wished to escape from tyranny. Fearing the water, and disliking fish, the Monguls had few motives strong enough to induce them to attack such fugitives as might shelter themselves in the retreats and fastnesses of the Bog, the Dnieper, the Donetz, and the Don. Nor is it possible to visit the labyrinth of marshy or rocky islets, surrounded by these mighty rivers, without recognizing the same facilities for concealment and security, which fostered the infant freedom of the first settlers of Venice.

The Cumani we have already seen driven from their pastures to perish with hunger on the shores of the Euxine, and the Palus Mæotis; and it is not improbable that some of these fugitives found a better asylum in these fens and waters. The Russians, who, as fishermen and pirates, had a perfect knowledge of every ford and lagoon, every rapid and shallow of the stream, would naturally resort to their own element as a refuge from an enemy to whom even the use of rafts was unknown. And the ferrymen of the same nation whom Rubruquis found established by Sartach on the Don, and the miserable peasants who cultivated the ground for the Mongul lords, would, in the common course of yearly oppression and escape, afford a very numerous reinforcement to any association of freemen or robbers in the neighbourhood [1].

XXXIV.—The members of these predatory republics would be called by the neighbouring Tartars, "Cossaks," or "Marauders;" and their retreats fortified by an abattis of trees and brushwood, might find in the same language (as I am informed) the appropriate name of "Tcherkassi," "cut down." We find, accordingly, that their earliest capital on the Dnieper bore this appellation, which was afterwards transferred, with better fortune, to the present metropolis of the Don. The origin, however, of the name

[1] Pastori de Bello Casaceico, p. 7. Idem. Hist. Polon. Plenior, P. 1. l. 1. p. 15. Sabieski Bello Chotzimenska, L. 11. Hartnock de Repub. Polon. p. 842.

APPENDIX.

of Cossak has been differently stated by almost every writer on the subject. Some, whose opinions I have heard, some years ago, supported in conversation by no less an authority than the valiant and venerable Maffei Ivanovitch Platof, derive it from the Slavonic word "cossa," a sickle, scythe, or crooked sabre [1]; and it will be seen hereafter that the blades of scythes set straight on staves, were a customary and very formidable weapon among the Cossaks of the Ukraine. Others, having found that "kosa" signifies a goat in the Polish language, deduce Cossak from the agility of their motion, or from the skins with which they were clad [2]. Others, more absurdly, from "chodzik," to walk, or "kosi" barks or pinnaces [3]. But as Cossak, in the sense which I have first mentioned, is a word of common occurrence in Des Guignes' history; and was a frequent agnomen not only to individuals, but to entire tribes; and as Tcherkash, or Tcherkassi, has no meaning in any language but the Turkish, I apprehend that we may with most probability, conclude the names, both of the Cossaks and of their cities, to be derived from the Tartar nations who surrounded them, and who were lords of the soil at the time when they first appeared.

XXXV.—With the origin, however, and degree of antiquity thus assigned to them, it is possible that neither the Cossaks themselves, nor many of those who have written respecting them, will be satisfied. Des Guignes, who did not unite to his valuable industry any great degree of critical acumen, supposes them to have been originally Cumanians, whose other name of Capthad, or Kapshak, he would gladly, I know not on what principle of etymology, convert into Cossak. He pretends, in like manner, that their features are oriental, which is absolutely contrary to the fact: he supposes them to have been converted by Dominican missionaries, whereas they are, and always have been, of the Greek religion; and, forgetting that his own Cumani were not Mahomedans, he asserts, in equal contempt of truth, that the present Cossaks retain many Mahomedan rites in their religion.

That the Cumani fugitives may have formed, at first, no inconsiderable part of the Cossak establishments, is certainly not improbable, though a race whose previous habits were exclusively Scythian, would have ill accorded with the amphibious situation of the people whom I am now describing. But though these and many other fugitives of all nations have possibly found an asylum with the Cossaks, the dialect of this last people,

[1] Joan Herbinius. Kiovia Subterranea, c. 2. p. 7.

[2] Piasecius Chronicon Polon. ad ann. 1643, p. 53.

[3] Pastori Hist. Polon. Plenior, lib. 1. p. 14.

which is pure Slavonic, and their religion, which has ever been the same with that of the Russians, evince that this is the stock from which their main population has emanated. And the recruits which they have received from other tribes, though, by the well-known effect of a mixture of breeds, the appearance of the animal has been improved, have not been sufficient to corrupt their language, or to give an Asiatic expression to their physiognomy. As it has, nevertheless, been asserted by Scherer, that they were originally called Chozares, a circumstance which may seem to connect them with the mighty Turkish nation of that name; and as my friend, Dr. Clarke, has suggested the probability of their being originally a tribe of Circassians, the following short sketch of their respective systems may not be uninteresting to the reader.

