

It was pleasant to see the horses at a canter or gallop, whenever there was no actual ascent. As for descents, they rattled down them at speed, and we were more than once in imminent danger. This, with an open wound, was no pleasant prospect, yet I balanced the pleasure of the dash against the chance of losing altogether my right hand, and, as to communicating caution to a Russian postilion, I soon gave up so preposterous a notion.

All day we travelled over the flowery steppe, or through the beautiful forest, illumined by the sun ; at night our progress was not arrested, nor was it necessary to draw over us the hood of the vehicle. The sky was soft, the dew no more than was refreshing ; the planets held converse with me whilst my companion slept. We were traversing the wildest country, yet I had not taken the precaution of carrying pistols. We met the wandering Bâshkirs, pasturing their flocks in the forest, felling trees, or making charcoal : their tents were the spangled canopy. We saw the black tent of the Tartar pitched upon the steppe, but we dreaded not in him the seller of human flesh. At the distance of 1,500 miles from the capital, I felt securer, at midnight, in the thick gloom of the forest, than ever I have felt in walking the streets of London at the same hour, or indeed in any part of England. This is one of the *per contras*, in summing up the benefits of high civilization ; but there are others which need discussion.

My companion, not being a Russian, could not give me that insight into the condition of the peasantry in which I felt so deeply interested. A traveller sees amongst them only the elements of peace and con-

tentment. He finds them dwelling on a good soil, in the midst of abundance, in comfortable houses, and in a land still large enough for its inhabitants ; he perceives that they are exempted from two of the fears that embitter life in more civilized lands, fear of want, and of robbers ; he finds them healthy, stout, well-clad, civil to strangers, and hospitable. It is not in a cursory tour, that we can look behind the curtain of the mind, and pronounce whether or not they are content ; whether the degree of knowledge they possess, is not too great for their degree of freedom ; whether *that* right has discovered to their minds so much of its preciousness, as that the treasures of the world, without it, were worthless and vile ; whether their present sufferance proceeds from indifference, or from a spirit long cowed by submission, that thirsts, but dares not struggle for its rights. This is a knowledge to be acquired only by years of intercourse with them.

As for myself, I had not even the means of ascertaining how far the mere physical advantages and disadvantages stood in the balance ; whether the labour, and the military duties exacted from them, were more or less than paid by food, shelter, clothing, and protection ; whether the intervals of rest allowed were sufficient for recreation and enjoyment ; whether the penalties were inordinately severe, or regulated by the measure of mercy. On all these subjects I have heard opinions, and might venture an opinion of my own. But I might, in doing so, be adding only to the mountain of prejudice under which superficial observation is so apt to bury truth. .

It was, I think, at Sinbirsk that, as we drove past the prison, after halting an hour at the inn, we saw

another squad of the unhappy captives of Khiva, thronging the windows to gaze at and salute me, having, by some means unknown to me, got intelligence of my arrival, and of the purport of my journey. I was much touched by this incident.

At Vladimir I first fell in with the imaginary route of Elizabeth, as she journeyed alone and on foot to plead the cause of her father. Vladimir is situated on a height, and visible, like several towns on this road, from a considerable distance. It is altogether a romantic and interesting site, and to the most musical of names unites many stirring memories in the history of the past. The beautiful river Kliazma washes its feet, bearing to the Volga its various manufactures of canvas, cotton, leather, glass, and iron. The gardens are celebrated for the production of a transparent apple and for their cherries. Vladimir is the ancient capital of this part of Russia, and far older than Moscow. Handsome as it appears on approaching, from the number of its churches (twenty-five) which are seen clustered together on the hill, from a distance of many miles, I did not observe one of these sacred edifices that could be called handsome, or had any architectural merit. I put up here at a decent inn, and after an hour's rest resumed the journey.

The road, after passing the Volga, had increased in interest. The general aspect of the country was undulating. Often we came upon villages most happily situated in valleys, and once we passed some well-wooded hills by a steep and difficult road. The soil was generally a rich dark clay, receiving its colour, in all probability, from the *débris* of former vegetation. The rivers were always fine streams,

and some of the views back upon the Volga were extremely beautiful ; for at Samara it winds like a serpent around the forest and the hill. But half the journey was always made at night, so that my remembrance of towns and features is often indistinct, and I had no means of taking notes of even that which I had seen.

After leaving Vladimir we entered a dense forest of cedar, birch, oak, beech, and fir ; a forest stretching in one direction for sixty miles, and accompanying us to within a stage or so of Moscow. This forest has no very good reputation, and had the preceding year been the scene of several murders. I saw crosses erected to commemorate the events. We, however, passed unmolested, and toward midnight had reached the outer barrier of Moscow. The suburbs were lost to me in the darkness, and the country being quite flat, there was, after emerging from the forest, nothing to impress the fancy preparatory to admission into this celebrated capital. We were detained a full hour at the barrier, which gave me leisure for reflection.

Need I tell any Englishman that has ever heard the name of Moscow, how associated in my mind with venerable and antiquated images the idea had ever been. How, in reading of the Kremlin and the Kittye Gorod as fortresses appertaining to Europe, but rescued, time out of mind, from the hands of shepherd kings, I had pictured to myself towers and minarets, and domes, of the simplest and rudest structure, harmonizing through a species of native elegance, softened by time, with the people, the manners, the memories of far-off days. When to these antique associations had been added the glorious sacrifice

made by this venerable capital to secure the liberty of the land—

When Moscow, phoenix of Slavonia's fame,  
Lighted her funeral pyre, and fann'd the rising flame.\*

A deed so heroic, belonging to the times when virtue was an honour and patriotism no reproach, connected Moscow still more closely with the hallowed past. Now, as I sat in the carriage, waiting the propitious moment of complete awakening of the majestic ensign on guard, interrupted, as it was, by endless rubbings of the eyes, immeasurable expansions of the *faucets*, ecstatic straightenings of the knees, cosy scratchings of the head, luxurious rollings from beam-end to beam-end, removals of the night-cap, replacements of the same ; beatific visions, half brandy, half love ; relapses, revokes, hesitations, resolutions, starts, snores, appeals to the devil, etc., etc., etc., I was figuring to myself lofty antiquated houses and narrow streets, filled with the gloom of ages. Old Gothic windows and Chinese balconies, and a population of tall, fine, bearded men, in cloaks of diverse hue, marching solemnly through the twilight streets ; whilst the huge bells from towers and steeples buried in the clouds were flinging their impressive music to distant lands.

I looked around me. Two or three miserable lamps revealed to me a low, modern guard room, filled with modern soldiers, reeking with modern tobacco smoke, and ancient spittle. I listened. It is a solemn thing to listen, without, to the hum of life of a large metropolis. The waves of the sea have a soul-arresting voice, but the waves of human

\* Relic of poem, which never saw the light, though it felt the fire.

existence are far more eloquent. The one appeals through sensual emotions to the spirit of man. The other is, as it were, a breeze ruffling the spirit. I confess I was at present disappointed. A rumbling there was in the midnight street; but it was the rattle of quick-going, empty-gutted cars, bumping along, giddily, over pavements, ungifted with the fat and ancient mud, proper to so solemn a city. Half a dozen school-boys, driving wheel-barrows filled with empty canisters, had created a sublimer din. I thought of that ocean roar of existence which I had listened to on approaching London—that Babel of ten thousand sounds, fused into a single deep-toned dissonance—as if the floods had found an unwonted channel through some mountain chasm, and were hurrying to destruction rock, tree and shrub, and the persons, and the hopes, and the dwellings of man. A sound that had in it something appalling to the stranger preparing to plunge a forlorn drop into that mighty tide. I had not anticipated such a hoarse, impetuous sound as that: but I expected something solemn, stately, suiting the history and the character of the ancient metropolis of Russia.

The barrier was removed. The chaise entered and rattled through the streets of the city. The dim lights of the lamps fell upon low, trim, modern buildings, freshly stuccoed and white-washed. These grew in height as we proceeded, but they grew also in smartness and regularity. I gazed around me in despair. We soon reached one of the principal squares. All here was handsome, open, worthy of a great capital, but not worthy of Moscow. I would have given something to have seen a chipped cornice or a notched angle. It would have afforded at least

the hope, that at some distant day, all I saw might become ruinous and venerable. But my eye sought such an accident in vain ; and I believe, that if it were *suspected* to exist in the imperial city of Moscow, the whole police of the empire would be in a state of hubbub. After a long search for an hotel, which I could not find, I put up at a very good house, the Hotel de Paris, if I mistake not its title.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

General Plan of Moscow—The Kittye Gorod—The Kremlin—Their Architecture—Antiquity of the Kremlin—Monstrosities—Bronze Statues of Minine and Pojarski—Superstitious Observance—Great Bell—Treasures of the Kremlin—Polish Standard—How unworthily treated—Sabres—Crowns—Thrones—Jewels—Eyes—View from a Tower of the Kremlin—Kremlin.

MY first care, the ensuing day, was to call upon the governor of the Kremlin, and present my note of introduction. He was not at home, but answered the note by a polite message, which his aide-de-camp, a gentlemanly and obliging person, brought me, offering me permission to visit the curiosities of the Kremlin. I accompanied this gentleman accordingly, who bore the title of Prince: but ere we enter this time-honoured fortress, it may be as well to give a few hints upon the structure of Moscow.

The shape of Moscow is almost a lozenge, lying N.E. and S.W. In the centre of this, an octagonal area is enclosed by a second line of rampart or wall, and this area is more properly the city: all that is beyond being a mere suburb, laid out in gardens, etc., but pretty densely inhabited. Within this octagon, inclining northward, a third area is walled off by



lofty ramparts, in figure a very irregular hexagon. This is the Kittye Gorod, or Chinese city. Its southern wall is washed by the small river Moskva, and forms the southern barrier of the Kremlin also, which is a fortress of nearly triangular figure, within the Kittye Gorod ; and is in fact the nucleus, around which are described three courses of wall. The two outer enclosures are modern in style as well as in fabric. The two inner enclosures, although really boasting no antiquity, are of an order quite unknown to Europe, and confined almost exclusively to Eastern Asia ; being, in fact, peculiar to the Moguls. We are disappointed on discovering that they were built under Russian princes, by European architects. Their style has the simplicity of extreme antiquity ; and to my eye they presented that effect the more strongly, because it was familiar with similar works in the dominions, and ascribed to the era, of Chenghis Khaun. The great peculiarity of this style is in the roof, which is a steep pyramid or cone, generally square, but sometimes octagonal. It is the termination of a square tower, and the undoubted origin of our Gothic spire. I have traced it in a line from Maandoo, the Ghiljie capital of Malwa, to Bukkur, on the Indus, over the graves of Timoor Lugh's descendants ; to old Oorgunj, the capital of Chenghis Khaun, and as far as Moscow. A monument showing, like the pillars of Hercules, the limit to which were carried the Mogul arms. It is united with the arched portal and window ; here in general circular, unless my memory fail me, but elsewhere of the pointed order. It seems to point distinctly to the source of the Gothic style, viz. the architecture of the Moguls, as distinguished from that of the Turks, and others

of Tartar origin, to whom belong the cupola and dome. It is of an origin anterior to the latter, inasmuch as the pyramid is a simpler and older figure than the dome. It is quite unknown to the general Muhamudan architecture of India, but appears there as a monster occasionally, under the auspices of some descendant of the Moguls. The pyramid seems to have been in use by but three nations of antiquity, the Egyptians, Hindoos, and Moguls. But the last alone seem to have elevated it upon a base or tower. To judge by the existing dwellings of the Oozbegs or Moguls in Khaurism, this form of roof does not seem to have been suggested by the roofs of their houses, which are not pent, but flat; and the figure is too steep for the roof of their black tent, which more resembles a dome.

The origin of self-supported roofs of masonry, of whatever figure, is generally to be found in countries destitute of timber. The dome of mud is common to Arabia and parts of Africa, where the sun's rays speedily harden the clay, and the aridity of the climate preserves it in shape. In those countries, and even in Afghaunistaun, domes of considerable diameter are built without mortar and without centering; about three courses of brick are daily applied, and the mud hardens as the work proceeds. Amongst the Hindoos, the roof of masonry is confined exclusively to religious monuments, and is evidently a modification of the simpler and severer, but less beautiful pyramid and obelisk of Egypt, where those figures were dedicated to religion, glory, and the grave; and where the object of the figure is the combination of mass or height with duration.

The most ancient notice we have of Moscow, and

that is half fabulous, gives the Kremlin, the most ancient portion of it, an origin in A.D. 1147, as a village built of wood by Lourii Dolgorouki, father of André Bogoloubivoi : taken soon after, and burnt by the Mogul Batu Khaun, and resuscitated in A.D. 1280. About A.D. 1485-92 the present walls of the Kremlin were built under Ivan Vassilièvitch III., by two Milanese architects, Marco and Pietro Antonio. The Kittye Gorod was founded in 1534, by the mother of the said Ivan. If anyone would wish to remember the names of the six doors, here they are,—Sretenskoi, Troitskoi, Vsevsetskoi, Kosmodemianskoi, Vladimirskaï, and Voskresenskoi. After repeating which, should he feel symptoms of tetanus, or lock-jaw, let him call upon the musically flowing streams of the Moskva and Neglinna. That the architects built from Tartar models, there can be no reasonable doubt ; and perhaps the old Tartar fortress of Kāzān may have been their guide.

All this is to be considered as said on the route from my hotel to the Kremlin. I passed through handsome, clean, well-opened streets, to one of the gateways of the Kittye Gorod. Its aspect may be guessed from the discussion above. The wall is lofty and solid, and flanked at the angles by low square towers, with pyramidal roofs. Within was a continuation of the city, like the portion already seen, new, trim, and unobjectionable, with walls as white as lime, and roofs as red, or green, as vermillion or verdigris could make them. There is something excessively paltry in a pea-green or blood-red roof. No material, naturally applied to the purpose, is of such a colour. These are of sheet-iron, and paint is necessary to their preservation, and Russian taste is

of the gayest. I longed to lend them a little honest tar; a more effectual, and a more decorous coating. The churches shot up on every side, in a deformity heightened by paint—harpies or the furies rouged for a ball. They were of all imaginable shapes, excepting those of elegance, and of all imaginable disorders. It is really difficult to conjecture, whence so many frightful images could have been summoned, unless it were from brains disordered by the nightmare. One of them, called Vassili Blagennoi, my guide assured me, had been built upon the express proviso that it was to resemble nothing else on earth, and the success was triumphant. The architect had evidently consulted with Old Nick, and stolen a hint or two from Pandemonium.

My kind friends the Rooskies must not be angry with me for speaking my mind upon this subject, but rather join with me, as with a friend, to uproot such an abominable taste, which disfigures a noble capital the more that the spires of Moscow are its most remarkable feature. A city, possessed of a site so graceful, an area so spacious, a fortress so magnificent and venerable, a name the most illustrious on earth, as Queen of Patriots, should be doubly jealous of any blemish that can detract from the sum of her fame amongst the nations. It is in vain to tell me it is a national style, for it is no style at all, the respect in which it most differs from architecture being the license given the builder to produce anything that cannot be condemned of grace, or be amenable to any rule or order. They might as well choose ugly wives, to preserve nationality of feature. If there be in these edifices any one element of beauty, let them rid it of its concomitants, and marry it with others at the

altar of harmony. What, then, would you have them rattle down the three hundred churches of Moscow? No; but I would hire a regiment of chimney-sweeps, to smear them with venerable dust. Then the stranger would regard them as monuments of a time before the Flood, and his disgust would be lost in curiosity; now that disgust is heightened by the absurdity of the painted vanity which vaunts them.

We were now in the principal Place of the Kittye Gorod, in front of the Spasskié Varota gate of the Kremlin. Here, at a fountain, are the bronze statues of Minine and Pojarski; the former awakening the latter to an effort for the liberation of Moscow from the Poles. The idea is happy, and the execution not amiss. We approached the gateway, and I observed that my companions doffed their hats, and that all passengers did the same, although to this day no one can conjecture the reason. The rule is in great play here, and I have heard that the sentry sometimes enforces it.

We now entered the Kremlin, beneath a long and narrow-vaulted road. The ascent commences with the gateway, and when it terminates, the visitor is elevated perhaps about fifty feet above the site of the Kittye Gorod; but the tower of Ivan Velikoi rises still 225 feet above him. At the foot of this tower he finds the bell so celebrated for its colossal dimensions, the largest the world possesses, and quite worthy of its fame. It has been raised from the pit, into which it had fallen or sunk, and may be examined at leisure. So little is known of the past in Russia, that it is still a disputed question, whether this bell was ever suspended in a belfry, and broken by falling from its position, or whether the crack which has de-

stroyed it as an instrument of sound is attributable to the sudden contact of cold water when it was heated by a conflagration of the city. It is, however, somewhat singular that it should bear an inscription, purporting to have been founded in part from the metal of a smaller bell, cracked in a conflagration. I therefore opine, that the tradition has been transferred from the older to the more recent bell, and that it has been cracked by falling from its scaffolding back into the pit, in which it was cast. Some call in question the possibility of so enormous a mass being raised and hung in any tower, and above all, of its being effected by the Russians. But the process is a simple work of multiplication, and far less difficult than the casting of such a mass.

This bell has been frequently drawn and described, but, to save the trouble of reference, here are its dimensions:—

	feet	in.
Height to summit of cupola . . . . .	16	6
Ditto total . . . . .	21	0
Diameter at base of cupola . . . . .	12	4
Diameter at mouth . . . . .	22	8
Circumference ditto . . . . .	69	0
Greatest thickness . . . . .	1	10

*Weight in lbs. Avoirdupois.*

By Jonas Hanway . . . . .	12,327
By Mayerberg . . . . .	320,000
By Corneille Leburn . . . . .	266,666
By inscription 10,000 lbs. Russian, or	400,000
By a German 336 quintaux, or . . . . .	33,600

The workmanship is handsome ; it was cast in the reign of Anne, about 1737. It is said that much gold and silver were thrown by the pious into the melted mass, which required four furnaces. The same tradition exists respecting the enormous gun of Agra, which the barbarity of Lord William Bentinck destroyed ; and it is probable that love of the marvellous has connected similar records with most of the remarkable masses of metal in the world.

Leaving this bell, we proceeded to the Museum of the imperial treasures. Beautiful as is the interior of this building, admirably suited as it is, in the abstract, to the purpose of enshrining one of the most costly and curious collections that the world can boast ; it yet has no business here in the Kremlin ; for the architecture is Grecian, and produces the most discordant and paltry effect, surmounting a pile of the oldest, severest, and most original Gothic. It is the unhappy conjunction of which Horace has vainly cautioned certain artists to beware—the mare's body and maiden's head. No beauty in either can reconcile us to the inaptitude. But I shall have occasion presently to speak more of this.

The interior of this building is light and graceful, a series of well-proportioned halls, connected by Roman arches. It is impossible to mistake it for less than a royal palace. In the first hall are repositied banners, suits of ancient armour, and a variety of ancient arms. Many of the panoplies are mounted upon figures of wood, some of which are on horseback. The effect is very good ; and I thought, as I looked around that hall, that, were I monarch, this should be my chamber of repose. When the moonlight streams through the window upon these trophies of the past,

giving motion as well as form to the lifeless images, gleaming from the armour, and dying in the silken folds of the banners, and flung from blade to blade of heroes who slumber in the dust, the scene must be perfect, and quite worthy of the spot, and of the memories proper to this haunted capital. In fact, it is a hall that should be visited only at the moonlight hour; *that* moonlight would also hide a token which Russia should bury from sight.

Amongst the trophies here displayed, I recognised the banner of the gallant and heroic Poles; and I stood long before it, wrapped in mingled emotions of indignation and pity. That any nation should be proud of a triumph so ignoble, did indeed seem sufficiently wonderful; but that the memory of it should be preserved and exhibited in *that* capital, which shares with Poland a kindred glory, argued a want of generous feeling scarcely credible in a great nation. Can Russia, the mistress of an army of a million soldiers, and a territory a hundred times larger than the hapless land of the Pole, find it in her conscience, in her pride, to boast of having, in concert with two powerful states, trampled that gallant nation in the dust? Or does she remember how nearly the Poles had shaken off the grasp of their gigantic tyrant? How, without treasure, without counsel, without material, their few but spirited legions bearded successfully the overwhelming myriads of Russia, and failed only from intestine divisions, of the most signal and brilliant triumph? Is it *this* memory which makes her exult in exhibiting the ill-fated banner? To have fought against overwhelming numbers is always honourable, even though the event should have been a defeat; but to triumph, with ten in your ranks to



every one of the enemy's, is an acknowledgment of inferiority.

