



# MORNING-LAND;

OR,

A THOUSAND AND ONE DAYS IN THE EAST.

BY FRIEDRICH BODENSTEDT.

FROM THE GERMAN

BY RICHARD WADDINGTON.

"But if this branch of literature has met with so many obstructions from the ignorant, it has, certainly, been checked in its progress by the learned themselves, most of whom have confined their study to the minute researches of verbal criticism; like men who discover a precious mine, but instead of searching for the rich ore, or for gems, amuse themselves with collecting smooth pebbles and pieces of crystal."

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1851.

CONTENTS  
OF  
THE SECOND VOLUME.

---

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
TOUR THROUGH THE PASHALICK OF ACHALZICH : <i>Continued</i> . . . . .	1

CHAPTER II.

THE WISE MAN OF ADIGION, THE ROOF OF THE WIDOW, AND THE CONTEST OF WISDOM . . . . .	33
--	----

CHAPTER III.

GEORGIAN VARIETIES . . . . .	55
------------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV.

ADEL-CHAN, THE LAST UTZMÉY OF KAITACH . . . . .	81
---	----

CHAPTER V.

ADEL-CHAN, THE LAST UTZMÉY OF KAITACH : <i>Continued</i> . . . . .	103
--	-----

CHAPTER VI.		PAGE
ADEL-CHAN, THE LAST UTZMÉY OF KAITACH: <i>Concluded</i>		119
CHAPTER VII.		
LAST IMPRESSIONS OF TIFLIS—JOURNEY TO THE PROVINCES OF THE BLACK SEA . . . . .		139
CHAPTER VIII.		
PITZUNDA AND ITS RUINS . . . . .		189
CHAPTER IX.		
GAGRA AND THE ROCK OF PROMETHEUS . . . . .		204
CHAPTER X.		
JOURNAL-LEAVES FROM THE EASTERN COAST OF THE BLACK SEA . . . . .		213
CHAPTER XI.		
SEA-VOYAGE AND CONCLUSION . . . . .		252
APPENDIX OF NOTES . . . . .		289



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CONTENTS  
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---

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
TOUR THROUGH THE PASHALICK OF ACHALZICH : <i>Continued</i> . . . . .	1

CHAPTER II.

THE WISE MAN OF ADIGION, THE ROOF OF THE WIDOW, AND THE CONTEST OF WISDOM . . . . .	33
--	----

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------------------------------	----

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ADEL-CHAN, THE LAST UTZMÉY OF KAITACH . . . . .	81
---	----

CHAPTER V.

ADEL-CHAN, THE LAST UTZMÉY OF KAITACH : <i>Continued</i> . . . . .	103
--	-----



## CHAPTER VI.

	PAGE
ADEL-CHAN, THE LAST UTZMÉY OF KAITACH: <i>Concluded</i>	119

## CHAPTER VII.

LAST IMPRESSIONS OF TIFLIS—JOURNEY TO THE PROVINCES OF THE BLACK SEA . . . . .	139
--	-----

## CHAPTER VIII.

PITZUNDA AND ITS RUINS . . . . .	189
----------------------------------	-----

## CHAPTER IX.

GAGRA AND THE ROCK OF PROMETHEUS . . . . .	204
--	-----

## CHAPTER X.

JOURNAL-LEAVES FROM THE EASTERN COAST OF THE BLACK SEA . . . . .	213
--	-----

## CHAPTER XI.

SEA-VOYAGE AND CONCLUSION . . . . .	252
-------------------------------------	-----

APPENDIX OF NOTES . . . . .	289
-----------------------------	-----

# POEMS AND SONGS

IN THE

## SECOND VOLUME.

---

	PAGE
WE HAIL THE YOUTHFUL STRANGER FROM THE WEST .	40
THOU WILT NE'ER OF THY WISHES THE JEWEL ATTAIN TO	46
EACH HAS HIS DESTINY IN LIFE BEFORE HIM . . .	51
WHAT OF WORTH, LOVE, SAY, THE ROSE POSSESSES .	53
WENT THE SUMMONS FORTH AGAINST DAGHESTAN . .	139
WHERE THE SNOW-CLAD HILLS ABIDING . . .	145
WHY HANGS THY DEAR HEAD, LOVE, SO SADLY TO-DAY ?	170
AS THE MIST SANK DOWN ON THE DARK-BLUE SEA .	221

# VIII H.

## THOUSAND AND ONE DAYS

IN

## T H E E A S T.

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### CHAPTER I.

TOUR THROUGH THE PASHALICK OF ACHALZICH.

*(Continued).*

THE sun was printing his morning-kiss on the white cheeks of the glaciers, until they reddened in maidenly shame, when, accompanied this time by two Uralian Cossacks, we said farewell to the uncomfortable fortress.

Already before four o'clock Giorgi had stepped into my room to wake me and bring my coffee. He had no occasion to wake me; I had not closed an eye the whole night, for cold and vermin.

He complained to me in like manner of his miseries, and was of opinion that the prussaki\* of the fortress had inspired the warlike spirit of the Cossacks. During the night these creatures had made regular, formal onslaughts on him by legions, to disturb his slumber. The Cossacks, he continued, might as well betake themselves quietly to their native land, and leave the prussaki behind, to garrison the fort; no enemy would certainly tarry with them longer than a day.

Well, thought I, if in this land, where vermin of all kinds are rather more than somewhat common, a man of Giorgi's stamp feels himself especially plagued by them, the case may be safely set down as a bad one!

In consequence of repeatedly stopping to sketch the ruins which I found on the way, it was nearly noon when we reached the Cossack encampment of Tabiszachur, lying close by the beautiful lake Toporovan (also abbreviated Toprana). The Cos-

\* Prussaki—as the great bugs are singularly called in all Russia. The comical expression has propagated itself as far as Persia.

sacks encamping here had driven their horses to a distance for a few hours to pasture, and the unpleasant prospect presented itself to me of spending here the rest of the day and night; for no horses were to be procured before evening, and it was impossible to pass over the mountain-ridge to Achalkalaki in the darkness.

In expectation of a corresponding drink-money, something very rare for the poor devils in these little-frequented, desert places, my guides proposed to me to ride on without changing horses. I readily agreed to their proposal, gave orders for our tired animals to breathe an hour or two, and meanwhile took a strengthening bath in the cold waters of Lake Toporovan.

This lake, bounding the Sandzhak of Achalkalaki, comprises about thirty versts in circumference, has sweet, wholesome water, and abounds in fish and historical associations.

Among the latter, as a good Christian, I must mention in particular the story of St. Nino, relating to the introduction of Christianity into Georgia, and given in Wachtang's Chronicle. This blessed virgin, in order to escape the fearful persecutions of the

Christians in the Roman empire, fled, together with St. Ripsime and the latter's attendant Gajan, into Armenia; and when both her friends were torn from her and put to death as martyrs, found safety on the banks of Lake Toporovan. She subsequently came to Mtzchetha, the old capital of Georgia, where she performed a number of miracles, raised the dead to life &c., and converted the inhabitants to Christianity.

Among the fish of the lake, the savoury salmon-trout deserve praiseworthy mention.

After I had sipped a bowl of coffee and smoked a tshibuq, the journey went on again vigorously. We had been riding for about half an hour, when we fell in with a Georgian priest, trotting leisurely along on an ass in the direction whence we had come. A tall young fellow was running by his side on foot, and had to carry the pretty considerable travelling-bundle of his reverend master into the bargain.

The clerical gentleman was a stately man, of middle age, with regular features, and thick black beard. I accosted him in the Georgian language with some friendly phrases of welcome, to which he

replied with equal friendliness and at the same time evinced his curiosity, by courteously slipping in a few inquiries as to my arrival here and the object of my journey. I informed him as well as I could, but nevertheless soon perceived that my study of the Georgian language, commenced at Tiflis, was far from being complete. Giorgi was just about to interfere by way of interpretation, and was beginning to translate the priest's volume of words for me into Russian, when the clerical gentleman interrupted him with the words addressed to me: "Ah! if you understand Russian, we can converse without an interpreter; I have studied in a Russian seminary, and am as well versed in the language as a native."

In all the provinces of the Caucasus that lie under the dominion of the Emperor, the Russian language and customs, from causes easy to be explained, pass for the highest development of civilization. "My daughters have all received a Russian education," says the Georgian Prince, extolling the merit of his children to the European traveller, to whose eyes, of course, the so much esteemed Moscovitish culture does not appear

precisely the greatest charm of the slender Georgian girls. He, however, who would depreciate the value of this high acquisition, would be regarded by the hospitable inhabitants of the country, either as haughty, or as altogether uncultivated himself and incapable of an opinion on the subject; so that the stranger does well to chime in with the general tone, and at the most to confide to the journal his anomalous views. The reader therefore will not wonder, that I expressed to my ass-mounted fellow-traveller my admiring recognition of his knowledge of the Russian language, and that the compliment was returned to me with full oriental bombast.

Partly further to satisfy his curiosity, and partly perhaps to display his knowledge of the various confessional factions, he asked with a cunning mien whether I belonged to the Roman Catholic Church, or to that sect which recognises Luther as the only saint? And when, without further comment on the point of Luther's sainthood, I had affirmed the latter half of his question, the clerical gentleman, after launching some potent curses on the Roman Catholic Church, now standing in bad credit in Russia, could not forbear manifesting his astonish-



ment, that a man apparently so sensible as I, should have lived several years in Russia, without having gone over into the bosom of the Greek Church—the only haven of safety.

He set forth to me in order the great advantages of such a transit—bringing out into especial prominence the preponderating, nay, yearly augmenting number of the saints in Russia, and of the miracles which are daily happening here, whilst among us such things are unknown—and unfolded the whole with such elaborate prolixity, that I could only stem the torrent of his convertional appeal, by the promise that the subject should receive my immediate and earnest consideration.

Thereupon, when in order to give another turn to the conversation, I extolled the magnificent natural beauty of the Caucasus, I had an additional opportunity of admiring the fruits of the Moscovitish studies of my spiritual friend.

“Yes!” he said, with an experienced look, “if we except Chimborazo in Switzerland, there are certainly no mountains in the whole world so high as here in the Caucasus!”

I nodded accord; well knowing that the rectifi-

cation of his error would have been received as anything but a favour by my learned companion.

My friendly reader will perhaps be surprised to learn, that the error in the statement of the clerical gentleman, although it consisted in the transplanting of a mountain, was in itself less striking to me than the circumstance that a Georgian priest knew anything of the existence in general of a Switzerland or of a Chimborazo.

In order to arrive at Achalkalaki before the approach of darkness, I put a violent end to our instructive conversation, and took a friendly leave of the reverend expounder of the Word, in whom was fulfilled the saying that is written : that faith can remove mountains.

Achalkalaki is the principal place of the Sandzhak of the same name, the entire number of whose male inhabitants, according to the Russian statistics, amounts to three thousand two hundred, of whom seven hundred and twenty belong to Islam, two hundred to the Græco-Georgian Church, and the rest partly to the United, and partly to the old Armenian Church.

The uniform houses of the little town above

mentioned, are built low in the Asiatic style, with flat roofs; glass windows are wanting here, and are supplied by wire-trellis. Achalkalaki possesses a tolerably extensive market and bazaar, and is commanded by a fortress situated on the left bank of the Toparavan-Tshai, and crowning the ridge of a steep rock. This fortress is said to have been built a short time after the conquest of the country by the Turks; its distance from Tiflis is one hundred and ten, and from Achalzich sixty-eight versts. In the midst of the strong encircling walls, the Russians have commenced the erection of a second fortress; an undertaking, according to the assertion of an engineering officer who accompanied me, as foolish as it is useless, and the accomplishment of which can lead to nothing further than the replenishment of the officers' pockets who direct the work.

The greater number of the inhabitants consist of Armenians engaged in trade, who from the rule of the Osmanlis to the present time still preserve their Turkish costume. The dwellings, to infer from those which I visited in company with my Giorgi—who had here a great number of relations and

acquaintances—are kept remarkably neat and clean. The women do not appear to lead so retired a life here, as one else is accustomed to find in the East; in the course of an hour we met more than twenty unveiled young ladies, most of them of very pleasingly expressive countenances, and slenderly-framed bodies. I was astonished at seeing, during my, of course, only short stay at Achalkalaki, not a single horse; everybody seemed to ride on asses. \* As I strolled through the streets and bazaar, I was stopped every moment by impertinent militaires, demanding my rank, name, and object of travel. The appearance of a stranger must be something very uncommon here, as even the stirring tradespeople of the bazaar gaped at me with repelling curiosity.

The climate of the Sandzhak, as indeed of the whole country in general, from the mountainous region of Manglis to the blooming basin of Chertvis, our next halting point, is rough but healthy. The fevers, so dangerous and frequent in the lowlands of Georgia, are here quite unknown, and other diseases are rare.

Following the course of the rapid fish-abounding

Toparavan-Tshai, and passing over the bold table-land, some twenty versts further, which extends in a north-westerly direction behind Achalkalaki, we arrive at a deep and wide ravine, surrounded by rocks, half naked, half overgrown with shrubs. Here the traveller must dismount, and leading his horse by the rein, walk carefully down the stony mountain-path, that winds away, between rough blocks of rock, to Chertvis far in the vale beneath. Seldom have I found so neckbreaking a mountain-path as this, but seldom either have I been rewarded by so alluring a prospect as was afforded me by the blooming gardens of the valley, watered by the Toparavan-Tshai, which here mingles its streams with those of the Kyros. The feet complained, but the eye rejoiced, as we, thus leading our good steeds, came slowly and cautiously downwards, over the rolling stones, by the steep rock-walls, to the valley lying deep beneath us.

High-aspiring ivy-climbers, maiden-like, clung lovingly round the shady fruit-trees, that seemed to beckon us hospitably with their green branching arms; joyous-waving flowers nodded familiarly to us, and clean through the dark-green, trilled

the chirping of the minstrels of the air; and from the midst, the white waves of the streams that mingled below, gushed forth like loud-resounding laughter.

We might have fancied ourselves transported to the streamful gardens, which the Prophet has promised the faithful.

Chertvis, which, under Turkish sway, was the residence of a Pasha, numbers at present only about eight hundred inhabitants, a mixture of Armenians and Turks. The elevated fortress of the town belongs, according to the generally received opinion, to the palmy days of Georgian royalty; *i e.* to the period of the highly extolled Queen Tamar. From an old inscription, however, found here by Dubois, and partially deciphered at Petersburg by Brosset the younger, it appears that the fortress was first built about the middle of the fourteenth century, in the reign of Attabeg Kanarkaré, son of Sargis, a vassal of King David VIII. We find here a small Greek church, with old Georgian inscriptions; besides this, the walls of the fort enclose six houses, which still bear in their interior manifest traces of the oriental luxury with which they were once

adorned. In particular the notable harem in good preservation is worthy of attention. The little town enjoys a glorious climate. The gardens of the environs, the sole wealth of the place, are renowned in all Georgia for the delicious fruits which here grow in profusion. The dwellings, as in all primitive Georgian towns, consist of Saklis, *i e.* of little stone-houses rudely thrown up, without windows and with flat roofs. The light is admitted through the roof by a hole, which serves at the same time as an outlet for the smoke, and in bad weather is closed.

My Giorgi had again quartered me at the house of an old Armenian relation of his. The fellow must possess an unlimited number of relations in this country: thus far we had not passed a single village in which he had not made me acquainted with half a dozen cousins, sisters, sisters-in-law, and aunts. I will here describe in a few words the internal character of my head-quarters, which may serve for a type of all the other houses of Chertvis. The house of my entertainer consists of two airy, spacious chambers, each of which forms a quadrangle of about fifteen paces in diameter but the

second of which, a sleeping chamber, unfortunately I was unable more strictly to investigate; the first is at once kitchen, parlour, and drawing-room. To the right from the door is to be seen a large, well-built chimney, which the English would consider an imitation of theirs, and which occupies at the same time the place of the hearth. On the walls, on both sides, hang the kitchen-utensils in as beautiful order and as brightly scoured, as if kettle, stew-pan, and pots were not there for daily use, but for sale. Besides these utensils, one observes no other ornament, than a simple carpet and a little low stool; but everything is so prettily arranged and sprucely kept, that I was agreeably surprised.

I wished to compliment my hostess on her excellent order, but the good woman appeared to be uncommonly afraid of me, for she invariably retreated ten paces backwards, when I advanced one to meet her. I used all the eloquence at my command, to prove to her, that no ground whatever existed, why she should be afraid of me; I told her that women were not by any means new to me, that I loved them very much, that I had already come in contact with many women, that



my own mother was a woman, that—but there was no need of proceeding further, for the last point appeared to take away all her shyness. The very neat dinner was soon afterwards served up, the principal ingredients being again pillau, shashelik, and sweets.

After dinner, I took a turn, accompanied by my host, through the blooming environs of Chertvis, and in so doing, made the acquaintance of several Turks, who also invited me to take a view of their gardens; and after they had waddled along by my side, and shown and explained everything, regaled me in a friendly manner with coffee and the pearling waterpipe.

According to the estimation of Dubois, who visited Chertvis from Achalzich in the year 1833, the fort lies about four thousand feet above the level of the sea. The houses of the little town stretch out to the left from the foot of the fort, before a range of rock, running towards the south. The mountains encompassing the town all round, have only left space for two great ravines; one of which opens in an easterly and the other in a southerly direction; through the first plunges

down with a roar the rapid Toparavan-Tshai, to meet the no less rapid Kur, whose waters roll through the last-mentioned ravine.

In respect of size, Chertvis is the most populous Sandzhak of the Pashalick; the number of male inhabitants being rated at about four thousand eight hundred, of whom two thousand nine hundred and forty are Armenians, belonging to the old Church, four hundred and sixteen to the United Church, five hundred and ten Græco-Catholic Georgians, three hundred and forty Mohammedans, and fifty-eight Jews. The climate is very healthy, and the country as rich in corn as Achalkalaki.

The way which leads from Chertvis over Aspinsa to Achalzich, is less picturesque than troublesome. In spite of our excellent, well-fed horses, we were almost nine hours travelling over the forty-five versts or so, at which the distance is estimated; on the way we found many ruins of minor importance.

Aspinsa, about thirty versts from Achalzich, is the principal place of the Sandzhak of the same name; this Sandzhak is the smallest and least important of the whole Pashalick. The population,

dispersed among twelve small villages, is reckoned at five hundred; the inhabitants are almost entirely Mohammedans. Of the climate and products of the country, the same may be said as of Chertvis. In Aspinsa, which was formerly the residence of Mustapha-Achmed-Béy-Oglu, a name famous in connection with the last Turkish war, there is to be found an old castle, built in an irregular quadrangle, one hundred and forty feet long, and fifty-six broad, and overtopped on both sides by habitable towers.

I refrain (as incompetent to the theme) from all remarks on the extremely interesting formations, pointing to a purely volcanic origin, which especially from Chertvis on to the basalt-rocks and trass-strata that shut in the vale of Aspinsa, astonish the admiring eye; and I do so the more, as in all probability, from the learned natural philosopher, Professor Abich, who visited this region a few months after me, we may soon expect a profound treatise on the subject.

Quite tired out and exhausted with the long ride, I arrived about six o'clock in the afternoon at Achalzich, the chief town of the Pashalick so called,

and immediately paid my respects to the friendly Commandant of the fortress, Colonel von Brevern, with whom I had already become acquainted in Armenia. The hospitable invitation of the Colonel, that I would take possession of an apartment in the buildings of the fort, I politely declined; as Giorgi had already promised me on the way a reception at the house of an Armenian merchant related to him. I spent the evening in the society of the amiable family of Herr von Brevern, where I also made the acquaintance of a young German officer from the Baltic provinces, Engineer-Captain von Dahl, in whose company on the following morning I began my walks through the town.

The conquest of Achalzich by Paskjévitch, is still too recent an event, and was so repeatedly commented on in the public journals of that time, that it will not be necessary for me to refresh the reader's memory by a detailed description of the manner in which the town was besieged and taken, or of the military events of the years 1828 and 1829. To those who would be instructed more fully on the point, I recommend a work in which the subject is copiously treated, although from a Russian point of view, viz.,

that of Felix Fonton: "La Russie dans l'Asie Mineure, ou Campagnes du Maréchal Paskévitch en 1828 et 1829."

Achalzich lies in an angle formed by the Potzcho river, the Kaja-Dagh, and the outlying slopes of the mountainous region of Persaat. The insignificant houses, closely built together, comprise a circuit of about three versts. The town is separated into three parts: the Fortress and the Old and New Town, which latter are divided from each other by the Potzcho.

In order to gain an easier survey, we will commence our observations with the fortress, as the highest point of the town.

The foundation of this fortress, as of all the larger buildings of the country, is ascribed by the people to Queen Tamar, the Georgian Semiramis. The Turks call the fort Achiszcha-Kalessi, the Georgians have retained the old name Achale-Ziche (*i.e.* the new fortress).

The defences, which consist of three parts, called the Upper and Lower Fortress and the Citadel, form a singular mixture of Georgian and Turkish architecture. The Upper Fortress, namely, and the

Citadel were built by the Georgians, and the Lower Fortress is a later addition by the Turks. The walls are reared upon a lofty, hardly accessible rock, whose foot the rapid Potzcho ripples over.

Among the structures to be found in the interior of the fort, only a beautiful mosque, now unfortunately half in ruins, is worthy of a closer examination. The foundation of this mosque is ascribed to the Turkish Pasha Achmed, who ruled over Achal-zich at the beginning of the eighteenth century. As Fluge (in No. 4, of the "Gazette of Tiflis," 1832) relates, this Pasha wrote for a European architect from Constantinople, ordered a number of Christian churches to be pulled down, and the booty thus obtained to be applied to the building of the gorgeous mosque, which was finished in magnificent style, and is now destined again to be converted into a Christian chapel.

The outer walls of the mosque are simple and unadorned, but of enduring, tasteful work. Four tall stone pillars, of bluish colour, with copper pedestals, and connected with each other by finely-formed arches, constitute the principal façade of the glorious structure. The space between these

pillars and the mosque was overtopped by three little cupolas, adorned with golden crescents. The principal cupola, which is more than sixty feet in diameter, is constructed of bricks, and sheeted over with lead. • The slender minaret, towering high into the air by the side of the spacious temple, produces a peculiarly beautiful effect.

Both the fore-courts adjoining the mosque are paved with smooth freestones, of bluish colour, which were brought from a quarry lying about two leagues from Achalzich. In the middle of the first court sprang a large fountain, beautifully enclosed; overtopping the fountain was a cupola, adorned with the golden crescent, and supported by eight elegant pillars. This is a picture of the mosque as it was: the fountain no longer plays, the golden crescent has vanished, the arabesques and inscriptions that decorated the interior of the building are rubbed off or plastered over, and in general one sees nothing to-day but the traces of former pomp.

Tradition tells that the cruel Achmed Pasha, by way of conferring a favour on the architect, when the great work was finished, commanded his

head to be cut off, in order to prevent him from erecting a similar structure elsewhere. But the Pasha himself was put to death by the Sultan for his cruelty. His sepulchre is to be seen in a corner of the fore-court of the mosque. •

Let us now descend from the fortress, to make a hasty view of the town, which, with its waste environs, destitute of all vegetation, and its little houses closely huddled together, affords a tolerably mournful aspect.

Among the prevailing insignificant buildings, we need only make mention of the Turkish baths, not far from the fortress, and of the churches, of which there are six in Achalzich—a Georgian, a Catholic, three Armenian, and an Israelitish kahal, with synagogue. The formerly so celebrated bazaar of Achalzich now wears a most poverty-stricken appearance. Since the Russian occupation of this once so well-peopled town, scarcely a trace has been left of the earlier population; of the Turkish inhabitants, all the wealthier have gone back to Turkey, and the rest live scattered about in the villages of the adjacent Sandzhaks.

Not far from Achalzich, on the right bank of the



Potzcho, in the middle of a wild, narrow ravine, stand the crumbling walls of an old Armenian church.

The ruins, which give no very high idea of the skill and taste of the architect, are only so far deserving of consideration, as they are held in high esteem, on account of their antiquity, by the Georgians and Armenians, and serve to them as witnesses of the early domestication of Christianity in their country. A tradition, moreover, still existing in the belief of the people, is connected with these ruins, and relates that St. Magnessi, after his expulsion from Persia, came and settled down in Trebizond, from whence he was again disgracefully driven, and threatened with death, because he had converted several Mohammedans to the Armenian Church. Tired of the life of great towns, and in order to escape from the continual persecutions of the Turks, he came and dwelt in the neighbourhood of Achalzich, and formed a Christian community there, from which the above-named church derives its origin. Not long, however, was he destined to enjoy repose in his new abode. He was killed during a ravage-march

of the enemy through Achalzich, and his body was found, disfigured with wounds, at the entrance of the house of God. He died as a warrior of God, defending the sanctuary of the Lord with valiant hand.

Since that time the church has always stood empty and unused, and is only visited on high feast days, by the pious inhabitants of the neighbouring country.

\* \* \* \*

Social life in Achalzich wears a melancholy aspect, since it wants the enlivening and ennobling element of society—namely, ladies. Most of the military and other officers on service here are without fortune, and consequently unmarried, their scanty pay being insufficient for the maintenance of a family.