XXXVI.—Scherer's opinion is founded, as he assures us, on the information of the Zaporogian Cossaks themselves, who gave the following account of their origin and first military achievement[1]:—About the year 800 a solitary Polish adventurer, of the name of Simeon, established his summer residence on a kossa, or small sandy promontory of the Liman[2], or common estuary of the rivers Bog and Dnieper. His success in the chace of wild boars and deer, both of which are very numerous in the marshes and islets of these great streams, procured him, in the following spring, no less than one hundred associates, whose attaman, or captain, he became. The swarm of hunters, or robbers, (for from the one to the other character the transition, under such circumstances, was easy and almost certain,) grew rapidly in number and power; and, from their skill in archery, obtained the name of Chozars. In the year 948 their renown had extended so far as Czaragrad, (as the Slavonians call Constantinople;) and the Greek emperor, being at war with the "Turks who were called Saracens," despatched an emissary to engage in his service the bowmen, "who never missed their aim." These hunters, having swelled their numbers by two thousand recruits from the Ukraine, in particular from the little towns of Lisinka and Medvedevka, sailed for the Danube, defeated the Turks in many engagements, destroyed their villages, and returned in triumph with a vast body of slaves and cattle, and a letter of recommendation from the emperor to "the king of Poland," acknowledging their services, and praying

[1] Scherer Histoire de Petite Russie, tom. 1, c. 7. p. 66.

[2] Scherer absurdly supposes Liman to have been the name of a town; and does not seem either to have known that Czaragrad meant Constantinople.

APPENDIX.

that they might thenceforth, instead of their ancient name of Chozar, be called by that of Cossak. Why this last was a more warlike or honourable appellation, Scherer does not inform us; but this is not the only absurdity in this specimen of Scythian tradition. In the year 800, and for almost two hundred years afterwards, the Poles were not converted to Christianity, and the name of Simeon was, therefore, not likely to be found among them [1]. The mighty Turkish nation of Chozares were at this time the sovereigns and occupants of all Scythia; so that a little knot of Polish exiles would certainly not be so called. If the Poles had a king at all in the tenth century, which is by no means certain, he had surely no authority over the principality of Kief, nor at that time could the Poles have read the letters which the emperor of Greece sent to them. The mention of either Turks or Saracens in Greece at so early a period, may reasonably excite a smile; and, lastly, the silence observed both by Constantine Porphyrogenitus and Nestor, is a proof that no such armament as is here described, had been sent by any tribe of Slavonians to the assistance of the emperor.

XXXVII.—Ignorant, however, and credulous as Scherer undoubtedly was, his fidelity is, I believe, unimpeached; and I have little doubt that he received, as he professes, from the Cossaks themselves, the substance of this extraordinary narrative. There are many circumstances (such as the names of Czaragrad and Liman) which he did not understand, and could not, therefore, have invented; and the story has been evidently told by some one who knew nothing of the Chozares as a nation, and only understood the word in its later and more common sense of a light-horseman, or archer, a sense first derived from the cavalry of that nation in the service of the lower empire, and since, under the easy corruption of Huzzar, universally adopted in Europe [2]. And as all popular traditions, however obscured

[1] Dlugossi Hist. Polon. Lib. 2. pp. 124. 173. edit. Francofurt, MDCCXI.

[2] That the name of Chosar became, by degrees, (like that of Swiss, in modern France, for a porter, and Scotchman, in England, for a pedlar,) from a national, to be a professional appellation for a light horseman, may be inferred from Constantine Porphyrogenitus, De Cæremoniis, l. ii. c. 48, p. 398. The transition to Houssar, Hussar, or, as the Russians still spell it, Guzar, is easy and obvious. This word, indeed, is generally considered as belonging to the Hungarian language, and derived from "Husz," which means "twenty," one man in twenty having been, as is pretended, the contingent furnished to this species of force by the peasants. But "the twentieth" is not, in the Hungarian language, "Hussar," but "Huszád." The name of this species of cavalry is met with in the Polish histories as soon as in the Hun-

in their circumstances, are, in some measure, founded on fact, it is possible that just so much of this history may be true as relates to the original character of the Zaporogian establishment, and the name of its founder. The dates which, of all other circumstances, were most likely to be confused by a barbarous people, must, however, be given up; and the expedition against the Turks, and the recommendatory letter from the emperor of Constantinople to the king of Poland, might be very natural inventions to raise the honour of their tribe in the opinion of a stranger, but are such as few strangers would have swallowed with so much facility as Scherer has done. At all events, if, at the time of the first establishment of the Zaporogi, the mouth of the Dnieper was subject to the king of Poland, we must refer their foundation to no earlier period than the reign of Cassimir the First, in 1340, since, at that time the Poles first obtained the sovereignty of Kief. It may be observed, too, that though Scherer's informant supposed the Cossaks to have born originally the name of Chozares, he believed the one as well as the other title to be merely that of their warlike profession, and that he had evidently no idea that they sprung from any but a Slavonic stock.