The Poles, who form the *elite* of the Russian army, what are their thoughts, when they see their glorious banner at the feet of a weak monarch? \* Are they of fear? Did they betray this weakness, when they so lately rode down the Russian ranks? Did they then measure bulk with bulk? Or did they not rather cast freedom, that invaluable ore, into the balance against lawless force; accepting death itself as a makeweight, rather than forego the strife. Oh! believe me, Russia, the Pole who enters this treasury and sees there his banner, dishonoured by the hand of violence, will think of a bleeding country, will think of his trampled rights, will think of his ancient sceptre, will think of his father's sword. He will not think of fear, but of revenge. He will not think of trophies lost, but of deathless honour won. He will not think of the hard names *you* can couple with his bondage; but of the eyes of Beauty that glisten at his exploits, in a hundred foreign climes; the hearts of worth and valour that beat the quicker, when the name of Pole is breathed. He will not remember that the beacon fire is smothered; but how often from its ashes it has sprung a phoenix into life. He will remember Byron's prophecy to the Greeks, when their cause seemed lost and hopeless as his own.

. . . . Freedom's contest once begun,  
Bequeath'd from bleeding sire to son,  
Tho' often foil'd, is ever won.

But it is not only the brave Pole, who will kindle

\* At the foot of the picture of Alexander I.

at the sight of his trampled banner. For every Englishman, every American, will involuntarily burst forth in those thrilling stanzas,\* familiar to every child of freedom; graven on the memory and the heart.

Bury, then, this banner amongst the sacred dust of the Mighty. Hide from all eyes a silken rag, that verily hath profited thee nothing! Let the noble Pole himself inter it in silence, or with solemn music, on one of those fields, so glorious to himself, where his heroes take their rest. This silent homage to a gallant foe, whose interests you should incorporate with your own; shall go farther to heal dissension, and soothe violated pride, than fifty more contests with this handful of the Valiant, the result of which you cannot foresee.

The remaining halls are filled with costly treasures, that cannot be enumerated. Gold and silver, agate and crystal vases; silver tables, jewelled goblets, rich and rare and jewelled arms; silver and gold plate of every imaginable variety; jewellery that has adorned empresses and kings; the greater part connected with historical records. The whole, most worthy of an imperial treasury. By far the most costly, curious, and kingly articles, are saddles, harness, and horse-trappings, covered with jewels set in gold. The turquoise is the stone most generally employed: but rubies, emeralds, and diamonds also appear. The elegance and sumptuousness of this harness baffle all description. It is the gift of several Turkish sovereigns, to Emperors and Empresses of Russia.

A large collection of blades of different countries

† Warsaw's last champion from her heights surveyed, &c.  
*Campbell.*

and ages, was not in sufficient order to be seen to advantage. The setting of many was rich and gorgeous. The farthest hall is occupied almost exclusively with emblems of royalty. Thrones and crowns, and maces of government. We are reminded, that we have not yet quitted Asia, and inclined to ask, what would be the display at St. James's, were all the thrones and crowns of the thousand Rajahs who are either subjects or tributaries to our Queen, congregated there.

If my reader expects of me a minute description of jewels and gems, he will be disappointed. I can admire such things when really beautiful ; and these I have never seen equalled. But the impression is always transitory ; and I could describe with much more zeal and eloquence, a certain pair of most lovely eyes, that lighted up the imperial treasures with a glory that, sooth to say, blinded me for the mere material objects before me. The rubies, the pearls, the sapphires, and brilliants, what are they, but mere dust, of which nature forms the outer shrine of the still lovelier spirit of woman ? Russia has cause to be proud of her daughters, whilst their beauty eclipses the treasures of the Kremlin.

The mass of rich articles here displayed, is beyond all example. The number of spacious halls is five. Their added length is about three hundred feet. Glazed cabinets are ranged around these, in which the treasures are exposed to view. These occupy the entire circuit of the five halls, and the least valuable article there, is a gem or a curiosity : the most part, of the precious metals. The eye becomes cloyed, and fatigued with the repetition of such rarities. We begin to look upon jewels, as dust ; and upon pure

gold, as dross. Indeed, no one should attempt in one day to explore more than a single hall. The gold of this collection, exclusive of that in the thrones and crowns, weighs 109 lbs., and the silver 8,040 lbs., but this is a most mean estimate of metal, worked with art and elegance, and forming the setting of precious stones.

The mere hasty inspection of this splendid collection cost me many hours. Baron Bodè, the governor of the Kremlin, joined me whilst engaged there. He spoke English with great ease and fluency, and showed me those polite attentions, which the really well-nurtured delight to offer, to the stranger and the guest.

I climbed the tower of Ivan, and looked down upon the panorama of Moscow. The scene is the most singular in the world. The vast *coup d'œil* of this magnificent city, is uninterrupted by any of those obstructions, which, in England, are found in vapour and coal smoke. The air is clear as crystal, and every object is seen in all the brilliance of its tints, and in all the sharpness of its outline. Beyond the immediate mass of the city, wood and verdant herbage relieve the white walls of the dwellings; or rather enter with them into the happiest of contrasts. At a still greater distance, trifling hills, well-wooded, break the flatness of the surrounding plain, forming beautiful sites for country villas. But the city itself is offensive to the eye of a painter; and to the eye of a mere mortal, presents the strangest and most perplexing aspect. It is not a *city* spread beneath him, but a bleaching-ground, where garments of every variety of shape and colour lie basking in the sun. He thinks at first that the good people of

Moscow plant their gardens on their house-tops, and that all the bright green, pink, flaming yellow, and red-hot red, that he sees in that unnatural situation, are parterres of peas, marigolds, crocuses, and peonies : whilst ever and anon, a church shoots up, through the gaudy carpet, its mass of deformity ; looking like some over-grown scare-crow, or figure of Silenus or Priapus ; red-nosed, yellow-gilled, and green-coated. In the midst of all these discordant and unpoetic colours and shapes, in which we seek beauty in vain ; the eye delights to rest from its labour, on the simple and severe and antique outline of the towers and ramparts of the Chinese city ; and from them is drawn nearer, by the sacred walls of the Kremlin, where at length it detects a single church, that can be perused without dismay.

I drove around the Kremlin, which I was never weary of contemplating. From the south-east, the view is very grand. The vast pile of Gothic, surmounted by gilded domes and towers and spires ; whilst the modern architecture of the interior is concealed by the walls. It is a most princely structure, and in some respects the world has not its equal. But the presence, within it, of Grecian fabrics, is a species of false taste, that appears incredible, even as we witness it. It is, as if we should build a Corinthian portico to our own Abbey of Westminster. The position of this imposing mass, in the very heart of the capital, and washed by the waters of the Moskva, is so happy, that I lamented the neglect of it in recent times. Every building within, should have been purely Gothic. The pile that might then have been commenced above the roofs of the highest houses, would have towered to the skies, and might

have formed a most glorious pinnacle, to that antique and severely simple base ; a base lofty, but not so lofty as to distort, by the foreshortening of perspective, the proportions of the superincumbent structure. At the foot of the Kremlin, on the west, are some pleasant gardens.

## CHAPTER XL.

Intolerance—A Russian Church—Pictures—Reliques—Treasures—Deities—Moscow—Departure by Diligence—Roads, &c.—Peasantry—Physiognomy—Novgorod—Floating Breakwater—Approach to St. Petersburg—Arrival—Call on the British Minister Plenipotentiary.

THE ensuing day, the aide-de-camp of the commander of the Kremlin, to whose obliging attentions I had been already so much indebted, called to escort me to the churches. My ideas become confused when I recollect this round of visitation ; I scarcely know where or how to begin. Summud Khaun, the Afghaun servant, accompanied me, for I had not recollected that Christian churches are sometimes as intolerant as the heathen, and will not suffer anyone to explore their solemnities excepting those whom it can no longer greatly profit ; inasmuch as their opinions are confirmed. I found that he was treated as if another than the Almighty hand had created—another than Adam had begotten him ; as if, in short, brick walls, raised by the filthy hand of man, could be desecrated by the intrusion of a living temple—the workmanship of the living God. I confess I felt for the moment degraded in my relationship to the human race, deformed and dishonoured by such foul uncharitableness ; at the same time, I felt curious to inquire in what respects the religion before

me transcended that of my faithful follower, who bows his knee to a Spiritual Being, without form or similitude, the Maker of heaven and earth, the Rewarder of good, the Avenger of evil. The reader shall be the judge. Russia herself shall give the answer, for I delight not in such controversy.

My memory will scarcely enable me to delineate any particular cathedral minutely. I must, therefore, content myself with a general account of the figure and contents of such edifices.

We entered by a low portal, a series of cloisters, enclosing the main structure. These were painted from roof to floor with a variety of figures, the most remarkable of which were full lengths of the three several persons of the Trinity. These pictures, however, were but dim lights in comparison with those to come; and our guide crossed himself indeed, but carelessly, as we bow to an ex-king, or a minister whose party is out of place—a bow, that, literally translated, runs thus, “If ever you get your head above water, remember how civil I was to you when down.”

After having been introduced to this group, we entered the main structure. This was lofty, and would have been spacious, but for the unhappy figure of the Greek cross, on which a superstition similar to our own, requires that all Greek churches be modelled. This cuts up the area into a variety of mean corners and compartments, and prevents the possibility of a fine effect from even the most magnificent dimensions. Every atom of the walls within is hung with paintings of saints and angels, in gilded or jewelled frames. Sepulchres and shrines of kings, and holy men, in a great variety of preservation, line the base of the



walls. The lid of the most beautiful of these shrines being uplifted, presented to view the back half of an old skull, retaining the scalp and hair, excepting where either, or both, had melted away under the kisses of favoured devotees. One of the gentlemen accompanying me was invited by the priest, as the highest possible mark of favour, to take a kiss. It was evident to me, that a pair of ruby lips would have suited his fancy much better ; and he certainly was better fitted to the task of gathering the honey dew from such roses and carnations, than the mould from a salted scalp. To refuse, however, would have brought upon him a charge of profanity, so he knuckled down, in full uniform, and stole a balmy kiss. On returning to my side he whispered, "We must humour prejudice." Poor Sumnud Khaun stroked his beard, told five beads at a time, and muttered in a tone between astonishment and horror, "Lah hôl !" equivalent to Dominie Samson's "*Prodigious!*" Had the young officer been kissing Sumnud's own wife, under his very nose, he could not have been more thunderstruck.

The most sacred of the recesses contained a shrine of silver, under a canopy supported upon columns overlaid with that precious metal ; and in the adjoining apartment were hoarded the treasures of the Cathedral, consisting of altar-cloths, worked in pearls by the hands of empresses, and archduchesses ; jewels presented by emperors, princes, and grandees ; chalices, etc., of silver and of gold. The wealth thus accumulated was often considerable ; probably a single well-endowed church might be worth, in gold and jewellery, 20,000*l.* When Moscow was entered by the French army, all these goods were carried to Nijni Novgorod,

and thus preserved from the hand of the spoiler. The priests could not speak either French or Latin, so that I could not converse with them. They were very polite, and at pains to exhibit and explain everything. Amongst other curiosities was a picture of the Virgin Mary, by the Evangelist Luke, who, it is to be hoped, was a better physician than painter. The complexion was nearly black; and I was informed by my guide that such works of art are considered holy, in proportion as the complexion approaches that of Negroes.

The interior of the Russian churches is very highly decorated, as may be gathered from what I have already said. It is a very common practice, to cover with gilt, silver, or copper, the whole of the picture of a saint, excepting the face. The toy thus produced, although it has no pictorial effect, is sometimes pretty. Another deforming custom, is that of encircling with a flying hoop, the heads of saints and deities, lest any ignorant, but devout pilgrim, knuckle down to Cleopatra or Jezebel, instead of to the Virgin Mary.

In another of the churches I was desired to remark, that every cupola contained, in regular gradation, according to the supposed rank of his Godhead, the full lengths of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. The pious must excuse the mention at full length of names. It is superstition and not piety, to grudge the utterance of error, in order to its eradication; and the religion of that man is of little value, who dares not bring it to the test of reason, and of common sense; or who thinks that the Deity can receive offence from anything but the evil disposition of the heart. In this church, curtains were raised at each several doorway, in order that I might

gaze upon the sacred paintings ; and ever and anon, my companion stepped forward, and kotowed before some holy relic or picture ; whilst old Summud Khaun, with his turban in one hand and his eye-brows half-way up his bald pate, uttered "Lah hôl !" and told his beads, determining more than ever, not to run the slightest risk of being brought to such a pass, by sipping the essence of the unclean beast.

But it is time to quit the churches, which indeed had little attraction for me, excepting as developing in broad strong lines, one of the mysteries of the human heart. Nothing, that I have seen amongst the Hindoos or Boodhists descends lower upon the scale of reason than this ; and yet, over all, the divine spirit of Jesus has shed a softening radiance, that gives to the practical morality of the Russians an infinite pre-eminence over the purer worship of the Muhumudan world ; even as the gold tarnished and defaced, holds a higher rank than the burnished brass. The intolerance that has crept like a toad or a viper into almost every sect calling itself Christian, belongs to man's perverted nature, and not to the holy precepts which that religion instils. But the religion of him of Mecca *preaches* intolerance, the most unpardonable of crimes, in the sight of a God of love.

The streets of Moscow are neat, clean, and orderly. It contains not a building, excepting the Kremlin and the defences of the Kittye Gorod, worthy of notice in an architectural point of view. But the houses are generally handsome, and the offensive colours of their roofs are not so obtrusive in perambulating the streets.

Perroffski's desire that I should not miss him at St. Petersburg, which he expected immediately to

quit ; whilst it had prevented my following the more interesting road by Kāsān and Nijni Novgorod, so it now caused me to hurry away from Moscow. Hitherto I had travelled post. I now took places in the diligence. I have no road-book, but the entire distance I travelled from Orenburgh to Petersburg is, I believe, about fifteen hundred miles, following the sinuosities of the road ; of which, the portion between the two capitals, is about four hundred and ninety miles. This has its share of forest and steppe ; through which is drawn an excellent high-road, carefully repaired, and straight as an arrow. The variations of level are not considerable, and there is nothing grand between Orenburgh and the new capital. I learned, previous to quitting Moscow, that the Emperor had done justice to the noble Perroffski ; assuring him that he did not hold a brave soldier accountable for the caprice of the season.

I was still unable, from the state of my wound, to make notes of the journey, and I cannot remember anything very remarkable between Moscow and Petersburg. The villages were much as before ; but small towns increased as we neared the capital. These were generally neat, built for the most part with wood, often roofed with sheet-iron, always exhibiting an abundance of glass, of which there are extensive fabrics and great facilities of manufacture, in Russia. The women were always to be seen sitting, in the evening, outside their houses ; but there was still a poor show of the male sex.

It was a great delight to me to see European faces once more, and especially those of children. I did not, however, observe one seriously pretty woman amongst the peasantry, during my residence in

Russia; and I am sure it was for no want of curiosity. They are all exactly alike, grey-eyed, yellow-haired, and pink-faced.

A gentleman one day at dinner asked my opinion of Russian women. I handed him a dish of pink strawberries, of which each, excepting in size, was a facsimile of the other. The Russians, in return, declare that our women are blowsy and fit for the kitchen only; an Englishman's verdict would not pass for much. But if any would understand what constitutes a Russian beauty, let him take the following description: "La fille appelée Oulitta était d'une grande beauté: probablement replète et blanche et rouge de figure, ainsi que le veulent les Russes."\*

The principal towns are Tver and Novgorod. The latter is not the celebrated place of the fair, which is called by distinction Nijni Novgorod, or the Lower New City, to distinguish it from its namesake. The site of Novgorod is remarkable, upon the lake Ilmen. I observed a curious breakwater, which might be introduced elsewhere, I think, with much effect, and particularly on the Madras coast. It consists of a chain of buoys anchored fast, yielding to every impression of the waves, yet breaking their violence in no trifling degree. There is no limit to the effect of this contrivance, properly constructed, and it seems to be the only thing capable of resisting the destructive power of such a sea as rages off Madras. This city, formerly the most flourishing in the empire, was utterly desolated by John the Terrible, in A.D. 1570, upon suspicion of intrigue with Poland. This monster came himself to preside over the slaughter of about 10,000 victims of his vengeance. It has never

\* Schnitzler.

recovered this blow, and the rise of other cities around it, has carried away the commerce that might have set it up.

I was rather surprised, at being ushered by a forest of cedar and birch, to the presence of the new capital. The country undulated very slightly, and became flatter as we approached the city. Then, were seen gentlemen's houses, deeply shadowed in trees, and often most happily situated in spots of romantic beauty, such as we do not expect to find in the neighbourhood of a metropolis. These increased in number, until their seclusion was lost in contiguity; but still they were prettily perched upon green banks of declivities, well sheltered with trees; and at length we found the diligence arrested at the barrier of Petersburg, whilst passports were examined and compared. This gateway is of cast-iron, and by no means inelegant.

On entering, the road for some distance traversed a very thinly peopled area, of which the only remarkable objects were a few ugly churches. The houses then increased in number and consequence; but we had not penetrated to the handsomer portion of the capital, when the diligence stopped at its hotel, where I put up for the present, until I should secure a more suitable position.

My first object was to wait upon Her Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary, Mr. Bloomfield, and I sent for one of the handsome carriages which are to be seen in the streets, awaiting the pleasure of the public. I was delighted with the neatness and genteel aspect, so to speak, of the streets. All was new, all clean, open, well-built; the houses stuccoed, the squares spacious, the public buildings quite worthy

of a great empire; the sparkling waters of the deep and blue Nieva, the handsome buildings which line the quay, the clear, sunny heaven, and air untainted by vapour, are all delightful to the stranger who enters St. Petersburg; and who has not yet time to analyse each separate feature.

Mr. Bloomfield was at home, and received me with much courtesy. I remained to dine with him, and found that Her Majesty's Minister for Foreign Affairs had sent instructions that I should proceed to London. This was most joyful intelligence, which I had scarcely dared to hope for, after seventeen years' absence. I shifted my quarters to Coulon's hotel, one of the best in St. Petersburg, and tolerably central.

A day or two after my arrival, I obtained an interview with the Foreign Minister, Count Nesselrode, to whom I delivered the Khaun Huzurut's letter and presents for the Emperor; and the offer of the former to search out and send back to Russia, all Russians detained in Khaurism against their will, on condition that the Emperor should release the merchants of Khiva, whom the Russian authorities had detained: and I explained the willingness of the Khaun, to allow a Russian Agent to search his empire for Russians in captivity.

Count Nesselrode was polite. He promised to make my mission known to the Emperor, and in due time to inform me of the result. As he understands English thoroughly, he allowed me to speak in English, himself using French. He is said to be of Jewish extraction. A small and at first sight insignificant man: but nevertheless the sagest of the Emperor's ministers. Extreme caution marked his

every word and gesture. He inquired whether I thought the Khaun Huzurut to be sincere in his offer to release unreservedly every Russian subject; and to take stringent measures to prevent the capture of others. I assured him, there could not be a doubt of his sincerity: and mentioned his earnestness, in making me write down the words of his offer in his presence. He wished to give back the presents I had brought for the Emperor from the Khaun: but I pleaded Eastern usage, and the affront which their rejection would imply: and eventually it was arranged that they should remain in the British Embassy until the release of the Russians enslaved in Khaurism.





## CHAPTER XLI.

City of Petersburg—Cathedrals of St. Isaac and Kasan—Paintings by Wouvermann.—Want of Busy Life—Reason of this—An Advantage rather than the contrary—Peculiarity of her System—Danger from Affectation of Foreign Airs—Her Nationality is her Strength—Necessity of Watching and Moulding her rapid Development—Beauty of her National Music—Danger attending premature Revolutions—A Despotism necessary at present to hold Russia together.

THE city of Petersburg has been too often described, to detain the reader with many remarks upon its beauties or defects. Nature has supplied it with its noblest feature, the River Nieva; a stream of twice the breadth and of four times the volume of the Thames; which, having deposited its sediment in Lake Ladoga, issues therefrom in crystalline purity: and breaking, as it nears the city, into three branches, forms a variety of islands, generally well-wooded, and occupied by pleasant country villas of the nobles and gentry.

Advantage has been taken of this to build on the quay the palaces and chief public monuments, which thus seen together, and in company with the noble river, afford the traveller the happiest possible promise of the capital they adorn. The city itself, built from its first origin upon a ground plan, is regular, neat and decent; if it wants grandeur, it is also free from the slums and squalid courts of filth and disease,

which disgrace all other capitals of Europe. The principal street, the Neefski, is more than a mile in length, but of moderate breadth. The churches have generally little beauty ; but the cathedral of St. Isaac, with its monolithic columns of polished granite, is an exception, as is also the cathedral of Kāsān, with its colonnade of like character : of smaller dimensions but of greater beauty. Luxury is in this building carried almost to extravagance, but not beyond the bounds of sumptuous elegance.