Madame von Brevern, the only cultivated lady whom I met with in Achalzich, has made repeated but fruitless endeavours to introduce among the more distinguished Armenian females, sociability, in the European sense of the word. The difference of language, customs, and dress, as well as the jealousy of Armenian husbands, who have their own views of

the morality of Russian officers, renders any lasting intercourse impossible. One may easily see, therefore, that an appointment at Achalzich is not at all an enviable lot, being generally considered as a banishment. The unmarried functionaries, very few of whom have any taste for scientific studies, endeavour to find compensation in the pleasures of physical existence for the numerous mental wants to which they are here exposed, and to scare away tormenting *ennui* by frequent and jovial banquets. I was present on several occasions at such festivities, but am of opinion that I may as well spare myself the description of them, as my reader would learn from it little that is new.

\* \* \* \* \*

The dwellings of the Armenians in Achalzich are just as attractive and cleanly, as those of the Georgians and Jews are repulsive and filthy. I was again quartered at the house of one of my Giorgi's relations, a tolerably wealthy merchant, in whose establishment I was all the better off, as his son

Jussuf of the Black Locks, was known and extolled through the whole town as a minstrel abounding in songs. When I came home in the evening from my expeditions, and sank down, tired out, on the carpet, Jussuf always knew how to make another short hour while agreeably away with his fresh songs; wherein he accompanied himself with great ease of fingering alternately on the Sass and Tshengjir.

I endeavoured to make as much gain as my short stay permitted of the copious store of songs possessed by the son of my host; and left Achalzich, after eight days' residence, to make further excursions into the interior of the country.

The first place in which I again halted was the valley of Bordzhom, celebrated for its many remarkable ruins, its mineral springs, and historical associations. It is the old connecting way between Lower Karthli and Achalzich. Dubois de Montpéreur, in his excellent though somewhat prolix work of travel, gives us so full a description of the valley of Bordzhom, that I know not how to add to it anything new of importance.

On my way back, a stay of several days at the Baths of Abbas-Tuman gave me an opportunity of informing myself somewhat more exactly on the condition of the German emigrants settled there. They consist of only ten families, all of whom I found in circumstances of the greatest poverty; they complained to me bitterly of their hardships, and longed for nothing more ardently than to find the means of returning to their old place of abode in Tauria.

What makes their state still worse, and rather silences compassion, is the deplorable disharmony in which they live with each other.

The ravine of Abbas-Tuman, surrounded by luxuriant mountains, with their picturesque ruins and wondrously jagged rocks, is among the most beautiful parts of the Pashalick.

The mineral springs to be found here, which were only a few years ago first used for medicinal purposes, range from  $28^{\circ}$  to  $40^{\circ}$  R.\* Here also is

\*  $95^{\circ}$  to  $122^{\circ}$  Fabr.—Tr.

a hospital to which the sick soldiers of the neighbourhood are sent. Besides these soldiers, and some Armenian and Georgian officers, the number of guests at the Baths was so small that I literally found more houses than people.

There is no doubt that the beautiful watering-place, if it were not quite too far from the civilized world, would soon be as much frequented as praised.

With the exception of my journey to Adigion, to which, as including a visit to the famous Wise Man Omar-Effendi, a special chapter is to be devoted, I pass over the description of my further excursions through the Pashalick of Achalzich, and comprehend in the following summary the notes I made on the way.

\* \* \* \*

Agriculture is still at a very low level in the Pashalick of Achalzich; a fact for which in part the not uniformly productive soil, but especially the (to a European) incomprehensible laziness of

the inhabitants is to blame. The most unfavourable land is to be found in the Sandzhaks Atzhvér and Aspinsa; but even this, according to the assertion of an experienced agronomer, could, by proper cultivation, irrigation, and manuring, be made to yield tenfold the produce hitherto obtained from it.

In the Sandshaks of Chertvis and Achalkalaki the soil is in general very fruitful, and sufficiently well-watered to dispense with artificial irrigation; manuring however is here connected with great difficulties, as on account of the entire absence of wood, all dung is dried and consumed as fuel, in the manner already described in our journey to Erivan.

The principal productions of the above-named Sandzhaks are wheat, barley, Turkish beans, and various kinds of fruits; in the more elevated regions is cultivated, in particular, Jusluk, the winter grain of these countries, a mixture of rye and wheat. For curiosity's sake, I must give a somewhat more circumstantial account of the singular methods in which agriculture is here carried on.

For turning up the hard soil they make use of an extremely clumsy plough, resting on wheels, and requiring for its progress from five to ten pairs of oxen, according to circumstances. To the plough belong two colossal pieces of iron; the first fastened in front, is quite narrow and sharp, and serves as it were for precursor to the second, by just tearing up the earth a little before, whilst the broad, triangular blade, fastened behind, comes gliding after, and cutting deep in.

Harrowing is performed here in the same droll fashion as in Grusia (Georgia); a number of twigs are fastened to a thin beam about seven feet long; two or three boys get on it, a yoke of oxen is put to in front, and away it goes, creaking and screaming forwards. It needs scarcely be said how little this procedure is promotive of its object.

The peculiar manner of threshing in this country may also be worth a passing description. Instead of the flail, the handling of which would be too toilsome for the people, they make use of a board about five feet long and one and a half broad,



running to a point in front, with the upper surface bowing out, and on the under side smooth stones fastened in the order of squares on a chess-board. One or two men get on it, partly to add to the weight, partly to manage the oxen that are yoked to, and in this manner the singular flail is driven round about on the corn, which is strewed in a circle beneath it.

The formerly very considerable breed of cattle is extraordinarily fallen off, since the last war. The buffaloes, sheep, and especially the numerous asses are of uncommon size. The sheep, whose wool is very thick and long, are sheared twice a year, at the beginning of spring and the end of autumn. The horses of the country are powerful, nimble, and enduring, but everywhere small.

Excepting the vale of Chertvis, Atzhvér and Aspinsa are the only Sandzhaks in which horticulture is of any significance. The fruits, which are especially produced here in great abundance, are: apples, pears, several kinds of cherries, plums and nuts. The mulberry-tree, which prospers excellently

here, is not cultivated for the breeding of silkworms, but solely on account of its fruit.

In the gardens, as well as in the woods, which cover the mountains of Atzchvér and Aspinsa, are found in profusion, barberries, (*berberis dumetorum*), hazel-nuts, gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries, cranberries, hips, &c.

The culture of the vine is extraordinarily neglected throughout, although in the deep valleys, with proper care, the grape would thrive exceedingly well. The little wine which is here procured, is spoiled in the preparation, and almost unfit for drinking.

I close this chapter with the remark, that if I have here entered a little more into particulars than in the description of the other provinces, I have done so, principally because the Pashalick of Achal-zich is proportionally less known and visited.

## CHAPTER II.

THE WISE MAN OF ADIGION, THE ROOF OF THE  
WIDOW, AND THE CONTEST OF WISDOM.

AFTER the conquest of the Pashalick of Achalzich by Paskjévitch, almost all the Turkish inhabitants left the capital, and settled down over Anatolia, so as not to remain under Russian dominion.

The place of the Turkish exiles was, in a great measure, supplied by the Armenian emigrants, who as Christians, preferred the rule of the white Czar, to that of the vicegerent of Mohammed.

Among the few Turks left behind in Achalzich, the most distinguished was Omar-Effendi, a learned

scribe, whom a small landed estate in the village of Adigion, not far from the capital, as well as special marks of favour on the part of the Russian Government, attached to the soil.

The attentive reader will recollect, that Mirza-Schaffy, almost at the commencement of our acquaintance, had spoken with applause of the wisdom of Omar-Effendi; as indeed, in general, the reverend Mirza's good opinion of the other wise men of the East, might be measured by the distance at which they dwelled from him, or by the acknowledgment which they paid him.

It did no damage to his School of Wisdom to praise Abbas-Kuli-Chan, who lived at Baku, on the Caspian Sea; or Omar-Effendi, who sang of nightingales and roses in the wilderness of Adigion.

But the learned men of Tiflis must be humbled, since they considered themselves wiser than Mirza-Schaffy, and since in this case the thought of competition lay too near home.

When I once asked the Wise Man of Gjändsha, how he could reconcile it with his principles to stand

in friendly relations to so many faithful priests and learned scribes, as well of the sect of the Sunnites, as of the sect of the Shiites, he replied :

“ How unwisely thou speakest, O youth ! what are the sects and schisms of the Church to me ? Every flock will have its shepherd, and every congregation its preacher ; everybody manages his business in his own way, for man will live. The wise must rather adapt themselves to the foolish, than the foolish to the wise ; for the foolish are many and the wise are few. The merchant praises his merchandize, and men buy thereof according to their need ; the Mullah praises the streamful gardens of Paradise, and men believe therein according to their need.

“ But if the merchant should say : my merchandize is bad, he would become a beggar, and lose his customers. The customers, however, would not go bare for that, but would buy their merchandize of other sellers.

“ And if the Mullah should say : my doctrine is false, the foolish would stone him, and put

another in his place. The more he accommodates himself to their folly, so much the more do they esteem him. Only by little and little does truth find its way among men; only by degrees does the seed germinate and bear fruit.

“But shall one kindle no lamp, because the sun does not shine at night? Shall one reproach Intelligence, because it must live at the cost of Unintelligence? What says Saadi: ‘Shall one complain of the beautiful light of heaven, because the bat cannot abide the sun-ray? Rather let a thousand eyes of bats be blinded, than that the sun should on their account be darkened!’”

\* \* \* \*

Mirza-Schaffy had already, in the first months of our intercourse, written to Omar-Effendi as follows: “There now sojourns at Tiflis a young Alim from the Evening-Land, who is learning wisdom with me, and who will afterwards undertake a pilgrimage to thee, O Omar-Effendi, for the purpose of studying thy sayings of wisdom.”

My modest existence was therefore not only long since known to the Wise Man of Adigion, but through him had also come to the knowledge of the whole neighbourhood, in whose estimation Omar-Effendi had risen in no small degree, by the tidings that his mouth was the well to which the Wise Men of the West came on pilgrimages to draw.

It only remained that what was promised should be fulfilled. On my arrival at Achalich I found that Omar-Effendi had already left the town a few weeks before, and had retired to his summer-residence at Adigion.

Before I entered on my excursions into the interior of the Pashalick, I sent a message to the Wise Man, that I had taken up the pilgrim's staff, and should speedily arrive at his abode.

On my return from Abbas-Tuman, I found an answer from Omar-Effendi, wherein he laid his heart and his understanding at my feet, and said, that the threshold of his house was sighing for the happiness of being touched by my feet.

A Russian officer, who had to make a journey on service into the interior of the country, offered to accompany me to Adigion. Giorgi begged permission to take with him Jussuf, our host, and some other relations; so that, with the Cossack-escort, our company formed quite a stately cavalcade.

Of the many villages through which we passed on the journey, Suchilis, worthy of notice for its size and its beautiful mosque, is the only one deserving particular mention. Here we halted an hour to rest our horses.

Some Turks, riding by, must in the meanwhile have brought intelligence to Adigion, that a caravan was on its way, for before we rode into the village, messengers from Omar-Effendi came forth to meet us, spreading out carpets before us, and regaling us with milk and sweet fruits.

In spite of the shallows of the filthy streets of Adigion, and in spite of the attacks, accompanied by frightful howlings, of the dogs, which here came leaping on us from all quarters in



troops, we fortunately arrived, with the approaching twilight, before the house of Omar-Effendi.

The whole roof, as well as the balcony, was filled with men; and minstrels were appointed to hail us with stringed instruments and singing.

After the customary salutation, equally valid for all, of laying the hand on the heart and forehead, Omar-Effendi turned to me and said: "May happiness attend thy footsteps! My house is thy house! Thy wishes are my commands!"

Thereupon a multitude of the most flattering phrases were interchanged.

"What says Togrul-Ben-Arzlan?" cried the Wise Man: "The sight of my guest ravished me, so that my heart overflowed with joy!"

"What says Fizuli?" I rejoined: "I am come a poor wanderer to thee, like a drop of water that has swum to the ocean!"

Meanwhile the singing and the music of stringed instruments continued without interruption.

By way of example, I subjoin some verses of a song composed in my honour, and which I was

compelled to hear repeated at least twenty times, amidst the most frightful accompaniment.

“ We hail the youthful stranger from the West,

In choral song !

Hail him who comes of wisdom's fount in quest,

In choral song !

“ We praise his courage-mood, his bold adventure,

His noble steed, his many-folded vest,

In choral song !

“ Before the Pilgrim's feet we scatter flowers ;

And chant the ardent love that fires his breast,

In choral song !

“ Him, who the toilsome way to Wisdom's bowers

Has vanquished, welcome we to Wisdom's rest,

In choral song !”

Notwithstanding the darkness of the night, now breaking in apace, we remained on the balcony, lighted by half a dozen enormously long lanterns, consisting of oiled paper.

Fruits, milk-viands of different kinds, and sweet pastry were handed round continually.

My Russian friend, to whom the whole scene appeared so comical, that he could only with difficulty repress his laughter by free indulgence in the thick milk, had become somewhat unwell. He complained to me of his emergency, for no exit was possible, without creating a general disturbance.

The balcony led into the selamlık (salutation-room), which again was connected with the other apartments of the house. To go in there alone, would be contrary to all custom of the land; there consequently remained nothing left but to descend from the balcony to the roof of the neighbouring houses; though this procedure, on account of the numerous dogs, was very dangerous.

I turned to Omar-Effendi, and said: "O Wise Man! solve me this riddle: it is written that the spirit is more powerful than the body, and yet this has more power over that, than that over this. When the spirit soars upwards to

heaven, it cannot take the body with it; but when the body feels the most ordinary wants, the immortal soul must follow!"

Omar-Effendi smiled, beckoned to some of his people, and commanded them to prepare lanterns to light the way, and cudgels to keep off the dogs.

In a few minutes, eight thick-beturbaned Turks appeared, and descended the balcony with my Russian friend to the surrounding houses, which were built in the form of terraces.

A gigantic Turk, in blood-red apparel, led the way, and carried a large lantern in his hand; the second lantern-bearer went next behind, whilst the remaining attendants, armed with frightful cudgels, took the Russian in their midst, in order to defend him from the wolf-like dogs that were leaping about on all sides.

From time to time, they remained standing, to inquire if the right halting-point was gained.

“Abdullah’s, the merchant’s,” answered the second.

“That is dangerous; we cannot stay here.”

And they descended further, down to quite a low house.

“Whose roof is this?”

“The roof of the widow of Ibrahim, the tailor!”

And they stopped on the roof of the widow . . . .

On the following day the officer journeyed further. Jussuf and his relations returned to Achalzich, and I remained with Giorgi alone at Omar-Effendi’s.

We visited together the ruins of an old Georgian church, which was situated in the neighbourhood of Adigion, close on the Turkish frontier, and in pretty good preservation, but changed as usual into a cow-stall, and which judging from its architecture and inscriptions, dates from the first half of the fourth century.

After I had sketched the church and copied the inscriptions, we returned to Adigion, where I passed several pleasant days in the house of Omar-

We held our meal-times generally in the fruit-gardens of the village, which were artificially watered, like the whole country, by canals. A carpet was laid on the dark turf; over that, at an altitude of scarcely six inches, the disc of a table was placed; and round about it we sat with our legs bent underneath us. One or two of the more noted inhabitants of the village were generally to be found in our company, whilst others in great number offered us their voluntary services.

Wine was not drunk at the otherwise richly furnished table; bad music, indifferent singing, and good-humour had to supply the deficiency.

I could not ascertain whether Omar-Effendi denied himself the enjoyment of wine out of respect for the strict faith of his neighbours, or from any firm adhesion to the institutions of the Koran.

I imagine the former was the case, as all the songs with which he favoured me, overflowed with the praise of wine. Accustomed everywhere to accommodate myself strictly to the usages of my

entertainer, I did not venture to request of Omar-Effendi a solution of the ticklish point.

I had to tell my host all the songs and sayings of wisdom which I had learned from Mirza-Schaffy, and the Wise Man of Adigion sang to me his own in return. I found these quite equal in arrogance and self-gratulation, but inferior by far in freshness and originality to the songs of Mirza-Schaffy.

We both wrote letters to Mirza-Schaffy; my host to express his joy at my visit, and I to give him another account of my adventures after our long separation.

We expended mutual praise on each other's handwriting; for in the East an uncommonly high value is set on beautiful writing; nay, it is considered as an essential constituent of wisdom. Accordingly it does not unfrequently happen here, that one learned scribe challenges another to give him a proof of his art of writing, and derides him if the proof turns out a bad one.

All the merit of the polite things that Omar-

Effendi said about my letter—which I showed to him, as he his to me—I ascribed entirely to the account of Mirza-Schaffy.

“Thou dost well,” he rejoined, “to praise thy teacher, but wisdom cannot be so wholly imparted as other things; it can only be half given, it must be half gained. There can no tree be planted on stones, and no wisdom in the head of a fool. What says Hafiz?”

“Thou wilt ne'er of thy wishes the jewel attain to

*By thy endeavour—*

And yet ne'er, O Hafiz! will it, thee come again to

*Without thy endeavour!”*

I cited him the corresponding passage of the Bible, where it is said: “He that hath, to him shall be given; and he that hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he hath.”

He nodded approvingly, and I continued: “The same holds of the sayings of wisdom in the head of a fool; as Saadi has said of money in the hand of a beggar: ‘Money in the hand of a



beggar is as constant as patience in the head of a lover, and water in a sieve !”

“But just as difficult,” cried Omar-Effendi, “as it is to put wisdom into the head of a fool, just so difficult is it on the other hand, entirely to expel folly from the head of the wise !”

“Because on the fruitfulest field,” I rejoined, “the weed also grows best. It is enough if the good fruits are more than the weeds ; and to this end there is plainly need of great striving and great care. The same holds of the dispositions and qualities of men. What is cleanliness ? a striving with filth ; what is virtue ? a striving with vice ; for every good thing has its evil opposite, and the more constant the strife, the greater the worth of the man, since his powers are not exhausted, but strengthened by such strife.”

Omar-Effendi stared a long while in silence before him, tapped his tshibuq out, re-adjusted his turban, and then turned to me, and said with an earnest look : “I should like to know which of us two is the wisest ?”

I had some difficulty in repressing a laugh at this singular inquiry, but I succeeded, and replied: "How canst thou put such a question? What is a water-drop in comparison with the pearl? What is a grain of dust in comparison with the diamond? What am I in comparison with thee?"

He smiled, contented with my answer, but nevertheless persisted in inquiring which of us two was the wisest.

I was curious to know how he would promote his inquiries. He went into the house, fetched two equal pieces of paper, gave me one of them, laid the other before himself on his knee to write upon, and said: "Now write, I will begin at the same time with thee!"

As I had not the least comprehension of what he intended, I asked him: "Tell me, O Omar-Effendi! what is thy desire and procedure?"

He signified to me that I was to celebrate him in verse, and he would celebrate me, and whichever of us filled up his sheet of paper the soonest, should be the wisest.

I had some difficulty in making it clear to him, that there was a great difference between being able to express one's self but poorly in a foreign language, and composing ghazels in that language. "And if I were to learn Turkish for twenty years longer," I concluded, "I should never be able to write verses in it so beautifully as thou!"

"Then write in thine own language," he replied, "and I will write in mine. Afterwards, thou shalt tell me, as well as thou canst, what thou hast written."

I was obliged to submit; we sat down, and the contest of wisdom began.

It was naturally easier for me to write a page of German doggrel, than it could be for him to fill a page with his Turkish hieroglyphs.

I wrote just what happened to be passing through my head, and when he observed how nimbly I was handling my pen, whilst he had scarcely drawn a dozen characters, he called to me to mind and write carefully, for he should preserve the leaf, and show it whenever a wise

man made a pilgrimage to him again from the West.

I wrote leisurely on; but as I am a bad impromptu versifier, I could do no better than complete the doggrel rhymes in the manner I had begun.

I was ready before he had yet written half his leaf, but I remained silent, and drew my notebook, unobserved, out of my pocket, for the purpose of copying the verses down, in remembrance of the singular contest of wisdom at Adigion.

But even after I had completed the copy, Omar-Effendi was by no means ready.

“Hast thou finished thy poem?” he asked after a while.

I answered: “Yes.”

“Show me what thou hast written.”

I tried to interpret the doggrel verses to him as well as I could.

And as perchance also many of my readers will be curious to know the contents of that leaf, I have subjoined the original text, unpolished,

unaltered, in faithful transcript from my journal, so as to keep true to the reality, however much the verses may suffer thereby.

“ TO OMAR-EFFENDI.

“ Each has his destiny in life before him,  
 As Allah wills alone who rulcth o'er him ;  
 Let man accomplish what his heart desires,  
 He does what Allah in his heart inspires.  
 Mine was the wish through all the world to wander,  
 O'er changing scenes to contemplate and ponder ;  
 So forth I went, fresh regions ever greeting,  
 And left my native land far off retreating.  
 Full oft I found what eye and heart enchanted,  
 But never what my native land supplanted !  
 Or bright the star of fate, or dimly raying,  
 My vision homewards ever far was straying.  
 With thee, O Omar ! only, distant sadness  
 I never felt, that felt but present gladness ;  
 So rapture-bringing was the present's power,  
 That over-mastered me in Wisdom's bower !  
 I glided softly in thy garden glades,  
 I breathed refreshment in thy cooling shades ;

To Tshengjir's music mirthful songs resounded,  
And pleasures waiting on my nod abounded ;  
I drank in strength from thine intelligence,  
Thou scaredst doubt, and care, and sorrow hence ;  
Thy glance of friendship sunned me in its joy,  
With thee my happiness had no alloy !  
Be Allah praised, for thus my life enhancing,  
To share with thee a moment so entrancing !  
Let him be honoured, me to thee for guiding,  
And may his blessing dwell on thee and thine abiding !”

The Wise Man appeared to be very much delighted with the picture I had drawn of the pleasures of his hospitality, but he refused to give me the leaf written by himself. He said he had not been so successful as he had wished, and he would write me something better instead.

But as I had been ready first, he decided the contest of wisdom in the following manner :  
“ Amongst thy race thou art the wisest—amongst my race I am the wisest !”

Thereupon he warmly pressed my hand, and went into his harem, with the promise that he would come back soon.

In a quarter of an hour he reappeared, and said he had told his Fatima of the flowers of speech with which I had overstrewed his house, and that she intended to make me a present in return of a splendidly embroidered tobacco-pouch.

“It is not exactly becoming,” he continued, “for the husband to speak of his wife, but I make an exception, in order to honour thee. And here,” said he, drawing out an antique book from the folds of his garment, “thou shalt have a remembrance of me. It is the best which I can offer thee, for there are mine, and my father’s, and my grandfather’s poems therein! Take it, and keep it as a prize for thy victory in the contest of wisdom!”

Not satisfied, however, with these rich proofs of his favour, he sat down and wrote out for me the poem by which he had gained the heart of his Fatima. It runs in translation as follows :

“What of worth, love, say, the rose possesses,

When no nightingale the nectar’s laving?

What of worth, love, say, have thy dark tresses,

When around thy neck they are not waving?

What if thine be form of beauty's moulding,  
What if cheeks that bloom like rose unfolding,  
Song of nightingale thy mouth be trilling,  
When for lover's arms thou art not willing  
To be clasping thee as they impel me,  
O Fatima! what thy worth, love, tell me!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The beautiful tobacco-pouch was subsequently stolen from me at Constantinople; but the precious book is still safe in my possession; indeed it is at this moment in the hands of Herr Professor Petermann, to whom I have entrusted it with the wish that he would edit it, since unfortunately I have neither time nor scholarship sufficient to do so myself.



## CHAPTER III.

## GEORGIAN VARIETIES.

OVER Chertvis, Zalka and Manglis, I returned to Tiflis, there to spend the winter.

The convoy-sentence, which Omar-Effendi gave me for the way, was again taken from the Gjülistan of Saadi, and ran thus :

“A newly planted tree may easily be pulled again out of the earth by a strong man ; but if the tree has stood long, and struck its roots deep, even a team of horses shall be unable to tear it from the soil.”

Thus far I have shown you Tiflis and its inhabitants only on the fine days of spring, and from the distance that glorifies; let us now change the scene for once to a different time of the year, and contemplate a little more closely.

It is winter. At night we have had a degree or two of cold;\* on the snow, already risen to a thick layer, another threatens to fall; the sky is overcast with grey clouds, and all sight of the mountains is lost. With difficulty one still discerns in the distance the lofty mountain-fortress of Tiflis, who herself looks so uncomfortable, that it seems as if she were going to cover over with her mantle of snows, all the bloody remembrances which past centuries have left behind in her. The winter adornment suits her badly, as it does her whole environs.

To an inhabitant of northern climates the cold is here doubly sensible and unpleasant, since he finds scarcely any protecting provision against it. Never-

\* Below freezing-point, which in Reaum. is 0°.—TR.

theless, as the warmth of the advancing day increased, I always wished the cold of the morning to return; for whilst the sun rends for an hour or two the veil of clouds, the whole city is converted into a sea of slush.

The snow, shovelled down from the roofs of houses in the morning, piles itself up in the narrow crooked streets into regular hills, and when kneaded through by the sunbeams and camels' feet, forms so bottomless a mass, that a foot-passenger sinks in deep at every step, and even the best-teamed vehicle has difficulty in getting through.