XXXVIII.—Dr. Clarke has, in like manner, given the traditionary account of the Don Cossaks as he received it from themselves, to the following effect and substance:—A small body of Grecian exiles, at some unknown period, posterior to the erection of the Tartar town of Azoph, being refused an asylum in this last-named place, established themselves on the marshy islets higher up the river, where they called their village "Tcherkasköy," or "the small village of the Circassians." And from this small beginning, augmented by recruits from the neighbouring Circassians, the mighty horde of the Cossaks had its origin, which has since extended itself from Siberia to the frontiers of Poland.

I shall not comment on the position which, though more than doubtful, is here taken for granted, that the Cossak establishments on the Dnieper are of later date than those of the Don; but, first, it does not appear why a Greek colony should assume a Turkish name, or call itself the small village of the Circassians, because there were some of that people in its neighbourhood; nor, secondly, are any Circassians to be found, in modern times, within about three hundred miles of the Don; nor have I met with

garian; and Gyarmati (affinitas Lingua Hungarica, p. 312,) marks "Hussar" with an asterisk as a word of foreign extraction.

APPENDIX.

a single historian of credit who assigns them, at any former period, a different abode from that which they at present occupy. And it appears from the testimony of Rubruquis, already noticed, that, in his time, the inhabitants of the country about the Don were Russians. But, thirdly, the name of the chief town of the Donsköy Cossaks is not, as my learned friend supposes, Tcherkasköy, but Tcherkask, or Cherkasque. It is accordingly, thus spelt in the best maps, those of D'Anville and Arrowsmith, in the large map of European Russia published by government, and in the common road-books of the country, both in Russ and German, "Köy," or "Ky," being, in Slavonic, the adjective termination, and "Tcherkasköy" signifying nothing more than "of, or belonging to Tcherkask." That Tcherkask, therefore, was called after the Circassians, is by no means probable; and that the Cossaks who inhabit Tcherkask, much more those who resided on the Dnieper, are descended from any of the tribes of Caucasus, is very unlikely, when we consider that the same purity of language which forbids us to suppose that they are descended from the Cumani, will apply with equal force against the claim of any progenitors not speaking the Slavonic tongue, which, as we have already seen, has, during the period embraced by history, extended itself, not as is generally supposed from the east, but on the contrary, from the west to the eastward[1]. If, then, the Circassians were found to agree in language with the Slavons, it might rather be supposed that the first were a colony of the latter, than that any tribe of these last had retrograded westward. But as, in truth, the languages of Caucasus are altogether different from the Slavonic, it will follow that no connection either way is to be sought for between them; and that the Cossaks, using the Slavonic tongue, can have had, at most, but a very slight connection with the Circassians.

XXXIX.—Dr. Clarke, indeed, is of opinion that the Cossaks may have adopted the language which they now speak at the time of their conversion to Christianity. It is with very real diffidence that I differ from him; but it cannot but occur to his more mature reflection, that the acquirement of a new language by a barbarous nation is not likely to be so complete as that they should excel their teachers; or that their new

[1] For these particulars, and for the superior purity of the Slavonic spoken by the Cossaks to the language of either Russians or Poles, I am indebted, principally, to Captain Ury Lisiansky, of the Russian navy, and the first circumnavigator of that nation, who, as being himself a native of Malo Russia, and consequently half a Cossak, is better able to speak to whatever questions concern their antiquities or their present situation.

dialect should be free from all traces of that to which their parents and their own infancy had been accustomed. When the conquerors of the north adopted the Roman laws and religion, what a jargon did they make of their language? It is still more improbable that, while the Cossaks continued to subsist in a numerous and compact society, they should have ceased to use among themselves their native and accustomed speech; since, even in the least favourable situations, experience shows how long the Cornish in Briton, the Wends in Germany, the Basques in Spain, the Mordvini in Russia, and all the gipseys all over the world, have preserved their national and distinctive tongue. Nor, as we have no account of any more recent period at which the Cossaks were converted to Christianity, can we help concluding that they were, at the time of the conversion of Volodimir, a part of the same great Russian nation, with whom they agree so exactly in their language, their ritual, and their ancient religious peculiarities. Had their Christianity proceeded from Armenia, they would have partaken in the Armenians' opinion of Christ's nature; had they been converted by the Russians at a recent period, the doctrines of the Raskolniki would not have been so prevalent among them. Dr. Clarke appears to lay considerable stress on the personal advantages of the Cossaks over the Russians, and pronounces boldly that no one who sees them can imagine that they have any thing in common, except the language which they now speak. I certainly do not think so meanly of the northern Russians as my learned friend does; nor was I able to distinguish any greater superiority in the appearance of the Cossaks than what better fare, a better climate, and the absence of slavery, were likely to effect. Nor, if the comparison were made, not with the Russians in the neighbourhood of Moscow and Petersburg, who are generally an under-sized and sandy-haired race, but with the inhabitants of Yaroslav and Kostroma on the north, and Malo-Russia on the south, would the Cossaks have much to boast of. Above all, the southern Slavons of Podolia and Hungary are remarkable for their personal advantages; and it is, perhaps, attributable in part to a mixture of Finnic blood, that those of the north fall short of them in these particulars. Nor can it, surely, have escaped so accurate an observer as Dr. Clarke, that the Cossak and Circassian features, though both handsome, have a very different style of expression; and that in passing along the borders, it was no difficult matter to distinguish where the breeds had intermingled.