The palaces contain galleries of paintings ; and especially a very choice collection of Wouvermann's. I had no idea, until I viewed this collection, of the transcendent powers of this artist, in his own department of painting. We gaze upon his canvas, and scarcely believe the figures to be inanimate. We join the bridle of the fair Falconer beneath her sunny sky. Our heart laughs with the merry huntsman, or we catch the frenzy of the warrior, as we see him dashing to the fight. Excepting these, and a very lovely St. Cecilia, by Carlo Dolce, I did not notice any paintings that much impressed me. A copy in black marble of the Laocoon, in the Palace of Potempkin, appeared to me of great merit : but Murray's Handbook will be a safer guide to anyone curious about the galleries of Petersburgh.

One thing, however, will strike the traveller, who has visited other capitals of Europe. He sees around him a beautiful city, and knows it to be the chief city of one of the largest empires on earth. But he perceives not the throb of life, requisite to send vigour through a system so extended. The people saunter through the streets at their ease. They seem to enjoy a perpetual holiday. He does not see them stride

along with the energy which the value of time should impart, wrapt in profound commercial speculations, and like goodly barques, throwing back from their bows the opposing current of life. He sees not the streets thronged to suffocation with carts, carriages, and passengers. The scene is that of an English watering-place. The short interval of summer, when work is possible, is absorbed in trifling cares. There is evidently still room in the land for its population. They can eat, drink and live to-day, without the penalty of starvation on the morrow. That despotism which sits like an incubus upon the breast of commerce, has at least prevented the unnatural and soul-absorbing strife of great elements in a little cause. They are not slaves to the increase of capital. I say not that they have less love than their neighbours for the yellow metal : but only that the thirst has not been excited into frenzy by those motives and incentives which are to be found in an over-peopled commercial state : where so much mental energy must be exerted to earn even the necessaries of life ; that the soul too often becomes the slave of a routine of occupation, reluctantly and grudgingly commenced.

Such a condition is yet unknown in Russia. The country is exempt from the evils of this unnatural stimulus, as it is destitute of the advantages which are its remote consequence. The whole system of organization must indeed be changed, ere Russia can become a great commercial nation : or ere the boiler of this fifty million-power engine can be subjected to a pressure sufficient to give vigour and life to the stupendous machinery dependent upon it.

Were I a Russian I should not desire such a change, any more than I should desire the continuance

of that ignorance and slavery, which, whatever may be said to the contrary, are undoubted evils. I think that Russia possesses in the peculiarity of her system, her position, and the temper of her people, the elements of a condition, happier than that possessed by some freer and more wealthy States. The danger to which at present she is obnoxious proceeds from her too great affectation of European airs. Russia is anxious to forget her own glory, as the first of Asiatic States: she has abandoned her sacred citadel Moscow, the stronghold of her renown, to build herself a capital in Europe; and she despises in public her own musical and expressive tongue. Her melodies, which are some of the finest in the world, are scarcely known even by name to her high-born daughters. Her poetry, rich in idea, in thought, in expression, is read only by a few enthusiasts. Her national costume, so graceful and so dignified, is cast aside for the smirk finery of Paris. Her stately national dance has given place to the quadrille and waltz. Everything, in short, that was peculiar to her, has been carefully extirpated. Everything national, that gave dignity to the degree of polish, attained by a great and most interesting nation, has been carefully rooted out; and Russia has preferred (oh! how unlike a Cæsar!) a middle grade upon the scale of Europe to the queendom of the Asiatic world.

Let me not be supposed blind to the necessity which led that great and nervous genius, to open to his land an entry into the senate of Europe, and give her voice weight amongst the councils of the civilized world. The advantages of that masterly movement are too evident, to be overlooked by even the dullest

eye. But the work, which his great mind effected in a day, requires to be watched over for ages, and regulated in its consequences by kindred genius ; otherwise it may prove, eventually, as pernicious, as at first it was fruitful of good.

*By* the seat Russia has taken amongst the potentates of Europe ; *by* the gates of commerce she has thrown open in the Baltic sea ; *by* the knowledge which has flowed in upon a mind, quick to apprehend, and skilful to imitate ; Russia has been the gainer to a degree quite unprecedented in the annals of the world. These advantages, no doubt, are on the increase. But they have not reached her pure of alloy. They have invested her with power and consequence. They have revealed to her the secret of her mental possessions. They have uprooted some abuses, and are working at the foundation of others : but if they destroy that which is the strength and glory of a people ; if they sap her nationality, and dissolve that bond of union of fifty millions of people in a single interest, for which she *has* been remarkable, and by which she *might* be glorious ; then have they been to her, as the acid to the iron, as mercury to the pure gold, as the wind from her sea of ice to the granite rock of her columns ; as the sun, and this image is more accurate, to her memorable palace of ice : for a moment they have lighted her with rainbow hues, to melt her adamantine firmness into water, that shall be dissipated in the dust, and shall vanish from the eyes of the nations.

Where this nationality is rooted in the character of a people ; where, I mean, it proceeds from mental characteristics, it will brave (without suffering), a very intimate intercourse of that people with neigh-

bouring States. But this is not the case with Russia. Her weakness is want of self-esteem. She has a disposition to think more of the opinion of others than of her own self-estimate ; and this weakness is acted upon powerfully by her position, for so long a time on the confines of civilization. Every foreign voice has with her the authority of a long-established name. She asks not *what* is said, but *who* has said it : and a Russian Socrates would be utterly neglected, for the counsels of a French dancing-master. It is this peculiarity which gives such extreme importance to the preservation in Russia of those peculiarities of costume, of manners, and customs, by which she was once so strongly distinguished from the nations of Europe. Other nations may part with these without losing a jot of nationality. But Russia cannot. They are rallying points, necessary from the constitution of her mind and her position in the scale of civilization. A century hence they may become of less vital moment : for she will then be accustomed to the sound of her own voice, in the literary and political world, and will have penetrated, by comparison, into the weakness of those claims upon her deference, which other voices command. Then also, we trust, she will have discovered the beauty and the poetry of good old customs, practised by our fathers' fathers ; and will retain, from pride, that which at present she would reject, from shame and diffidence.

Oh ! it is not only from political motives, that a son of Russia should set his soul to the task of preserving her nationality. Few young States have ever boasted the elemental riches of Russia. From her hundred peoples, scattered over a hundred climes is poured an ever-varying soul of song ; now deep, now plaintive,

now passionate, now tender ; anon, gushing forth into the liveliest humour, intelligible to a stranger to whom the words are unknown. Amongst those peoples, and married to those melodies, are odes and ballads and romances, each characteristic, like the music, of its particular origin ; all joining together to form a national series. The fisher of the Caspian, the sailor of the Euxine, the tented Tartar, the Cossaq of the Don, the Volga, the Oorahl ; the peasant of a thousand districts, from the Danube to the golden mountains ;\* the tender of the reindeer, and the driver of the camel ; each has his several part, the result of his particular clime and habits, in the magnificent oratorio of this mighty land. Each lay, as it pleads separately its separate cause, brings before the eye, with the vivid colouring of fancy, the solitary tent, the snow-girt cottage, the blue dancing waves of the Caspian, the swift hurrying gusts of the Euxine, the reindeer's light step, or the camel's bell. All associations breathing of poetry. All inspirations of the spirit of song. Each capable of lending its separate aid, to build the most powerful of the triumphs of sound. Where is the Russian would sacrifice this national treasure to the stolen music of foreign lands, which his fathers have not kindled to : which his warriors have not rejoiced in ; which bears him from the past no sacred memories of his country, his race, his glory ? Spurn such an one from among your children, Russia ! Trust confidently in your own resources. With such has Nature amply provided you. She requires you to assert your own originality, and to rise by the exercise of your own strength.

It seems to me that Russia, in her intercourse with

\* The Oorahlian—the richest of the world in gold.

Europe, should be guided by considerations of her very peculiar constitution and circumstances. That so widely spread an empire should hold together under a free constitution, seems impossible. Whenever prosperity shall have produced surplus capital, and surplus capital shall have improved communication, and improved communication shall have carried, with the tide of knowledge, its inseparable adjunct, power; this enormous empire must split into a northern and a southern kingdom; and every foot of territory Russia adds to her south-western frontier, is tending to hasten the dismemberment. Whether such a crisis would be well purchased by the increase of freedom and power to the subject, is not the question; but it cannot be an object of desire to the existing Government, and a patriot might regard with some regret, any prospect of seeing his country dissolved, even by beneficial causes. He would, at any rate, ask whether it be not possible to preserve its integrity a little longer, without the exclusion of improvement; and he would seek to defer that dismemberment, until the advantages to be gained were ripe to the hand. Nothing, perhaps, tends so greatly to throw back a kingdom, as a premature revolution; a revolution, for which the state of the public mind is not sufficiently advanced. Which is brought about by a single class of society, and felt only by them to be necessary to their country. Yet such revolutions do happen; and where the knowledge poured into a land lights upon one class alone, they seem inevitable.

Now what is the state of Russia? She has one almost free man. It is her sovereign. After him comes, not an aristocracy, but an army. An army, officered by accomplished men, who are as far in ad-



vance of their countrymen, as if born two centuries later. After this immense body of military, are civilians in Government employ; and next are those, who are bred to either profession. This is the aristocracy of Russia. Every well-born man seeks employment in this, and most are educated accordingly. The consequence of this is, that upon the gentry of Russia, light and civilization have not dawned, but burst with sudden and dazzling effulgence. This light, this civilization, has not reached them by that gradual diffusion which distributes to each his share, according to station; it has fallen like a meteor, selecting the heads of a single class, as sole objects of its illuminating influence. Beneath them is a peasantry, one of the finest in the world, but the most ignorant and most superstitious.

Now, what is the hold possessed by the Imperial power, over this singular aristocracy? Have they (I speak of the majority) dignity in the State to lose? Have they lands and possessions to forfeit? Is there, in short, any danger to them in the prospect of revolution, beyond that which every soldier is accustomed to confront with indifference? Have they not, on the contrary, everything to gain? Where minds are thrown into violent strife, who are so likely, as the most accomplished, to gain the mastery? We have seen, time out of mind, the power of the heads of this body, I mean the Ministers, in the affairs of the empire. We have seen them raise up and pull down despots. We have seen them preserve that undeviating system of fraudulent encroachment in their foreign policy, which cannot possibly be attributed to the caprice of successive despotic monarchs. *Then*, they were single-handed. They were individuals,

and not heads of a powerful body, who have since been born in a day. It was not, therefore, their object to look after the rights of any class of the community: nor had any class, such hold upon them, as could influence them to this end. They thought only of personal security or aggrandisement; or if they were patriotic, wisely retained that form of government under which alone, for many years, their country can prosper. But should they once more come upon the stage, it will be no longer as individuals, but as representatives of men as well born and highly educated as themselves. These men will scarcely be content under any change, that does not advance *them*. What will be their object? An aristocratic government. Not a government that shall raise others to their own level: but that shall give themselves additional consequence.

Such a revolution should be dreaded by all who love Russia; and who should seek to raise up the heads of the degraded people. Any revolution that shall happen ere the people can have or even desire to have a voice, must be injurious to the nation. It is a singular circumstance in the condition of Russia, that although she possesses no effective aristocracy, as a balance to the power of her monarch, yet she labours under one of the worst evils of an aristocracy, viz., feudal bondage. Her chance of remedy from this, is in the continuance of her despotic monarchy. The monarch requires a balance to the rising power of his ephemeral aristocracy, and he can find it only in adding to the knowledge and freedom of his peasantry, and rescuing them, so far as he may, from their condition, as mere tools in the hands of the other party. This, we believe, is even now in operation:

but it is a task of delicacy and of time: and we fear, that although their freedom is contemplated, their enlightenment is rather dreaded than encouraged, upon the old system, which leads despotic governments to dread the influx of knowledge.

Russia is in a state to admit of much more, with advantage to her present system. Nay, we have shown that she requires it, in order to the preservation of that system. Were her peasantry elevated to their proper grade in a monarchy, she might hold together yet many years; daily advancing in power and prosperity. The country is so wide, that there is little temptation to congregate in cities, those hot-houses of faction and independence. Every man may still select any quantity of land for his plough; and the wide steppe feeds his flocks and herds. He has neither temptation nor opportunity of discussing politics; nor will have, until the steppe is peopled, and the surplus population collected into towns for manufactures. The censorship of the press, is a check to the influx of inflammatory literature, which assuredly in the present constitution of society were a curse to Russia; and all that the peasantry can receive may be of a healthful character, tending to nourish, not to force, the mind; and preparing them to take their place in the Commonwealth, when by the inevitable process of improvement, a constitution shall be framed.

## CHAPTER XLII.

Further Considerations of the Position of Russia—Of her principal Capital—In a Military Point of View—What would be the Effect of a Return to Moscow.

OF the extreme benefit to Russia, gained by the removal of her capital into Europe, not a doubt can be maintained. She *was* barbarous, she became civilized. She was weak, and became strong. She was unknown, and she became renowned. But whether she is wise in retaining that position, is a question quite worthy of discussion.

In order to do it justice, we must bear in mind the peculiar constitution of this vast empire; the great feature of which is the extreme disparity in population, wealth, importance, power, between different portions of a country under a single head. From the Oorahl mountains to the sea of Tartary, all, in fact, that belongs, according to Russian nomenclature, to Asia, is waste, desolate steppe, thinly sprinkled with population, yielding perhaps little or no revenue; but easily governed, and therefore tending little by its weight at the extremity of an overgrown empire, to rend it asunder. Even from the Oorahl mountains, as we return westward, we find a scanty population, until we reach the stream of the majestic Volga. Excepting, therefore, the mineral treasures of the

Oorahl mountains, the government gains by its possessions east of that river, little more than exemption from troublesome neighbours. A population of four and a half millions can scarcely yield revenue sufficient to defray the expenses of governing a tract larger than the whole of Europe; and which, if it ever become worth possession, must lapse from the imperial crown.

But, as we approach Europe, the land increases in value and in the number of inhabitants. It is more rich, more enlightened and less easily ruled. And whereas, on the east and north, Russia is defended by a sea of ice, and on the south by the vast steppes of China and Tartary; so, on this frontier, she comes in contact with several powerful states, with whom she has often warred without advantage. In fixing a capital, therefore, for this mighty empire, the western portion is inevitably selected; and as on the north she is accessible to the powerful marines of England, France, and America, and has here the principal gates of her commercial intercourse with Europe, it is expedient that the seat of government be not very remote from the shores of the Baltic. The only question is, whether it should be upon the sea-coast, at the very extremity of so extended an empire; or whether some inland position would not be securer and more beneficial to the realm.

In a military point of view, the capital of Russia, or of any but the sovereign of the seas, in a spot accessible to an armed marine, is a blunder. The strength of Russia is in the boundless extent of her dominions; the thickness, so to speak, of her shell. She is a tortoise, who can be molested, only when of her own accord she protrudes some vital part. By

protruding her head into the Gulf of Finland, she forfeits her impenetrability, and places herself at the mercy of every more powerful naval state.\*

If, indeed, she could ever hope to command upon the ocean, the risk might be worthy of the chance. But Russia was not destined by Heaven to be a great naval power. It is not the genius of her people. They have not the enterprise, the decision, the promptitude, necessary for naval exploits. They would not run, they would make a good stand-up fight, when put to it; but they had much rather leave it alone, and they are wise. It is not their province, nor ever can be. Russia, indeed, as she increases in wealth, may be unwise enough to increase her marine. To the thirty sail of the line, which hover about St. Petersburg, she may add thirty more; and set them afloat, like lemons in a large punch-bowl, to flounder from side to side of the Baltic six months in the year, and be fast frozen the remaining six months, like so many geese in a caldron of pitch; stretching out their canvas to thaw, when the sun shines, and musing upon the mystery of sails and helms; and now and then, her Emperor may condescend to stretch forth the imperial ladle, and stir up the old Baltic into such a naval review, as shall frighten three parts of Europe into a dyspepsia. All this undoubtedly has its use, as well as its beauty, or the wisdom of the

\* The reader must not suppose I am unmindful of the existence of the forts Kronstadt and Kronschlott, and of the well-equipped squadron of thirty sail of the line, standing in the path. I have seen both, and despise neither. Nay, I think there is quite sufficient difficulty and hazard to pitch the spirit of any admiral entrusted with the enterprise to that key of heroism which is necessary for the accomplishment of great deeds. (Since this was written the torpedo has humbled the power of navies.)

Russian Cabinet would not suffer it. But, we humbly opine, that the glory of the Russian navy will end where it commenced, in keeping undisputed possession of the frozen punch-bowl. And, therefore, we cannot conceive that the chance of naval greatness is sufficient to justify her forfeiture of defensive advantages.\*

Now, whether, in order to the prosperity of her commerce, it be essential to Russia that the seat of government be upon the sea-shore, seems to me a question easily disposed of, inasmuch as commerce is shy of sovereign authority. It thrives best out of sight of courtiers; and is not advantaged by any increased residence of these at its ports. It requires only protection, and is in itself equal to all other contingencies. It is very true, that when the capital of a country is a sea-port, it will in most cases engross the greater share of the traffic of the country; because it is more easy for foreign merchants to dispose of their merchandise there than at a port distant from the capital; but it does not follow, that the traffic of the country is increased by this advantage of its capital.

Now, it is worth while considering, what would be the effect of making Moscow the actual capital. Several considerations are self-evident. The seat of government would be nearly in the heart of its most important dominions, and about 500 miles, or thirty-five days' march for troops, nearer than at present, to its southern districts. Russia would be impreg-

\* We have seen since the publication of this in 1843, that on going to war with England and France in 1854, Russia's use of her magnificent fleets was to sink them to the bottom of the sea, lest they should be captured. She would not even venture a blow with them.

nable. The presence of the Imperial Court in the heart of the most noble of the Russian population, would give a demand for luxuries to an extent at present unknown. This would increase traffic. Instead of the commerce of Russia with Europe being that of her northern frontier alone, the flood of commerce would rush to and from her very heart. Instead of the Imperial person being known only to his northern subjects, it would now be familiar to the old families of Moscow, and to the gallant Cossacs of the three rivers. The valuable land bordering the Oorahl, would be brought five hundred miles nearer to Russia. So would the ports of the Caspian and the Euxine. The south-west frontier would no longer be beyond the eye of timely observation, or the reach of timely succour.

Let us inquire what would be the moral effect of this change. Would it check the progress of civilization? We think not. At least that it need not. But, instead of Russia coming into Europe, it would bring Europe into Russia. Instead of Russia condescending to the petty airs and graces of Europe, she might retain her own old habits and peculiarities, and add to them only what is really valuable. She might maintain at Moscow her dignity as Queen of Asia, which is forfeit at St. Petersburg. The intercourse of strangers would be that of guests with a host, not of tutors with pupils. Russia, seated upon her ancient throne, would feel that she could confer at least as much honour as she could receive. The voice of Europe would be of less consequence to her; for she would be within reach of that of her own multitudinous nations, and no longer be an obscure fragment of Europe, but the sun of her own hemisphere.



The Emperor, from being uncle, would become father of his people. He would dwell amongst them. They would look to him for succour from their petty tyrants. Their national reverence and affection for their Tsars would be cultivated and strengthened. From that point, from the magnificent beacon summit of the Kremlin, he could distribute to them the knowledge necessary to their happiness. He could prevent its monopoly by the class most formidable to his own power, and to the happiness of his peasants ; and Moscow, the magnificent, the poetic, the renowned—she whom her peoples reverence as a mother, and respect as a saint—would become the wonder also of other nations.

Oh! think of that Kremlin as the site of Gothic palaces and towers, rising mass upon mass through the cloudless sky. The Tartar pyramid, the Russian cupola, the slender spire and crenelled battlements of the pointed order, all mingling and harmonising to one mighty effect. What an eyrie for the Northern Eagle ! What a watch-tower for the father of many nations ! What a landmark for the whole earth !

Difficulties there may be : objections may be started ; but we think we could establish our rock in the sea of speculation, even Moscow, as the Beacon of Nations, half Oriental, half European, with all the vigorous knowledge of this and all the poetic adornment of the other. No longer with one foot afloat and the other ashore ; no longer mistaking a slop-basin for the ocean ; but stretching her sceptre calmly over her own mighty element, and leaving the world of waters to the Genii of the Deep.

Other travellers, whose opportunities have been greater, have minutely described Russian society and

Russian manners. Upon one point I have found no difference of opinion, viz. that the Russian loves the stranger and delights in courtesy and kindness to guests. And, so far as my opportunities of observation extended, I should say that, whilst in other lands vicissitudes of urbanity and boorishness have place, the Russian seems to be constitutionally kind, and nationally hospitable. The difference that most struck me between Russian and English life, was that amusement in Russia seemed to be the business rather than the recreation of existence. But even here I may be judging harshly and ungenerously, and mistaking the pains taken to divert and interest the stranger for the general economy of life.