But this is yet the fairer side of the winter, and lasts at the most but a few weeks, during which one can still at least go out in the mornings and evenings, when the filth has acquired a certain consistency by the cold.

The proper mud-season commences when the night-frosts and snow-storms have quite ceased.

The air is warm where the city is defended by the surrounding mountains; but where these divide, a cold cutting wind blows down from

Caucasus in seldom interrupted fierceness, howling through the principal streets of Tiflis, and frequently on the Tauric and Erivan Squares, rendering walking impossible.

What with the slush of the melted snow and the frequent torrents of rain, the unpaved streets are often wallowing in filth to the depth of two or three feet, and in lower parts are quite under water. During this time—and one may always depend on the year for a month or two of it—every egress into the town becomes a hazardous adventure; for whoever avails himself of horse, ass, or drosky as a means of transport, runs the risk of taking a mud-bath against his will.

That, under such circumstances, cleanliness in dress and dwelling among the poorer classes—of whom, however, the great majority of the inhabitants consists—is not to be thought of, scarcely needs be mentioned.

In general, even among the higher ranks, with the exception of those Georgians who have already quite accommodated themselves to European cus-

toms, nothing is here known of cleanliness in our sense of the word.

The warm baths, taken from time to time, have to supply the place of the purity that consists in particulars, such as the frequent change of linen, &c.

These general indications shall suffice; for charming as it is to follow up the fine and fragrant toilette of a lady into its inner retreats, it might not be equally agreeable to do so where the purity and the fineness concern the outside merely, as is the case with the majority of Georgian and Armenian ladies.

The population of Tiflis, difficult to be numerically determined, but amounting, according to the average of different estimates, to about thirty-five thousand men, consists in its principal elements of Georgians, Armenians, Russians, Germans and Persians. In more limited number are to be found Tartars, Jews, Gipsies, Kurds, Lesghians, Ossets, Mingrelians, Imerians, Gurians, Tushians, and many other mountain tribes, duly represented. A few solitary French and Switzers have settled down

in the Erivan Square and adjoining streets, as periwig-makers and confectioners to the fashionable world.

This fashionable world of Tiflis consists mainly of Russian functionaries and officers of higher rank; around whom have flocked the wealthier princely families of the Georgians and Armenians, such as those of Eristaff, Tumanov, Tshavtshevadsé, Karganov, Andronikov, Orbélian, &c., as well as many princes and princesses of the old royal house of Georgia.

Let not the philological reader wonder at the frequent occurrence of the Russian termination *ov* in Georgian and Armenian names; the Russians carry out their system of conquest to perfection, and subject even the names of their vassals to violent alterations. This ultimate syllable *ov* is, in all Armenian and Georgian names, a purely Russian appendage; where it is left out, the families concerned are those which have resisted the Russianizing of their names. So, for example, certain members of the old princely Georgian house, Orbélian, are styled: Orbélianov. Thus, too,

IN THE EAST.

Dadian, the princely title of the rulers of Mingrelia, is changed into Dadianov, for a branch of the family living in Russia. The same holds of a branch of the family of Rosen: Rosenov, and so on.

Life in the saloons of Tiflis differs in no essential point from the saloon-life of the larger European cities. But on festive occasions, on gratulation-days, at the great balls in the palace of the Governor, and the like, a pomp and variety of dress is displayed, such as I have seen nothing like, even in Constantinople and Paris.

To these great balls in the palace of the Sardaars, one or two thousand persons are usually invited. The Georgian ladies then appear so richly adorned, that they literally wear their whole wealth in pearls and jewels and costly stuffs. Nay, I have known ladies who have borrowed ornaments from the whole neighbourhood, so as to be able to glitter in full brilliance at the great balls of Tiflis.

Whilst the dancing world is all in motion in the midst of the large saloon, the proud, not-

dancing Asiatic guests sit round along the walls, with flashing daggers in their silver girdles, as if it were a prelude to battle.

Here, by the side of the high-grown Circassian chieftain, who has submitted himself for a while to the Russians, in order on a favourable occasion to break loose again upon his hereditary foes, sits, covered with the black Phrygian cap, in blue Talar, the Persian mushtahid (high priest), with as solemn a countenance as if he were exhorting the faithful to devotion.

That tall-grown man, with the brown, withered cheeks and the scarlet-red attire, is the Prince of the Truchmenians, who a short time ago submitted himself, with his whole race, to the great Padishah of Muscovy, and now, dazzled by the encompassing splendour, knows not whither to turn his astounded eye, in the midst of the aërial, jewel-gleaming Peris, who so lovelily are springing round and round, and clasping their partners in the dance, as if the whole house were their harem, and all these their lovers.



The broad-shouldered man there, with the long, narrow eyes, the red-coloured beard, and the coat of armour rimmed round with silver, is a Tartar Chan from the province of Daghestan. His hand, tinged blue on the tips of the fingers with henna, he keeps on the long kinshal (dagger), and thinks Allah is great and his ways are wonderful, that he has conducted my steps into the chambers of Beauty, where the women spring along in dresses of pomp, on the feet of light-mindedness, without veil or modesty, before the glances of strange men, as if their own husbands were of no concern!

That slender young man, with the proud countenance and the dark eyes, who, departing from the customs of his country, is dancing with the young Princess Orbélian the charming national dance, the Lesginka, is Daniel, the Sultan of Jelissui.

The whole company of ladies contemplate his beautiful figure, his graceful movements, with joy and satisfaction; but the faithful Moslem eye him

with scornful look, and—this one dance has cost him country and throne!

I had promised to visit him at Jelissui, and on the way I learned that his people had committed a frightful massacre on the Russians, and driven them out of the country, and that Sultan Daniel had taken refuge with Shamyl, whose first Naïb he still is.

In my history of the Caucasian wars the reader will find ample notices of this event.

Descending now from the pompous saloons of the Palace of the Sardaars, let us see how the people divert themselves in the street. For at Tiflis there are no places set apart for the diversion of the working classes.

No coffee-houses even are to be found here as in Constantinople and Smyrna.

The duchans (wine-shops), quite insignificant little places, in out-of-the-way nooks and corners, are only frequented by the poorer people, and just afford room enough for the duchantshik (landlord), his wine-pitchers, and a few customers.

I call them *wine-pitchers*, because in Georgia wine is not kept in casks, but in *pitchers*, and carried about in *burduks* (leathern bags), smeared on the inside with naphtha.

These *pitchers* resemble the Etruscan in figure, and are equal to our wine-casks in size.

In Kacheti especially, the proper wine district, such *pitchers* are found immured in the earth, of monstrous height and width. The German emigrants, in this, as in all respects, remain true to the usages of their native land, and keep their wine in casks.

The peculiar recreations of the people are: the *dzherrid* (the well-known mock tournament), the boxing-fight, the game of the rope, dancing, and hunting.

The *dzherrid* and the boxing-fight, wherein the high-grown and broad-shouldered Georgians display an astonishing power and adroitness of body, were forbidden by the Russian Government, during the course of my residence at Tiflis, ostensibly on account of the frequent accidents they occasioned,

but in reality for the same reason for which, at an earlier period, tilting was made a punishable amusement amongst us.

Both of the warlike amusements mentioned above were always held on an open field before the gates of the city, amidst the thronging assemblage of the whole body of capable men, and in the presence of the princes and people of rank.

The "game of the rope," or "drubbing game," on the other hand, is an amusement of the poorer classes only, and takes place in the street.

The players separate into two sides: the offensive and defensive.

Each of the defendants has, under-foot, between wide-distended legs, a thick rope, about three yards long, which those of the offensive endeavour by force or artifice to pull away.

The standers on the ropes, however, manage to keep their position so stubbornly, and to defend it for such a length of time, that the assailants come in for an unlimited number of cuffs in the

ribs and tramples with the foot, before they, after long struggling, attain their end.

When at last they have succeeded in making themselves masters of the ropes, they acquire the right of soundly thrashing their dislodged foes—a right which is exercised in the most unmerciful manner, although with loud laughter on both sides.

If all the ropes are captured the game begins anew, the defensive party then assuming the offensive.

It is quite inspiring to a European to witness this wild pulling and drubbing.

Here, as well as in the dzherrid and boxing-fight, the Georgians quite forget their seemingly in-born laziness. All is life and fire. The feet, in the high-heeled, close-fitting beaked boots, swing and rise with inimitable swiftness; the large, dark eyes roll gleaming in all directions; the slender body bends and straightens with wonderful elasticity; and the arms, conspicuous under the large, long-slit sleeves, perform the most graceful evolutions in distributing the drubbings.

In my evening walks in Avlabar, or to the German colony, New Tiflis, lying before the city, I frequently had an opportunity of seeing the favourite dance of the Georgians, which is exactly like the Greek chorus.

A number of men form a large circle, each lays his hands on the shoulders of his neighbours, and off they go, round and round, singing in a circle, amid the loud acclamations of the bystanders, who beat time by clapping their hands.

The songs which may be heard on such occasions are mostly descended from the olden time, and usually fuller by far of merit than the productions of the artificial poets of Georgia.

For example :

“The spruce youth tells his friends how one evening he was returning home from the drinking-bout, where they had been sitting and enjoying themselves with wine and singing, nine whole hours. Wherefore did they drink so long?—Stupid question ! They paid nothing for it!—because the host’s wife had given birth to a son, and there was great joy in the house for the blessing which had

fallen on her, for she only had daughters till then. And wine was supplied to the guests in abundance, ten tungas\* of red kachetine!

“And when the spruce youth came reeling before the house of his love he fell down; and she was standing on the roof, and was angry and chided him, for there was no one near; and he answered:

“ ‘I am drunken, dear!—but drunken of love!’

“ ‘No, wine has thrown thee down, thou drunken fellow!’

“ ‘Then raise me up again with love! Lo, there was great joy in the house of our host, because his wife had brought forth a son—for she only had daughters before! And if thou art angry for such a blessing, Heaven will be angry with thee in return, and refuse thee such a blessing!’

“And she smiled, and threw a pillow from the roof, and disappeared. What is the use of a pillow?—To sleep on. Wherefore did she throw

\* A Tunga contains about five of our flasks.

it down?—Because the pillow was too large for her little head—she longed for another head beside. But two heads on one pillow signify man and wife!”

It must here be observed, by way of completion, that among the Georgians, as well as among the Armenians, it is considered a bad omen when the first child of wedlock is a girl; but if several girls follow one another the married couple feel quite unhappy. A Georgian female scarcely ventures to show herself before men if she is only the mother of daughters. But when a boy is born the jubilation is great, and festive gatherings and joyous banquets are given, in honour of the child and of the mother.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Georgian literature, though equally rich in theological, historical, and geographical works, and especially in translations from the ancient and modern languages, differs essentially from the Armenian by its many poetical memorials. It reached



its highest point of brilliance, as did everything great in the country, in the reign of the celebrated Queen Tamar: the time of its bloom begins in the eleventh, and ends with the thirteenth century.

We are indebted to that time for a number of poems, much extolled by the few connoisseurs of Georgian literature; as, for example, the following romances: "Tariel," eight thousand verses long, by the poet Rusthvel; "Omain," the grandson of Tariel; "Daredzhaniani," by Moses von Choni; "Dilariani" and "Wizramiani," by Sargiz; a long poem in praise of Queen Tamar, artfully constructed of rhymes sixteen times recurring, and so forth.

My knowledge of Georgian literature is too incomplete for me to venture to give an independent opinion on the subject. More pressing engagements obliged me to give up again the study of Georgian, which I began at Tiflis, and of which I had scarcely learned enough for the most necessary requirements of every-day life. For this reason, in making use of the geographical and historical

works of the country, I was led to avail myself of Brosset's French Translations.

"Tariel," and the poem in praise of Queen Tamar, I have read in a Russian translation, and partially compared with the original; and if I were to form a judgment from these specimens, it would not be particularly favourable.

I have been more pleased with the little national songs of Georgia, among which are many pearls.

But as I have said, my judgment of the larger Georgian poems is but partial; for if these works are deficient in originality and conception, their principal excellence must, doubtless, consist in beauty of language and form; otherwise it were impossible that the Georgians should be so enthusiastic in their admiration of these poems, as is actually the case.

Indeed, if the productions of many of our own esteemed poets were to be stripped of their beautiful form and language, there would in like manner be not much left.

The more recent literature of Georgia consists

for the most part, of wonderful legends, stories of saints, and the like.

To give a more exact idea of the style of such writings, I here subjoin the story of the Martyrdom of St. Davith and Constantiné,\* which must be one of the best productions of this sort, since the Academician, Brosset, the most learned in the Georgian language and literature, gives the piece as a classical example.

UNFORTUNATE HISTORY OF THE GEORGIAN SAINTS  
DAVITH AND CONSTANTINÉ.

These unconquerable martyrs were of Georgian extraction, from the region of Argveth, on the borders of Abchasia. They traced their descent from a family of Aznaours,† were related to one

\* This is the Georgian form for the names David and Constantine.

† The people of Georgia are divided into Thavads (Princes); Aznaours (Nobles); Wadshars (Mer-

another, bold and brilliant warriors, and famed for their heroic deeds on the battle-field.

Now learn the external appearance of the holy and unconquerable martyr, Davith: strong and well-formed, his body was neither remarkably great, nor ridiculously small; complete and fit in every point, he was exceedingly gentle. The features of his countenance were beautifully symmetrical, his eyes grey, his beard of a chestnut colour, his skin white, his nose slightly aquiline. Gifted with great power of will, faithful, distinguished for high purity of morals, he was about eight-and-thirty years old.

St. Constantiné likewise was beautiful in person, had reddish-grey eyes, chestnut-coloured beard, glossy and curly hair. He possessed great eloquence, and answered without hesitation all questions proposed to him; his demeanour was pure and straightforward; his

chants); Mtshachurs (Bond-servants); Gléchi (Commons); and Mona, or proper slaves.

loins were girded with purity. Numbering about seventeen years of age, he strenuously observed fasts, and suffered himself to be looked at without being angry.\* Knowing neither lies nor oaths, they both walked before men, true ensamples of piety, gave the hungry to eat, distributed alms among orphans; in short, they had the full perfection of all virtues.

Now learn how their unfortunate history came to pass.

It was the time when the Lord, in order to prove our people, sent agaisnt us the sword of the Persians, and when, in order to punish us for our sins, we were visited by that scourge, Murvan Abu'l-Cassim the Deaf, the son of the sister of the abominable impostor, Mohammed,

\* This refers to an Oriental usage (or rather mis-usage), clearer explanation of which is unnecessary for well-read men, and for ladies is quite superfluous. It is a custom which unfortunately, even at this day, forms a dark side of Georgian life.

who led away the whole land of the Saracens, and made his deceitful word to triumph. Moreover, this visitation took place in the year 6223 from the creation of the world, or 777 from the crucifixion of our Saviour.

As soon as this godless man (Murvan Abu'l-Cassim) had received the mission, utterly to lay waste our land, and other lands beside, the people gathered together, to the number of thirteen hundred and thirty men, under the command of the Saints Davith and Constantiné, who exhorted all not to deny Jesus Christ.

The Persian armies, numerous and warlike, began the attack in the evening with an advance force of nine thousand men.

The battle lasted until the cock-crowing; twelve hundred and fifty men fell beneath the strokes of the Persians; but those who survived the battle and had retreated, were fallen on unawares, and all cut to pieces as victims of Christ. Only a few remained concealed in the woods.

But the Saints Davith and Constantiné were taken and brought before the tyrants; and as they persisted in acknowledging Jesus, they were shamefully ill-treated by these unbelieving men, because they loudly declared the mysteries of the Saviour's power. They were condemned to perish in the waters of the Rion, because they had despised the commands and promises made to them.

But the Saints received their sentence with joy, and prayed God that He would preserve their bodies from the corruption of the grave, and that all who touched their sepulchre and called upon their names might be freed from all pains.

And after this, certain of the faithful observed a halo of glory float around their heads, and they bore the dead bodies away, and buried them under the flat stones of the church, beneath the altar.

Now this place is called Uthmini and there

numberless miracles are wrought, to the praise of God and of His Saints. Amen !

\* \* \* \* \*

As this book in nowise pretends to exhaust its subject, so neither does it lie in my plan to give long depicturings of all the excursions and journeys which I made from Tiflis, partly to the mountains, partly to the German settlements in the Trans-Caucasian provinces.

The Swabian colonies, Marienfeld and Petersdorf, in Kacheti ; Katherinenfeld and Elisabeththal, in Georgian Armenia ; Helcnendorf and Annenfeld, in the district of Elisabethpol, have already been so often and copiously described, that to most readers of the " Allgemeine Zeitung " they must be almost as well known as our native villages.

I did not undertake my pilgrimage to Cau-



casus to become acquainted with German, but with Caucasian life; and if I mistake not, the friendly readers who have followed me thus far on my wanderings, have a like object in view.

On this account the following chapter or two, shall be devoted to a story of Daghestan, the blood-drunk arena of the Caucasian wars; where, besides the open conflict of the people with the Russians, another and more secret conflict is rankling among whole races, and stretches its bloody arm through the centuries of time.

Strange and terrible pictures will glide before your eyes; one after another, however, will vanish, and dissolve itself in the centre of the whole; and this centre is the Blood-revenge, the monster delighting in murder.

In the course of my narration I shall refrain from all judgment in favour of either party, and carefully forego all pictorial embellishment

of figure and word, so as to do no harm to the truth of my story; what I give, shall be nothing but a clear, connected account of demonstrated facts.

## CHAPTER IV.

## ADEL-CHAN, THE LAST UTZMÉY OF KAITACH.\*

“ It fills them with unrest to hear the tale of murder ;  
but when they themselves murder, they are calm.”—  
OLD POEM.

UNTIL the year 1820, Kaitach, lying north-  
west of Derbent and north of Tabassaran,

\* Kaitach, also called Kara-Kaitach, *i. e.* the black Kaitach, is a blooming, fruitful little province, abounding in wood, fruit, and corn. I have already in my previous accounts, introduced the inhabitants as belonging to the Lesghian races.

formed a self-existent, independent dominion, under the name Utzmélik, an appellation derived from the word Utzméy, the title of the ruling princes of the country.

In the beginning of the year 1820, General Madatov, then stationed at Derbent, effected, on the part of the Russians, the first union with the ruling lord of Kaitach, Adel-Chan. This prince had three sons: Mohammed-Chan, Dzhamov-Beg and Uzmarmar-Chan.

Murtozali, a cousin of Adel-Chan, and at the same time his brother-in-law, for he was married to the sister of the last-mentioned prince, had four sons: Bala-Chan, Emir-Hamsa, Béy-Bala and Elder-Beg.

General Martadov had received the commission to engage the Utzméy of Kaitach to submit himself and his people to the Russian sceptre. Notwithstanding the great and manifold difficulties which stood in the way of the accomplishment of this undertaking, Matadov managed so skilfully to discharge his com-

mission, that he not only brought over Adel-Chan to the recognition of the Russian supremacy, but also persuaded the prince to give up his first-born son, Mohammed-Chan, to the Russians, as security for his faith.

This young prince, who was married to a daughter of the Shamchal-Mechti, Lieutenant-General in the Russian service, received instructions to remain at Derbent, in the house and under the control of the General.

From the alliance of the Utzméy of Kaitach with Russia, arose a source of misfortune for Bala-Chan; as Adel-Chan had long been the mortal enemy of his nephew, and ardently sought for an opportunity of ruining him. He secretly impeached Bala-Chan as a traitor, and used all means of fraud and slander to place him in a bad light before the Russian government; he pointed to him as one who was stirring up the people, and exercising all his influence to baffle the establishment and extension of the Russian power in Daghestan; he found means, in fine,

by such and similar accusations, to bring it about that Bala-Chan was summoned to judgment, and banished as a common malefactor into Siberia.

Whether these accusations were just or groundless, could not at that time be ascertained; enough, the Russian authorities had given their confidence to the crafty Asiatic, and Bala-Chan was undone; the Russians saw too late that the abundantly demonstrable faith and attachment to them of this unfortunate prince was the very cause of the Utzméy's unquenchable hate, and that all the accusations with which Adel-Chan had overwhelmed his nephew, might be regarded as a true description of his own sentiments.

A short time after Adel-Chan had submitted himself to the Russians, he sought to dissolve all connection with them again; he never showed himself in Derbent, and when his presence was required there, he pitched his camp before the gates of the town, and the authorities resorting

to him, he laid before them an account of his administration, and received from them new commands. Soon, also, repenting of having suffered himself to be persuaded to deliver his son, Mohammed-Chan as hostage into the hands of the Russians, he commanded the young prince to free himself secretly by flight. The latter, complying with the will of his father, immediately begins to meditate the means of flight. He forms the resolution of breaking through a wall of the house, and with this view, takes into his secret a faithful servant, who procures the necessary instruments, and lends his master a helping hand. Already the work is near its completion, and every preparation made for flight, when an accident discovers the affair, at the moment the captives are effecting their escape by night-time. The Commandant, who had received intelligence through his spies of the proceedings of the young prince, orders Mohammed-Chan to be taken forthwith into

stricter custody, and guarded by twenty-five soldiers under the command of an officer.

Up to this time, the Utzméy, as already stated, had sought to avoid all friendly intercourse with the Russians, and had not even obeyed the repeated requests of General Madatov, to present himself personally before the latter in Derbent. But when he received intelligence of the discovery of his son's intended flight, and heard of the strong measures adopted to render the repetition of similar attempts impossible, he resolved at last on a personal interview with Madatov; but only on condition, that the meeting should be held outside the town, and that it should be allowed him (the Utzméy) to appear with any escort he chose. This condition was accepted, and the meeting took place in the spring of the year 1820.

The General had posted a numerous division of troops before the town, and at the appointed time betook himself, with a brilliant retinue,



to the place determined for the meeting. The Utzméy likewise soon after appeared, followed by a thousand horsemen admirably armed. Madatov, who had thoroughly considered beforehand the part he had to play, received the ruler of Kaitach as a Satrap, his commander. He loaded Adel-Chan with all sorts of demonstrations of honour; caused, after the first salutations were over, skilful manœuvres to be performed by the instructed detachment, and observed in these, with the utmost exactitude, the old-established ceremonial customary among the Asiatic princes.

To these festivities, thus opening the meeting, followed a magnificent banquet, given by the Russian General, in which the Utzméy, with the most distinguished of his train, took part. Amidst the thunder of cannons Adel-Chan's health was drunk; thereupon, at a nod of the General, were brought forth the splendid presents, destined for the Utzméy and his train;

the luxurious feast began anew: in short, Madatov had left nothing undone to flatter the self-love of his princely guest, to dazzle his eyes and to replenish his stomach. But the greatest surprize was reserved for the Utzméy until the end of the banquet.

Scarcely had the guests risen from the table, when Mohammed, who till then had been kept in so strict custody, was given up free into the arms of his father. But all these kindnesses and demonstrations of honour could not dissipate that hatred of the Russians, which dwelt deep in the breast of the Asiatic; although in the interview held with Madatov at the close of the festal entertainment, Adel-Chan gave his word of honour thenceforth to appear in Derbent whenever the authorities should require his presence; truly to fulfil all the conditions agreed on between himself and Madatov, and to remain until death a faithful vassal of the Emperor, his lord.

Scarcely, however, had he returned home

again with his son, when he commanded his whole family to get ready in the greatest haste for a journey; gave orders to bring together all the money, jewels, and other valuables to be found in his possession; and made preparations for departure with as much precipitation as if he were hourly afraid of the bursting forth of some threatening storm. He fled into the land of the Sultan of Avaria, and on the way despatched a messenger to Madatov, with a letter to this effect: "I appeared amongst you to give my son his freedom; my son is free. Come now and rule in my land; Adel-Chan can be the subject of no other prince!" These words disclose the whole character of an Asiatic despot; to whom any limitation of his power is intolerable.

There reigned at that time in Avaria the Sultan Achmet-Chan, who received the Utzméy hospitably, and gave him as an asylum the populous Aul of Balakany, lying in a valley

of the same name; but refused his guest all further assistance.

As the revenues which Adel-Chan received from this Aul were not sufficient to support his family, he saw himself obliged to sacrifice by degrees all the money and valuables he had brought with him from Kaitach. In the meanwhile, the Russians, having made themselves masters of his country, had entrusted its administration to his nearest relative, their faithfully-devoted Emir-Hamsa, who, under Russian protection, reigned over Kaitach with almost unlimited power; without, however, venturing to assume the title of Utzméy. The bitter fate of his innocent and banished brother, of whom he knew not whether he were living or dead, had gone deep to the heart of the noble Emir-Hamsa. Since the day of his separation from Bala-Chan, no intelligence had reached his ears of the fate of the unfortunate Prince. He had already given up all hope of ever hearing of his beloved

brother again, when one day his attendants announced to him the arrival of a strange Tartar, who was desirous of being brought before the Prince, on the ground that he had affairs to communicate of the greatest importance. The Tartar is introduced, and delivers to the astonished Emir-Hamsa a letter and two flint-stones, as a message from his long-lost brother, Bala-Chan.\* The letter contains a short description of the sufferings which the unfortunate Prince has had to endure in the wastes of Siberia, where his lot is cast with the rudest criminals. Glowing with resentment, the exiled Prince calls on his brother, as the nearest relative, to fulfil the sacred duty of the blood-revenge on Adel-Chan, the originator of his misfortune ; and, ac-

\* How the Tartar came by this message, I have not been able to ascertain. Very probably he had lived for some time, as is frequently the case, in banishment in Siberia, had there made the acquaintance of Bala-Chan, and subsequently had received permission to

according to custom, sends, as a symbol, the two flint-stones for the Emir's behoof.