XL.—It is true, however, that at the foot of Caucasus, and, appa-

APPENDIX.

rently, in the district now occupied by the Circassian horde of Cabarda, we find, in Constantine Porphyrogenitus, a region called Casachia; and that Chardin, as I have lately discovered, notices in his travels a race called Cosaques in the north of Persia. But the first of these, who, with their chief, Rededa, were defeated and subdued in the eleventh century by Misitislav, the Russian prince of the isle of Taman, were, apparently, the same people with the Kirghees, whom Rubruquis places in the neighbourhood of Caucasus, and who still preserve, in their present abode beyond the Caspian, the name of Kaisak, or Casak, and the tradition of their western origin. And, though it is not improbable that a small party of Cossaks may have deserted, at an early period, the Russian for the Persian service, and may have thus founded that tribe which Chardin mentions, we require some more information as to their language, before we can decide whether they belong to the Kirghees or the Slavonians, to the Cossak or the Kaisak race. But whichever of these notions be correct, neither Cossaks nor Kaisaks can thus be proved to have been Circassians. And though many Circassians have, at different periods, served the Russian government in the same way, and on the same footing as the Cossaks, the manner in which the two races are uniformly distinguished in the Russian histories, is an additional proof that none but foreigners have ever confounded them together.

XLI.—The Circassians themselves, in their two main divisions of the Great and Little Cabarda, form a numerous and warlike nation, which is in every respect one of the most singular and perplexing features in the history of the tribes of Caucasus. Their language differs not only from the Slavonic, but from the Turkish, Mongulian, and every other neighbouring dialect. Their religion was, till of late, a corrupted Christianity; and still, though the great body of their nation conform themselves outwardly to Mahomedanism, they pay a certain reverence to the cross, and bow at the name of Jesus. It is a common practice for their wood-cutters to surmount a stack of faggots with a small cross, as an almost infallible method of preserving the whole from plunder, which, under such circumstances, would be thought sacrilegious; and the severe winters of 1804 and 1805 had nearly driven them to open apostacy from Islamism, as they asserted that such calamities had never befallen their fathers in the days when they worshipped Christ. Yet the labours of some Scottish missionaries, to one of whom, the Reverend Mr. Paterson, this work is under many obligations, produced but little advantageous effect on their minds; as, though it would have been no difficult matter to have baptized any given number in a day,

few would consent to unlearn the spirit of revenge which the want of a regular government infallibly engenders, or abandon their inveterate habits of plunder and slave-dealing. These habits, and the deadly feuds which arise from them, make travelling in their country dangerous and almost impossible. When at Ecatherinodar, Mr. Thornton and I applied in vain to the Cossak officers for the means of penetrating across the frontier to such, at least, of the villages as were on friendly terms with the Russians, and whose warriors were in the constant habit of attending the market held daily at the quarantine. The uniform reply was, that no introductions could be obtained to their chiefs; that, even in a friendly village, there would be many arrows and musquets levelled against any one who came from the Cossaks, by such as had lost their kindred in wars with Russia, and who would, therefore, seek for revenge on the first European who might fall in their way. Such, indeed, was the state of the frontier, that our journey from Ecatherinodar to Taman, though in a time of profound peace between Russia and Turkey, was performed under a strong escort; and we were menaced one night by the appearance of seventy Circassians, who had, however, as we had afterwards reason to believe, another object in view; or, at least, from the appearance of our guard, concluded that the country was prepared for them. Every person whom we met was armed; even the people employed in cutting reeds had their spears stuck in the ground within reach; and when, in one of the wilder parts of the district, I left the fort where our horses and escort were changed, to walk to a shrubby hill, at little more than a quarter of a mile's distance, to take a sketch of the opposite range of Caucasus, the Cossaks called after me not to go without my sword, as, even in such a situation, an ambush was not impossible. On my return I found my companion, his servant, and a little knot of Cossaks surrounding the door of a miserable hut of reeds, erected without the wall of the fort, in which, on some rushes, and under the guard of a sentinel with a lance, lay a Circassian prisoner. He had, that morning, swam across the river, from the party which had alarmed our guard the night before, and had requested an asylum from the Cossaks, who called him a "prince," and said he was a man of considerable power. His figure was tall and slender, but muscular and bony, with a hard weather-beaten countenance, which was then, however, softened to tears. His dress resembled that of the Circassian nobles, as described by Dr. Clarke. I asked the Cossaks why a warrior like him was thus in tears. They repeated the question to him in Turkish, and received the following answer,