At table, French is always spoken in Russia ; a very pleasant arrangement for strangers, and useful to diplomatists, but reprehensible as a general practice, owing to its tendency to separate the more instructed from the equally noble and worthy residents of remote districts, and to cause them to regard their own national tongue as barbarous, and eventually to include in the charge their nation and country. Accordingly, whenever a Russian finds himself in a crowd of his countrymen he speaks French, which is as much as to say, "I am a man of consequence, I am no barbarian Rooski. If I am not a foreigner, I am the next best thing to it ; I speak a foreign tongue." What steps are taken to render the use of French unnecessary I know not ; but the case is very urgent. The enlightened community must have knowledge. They will not be kept centuries behind the rest of Europe in this ; and, unless premia be offered for good translations of the literature of other lands (the demand not being yet sufficient to pay the translators), French

must and will supplant the beautiful language of Russia amongst the educated, and thus tend still more to degrade the unhappy peasantry of the empire.

Of the purity of morals in Russia, I am not qualified to offer an opinion. Among the peasantry crime would seem to be rare ; and the ancient feudal privilege of landholders over the brides of their serfs seems to be dying out, though not yet extinct. The example of Catherine the Second could scarcely have failed to taint the morals of the higher classes, to which Alexander's pernicious habits lent aid. But the present Imperial family\* seems to be exerting a salutary influence. As an individual I saw nothing to censure. And the privilege a Briton enjoys of being held innocent till his guilt be proved, he is bound to extend to those, who having welcomed him into their households, have given him abundant proof of virtue, none of laxity of manners.

In offering a sketch of Russian character, I must warn the reader that my data are far from perfect, and that I believe there exists a very striking difference between the Russian and the Cossaq. The average stature of the Russian is much below our middle height ; but he is well-limbed and athletic, capable of supporting much toil, and inured to hardship and privation. His complexion is fair. The general colour of his hair is yellow, and he wears it cropped straight around his eyebrows.

Russians of what is termed the old religion do not shave the beard, but regard its mutilation as sacrilege. The Cossacs belong to this branch of the population. The northern Russians, when they shave the beard,

\* Written in 1843, when Nicholas reigned.

spare the moustachio. The Russian face is a roundish oval. The cheek-bones are high, the forehead steep and well-developed. The features are irregular, but not large. The lips are thin ; the eye is small, grey, and rather deep-set. The expression is that of good-nature, shrewdness, and caution. The gait of the Russian is slovenly. His manners, however gentlemanly, are seldom dignified. His extreme good-nature is in the way, and when, as in the army, he has got the better of this, his manner may be pert and rude, but wants dignity. There are, of course, striking exceptions to this rule.

The Russian character is made up of elements that do not commonly meet together to form a national development. He is clever, humorous, quick, has an excellent memory, and a peculiar facility in the acquisition of languages ; my friend Schickhardus assures me that it proceeds from the extreme difficulty of his own. A man, he says, accustomed all his life to swallow 13-inch shells, would make nothing of a 3-pound shot, which nevertheless would puzzle most gullets. He who can coolly ask, between two mouthfuls of dry biscuit, Miss Tchernicheff Tcherniavsky, of Meschtchansky, to take a glass of *port* wine, in words as long and limpid as the proper names ; and without the slightest blueness of visage, or swelling of jugular and temple arteries — turn upon Count Scheremetieff, and ask him to walk to the Pretchistenka, or Souschtchevskaia, or Serpoukhovskia, or, if he prefers it, to the Vesdvijenskoi, or Nieskouschini, or Kroutitski—can encounter but little difficulty with the language of other lands.

The Russian has generally an ear for music and for poetry. But I am inclined to think this is com-

monest in Lower Russia. His accentuation of English is better than that of any other foreigner; and his own tongue, in his own mouth, is nervous and harmonious.

The strongest characteristics of the Russian, are principles of little power; good-nature, intelligence, and extreme caution; and there is, perhaps, no nation on earth in which the family resemblance is so strong; a circumstance that, by ensuring unanimity of counsel, in many consecutive administrations, has tended, more than any other, to the extension of the empire. The good-nature of the Russian is tempered by selfishness. He has more vanity than pride, more passive than active courage; he does not fear danger, but seldom finds, upon weighing it with glory, that the latter has sufficient substance to turn the scale; thus, although he will not fly, he does not see the fun of advancing; a circumstance, of which an energetic enemy will take full advantage. He is peculiarly fitted for intrigue, both by disposition and capacity; but his policy is always founded upon the principle of winning without a stake. He is patient to an uncommon degree, never loses temper, nor relinquishes his point. He is, therefore, though often disconcerted, eventually the winner. His love of acquisition is never slumbering. He does not always reflect what is to be done with his gains, but would think more of a million, won from a neighbour, than of ten millions made upon his own estate. He is vain, not proud of his country; I mean, when not spoiled by foreign manners. Indulgent to his family. As a friend, I do not know that he is capable of great sacrifices; but he is vindictive, as an enemy. The power of his character is found in its consistency. No warmth of

fancy, no heat of temper, no discouragement of circumstance, ever shakes him from the even tenour of his design. Time does for him *surely*, that which fortune and daring precariously effect for others.

Placed, with these singular qualifications, in the very midst of a world of States, for the most part weaker and more divided than her own, every faculty of Russia has been exerted to extend the limits of an already unwieldy empire; and thus we see, that without incurring any risk of damage to herself, she has, since the year 1774, gained from

\*Tartary, about 270,000 square miles.

Persia	„	70,000	„
Turkey	„	150,000	„
Poland	„	202,000	„
Sweden	„	80,700	„
Total	.	772,700	„

of which about 438,700 belonged to the States of Europe, and form, perhaps, at present, the most valuable portion of the Russian empire, increasing her population from fifteen to fifty-eight millions. Has this contented Russia? It has been a mere whetstone to her appetite. In 1827, she would have swallowed up Persia, but for the interference of Great Britain; and in 1840, upon pretence of a trifling expedition to release a few slaves, she had actually made a snatch at the remainder of Tartary, a little morsel of about 870,000 square miles, which would have brought her southern frontier to the Hindoo Koosh.† She is, in fact, like some mighty tree in a

\* Since 1860 she has plundered Toorkestan (Tartary) of about 500,000 more square miles.

† This and more she has since accomplished.

tropic clime. Silently and imperceptibly, every hour her bulk increases; not by fits and starts, but by a steady, and never-slumbering extension, that must either ruin herself or swallow up the whole earth. The nations of Europe, meanwhile, are lying, like some fat, lubberly ox, to whose spoils the fox has taken a liking. "What are you at there?" says the ox, lifting up his slow head.

"Only scratching a flea out of your tail," replies foxey; and the ox lays down his head, and begins to doze. Suddenly he jumps up in an agony. "What the shambles are you at, you scoundrel?"

"Don't you see, I've just pulled off a large tick; see how the lubber bleeds?"

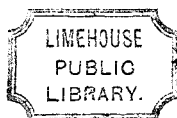
"I do believe," says the ox, "you've bit my tail through."

"Bit your tail through!" says foxey, lifting up his fore paws and the whites of his eyes. "Did anyone ever hear the like. To think I'd be such an ungrateful wretch," wiping his eyes with his tail, and sobbing. The ox looks, first at his tail, then at the fox, and then again at his tail. The tail is dangling by a filament, if he can believe his eyes; but the same eyes show him the fox's passion of despair at his uncharitableness. There *must* be some mistake. He takes a lick at the bleeding stump. Surely he *had* a tail when he lay down to rest. He determines to chew a quid of hay over the matter, and not to decide rashly. He chews, and falls asleep. He wakes with an excruciating pain in the ear. He opens one eye. He sees the fox gnawing at the ear with all his might. *Now* there *can* be no mistake. He waits his opportunity. Makes a desperate kick, misses the fox, and gives himself a black eye. This is too bad. He

jumps up in a fury, and runs full butt after the fox. The fox in an instant is in earth, and utterly intangible. The ox swears he will dig him out with his horns. He begins to turn up the earth. "What are you at?" says the fox. "You'll soon see," says the ox, turning on. "'Tis a troublesome business," says foxey, "shall I help you?" The ox, half suffocated with anger and dust, begins to pant. "I'll save you all that trouble," says the fox, "if you'll listen to me; only give me your word of honour (I suppose you can keep it) that you'll not touch me till you've heard me, and I'll come out to you." The ox considers. He remembers old cases, in which the fox, after stealing his goods, had stolen also his judgment; at the same time, he is too magnanimous to condemn him unheard, too fat to complete the ejection, too lazy not to be glad of a plea for forbearance, and altogether too much tickled at once, and piqued, on the score of honour; so he gives his word, and out comes the fox, sits close to his nose, wheedles him into the belief, that he was born with but one ear. Lulls him asleep with flattery, and commences upon the other. I cannot conclude without an apology to the ox tribe for so injurious a comparison.

There is but one State of Europe, whose interference in her ambitious projects costs Russia a care. And that State is the very ox of oxen. In the struggle of factions for power, which for ever weakens the political efficiency of that State, Russia dexterously finds her opportunity.





## CHAPTER XLIII.

Review of the Imperial Guard at Krasno Celo—Infantry—  
Cavalry—Artillery—The Emperor's Handling of his Troops  
—Advance of 50,000 in Close Column—National Anthem—  
Use of this Display.

I HAD not been long in St. Petersburg ere I received a letter from the aide-de-camp general, Count Benkendorff, inviting me, in the name of His Imperial Majesty, to a review of the Guard at Krasno Celo, a village about thirty miles from the capital. As the review was to commence at an early hour of the morning, I repaired to Krasno Celo the preceding day, and found there quarters, with every necessary of food, etc., prepared for guests by the Imperial order.

The following morning we found carriages of a variety of descriptions awaiting us, and were informed that horses were saddled for our use on the review ground. On reaching this we alighted, and had not stood many minutes, when His Imperial Majesty galloped up to me, touched his hat before I could raise my hand to mine, and finding out who I was, for he had not waited for Count Benkendorff to present me, welcomed me to his capital. My large epaulettes and plume had led His Imperial Majesty, probably, to suppose me an officer of higher rank : for there were several gentlemen present who were entitled to precedence. These were presented in turn. The address

of the Emperor is princely, but at the same time soldierly. He is perhaps in person the finest, and certainly the most dignified man in his dominions. His height is above six feet. He is stout, but not to a fault. Bears himself like a king. His features are regular, handsome, noble. He rode a beautiful black charger, of strength sufficient for his weight, and was by far the finest spectacle of the review; if we except the princesses his daughters, who were present as spectators the following day.

We were now instructed to mount, and by the hospitable attention of the noble Perroffski, I found myself supplied with one of the handsomest and most spirited animals in the field. We found the Imperial Guard, if I recollect rightly, in line of continuous close columns of battalions, the cavalry on the right. Upwards of fifty thousand men were here under arms. I minutely scrutinized the appearance and equipment of the infantry. They appeared to me small men, although they are picked from the army: but what was much better than height to a military eye, was the seeming uniformity of stature, the active and athletic figures, never encumbered with flesh, and never deficient in muscle, promising great physical endurance. Their equipment was perfect. No display; but everything neat, simple, soldierly, made for the field and not for the park. Their national colour, as is well known, is green. It forms a good, dark, imposing mass; to the eye of a painter, far finer than our scarlet.

The cavalry I did not examine at that moment, but may as well describe it here. The men are not large. The number on the field was about fifteen thousand. And so far as I can recollect, the regulars

were cuirassiers, lancers, dragoons, hussars, and mounted grenadiers; the latter being a corps of swift-footed, yet heavy infantry: an arm of which great things might be made by a skilful tactician.

The cuirassiers have crested steel helmets, of peculiarly ugly figure, and cuirasses of steel, bright, black, or overlaid with brass. They are from the celebrated fabric of Zlataoost in Siberia, and formed of cast-steel, interlaminated with pure iron: a mixture which is supposed to combine toughness and hardness in the greatest possible degree.

The horses of the Russian Imperial Guard are excellent. Their average size seemed to me less than that of our British cavalry. The proportion of cuirassiers is very great. Some regular corps of Cossaq lancers were in the field. I thought these the *élite* of the cavalry. There were also some squadrons of irregular Circassian and Cossaq horse, in their several costumes.

The artillery of the Guard, divided into two branches, artillery of position and field artillery, is equally well mounted as the cavalry. I had no one near me of whom to make inquiries about this arm. Several batteries were of twenty-four pounder howitzers, an ordnance much affected by the Russians.

The Emperor commanded, at this review, in person. The second in command was the Archduke Michael, his younger brother, who bears a strong family resemblance to the Emperor. The Emperor himself was dressed like a General Officer, and was distinguishable only by his advantages of person and bearing. Many distinguished officers were on the ground. Count Benkendorff, Prince Tchernicheff;

still a fine and handsome man, who, it may be remembered, was despatched to Napoleon's Court, to make love, and penetrate, by means of it, State secrets; a service in which he was eminently successful, and surely the most agreeable by which honours were ever won. The ground, which is undulating and grassy, was admirably suited to display the manœuvres, and to give full effect to so magnificent an exhibition. Unfortunately such scenes will not bear description. I will therefore content myself with saying, that the Emperor handled his little command with his wonted skill. That the manœuvres were calculated, not only to display science, but to exhibit that animation and vivacity, in which the eye of the painter delights. That the fifty thousand there under arms, were by a series of well-timed orders kept in constant action, tending ever to one effect. That the sun, playing upon the arms and plumes and banners of this large and concentrated mass, stretching over every variety of level, gave a glory to the scene, which cannot be described. That, so rapid were the manœuvres, that although that day, a space of three or four square miles was covered by them, it was often difficult for a spectator to avoid the charges of cavalry and advance of the artillery; and that several times, the full speed of my beautiful horse was in requisition.

The Russian soldier is said to be cool and collected in action. He certainly is at a review. The inequality of ground presented admirable *coup d'œils*, and increased in a surprising degree, the picturesque effect. Masses of cuirassiers and lancers, charging up heights, and disappearing behind them. Others cresting ridges, or sweeping at speed through the valley,

whilst the infantry grouped into squares was pouring out its fire around, or advancing in line with levelled bayonets. The artillery thundering from height and hollow. The whole gleaming and glistening with innumerable scintillations from arms and armour. It was such a sight, as seldom falls to the eye, even of a soldier; and the dust being laid by a recent fall of rain, there was nothing to disturb the view.

It continued three successive days, one of which was in part occupied by artillery practice.

On the third day, the review was graced by the presence of two of the Imperial princesses, who occupied watch-towers, or rather artificial mounds constructed as such upon the ground. Being a stranger, I did not venture so near as I felt inclined to approach; and could only, therefore, perceive that their charms of person have not been exaggerated, an impression confirmed by subsequent observation.

The closing scene of the review deserves particular mention. After that the fifty thousand had marched in review order of open columns past the Emperor,—a movement which is generally the most interesting of all in these exhibitions, as serving to display in motion each several item of the force,—and after that the Emperor had embraced his brother, the Archduke Michael, in front of the army, and honoured another general officer by grasping his hand (a favour which, were I Emperor, I should reserve as the reward of victory), the troops were massed into one close column, and advanced in this form in measured time, chanting their national anthem. The effect was truly magnificent. The fall of fifty thousand pair of feet,

the chime of fifty thousand manly voices ; the electric sparkle of fifty thousand bayonets and sabres, closely ranged together ; the dark, deep mass of life still rolling on, without confusion, like some tide of lava from the crater of Etna, so irresistible, so overwhelming,— nothing that I have ever seen or heard of, short of actual conflict was half so sublime as this. The Emperor, surrounded by his staff, rode in front. The beautiful young Archduchess, in an open chariot, drawn by two superb white horses, took up a position ever in advance of the progressing torrent ; and I joined the other spectators, to form a *cortège* around them. Their presence completed the spell. The presence of high-born beauty and grace on a field consecrated to the stern genius of battle, like some note of music rising by the power of its sweetness above the clangour of the trumpet, and enhancing the stormy joy of each martial sound.

We made our parting salute to his Imperial Majesty, and were dismissed. I rode home, meditating on what I had seen. And was that magnificent cavalry the very same which a handful of gallant Poles had so lately trampled in the dust, without reckoning their multitude ? Was that firm, highly-disciplined, and perfectly-equipped infantry a portion of the phalanx through which the savage of the Circassian mountains yearly cleaves his way, knife in hand ? They were, indeed, the very same. Nay, the Russians boast that their troops of the Line are superior, in all but appearance, to the Guard. This reflection gave rise to some speculation, which was rather fomented by a visit to our Minister Plenipotentiary, Mr. Bloomfield. There I found Prince Soctholon. He was evidently on a mission, the object of which

was to persuade Mr. Bloomfield that Russia, without weakening her garrisons, can muster for the field four hundred thousand better troops than those whose manœuvres we had witnessed.

All this display, then, is no whim of a military monarch; it has its use as well as its beauty. If thirty thousand veterans are held at bay for ten years by a few undisciplined savages, in a remote district, out of sight of the civilized world; yet, at the capital, the eyes of Europe are dazzled by the most formidable displays of martial might. The powers of Europe think of the thirty sail of the line, always ready to take aboard the 50,000 of the Guard, and pass them into an enemy's country; without inquiring how the thirty sail of the line are ever to get out of their old soup tureen; and whilst they are staring and funking at an army which Russia has not the slightest intention of bringing into action, if she can help it; Russia is quietly and imperceptibly sapping her way into the heart of neighbouring States. Her army is the caparisoned elephant, which a sportsman causes to be led fifty paces behind him, when he would get within shot of a shy Florican. The bird's eye is filled with the image of the monster which cannot harm her, and overlooks the more deadly gunner.

Was it with her army that she last year\* made a snatch at a territory of 870,000 square miles, the possession of which would have brought her fifteen hundred miles nearer our Indian frontier? Yes, with such an army as the weakest State in Europe could have furnished; with such an army as Europe regarded with sovereign indifference, as destined for

\* Written in 1840.

some petty enterprise. Was it with her army that she despoiled Persia, plundered Poland, seized Courland, Georgia, Immeretia, Mingrelia, Finland? The army, indeed, was not without its use; it was flourished in the face of the victim, as the pistol of the highwayman, whether loaded or unloaded, in the face of the traveller, whilst the fingers of the former are fumbling for the purse. It is not to be supposed that nations, living in constant apprehension of a Russian invasion, will very vigorously oppose any of the schemes of gradual encroachment by which Russia is devouring distant provinces. Yet, if they would open their minds to conviction, they must be assured that such weakness is only deferring for a little while their own downfall; that every accession of strength to an empire that has risen, is rising, and will rise by the secret or open destruction of its neighbours, is so many years deducted from the span of their own existence, so much taken from the chance of their own escape.

It was whilst I was lost in admiration of the beautiful display at Krasno Celo, that an ambassador of one of the European States joined my bridle. "This is a magnificent army," he observed.

"Very magnificent."

"It would be still finer," he said, "if it had legs."

This observation gave rise to many reflections. It was true and obvious; but the use made of it may be various. It may either lead neighbouring States to despise the military resources of Russia, or it may serve as a key to the policy which has enabled her already to swallow up one-third of Europe, and great part of the barrier between herself and India.

What may be the views of the several Cabinets of



Europe upon the subject, it is not for me to hazard an opinion. But the world in general is divided into two parties ; those who live in dread of a Russian invasion, and those who disregard her growing power, because she is not yet, as an open foe, formidable to the balance of Europe.\* Now both these positions are false. Russia is a young State ; neither her fangs nor her claws are grown. If they were, she would not display them. Yet young as she is, she has outwitted all her seniors, has, within the last sixty years, cribbed a third of their possessions, quadrupled her population, trebled her revenue, begotten her navy, marched seven hundred miles upon Paris, five hundred upon Constantinople, six hundred and thirty upon Stockholm, and one thousand upon India.† Such a power can be despised only by those who have not intellect to comprehend achievements so wonderful.

Many of those who are awake to her formidable aspect, on finding that she keeps up an army of a million of soldiers, and a fleet of some forty sail of the line, look for the employment of these mighty resources, in some overt invasion of neighbouring European States. But this never has been, and is not the policy of Russia. She is far too sagacious for that. She plays not for empty glory, but for gain. She knows that the knocking together of heads leads always to bruises, but seldom to anything more profitable. She asks France, what she has gained by the victories of Napoleon. England, what have profited her Cressy, Poitiers, or the glory of her Marlborough.

\* This was written in 1840.