The Emir understood the will of his brother, but how was he to find an opportunity for the accomplishment of such a design? For Adel-Chan, the victim intended, dwelled in the interior of Avaria, and was far from the reach of his arm. The opportunity for discharging the debt of revenge thus cast upon him, presented itself more quickly than the Emir imagined; as in general happens to a man in the achievement of an evil deed, fate seems to speed him on his way, and suffers the deed to follow the thought.

Adel-Chan, accustomed to a luxurious way of life, had, as we have already remarked, seen himself compelled, in order to support his family, to join to the scanty revenues flowing to him from the Aul of Balakany the greatest part of the property he had brought with him. The very last of this was now gone; and as the Sultan of Avaria refused him any further support, he seized the only course that was left him, viz.

to implore the help of his nephew, Emir-Hamsa. He depicted to him in the most vivid colours his unfortunate situation, begged him to renounce the throne in his favour, and to use his influence with the Russian Government to obtain for him the restoration of his paternal realm. In return, he promised the Russians obedience, faith, and the furtherance of their interests, as far as lay in his power. For the sincerity of his sentiments, he would answer with his life.

On receiving this message, the Emir felt a joy like that of the tiger, who descries in the distance a sure prey. He hoped, in the negotiation into which he should thus have to enter with Adel-Chan, to find a favourable moment to execute the sentence of the blood-revenge cast upon his soul.

Without delay, Emir-Hamsa hastens to Lieutenant-Colonel von Asheberg, then residing as Commandant at Derbent, informs him that, in a message just arrived, the Utzméy has expressed the wish to hold a secret nightly meeting; the

ground of this intended meeting is unknown to the Emir, although from his own experience, as well as from the faithless behaviour hitherto displayed by the Utzméy, he thinks he may venture to conclude that the latter is again meditating some evil design against the Russians. The Emir therefore entreats, for the interest of the Russian administration, permission to proceed entirely according to his own judgment in the impending interview, even if circumstances should render it necessary that the Utzméy be captured or slain.

The Commandant does not hesitate to grant the desired permission. Forthwith Emir-Hamsa sends the Utzméy his assent to the proposed interview, and appoints him, as their place of meeting, the upland village of Mendzhalissa; on condition, however, that each of them bring with him not more than two followers. The interview is to begin with the darkness of night.

Emir-Hamsa, unfaithful to his own conditions, had concealed in the rear fifty excellently-armed



horsemen, and, glowing with revenge, awaited his uncle, Adel-Chan, who likewise did not fail to make his appearance at the appointed time, accompanied by his son, Mohammed-Chan, and a kuli\* from his train. Mutual expressions of friendship and honour having been profusely lavished on both sides with feigned cordiality, both Princes seated themselves over against each other, on their broad burkas,† outspread for the purpose. Both of them, however, according to Daghestanian custom, used the precaution of holding their fire-arms cocked before them on their knees, in order, in case of a treacherous surprise, to be ready in a moment for defence; but the Emir's piece was loaded with two balls, and in its lock was one of the flints of Bala-Chan.

The negotiation lasted a long time. The Uzméy depicted, in strong expressions, all the

\* Kuli—groom, slave.

† Burka—a short felt-mantle, with fur on the outside.

hardships he had endured, the ill-usage which his son had experienced from the Russians during his confinement at Derbent, the deprivations to which he himself and all his family had been exposed during their voluntary exile, and so forth. He concluded his discourse with the assurance, that he had become sensible of the foolishness of his step in renouncing his throne, and fleeing from his country, and would repentantly submit himself to the further direction of the Russian authorities, if he could by so doing attain to reinstatement in his previous rights.

Emir-Hamsa heard him quietly out, and only now and then interrupted the stream of his discourse, by words of approval and attachment. He assured him that he would use all his influence with the Russians to procure him a pardon. He had also, he said, already done all he could, to give the matter a more favourable turn, and had been commissioned by the Commandant of Derbent, to communicate certain preliminary arrangements with respect to this affair: these

however, could only be imparted in the presence of four eyes ; on which account he must request him to remove, for a few moments, both his followers. Adel-Chan commanded his son Mohammed, and the kuli, to withdraw until he should call them. The kuli obeyed the command of his lord in silence ; but Mohammed, who seemed to entertain some misgiving, remained immovable in his place.

“ Now,” asked Adel-Chan, with curiosity, not seeming to observe that his son remained behind, “ wherein does thy charge consist ?”

“ I have told thee,” replied Emir-Hamsa, displeased, “ that the advices which I have to communicate to thee, are destined for thee alone ; wherefore dost thou not send thy son away ? Does he fear, peradventure, for his father’s safety ?”

“ Away, youth !” cried the old man impatiently to Mohammed-Chan. “ Dost thou

think thy father is afraid of a beardless boy?"

This time, Mohammed obeys the strong command of the Utzméy, but nevertheless remains standing at some distance, with ever increasing misgiving; and seeks, as far as possible in the darkness, to follow, with keen eye, the movements of both princes. The conversation still continues a long while; at last he sees them both rise, and with many manifestations of tenderness, take leave of one another and separate. He hastens joyously towards his father, who calls him; suddenly a bright flame gleams through the night, a loud-cracking report is heard, and the Utzméy sinks, pierced by two balls, lifeless to the ground.

The shot came from the firelock that had in it the flint-stone of Bala-Chan. His deed accomplished, the murderer fled with his two followers to the place where the fifty armed horsemen were lying concealed.

Dying with revenge, Mohammed pursues the three fugitives, reaches them, and would fling himself on his enemy, but cannot, in the darkness of the night, distinguish the Emir from his followers; for all three are of equal size, in similar attire, and armed alike. The Emir had contrived his plan well, and gone admirably to work in the choice of his booty. Of firearms, Mohammed-Chan has only a pistol and a musket with him, and must, therefore, first be quite sure of his object, before he ventures to shoot. At last he thinks he has discovered the traitor; he discharges his piece, and one of the three falls;—he had seen falsely, the one he had killed was not Emir-Hamsa. He fires his pistol, another victim falls; he flings himself furiously on the body, sure of having struck his foe; but he has mistaken again—the one he had killed was the second follower of Emir-Hamsa, who himself seemed as by a miracle to have escaped.

Gnashing with fury for his prey, Mohammed springs up like a tiger of the desert, and leaps with drawn dagger after his fleeing cousin; but the latter, in the meantime, has gained a considerable start of him, and been able to give his horsemen the concerted signal; he commands them to fire in the direction in which he thinks he discerns his pursuer; suddenly there flashes, as it were, a blaze of lightning through the night, and the thunder of fifty musket-shots rolls forth, like loud-resounding, scornful laughter.

Mohammed is still too far distant to be harmed, but the unexpectedness of the treacherous discharge startles him; he sees that here his enemies are too many, hastens back, and arrives breathless again at the yet bleeding body of his father. He throws himself on it, and covers the already cold face with kisses, and with tears of fury and grief; then he pulls out, in frightful remembrance, a long pistol from his

father's girdle, as a token of bloody revenge on Emir-Hamsa.

“My Lord, do you not hear the trample of our pursuing foes?” cried the kuli, hastening up; “we have not a moment to lose.”

They hurried away to the place where their horses were standing, bounded into the saddle, and rode off, swift as the wind that sweeps over the steppe. A third horse stood saddled, but no rider was there.

The corpse of the Utzméy was found, and on the following day, his nephew, Emir-Hamsa, ordered it to be committed to the earth with so much pomp and expense, that the cost amounted to more than a thousand silver rubles. The funeral solemnities lasted seven days long; during which time, by the command of the Emir, all the inhabitants of Kaitach had to lament their Prince, and put on the signs of mourning. After the interment of his uncle, Emir-Hamsa despatched a message to the

that he had delivered Russia from a mighty and malignant foe.

The Russian Government, in order to show its appreciation of this procedure, nominated the young Emir to the rank of Captain.



## CHAPTER V.

ADEL-CHAN, THE LAST UTZMÉY OF KAITACH.

*Continued.*

AFTER the death of the Utzméy, Mohammed-Chan was the eldest of his family. The difficulties of supporting this, were in the meantime continually becoming greater; and as Mohammed knew not how he should remedy his exigencies, his mother and consort resolved to seek for assistance from a friend of the Russians, the Shamchal of Tarki; and through the intercession of this Prince with Yermolov,

then Commander-in-Chief of the Caucasus, to obtain favour and the permission to return to Kaitach. The influence of the old Shamchal Mehti was in fact successful in persuading General Yermolov to grant permission of return to the impoverished family of the Utzméy, and to assign them the revenues of an Aul, for the supply of their most necessary expenses. For the rest, the whole land remained as before, under the dominion of Emir-Hamsa.

By the inconsiderable revenues of a single Aul, the unhappy family of the Prince was unfortunately little benefited; their distresses increased from day to day; the enterprising Mohammed, therefore, formed the resolution of regaining the friendship and confidence of the Russians, by the performance of some signal service, which should persuade them, if possible, to replace him in the heritage of his fathers. An opportunity for the accomplishment of this plan soon presented itself.

There lived at that time, in the ravines of

Kaitach, a mighty and terrible robber, by name Abdullah-Beg, son of the Kadi of Tabassaran. He had committed so many robberies and murders, that his name was pronounced far and wide with horror, and a high price was set by the Russian Government on his head.

During the last two years, in consequence of the disturbances prevailing in Kaitach, the robberies had increased to such an extent, and the gang of Abdullah had become so much augmented, that the Russians had repeatedly given him chase, without, however, succeeding in scaring the bold robber from his lurking-haunt. The courageous Mohammed-Chan, relying on his own craft and adroitness, communicated his plan to Herr von Asheberg, and promised, sooner or later, to deliver up the robber, if in return he were assured by the Russian Government of reinstatement in his paternal inheritance. The conditions were accepted.

The young Prince forthwith personally joins

the band of Abdullah-Beg, in order by being near the dreaded robber, better to become acquainted with his lurking-haunt and mode of life, and to descry, if possible, an opportunity of delivering him alive into the hands of the Russians. By certain bold strokes of policy, he endeavours to gain the confidence of Abdullah-Beg, but soon becomes sensible, that in this way his object will never be attained, since all his plans and designs, ever so nicely laid, are frustrated by the foresight and vigilance of the Daghestanian robber-prince.

Mohammed-Chan returns to the Commandant of Derbent, shows him that it is impossible to take the robber alive, but that he has now thought of a new and safer plan to get him into his power; and for the accomplishment of this, requests four puds\* of powder. The powder is delivered over, and Mohammed sets out anew on his way; taking with him, however, this time

\* Pud—a Russian weight of 40 lbs.

some companions on whom he could depend—Dzhänka-Albury, Gjül-Machmet, Urutsh-Machmet, and several kulis to assist.

Towards evening, the riders find themselves in the midst of an immeasurable wood, and halt in a thicket—lying near a little Daghestanian Aul, where the dwelling of Abdullah-Beg is situate. The knowing horses are kept concealed in a bushy retreat, and the vigilant horsemen hide themselves in the dense foliage of the high trees.

It was only when midnight was fast approaching that Mohammed led his companions, by well-known paths, to an open place in the midst of the wood, where, about twenty paces from them, lay outspread the scattered houses of the Aul, built like little fortresses. Already, to conclude from the stillness and darkness prevailing around, all the inhabitants were reposing in deep sleep; in the house of Abdullah-Beg alone there seemed to be yet no thought of rest. Through the cre-

flame was gleaming brightly ; several persons appeared to be there engaged in ardent conversation ; now and then the sound of unintelligible words smote on the ears of the listening spies. Was Abdullah-Beg reclining at the cheerful banquet, in the midst of his family, after the toilsome work of the day was ended ? or was he occupied in devising new plans for the coming day ? or was he just dividing the last-obtained booty among his eager companions ? Enough—he was occupied. Further than this, Mohammed needed not to know, and accordingly hastened to make the necessary preparations for the accomplishment of his plan. He takes with him into the village Albury and Urutsh-Machmet, who carry the powder ; glides into the first story of Abdullah-Beg's house,\* and having gained the middle of the stable, pours out the powder, and

\* The houses in Daghestan are usually so arranged, that the stable, store-room and kitchen are on the first floor, but the dwellings on the second.

covers it with a large kettle procured from the kitchen. This kettle he endeavours to fasten down, by forcing between its convex surface and the low ceiling of the stable a thick wooden stake; then, by means of a little opening left under the kettle, he applies to the powder a match prepared for the purpose, kindles the match, and flies in all haste with his companions back to the thicket of the wood. There they await, in unspeakable suspense, the expected explosion.

Half an hour was spent in this manner, and yet they had not heard the slightest noise; the light glistened as much as ever through the crevices of the window-shutters, and the conversation continued as lively as before. Mohammed is impatient; he can wait no longer; he conjectures that the match must have become extinguished, and will even go to the house to make new arrangements for the acceleration of the explosion. From this rash step, however, he is held back by the faithful Urutsh, who is willing

to risk his own life in the attempt, rather than expose his master to such danger. Urutsh takes a tinder-box, makes up to the house, and has already nearly reached the stable-door, when suddenly, with a terrific crash, the explosion follows.

First dashed upwards, as it were, a high-affrighted sea of fire, hissing in all directions; then followed a confounding din, like a strange mingling of the thunder of cannon, the rattling of rain, and the noise of a storm. The upper part of the house was slung aloft into the air, and all whom it had inclosed were buried beneath its ruins.

Abdullah-Beg, with his whole family, his servants and guests, seventeen in all, thus came to their end; only a little child, the youngest of Abdullah's sons, as by a miracle escaped.

The perpetrators of the crime themselves gazed with amazement on the consequences of their outrageous deed. The inhabitants of the Aul,



frightened up from their couches by the night-alarm, were so panic-struck at the no less horrible than, to them, inexplicable spectacle, that none of them ventured to leave his hut.

Mohammed-Chan alone remained unshaken; his only care was to find the faithful Urutsh, who had risked his life in devotion to him. He fears his rash companion is killed by the explosion, but, living or dead, Mohammed will not leave him behind, and will at least recover his body.

After a long and careful search, he at last finds the unfortunate man, lying half-burnt amidst the smoking ruins of the house. He lifts him up, cheers him with a friendly salute, binds his wounds as well as the circumstances allow, entrusts him to the care of his people, and conducts the companions of his horrid deed back through the thicket of the wood, by the way they had come.

Arrived at Derbent, he gives the Commandant a true account of the accomplishment of his

hazardous undertaking. Herr von Asheberg, on his part, acquaints the higher authorities with the transaction ; and, according to his word, confers on Mohammed-Chan the promised recompense. By the arrangements consequent on this procedure, three Auls were, in the year 1825, assigned to Mohammed-Chan from the domains of his deceased father ; Kola, Velikent, and Szelich, containing together two hundred and fifty houses.

Dzhänka-Albury, Gjül-Machmet, and the happily-restored Urutsh-Machmet, each received a gold medal, with the *cordon* of the order of St. Anne.

The kulis still remained unrewarded ; on which account, in the year 1832, when Adjutant-General Baron von Rosen visited Daghestan, they presented to him a petition for reward, as sharers in the extirpation of the family of Abdullah-Beg. The suit was forwarded to the Emperor, who ordered seventy-five silver rubles to be paid to each of the kulis ; but, for any

similar cases that might hereafter occur, issued at the same time a rigorous ordinance, in which he expressed his highest dissatisfaction with the destruction of Abdullah's house, where sixteen innocent persons had been overwhelmed in the ruin of one guilty man. He commanded that, for the future, greater precaution should be exercised in going to work; that measures of so dreadful a character should never again be made use of; and that henceforth, instead of recompense and marks of favour, such exploits would draw on them his displeasure, and be severely punished.

I have advanced a year or two forward in our narrative, in order to represent the murderous plot of Mohammed-Chan in all its consequences without interruption, and must here observe, by way of completion, that in an expedition made against Tabassaran in the year 1826, and commanded by Colonel Düsterloh, Emir-Hamsa was killed in the bloody battle at Bent-Mesha.

The report went abroad that, during the engagement he secretly fell a victim to the blood-revenge, by the hand of Dzhamov-Beg, the younger brother of Mohammed-Chan; but this report is without all further confirmation. After the Emir's death, the Utzmélik of Kaitach came to both of his younger brothers, Béy-Bala and Elder-Beg. Mohammed-Chan was not destined long to survive his cousin, Emir-Hamsa. At the siege of the fortress Burnaja, in the year 1832, at which time he served in the detachment of Major-General Kachanov,\* the young Prince died suddenly, after a short but violent illness. It was rumoured that he was poisoned at the instigation of Emir-Hamsa's brothers; but this report likewise is destitute of all proof.

Béy-Bala and Elder-Beg, following the example of their deceased brother, had always displayed the utmost faith and devotion towards the

\* General Kachanov, whom I consulted on the matter, could give me no certain information about it.

Russians; the influence of these two princes was also successful in effecting the freedom of the unfortunate Bala-Chan, who, as we have seen at the beginning of this narration, was, in consequence of the calumnies of Adel-Chan, pining away in undeserved banishment in Siberia.

In the year 1831 Bala-Chan returned, after an absence of many years, to his native Kaitach. Here a new grief awaited him. He was inflamed with violent love for the beautiful Bela, the widowed daughter of his fallen foe and uncle, Adel-Chan. She had lost by death her young consort, the son of the Shamchal-Mechti; and when the time of mourning was over, Bala-Chan solicited her hand. But her brother, cherishing hostile feelings against the suitor, would not give his consent to the union, but married his sister to Shah-Abbass, the younger brother of her late consort. The happy pair are still living in the Aul of Buy-nach, in the territory of the Shamchal. Here,

in the wild provinces of the Caucasus, where Werther has not yet been read, love is not of so sentimental a character as amongst us. The Asiatic does not shoot himself dead for love, but rather those who hinder him from attaining the object of his passion. Bala-Chan soon found means to procure compensation for his loss, by gaining the heart of a beautiful princess of the Aul of Kjüsteck. The preparations for the marriage were made with the greatest possible haste. Already the day fixed upon for the festivities was come, and the Käbin\* paid. The rich presents of the bridegroom had been sent, according to custom, on beasts of burden to the dwelling of the bride; whilst

\* Käbin is the purchase-price, which, according to the old-established custom of Daghestan, the bridegroom must make over to the bridefather; and consists either in money or cattle. Moreover, the custom wills that the bridegroom should also expend a sum for nuptial presents. If the bride die, without having borne children, these presents fall to her father.

in the house of Bala-Chan, where the guests, invited in great numbers, were carousing, all was mirth and jubilee.

He who has been in Daghestan, knows how easily the princes and nobles of this country, following the example of their priests, accustom themselves to the enjoyment of wine, in spite of the great Prophet and his holy injunctions.

Misfortune seemed not yet to have pursued Bala-Chan enough. Whilst he is sitting there, joyously and in prime cheer, in the midst of his guests, he suddenly sinks down, to the horror of all present, as if struck by a blow, dead to the ground.

We leave the guests to their affright, and the bride to her despair, in order, before we follow the course of our narration further, just to inquire into the cause of the sudden death of Bala-Chan. There were loud rumours that his brothers, fearing to be supplanted by him as the elder, had poisoned him. After the careful examination, however, which I have

made on this subject, I think I may venture to contradict these reports with some assurance, and assume that the untimely death of Balachan was a natural consequence of his immoderate indulgence in spirituous liquors. Already in the cold wastes of Siberia, he had devoted himself, from easily explicable grounds, to the vice of drinking, and on his return, exchanged only all too willingly the brandy of Tobolsk for the fiery wines of his native land.



## CHAPTER VI.

ADEL-CHAN, THE LAST UTZMÉY OF KAITACH.

*Concluded.*

I AM really at this moment a little embarrassed to know how I shall spin the thread of my narrative further. Not by any means that I am wanting in material, there is more than abundance before me; the unpleasantness consists only in the fact that, among the number of scenes here coming before us, many have too great a resemblance to each other. Murder follows murder; treachery, treachery; wedding, wedding.



If I were writing a romance, I could easily lighten my task by disengaging every disturbing element, filling up voids with interesting episodes, placing by the side of every robber a sentimental hero of virtue, putting fine phrases in the mouths of the persons represented, carrying on through an intended complication an intensifying development, and what more of such expedients there may be. On the contrary, I am obliged to pace along with firm step the naked soil of reality, and to lend a deaf ear to every alluring call of fancy, if I would remain true to my promise, of bringing before the reader's eye, in the narrowest possible compass, a genuine, unadorned depiction of remarkable occurrences. Accordingly, although I have just concluded the preceding chapter with a tale of love, I make no hesitation in beginning here again with another.

Elder-Beg loved Fatima, the younger daughter of Ibul-Beg; her charm and beauty were so

great, that songs are even to-day to be heard in her praise among the Auls of Daghestan. Fatima's parents made some difficulties in giving their consent to the marriage, as according to the laws of Daghestanian nobility, the children born in wedlock with a younger daughter are not considered Beks; they therefore proffered to the suitor the hand of their eldest daughter, Bikä. But Elder-Bek, carried away with passion, swore by the Koran he would lead no other woman than Fatima home, and take a bloody revenge if they should refuse her to him. He vowed by the Prophet, that in spite of all nobility-laws, the children whom Fatima bore to him should, in case they were boys, be acknowledged as Beks. The apprehensive parents suffered themselves to be pacified by Elder-Bek's oaths, and gave him their daughter to wife. The nuptial festivities were consummated with unusual splendour and expense, amid the observance of the formalities customary in Daghestan.

As, however, in Europe only a few may be

acquainted with the formalities usual in Daghestan on occasion of a marriage, a short description of these may not perhaps be here out of place. We shall thereby rest for a moment from our narrative; and may introduce the description, by way of episode, under the title:

#### NUPTIAL CUSTOMS IN DAGHESTAN.

According to the old-established usage of the country, the bridegroom is not to see his chosen lady before his marriage. This old regulation, however, finds in Daghestan, among a hundred examples, ninety and nine exceptions.

No Mussulman, indeed, would perpetrate the enormity of setting foot unpermitted in the well-guarded and inviolable apartments of the women; but neither are the women always so watched and imprisoned as is erroneously imagined. In fine weather, as well by day as in the evening by moonlight, the maidens usually play and dance for hours together, on the roofs of the houses,

to the sound of the tambourine. At such times, then, the young suitors glide about, with ogling eyes, to catch from some one of the beauties a friendly nod or a favouring glance.

The faces, indeed, of the Tartar virgins, are invariably veiled with kerchiefs; but the pretty creatures always know how so to tie their kerchiefs, or so to shift them according to circumstances, that an attentive observer can always see enough to guess of the rest. Besides, the maidens always go unveiled until their twelfth year; so that from the bud, a tolerably accurate conclusion may easily be formed respecting the unfolded flower. When once a mutual satisfaction is manifest, a closer understanding is soon attained, by means of the language of tokens and flowers, which is here, of necessity, in high cultivation. If now the suitor will marry, he sends an esteemed friend, or kinsman, as mediator to the father of the bride; but to the mother, some elderly matrons of his kindred.

Negotiations are then opened with great importance.

The father does not give his consent immediately, but first of all requests time for consideration ; fixes, however, the exact day on which the answer shall be given. At the same time a full and particular consultation is held on the subject between the mother and the relatives ; inquiries are instituted on the property and circumstances, on the morals and kindred, of the suitor, and so forth.

If at last the promise is given on the appointed day, new negotiations are then commenced about the *käbin*, or purchase-money, which must be paid to the father of the bride. On the evening before the marriage, the bridegroom repairs with his friends to the bath. After the prescribed lavations are ended, the procession wends its way, to the sound of the tambourine and bagpipe, back to the dwelling of the bridegroom, who is attended by two boys, one of whom walks on the

left, and the other on the right. In the house, the banqueting and festivities, which have been in the meantime prepared, then commence. The bride follows the same ceremonial. Two little girls also walk by her side, and she entertains her friends in like manner, and is adorned by them for the wedding. On the following morning, the relatives and friends of the bridegroom appear on festally-adorned horses, accompanied by ear-splitting music, to fetch away the expectant bride, who is suitably attired and veiled, and seated on an ass, whilst one or more Arbas,\* according to requirement, follow after, with her dress, jewels, furniture, in short, her whole dowry, in full display.

The custom requires that the bride be led to meet the bridegroom by his relations, but these have no little trouble in tearing the lady from the arms of her friends and kindred, who pretend

\* Arba—an Asiatic carriage, with only two wheels

to use all possible endeavours to retain her by force from being led away. Droll contests and skirmishes for the possession of the bride now take place between the two parties; and what with shooting, screaming, drumming, and alarming, one's ears tingle. If any of the guests fire his piece into the ground, instead of shooting into the air, this act is considered a great insult to the bride, and is usually punished with death. Generally speaking, it is not an unfrequent thing here, for a guest or two to break their necks in these sham contests. The bridegroom in the meanwhile, waiting full of desire for the arrival of his bride, hastens to meet her as soon as he sees the procession approaching, and receives her in the escort of the two guardian angels. The boy walking on his right, takes off the bridegroom's girdle, and entwines it round the bride, whereupon the young husband, as well as all present, laying



her train, into the women's apartments of the house, which are adorned with nuptial pomp.