APPENDIX.

which, however, I am only able to give on their authority, and from the interpretation of our servant, who induced them to repeat the whole account at night, as we supped with them on boiled fish, round a fire of reeds, in a subterranean hut near Tremruk.

XLII.—He was in love, he told them, with a handsome girl, the daughter of a neighbouring chieftain, whose father asked more *usluks* as her price than he was able to pay. Determined, at all events, to obtain her, and having reason to believe that she was not insensible to his merits, he bribed an old woman, her mother-in-law, to give her notice of his intentions, and to be herself in readiness to let him into the house on a certain night, which was the one immediately preceding our interview with him. He had left his own village with the horsemen whom our Cossaks had seen, soon after dusk, and reached the village and house of his intended wife without difficulty. The dwelling was at once surrounded and broken open; the two brothers rushed to defend their sister, and both died bravely fighting on the threshold of the women's apartment. He succeeded in carrying off both his prize and the old woman; but another female, and the father of the family, had broken through the reed enclosure of their habitation, and had given, in the mean time, the alarm to the village. The ravisher and his party were immediately pursued, and overtaken on the banks of the Cuban, by an overwhelming superiority of numbers. The conclusion of the story is easily anticipated; his friends were slain or dispersed; his horse killed under him; his sabre shivered to pieces in his hand; the unhappy cause of so much bloodshed was torn from his embrace; and he himself, disarmed and bleeding, only escaped death by crawling into the stream, and swimming across, under cover of the surrounding darkness. The reason for his tears still remains to be told. "He knew the fortune which would now befall the girl; no Circassian could pay the price which her parents demanded; he should see her no more; she would be sold to the Turks; and was not this sufficient reason why a warrior and a sultan should weep?"

XLIII.—We could not learn from our Cossak friends whether this sort of woman-stealing was an ordinary incident in Circassian amours; but they complained most heavily of their continual forays across the river to drive away cattle, and steal slaves, both male and female, from the Cossak stanitza. They are, indeed, the principal slave-factors on this coast; and it is in no small degree to this circumstance that the Circassian women owe their high renown for beauty, since, though many of them, no doubt,

most fully deserve the character, they have engrossed to their own nation many of the praises due to Cossak, Georgian, and Tartar girls, who, as they passed through the hands of Circassian traders, all bore the name of Circassians. The real Circassians have, indeed, fine figures and fair complexions, but are almost universally deficient in bloom, in which particular the Cossaks and Georgians leave them far behind. Their health is often sacrificed to their admiration of a small waist, which is obtained by a broad leathern belt being sewed round the body in early life, and renewed by one something larger when the growth of the girl renders it necessary. The women are secluded, though not so closely as those of the Turks; but the men are accused of being excessively jealous.

XLIV.—Their government is perfectly feudal, and the chiefs of villages pay very little regard to the Turkish sultan or the bashaw of Anapa. Some of these chiefs, who are on good terms with the Russians, are called princes; others, who pretend to be descended from the blood royal of the Crimea, call themselves sultans, and assume the family title of "Gerai." One of these last came to visit us during our stay in Taman, far better dressed than any whom we had seen before, and attended by six followers, most gallantly mounted and armed. His name was Selim, a very handsome young man, of about two-and-twenty; his dress was a caftan of yellow silk, with a bright coat of mail under it, which was seen at the wrists and neck. He had tight scarlet pantaloons laced with silver, and yellow slippers without heels. His arms were a sabre, a poignard, one long Turkish pistol slung, without a holster, across his saddle's pommel; a bow and quiver, both in cases of red and embroidered leather, and suspended from his girdle; he had a horn for powder, and on his breast a row of tin pipes for cartridges, covered with red cloth, and sewed to his kaftan; his ancles were bare. Of his attendants, one was called "attaman" by the Cossaks, as being himself the subordinate chief of a village; they were less gaily dressed than their sultan, but still better armed, having carbines instead of bows. Some of these Circassians carry small lances; all who can afford it have coats of mail. The bow and quiver are a mark of distinction, and are now rarely seen, except on their sultans on occasions of ceremony. Our friend Selim was by no means expert in the use of his. The foot are armed, for the most part, with long Turkish guns, which are used with rests, and have often only matchlocks. The coats of mail and fire-arms are brought from Persia and Constantinople; the sabres and poignards are of their own manufacture, and most beautifully tempered, though by no