† Written in 1840. She has now marched 2,500 miles upon India, A.D. 1873.

Sweden, for the fruits of Charles's heroism. Prussia and Austria, the result of their murderous wars. She has not the slightest desire to see a confederacy formed against her. She is, perhaps, aware that her rising power is well enough known, to render such a confederacy general. That, though intangible as a military power, either France or England could close the chief doors of her commerce, ruin her revenue, and awaken discontent throughout the land. She knows that she has built her throne over a slumbering volcano ; that her very army, officered by foreigners, is a compound of sulphur and nitre. That the credit of any considerable State could occasion a revolt amongst those nations who abhor her yoke, and languish to be free. That she has a national debt, and no national credit.

Knowing all these things as well as we can tell her, Russia had much rather make peace and treaties with her neighbours ; cherish and protect them by her presence ; put down for them the revolts she has stirred up, and like a generous cuckoo, leave them each a couple of her eggs, as pledges of disinterested friendship.

Now, it is because Russia will not engage rashly in war, that Europe ought to dread her. It is because, keeping her hands ever free, her eye ever open, her wits ever on the alert ; never dazzled by airy castles, never tempted to any considerable hazard, never discouraged by any number of checks, she bides her time, she sows her seed of discord, she watches the year, the day, the hour, the sign, the conjunction : springs not, until failure is impossible, nor whilst the capture of the weak may embroil her with the strong. It is because this system is inseparable from her

counsels, grafted into the very genius of her nation, and favoured by her national gifts, and local phenomena; because, by it she has already grasped a third of the dominions of Europe, and part of Tartary and Persia; and it is because it is a system which pre-engages success—it is therefore that Russia is an object of just apprehension.\*

War is a game of chance. The weak have their occasional triumphs. Accidents, incalculable by human prudence, disconcert military movements, and turn victory into defeat. Were Russia once to be tempted to such folly, half our just apprehensions were annihilated. It is because she will neither provoke nor give plea for war, that she is so truly formidable. She is in Europe, as a young forest tree within a conservatory. Every leaf is tranquil; she seems hushed in slumber and innocence. No eye can conjecture the exact day or hour when her limbs will rend the fragile roof; but the skilful gardener knows that to save the building, he must timely lop the boughs away,—must meet with the knife every pro-

\* This, which was written in 1841, I will not alter, because it is virtually true, although Russia has since overreached herself, and involved herself in hostilities which she had not the remotest intention to provoke. The invasion by Russia of the Turkish empire arose in the strong assurance she had received from all her foreign agents that England would wink at the atrocity; that France, from internal discords, was powerless to oppose it; that Austria, from gratitude, would acquiesce, and Prussia from fear. And it is certain that had Lord Palmerston been Minister for Foreign Affairs at the time, the invasion would have been deferred to a more convenient moment. The high-spirited Emperor, accustomed to look upon himself as a god, had become too far involved to retreat, before he perceived the vigorous opposition awaiting him from Great Britain. It was then utterly impossible to recede. The counsels of Nesselrode, the sagest of the Russian Ministers, seem to have been ever opposed to this deviation from the cautious policy heretofore pursued by the Government.

truded shoot, or root out the young giant from its cage.

Ere quitting Krasno Celo, I visited, one evening, the lines of the Imperial Guard, at sunset. They are encamped upon a trifling elevation, and are all drawn up in front of their lines, at this hour, for a species of vesper service. The Emperor and the two Archduchesses were present. His commanding person, which had so well become the review-ground, was still seen to advantage between the fairy and graceful figures of his daughters. The Archduchess Olga, still unmarried, was absent with the Empress in Germany ; I did not, therefore, see her. But her beauty is stamped upon every mind in Russia. She is represented, as too lovely for the earth, a creature, whom in gazing on, one expects to see wing her flight, to her native sky.

Fifty thousand men were paraded in line, in front of their respective positions, awaiting the signal of sunset, which is a rocket. The instant that had gained its highest elevation in the heavens, every band of every regiment of this large force broke simultaneously the dead silence that had prevailed : playing in a subdued tone, variously diminished by distance, the vesper hymn. Of all solemnities I have ever witnessed, this is the most affecting and imposing. The music itself swelling and falling in its own modulation, and fitfully affected by the breeze of evening : now bursting into bold measures of melody, now subdued, until the most distant notes found audience ; now mingling and melting in unison, now clashing in partial contrasts not amounting to discord ; but, ever solemn, dreamy as the hour ; was almost more than the excited nerves could bear.

Fifty thousand warriors stood listening to that sound. It was the acknowledgment of fifty thousand soldiers, that they owed their being to the Almighty hand. The Emperor of many nations stood bare-headed in front, to represent the awe and reverence of fifty million of his subjects, for the Giver of every blessing.

With the decaying light of the sun, those notes, as ethereal, as sublime, decayed and melted into profound silence. All felt, as standing in the immediate presence of the All-Holy and Supreme.

At Krasno Celo we breakfasted in our own apartments; but dined at a public table, where were assembled all the officers of the Imperial staff and all the guests of the review, which included all foreign ambassadors. Here, as everywhere, the unslumbering courtesy of my noble foe, Perroffski, provided for my comfort. On one occasion, when one of my overblunt answers vexed him, he accused me of not understanding his character. I replied, that it was the character, of all others in Russia, which I did most thoroughly comprehend. One that combined love for his country with courtesy to a guest : and nobility of conduct toward one whom circumstances might have justified him in regarding as an enemy, and from whom he well knew he could win gratitude alone.

I received an invitation to another review of the Imperial Guards : but certain considerations led me to decline it. I had been about twenty days at Petersburgh, when I received instructions to repair to London. Previous to my departure, I was gratified by the reappearance of my friend Tchikatchief, who had just returned from a visit to Astrakhan.

Again on the day of my departure he called to renew his professions of sympathy and proffers of service, and finally to see me to the small vessel in which I was to be carried to the great steamer. This is genuine hospitality, and is deeply impressed upon my heart.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

Russia's Past History and Future Prospects—Key to Russia's insane Policy of Extension at the Expense of her People's Welfare.—The Answer of Russia to those who object to the Danger of her Policy of Universal Conquest—Her singular Facilities for the same.

PREVIOUS to recording my departure from Petersburg, I would add a few words\* to those already written upon the past history and future prospects of the Russian Empire, a theme of engrossing interest to all Europe.

Others of the Sister States have been gradually matured in power, as in civilization. They are fragments of that massive iron sceptre, beneath which the world had for ages groaned. Their metal had been purified beneath the hammers of the Cyclops, ere moulded into their several spheres. And thus have they sustained the shock of ages with but little alteration of figure or of bulk, despite the convulsions that have hurled them together, the victories they have boasted, or defeats they have sustained.

Forming together a complete system, balanced in all its parts; the centrifugal force of ambition nullified by the centripetal of jealousy: to Europe the history of a thousand years has been but as a cycle

\* This chapter did not appear in the first edition. It was written at the commencement of the Crimean War, for the second edition.

to the planetary orbs. The close has found their eccentricities corrected, their orbits unshaken, their balance restored. A single planet, alas! has been lost to the Sisterhood, who might by timely sympathy have been saved as a barrier against the foe of all.

But Russia has no such common history among the States of Europe. *Her* origin and her course are those of some malignant comet. Her orbit is beyond the bounds of our system: extending to regions unvisited of science, to limits lost amid the wastes of another hemisphere, to the trackless steppes of Tartary, to the lifeless waters of the frozen Main. And her future destiny, like her present grandeur, defies the calculations applicable to the States of Europe.

We of the Old World, who mark her portentous aspect, are naturally disposed to dictate to her the future by the measure of our own experience of the past. We see her already mistress of a limitless and ill-compacted empire, yet spreading to the overflow of the nations adjacent, who, one by one, are swallowed up and absorbed in the ever-widening deluge. We, who with difficulty hold in order and subjection our petty plots of ocean-rescued soil, see this Queen of Nations yearly adding to her overgrown domains tracts more extensive than the realms we govern, and beyond question better peopled and cultured than her own. Her immediate neighbours behold this progression in abject terror, which precludes all thought of vigorous resistance. And they who view it from afar confidently prophecy, from the experience of past ages, her immediate or ultimate ruin.

Why a mighty empire, overburdened with territory but comparatively poor in revenue, whose sparse



population is in the lowest stage of civilization, whose lands, of high capability, are for the most part waste, whose subjects require instruction alone in order to compete in manufacture with the first on earth, yet whose revenue is still raised upon the sale of raw products, to be manufactured by other nations : why such a nation should deem it wiser to increase by robbery and murder her too-extended territory, rather than apply her vast energies to the improvement and civilization of her overgrown possessions : why, wanting population, she should decimate what she has by unprovoked war : and why, wanting revenue, she should waste what she wrings from her wretched subjects in acquiring lands she cannot till : these are mysteries so apparently irreconcilable with the reputed sagacity—nay, with the very sanity—of the Russian Cabinet, that a few pages may be profitably employed in their solution.

Russia, on the accession of Peter the Great, was one wide and desolate steppe, bounded, indeed, on two sides by the ocean, but oceans that afforded no channel to commerce, no outlet to communion with the world beyond : the frozen ocean of the Arctic Pole and the scarcely fluid ocean of Eastern Tartary. Her position was the most hopeless possible. She had, in comparison with her extent, almost no population, no revenue, no manufactures, no commerce, and she seemed precluded by her location from ever improving her condition.

The first move of her great liberator was toward the ocean : not so much to the Asiatic Euxine, then the exclusive property of Turkey, as toward a more immediate inlet into Europe, the Gulf of Finland and the Baltic Sea. Having carved for his country this

air-hole in the vast avalanche in which she was buried, Peter gave his country her first lesson in that lore, which ever since she has successfully practised. He laid the foundation of her fortune, her existence as a State of Europe, in conquest; and by conquest she has advanced herself from absolute insignificance to a power and an attitude calculated to awaken distrust and jealousy among the most potent of the States of Europe.

The conquests of Peter, though all-important to his country, were in respect of area but a small portion of the foreign acquisitions of Russia. Those of his successors comprise the most valuable of her territory, being a belt of land averaging about three hundred miles in breadth, and stretching from the Arctic Ocean, south by east, into the kingdom of Persia, a distance of 2,800 miles. They are her most valuable possessions, because nearest to the centre of civilization, and enjoying, for the most part, a better climate, a denser population, a more cultured soil. They are, above all, valuable to her as having been, time out of mind, the western walls of her frozen prison, but now her means of contact with the world she has recently invaded.

Can it, then, be wondered that Russia, who owes to plunder her very existence as a State of Europe, should cling fondly to the art which gave her being? Is it wonderful if, in this thirst for foreign conquest, her Emperor, her Cabinet, her nobles, be found of one common mind? Hers have been no barren conquests, bought with lavish blood and treasure, to yield but the fruitless foliage of the laurel; but rather the inroads of the Northern Wolf into the fold of the peaceful peasant. No risk, no danger, small glory;

but fatness for leanness, and for the agonies of famine a heart merry with the good things of the earth.

Other States may have found in foreign conquest only embarrassment and distraction to their civil polity; but the conquests of Russia have been conserved with comparative ease; the tracts she has won are adjacent to her frontier: they are severed from it by no natural barrier: the most important, Poland, is conterminous with the heart of Russia, and is further guarded in allegiance to her by the vigilance of her fellow robbers, Austria and Prussia. Hitherto she has not been sensible of the danger incurred by other European States, in grasping at the possessions of neighbours; and her empire is already so extended that the addition to it of a few hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory does not startle her as an idea involving peril.

Other States of Europe, when they become objects of jealousy to the majority, are exposed to attack on more than a single point of the compass. But Russia is so much more capable of injuring her neighbours, than they are of molesting her, that it is only when aroused to the struggle for existence, that either Austria or Prussia will take a step to resist her encroachments. By the rest of Europe she is tangible in two quarters only: the coast of the Baltic and the Crimea. On both she has lavished her skill and resource to render them impregnable. And if we suppose them to be carried by a potent enemy, after much military toil, Russia, though sorely discouraged, is not necessarily subdued. She falls back from her cultivated possessions to those boundless wastes, where she alone can find subsistence, and whither no army can follow her for good. If she submit, it is to

gain time, by making treaties, to be broken on the first safe opportunity. Apprehension of this, of being left to deal single-handed with their giant foe, so guarded by Nature against attack, prevents Austria and Prussia from any hearty share in the war against her.

Since then, it is hopeless to expect hearty co-operation from Austria and Prussia, we have to choose, whether at much risk and enormous expense, to attack the two assailable horns of the enemy, or to starve her out by the most rigid blockade of her sea-ports. The worst effect of the former process, is that it rouses the spirit of the Russian nation against ourselves. It gives colour to all the false proclamations of the Autocrat, that he is acting in self-defence, and that we are the aggressors. A simple blockade and the protection of the Turkish frontier might well create a revolution throughout Russia, whose existence depends upon the freedom of her outlets, and whose exports are far too bulky for land carriage.

I had said, in 1841, that it was contrary to Russian policy to invade overtly any European State.\* Since

\* Since this was written in 1854, Russia has again invaded Turkey without provocation; but not until, by means of her consular staff, the honoured guests of the Sooltan, she had treacherously undermined the empire, and had been hounded on to a war of extermination by a demagogue of that country, which was bound by every argument of honour and self-interest to protect her from an unjust invasion. The possession of the port of Batoum, in the Black sea, which places at her mercy all the Asiatic possessions of Turkey and all Persia to the Indian Ocean, was, during the war, deliberately ceded to Russia by our Foreign Minister, although the author of that war, Ignatief, had already declared that, should Russia gain nothing but that port by the war, she would be reimbursed her blood and treasure. Thus two terrible wars, the latter more execrable than any atrocity recorded in history, were due to the weakness of British Ministers, and the insane hatred of a British demagogue.

then has occurred, in 1854, the Russian invasion of Turkey, which might seem to contradict the justness of this opinion. But, in fact, the views upon which Russia avoids challenging war with the States of Europe are the dread of provoking a combination against her of the Sister States, and a conviction that war waged against any but the helpless is a blunder. The natural guardian of Turkey during the last half century is England, whose interests are inseparable from hers. Nicholas thought he had secured the British Minister of the day, to desert our faithful ally the Turk, and did not discover that the indignation of the nation at such baseness was irresistible, until his foot was too far advanced for honourable retreat. As for any effectual resistance to his magnificent army from the Turk, he laughed the idea to scorn ; and his legions marched with gay hearts, prepared to annex Constantinople to the empire, almost without a blow.

It is well known that the most sagacious member of the Russian Cabinet, Count Nesselrode, was strongly opposed to the advance of the Russian army. He saw that events were not yet ripe for such a harvest. That it was a deviation from the code of policy which had hitherto ensured success to almost all the enterprizes of Russia. But the Emperor was wilful. He had all his life been drilling his magnificent Guard, until his marked success over an invisible foe encouraged belief in his invincibility. Many years had he waited impatiently the opportunity to annex Constantinople. As for the Turk resisting his arms, the idea seemed an absurdity. But France and England remained in amity, together and with the rest of Europe. Old age approached, the tyrant of tyrants

was at hand; and Nicholas had still no fame to bequeath to posterity, but that of having been the handsomest man in the empire and a smart officer at a review. He had the choice of anticipating the ripening of events or of leaving to a successor the glory of establishing a third capital upon the Bosphorus.

What a despot ardently desires to undertake he will find many a slave ready to pronounce safe and practicable. A sager man than Nicholas might have been deceived by the signs of the times and by the vehement assurances of Menschikoff. He ordered the advance upon Constantinople, to find, when too late, that England had not yet been mesmerized into obliviousness of her sane and traditionary policy, her self-respect and self-interest; and that he had overstepped the cautious policy which had guided his Cabinet securely in days bygone. Thus the present aggression of Russia\* is no disproof of her policy to avoid overt invasion of the Sister States; for, all the penalties ordinarily incurred by such a step seemed here remote and improbable; and the campaign promised to be less a war than a triumph. And, undoubtedly, the valour of the Turk would, at that time, have availed him little, unsupported in a prolonged war against the discipline and resources of Russia.

The enormous advantages to Russia of such an acquisition as European Turkey are too obvious to need comment. Austria and Prussia would become mere provinces of her empire, so long as that empire could hold together. Nor could France, unless gifted with another Napoleon, long resist her supremacy. For not only would her wealth be enormously

\* Written during the Crimean war.

augmented, but from the brave and hardy population of Turkey she might add to her army 500,000 troops superior to her own, and increase her fleet to an extent without limits.

But although this acquisition be of paramount importance to Russia, we should not forget that her hand is ever stretched to grasp those\* wide tracts of Asia, which sever her from India and from the Persian Gulf. The failure of her attempt in 1839-40 upon Khaurism (Khiva) is attributable chiefly to the premature development of the expedition. General Perroffski, the Governor of Orenburgh, had promised the Emperor possession in seven years, *i.e.* in 1842. He required that period to make allies among the tribes of wild Kuzzauks dwelling upon the steppe, nine hundred miles in width, from north to south, which severs Orenburgh from the culturable portion of Khaurism. Of this period five years only had elapsed, when our arrival at Cabul with a British army was announced, and the presence of a British Envoy at Herat.

Nicholas argued that in a few months we should have formed upon that frontier such alliances and combinations as would either prevent the advance of her arms, or embroil him, in case of their advance, with the British Government. He sent Perroffski orders to hurry forward the expedition. Perroffski, unprovided with camels sufficient to supply his army with water upon that arid steppe, commenced his march in winter, that he might have the benefit of snow, to slake their thirst; if, indeed, that extreme haste was not dictated by the Cabinet to anticipate

\* Russia has since seized these, by an advance of 1,500 miles upon India.

our movements in that quarter. The winter was unusually severe, and the expedition failed. I am far from asserting its possibility during an ordinary winter. The steppe, although so far south as  $43^{\circ}$  to  $51^{\circ}$ , is at that season connected with the North Pole by an uninterrupted sheet of snow. Even at Khiva, which is upon the southern skirt of this snowy waste, people are every year frozen to death.

It may appear to many unaccountable that Russia should have preferred the direct advance from Orenburgh upon Khiva, over a high steppe 900 miles wide, to the route by Nuov Alexandroff on the Caspian, where the steppe is but 350 miles wide. The reasons given to me for this by the Russians were want of transports upon the Caspian, and that depots cannot be established upon that coast, owing to the mortality arising from scurvy, a disease to which the diet of the Russian makes him very liable.

That Russia, amid all her speculations, should never have considered the arguments opposed to a policy of universal conquest is scarcely credible. Had she herself overlooked them, hundreds of foreign tongues have cast them in her teeth. It may be well, therefore, to consider what might be her own plea for an unlimited extent of territory.

“ My advance upon Cabul and the Gulf of Persia brings me into contact with no nation whose inroads or jealousies I shall need to dread. The mountain walls of China on the east, the Asiatic provinces of Turkey will touch me on the west: provinces that sooner or later must be my own. My peaceful assertions, my philanthropic professions, will seduce to my banner all the sentimental and religious factions of Great Britain; and will arm with invincible argu-



ments the peace party, always existing in a mercantile nation, ready to betray their country for the lucre of gain. The timid will worship, in accordance with their fears, the Power than can threaten their Indian empire. Fortified by so large a section of your nation, the Party in Opposition will be too much for any Ministry that, alive to its peril, may meditate war with us. And my fleets once equipped in the Indian Ocean: it will be all too late to say me 'Nay.' I am the young and growing State: England is the old and the decaying.

"I have already added to my empire 1,200,000 square miles of territory and a population of thirty-five millions. Has it weakened an overgrown frame? Has it weakened my treasury, my army, my navy, my commerce, the perfect subordination of all parts of the empire, or the awe which I inspire in the States of Europe?

"Yet these additions are, in proportion to the estate to which they were added, far more considerable than Persia will be to my existing empire. The conquests which, according to the theory of my antagonists, were to decree my fall, have raised me from the lowest grade in Europe to mate with the highest of the Sister States. If other nations have fallen by a grasping ambition, it is because they wanted the position or the genius to make good their acquisitions. We have precisely the genius and the position for such an end. Our empire is unassailable. We quarrel not with the strong upon questions of honour. We can afford to wait a century for the redress of a grievance. That redress is no doubtful victory on the battle-field, no exchange of shots, with equal risk of harm to the aggrieved as to the aggressor,

but a deliberate, plump, and lusty slice of our adversary's wealth, the reward of our calm, quiet, never-slumbering prosecution of our own interests, and of his disadvantage. We take not a step by military violence, which can be effected by pretence of protection or alliance. The world can no more help the growth of our empire than it can help the gradual encroachments of the ocean upon its various continents and isles. Here it may erect a dam and there a pier, and save for a moment some miserable fraction of a kingdom; or, like Xerxes, it may lash with chains the surging billows that laugh to scorn its idle and impotent displeasure.