\* \* \* \* \*

Not long was Elder-Beg to be the consort of the lovely Fatima. In the year 1835, his brother Béy-Bala died, whether by poison, or of a natural death, has not been ascertained, and the dominion of all Kaitach now passed into the hands of Elder-Beg.

Pachu-Bikä, the widow of Béy-Bala, was a woman of uncommon understanding and enchanting personal appearance, and withal of a character somewhat light; and although she had already reached her thirtieth year, was still so coquettish and captivating, that seldom did a man, on whom she had a design, escape her snares. She had already been previously married to her cousin, Dzhamov-Beg.

this prince, when she threw herself into the arms of Béy-Bala, whose unlimited mistress she remained until his death. Scarcely was her second husband committed to the earth, than she was again looking out for a third, and when this time, Elder-Beg became the object of her choice, perhaps this happened less by love than ambition: the imperious Pachu-Bikä would be the spouse of the Prince of Kaitach. Nor by her intrigues and amorous arts did she fail in soon gaining such an ascendancy over Elder-Beg, that the latter repudiated his young and beautiful spouse, and placed the proud Pachu-Bikä in her stead.

The innocent and repudiated Fatima fled to her paternal home, to seek the protection of her brothers, the sons of Ibul-Beg, who, although they were the subjects of Elder-Beg, swore a bloody revenge on the faithless prince, for the dishonour he had done to their sister.

The two families whose mischievous destiny

led on by the Demon of Blood-revenge, I have endeavoured partially to depict, were, as the friendly reader will remember, that of the Utzméi Adel-Chan, and that of this prince's brother-in-law, Murtozali. Of Murtozali's four sons, Bala-Chan, Emir-Hamsa, Béy-Bala, and Elder-Beg, the last, as we have seen, was now the only one remaining alive.

Of Adel-Chan's descendants, Mohammed's younger brothers, Dzhamov-Beg and Uzmarchan, were yet living. The latter, at the time when he makes his appearance in our story, was about seventeen years old, and had distinguished himself from his early childhood by a bold, but withal high-flown and boastful spirit. He treated his elder brother, Dzhamov-Beg, whom he accused of cowardice, with derision and contempt; and was wont to say, that if he (Uzmarchan) had been only fifteen years old at the time of his father's assassination, he would not have left the death of Adel-Chan an hour unrevenged. Dzhamov-

Beg, regarding his younger brother's scornful words as childish prating, thought no more about them; but the latter was soon to find occasion to make his words deeds. Mirza-Beg, and Abdu-Dzhamal, the brothers of the divorced Fatima, were meditating revenge on the faithless seducer of their sister, and were therefore, highly rejoiced to find, in the murderous Uszmar-Chan, a zealous partaker of their bloody plans.

Meanwhile, the Easter of the year 1836 was approaching. The conspirators had fixed on the first Easter-day for the accomplishment of their purpose, as they knew that Elder-Beg would journey on that day without fail to Velikent, to pay his congratulations to the Russian Pristaff,\* Captain von Sommer, residing there. They therefore repaired on the appointed day to Velikent, accompanied by four Nukers of tried faith and bravery.

\* Pristaff—commissioner, inspector.

The morning passes away and Elder-Beg is not come. With ever-growing impatience, the conspirators await the arrival of their victim; already the evening is breaking in, and their enemy is still not there.

Uszmar-Chan and his companions spend the night in tormenting unrest.

At last, on the second morning, Elder-Beg appears, and proceeds, accompanied by Dshänka, Nuker-Beg, Ali-Iskjander-Beg (son of the Kadi of Tabassaran), and three select Nukers, to the dwelling of the Pristaff, whilst twenty other Nukers, who form the rear of the train, keep guard before the door.

Uszmar-Chan had no sooner learned the arrival of the Prince than he likewise hastened, with his companions, without delay into the house of the Pristaff. He enters the saloon: Elder-Beg, who is sitting on the divan, rises on the entrance of his cousin, and offers him, according to the privilege of age, a seat by his side. The two relatives bid each other

welcome apparently with the greatest cordiality, and during the refreshment, which is soon thereafter served up, drink to each other's weal. Captain Sommer, seeing the mutual manifestations of friendship, and the lively conversation of the two princes, withdrew for about a quarter of an hour, to make further arrangements for the entertainment of his guests. Scarcely had the Captain left the room, than one of Uszmar's Nukers steps up to the window, looks about with a roving glance, and then turns again to his master with the words: "Atler, haserler!" (the horses are ready). This was the concerted signal.

The two princes were still sitting in friendly and reciprocal discourse on the divan; by the side of their masters stood the attendants and servants. But at the words of his Nuker, Uszmar rises quietly, and steps up to the window. Whilst he is thus looking out, he cocks his pistol unobserved, which is loaded with two balls, turns with lightning-speed, and fires it

at Elder-Beg, who sinks, mortally wounded, to the floor. A profound silence followed this deed. Uszmar himself, yet unused to such scenes, stood there as if petrified. The stillness was only broken by the groans and last convulsive struggles of the dying man, who was vainly endeavouring to draw the kinshal from its sheath, to take revenge on the murderer.

Then cried one of Fatima's brothers, turning to Uszmar with a curse: "Art thou terrified at thine own deed, dastard? Why dost thou spare Elder? Wherefore dost thou not pierce the traitor through with thy kinshal?" Uszmar awoke from his brief stupefaction, tore his kinshal from its sheath, and made some furious thrusts at Elder's head. Then first disappeared, like a spell, the irresolution which till then had made the Begs and Nukers of the murdered prince dumb and inactive witnesses of the horrid deed: they seize pistols and kinshals, and fall furiously on their antago-

nists. The first shot is aimed at Uszmar, who forthwith tumbles bleeding to the floor. His trusty Nuker, Bochan, places himself, however, with the kinshal in his right hand, before the fallen Prince, and endeavours to shove his master under the divan, in order to secure him from further wounds, and defend him to the utmost.

Before the body of Elder-Beg stood his friend and guest, Iskjander-Beg, with naked dagger in his hand, and his threatening glance turned full on Bochan. Meanwhile, between the trains of the two fallen princes, the contest continues uninterruptedly. The apartment is speedily filled with a dense smoke, so that foe can scarcely distinguish foe. In the midst of the dead and dying stood, defiant over against each other, Bochan and Iskjander, before the bodies of their masters.

In the meantime, Uszmar's groom, attracted by the noise, had hastened to the spot, and having succeeded from without in breaking



open the door—for it was barred on the inside—had come into the saloon. Although, at first, confounded by the frightful sight which he saw before him, he soon descried the object of his vengeance. Like a tiger on his prey, he flings himself wildly on Iskjander; a struggle for life and death commences between them, till, weakened by loss of blood, they both fall moaning on the floor. Then spoke Bochan, seeing nothing around him but dead and dying: “Farewell, Uszmar! I have done my duty!” The fallen groom raises himself with a last exertion from the floor, and replies: “What, villain! thou, the Chan’s first Nuker—~~thou~~ who didst eat with him the plov\* out of one dish, dost thou abandon thy master at this moment! Whilst I, who slept in his stall,

\* Plov, or Pillau—the often-mentioned, favourite dish of the Asiatics, viz., boiled rice, prepared in a peculiar manner.

and lived on the crumbs which fell from your table, am dying for him!" So saying, he slung his dagger at Bochan, but, thrown with uncertain hand, the steel missed its object. Bochan remained alive, and left the room just as the faithful Kuli, spent with the exertion, was breathing out his last sigh.

Then rushed the Pristaff, followed by soldiers, into the saloon, and beheld with amazement the horrid scene. Thick waves of blood were flowing in the room; twelve dead men were lying on the floor. Iskjander alone still gave signs of life, but the blood was trickling from his head and breast. With difficulty the dying man erected himself, and spoke with broken voice:

"I have shown courage in Elder-Beg's defence, and have avenged my friend; I depart from life contented with myself."

Having said these words, and violently collecting all his strength, he slung his dagger against the ceiling of the room, and the dagger

pierced deep into the wood; almost immediately after which, Ali Iskjander-Beg expired. And thus, in this short but bloody contest, thirteen men were slain; three Beks, three Dshänkas, six Nokers, and a groom. Bochan alone remained alive, and fortunately escaped to Akusha, his native place.

He who travels from Derbent to Kizlar, and asks at the first station, Velikent, for the house of the Pristaff, is still shown the apartment where this terrible occurrence took place; still he may observe in the ceiling the marks of the kinshal of Ali Iskjander-Beg; and the inmates readily relate to the inquirer the tragical event of the second Easter-day of the year 1836; with additions, however, and exaggerations of all kinds: for the precise circumstances and true coherence of this story are but little known.

Dzhamov-Beg is the only scion now living of the races of Adel-Chan and Murtozali. He is invested with the office of Lieutenant-Colonel in

the Russian service, and governs to this day the Utzmélik of Kaitach, which is now quite incorporated amongst the Russian possessions in the Caucasus.

## CHAPTER VI.

LAST IMPRESSIONS OF TIFLIS—JOURNEY TO THE  
PROVINCES OF THE BLACK SEA.

Went the summons forth against Daghestan,  
Each mountain and vale sent its warrior-clan,  
The Emperor's army from Russian land,  
In floating attire, the Armenian band,  
The red-bearded Tartar's robber-gang,  
Knights of Kachetos in their mailed clang,  
Tribes from Ararat and from Colchis down,  
Came marching all into Kyros' town.  
There halt the hordes—and the grey Sardaar  
Rides the ranks up and down, reviewing them far.  
And the rolling drums and the trumpets' sound  
Loudly ring from the mountains echoing round ;

And there on the roofs of the houses stand  
The women and children, by morning-wind fanned,  
And their gay dresses flutter, and sad eyes are dim,  
As away the warrior hurries him ;  
Weep the mother and wife for the youth and the man,  
Who are marching away towards Daghestan.

It was the last review which the hoary Sardaar (General von Neidhart) held in Tiflis. He was called home, and after him, Count (now Prince) Woronzov took possession of the palace of the Governor of the Caucasus.

Soon afterwards, I also said farewell to the old town of the Kyros, in order to roam through the woods of Colchis, to visit the coasts of the Black and Azov Seas, to wander through the Crimea, and then to take ship from Odessa to Constantinople. Seldom, perhaps never, has Tiflis seen such enchanting splendour, such thronging of men, such wonderful pomp within her walls, as during the festivities which were celebrated in honour of

the arrival of the new Governor and his family.

The most glorious weather favoured the festivities. The streets were dry, and the heaven clear.

All the houses of the wealthier inhabitants were hung with costly stuffs, all bazaars laid out with rich carpets, all streets bestrewed with flowers. Several fountains were filled with blood-red wine, which, especially in the evening illumination, produced a magical play of colours.

But most dazzling of all, was the spectacle in the principal street of the city, where the Sardaar made his entrance. Only in Rome, during the Carnival, have I seen the like. On the roofs, on the balconies and galleries, innumerable heads shone forth from the beautiful dresses. Every house was become a pedestal of living figures, every window a picture-frame of beauty.

But more hearing than all the rest, was the

countenance, Julia, thou delightful being! Thou wast a stranger in this land, but the daughters of the mountains envied thee thy beauty, and they named thee "the Rose of Caucasus." And never have two feet so small borne so much beauty, virtue, highness, gracefulness, as thy little feet!

We throw a flying glance over the festal illumination of the city in the evening, and then take our leave of it for ever.

All Tiflis seemed to be changed into a sea of fire; all mountains round it seemed to have become flaming volcanoes; the earth breathed warm; Bengal fires burned on all squares; torches blazed on all roofs; glittering rows of lamps ran through the streets in all directions, like strings of flashing pearls; and there between walked the light-footed daughters of Tiflis in aërial dresses, and the stately men of the mountains in silver armour.

The most beautiful tale of the Thousand and One Nights came not near this reality.



We now depart from Tiflis, and wend our way to the Black Sea. A few leaves from the note-book shall recount to you the events of my journey thither.

April, 1845.

From Tiflis to Mtzchetha,\* the hill-chains which border the way have a rather uniform and bleak appearance. From thence to Gori a richer, more varied vegetation soon displays

\* Mtzchetha, the old capital of Georgia, is so called, from its founder Mtzchethos, son of Karthlos. Until the middle of the fifth century, Mtzchetha is said to have been the most flourishing town of the country, and the residence of the ruler. At that time, King Gurgarzman discovered on a hunting expedition, the warm springs of the present Tiflis, and commanded a town to be built there; which he subsequently made the capital of the country and

itself. On either side, as we proceed, hill-ranges, flushed with the hues of spring, alternate with fields of luxuriant growth, and the verdure is only broken here and there by bald, waste flats.

Nothing more is now to be seen of the glory of the old capital. A few ruins, wasted by time; a beautiful church, in good preservation; and about a hundred houses, inhabited by poor Georgians and Armenians; mark the place where it stood. As in the history, so also in the songs and traditions of the country, Mtzchetha has played a great part.

It was interesting to me, in reference to the old ruins of the Castle of Mtzchetha, to find among the people a tradition, to which most of the nations of Europe have something analogous to show. It tells of a beautiful amorous Queen, who lived in the castle in the days of yore; and, either by craft or violence, decoyed to herself the young wanderers who passed that way; and when she

had gratified her shameless lust, caused the deluded victims to be hurled from the battlements of the fort into the waters of the Aragua beneath. A Grusian bard has elaborated the tradition into a poem; but as this is too long and prolix to be repeated here entire, I shall only introduce a few strophes:

“ Where the snow-clad hills abiding,  
     Plant their feet by old Mtzchetha,  
 Where the yellow streams are gliding,  
     Kyros and Aragua,  
 Stands a castle—crumbled, broken,  
     In the tempest-track of age;  
 Yet its halls, though strewed, betoken,  
     Glory once its heritage!

“ Many a sweet flower yet rejoices,  
     Round the hoary walls to grow,  
 And the shady trees have voices,  
     Voices loud and whispers low;  
 But the varied charm decaying,  
     Fades away at midnight hour,  
 Shuddering breezes round are straying,  
     Songful birds in silence cower . . .”

Then the minstrel describes the evil tenantress of the castle, and how she still lives in the execration of the people :

“ Beautiful—but never dwelled her  
Beauty in one loving heart ;  
Young—but Grusia’s sons beheld her  
Ne’er without the terror-start, &c.”

Thereupon, after he has vividly depicted her criminal way of life, he makes punishment follow at her heels. She falls in love with one, by whom, in spite of all her promises and threats, her love is unreturned. The poet thus portrays him :

“ Grusia’s sons are fair and gifted,  
But her threshold ne’er bestrode  
Man whom courage so uplifted,  
Whom such beauty overflowed.”

And at the sight of him, feelings uprise in her heart such as she had never known. Writhing with remorse, she looks back on

her curse-beladen life ; and promises, in hand with her new lover, to walk also in a new life ; but he recoils from her coldly, and returns her offers with proud disdain. She struggles a long while ; at last her pride gets the mastery, and she devotes the young, inexorable Grusian to a frightful death. The poet continues :

“ Shall Revenger never find her  
Who her impious course shall stay,  
And in fastening anguish bind her ?  
Yes—there comes who speeds his way,  
Knows not pity nor beguilement ;  
Even Love’s revenge shall wake,  
Love that never bears defilement,  
And itself the vengeance take !”

After the death of her favourite, the Queen finds no more rest ; the old love rises again in all its might, and pursues her like a threatening shade ; and the stings of conscience, the tormenting children of sin, rack

her day and night, until, weary of life, she at last propitiates by her death the penal powers.

## II.

April, 1845.

Gori, our first halting-point, is a town of only one or two thousand inhabitants (the garrison excepted, which contains about five thousand men); but for any one who would become acquainted with Grusian (Georgian) life, is the most important point of the kingdom.

In Tiflis, the Russian element has already been predominant for too many years to have left unaffected by its influence the Armenian and Grusian population. In Gori, this is not so much the case; so that here the characteristic peculiarities and customs of the people have been preserved in greater pureness.

Countess Woronzov being expected to pass

through here every day, we were constrained to tarry until she did so, since all horses were obliged to be kept in readiness at the stations for the Countess and her retinue.

Travellers in the Russian provinces always find themselves in an uncertain plight, whenever it happens that any person of rank is expected on the way which they have to go. In such a case, one has sometimes to wait whole weeks together in vain for horses. In European Russia, the evil is more easily obviated; since there, among the peasants, hackneys are almost always to be obtained, for which, of course, one often pays threefold the usual price; but avoids, by so doing, the unpleasantness of a useless waste of time at inhospitable stations.

We were received with great friendliness by Colonel Kapiov, chief of the regiment stationed here; as indeed in general hospitality still exists in high repute amongst the Russians. The Colonel's house being the point

of union for the more fashionable society of Gori, we have an opportunity of becoming rather more intimately acquainted with some of the much praised beauties of the town. This morning, the Colonel had the goodness to visit with us one or two princesses at their dwellings; we were, however, only received by the young Princess Martha Eristaff, whose charming shape and luxuriant hair are extolled in all Georgia.

The Colonel used the precaution, before he went with us to the Princess, to announce us to her an hour beforehand; "For," said he, with a cunning smile, "a fair Georgian never shows herself to the eye of a stranger, if time is not allowed her duly to prepare her toilette first, and especially to put on rouge."

And here, methinks, is the place to say a few finishing words on the world-famed beauty of the Georgian females. In Europe, by a Georgian female, is usually understood a tall, slender creature, of voluptuous figure, wrapped



in ample rich apparel; with thick, black hair, long enough to entwine its glossy fetters round all hearts of men; with an open, noble forehead, and a pair of eyes, within whose dark, mysterious magic circle, the secrets of all delights of sense and soul lie spell-bound. Her gait is luxury. Joy goes before her, and admiration follows her. The flowers on which she treads, look upwards, trembling with delight as they die, and exhale their fragrance as an offering to the beauty.

With such ideas do strangers usually come to Georgia, and—find themselves singularly undeceived. Travellers, who, with expectations raised so high, set foot on a land surrounded by history and tradition with a nimbus of wonder, either obstinately abide by their previously formed opinion, or hastily pass to the other extreme, and find to their amazement everything filthy, ugly, loathsome. The truth lies in the midst. The people of Georgia

most beautiful races of people on the earth. But although I am a great adorer of woman, I must in this case give, with unconditional preference, the palm to the male sex. Herein all those cultivated inhabitants of Georgia, who have eye, taste, and an impartial judgment, agree with me. Nay, I must add to this, that of that higher beauty, which exists where spirit, heart, and mind are reflected in the eye, there are in the whole Caucasus few traces to be found, among women as well as among men. I have had a fair chance of seeing all that Georgia contains of womanly beauty, but have never beheld a face that has fully satisfied me; although the graceful costume of the fair inhabitants of this land contributes very much to the heightening of their charms.\* The face is altogether want-

\* The head-dress excepted, which half hides a forehead, already very small and insignificant by nature.

ing in that nobler spiritual expression, which lends to our fair Europeans an enchantment all their own. These can still awaken love and gain hearts, even when the time of their bloom is long since past; in a fair Georgian, on the other hand, with the freshness of youth fades everything away.

The eye, which always, notwithstanding its seeming fire, has breathed nothing but repose and inactive voluptuousness, acquires a faint expression; the nose, already in itself somewhat overstepping the bounds of beauty, appears, in consequence of the early sinking cheeks, of so unnatural a size, that many imagine its dimensions actually grow with years; and the bosom, which in this land plays certainly no hidden part, acquires too soon a flaccid character—mere appearances, which, among Europeans, occur more seldom, more imperceptibly, and in far more limited proportion. If we put to this account the custom, so prevalent in Georgia among young and old, of laying on

white and red paint, it is easily seen that such and similar arts of the toilette, too striking as they are to the eye, can only tend to lessen the good opinion of the beholder.

The princely dwellings of this country present to an eye, spoiled by European pomp, little that is attractive. In general, I may say, I have never been able to comprehend the purport of that expression so often occurring in poems and descriptions of travel; I mean the expression: *Oriental luxury*. Where this world-famed luxury is to be found, I know as little as any of the many travellers of my acquaintance, who have traversed the East in all directions. The Persians, Tartars, and Georgians, live in their dwellings like their beasts; even the houses of the rich and great among them, cannot compare with those of our wealthier middle classes.

The only valuable objects which are to be found in the wealthier dwellings of these countries, are beautiful carpets, weapons, and articles

of dress. On the latter especially, great care is expended. The pomp of the dresses stands in no comparison whatever with the narrow, filthy, often loathsome dwellings.

With some Cossacks as our guides, we made an excursion of about sixteen versts to the celebrated rock-castle Uphlis-Ziche,\* of which Dubois, in his excellent work, has given a correct sketch and description. A shorter, but not less exact, account is to be found in the old Georgian geography of Zarévitsh (King's son) Wachusht, where it is stated :

“Over the plain of Achurian, on a mountain connected below with the rock of Cvernak, on the banks of the Mtevar, stands Uphlis-Ziche, a stronghold built by Uphlos, the son of Karthlos. Until the time of Tshingis-Chan, there was a

\* I here follow the orthography which Brosset the younger has adopted in his French translation of the geographical and historical works of Zarévitsh Wachusht. Among the people I always heard the word pronounced Uplos-Ziche.

town situated here, of which to-day only the ruins are to be seen. The building and arrangement of the whole were worthy of admiration. There were large chambers and halls hewn in the rock; in the same place was to be seen an enormous grotto, hollowed in stone, and stretching away as far as the Mtevar. To the east of these expands a steep abyss, where there are to be found a vast number of caverns hewn in the rock, and now inaccessible," &c.

Of the chambers, caverns, and grottos, one may still see quite enough to be carried away with admiration of the unbending will and iron strength, which here defiantly scooped out of the stiff, inhospitable rock, habitation and defence. The chambers are wrought with a regularity and skill that are perfectly amazing. The ceilings are decorated with carved work, the walls with inscriptions. Downwards from the rocky height the eye enjoys a ravishing prospect. A remark, by the way, trite enough, and which might have been just as well left out, since in all descriptions

of travel, a ravishing prospect invariably follows every up-climbing of mountain or rock.

In the hall where once the great Queen Tamar is said to have dwelled, a herd of young goats regarded our entrance with such satisfaction, as to hail us with a friendly bleat. A similar reception the traveller frequently finds, when he visits, in Georgia or Armenia, the ruins of ancient palaces and temples.

The way from Gori to Uphlis-Ziche presents the most magnificent scenes and the most manifold alternations. The Grusian landscapes have a peculiar charm for me. I say for me, because I have met with numbers of people who have discovered nothing of beauty here, and prefer the glaring, strongly-defined colours of the northern spring, to the gentle play of melting hues that forms the charm of the Grusian spring. Here no sharp outlines strike upon the eye; all is so soft, so tenderly laid on, so undetermined in colour. Tint looses itself in tint, like the outlineless hues of the rainbow; and the whole

engenders rather a great and solemn, than a cheerful mood. A silent melancholy seems to float over woodland and mountain; Nature seems here to think for man, now mutely, in the tranquil splendour of the heaven and the glaciers, now aloud, in the singing of birds, in the purling of streams, in the rustling of woods.

### III.

April, 1845.

Kutaïs, lying on both banks of the Riou, is distinguished for its glorious temperature, its good water, and its delightful situation. The inhabitants, whose number, exclusive of the garrison, is from two to three thousand, are a mixture of Imerians, Armenians, Jews, and Russians; occasionally some Turks and Greeks are to be seen. Commerce is the principal source of livelihood to the town. A full description of curiosities, ruins, &c., here to be found,



is given by Dubois de Montpéreur. The Imerian houses are entirely different from those of the Grusians, and approach in their style of building more nearly to our taste. They are small, built of wood, with broad roofs running up to a point. Although the situation of the town is charming, Kutais does not afford by any means so magnificent a picture as Gori, where everything wears that grey tint of age, which pleases without dazzling, and involuntarily calls back the eye and spirit into the darkness of bygone centuries.

According to the estimate of the chief district-officer, Imerethi numbers at present two hundred thousand inhabitants, among whom are five thousand princes, and about eleven thousand nobles! These figures may suffice to give an idea of the existing Imerian aristocracy, and especially to make somewhat more intelligible the significance of the title "Prince."

The nobility of the country, with few exceptions, are not rich, but only somewhat less

poor than the other classes. Many times on my journey hither I have heard from functionaries and officers that the poverty of the people is even thought to have considerably increased within the last few years, especially in consequence of the inundations, and of the bad harvests thence arising. In the December of last year, the Quirila burst from its banks and streamed over the whole surrounding country, so that a perfect famine was created. At the last stations before Kutais the traces of the devastation were still pointed out to me: and they were visible, not only in desolated fields and gardens, in torn-up fences and houses, but also in frightful traits on the countenances of the men.