APPENDIX.

means showy weapons, being small, and altogether without ornament. Their horses are of an excellent breed, and, like all those of the Cossaks, Calmuks, and Poles, have the singular property of sweating blood when much heated, the skin being full of small vessels, which are apt to burst continually. I have seen this hæmorrhage so considerable, as that the whole horse's hide was clotted and stained, without any ill treatment, or use of either spur or the shovel stirrup common in these countries. The Cossaks regard the discharge as salutary.

XLV.—Many of the Tartar tribes who have been expelled from the northern bank of the Cuban by the Cossaks, are now blended with the Circassians, and have considerably corrupted both their language and national countenance. But the real Circassians disclaim all Tartar blood. They derive, if we believe their own traditions, their name of Tcherkassi (for this is the word which we have changed into Circassian) from two chieftains, Tcher and Kiss, who led their nation, at some unknown and early period, from Egypt to Caucasus. As to the fact of Egypt being their original country, they are unanimous; and my friend, Mr. Pinkerton, has a manuscript in the Circassian language, which was presented to him by one of their most learned moullahs, in which the same pedigree is unequivocally asserted. It is impossible not to be struck with the coincidence between this strange story and the parallel statement in Herodotus, who derives the ancient Colchis from an Egyptian colony left by Sesostris. In the circumstances of similarity which, in his time, confirmed this descent, I know not that the Circassians partake. The language of the Colchians and Egyptians was the same; but the modern Circassian and the Coptic have never yet been compared, nor am I qualified to compare them. The woolly or curly hair and dark complexion which were then common to both, is not now visible in the former; and I have not been able to learn that there is any peculiarity in the Circassian system of making linen. Circumcision they might have received from the Mahomedans; so that no inference can be drawn from its prevalence among them. There is a practice which we heard ascribed to them by a person who, of all Europeans now living, has seen most of these mountains, and which has, doubtless, a remarkable correspondence with the ancient superstitions of Egypt. They are said to pay religious honours to the cat; but of this custom, when I was myself on their frontiers, I could learn nothing, and the Cossaks had never heard of it. On the whole, it would be very hazardous to rest our belief of a fact so improbable as the descent of the Circassians from Egypt,

on the traditions of a people so utterly barbarous, unless it were confirmed by some additional circumstances. It may, indeed, be doubted whether, as they have once been Christians, and more closely connected with the Greeks than they are at present, they may not have received this notion of their Egyptian ancestry from the latter people, who had themselves drawn it from Herodotus, on whose testimony, therefore, it would still depend. Yet whatever may be our doubts as to the Colchians being an Egyptian colony, this tradition among the modern Tcherkassi is at least a proof, so far as it goes, of what is in itself perfectly probable, that they are themselves the descendants of the ancient Colchians, and the kindred of Œtes and Medea.

The Circassians have not, however, the least suspicion that any relationship exists between the Cossaks and themselves, or that their ancestors had any share in naming or building the metropolis of the Don. Their only connexion with each other, at present, is in the way of war and barter. The latter intercourse is carried on at different markets, where adherence to the rules of quarantine, though enjoined, is not rigidly adhered to. The Cossaks bring salt to the market; the Circassians, millet, rye, barley, and a little wheat, which are exchanged in the proportion of two measures of grain against one of salt. The agriculture of the Circassians is said to be good; but the Cossaks are not very competent judges. Their villages are, like all in these countries, irregular collections of huts, built of clay and reeds; but their situations, and the groves and orchards which surround them, are often beautiful. The fine air of these mountains, and their exemption from the curses of the plain, frogs, toads, venomous serpents, musquitoes, and typhus fever, were often spoken of with rapture by the Cossaks of Taman, who seldom described them without a concluding wish that they had permission from the emperor to go and seize on those goodly lands for themselves, which were now, they said, the hiding-holes of savages, thieves, and murderers. This is, indeed, a very different picture from that which Collins has given of the Circassians whom he describes; and it is not impossible that, had we been on the other side of the Cuban, we should have heard an almost similar account of the Cossaks. Violence and bloodshed are, unhappily, the invariable characteristics of uncivilized man; and those rude warriors who are most interesting in painting or in poetry, are often, of all men, the worst neighbours, and those with whom it is well to have the fewest dealings.

APPENDIX.

" Some sterner virtues on the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering o'er their nest.
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a milder sky."

BOOK III.