“Of Persia, we have already devoured an area of 75,000 square miles, with a population of three millions. These are now accustomed to consider themselves Russian, and will, a few years hence, be more firmly of that mind, and then we will take a million or two more. Our march upon the Persian Gulf will be delayed or hastened as the pulse of the times may dictate. It is as certain as any decree of Fate. You cannot oppose it in Asia, and you will not in Europe. Your divided counsels have not a chance against our unanimity. What voice in the Councils of Great Britain have they who, from knowledge of Eastern politics and geography, are alive to the tremendous consequences of our establishment upon the Persian Gulf, or of our mastery of Turkey?

“As to danger from extension, we laugh it to scorn. The ancient philosopher wanted only a sufficient fulcrum in order to lift the world. That fulcrum we, and we alone, possess in the unassailable character of our empire. Nature on three sides has rendered us intangible. She has given us in Austria

and Prussia buffers against Western Europe. And we have rendered the few assailable points, besides, too hazardous of attack to be attempted by sensible men. Thus empanoplied by nature, art, and the subservience of our neighbours ; with fingers touching on all sides the possessions of weaker States ; we have nought to do but to abide our time, and help ourselves, slice by slice, to neighbouring territory. When Europe is watchful, we make free with Asia. And when obstructed in Asia, we make free with Europe. The lands gained are like the successive layers taken up by a snowball. They do not encumber with their weight, but rather increase our motive power by enlarging our axis.

“ Our system is calculated for an unlimited extent of territory. The absolute will of a monarch who, without cause assigned, can raise up, pull down, or destroy at pleasure, is felt as forcibly on the borders of Persia as in the very streets of Petersburg. The members of Government, civil and military, monopolize the mental culture of the empire. The Government has thus in its employ the mental powers of the people. Revolutions, therefore, are difficult. The addition to our empire of such a kingdom as Turkey or Persia would not affect the economy of our system. The springs and wheels of Government would work precisely as they have worked the last hundred years. The accession would make us, beyond doubt, the first power on earth ; and that, a still rising and ever-increasing power, before whom all others must gradually decay. You suppose that your interference arrested, in 1827, our absorption of Persia : but the fact is, that we never appropriate at one grasp more than we can securely dispose of. Had we then taken

Persia we could not have kept it without vast difficulty, or perhaps a war with Great Britain. When we take it in earnest, it will be an easy prey, and England will have of her own troubles as much as her hands can hold. But we have not forgotten her presumption in stepping in between us and our prey. We treasure up the remembrance as a debt to be discharged hereafter.

“Other States have, every twenty years or so, a new legislator, who warps their true policy to suit his own whims, or those of his wife or mistress or poodle. The spirit of Peter, which created Russia, will rule for ever over her counsels. The Ministers may be changed a thousand times, but her policy will never alter or falter. Our Emperors, however wilful, dare not deviate from it materially, for there is one point in which all Russians living are agreed ; it is the craving for foreign acquisition, to be won less by arms than by fraud and trickery. It is thus that in the physical world the grandest and most durable operations are effected. Time is the most potent of the levers of Nature. Ours is the only State on earth whose genius is fitted to act for centuries upon one consistent plan : to wield, in short, this magnificent lever. Ours, therefore, is the only empire to which no limit can be assigned upon the chart of the world.”

There is much that is plausible in these arguments, and sufficient to account for the unslumbering extension of Russia. But we trust that the reader acquits us of acquiescing in the soundness of these views. It may be well that we should know from them with how dangerous an adversary we have to contend, and how much wisdom, watchfulness, and

promptitude are necessary for the purpose. But although Russia may greatly extend her limits in our despite, it is almost certain that the addition to her empire of either Turkey or Persia would very soon rend it asunder. As yet foreign conquests have not disturbed the consistency of the fabric, because all the dense and solid substance is wrapped around her heart. The feeble and loose texture of her distant provinces renders them perfectly manageable. But Constantinople would become a third capital. The weight of a province, more rich and populous than the heart of the empire, and in direct contact with the civilized world, from which that heart is excluded, and separated from that heart by so many hundreds of miles, would inevitably rend the empire asunder, though not until irreparable mischief should have been inflicted upon Europe by the annexation.

## CHAPTER LXV.

Farewell to Petersburg and to my friend Mr. Tchikatchief  
—Summud Khaun's Opinion of Steamers.—Arrival at Hull  
—An Exile's Preference for his Native Land.

**T**AKING leave of my first Russian friend, Mr. Tchikatchief, and of my kind and gentlemanly companion Pekoffski, to whose unwearied attention I am so much indebted, I embarked, as I have said, in a small vessel, with Summud Khaun, and was speedily conveyed to the fine steamer in which I was to thread the Gulf of Finland, and which lay at anchor below the bar of the river.

The passage to Travemund was prosperous ; the sea was smooth. Summud Khaun walked the deck, and I acted as his interpreter. Everyone showed him attention. The Austrian ambassador lighted for him his pipe. He declared that all vessels excepting steamers were blunders. On landing at Travemunde a large crowd collected to see him, and begged of him arrows, of which he had a quiver full. And in travelling by land from thence to Lubeck, and from Lubeck to Hamburgh, the population of the country were all agog at his appearance. We amused ourselves with watching the faces of the boors as he loomed in sight, squatting upon my baggage, which accompanied us in an open car. The first expression was that of

wonder slightly mingled with fear, which gradually softened into mirth, and then degenerated into laughter. Each village and hamlet poured forth its inhabitants to gaze, wonder, and laugh, and Summud Khaun knew not whether to consider himself an owl or a phoenix.

The horses of this district trot about three knots an hour. The postilion sits his horse like a dragoon, with whip carried as a broad-sword; no persuasion can induce them to accelerate this Dead March.

We reached Hamburg in the course of time, and found it one of the nicest towns in the world, having pleasant suburbs, a fine open square, good hotels, a never-failing throng of gay figures, and many pretty female faces. I went aboard a steamer for Hull, starting under evil auspices, for we found two ships just wrecked at Cuxhaven, and the wind was on the increase, and soon rose to a gale upon our larboard beam. The German Sea is particularly beautiful when agitated. Its waves are fierce and savage. It boils up like a cauldron. Our steamer, handled by an able seaman, weathered the gale without losing her course, and we reached Hull in good time.

From Hull I proceeded by train to London, my first experience of this mode of conveyance, and from London I took Summud Khaun to Alton, where my family were residing. The approach to Alton from Sandhurst is through a country beautifully diversified with hill and wood, stream and meadow, and the parks and houses of the gentry. Summud Khaun was much struck.

"The English," he said, "are a wonderful nation. If they can make such a paradise of *their* country, what would they not make of mine?"

I was amused at the preference he gave to a confusion of naked rocks and stony, arid plains over the beautiful country around him. But an exile's feelings are the same, whether he be banished a desert or an Eden.

"There is one thing," added he, "in which your country equals mine. You have no unclean animals as they have in Russia."

We were just traversing a common in Hampshire, and the words were yet on his lips, when, turning round, he perceived that we were in the midst of a drove of swine. He was confounded, and cut short his eulogy of England with "Lah hól ! This is the very mine of the Unclean One."

The kind and excellent family who accommodated him with house-room at Alton were at much pains to make him comfortable, not forgetting to secure him from the approach of the unclean ones of their farm. He speaks ever with affectionate respect of the lady of the house. The term "Bae" (pronounced "Boy") is the title given in Toorkestan to the wealthy. Wishing to be very civil to his landlord, he always addressed him as "Gunner Boy," which, probably, Mr. Gunner thought rather patronising.



## CHAPTER XLVI.

An Exile's Return—The Thames—St. Paul's—Summud Khaun's Impressions—London and its Tide of Life—Summud Khaun—Thames Tunnel—Cab Horses—British Justice.

IT is a strange thing to re-traverse scenes familiar to early remembrance, that have become new, by long absence from them—that have continued unaltered, or nearly so, whilst our mind has been expanding, our ideas have been multiplying, our taste maturing. Objects start up before us, that have an established and time-honoured place in our estimation—that have served us as standards of beauty or of excellence. We have measured by them the products of many lands. We have said to each object of interest or curiosity in turn, "Ah! thou art beautiful," or "thou deficient," according as it agreed with the model of our early remembrance; and suddenly that model confronts us. It stands before us in all the sharpness of its well-remembered outline, in all the vividness of its detail. Feature by feature, we gather up the impression. Reason acknowledges that this is the die which struck it. Yet it fits not into place. Its dimensions are so shrunk, its proportions so dwindled, its hues so material, we are ashamed to acknowledge what we dare not disavow. We find, in short, that we are living at the same moment two separate existences—the actual and the ideal; the one before

our eyes, the other within our heart. We are bewildered and confused ; we walk as in a trance ; we have suddenly recovered our long-lost identity, and we know not how to dispose of it.

It is certain, that in this state of feeling we are much more disposed to find fault than to admire. Rather, we are over-jealous of the beauty and the value of objects which we have long treasured in our thoughts, until we have learned to identify our own fame with theirs. And, therefore, if any of them appear in undiminished splendour, we may accept it as a genuine triumph.

How fresh in my remembrance is the impression made in olden times by the Thames, as I descended the stairs at Greenwich. That river, the largest I had ever beheld, ruffled by the wind into waves, that dashed restlessly against the granite steps. That chill of the air, or rather, perhaps, of the blood, produced in cold climates by the aspect of large bodies of water. Those vessels, which, in spite of the disparaging terms applied to them of brig and collier, were to me the mightiest of moving things ; and those rude, rough, surly, hoarse-voiced figures that crowded up the stairs, as if Neptune had just landed a crew of Tritons. Where were all these now ? I looked for them in vain. Steam had annihilated the race of Tritons, and experience had caused the glorious river to shrink into insignificance. In place of it there appeared—what ? O ask not ? be content to learn what it resembled. A fat scum, from the cauldron of a soap-boiler, slipping greasily along, between the fatter mud beneath and the scarce less fat atmosphere above. And into this kennel, the metropolis has with one accord risen to thrust all the refuse of its buildings

and population ; mustering in the most conspicuous of situations, a beggarly profusion of vile hovels ; so that the squalor of the metropolis may be gathered at a glance. Often, when speculating, at a distance from home, upon the possibility of uniting all the conveniences of traffic with many of the adornments proper to the capital of a mighty empire ; I have imagined a road, raised upon columns and arches of cast-iron, along the borders of the Thames, above the present quay, so that all the business of commerce might be carried on below ; whilst the people were provided with an esplanade, which should not only afford them a promenade and a channel of communication ; but hide beneath its vault, all the mean and disagreeable objects that at present litter the strand. But I confess, that the sight of the Thames now satisfied me of the wisdom, by which its vicinity has been shunned by all possessing liberty of choice.

I approached St. Paul's with some misgiving. I had, in former days thought more of its grandeur, than of its architectural merits. The faint and miserable glimpses obtainable of this monument had not enabled me to study it with attention. When I now reached the top of Ludgate Hill, and stood confronted with the façade, I was for a long time lost in admiration. I visited and revisited it. But the impression was not deadened by the frequency of my visits. I summoned back to remembrance all the monuments I had ever seen : but none would bear the comparison for an instant. I have since visited many cities, but I have met with nothing so sublimely beautiful as the façade of St. Paul's. I was not prepared for such admiration. I had never heard its architecture vaunted. I believe that it is scarcely

known what a treasure London possesses, buried beneath a confused heap of miserable shops and dwellings. The very obscurity of the atmosphere seemed to me, as I gazed up to the columns, piled tier upon tier, in all their graceful proportions, to the skies, to lend an additional impression of sublimity to the view. I did not regret that it had blackened the freestone of the building. No freshness of hue is necessary to a structure so perfect in the harmony of its effect. But the mist which cuts the dome, and is pierced even by the towers of the façade, reminded the eye of the gigantic dimensions of a monument, whose beauty alone we were disposed to remember.

What a glorious monument is this—lost—buried—forgotten. The name of its great architect scarcely known beyond the limits of his native soil; whilst the blunder of Michael Angelo has filled the world with *his* fame. St. Paul's is beautiful, in so far as Sir Christopher Wren confided in the resources of his own genius. It is deficient, only in as far as he took hints from the Cathedral of St. Peter's. The peculiar form of dome adopted by Michael Angelo, is the least impressive of all, and certainly not the most beautiful.\* It hovers, in fact, between the spire and the dome: has none of the bold swell of the latter, and wants the sublimity and delicacy of the former.

Who ever visited this noble Cathedral without indignation at the want of taste of a nation, that can suffer it to lie obscured by the rubbish of the capital? Millions are yearly spent in the visits of the English

\* The dome of St. Peters is nevertheless of more graceful outline than that of St. Pauls; but the façade of St. Peters is below mediocrity, and a semicircular colonnade upon an acclivity is an absolute absurdity.

to foreign climes, for the study of architectural monuments ; whilst within their gates, the wonder of the world is rusting, dishonoured, unnoted, and unknown. This is the more shameful and lamentable, because a comparatively small demolition of the surrounding buildings, would disinter this glorious temple.

I took Summud Khaun to visit this, and several of our principal churches. It may be easily imagined, that his astonishment and admiration were excessive. But when he learned that the chandeliers of St. Paul's were not of solid gold, but merely brass, he was disappointed. "At the theatre," he said, "I saw the most magnificent chandeliers of cut glass : and in the house of the Almighty, you hang dull, tawdry urns of brass."

"Very true," I replied. "The theatre is built for the use of man, who is delighted with vain show and splendour. The ornaments of the temple of the Most High are justice, mercy, purity of intention, and humility. With such offerings we seek to furnish our churches."

I made him observe, here and elsewhere, that the statues were not admitted into the aisle set apart for Divine worship : and explained, that in allowing them place in our sacred edifices, we designed them as mementoes to the Living of departed spirits, who had adorned their nation and the human race by their virtues and great deeds. That, to be admitted after death to this solemn and noble legion, was the highest reward to which an Englishman could aspire. I explained to him the history of each hero, statesman, or author ; and why, in making religion the spring of every virtue and the load-star of every talent, we deemed the temple dedicated to Divine worship the

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suitable shrine of such illustrious models of human genius, valour and worth. I was careful not to admit him into any church, chargeable with the bad taste of images or pictures, in the aisle where service is performed. I had no wish that, as the only Afghaun who had ever visited England, he should give his nation the idea that we worship idols.

The whispering gallery at St. Paul's was the highest point to which I could persuade his caution to accompany me; and his petticoats were sadly in his way as he ascended. The sculpture at Westminster Abbey impressed and astonished him more than the architecture. "What is your secret," he inquired, "of liquefying marble?" He would scarcely believe that the flowing drapery, the breathing figures, chiselled there, were produced without some chemical process for melting the stone. Indeed, until he had repeatedly fingered the statues, he persisted in affirming them to be of wax.

But, undoubtedly, the most astonishing thing to himself, as to all strangers, was the teeming population of the metropolis. That mighty tide of Being, so deep, so measureless, so strong, that rolls ceaselessly through the vast arteries of the queen of many nations, with a throb, with a rush, with a hoarse voice of power, that overwhelms the fancy, as it dazzles the eye, and elevates or appals the spirit. The crush of vehicles, the throng of passengers, the meeting together of thousand thousands, without tumult, and without disorder. The million separate purposes, respecting each the other, yet tending to its own individual accomplishment. This it is, that renders London the most wonderful of cities. This it is, that makes all other cities afterwards visited, whatever

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their wealth, grandeur, or power; appear, in comparison, uninhabited wastes. Night came down, but it brought no cessation in the waves of that living flood. Still it heaved restlessly, resistlessly, inexhaustibly, without ebb, without diminution of volume or of might. Night came down, but not rest. The shadows fell, the vapours settled. The stars strove to look down upon the British Isles. The sceptre of silence and repose was stretched over the creation of the Most High: but the Atlantic hurled its billows upon the British coast, and the headlong current of being rolled, eddying through the British capital. Lights, more in number than the visible stars of the firmament, renewed the dominion of day; and toil usurped the privileges of rest. To a nation that has subdued the elements to vassalage; that orders the fire, the waves, the wind, the thunder, the very light, at pleasure, to slave and toil for its aggrandisement; to such a nation it is a trivial thing to set at nought the demands of Nature: to say to Repose, "Thou art a stranger," to Necessity, "Thou art my bondsman."

As for myself, I was never weary of contemplating this magnificent display of energy and power. Monuments may be piled to the skies, luxury may lavish the wealth of the Indies in decoration and display; but to him who is accustomed to search below the surface, none of these things so affect the imagination as a consideration of the life-springs of this stupendous capital. We ask ourselves whence it derives such an inexhaustible profusion of being; what vasty deep is the reservoir? We see, along a distance equal to about forty miles, a double row of shops and warehouses, the contents of the least of which are worth

a prince's ransom. We ask, who are the consumers of this amazing store of merchandize. "The universal world," is the reply, and we are satisfied.

We visit the Thames with all its docks, groaning beneath fleets of merchantmen. We know, that England has a hundred harbours, equally stored ; and that her vessels in each of the thousand ports of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, exceed in number those of all other foreign States. The consideration overwhelms the mind. "England," said a foreigner to me, "if we calculate only her European subjects, is the most populous of nations ; for she can produce more than any other nation in the world. One of her artificers does the work perhaps of fifty of another country ; he is therefore worth fifty, in the estimate."

He might have added, that the population of a million, compressed within the limits of a few miles, is equal, for efficiency, to many millions scattered over a wider space.

Into this deep and powerful tide of life, I delighted to cast myself, and float down as a leaf upon some river-stream ; admiring the while its depth, and strength and fulness. My heart exulted in the power there manifested. I felt, that it was my own, even as I myself formed a particle of it. I looked upon the forms, meeting and passing me. The world can produce none such ; at least the Old World cannot. In size, in strength, in healthfulness of look, in vigour of motion, and in apparel, I have seen no population to compare with that of London. Summud Khaun was equally struck ; and after having visited Russia, Hamburg, France, Italy, and Greece, declared that the English were the Suddozyes (kingly tribe) of



Europe, and that London was the lamp (Shum) of cities. I objected to the climate. "The climate," he replied, "what need you know of that? When you go abroad, you just step from one glazed house into a second, which carries you at speed to a third. You never see nor feel the climate." He was right. In his own country, cloaks innumerable are necessary to the sedentary, as well as to the locomotive. In England, I never found the want of a waistcoat, beneath my military surtout.

I took him with me, in a boat down the Thames, to visit the Tunnel. Ere we descended, I made him observe the clump of merchant vessels, under which the passage runs. We proceeded to the shield, and I explained the process by which this arduous task had been effected, and wrote his name with my own, in the book. I asked him what he thought of the Tunnel. He replied, "It is the very father of Necromancy." I gave him one of the descriptive papers. This a fair lady's-maid, at one of the hotels in France, attempted to capture; but nothing could persuade him to part with it. "No!" he said, "as it is, with the help of every witness, all I see will be of little use to me. If I tell my countrymen, they will call me a liar; and if I presume to inform my king, he will cut off my head."

It may be supposed, that the bridges of the Thames greatly astonished him. They are indeed noble objects, which never disappoint. But the iron bridge, spanning the river with its three arches, naturally excited his chief admiration; for in his own land, the fusion of iron is unknown, and the price of that metal is very high. But I was amused, when he gravely compared the Hurrie Rood at Heraut, a mountain

stream, which can be forded during eight months of the year, to the Thames at London. It is an instance of partiality, by no means singular. I heard the English at Petersburg assert, that the Nieva, where broadest, is not equal to the Thames. A Frenchman at Paris, compared the ditch there to our river ; and a Russian prince, whom I met at Calcutta, thought the Hooglie, which is about half a mile, or 2,655 feet in breadth, less than the Nieva, which averages perhaps the half of that.

As we drove one night through the street, visiting several curious exhibitions, and he was expressing his astonishment at the mass of buildings, the endless variety of rich merchandise, the crowds of vehicles, and of foot passengers ; and the gas lights, which banished night for ever from the city ; I bade him remark, that all this was the effect of justice. That in this land, the peasant's cottage is a fortress, which even the king cannot, for any personal object, violate. That property and life being here secure, and the value of good faith known, men are not obliged to bury their wealth in the earth, but bring it forth for display, and for commerce. That men, despised and persecuted in other lands, flock hither, bearing with them their riches and their credit. That the credit of the English throughout the world is so great, that an individual of our merchants was preferred by one of the States of Europe, to a powerful King of Spain ; and by entering the money market against him, and taking up all the cash available, arrested the Spanish fleet of invasion, at a moment when we had no sufficient squadron to meet it. "Justice, Summud Khaun, is a good thing. You have seen the effect of its want at

Heraut and Khiva; you see here its wonderful power."