The results of occurrences so unfortunate must be all the more terrible and enduring in a country where agriculture yet stands at so low a level as here. The inhabitants of Imerethi are able to draw so little advantage from their rich and fruitful soil, that even in favourable years the produce of their fields scarcely suffices

for the satisfaction of their most pressing needs. For many years numbers of Imerians have lived at Tiflis, where they earn their maintenance as carriers of burdens. The Imerian, like most people of the Orient, lives simply for the moment, without troubling himself about the future. He is always kind, honest and hospitable. Theft and robbery are somewhat unheard of in this country, where one travels with the greatest security. Peaceful at home, the Imerian is terrible in war, and, as a soldier, has always distinguished himself by his bravery in the Russian campaigns against the inhabitants of the mountains. For the rest, in all depicturings of custom and character, an exception must invariably be made of the people who live in large towns, or on the great military roads; for there one finds all sorts of sharpers and unconscionable rabble.

The principal and favourite dish of the Imerians, as also of the Mingrelians and Abchasi-  
ans, is the Gomi, a kind of millet-bread,

not by any means agreeable to European tastes. Other favourite indulgences of the people are wine and tobacco, both of which the country produces in abundance. The tobacco I find good, but the wine is bad, probably because the people do not know how to manage it. Here, however, as in all Christian provinces of the Caucasus, so much wine and so little water is drunk, that more than once I have heard the expression of astonishment: "He drinks water like wine!" just as we say, inversely: "He drinks wine like water!"

Nothing is more difficult, unsafe, or unthankful than the estimation of such a people, existing in the transition-period. Everything is here unsteady, fleeting, ever changing; nowhere does one find general, clearly determined outlines, on which to depend in the presentation of particulars; and the judgment of the traveller, who in his considerations follows first impressions, without taking history as a basis, must be very unfavourable and uncertain. The

consideration, however, becomes most difficult in the case of all foreign tribes who have submitted themselves to the Russian sceptre, and whose civilization Russia has undertaken; for here the inquiry immediately forces itself on the unprejudiced observer: "Can it be that the Russians, whose own standard of civilization finds so little acknowledgment, are also called and entitled to the work of civilizing others?"

Thus far, the Georgians have learned nothing by their contact with the Russians, but to wear a dress unsuited to their country, to use knives and forks at their meals instead of their fingers only, to sit on stools and benches without crossing their legs underneath them, &c. In spite of all the schools and institutions founded by the Russian administration, a whole century has yet to pass away before real culture can strike root in this country and give to the people a higher direction. All races, standing on a lower level of civilization, are like children, and take from those nations who

have intruded upon them as teachers, everything that is singular and striking, before aught that is really useful finds entrance among them; they must, as it were, first go through all the bad, in order to arrive at the good. And such a cultural school can only in the course of centuries lead to happy results; in the first period the learners will always be seemingly losing, since in the beginning no compensation can possibly be offered them in exchange for the sacrifices which they bring; for the greatest simplicity can only be raised by the greatest refinement of manners: all that lies between, and in which the transition consists, is equal neither to the one nor the other.

## IV.

April, 1845.

Redut-Kalé, founded by the Russians in 1820, is the most miserable harbour I have seen in my life. The town—if the poverty-stricken place deserves the name—consists of

three rows of houses, separated from each other by the Chopi\* and a long street, bestrewed almost foot-deep with flint-stones. The houses are all built of wood, and for the most part in bad condition, unsightly within and without.

The inhabitants, about fifteen hundred in number, form a mixture of Greeks, Turks, Armenians and Russians.

Until the abolition of the free trade (1832) that it formerly enjoyed, Redut-Kalé was the liveliest of all ports on the eastern coast of Pontus; at present, everything here looks dead. Between the wonders of the Black Sea's deeps and the ever-blooming woods of Colchis, lies the uniform ash-coloured mass of houses, with its bare environs, like the reverse of an oasis in the desert.

Judging from the circumstances of the place, nothing will appear more natural to the ob-

\* The Chopi empties itself at Redut-Kalé into the Black Sea.

server, than the present mournful condition of the town. The situation is unfriendly, the region unhealthy, and the harbour in the highest degree dangerous and incommodious. And yet Redut-Kalé was for several years the centre of commercial operations between Europe and Persia !

The inhabitants, not only of Redut-Kalé, but of all Transcaucasia, are justified in building joyous hopes on the promise of Prince Woronzov, that he will exert all his influence with the Emperor to get the old free trade again restored. That the welfare and prosperity of the country would be infinitely promoted thereby, is the concurrent opinion of all travellers and competent judges.

Scarcely had I spent eight days in Redut-Kalé, when the unhealthy climate already began to act perniciously on my frame, so that I seized with joy an opportunity that presented itself to me, of showing my back to the inhospitable town, which I have not



to thank for one pleasant remembrance; and on the white waves of the Black Sea, instead of on the wearisome sick bed, went in quest of health and recovery from my indisposition.

The Commandant of Redut-Kalé had fitted out a barkass,\* manned by fourteen Azov Cossacks, under the command of a Chorundshi,† for Fort Ardiller, on the Dzhigethian coast, and readily gave permission to me and my two companions in misery, consisting of a young Russian Captain of the Guards, and the brave Tartar Chieftain, Gjül-Bassar, to make the passage with them, which is rather dangerous in the month of April. The objects pursued by the travelling triad, were about as different as the personalities of which it was composed. The Captain of the Guards—a perfumed hero of the drawing-room—had to deliver despatches from the Commander-in-

\* Barkass, a war-boat furnished with a cannon.

† Chorundshi, a Cossack officer.

Chief to General von Budberg, Commander of the line of military on the eastern coast of the Black Sea.

Gjül-Bassar, in any case the most interesting personality of the three, was a Tartar, journeying on the way of Russian civilization, who, allured by title and order, had suffered himself to be commanded to the Mussulman regiment of horse stationed at Warsaw, where in foreign clime, in the brilliance of peaceful street parading, he intended to find distinctions, whose attainment had seemed too difficult for him in the bosom of his war-menaced native land.

Gjül-Bassar (in English: Head of Roses) stood in wonderfully striking accord with his flowery name. His countenance, no less starkly than thickly sown over with the small-pox, looked like a collection of rose-buds spoiled by the weather; and his somewhat long-thriven, spongy nose, glistened in their midst, like a transparent reservoir, into which all the

blood had flowed from the deceased rose-buds. As his sole weapon, the Rosy-headed Chieftain carried in his girdle a dagger of Daghestan; his remaining instruments of murderous exploit, viz. : a double-barrelled gun, a brace of ponderous Persian pistols, and a long Circassian sabre, were imposed on his little servant, Jussuf, whose wee morsel of a body seemed to carry the load of arms with much ado.

The most amusing thing about Gjül-Bassar was his fixed idea, that Warsaw lay somewhere on the Black Sea; which opinion we allowed him to enjoy in peace, after we had vainly endeavoured in all ways to divert him from his error; of which, a Mullah, a friend of his, from Karabagh, had been the occasion.

It was eight o'clock in the morning of the 19th of April, when, beneath a yet perfectly cloudless sky, we were about to leave Redut-Kalé behind. The barkass was afloat, our

things were ready packed up, and the Cossacks were standing on the shore waiting for their commander, and whiling away the time, according to their wont, by singing their native songs.

Twelve Cossacks had formed a circle, the thirteenth stood in the centre, and sang, with loud, skilful voice, a merry song, the last verses of every strophe of which were caught up and repeated by the whole group, half-shouting, half-singing.

SONG OF THE COSSACKS OF THE BLACK SEA.

“Why hangs thy dear head, love, so sadly to-day?”—

“Why hastes my Cossack to the Black Sea away?”

So I to my maiden, so she to me said—

But now I was with her, now hither have sped!

Chorus: So I to my maiden, &c.

And weep not, my maiden, love bright, do not mourn.

Though now I must leave thee, I soon shall return;

The Cossack loves the sea, and he loves danger's call,

And he loves yet a sweetness, that sweeter than all!

Chorus: The Cossack loves the sea, &c.

Says the Priest unto me: "That is sinful, my son!" . . .  
 I confess—he forgives, almost e'er I've begun.  
 A trick of the pocket, a shrewd supple soul,  
 With Priest makes us right, and from sin makes us  
 whole!

Chorus: A trick of the pocket, &c.

The thunder of battle—it scatters us not,  
 Or by land, or by sea, it matters us not;  
 Whether near, whether far, we ne'er measure the way,  
 And love's darling remembrance, we treasure it aye!

Chorus: Whether near, whether far, &c.

Then afresh, ye Cossacks, the white sailage expand!  
 The Kinshal in girdle, the Shashka\* in hand!  
 And weep not, my maiden, love bright, do not mourn:  
 The Cossack must away, but he soon will return!

Chorus: And weep not, my maiden, &c.

"Who composed thê pretty song?" I in-  
 quired, approaching the singers. The Cossacks  
 were obliged to owe me the answer, for at  
 this moment up came their commander with

\* Shashka—Circassian sabre.

hasty steps, and in a trice they were all seated in the vessel at their oars. Half an hour later and we were clear of the vehement current which the Chopi forms at its mouth.

We, and the officer, and an old Urjädnik (under-officer) who officiated as steersman, took our seats in the hinder part of the barkass, which was just large enough to hold all, there being, including ourselves and our people, twenty-two persons on board.

“Where have you learned Turkish?” I inquired of a Cossack, who was eagerly conversing in this language with Gjül-Bassar’s servant.

“How should we not speak Turkish?” replied the interrogated person; “why, we were brought up in Turkey!”

By further questions I arrived at the certainty that our Cossacks belonged to the remnants of the brave Saparoshzians,\* who, together with a number of runaways and vagabonds, went over

\* More known in Turkey under the name Nekrasovzians.

to the Turks, in the reign of Peter I., and subsequently became obstinate enemies of the Russians. After the taking of Varna (1828), a part of these warriors, who had all the while faithfully preserved their language, religion, and customs, submitted themselves anew to the Russian sceptre, under the command of their Ataman Gladkoi.\*

The Cossacks, of whom the greater part had been at Varna at that time, related to me, in reference to the above-mentioned event, a number of stories in glorification of their new ruler; among the rest, how, in spite of all the warnings of his attendants, and without expressing the least apprehension or fear, he ventured, accompanied only by his Adjutant, Orlov, to entrust himself to a war-boat, among warriors until then hostile to him; twenty-six

\* In my earlier works: "The Poetical Ukraine," and "The People of the Caucasus," the reader will find a more copious account of the Cossack races.

Saparoshzians sitting at the oar, and the Ataman himself officiating as steersman.

Personal courage is what nobody will deny the Emperor; but as field-commander, he, as well as his deceased brother, the Archduke Michael, gave, during the Turkish war, very slight proofs of superior capability. So at least I was told by officers of high rank, who had been engaged in the war, and had had opportunity of observing the Emperor more closely.

The loquacious Cossacks whiled away the time quite pleasantly with their songs and stories; our eyes were delighted with beholding the dolphins that often played around the boat in shoals; and about two o'clock in the afternoon we reached in safety the old fortress of Anaklea.

This place (supposed to be the old Heraclea of the Greeks), now inhabited only by a few Turks, Jews, and Cossacks, and situated on the left bank of the Ingur, which here empties itself



into the Black Sea, marks the limiting point on the coast between Mingrelia and the territory Samurzachan.\*

We were obliged to rest here for a few hours, in order that our wearied Cossacks, who had been flourishing their oars the whole day, the unfavourable winds having rendered our sails useless, might collect new strength.

About six o'clock we again betook ourselves to our vessel, and at the approach of night, which here always follows day without the sweet interval of twilight, ran into a little creek on the coast of Samurzachan.

One or two little wooden houses, looking forth from behind trees, led us to believe there was here a village, where we might find shelter for the night; but, on reconnoitring the place more nearly, we were not only deceived in our



\* Samurzachan receives its present name from a ruler, Murza-Chan, descended from the royal family of Abchasia.

expectation, but had a slight encounter into the bargain with some Turkish contrabandistas, who, with their goods, which the little houses served for the purpose of concealing, were putting off again in the darkness of the night, probably to steer for some other landing-place on the coast of Abchasia or Dzhigethistan.

We spent the night under the open sky, kindled watch-fires, appointed a watch, and by murmuring billows near, and howling jackals afar, were sung to sleep.

Notwithstanding our unlikely accommodation, we slept remarkably well, with the exception of Gjül-Bassar, who, pistol in hand, and squatting with crossed legs on his carpet, closed not an eye the whole night, for uneasiness and apprehension. This apprehension, which the least danger called forth, had by no means its origin in natural timidity. A faithful Mussulman, like our Tartar, is not the man to fear death; and I am convinced that at any other time Gjül-Bassar would have exposed himself without

trembling to every species of danger. For the moment, however, his life was dear to him; for he had heard, that on the 15th of May, the Emperor would hold a review of the Mussulman regiments at Warsaw, on which occasion every officer present might expect an order.

Now this expected order was the beginning and end of all the wishes of Gjül-Bassar: ever since our departure from Redut-Kalé, he had spoken of nothing else. The sea, with its thousand wonders; the magnificent, ever-changing beauties of nature, which encompassed us, all left him unmoved; he only thought of his order.

Drenched by a rain of several hours, we quitted our romantic encampment; and after a voyage of about seven hours more, arrived at the port of Utshamtshuri.

I forbear giving ~~way~~to descriptions, that could say nothing of the glorious natural spectacles which the coast, beheld from out at sea, afforded in luxurious abundance. The foaming

breakers, the rocky banks, the impenetrable woods, losing themselves in endless distance ; the ranges of hills, with their many tints and leafy crowns ; and behind them all, the great mountain-chain, with its incessantly-shifting play of colours. Here, unless a perfectly serene day, such as April seldom offers, secures a clear and steady view, all is continual change.

A dense mist, concealing all things, is often drawn before the peering eye ; and vainly does the baffled sense then seek for a relieving point of vision ; until suddenly a sun-glance rends the ashen veil, and a shining beam, like a golden magic wand, charms into sight a world of beauty ; and wood, hill, and glacier, are gleaming in new splendour around.

April, 1845.

Utshamtshuri is an Abchasian port, consisting of one street, and several houses lying scattered about behind it, and contains about five hundred

inhabitants, whose principal source of livelihood is traffic in smuggled goods.

I found in the bazaar, which takes up the greatest part of the place, a great variety, though neither a rich nor choice selection, of stuffs and manufactures of the East and West. Many goods, seldom or never bought here, lie granaried in this bazaar; and one may see, as it were, that no spirit of speculation, but mere chance, has thrown them on Abchasia's inhospitable coast.

This conjecture approaches to certainty, when we inquire the price of the articles in question, which is hardly ever proportioned to their worth. A piece of fine scarlet cloth, of English manufacture, for example, was offered me at a price for which I could not have purchased the like in England.

The merchants are a mixture of Turks from Trebizond, Greeks, Armenians, and Abchasians; the trade of the last solely extends to war-arms and native products, among which, in particular,

the excellent cloth, almost equal to the Lesghian, in strength, and the extremely elegant and very nicely worked shoes, are worthy of note.

The bazaar of Utshamtshuri wears quite a peculiar and warlike appearance. In each of the booths, which all lie open to the eye of the spectator, stands a loaded gun; other weapons, such as daggers, pistols, &c., are also of frequent occurrence. The purchasers who pass through the bazaar, some on foot, some on horseback (Abchasians, for the most part, from the surrounding villages), are all in full armour, with a gun at their back, and dagger and pistols in their girdle. Among the men were many who, by their slender and symmetrical bodies, and their expressive countenances, excited our admiration. All we saw of the fair sex was age and ugliness.

In order to leave none of the curiosities of Utshamtshuri unseen, we went, after we had made several purchases at the bazaar, to visit

the little coffee-house here to be found,—an airy, tent-like structure, whose sole internal ornament consists of a kind of oven for the preparation of the coffee, and sundry mats spread out upon the floor for the accommodation of the guests.

We delighted ourselves for a while on the balcony of the coffee-house, with the glorious prospect which is thence to be had over the harbour; noted the engagements of the guests, some of whom were playing at chess, and the others making keef;\* and returned therefrom to our barkass, in the hope of yet reaching the next Russian fortress before night; which hope, however, was not to be realized. After we had been dashed about for the space of an hour or two in a most unmerciful manner, in our fragile bark, by the blustering winds, we were obliged to consider ourselves fortunate in reaching,

\* The expression, “making keef,” (*keef elimäkj*), is of the same significance among the Turks and Tartars as the Italian *dolce far niente*.

amidst the violence of the breakers, a landing-place not absolutely unfavourable.

We pitched our encampment for the night at the entrance of a dense wood skirting the coast, and observed the same procedure as before.

Of the luxuriant vegetation of the coast of Abchasia I have already spoken above: here are to be found, growing wild, stone and kernel fruit of all descriptions; and the dwarf-laurel, the box-tree, the nut-tree and the vine, in great abundance; the last, especially, of remarkable thickness and height. Gracefully does the vine up-curl itself around the lofty trees, whose tops its high-aspiring tendrils do not reach. What advantages—what treasures might, with suitable culture, be allured from this blessed soil! But Nature works here for herself alone, and promoting man does not labour with her. No eye rejoices in the flowers which grow here; no hand plucks the fruits which ripen here; and no ear listens delighted to the purling of



the springs, to the rushing of the torrents, and to the songs of the birds that jubilate through the woods.

Suchum-Kalé, built by the Turks, and situated at the efflux of the Gumista, is one of the more important forts of the Russians on the eastern coast of the Black Sea. The garrison consists of a small division of Azov Cossacks, and a battalion of infantry, under the command of a Russian colonel.

The port of Suchum-Kalé is distinguished on account of its favourable situation and its great extent. Exactly opposite to the landing-place stands the house of the Captain who has the survey of the port; by its side lie outspread the houses of the soldiers, who are married and form a rather significant military colony. Every house has its little garden, so that the whole presents a really pretty appearance. Passing through the colony, we come to a tolerably large, though not very lively, bazaar, behind which

extend the walls of the fort, where the Commandant has his dwelling.

It was interesting to us to find among the buyers at the bazaar, who for the most part are wrapped in Circassian coats and grey military smocks, likewise several elegantly dressed and richly veiled ladies, the wives of the resident officers.

We declined the offer of the Commandant to sojourn in the fortress, and sought a lodging in the military colony, in order better to observe the life and manners of the soldiers, their domestic arrangements, &c. The houses of the soldiers are, thanks to the care of their robust wives, clean both within and without; the vermin always excepted, which are hard to be rooted out, and which follow the traveller in Russia everywhere as his torment, whether he tarry on the banks of the Neva, the Mosqua, or the Volga.

The Russian soldier, however far he may be

torn from the bosom of his native home, and cast in foreign quarters of the world, always carries his fatherland, as it were, with him; remains true to his faith, his manner of life, his customs; and wherever he is settled down, one may fancy one sees a piece of old Russia before him.

\* \* \* \* \*

By excursions which I undertook into the interior of the mountain provinces; by acquaintance with some of the most conspicuous chieftains of the Ubychians and Dzhigethians; by violent attacks of intermittent fevers, and by circumstances of other kinds, my stay on the eastern coast of the Black Sea was lengthened out for some months.

At that time, saving the Inspection-ship, which made its monthly rounds under General von Budberg, Commander of the line of forts on the Black Sea, no regular intercourse existed between

Colchis, the Crimea, and the forts on the eastern shore of Pontus; and travellers were often obliged to wait week after week for some accidental opportunity of proceeding, if they were not fortunate enough to fall in with the Inspection-ship, and—which was still a questionable point—to be received on board.

He who was too late only by a day, had to wait a whole month, until the ship returned.

So it happened to me, on the coast of Colchis, for the first time, and I took care for the second to prevent a similar disaster.

The most important part of the experience, which I collected during my half-involuntary stay on the eastern coast of Pontus, is given in my work on "The People of the Caucasus;" and as I am desirous on the one side, of avoiding all repetition, and on the other, of being as short as possible in the communication of what is new, I shall here only add a few leaves from my journal in a condensed form;

for the mode of life in those distant forts is of so uniform a nature, that the description of one suffices in all essential respects for the rest.

It was my lot to visit them all in succession, and most of them again and again, and my journals of that time would alone be sufficient to fill several volumes. But whether the reader would gain much thereby, under the restrictions which an appearance before the public lays upon me, is another question.

If, for example, I were to relate the fortunes of any one of the many men who live here in banishment, such a relation might of course be of great interest to the reader, but to the hero of the story might involve unpleasant consequences; for even the Emperor's strongest adherents say: "L'Empereur sait tout, mais il ne sait pas pardonner!"

Disclosures from Russia, which are connected with conspicuous persons, a traveller, who holds

hospitality sacred, can only make after the death of the persons concerned.

From this point of view then I wish the following notes to be judged, which contain, in faithful extracts from my journals, a variety of sketches of the manner of life in the Russian forts on the eastern shore of Pontus.

## CHAPTER VIII. /

## PITZUNDA AND ITS RUINS.

IN great cities, on the tumultuous places of life, where palaces and temples stand by hundreds, where streets throng on streets, houses on houses, and men on men, as if one grudged the room of the other, we often pass with oversated looks indifferently by the most magnificent structures, and the most glorious monuments of art; for where impressions follow one another so quickly, each is obliterated or enfeebled by the next, and it becomes impossible

to receive and retain them all in clear and abiding distinction.

But if we light on such a palace, temple, or monument in the wildernesses of Nature, or where, in the circumjacent country, there is nothing to diminish or disturb the effect, and the great appears still greater, and the beautiful still more beautiful, the joy we feel is indescribable, and the pleasure doubly high.

We then not only render the work of art its due acknowledgment, but in the favourable disposition of the moment are also inclined to overvalue the object of our consideration.

Nothing of that prosaical in life, which often so unpleasantly interferes with such enjoyment in the capitals of Europe, disturbs us here in our contemplation. No rattling of carriages and shouts of coachmen here compel us to spring aside, for fear of being run over; no throng of foot passengers hastening on, reminds us by ungentle thrustings and squeezings, that we are not alone; no importunate guide bore



by his stories drawled over for the thousandth time; we can give ourselves up quietly and undisturbed to the pleasure that awaits us, and whilst the eye feeds on the sight of halls and columns that up-tower before us, the searching spirit wanders back into the darkness of by-gone centuries, and finds material for great and instructive musing; and where the leaves of history remain unfilled, the fancy supplies what is wanting, fills up the void, and calls the dead to life; until the men who once dwelled here, race after race, are seen walking again amidst the transfigured ruins. All our attention, all our thoughts are concentrated on the one object before us; and it therefore easily happens that forms so separate and distinct abide for the most part in more vivid remembrance, and leave behind them more agreeable recollections, than when they present themselves to the eye in mass and in mixed assemblage.

Such, at least, has always been my expe-

rience; but among all the monuments of past times, which I have visited in my Asiatic travels, none has left behind it so large and enduring an impression, as the old Church of Pitzunda.

After we had effected a landing by dint of unspeakable exertions, and passed through the grove which lies between the sea-shore and Pitzunda, and which has become much thinned during the last few years (earlier travellers speak of a thick wood, of which since then a great part has probably yielded to the axe of the carpenter), and where giant pines, magnificent nut-trees, and truly colossal elms and beeches alternate with each other, we reached the barracks of the military colony, and found them in every respect like those before described. After satisfying the visits of duty, and small annoyances which attend every arrival at and departure from a fortress, we set off immediately on our way to the church, whose

somewhat damaged cupola we already discerned from afar, projecting itself through the dark foliage in conspicuous elevation.

The church lies only about two hundred paces from the houses of the military colony, and the way to it leads beneath the shade of old, venerable trees, over a large, luxuriant grass-plot, intersected like a garden by neat foot-paths, and adorned on one side with benches and arbours. On the other side are swinging lines and other erections for the diversion and exercise of the soldiers of the garrison. Behind this place extend the half ruinous walls in whose midst lies the glorious church, a jewel in colossal ring.\* Within reach also of the walls, and exactly opposite the church, lie the insignificant wooden buildings of the barracks.

I stood for a long time lost in silent admi-

\* The reader will find an accurate delineation of this temple and its environs, in my work: "The People of the Caucasus."

ration, when, having passed the guards stationed at the entrance, I had stepped through the gate, and suddenly beheld the magnificent temple uprising before me, built in simple, but noble style, a pearl in the slime of the wilderness. The sun was near his going down, when I shared the first vision of this pompous structure, and I was therefore obliged to defer my sketches and closer investigation of the interior till the following day; but already the first view was truly sublime. Far away through the openings among the fig-trees, elms, pomegranate-trees and grove-beeches, shimmered forth in the splendour of the setting sun the mighty chain of Caucasus; and the venerable temple itself, over all whose walls and roofs climbed leafy and blossomy beauty, entwining its wreaths, looked like a gigantic sepulchre, on which loving hands in devout remembrance had planted ivy and flowers.

On the great, somewhat damaged, cupola, and on the shattered roof of the façade, time

has formed hanging gardens in perfection, and their dark green shows in wonderfully lovely contrast with the grey limestone and red brick, strangely mixed together, of which the old walls are composed. Even our else impassive Gjül-Bassar was struck with the magnificent forms of the beautiful ruin, and was of opinion that it would make a fine mosque. With the still continually disputed and uncertain possession of this line of coast, it is difficult to determine the future of the glorious structure; which for thirteen centuries\* has defied the ravages of time and men.