I.—THE first notice which is taken in Russian history of those predatory communities from whom the Cossaks are descended, is in the year 1382, and during the reign of the Russian prince Demetrius the Fourth, when two thousand vagabonds and pirates, encouraged, as was supposed, and led on by some dissolute citizens of Novogorod, advanced from their various retreats on the Don and Volga against the Tartar city of Casan, which was not, as yet, the seat of an independant sovereignty, but was governed by a Mirza, appointed by the Khâns of Kapshak. Casan is strong by situation, and was at that time sufficiently fortified by art to defy the attacks of even a more regular force than now assailed it. The inhabitants were, however, so far surprized that, instead of an honourable resistance, they consented to ransom their town as the only expedient of saving it, and the freebooters departed in triumph. But they had now so far tasted the sweets of success that they were little inclined to retire without further violence, and ascending the Volga in their boats up to Kostroma, a Russian and Christian city, 200 miles further north west, made the same demand as at Casan. The inhabitants sallied from their intrenchment of turf and slates (the usual defence in those days of a Russian fortress) to attack the party which menaced them from the river; but one half of the assailants had left their boats further down, and had taken post in a wood close to the city. While the inhabitants were engaged with their visible enemies, this ambush rose from its concealment, and Kostroma was taken by the same stratagem which Joshua had employed against Ai. The conduct of the conquerors in every respect resembled that of the American buccaneers; they remained a whole week in Kostroma, indulging in every kind of cruelty and

brutality, and having burnt or destroyed whatever they could not carry away, they again embarked on the Volga. At Nishni Novogorod, half way between Kostroma and Casan, they found the inhabitants prepared to oppose their return, and another contest ensued which ended favourably for the robbers. Novogorod shared the same fate with Kostroma, and was reduced to ashes. Sarai, or Saratof, a Tartar city of considerable trade and importance, was next assaulted; and the merchants, both Christian and Mohamedan, were plundered and massacred without pity. Having thus rendered themselves obnoxious equally to Russians and Tartars, they had the inconceivable boldness to sail with all their booty to Astrachan, which is now first mentioned in history as a sovereignty distinct from the empire of Kapshak, and there to offer publicly for sale the slaves and property which they had acquired by an indiscriminate pillage of the subjects and allies of the Khân. It gives us no very lofty idea of Mongulian heroism to find that a sovereign, who had at least the nominal command of all the warlike and numerous hordes from Petchora to the Caspian, was compelled to temporize and tremble before this handful of barbarians; and an explanation of this difficulty can only be found in the personal character of Salsrei who then sat on the throne; or in the distracted state of all Tartary, which was at that time crouching beneath the suspended arm of Tamerlane. The Khân received his piratical visitors with an outward show of good will, invited them to a banquet, and when the hydromel and arika had sufficiently circulated, put them all to death without exception. But though he thus chastized the robbers, he is not recorded to have restored the prey to its lawful owners, or to that liberty of which the human part of the cargo had been unjustly deprived. The gold and furs went into the treasury of Astrachan; and the wretched captives had only the consolation of being rather sold for the benefit of a descendant of Zinghis Khân, than for that of the thieves who had stolen them [1].

II.—The next exploit of the Cossaks (for by this name they already began to be known) was of a less shameful character; and they appear as the valiant supporters of an unfortunate and exiled sovereign. The kingdom of Casan, or Kipshak, separated from the parent state of Kapshak about the commencement of the fifteenth century, had by its intestine divisions, and the misgovernment of its sovereigns, fallen an easy prey to the valour of the great prince of Russia, Ivan the Third, surnamed

[1] L'Evesque, tom i. p. 242. Des Guignes, tom. iii. p. 356.

APPENDIX.

the victorious, the first who dared to reject with scorn the Basma, or investiture of the Golden Horde. The Mohamedans of Casan, still, indeed retained the shadow of independance, but their khâns were proclaimed and displaced at pleasure by their powerful Christian neighbours. Shekh-Ali, one of these phantoms of royalty, whom the great prince Basil had, in 1517, elevated to the throne, was obnoxious to his people on every account, as the supposed tool of Russia, and as being divested of all those exterior graces which attach a warlike and barbarous nation to their leader. "He had," say the Russian historians, "the countenance of an ugly old woman, long hanging ears, a prominent belly, short and swelled legs." To these slighter causes of discontent, more serious ones were speedily superadded. The Russian troops whom Basil had left in Casan with their *voievode*, or governor, Karpof, were insulted by the populace who were headed by some grandees, and Shekh Ali, faithful to his master, called in his own adherents and retainers to their aid, and punished as rebels with the utmost severity, all who had manifested an anti-Russian spirit. Such a state of things could not endure long. In 1521 the men of Casan invited secretly Sap Gerai, son of Mildi Gerai, Khân of the Crimea, to come and be their king; and before either Shekh Ali or Karpof appear to have suspected their danger, a formidable insurrection appeared in the heart of Casan. A thousand Russians, nearly the whole number of the garrison, and five thousand of Shekh Ali's Tartars were cut off in the first surprize. The Christian inhabitants of Casan were indiscriminately put to death; but Sap Gerai respected in the person of the voievode, the power of the Russian sovereign, and in Shekh Ali, the blood of Zinghis, and contented himself with turning them out of his dominions on foot and unattended. The wretched Khân had recourse to the robbers and fishermen of the Volga, and appeared, in less than a year, at the head of ten thousand Cossaks, who, so soon as the fishing season was over, from whence their army was to be provisioned, swore never to desert him till he was again seated on the throne. But their tumultuary army was able to accomplish but little against the cavalry of the Baschkirs and the ramparts of Casan. The greater part perished by dysenteries and want; and when at length the great prince Basil came to the support of Shekh Ali with a numerous body of troops, and a long train of boats laden with provisions, he seems to have derived no assistance from these unfortunate volunteers.