"Yes," replied Summud, "Justice is an excellent thing." We were at that moment passing a cabstand. The night was piercingly cold, the wind high, and snow upon the ground. The cab-horses, utterly destitute of covering or clothing, stood shivering in the night blast, the picture of misery. It did not escape Summud, who like many of his countrymen is particularly careful of his horse. "Justice," he repeated, "is an excellent thing. Is that a part of it?" pointing to the cab-horse.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

Summud Khauniana—Fowl Murders—Summud Khaun's Popularity—Brutal Treatment—Visits the Wax Works—Industrious Fleas—Pastrycook—In Love—Boiled by Mistake—Polytechnic Gallery—St. Pancras Church—Midsummer Night's Dream—Haunts of my Childhood.

AS Summud Khaun is the first of his race who ever had visited Europe, and as the Afghauns in respect of the comforts and conveniences of civilized life, are almost in a state of nature, I think it may be interesting to dedicate a chapter to his impressions of England and the English. Summud Khaun's mind, though unacquainted with European arts, was far from being uncultivated. He had a considerable fund of information in matters relating to Central Asia, and had been much about the person of Shauh Kaumraun, of Heraut; had travelled in Persia, and visited Cabul. His memory was stored with quotations from Persian poets, which he aptly introduced in conversation; and he was a shrewd observer, whom nothing escaped. Unfortunately, he had seen but one European country, when he visited London; so that his comparative estimates were formed after his departure, and much interesting remark was lost.

There is no respect in which the Afghaun so

strongly betrays his Israelitish descent, as in his inveterate prejudices. Persians and Turks who visit England, fall easily into our habits, enjoy themselves as Europeans, see all that is to be seen, and on their return, wipe out a volume of peccadilloes by a pilgrimage to Mecca or Medina. But Summud Khaun could not be brought to abate one jot or tittle of his Muhammedan prejudices. His dress alone, was sufficiently remarkable, and prevented him from seeing anything, unprotected by me. Indeed, as he never condescended to learn a word of any European language, he could not, of course, be trusted to walk alone, nor could he even call for anything he required. He was, therefore, twice as helpless as an infant ; for an infant will take the food provided for it ; but Summud Khaun had objections to almost everything I could procure him. By the strictest scrutiny he discovered, that the English do not ordinarily milk their sows ; and, therefore, when in a liberal mood would drink milk, and even eat eggs. But, living at first in a farm-house, and poking his nose into every corner, it occurred to him to inquire, whether the English kill their fowls in an orthodox manner ; and he soon caught a cook-maid strangling the animal (as he called it), that is, drawing its neck, previous to cutting its throat. His horror was beyond all expression ; because he had for some time confined himself to the flesh of fowls, on the supposition, that pork cannot be disguised to resemble it ; and he now perceived that he had eaten the flesh of animals whose soul had escaped the wrong way. He took this much to heart, told a double number of beads, hooked on an extra prayer, and set his teeth firmly against the flesh of fish, fowl, and quadruped. I was,

therefore, obliged to ransack the country for fruit, and the pastrycooks' shops for confectionery and biscuits for him.

The want, however, of flesh meat began, after a while, to be felt ; but I was absent in London, and there was not a creature in the place, to whom he could make himself understood. After exhausting all his eloquence in vain upon the cook and housemaid, he got an egg, and began dropping it from one hand to another, to the great amazement of the poor girls, who thought it might be some hocus-pocus of conjuration, and who, after staring for a while with large round eyes, took to their heels and summoned the mistress of the house. She for a long time was equally at a loss, to understand, whether he was performing some religious ceremony, or only mad ; but at length the truth, ridiculous as it was, broke upon one of the party ; a book of natural history was produced, a hen was found, and Summud grinned, and nodded his assent.

Accordingly, a fat fowl was procured him, from a neighbouring farm-house. But the cook-maid soon came to say that Mr. Summud Khaun was in a great taking, had rejected the fowl, and was running about, cackling, stamping, and shaking his wings. This mystery also, after much investigation, was unravelled ; he wanted a live fowl, and a living fowl was procured him. But the astonishment of cook and housemaid was this time mingled with horror. Both came running into the drawing-room, pale and gasping for breath. All that could for some time be got from them was, " O ma'am ! Mr. Summud Khaun ! "

" Well, what of Mr. Summud Khaun ? "

“O ma'am! O ma'am!”

It may be easily supposed, that some alarm was excited, by all this mysterious horror. The idea of Summud hanging suspended to the kitchen rafters by the garter of the pretty housemaid, of whom he was evidently enamoured, suggested itself; and a variety of horrible surmises succeeded. It proved, however, that the girls were only excessively horrified at the cruelty Summud was perpetrating upon the fowl. He had torn out its tongue, they said; cut its throat, without drawing, in the most unchristian-like manner, and then talked all kinds of strange words to it, in its death agonies, mocking it with sounds that resembled the gabbling of a turkey-cock. On my return from London, I found that Summud Khaun was regarded as an ogre, at the least; horror, disgust, and indignation were coupled with his name. He had dropped several eggs through his hands since, but without the slightest effect; and I was entreated never to place another live fowl in his power. I called him to me, and begged an explanation, for I knew that he was not naturally cruel. In reply he assured me that he had exercised no cruelty. That he could not think of eating fowls, whose souls were either in their bodies, or had gone to Jehannum, and that we ate none others. He had, therefore, begged a live fowl, and had made it lawful ere he ate it.

“But the maids say, you used great cruelty to it, tearing out its tongue, and prolonging unnecessarily its pain, and mocking its agonies.”

“Lah hôl!” replied poor Summud; “I did only what is prescribed by the Word of God. I turned its head towards Mecca, held its tongue out of its mouth, that the soul might escape comfortably by that road,

and uttered the usual Arabic prayer, ' Bismillah oo ruhman oo ruheem (In the name of God the compassionate, the merciful).'

I, of course, explained all this; but I perceived that nothing could erase the horror excited by the report of the servant-maids; and as I was anxious that Sumnud should be as comfortable as circumstances would allow, I tried to persuade him to change his diet, from fowls to beef or mutton. But the difficulties were numerous. Having seen us strangle our fowls, he was persuaded that we draw the necks of our sheep; as for beef, it is too coarse a food for an Afghaun; he never had eaten, and never would eat it. I assured him that he was quite mistaken; that we killed our sheep by cutting their throats; and I sent him next day with an attendant to the butcher's to see the sheep killed. I felt assured that this would annihilate his scruples. But I was mistaken. The butcher had not only, he said, neglected to turn their heads toward Mecca, but instead of drawing the knife across the throat, had drilled a dirty little hole in the jugular, not half large enough to let the soul out; and he would be dished if he ate such meat as that!

I was angry at this obstinacy. Reminded him of his promise to conform, as far as possible, to our usages; a promise that alone prevailed over my reluctance to bring him with me. I represented all the trouble, annoyance, and expense which his perverseness occasioned. It was all of no use. My anger produced tears, but no abatement of his resolution. He replied, "Leave me to myself. I don't want to interrupt your happiness. I will eat bread and drink water. I want no more. I will give up



even that to please you ; but I cannot peril my soul, even for your sake."

If I pressed him further, he begged me just to cast him off, and take no further care about him. It was enough for him to see me happy. This rendered anger impossible ; and as his health was suffering from the unnatural diet to which he was subjected, I thought the only way was to purchase him a live sheep whenever he required meat. I accordingly sent him to the butcher's where he selected the fattest, and he returned home with it delighted, took it into the public road before the house in which he lodged, and cut its throat there in the direction of Mecca, making it as holy as he possibly could with prayer. Imagine the horror of the good people of the neighbourhood, who will eat as many sheep as you please ; but think any man but the butcher a cannibal, who shall presume to kill one. The scandal was very great. The murder of the fowl was a private transaction ; but this was done in the very teeth of the public. I was now at my wits' end ; and I know not how I should have supplied his wants, had not the butcher volunteered to let him kill a sheep in the shambles when he needed meat, and take any portion of it that he might require. This arrangement answered very well in the country ; he killed his sheep, and carried half of it home, whenever it suited him ; but in London, I could effect no such arrangement for him ; for, although his board was paid for, he would touch nothing set before him, and I was obliged to forage amongst the fruiterers' and pastry-cooks' shops, for fruits, jams, pastry, and raspberry vinegar ; the latter being his favourite tippie.

In order that he might ingratiate himself with those

about him, I kept his unfathomable pockets well supplied with confectionery. He was, in consequence, very popular with all the children of the country town, who followed him in flocks whenever he went abroad, and were, indeed, his only companions. One of the children of the person with whom, eventually, I lodged him, agreed in age with his youngest boy, left at Heraut, and became a great pet. Indeed, the poor boy's health was ruined by the quantity of sweetmeats he received from Summud Khaun. The good people of the house had a great regard for him; and in spite of the murder of fowl and sheep, parties were made to visit him; and with the true delicacy of the English, that the visit might not be taken as addressed to a monster, fruits and preserves were brought as little offerings to a guest.

Previous to this, however, and on his first arrival at Alton, an unfortunate occurrence happened, which gave me infinite concern. I was absent in London, and the family were at Church. A trooper of dragoons, and a labourer, both rather drunk, came prowling about the premises to get a view of the Turk, as they called him. Summud was seated in the garden under an apple tree, thinking himself quite secure on British ground, and in the house of his master. The men approached the low hedge, and after for some time staring at him, began to throw stones and to abuse him; at length, the trooper dared the labourer to pull the Turk's beard. The labourer leapt over the hedge, seized poor Summud's beard, and gave it several tugs; an insult, that is to be washed out only with blood. Summud ran in for his sabre, and returning, chased the labourer through the road, and would probably have killed could he have

caught him: but the fellow, in an agony of terror, was more than a match in the race for Summud, encumbered as was the latter with cloaks and huge unmentionables, so that the poor Afghaun returned to the house almost broken-hearted; insulted and dishonoured, under the very roof of his master. I could not, of course, overlook such a disgraceful outrage; an act of brutality which we had not witnessed amongst Toorks, Kuzzauks, or Tartars. I lodged a complaint with the Magistrate: the offender was apprehended, tried, and sentenced to two months' imprisonment. When Summud, who was in court during the proceedings, learned the sentence, he interceded for the man, assuring the Magistrate that he quite forgave him. But the Magistrate very properly replied, that the act was one in which the character of the nation was at stake; and that he could not remove the penalty.

This circumstance greatly distressed me. I found, that in spite of our boasted civility, the stranger in England is liable to acts of brutality, which would not be credited in barbarous countries. I was no longer easy in leaving the house for a few days, and obliged to agree with the man with whom he lodged, that Summud should never show himself abroad unattended by one of the family. Even this precaution was ineffectual to prevent much uneasiness to my family, for the people of the neighbourhood collected in crowds around the house and grounds to gaze upon him; and it was impossible to feel assured that some drunken fellow amongst them might not repeat the outrage. Summud Khaun was the only Afghaun that had ever visited Europe; and it was miserable to think that such an impression of our barbarity and

inhospitality should be made upon a nation by his report.

Every evening at sunset, Summud Khaun was to be seen upon the green turf of the grass plot in front of the house, bowing and kneeling, and prostrating himself in the direction of Mecca, by assistance of a compass, which I had purchased for him. Dressed in my green furred cloak, which had reverted to him, with his long beard and turbaned brow, he was the most picturesque of figures, and one that had surely not often been seen in that quiet country place. He himself enjoyed his importance in spite of its inconvenience. "But," said he one day, "it is desperately dull work; I cannot speak a word of the language of your country. And as for venturing to walk abroad, I am an owl, Sir, a very owl; every sparrow in the neighbourhood follows me, and gabbles at me, and I am glad enough to get back to my corner of obscurity."

This boorish propensity of the English utterly prevented all freedom to the luckless guest. In London it was not quite so bad; but his ignorance of the language made it necessary that he should never move without my protection; and his helplessness prevented me from assigning him the place of a servant in the vehicle. I took him to see the wax-works, a sight really worthy of attention. He was much struck, and particularly with the figure of Mary, Queen of Scots, which he pointed out to me. I accompanied Summud to visit the industrious fleas. The exhibition is a miserable failure. The idea of making fleas work, however, greatly amused him.

"I saw," he said, "on first arriving, a dog harnessed in a cart. I afterwards saw two goats thus disposed

of. I thought this very wonderful; but never conjectured that you made use of fleas as draught cattle. What will Shauh Kaumraun say to this, if I venture to repeat it?"

On returning from any of these exhibitions, I invariably led him to the pastrycook's; a place of resort sufficiently astonishing to the inhabitants of any half-civilized land. The cleanliness, elegance and comfort of the arrangements, struck him; and the beauty of some of the young women who attended, made him fancy himself in the land of Peris. The confectionery also, he acknowledged to be passing good; and when he had seen several other countries of Europe, he confessed that, barring our monstrous habit of eating *raw* butter upon our bread, our filthy addiction to the flesh of the Unclean One, our coarse delight in beef, and horrible preference of flesh from which the soul had never satisfactorily departed; we were, next to himself, the cleanest feeders in the world.

His love was the cause of much embarrassment in our quiet household. The housemaid was a very pretty girl, but a great goose; and Summud's advances frightened her out of her wits. One day, he had drawn a carving-knife, which, since the assault recorded, he always wore dagger-fashion in his girdle; and I suppose would have threatened to stab himself. But the mere sight of the knife quite upset the kitchen. The two girls ran screaming to report to their mistress that Mr. Summud Khaun had drawn his dagger upon them; and, added the housemaid, "I'm sure, ma'am, he's after something dangerous, for he grins at me quite spiteful, ma'am, and one day cut off a bit of my hair, ma'am. And I don't know

what he 's going to do with it, ma'am. And he takes out the saucepan into the garden, ma'am ; and Mary and me's obliged to chase him, ma'am, to get it back, ma'am ; and I'm sure, ma'am, I don't like Mr. Summud's doings, ma'am, at all."

In short, the misunderstandings increased to such a degree, that I thought it better that he should not spend the day in the house as heretofore. When next I took him to London, I carried him one night to a vapour bath near St. James's Street, expecting, from the Muhummudan name of the owner, to find there someone of his own persuasion, who could talk Persian to him. But the owner, a Moosulmaun from India, was absent, and not a creature in the house could understand him. I therefore acted as interpreter, and having arranged everything, left him, and sauntered for an hour through the streets, which were half a foot deep in melting snow. I had paid half a guinea for his treat, and hoped he would be pleased. When, however, I met him, I found him in perfect misery, venting his indignation in Persian and Pushtoo, alternately, with an occasional mixture of an Arabic, Toorkish, or English word. The poor people of the house were more astonished than edified. As soon as he could make himself intelligible to me, I found that he had been made to sit upon a cane-bottomed chair ; that a curtain was drawn around him, and that at a signal, a large volume of boiling steam rushed up between his legs like an eruption of Etna, frightening him within an inch of his life, woefully scalding his sitting apparatus, and speedily increasing to a degree that almost stifled him. In vain he called out to have the curtain opened. The attendant only drew it the closer, being persuaded

that a black man likes it hot. He roared, he bellowed ; but this only raised fresh demands for atmospheric air. At length, undressed as he was, he bolted through the curtain, upsetting and frightening the servant, declaring, in excellent Pushtoo, that he had never asked to be boiled ; and then vainly endeavouring to persuade the man to scrub him, to dye his beard, and to polish the soles of his feet with pumice stone. In short, it was a complete failure, like every other attempt I had made for his comfort.

At the polytechnic exhibition he saw many marvels. The looms were perhaps those which most interested him, because he could best understand them. The new process for raising water by means of an endless tape, astonished me as much as it surprised him. When he saw me about to enter the diving-bell, he entreated me not to be so rash ; and when I invited him to accompany me, declared he thought he should be more usefully employed in praying for me on dry land. The pride of saying he was the only Afghaun who had ever descended in a diving-bell, could not prevail over his extreme caution.

Having discovered a handsome church (St. Pancras), free from images, I took him, at his desire, to see our worship. The organ, which he now heard for the first time in his life, astonished him ; but I fear he must have formed a mean opinion of our devotion ; for many faces were counter-marched to stare at him. The clergyman met us after service, when I was translating to Summud the Decalogue, and offered us attention. I had warned him that he need not follow the motions of the congregation, but might sit still if he pleased ; he replied, " It is the

temple of God, and I will comply." He was struck with the charity children, and I informed him that the object of religion with us, was to cultivate every virtue, and that the sermon he had just heard, was an exhortation to charity, mercy, and justice.

But the exhibition that gave him the most intense delight, was Covent Garden Theatre. I took him there twice to see the "Midsummer Night's Dream." The theatre itself, with all its galleries, its beautiful faces, and brilliant lights, was a sufficient marvel; but, when the performance commenced, the enchantment was complete: the scenery so exquisitely delineated; the figures, beautiful in themselves, and appalled as only Peris appear; the beautiful singing; the dancing, from which I myself could not, for an instant, withdraw the eye; the winged things floating in the air, or rising through the earth, all bewildered and delighted him; and he still declares, that of all the wonderful and delightful things possessed by the English, their Play of Fairies is the most marvellous. The machinery of fairies we have ourselves borrowed from Asia; and it was easily comprehended by him. When Puck springs into the air, and flies across the stage, he was at first startled, and bewildered; but he soon recovered, and remarked, "You do that by means of wires." Bully Bottom's metamorphosis he readily comprehended. The sagacious looks of the ass, and the motions of its ear, when the Fairy Queen is whispering her love secrets, were all duly appreciated. The piece closes by the sudden apparition of fairies on earth, and fluttering in mid air, bearing each a torch in her hand. In short, fairy-land itself is outdone; and I will venture to say, that Summud's most exaggerated notion of the glories of Peristaun,



never came up to this elegant exhibition. When I explained to him, that the house, the scenery, and decorations were all the property, not of the king, but of private individuals, his astonishment was extreme. Unfortunately, Astley's Theatre was closed, so that he lost that exhibition entirely, and I was too much a stranger in London to do its lions justice.

In spite of the disgraceful outrage above recorded, Sumnud Khaun did not quit England until he had learned to love the nation ; and I perceived, that every step we took in Europe confirmed his opinion of the superior worth and kindness of the English ; and I must, as a stranger and a traveller, add my testimony, that in spite of occasional acts of boorishness and brutality, that would shame savages, I have met no people so generally courteous, kind-hearted, and estimable, as my own countrymen.

In one of the brief intervals of relaxation allowed me during my stay in England, I ran down to visit the haunts of my childhood, and the place of my birth. Twenty years had passed over the spot, and many alterations had taken place. But the general features remained as before. *They* remained as before—but the eye which beheld, and the mind which considered them, how strangely were they changed. I walked as a somnambulist. All I saw around me appeared shadows of my own fancy, one of those vivid dreams which had so often transported me fifteen thousand miles in an instant to this very spot, to the presence of these objects, to the thoughts and memories which they now awakened.

The features, I have said, remained as before ; but my eye had become an inverted telescope, everything was dwindled to Lilliputian dimensions. The tower-

ing walls, which had been my models when reading of Babylon and Nineveh, had suddenly sunk to the most miserable dimensions. The mansions I had regarded as palaces in former days, appeared in the contrast but cages fit for sparrows.

The trees, behind which the sun of my childhood had set, where the heaven descended to such visible contact with the earth that I scorned the superstition which removed it to an immeasurable distance ; these I now beheld no longer as giants, but as dwarfs.

I passed the sepulchral mound, shaded with pine trees, where sleep the warriors of other days. It had seen unmoved the passage of centuries, and of course was not altered by the years of my remembrance. I passed also the bounds which once it was high treason to transgress. That play-ground with all its heroes : the strong, the fleet, the agile, the tough. It seemed to me peopled once more with candidates for fame in the mysteries of bat, hoop, football, and marbles. Where were they all dispersed whilst I had been playing a bout of long bowls in Eastern lands ?