For many years the Russians have been meditating the design of restoring the church, and holding in it again the worship of God; which in my opinion would be easily done. Hitherto, no serious preparations have been made; General von Wrangel, however, told me that the Emperor, who for good reasons always

\* The church was built in the reign of Justinian; consequently, in the sixth century.

displays a noble spirit in such undertakings, has granted two hundred thousand rubles for the restoration of the church.

Very interesting reflections on the stability of the Greek Church associate with the thought, that in the re-establishment of the temple of Pitzunda by the Russians, the worship of God would be here performed to-day exactly in the same manner, under the same forms, as it was thirteen hundred years ago; nay, I think the priests, who now say mass here, would, with their wide patriarchal dresses, their long venerable beards and hair, which no scissors have ever disturbed, be so like, that they might be mistaken for the priests who, at the time of the consecration of the temple, said mass at these same altars; and how many races since that time, in the sight of these walls, have sunk into the grave!

In the interior of the church, besides the ruined altar overlaid with marble, and many

preserved fresco paintings, no other ornament is to be found than the beauty and grandeur of the general proportions.

The majestic cupola, illuminated by richly embellished windows, with round panes, is supported by four gigantic columns, more than sixty feet high. With these the four principal divisions of the building are connected, in such a manner that the chancel, with its colossal windows, looks towards the morning, and the great nave towards the evening. With much difficulty I ascended the small, but commanding gallery; from whence I enjoyed a magnificent view in all directions. In the middle of the church we found a multitude of suits of armour, pieces of metal, gun-barrels, shirts of mail, and weapons of all kinds, carefully piled up; these—as the officer who accompanied us informed me—are consecrated gifts, which in earlier times the warlike Abchasians, when they returned successful from their expeditions, and brought rich booty home, dedicated to the

Godhead. Adjoining the hall, abuts a little chapel, decorated with remarkable Greek inscriptions, and apparently belonging to a later time.

\* \* \* \*

When in a beautiful morning of spring, one wanders through the blooming environs of Pitzunda (or Bitshvinda, as the natives call it), and the eye feeds on the manifold beauties of nature that laugh around us here in most luxurious abundance, it is hard to believe that this seemingly so blessed shore should be a dwelling-place of misery and lamentation. But, unfortunately, such is the case; the unhealthy hue of the soldiers' faces, their faded, sunken cheeks, bear frightful witness of it. The balls of the enemy are less to be dreaded here than the intermitting and yellow fevers, the liver and other complaints, which in Pitzunda, as almost on the whole east coast of Pontus, have fixed their habitation, and commit ravages



from which few people living here escape. The fate of those is indeed to be pitied whom an adverse destiny has cast in this wilderness for any length of time.

In general, it may be assumed that not one of the soldiers sent hither, beholds again the soil of his native home. \* If I compare all the accounts, which have come to me from different sources in connection with this subject, the result of them appears to be that the garrisons of the forts of this coast have to be renewed on an average every three years. The subordinate officers stationed here are generally such as have been guilty or suspected of some crime; restless heads, that carry their hearts on their tongues; liberal-minded people who cannot think softly, and are not contented with the existing order, or rather, disorder, of things in Russia; young and old Poles of the most different ranks and views, find here a second fatherland. It is easy to conceive that among these banished men are often found the most

interesting personages ; whose hearts one never thinks of judging in accordance with their unhappy fate.

Here already many a hopeful youth, brought up in the palaces of the capital, has found in solitude his far-lamented death ; full many a cry of anguish from hearts dead to hope has mingled in the dusk of night with the howl of the winds that incessantly lash the shores ; and already many a banished man, wearied of life, has sought and found his death in the white waves of the Black Sea. With respect to the higher and empowered officers, on whom so much depends, the Government has to exercise the extremest caution in going to work ; and among these I have found many very humane and able men.

At the house of the hospitable Commandant of Pitzunda, an Imerian by birth, we found an extremely friendly reception, and did not fail to make ample amends at his table to our, of late, very much neglected stomachs. In the

company of the Commandant, we paid a visit to the barracks, and found them excellently furnished, considering their unfavourable circumstances. We likewise visited several houses of the military colony, already mentioned, which here, as in Suchum-Kalé, are kept as cleanly as possible.

We made an interesting acquaintance in the person of Madame Pépin, or Frau Hauptmännin Pépin,\* as in title-blessed Germany we must call her. This lady earned her military title sooner than most of her sisters. She is a modern Russian Joan of Arc, and her name is pronounced with respect on the whole eastern coast of the Black Sea.

Already at different times, and in moments of great danger, she has so gloriously signalled herself by her presence of mind and intrepidity, that the fame of her deeds has even reached the ears of the Emperor, who has not

\* Lady Chieftainess Pépin.—Tr.

failed to express, by the transmission of costly presents, and a letter full of honour, his satisfaction and acknowledgment.

Madame Pépin was previously married to the Commandant of Fort Sotsha, who lost his life in a nightly attack of the Circassians. On the very occasion of this attack, the lady is said to have given the most unequivocal proofs of her heroism, and to have been the deliverer of the fort; inasmuch as, by word and deed, she fired the already flinching soldiers to renewed endurance, reanimated their chilled courage, exciting in one the sense of shame, exhorting another with friendly persuasion, and exposing herself, in the midst of the artillery's thunder, undauntedly to the enemy's balls. One of these was ungallant enough to wound the heroic woman in the arm. Madame, however, did not suffer herself to be intimidated by that, but cheered on the combat with unabated spirit, until victory declared for the besieged.

I must here add, by way of completion, that for the foregoing detail I am not indebted to Madame Pépin herself, but to several officers who were present at the siege.

Although I had the pleasure of a long interview with Madame Pépin, I could only gather a very little from her in reference to the event related above. She spoke of it as if it were something quite usual, and immediately turned the conversation to other subjects.

I had thought to have seen a sturdy, robust lady—a virago—such as one frequently finds in Russia, especially among the inhabitants of the steppes; and was not a little astonished at seeing before me a tastefully dressed, very presentable personage, slender of shape, with very elegant waist, apparently of delicate health; the expression of genuine womanliness in her pale countenance, pleasing in manners, and with a pair of thoroughly aristocratic little hands.

## CHAPTER IX.

## GAGRA AND THE ROCK OF PROMETHEUS.

WE availed ourselves of a fresh south-east wind to say farewell to the blooming, yet so dangerous Pitzunda—which may be compared to a delightful flower-bed, where venomous serpents are concealed—and after a prosperous voyage of four hours, ran into the beautiful, large bay of Gagra. Our passage was all the pleasanter, as we were accompanied by a second barkass, appointed to convey some officers, on different commissions, to Fort Ardiller. Among these officers, too, was Captain Pépin, the hus-

band of the lady mentioned above. In order to facilitate our conversation, we distributed our company in such a way that we might sit with the officers in the same barkass. These barkasses, usually manned by Azov-Cossacks, are not only appointed to keep up a communication between the Russian forts, but also to give chase to the Greek and Turkish ships which frequently show themselves, and which carry the slave, and other traffic, between Circassia and Turkey.\*

On the maps of the Russian Staff, Pitzunda is given as the limiting point between Abchasia and the territory of the Dzhigethians, although,


\* Since the treaty concluded between the Circassians and Russians, in the autumn of 1847, the slave-trade, as is well-known, is practised more zealously than ever, and not only tolerated, but even favoured by the Russians—inasmuch as their advantage requires it. The Emperor's philanthropy extends its influence only in favour of black slaves, because these lie far enough from the Russian interest.

properly, Gagra forms the natural boundary of the two countries; the hitherto pretty flat coast being suddenly broken here by mighty walls of mountains, formed by the foremost spurs of the great chain.

On Gagra's rocky coast that rules the sea, is placed, by tradition, the scene of the sufferings of the Endurer, Prometheus. Four rocks, however, along the eastern shore of Pontus, contend for the honour of having nursed at their breast the woes of the Bringer of Light. The Emperor Nicholas, always practically inclined, has turned the classical studies, which at present are so zealously pursued in his dominions, to a useful account, and on the tree of poetry has grafted the sprig of reality:—the rocky mountains of this coast still serve as the scene of banishment for all bringers of light and blessers of men, discoverable in the empire of the Czar.

Its situation, and magnificent environs, render Gagra one of the most beautiful places of the



coast. Pity, only, that all that was said above by way of drawback to Pitzunda, is applicable here in double proportion! The vine, the silver-poplar, the medlar-shrub, the blackberry-bush grow in the valleys, and fig and box-tree flourish: but through the dense thickets, fire-throated artillery, big with ruin, threaten the wanderer; picturesque rocks, lofty mountains, overlavished with luxurious vegetation, press forwards even to the  but no one may venture to build huts on the mountains, for the trees which they bear, and the caverns which they hide, serve for concealment to lurking foes; and whom the balls of the Dzhigethians spare, the fiery summer, poisoning the valleys and bringing sickness and malignant fevers in its train, seizes and carries off.

The danger threatening on the side of the Circassians does not, of course, look so evil now as in former times, when the officers, in spite of the fortress intended to defend them, were not safe in their own abodes, and were often

obliged, while sitting at table, to put up with seeing their viands larded with Circassian balls. In what a doubtful state, however, even at this day, safety stands, in the very neighbourhood of the fort, may be inferred from the circumstance that the else so friendly and obliging Commandant would by no means, at first, grant me permission to climb the steep mountain that bounds the great ravine of Gagra to the north-west, and which, as tradition tells, encloses large chambers, once inhabited by the famous Saint Hypata Gagrenikaja, and still containing her costly relics.

As the Commandant saw that I would not willingly give up my purpose, he caused all possible precautionary measures to be adopted, and had the goodness to accompany me himself, with several officers besides, to the Block-house, furnished with about twelve cannons, which stands at the foot of the mountain, and defends the ravine.

From beneath one can clearly discern the

entrance, pretty regularly hewn in the rock, to the holy chambers above. The day was unfortunately too far advanced when I started on my toilsome expedition, so that I had scarcely climbed up half of the steep mountain-wall, when the suddenly approaching night obliged me to retrace my steps. My return succeeded more speedily than I wished; a stone, rolling from beneath my feet, sent me falling downward, and I came, a living avalanche, to the bottom, with body and clothes so mangled and torn, that on the following day I had lost all desire of renewing my adventure.

The Commandant and the officers of Gagra, notwithstanding the difficult circumstances under which they live, have availed themselves of every means in their power for the embellishment of their sojourn here, in a way that does all honour to their taste. Not only did I find the dwellings of these gentlemen very cleanly and neatly furnished, and provided with all the little comforts of life — even elegant embroidery was not want-

ing—but in particular a garden lying within the domain of the fort excited my delight and admiration. The useful is here blended in the most pleasing manner with the beautiful; swelling grass-plots with umbrageous fruit-trees overshadowing them, fragrant flower-beds, large grounds teeming with kitchen-herbs, succeed each other in agreeable variety. In the centre of the garden stands a most charmingly built pavilion, whose wooden frame-work is densely entwined by dark vine-branches and ivy-wreaths, in the shade of which the officers are wont to take their siesta, as long as the heat, which is intolerable here in the summer, allows them to leave their dwellings at noon.

At the time of my visit to Gagra, the works of strengthening the fort, and improving the dwellings, were being actively carried on; the hospital is, all things considered, excellently furnished.

A very significant change must have taken place here since Dubois de Montpéreur visited

this region, as between his then certainly accurate description and the present condition of Gagra, there is left but little correspondence.

The woodlands, once so thick, are notably thinned; the soil cultivated in the best possible manner; the close, damp huts, whose bad air formerly produced diseases of all kinds, are pulled down, and over their ruins, airy, roomy dwellings have sprung up, so that the mortality of the soldiers has considerably diminished within the last few years. Nevertheless, notwithstanding my just praise of the present state of things at Gagra, it is clear that a residence at this place is anything but an enviable lot. "If no other chance were left me, I would prefer wandering to Siberia before being banished all my life long to a fortress on the eastern coast of Pontus," said an old officer to me. "In Siberia, the banished know at least how they are off, and can earn their piece of bread without much trouble, and without being obliged to fear any other than their natural death; here, on the

shores of Pontus, sun and fame smile on the banished, but the sun breathes death and corruption; and fame, if it leave us alive, commonly makes us shorter by an arm or a leg.”

## CHAPTER X.

JOURNAL-LEAVES FROM THE EASTERN COAST OF  
THE BLACK SEA.

Ardiller, in the early summer, 1845.

WE have been lying now for a week like prisoners of war in Fort Ardiller, awaiting with greater impatience than ever the so long wished-for arrival of a rescue-ship; and although the friendly Commandant evinces his solicitude by holding out to us hopes from one day to another, a considerable time will haply yet flow by before our wishes are fulfilled.

The barkass, in which we began our adven-

turous track, reached some time since the place of its destination; and having exchanged the necessary papers, and taken in provisions, has sailed away again with our Cossacks, and a fair wind, back to Redut-Kalé.

The Commandant dares not take on himself the responsibility of manning another vessel for our benefit, as in the greater danger of this part of the coast, barkasses as well as Cossacks are almost daily required for reconnoitring and attacks. So then we can neither go backwards nor forwards, and nothing remains but to render our stay meanwhile as agreeable as possible. In this endeavour, we are powerfully assisted by our brave Commandant, as well as by the worthy General X——, whom his engagements banish for a time to our neighbourhood, in order to hold negotiations with some Circassian chieftains, sent hither for the purpose. Besides very interesting conversations with General X—— and Swan-Béy, the Commandant, I pass away my time with sketching, reading, shooting, &c., just



as the moment prompts. In the fortress dwell several peaceable Circassians, who belong to distinguished families, and are lineal relations of Swan-Béy ; and with these, we have established ourselves on a hospitable footing, and undertake in their company little excursions into the environs, whereby we have many opportunities of admiring the skilfulness of these people in horsemanship and shooting. More extended excursions into the interior we dare not venture to make, for fear of missing the daily-expected ship, which commonly lies only an hour or two in the harbour of Ardiller. In the evening, by moonlight, we are present at the dances, games, and songs of the soldiers, and strengthen our often-flagging patience by the sight of these poor fellows, who, torn for ever from their native homes, can still, after the toilsome day's work is ended, which includes hard labour and deprivations of all kinds, find pleasure and relish in such cheerful amusements.

There is not in the world a droller creature than a Russian soldier. When, for the first time, a young countryman throws over him the grey cloak, and takes the gun on his shoulder, one can think of nothing more unwieldy and awkward than such a being. But this seemingly so unpliant creature shows himself, in an astonishingly short time, capable of the greatest improvement in any direction. The germ of all that is noble and common, of all that is good and bad, lies hidden in this people. It lies, of course, in all men ; but develops itself in the most heterogeneous manifestations, among no people so easily and speedily as among the Russians.

The Russian soldier is brave, cowardly—honest, thievish—humane, cruel—diligent, lazy—everything according to the pattern of his chief. With proper management, everything can be made of him ; but, left to himself, he is nothing ; and, without the influence of

others, would carry all his talents undeveloped to the grave, saving a certain good-naturedness and an indestructible hilarity.

There is some truth in what a German officer, serving in the Caucasian corps, once said to me, half in earnest, half in joke: "If I were to command one of my soldiers to set to on the spot and compose a song, he would not hesitate to obey, and the song would be forthcoming;" whether good or bad, we need not stay to determine. At all events, this blind obedience—a child of fear and of firm faith in the infallibility of his guide—forms a peculiar and conspicuous trait in the character of the Russian soldier, as in general of the whole Russian people.

This unconditional confidence, which, among freer people, not rank and station, but only ascendancy of spirit, can secure, has in Russia often been the mother of great deeds. Who will not here call to mind, from the late Turkish war, that characteristic anecdote, which has pre-

served to us the words exchanged between a Russian and a German, on the occasion of storming a fort? The German contemplates the defences with an experienced eye, and gives it as his opinion that it is impossible to take the fort.

“How so—impossible?” cries the Russian, amazed; “why, the Emperor has commanded it!”

A proof that the hearts which beat under these Russian grey-coats, hide at least as many good as bad qualities, may I think be found in the affection which most of the German officers on service here, entertain for their soldiers. With regard to my own personal experience, the soldiers were just as painful objects to me in European Russia, as during my residence in the Caucasus they have been pleasing. War, that great original evil of mankind, must nevertheless have something ennobling in its nature. This old thought has often forced itself on me in my progress through the provinces of the Caucasus, where blood

manures the fields, and men's bones grow out of the earth.

That the bright side of war, however, is not to be brought into account with the incalculable evils which always follow in its train, no honest man will deny.

But a truce to general considerations; return we to our fortress of Ardiller!

The Commandant, an exceedingly humane man, seeks to promote the happiness of his soldiers in all ways, and to heighten the charm by multiplicity of enjoyment; so that it affords me real pleasure to be present with the sprightly fellows every evening, at their national dances, games, and songs.

The ballads which they sing are, with the exception of some war-songs of the famous Marlinsky, for the most part, of their own composition; and amongst the slime are here and there to be found pearls, which I am taking the trouble to search for and collect; wherein, by the way, I fall into difficulties of a singular

kind. For example, this morning I had one or two of the principal singers brought before me, that they might dictate to me some of the songs which had interested me most; but it was impossible to prevail on the fellows to repeat word for word; they mumbled and jodled away, and had generally hummed the whole song to an end, before I was ready with the writing down of the first strophe. I gave them to understand that for the moment the singing was of no importance to me, and that they should say the song over, word for word.

They tried as well as they could to comply with my wish, but it was impossible for them in this way to get out a verse.

“Sir,” began one of them at last, putting his hand to his cap, and turning to me; “Sir, such things cannot be said; they must be sung.”

I was accordingly obliged to have every song hummed over to me about eight times, before I had fully succeeded in writing it down.

One, at least, of the many songs which I

collected on the eastern coast of Pontus, may here be introduced in translation :

“ As the mist sank down on the dark-blue sea,  
Sank saddening grief on the suffering heart—  
As the sea cannot scare the mist from its waves,  
Scares the heart, too, the saddening grief not away.  
Lo ! in foreign land, on the desert field,  
Burns a watch-fire—already 'tis flickering fast—  
By the side of the fire lies a mat outspread,  
On the mat lies dying a horseman brave—  
In his right hand he holds the bended bow,  
In his left hand an arrow pointed with steel,  
At his swift feet waiting his good steed stands,  
Digs the damp earth oft with his scraping hoof,  
Digs and scrapes, and speaks to the horseman brave :  
' Rise up, rise up, master mine, horseman brave !  
And seat thee on me, on thy faithful steed ;  
I will bear thee to father and mother hence,  
To thy fair young wife, to thy children dear !'—  
Then in answer replies the horseman brave :  
' Thou, my faithful steed, my servant true,  
Go, return thou to holy Russia alone ;  
Return, salute father and mother for me,  
Take my farewell kiss to my young wife home,

And my blessing take to my children dear !  
And say—give my young wife this to know—  
That in foreign land other wife I have wed,  
Have for dowry received the desert field,  
And the meadow as well, the verdant mead ;  
Our wooer was good—was a broad sword-blade,  
And it wooed an arrow pointed with steel,  
And a bullet led to the bridal-bed—’  
Rustle, oakwood ! oakwood, thou leafy green !  
Stilly lie, broad vale, stilly lie in thy bloom !  
How thou liest, broad valley, there smiling and gay !  
Only one thing thou wearest of sorrowful mien,  
In the midst of thee rises a hillock-grave,  
On the hillock-grave lies a matting of straw,  
On the matting of straw lies a horseman dead,  
All mangled, shot through, disfigured with wounds !”

The dwellings of the Dzhigethians are exactly like those of the Abchasians. They are little one-storied houses, built of reeds or wood, and smeared over with slaked lime ; so that their external appearance in the midst of the dark umbrageous trees by which they are always surrounded, is very pretty and pleasing.



The villages do not consist here, as among us, of streets and rows of houses, but of a number of single, isolated dwellings, each of which, with its court-yard, enclosure, and so forth, looks like a little fortress. The internal arrangements are just as deficient, and the scanty furniture just as poor, as I have related of the Georgians and Armenians. Agriculture stands at so low a level in this country, that scarcely anything is produced by the industry of man, but millet and maize.

From millet they make their bread; the maize is eaten partly raw, partly boiled. The whole industry of these people restricts itself to the manufacture of their clothes and weapons; which occupation they have succeeded, urged on by necessity, and supported by natural capacities, in bringing to some degree of perfection. The enjoyment of wine is forbidden them; instead of it, at their games, marriages, and other festive occasions, they drink a sweet, intoxicating liquor, called the

busa, prepared from a mixture of honey and millet-meal dissolved together in boiling water. Besides what I have here stated, all the knowledge of this people is limited to horsemanship and the use of arms:

In these points, however, they commonly attain an extraordinary dexterity; which, even in boys of eight or ten years of age, I have often had occasion to admire. The worth of man is here estimated simply according to his bravery, according to the strength and skilfulness of his arms, and according to the number of Russians he has slain.

A boy, who in tender years can boast of such deeds, is the joy and pride of his parents. The blood-revenge still reigns here in all its frightfulness, and almost daily demands its victims.

The plan of the Duke of Richelieu, the late well-known Governor of South Russia, to make friends of the Circassians by commercial union, and in this way to bring about by degrees the submission, especially of the people of the coast,

has, although for a long time baffled by Herr von Crassi (an Italian formerly playing a conspicuous part in the Russian service), been taken up again with zeal; and in fact there exists at present a lively intercourse between the Russians and Circassians.

Scenes of this intercourse are the bazaars, which are to be found at the forts, and which always lie within reach of the Russian cannon. Here each Circassian, armed from head to foot, may go out and in unhindered. Intercourse, however, with the people within the walls of the fort, is only permitted on the previous surrender of arms to the guards stationed at the entrance. The Kunaks (guest-friends) of the Russians form an exception to this rule, as well as the noted Chiefs and Princes, from whom no abuse is expected of the freedom granted to them.

The intercourse above spoken of, consists mainly in barter; money plays here an unimportant part.

The Circassians bring to market the works of

their hands, and according to circumstances the productions of their fields, and receive in exchange the articles they require. This year, when, owing to the bad harvest of the preceding, famine threatens to invade the Auls of the Circassians, and among some tribes is actually broken out, the articles most in demand at the bazaars are flour and salt; for which, reckoning by the worth in money, the most costly arms and dresses are bartered for a trifle.

To think of the bold sons of the mountains, who for many a year, with their little bands, have defied the power of the mighty Czar, and still maintain their freedom unsubdued; and to see them here practising the business of hucksters and retailers; produces, as may be imagined, a strange impression. One leads a sheep by his side, another carries garlic and onions under his arm, a third brings a piece of woven material to market, and so forth. None of these articles can always be bought for money; the price varies according to the then existing requirements

of the vender. For example, I saw a young Dzhigethian, who had brought a sheep to market, stand ever so long waiting with his fat quadruped, until he had obtained an old shirt in exchange. Scarcely, however, was the shirt secured, than he lashed his little bony horse into full speed, and galloped away like the wind in a storm.

Another bartered a vessel full of milk for a loaf of black bread; he broke a bit off for immediate use, packed the remainder carefully into the little bag hanging at his horse's side, and betook himself without delay on his way back, in order perhaps, when he reached home, to share his loaf among a whole family.

How unbending must this people be, who even in their bitterest need, in deprivations of all sorts, cannot be induced to sacrifice independence for a securer, more comfortable life!

I was about to proceed in this manner with my considerations, when a cannon-shot, sud-

denly fired from the guard-house, and re-echoed by the surrounding walls, broke off my meditations, and excited my curiosity. . An officer or two hurrying by, tapped at the window, and called to me to come quickly to the port. I hung my sabre round me, and set off immediately, but had some trouble, when I came beyond the fortress, to get out of the way of the screaming and shouting Circassians, who were springing forward from all directions, and hurrying, like me, to the harbour. At the harbour was a great uproar of people. An apparently hostile ship had been discovered in the distance, the customary signal had been fired from the guard-house, and this remaining unanswered, a vessel was forthwith equipped, at the bidding of the Commandant, in order to give chase to the ship, now seen gliding off at full sail.

The Circassians, present in great numbers at the bazaar, and scenting booty as soon as they heard the shot, leaped on their horses,

and came bounding on in pell-mell confusion to the harbour, to take part in the expedition. A boat, belonging to a Turkish coaster, was crowded in a moment with so many people, that it went over, and precipitated the whole company into the water.

They were not, however, intimidated by this; the boat was speedily set afloat again, and then there arose a contention among the people, as to the choice and number of those who should accompany the vessel: vigorous thrusts and blows were interchanged, and the noise and shouting that prevailed tingled in my ears. Similar scenes were being enacted wheresoever the eye beheld.

The Russian officers endeavoured in vain, by their soldiers and interpreters, to reduce the wild warriors to order. Even the undaunted Commandant himself, their civilized countryman, who else stood in high esteem among them, could not at all succeed in restoring order. A Cossack, wishing to push aside the

horse of a high-grown Circassian, who was encouraging the multitude, fetched the Circassian a blow on the leg, inadvertently, with the knout; the latter, in a rage, drew his sword from its sheath, and made a furious stroke at the Cossack, who would certainly have been shorter by a head, had he not secured his safety by promptly throwing himself on the ground.