Such an exertion, however, was likely to bring their communities into favourable notice with the Russians; and not long afterwards, we find

three several bodies of Cossaks in possession of nearly the same privileges which their descendants now enjoy. APPENDIX.

III.—While the Cossaks of the Don and Volga were thus active against the Tartars of Casan, those of the Dnieper were equally renowned for their victories over the Crimean Khâns. Lanskaronsky, the first of their attamans, or hetmans, whose name is known to history, made an excursion, in 1526, against the Tartars, with about twelve hundred volunteers, and returned loaded with booty, and delighted with their newly-acquired confidence in themselves [1]. In the following year they obtained a still more considerable advantage over a retreating army of twenty thousand Tartars, whom they surrounded and cut off almost to the last man [2]. And in 1535 we find the Cossaks courted by both Russians and Poles, and assuming the appearance and tone of a regular and independant republic. In the west of Scythia they had already extended their settlements beyond those islands and marshes which were their original retreats; and occupied, with their herds of cattle and their fortified villages, the whole southern frontier of Russia and Poland, a fair and fertile district, which was, in part, protected from the inroads of the Tartar cavalry by the winding and rapid stream of the Orel, and which, under the name of Ukraine, or "Border," was regarded by the then neighbouring states, Poles, Russians, and Tartars, as equally exempt from their protection and their government. Such a situation was singularly favourable to the growth of wild and independant habits; and the institutions of the Cossaks at this period, and their manner of making war, are as singular as any which are recorded in ancient or modern history.

Though the Ukraine be more adorned with timber than the south of Scythia, the forests are neither extensive nor numerous; but wherever any coppice or shrubby ground existed, the Cossaks were careful to collect such situations for their villages, both as affording in themselves some protection against cavalry, and as furnishing the materials for their fortifications. A strong hedge of thorns was generally the outermost fence; within, at thirty yards' distance, was often, though not always, a palisado, with a fossée and low rampart of earth. Within this second circle were their habitations; the best of them of clay and wicker; the poorest, square holes in the ground, covered with strong rafters, and heaped up above with grass and rubbish to the resemblance of a large dunghill. A low and steep entrance,

[1] Plotho, p. 12.

[2] Des Guignes, tom. iii. p. 399.

APPENDIX.

more like that to a fox's earth, than any door to the habitation of man, admitted the women and children. The men often preferred, (like the savages of Unalascha described by Cook) the hole in the roof, by which the smoke ascended. This custom exists no longer; but the "zemlianki," or "earth houses," for so these burrows are called, are still met with in many parts of the steppe, and are no despicable shelter in a climate so severe as that of Scythia. By degrees, as their numbers and sense of security increased, they began to cultivate the ground in the neighbourhood of their villages; their villages grew into respectable towns; their entrenchments were furnished with cannon; they built Churches and monasteries; and no part of Malo or Little Russia, for this was the general name for the principality of Kief, was better peopled or cultivated than the border.

IV.—It was, however, in the islands of the Dnieper, that they kept the seat of their government, and the archives of their union. Here only they were at home; and they felt that amid this labyrinth of rocks and marshes, they were secure against all probable attack, and might build their boats and plan their expeditions undisturbed and unseen. A certain quantity of corn and fish was annually laid up in these retreats; and as they were merely places of arms, and garrisoned by the younger Cossaks by turns, no woman was allowed to enter them. When danger was apprehended, the women and childen were collected in the remoter villages, or concealed in the woody banks of the river; but the isles of the warriors, like the Irish retreat of St. Senanus, were not to be profaned by a female foot. This custom, which gradually fell into decay among the northern Cossaks, was preserved by the Zaporogians till the removal of their republic to the Cuban; and even now their forts are, in this respect, as rigid as monasteries.

END OF VOL. I.

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