And the glorious ginger-bread shop, and the glorious fat-faced Mrs. Abraham, who had presided over it, issuing her parliamentary edicts, and rejoicing our young hearts, as she emptied our young pockets. She could not be mortal ; she had a look of enduring beneficence, that was not made for decay. She had settled herself upon this earth of ours, so cosily, so broadly, so comfortably ; she had enlarged her foundation like some mighty pyramid. It seemed impossible that time or the elements should shake her, whilst cocoa-nuts should continue to be given to mortals, and damsons and bullaces be rained below. I sought out her throne. I was astonished at the bareness of

the deep window, formerly lined with delights. I entered ; I missed that most fragrant of fragrances, which formerly issued from this stronghold of delight, addressing itself equally to the brain, the fancy, and the stomach, promising such bliss as only the school-boy can enjoy, whose appetite, sharpened by the birch, is appeased upon cheese-cakes and strawberries. A sickness of the heart came over me ; but I persisted. I penetrated the well-known precincts. I looked for the ample form of the Queen of Queen-cakes. Could that indeed be she, dwindled, like her empire, to the dimensions of a shrivelled walnut-kernel, even as her shop was dwindled to its shell ? I stood thunder-struck, staring at the anatomy before me. She saw that I was of the ghost tribe, who will not speak until spoken to ; and, with a curtsey, asked my will. This completely awakened me. Mrs. Abraham would as soon have thought of waltzing as of curtseying ; indeed, the motion to a lady of her dimensions had been final, unless she had had a sixty-horse power in the knee-pan. Imagine the curtsey of the great Egyptian pyramid. The result of my inquiry was, that Mrs. Abraham, the immortal Queen of Lollipops, was—dead. Her niece had attempted to keep up the shop, but, for want of the substance of the old lady, it had dwindled away ; so that now I could scarcely procure a pear and a sheet of parliament, to remind me of my immortal entry into pinafores.

I pursued my ramble, greatly shocked and dispirited. The death of a hundred new acquaintances does not so painfully remind us of our mortality as the disappearance of one of these landmarks of our history, these rallying points of our memory, who had long ceased to be regarded as actors in the pageant of

existence, and had become, as it were, parts of the machinery of the stage. I pursued my course toward the house that had shielded me in infancy. The plot of grass in front was all the worse for age, which had shrivelled its dimensions. I stepped over the chains, under which I used to creep. I was at the gate of my father's house, a stranger, and disowned. The heavy horse-chesnut trees gloomed over me. But where was their giant size? I remember when it was a feat to shy a pebble over them; and now I dare not declare how miserable they appeared to an eye accustomed to the mountainous masses of foliage of tropical climes. But I stood upon haunted and sacred ground. My hand trembled as I opened the gate; my knees gave way as I surmounted the step, and stood at my father's door. There I paused, to recover my scattered thoughts; to persuade myself by internal evidence that I was not in a trance; to indulge awhile in comparison of the scene as I had left it with the scene as it stood before me and around.

Not a tree, not a plant, or a shrub had grown in that area, but its image was fresh in my remembrance. One by one I summoned them before me; many came, sufficient to identify the spot; but many, how many, like the hands that planted and the eyes that watched them, were no more! Of those which remained, time had dimmed the beauty, even as experience had curbed the dimensions. The white blossomed acacia, the pride of that plot of turf, beneath which we so often made our summer seat, whose yellow leaves, as they fell around us, we collected, to assist in our sports, and whose image had become a type of my early joys, it was still there; but a change had passed over it; its luxuriant foliage had been

lopped by decay; its trunk was shattered and minished, and an ivy presumed to wind its arms around it, and to mingle its dank, night-haunted leaves and fibres with the tresses of this daughter of the sun. That sun now cast its garish beams upon the lawn, over which the acacia had once spread her fairy arms, as a mediator between her lord and the spot of her love. The sun-beams that spread through her emerald foliage and snowy blossoms, how sweetly, how lightly, how playfully had they fallen, robbed of all their fire, their glare transmuted into glory!

But all this was nothing to the silence of that court where forms had flitted incessantly past, and the light-hearted mirth of children had rung, until the walls were alive with the echo. Now, although there was no other symptom of desertion, which, indeed, had harmonized far better with my emotions, yet there was no life. It seemed as if all this ruin had been brought about in a day; that the hearts of the loved ones had grown suddenly still, and a blight had fallen upon the trees and shrubs, leaving the mansion unaltered in its freshness, although humbled in the pride of its dimensions.

The whole of that day I consumed in tracking the footprints of other years. It was a most melancholy, thrilling, fascinating employ. The greater part of the emotions too sacred to be recorded, too deep to be even shadowed by words. Changes had taken place, which aroused my indignation; parts of my father's ground had been sold to speculators in brick and mortar. I vainly sought the paling, which had been broken by the charge of a bull upon my red jacket: a college stood upon the spot. One circumstance perplexed me. It was, that I found the objects

formerly regarded with admiration, had been minute particles of that which now appeared so beautiful as a whole ; they were little circles, suited to the insect eyes that surveyed them, and now scarcely visible as subjects of separate review.

The eye, so long accustomed to the wide, boundless steppe, to the aspect of mountains losing their summits in the clouds, required now the aid of the microscope to discern the Lilliputian landscape which once had been in itself a world.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

Return to Calcutta—Summud Khauniana—Fate of Saleh Muhummud—Murder of Stoddart and Conolly—Concluding Remarks.

AT the expiration of my allotted term, I bade farewell, once more, to my native land, and proceeded to Calcutta, *viâ* Paris, Genoa, Rome, Naples, Malta, Athens, Alexandria, and Bombay.

Previous to quitting England, on so long a land journey, I sought to provide in some way for the passage of Summud Khaun, who, I foresaw, must be, not only a ruinous expense to me, but a subject of infinite anxiety and vexation. I could have shipped him on board a sailing vessel for Bombay or Calcutta for about 50*l.* : but I felt assured he would perish on the voyage of sea-sickness and misery ; for, as he was still as ignorant of any European language, or even the Hindustani dialect, as ever, his position on board a vessel, without my protection and company, would have been insupportable. At the same time, his conveyance and that of his baggage were no joke. He could not occupy the place of a lackey on the roof or basket of a carriage : and his baggage consisted of one large heavy trunk, and three sacks of sundries : for I wished him to have some remembrances of the countries he had visited. I finally decided upon his accompanying me on a journey, from which he derived more pain than interest or profit.

I took him at Paris, Genoa, and Rome, to see all that I supposed would interest him. The interior of St. Peter's, it may be believed, was the chief of these. The display of rich marbles, handsome sculpture, and gilt ornaments, dazzled and bewildered him, as much as the idolatry practised there shocked him : and the indelicacy of some of the ladies filled him with horror, which the manners of the servants' hall at the hotel tended to confirm. At Paris, that which most impressed him was the extent and excellence of the cuisine at Meurice's hotel. He spoke in glowing terms of the magic he there witnessed, and declared that the French are kings of the kitchen.

At Naples, the squalor and apparent want of the population touched his heart. One day I heard an immense hubbub outside the hotel, and presently the landlord ran in breathless to beg me to prevent my Eastern gentleman from assembling at his door all the mob of Naples, by tossing handfuls of money amongst them. I sent for Summud, and asked him if the charge was true. He replied, that it being Friday, he had distributed the usual alms, amounting to a handful or two of copper coins : that in an instant the whole population of the city seemed to have collected for the scramble, and that he had never seen so many beggars. The whole of that, and the three ensuing days, the house was beset with crowds, waiting for the appearing of his turban. It seemed, he said, to be a nation of beggars.

I took him with me to the summit of Vesuvius. He was filled with amazement and awe. As we gazed down into the fiery pit, from which ever rises a huge column of sulphurous smoke, I explained to him that this had been deemed in



former days the entrance to hell. I was extremely anxious to descend to the bottom of the crater. When Summud observed me, he roared, in the most earnest manner, his entreaty that I would return. I turned round, and invited him to follow. But the idea of walking deliberately and of choice into the jaws of Jehannum, was no part of his bargain as a follower. He stood his ground, declared that I should have full need of all his prayers, and that he would remain there and pray for me. The wind was adverse to my attempt, blowing the smoke upon the only footpath, and rendering it utterly impracticable. Indeed, as we skirted the crater, it came up in such suffocating volumes that we were once almost stifled; and Summud, instead of running, sat down in the midst of it to cough, so that I was obliged to drag him on by force.

I had explained to him that from this and a neighbouring fiery mountain we procured our sulphur; and I now showed him that mineral strewing the summit of the volcano. "No wonder," he observed, "that your gunpowder is so deadly, when you gather it at the gate of hell."

I described to him the terrors of an eruption. The heavens swallowed up in red vapour, raining ashes, and hailing rocky fragments. The flames rushing up, through this lurid canopy, and torrents of liquid lava gushing over the crater, and sweeping everything before them to the sea. "The ocean himself," I said, "flies from this fiery deluge."

"Fly," he said, "his *father* would fly."

"This mountain," he observed, "must have sinned, that the Almighty should consume it with fire. But see how merciful is God. He has placed the sea at

its foot, to prevent the further spread of this mischief. Had this mountain been in Heraut, it had set the whole country on fire, for we have no water wherewith to quench it."

I would not destroy his view of the mercy of the All-merciful, by showing him that water is one of the fiery principles which burst forth from Vesuvius ; or rather *that*, by the agency of which, the pent fire is let loose from its thralldom. I have heard Christians reason as wisely upon the providence of the Most High.

On reaching Malta, he came to me to inquire whether there were any pigs in the island ; I had seen none, and asked his reason.

"This is an English town, Sir, isn't it?"

"Yes! it is."

"Then I'll drink some milk here. I've had none, during the last fortnight."

"I ordered that you should be supplied; why did you not complain to me?"

"I was supplied; but would not touch it."

"Why? I hope you are not taking up that old silly whim about pig's milk?"

"It is no whim, Sir; I saw, with my own eyes, a little girl, of the hotel at Naples, milk the Unclean One's mother for breakfast. Lah-hôl-wa-la-kowwut-illa-billahi."

This was the first time I had ever heard of tea made with sow's milk, and I could scarcely credit the relation. His account, however, was too circumstantial to admit of doubt; indeed he contrived to get peeps behind the curtains, of doings, of which I should never have dreamed. On board the French steamer I had purchased him a second-class place

amongst gentlemen ; but sad complaints of him were brought me, and on going to the cuddy I found him excluded from the circle, and eating alone. I was angry, but on inquiring, found that he had insisted upon thrusting his hands into the dishes, in spite of all that could be said in good French to deter him ; and that, when they pressed wine upon him, he had drawn his dagger, and frightened the cuddy boy into a fit, muttering all the while horrible sounds, being the Arabic line above quoted. The consequence was, that all the servants took a dislike to him, and rendered him very uncomfortable. One day, I found that he had nothing before him but sea-eggs: "things without a father," as he called them.

The account he gave, of the abominations used by the cook of the steamer, in the production of the exquisite dishes served at table, was very horrible. I felt grateful for the schooling I had had in a Kuzzauk tent. I fancy his impression of French politeness was not favourable. One day, in travelling toward Marseilles, I occupied the front part of the diligence, and he had a seat in the rear. When we had proceeded some distance, it being night, I fancied I heard my name called in Persian, and looked out of the window in amaze. I again heard the sound, and thrusting my head out, found that it proceeded from Summud Khaun, who was calling upon me for help. I stopped the diligence, leapt out, and ran to his assistance. He was blubbering and roaring alternately, and it was long ere I could ascertain the cause. At length, I found that he accused the man in front of him of spitting in his face, and pulling his beard. I opened the door, climbed the steps, and insisted upon an explanation. The offender, a soldier of the Guards,

was much too drunk to render any; but his comrade, and the other passengers, replied for him, that he was very sick from drunkenness, and that he might have spluttered a little over my Turk; that my Turk had seized him by the throat in the most unchristian-like manner, and that he had pulled my Turk's beard in retaliation.\* I explained this to Summud, but he would not be pacified. He could not fetter his conscience by winking at the crime of drunkenness, and, after having been stopped again by a fresh *fracas*, I was obliged to bribe the man who sat next me, to change places with Summud, who declared he would leap out under the wheels, rather than sit where he was.

In the steamer from Malta to Athens, were a poor man and his wife, with whom Summud shared all his little luxuries. The woman had a young pup, which was one of the Feringee mysteries that perplexed poor Summud. "What *can* she pet that unclean animal for?" he inquired.

"Why," I said, "women must have something to lavish their affections upon; and if Heaven has denied them children, they often adopt cats, dogs, or parrots. It is one of the mysteries of the human heart."

Some days subsequent to this, he came and said, "Do you know, Sir, what the woman keeps that

\* "It is very hard," said Summud Khaun, "that I should be so baited by drunken men; I'm sure I've done my duty toward them. I killed two of them at Heraut, and was very nearly hanged in consequence. They blasphemed God and the Prophet. I rebuked them. They continued their blasphemy, and I rode up and split their skulls with my battle-axe. The friends of the second had me imprisoned. I was many weeks in quod; but fortunately there had been witnesses of the deed, who testified that I had only done the duty of a good Moosulmaun."

puppy dog for? You told me, it was to fondle, and I thought that sufficiently horrible; but after awhile, it struck me that I saw no provision made for the food of this imp of uncleanness, and I determined to watch; so one night, whilst I lay awake, I heard the thing screaming for food, until at last it woke the woman. Now, I said, we shall see. And what do you think I saw? The woman gave this son of defilement the breast. Lah-hôl-wa-la-kowwut-illa-billahi! What will Shaub Kaumraun say, when I tell him I have seen a people, whose daughters milk the mother of the Unclean One, and are themselves milked by the sons of defilement? Lah hôl! Jobah!"

At Athens, I bargained that he should live at the table of the hotel-keeper. A day or two afterwards, mine host came to beg I would tell Summud not to carry loaded pistols always in his belt, for not only were the women in a fluster about it, but the police might some day be upon him; as no one may bear arms in Greece, without special licence. I warned him accordingly: but he replied, that he had good reason for the precaution, and when urged further, shrugged up his shoulders, and was silent.

The next day, the master of the hotel waited upon me and said, he had done his utmost to make my Turk comfortable: but to no purpose. He sat down to dinner armed to the teeth, and when he, the hotel-keeper, drank his health, after the English fashion, the Turk drew his dagger, and threatened to cut all their throats. I sent for Summud, and inquired into this. He replied, that the hotel-keeper had offered him wine. That he had declined it. That it was pressed upon him, and he had replied in excellent Persian, that it was forbidden, and that if they loved

him they would forbear. That on their urging it again, he had drawn his knife, and declared they had better cut his throat than press him. That he had made signs to this effect, and they had all taken to their heels.

I begged mine host not to press him to do what was forbidden to him.

He declared he had not pressed him. He had merely drunk his health.

"He lies," said Summud, "he did press me. He said, 'Goot, very goot you,' and patted his breast, as much as to say, it will make you fat and hearty. He thinks I don't know what Goot means."

"Lah! Sir," said the poor hotel-keeper, "I only said, 'Your good health,' and put my hand upon my heart. It is all the English I know, Sir, and I thought the Turk had been in England, and was up to it."

He was much interested with the localities of Egypt, familiar to him in the Muhummudan traditions; and the Red Sea had even more charms for him, as he passed the spot where Moses cleft the waters, saw Sinai and Horeb in the distance, and passed within a few miles of Mecca. On arriving at Bombay, I procured him a passage to Kurrachee, and gave him letters and all the cash I could spare, to carry him to his native land. I heard of his safe arrival at Candahar,\* and of that of my other servants. I parted from him with regret, for we had seen and suffered much together. He is by far the most travelled Afghaun in the world; but was, unfortunately, so little dis-

\* I was long ignorant of his fate. But have heard that he followed the British force from Candahar, and enjoyed a small pension at Peshawur, where he died some years subsequently.

posed to turn his advantages to good account, that I fear he scarcely remembers the names of half a dozen of the cities through which he passed, although to fix them in his memory, I made him, at each, a present of some trifle. By the time he reached Candahar, he had prayed facing each point of the compass, having encircled Mecca. People were often curious to know what countryman he was. If I said, "An Afghaun," they would stare with open mouths, evidently supposing it was some species of buffalo. I therefore generally said, "He is a kind of Persian." This satisfied them, and they thought Xerxes must have been a queer-looking fellow. But it did not satisfy poor Summud, for the Persians are all heretics. He, therefore, one day said, "Call me an Arab, Sir."

"If you like it, I will, Summud, but they know of Arabs, in this country, only as horses, and you will be mistaken for a wild Yahoo (galloway), to a certainty."

In England, the country clowns after staring, first at his petticoats, and then at his beard, became quite muddled, and spoke of him in the neuter gender, to avoid mistakes.

In the fate of Saleh Muhummud, the reader will probably take interest. This gallant man reached Herat in safety, and was received there with the warmest applause, and rewarded handsomely for his spirited services. He afterwards served under Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Conolly on his mission to Khiva. The following extract from a letter, dated Cabul, 12th July, 1841, will show further particulars. "Saleh Muhummud arrived at Cabul about three weeks ago. You may fancy how delighted I was to see him. He brought a packet from Lieutenant-

Colonel Conolly by the direct route, through the Huzaruh country. He returned by the same route, after remaining seven or eight days. He received in presents of shawls, pistols, and money, about £100; your brother gave him a handsome watch. The land which I bought him at Heraut, has been confiscated by Yar Muhummud Khaun, the Vuzeer. I brought away his father, uncle, brothers, and cousins, all of whom the Vuzeer wished to torture."

So much was known of him when the first edition of these volumes was printed in Calcutta, in 1841. On Saleh Muhummud's return from Cabul to Khiva, with despatches for Lieut.-Colonel Conolly, he found that that officer had gone to Kokaun, and from thence to Bokhara, where he hoped to liberate Colonel Stoddart. Thither, *i.e.*, to Bokhara, Conolly summoned Saleh Muhummud, who accordingly left Khiva, in spite of the anxious dissuasion of the Khaun Huzurut, who assured him that evil would befall him from the monster ruling there. On entering the Bokhara territory, he was arrested, stripped of his property, and carried prisoner to the Ummeer. For the Ummeer, on learning of the Cabul outbreak, had closely imprisoned both Stoddart and Conolly in the citadel. Saleh Muhummud was imprisoned in another quarter of the same building, for fifty-two days. He was then taken, with one Ulla Dād (a messenger from Shah Shooja, attendant upon Conolly), and with him thrust into a dry well, in the jail of the city. Here he remained four months, in a condition truly horrible.

He was then, with some others, taken out and set at liberty. One of these, Yoosuph Roomie, was taken to the Tukht, a platform in the sand outside the fort, the ordinary place of execution. There he and



two robbers were thrown, and their throats were cut. A young son of the jailor, Meer Syud Shereef, ran in to Stoddart and Conolly saying, "They have killed Yoosuph Roomie and two others with him." Conolly said, "Those two others must have been Saleh Muhummud and Ulla Dād." This being denied, he privately sent to Saleh Muhummud, desiring some sign that he still lived. Saleh replied that at Khiva, he, Colonel Conolly, had said, that the earth revolves upon its axis; to which Saleh had answered, "How can that be? We should all be sent up to the skies." Hearing this, Colonel Conolly was assured of Saleh's existence, and begged him not to quit Bokhara.

About seven days after Saleh's release, Conolly and Stoddart were removed from the citadel, and stripped of their garments. A written paper was found upon Colonel Stoddart. He was summoned before the Ummeer, who asked him how, and from whom he had received that paper. He refused to tell. He was thrown upon his back, and beaten upon the soles of his feet, until the flesh peeled off. But he remained constant. He was then carried to the prison in the city, and was that night murdered secretly in a ruined house of that enclosure; his throat being cut, and the head taken off.

Conolly was then brought before the Ummeer, who offered him his life, upon condition of his undergoing circumcision. He replied boldly, "You circumcised Colonel Stoddart, and now have murdered him. What faith is there in your word? I am ready for death." The fatal sign was given. He was led away and murdered that night in the prison, but by a different executioner.

Secretly as this hellish work was performed, it was whispered throughout the city, and reached Saleh's ears. He went to one of the executioners to certify himself of the truth. The man confirmed the report, and offered, for a sum of money, to show him their heads. But Saleh had no heart to witness the sight, had he possessed the means of bribing the executioner. He was satisfied that the British officers were killed, and that he had no further business at Bokhara, where his own life was in hourly jeopardy.

He went to an officer who was friendly to him (I purposely forbear mentioning the name), and demanded a passport, without which no man can leave Bokhara. The officer replied, "Why have you clad yourself?" He answered that some charitable people had enabled him to do so. The officer inquired whether he knew that the British officers had been killed. He affected ignorance, being afraid to betray his informant. The officer said, "They have been killed, and your only chance is to move off in beggar's attire." This Saleh did; and joining a caravan, reached Khiva, where the Khaun Huzurut was most friendly, and supplied him with a horse, arms, dress, cash, and guides to Meshed.

He arrived safely, and a sum of money, as a remuneration of his losses and services, was bestowed upon him by the British Government, and he continued an exile at Meshed until the sum was nearly expended; when thinking I might be able to provide for him in India, he endeavoured to reach me, *via* Bulkh and Cabul. The Ummeer of Cabul would not suffer him to pass, but sent him back in winter over the snowy passes, with an order to the Governor of Heibuk to set him adrift trans-Oxus, the territory of Bokhara,