One of our guests from the fortress seized the horse by the reins, and whilst he was roundly abusing the rider, the unarmed Cossack had time to get out of the dust. More violent proceedings would certainly have followed, had not the artillery of the fort, whose effect they had often experienced before, struck too much awe into the Circassians.

Besides, the Dzhigethians belong to the so-called peaceful Circassians, and were not likely in the scarcity at present prevailing amongst them, to do any injury to the Russians, on whom they were dependent, for the moment,



for the supply of the very necessaries of life. On the other hand, the Russians were likely to keep on, at least an apparently, good footing with the Dzhigethians, partly on account of the favourable example thus furnished to the other tribes, partly, too, because it is really an important step gained, that the leaders of the wild sons of the mountains have vowed tranquillity, though not yet submission. For the rest, may Heaven preserve us all from such tranquillity, and such peaceful sentiments, as the Dzhigethians display towards the Russians!

Of many examples adapted to render the state of things conceivable, here is one:

Some days ago, at the bazaar, which lies outside the fort, but close to the military colony, several shots were heard about midnight. A small number of Dzhigethians had broken into the house of a merchant to plunder, but having met with an unexpected resistance on the part

of the proprietor, had taken themselves off again in all haste, so as not to fall into the hands of the soldiers, who hastened up at the noise. At break of day the merchant is not a little astonished at finding before his door the corpse of a man very well known to him; but his astonishment is still more increased; when, a short time after, the brother of the dead man comes riding up, in order to fetch the body away, and bury it according to the custom of his village. His brother, he added excusingly, had only joined the robbers in order to get a piece of cloth which he wanted for a new coat. "But if he had come to me and begged me for it, I would willingly have given him the piece of cloth, without shooting him dead!" replied the merchant. "Yes, but that is now too late," rejoined the other, "so now give me the stuff instead; I, too, want a new coat; and give me a pall as well, in which I may bury my brother." Such, and similar occurrences, are not unusual

here, and would be still more frequent if Swan-Béy, the Commandant of Artiller, did not stand in so high estimation among the Dzhigethians.

Swan-Béy is himself a Dzhigethian by birth. His father was one of the most distinguished chieftains of the country, and one of the bitterest foes of Russia. In the house in which young Swan-Béy was brought up, there happened to be a captive Georgian, of good extraction and considerable acquirements, who took a liking to the pretty boy, and instructed him in the Georgian and Mingrelian languages.

By this Georgian, moreover, Swan-Béy was taught the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, and secretly baptized. The ardent little scholar, who found in his country so little occasion and means of higher cultivation, always listened with eagerness to the Russian captive's relations of the pomp and fine arrangements of the great cities of the empire, of the splendid palaces and temples of the new and old capitals of the Czars, of the many large schools where all the know-

ledge of the world might be made one's own, &c. Stimulated by such descriptions, the purpose was continually developing itself in the lively child, of seeing with his own eyes the land so extolled by the captive. Young Swan-Béy was about sixteen years old, when, on the occasion of a long military expedition of the men of his Aul, a favourable opportunity presented itself of fleeing into the Russian camp.

According to his wish, he was sent under safe protection to St. Petersburg, was brought up there in a house appropriated to cadets, and after passing his examination, was enrolled in the Caucasian army.

Here he distinguished himself so advantageously by his courage and address, that in a few years he was promoted to the rank of major, and received a great many marks of honour. Never was he induced to take up arms against his countrymen. And yet he knew how to deserve to such a degree the confidence of the Russians, that he was appointed

Commandant of Fort Ardiller; in which capacity he plays, in a manner, the part of mediator between the Dzhigethians and Russians. The adroitness is here to be admired, with which Swan-Béy maintains his difficult position between both people: as among the Russians, so among the Dzhigethians, he enjoys the most unlimited confidence; which, with the latter, goes so far that they have permitted him to marry a princess of their country, and to re-instate himself in the possession of all his family rights. His young and beautiful spouse, who still remains quite true to the customs and costume of her native land, lives with her children about thirty versts from Ardiller, at a charming Aul, where her gallant consort, as often as his duties allow, visits her in Circassian costume.

The esteem which Swan-Béy at present enjoys among his countrymen, who were at first hostilely disposed towards him, he principally owes to the effective measures by which he has en-

deavoured to set limits to the famine that has broken out in his country.

By his influence he has been successful in gaining over several of the most distinguished chieftains to the Russian interest, and in persuading them to send their sons to be educated at St. Petersburg. Many young Dzhigethians too, following the example of Swan-Béy, have run away from their parents, and fled to the Russian fortresses, from whence they were delivered into the hands of General X——, already several times mentioned here, who has founded at Bambor a formal school for the little fugitives, where they are appropriating with incredible zeal the elements of knowledge. The General told me with wonder of the assiduity and attentiveness of the little Circassians under his care, who nevertheless, as he smilingly remarked, sit much better on horseback than on the school-bench, and handle pistols much more skilfully than the goose-quill.

Not long since, such a little robber, a prettily formed boy of about thirteen years of age, came riding up, suffered himself to be conducted to the General, and accosted him without the least hesitation, with the words :

“ Canst thou send me to Petersburgh ?”

“ O yes,” replied the friendly General ; “ but what wilt thou do there, my son ?”

“ I have seen that the people who come from you into our land, are more knowing, and live better than we. I should like to be just as knowing, and to live just as well. Send me to Petersburgh !”

Yesterday I availed myself of a highly delightful opportunity of being present at a long interview of the General with several chieftains of the country ; their principal speaker being Asslan-Béy, the most eminent of the Dzhigethian princes. Asslan-Béy is one of the finest forms of men I have ever seen. I could not admire enough his beautiful, penetrating eye, his sharply-chiselled and dignified

features, his majestic stature, his noble deportment. I was quite carried away by the eloquent play of his countenance, by his graceful motions when he spoke. He depicted to the General in glowing colours the distress and poverty now prevalent in the country, and added: that he, as well as most of the princes of his land, would vow unlimited tranquillity, if on the part of the Russians prompt measures were taken against the daily more and more increasing misery; which had not merely proceeded from the bad harvest of the previous year, but was for the most part a consequence of the exclusive system of the Russians.

“You have so often held out to us empty words and promises,” replied the General, “that we cannot possibly henceforth lend an ear to your requests, until you have given us more convincing proofs of the sincerity of your sentiments. You promise us tranquillity, because hunger compels you to do so; the stomach speaks from you and not the heart. If we



were to endeavour once again, as we have often done before, to check the distress that prevails among your people, you would show us little thanks in return, and soon fall upon our fortresses anew, forgetting all agreements and vows."

"There is truth in thy words," rejoined the Prince; "my people thought and acted so once, but they think and act so no longer. A few words of good-will from thy noble predecessor, Muraviev,\* have more determined us in your favour than all the threatenings of your ruler. I was once the brave Prince's bitterest enemy; shall I tell thee on what occasion I became Muraviev-Béy's† friend? A battle was fought between our troops and yours; your troops remained victorious. I rode to the General's camp, to negotiate for peace. 'How

\* Muraviev, one of the most noted Russian generals of recent times.

† Béy (Prince), a title which is here appended to the name of every distinguished man.

many,' he asked me, 'of your side have fallen?' 'Three hundred,' I replied. 'Are there amongst the fallen,' he asked again, 'many princes and nobles of the people?' 'No,' I replied. He declared aloud his lively joy at my answer. 'How canst thou rejoice,' I asked, astonished, 'when the princes and nobles of my people, the mightiest of thy foes, are left alive? I thought such intelligence would be to thee rather a cause of sorrow than of joy.' 'Thou speakest unwisely, Asslan-Béy,' he rejoined, 'the death of a hero gives me pain; it is all one to me whether he has fallen on your side or on ours.'"

The interview was here broken off and deferred to another day. Asslan-Béy\* remained however, in the fort until the evening, and dined with us. Although our style of eating was something quite unusual to him, he never-

\* Properly written, Arzlan-Béy, *i. e.* the Lion-Prince. I have adapted the orthography to the customary

theless, deported himself in it with much natural good grace, and used his knife and fork as well as he could manage. He invited us to visit him for a few days at his residence; he would conduct us in safety thither as guests, and accompany us back.

“See,” said the General, smilingly addressing me in the German language, “it does not look so very bad here, after all, when the princes of our enemy sit at table with us.”

After dinner, I conversed for about an hour with the stately Circassian Prince. He gave me a long account of the well-known Englishman, Bell, who had spent two years in the Auls of the Ubychians and Dzhigethians, and had also sojourned a considerable time in the house of Asslan-Béy.

Mr. Bell had spread the report among the people of the coast that the English and French were going to send them a great fleet, with abundance of men, provision, and ammunition. This fabulous fleet has for a long

time deceived the poor people, and kept them in suspense; they waited for it as the Jews for the Messiah; but at last their waiting is become a little tedious, and they begin by degrees to suspect, that the help of the English may entirely fail      make its appearance.

I have had to-day another opportunity of admiring how sacredly the Circassians preserve the memory of the men, who have once gained their esteem by magnanimity or bravery, whether friends or foes.

This morning, Jérynbük-Berzek-Béy, the most eminent of the Ubychian princes, came riding in great haste to the fortress, to ascertain from Swan-Béy, whether it was true that General Muraviev was dead? He had heard the news of his death at Sotsha.

Swan-Béy replied, that the intelligence of his death must be false; he had only a few days ago received a letter from Muraviev, from which it was evident that the latter was as brisk and vigorous as ever; the General had also

many times in his letter, made mention of Jérynbük-Berzek, to whom he commended the assurance of his friendship, and wished to be heartily remembered. At these words the old Ubychian Prince threw himself for joy on Swan-Béy's neck, and embraced and pressed him in his arms, as if he would squeeze him to pieces.

It is only three years since Jérynbük-Berzek and Muraviev stood fighting with each other, face to face, as mortal foes. In the neighbourhood of fort Ardiller, a meeting of both heroes was to take place; the condition being provided that both should appear accompanied only by their interpreters, without other, retinue and unarmed.

Muraviev observed the condition faithfully; but the Ubychian Prince, entertaining little confidence in the Russians, appeared armed from head to foot, and moreover had concealed a troop of Circassians in ambuscade. Muraviev, without being in the least disconcerted, so

managed to affect Jérynbük-Berzek by his bold address, as to gain the entire esteem of the latter; which, as we have seen from the above example, still continues undiminished. In General X—, Muraviev has found a worthy successor; who, during the short time of his residence here, has acquired the respect and confidence of the Dzhigethians in a high degree.

The General's endeavour is principally directed to accustoming the Dzhigethians to regular occupation; for which he affords them all the occasion he can. Troops of these hungry people come ever and anon, beseeching relief from their distress, and the General assigns them work in fort or field, where, with industry and good-will, they can easily earn their daily bread, and some money into the bargain.

Hitherto, however, the Circassians, even the poorest among them, do not comply so willingly as one would think; for labour is as much opposed to their tastes, as swine's flesh. Even the otherwise so powerful influence of their

princes, who at last have begun to be sensible of the necessity of such measures for the maintenance of their subjects, has not been able to induce these to hire themselves to the Russians for work. Several Dzhigethians, who, urged by need, had taken part for some time in the fort-works of the soldiers, and found themselves very well off by so doing, were received on their return with affront and scorn by their countrymen.

How difficult it is, to accustom such a people to regular occupation, who know no other employment, than to flourish the sabre and manage the steed; and how difficult it is to accustom such a people to tranquillity, who know no other tranquillity, than rest after a bloody day's work!

\* \* \* \* \*

To-day the General is gone with Swan-Béy under escort to Sotsha, where one of the most unyielding Ubychian princes, Hadzhi-Béy, awaits

them. We accompanied the two gentlemen as far as the harbour, where a mournful spectacle presented itself to our eyes.

A band of soldiers had collected round two creatures, who looked more like beasts than men, and whom some of the bystanders were regarding with doubtful smiles and shakes of the head, but most with an expression of the deepest pity.

It was a pair of unfortunate persons, who, after long years of hard slavery among the Circassians, had at last succeeded in regaining their freedom. But both were already so advanced in age, and so blunted in spirit and body, that it seemed as if neither life nor freedom could give them compensation for the woes they had endured. The beards of each were grown so long and bristly, that it was easy to see that from the first day of their captivity no razor had touched their chin. The rough Circassian caps, slouching over their hairy, shrivelled-up faces, gave them quite



a dismal, wild appearance. The unfortunate men were barefooted, and seemed in general to have escaped half-naked from the hands of their tormentors; for the tattered felt-mantles with which they both wrapped round the upper part of their bodies, had been given them by the Russian soldiers.

I was curious to learn somewhat more nearly the history of their captivity and slavery; but had unspeakable trouble in making myself understood by them, as their mother-tongue had become all but entirely strange to them; and only by repeated questions could I now and then extract any meaning from their mixture of Russian, Circassian, and Tartar words. It was even difficult for them to understand one another; as they had only become acquainted with each other since their liberation, and until then had lived apart among different races.

The younger, a man of about fifty, had spent three-and-twenty years of scanty fare and hard labour in the land of the Ubychians; and it

went with him alternately better and worse, according to the success of the Ubychians in their enterprises against the Russians. If Asamat-Béy, the chieftain whose slave he was, returned home victorious; banquets and feasts were given at home, and the lot of the poor slave also was then perceptibly better. But if the men of the Aul returned home defeated, then the poor Alexéi had commonly to taste, instead of the intoxicating busa, the ruthless cudgel.

Some time ago, Asamat-Béy, in an attack on Sotsha, had come to his end. His kindred thought good to dispose of Alexéi to a Turkish slave-trader, who, however, on his return to Stamboul, had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Russians, on which occasion Alexéi, together with several other captives, recovered his freedom.

Pattap, the elder of the two unfortunates, must have been already considerably beyond sixty, and had lived so long in slavery among the people of Adighé, the proudest of all the

Circassian races, that he was no longer able to tell the number of years he had spent there. I could learn nothing further from him, than that in his early youth he had served on board a ship; that the ship was set on fire in a hostile encounter; many of the crew were killed, and the remainder dragged into captivity. In turns he had had as many as five different masters. The first, a venerable old man whom he served for a course of years, had always treated him very tenderly; but from the rest he had had much to endure. As he was at length, on account of age, become unfit for work, and provisions were dear in the country, he had been sold, a short while since, to the Russians in Sotsha, for a great bagful of flour.

It was only this morning that the two unfortunates were sent hither in a Russian vessel from Sotsha, in order to be presented to the General for further arrangements. "They may thank God they have come away with sound skins,"

said an aged under-officer who had joined the spectators; "you should just see the old Cossack Ivan, who has been in captivity among the Shapssuch;\* they slit up the soles of his feet, and drew horsehairs through, so as to render it impossible for him to run away. The poor devil will never again in his life stand on sound feet."

"But how, under such circumstances, did he make his escape from captivity?" I asked the under-officer.

"A Shapssuch in alliance with us brought him back to us secretly on his horse. You know very well that we have our guest-friends and spies amongst the wildest races."

"And in what way was Ivan made captive?"

"That I will tell you. We were then on service together in the fort of Novo-Troitzko, not far from the river Pilao. For a long time, nothing

\* The Shapssuch are the rudest of all the Circassian races.

had occurred between us and the Shapssuch, and we had accustomed ourselves by degrees to venture out of the fortress further than was advisable: Ivan, with whom the sea-water did not well agree, was in the habit of bathing towards evening in the river. He practised this, a good while without anything particular happening in consequence; but one day, when he had just come up out of the water, two ambushed Shapssuch fell on him; bound him, naked as he was, on a horse; and galloped away with him. Nobody in the fortress knew what was become of the poor devil, until our Kunak brought him back to us again."

## CHAPTER XI.

## SEA-VOYAGE AND CONCLUSION.

GJÜL-BASSAR was an inexhaustible source of hilarity to us; especially when he conversed with my cunning Giorgi, who knew how to draw advantages from the weaknesses of men as few do; or with Herr von N——, a Pole living here in banishment, who was for ever telling the rosy-headed Tartar of the beautiful women in Warsaw, and of their predilection for the white heads of the Moslem.

Now and then Giorgi went somewhat too far

in his jokes; on which Gjül-Bassar, in a rage, would seize hold of his kinshal; but the dexterous Armenian always knew how to right himself directly, and to smooth the Tartar down by flattering phrases of all descriptions: "How could I venture to offend thee? I the bondman, thou the lord! What is a grain of dust to the desert? What am I to thee?"

Herr von N——, after twelve years' exile in the Caucasus, had a short while since received an appointment in the Crimea, and was waiting like us for the arrival of a ship to deliver him from his long confinement.

Gjül-Bassar divided his time between smoking and sleeping.

Through the greater part of the day he slept; but no sooner did he open his eyes, than he opened his mouth too, for the purpose of calling his little servant, who then immediately rushed forwards with a pipe, and presented the same to his master.

At length the long-expected ship arrived. Herr von N—— descried it first; and forthwith hastened to his dwelling, to see after the packing of his luggage.

Engaged in a long walk beyond the limits of the fortress, and in earnest conversation with the Polish Captain, I had altogether missed hearing the three shots which my Giorgi, incited by the joyous intelligence, though otherwise somewhat shy at powder, had been courageous enough to fire. We had sauntered farther than usual along the sea-coast.

“I think we should return,” said the Pole; “it is getting quite dusk already. A number of Dzhigethians, returning home from the bazaar, have seen us; and if we are not safe in the fortress before darkness sets in, we stand a good chance of becoming unwilling guests of the robbers who are lurking about everywhere.”

“What is that?” I asked, instead of an-



swering him; as, looking out into the sea, I saw in the distance a huge column of smoke upwhirling its white wreaths.

The Pole's eyes roved in the direction I had indicated.

"That seems to be our steamer; yes, I am sure it is the steamer," he cried: "and we have not a moment to lose."

We hastened back, as if on wings, to the fortress, and were soon confirmed in our conjecture by Giorgi, who came to meet us half-way. Breathless with hurry, I entered the apartment we occupied. To my amazement, there was our brave Gjül-Bassar, still on his carpet, lying and snoring as if a new order depended on it.

"I have given myself all imaginable trouble to get him on his legs," said Herr von N——, "but nothing has any effect on this bald-headed, seven-sleeper. Your knave of a Giorgi has so often deceived him with false reports of the arrival of the steamer, that to-day also he considers the

true intelligence a fiction, and swears by the beard of the Prophet he will not be disturbed in his repose. In vain I assured him I had seen the ship with my own eyes; he swore he would not be taken in again, and rolled himself round, drunk with sleep, on the other side. I endeavoured to shake him up by force, and he seized his dagger with a threatening look. What is to be done with the fellow? I will not touch him again. If he won't go with us, he can stop here, and study the art of fortification until the return of the ship."

In the meantime, the sleepy Tartar-chieftain's little swordbearer came back, whom Herr von N—— had sent off, to convince himself and his master that the steam-ship was no illusion of the brain, but a great visible ark, with chimney and wheels.

Scarcely had the boy entered the room, when half-a-dozen soldiers likewise appeared, to carry off our luggage. It was high time to be going.

Out of compassion for Gjül-Bassar, with whose company, on our new voyage, I would not willingly have dispensed, I adopted the last resource to rouse him from his sleep, by firing a pistol close above his head. He sprang up, rubbed his sleepy eyes, and looked frightfully stupid and wrathful ; as most men do when they are suddenly waked, and have not yet quite broken through the tipsy twilight which follows every long sleep. He appeared to wonder very much at seeing the room filled with powder-smoke and soldiers. The wide-open door, through which our baggage was going out, and fresh air coming in, soon brought him to his senses.

Half an hour later we found ourselves all together, with bag and baggage, safe on board.

For Gjül-Bassar, who had never seen a steamer in his life, a new world arose. He was now just as drunk with waking as he had been with sleeping. He saw now that it was no fable, what we once had told him, that the expected ship ran on wheels over the water, as if on level

ground. He saw now, in general, a multitude of things, of which he had never dreamed, although in dreaming and sleeping he had spent more than three-quarters of his life. I avoided him as well as I could, for he followed me everywhere, and, according to his old custom, was unremitting in his endeavours, by jovial thrusts in the ribs, to draw my attention to whatever excited his wonder.

The sun went down in that undescribable pomp, in which he only shows himself to the mariner at sea, and to the wanderer of the desert; as if he would reward both for the toils and mazes that chequer their untrodden path. The anchor was weighed; the farewell salute was fired in the usual manner from the ship, and thunderingly echoed by the mountains of Ardiller; the playful dolphins, which till then had sported in mad gambols round the ship, dived back affrighted into the deep; many birds also, which had settled down on mast and rigging, were dispersed by the report; only a few of those

wonderful insects encircled us, which every minute creates, and every minute destroys ; which live unseen, and die effulgent.

In joyous harmony with the change of circumstances, and strengthened anew by the freshly-blowing evening wind, we steered our course right cheerily on to the shores of Colchis. We were now obliged, in the splendid war-ship 'Magutshy' (the mighty), to return again over the whole way by which, a few weeks ago, we had come hither in our modest barkass, crowded and tempest-tost. However much we regretted this additional loss of time, we were no less pleased, on the other hand, at having an opportunity of seeing once more our friendly entertainers along the coast.

As the Commanding-General, Baron von Budberg, was himself with his staff on board, and no fortress was left unvisited, it was only on the third day that we ran again into the harbour of Redut-Kalé.

Favoured, too, by the glorious weather, we

had to rejoice ourselves again during the first two days, in all the enchanting views and magnificent spectacles of Nature, which the coast of Abchasia affords in rich abundance.

But on the third day, almost immediately after midnight, there arose a doubtful storm, which towards morning grew still stronger, and threatened ere long to confound the might of the 'Mighty.' Fortunately I am blessed with excellent sleeping-powers; and only seldom, and never materially, troubled with sea-sickness. Until four o'clock in the morning, I managed, without much ado, to keep on my couch, although without ceasing I rolled to and fro like a child in the cradle.

As however at last I began to feel too sweltered in the cabin, and too heavy in the head, I got up, and attempted to slip on my clothes; in which attempt, however, in spite of all my struggles to the contrary, I had to sink to the ground three times, like a faithful Turk. The rocking and plunging getting more and more the upper

hand every instant, I had endless trouble in clambering the stairs to breathe fresh air on deck. Arrived above, the whole world before me, looked as if it were drunk. Heaven, earth, sea, and men, all appeared to be seized with a general vacillation.

A grave Colonel, who otherwise walked along with a solemn and measured pace, shuffled loosely by me, as if he had lost two-thirds of his bones.

Each one appeared to have sacrificed his peculiar gait in favour of the general reeling. The entire content of each person's body, together with its strength and weight, seemed to have gone up into the overflowing head. A general tendency to action developed itself from above; every mouth promised great things. My eyes sought the unfortunate Gjül-Bassar, to whom such a spectacle must have been something quite new. •

At last I descried him; he stood by the side of the ship, with his knees trembling and

cracking as if they would break; clasping himself violently with both hands; his head bent overboard, his eyes turned upwards, his mouth wide open downwards—so stood my faithful friend, committing his soul to the Gods of the air, and his stomach to the Gods of the deep.

At length, about ten o'clock in the morning the storm abated; by which, however, the hurly-burly of waters, and the rocking of the vessel were in no way diminished; the giant-waves that the night had roused, were not yet in the mood to betake themselves to rest, and the mighty walm of the sea continued unallayed; so that the Captain declared landing to be impossible. The harbour of Redut-Kalé is, as previously remarked, the worst, unsafest, and most incommodious I have ever seen. Large ships are obliged to lie several versts off the town; and for smaller vessels, when the weather is at all turbulent, the passage is very dangerous, especially where the violent current of the Chopi has to be stemmed. We were,



therefore, not a little astonished at beholding two Greek vessels, in spite of the headstrong sea, rowing with incredible exertion towards us.

For upwards of half an hour they struggled against the fury of the waves, before they were successful in breaking through the current of the Chopi. The staggering barks were dashed about by the impetuous billows, hither and thither like nutshells; but the brave Greeks were not daunted by opposition; they laboured indefatigably forwards, and came at last successfully through.

The Greek mariners are the most active and enterprising of all seafarers; provided their trouble is recompensed with gold. At this time also, as I afterwards learned, the commanders of the vessels could only be induced by a considerable sum, to adventure the toilsome attempt. The passengers whom they brought us, consisted of the families of General von R——, State-Counsellor S——, and Baron

von T——, most of them old acquaintances from Tiflis, some bound for the Crimea, others for Germany. We were much delighted with the unlooked-for arrival of the new guests, whose refined accomplishments and social pleasantnesses we had already experienced on a former occasion.

Before now we enter on our returning journey from Redut-Kalé, I think it necessary to make you somewhat more specially acquainted with our ship's company; which is a congregation of the most heterogeneous elements.

We see here, Russians, Germans, English, Poles, Jews, Armenians, Turks, Greeks, Abchusians, Mingrelians, Imerians, and Circassians, amongst whom are some captives, and others who have fled from famine to the Russians.

Of course the Russians constitute the greater part; as, with the exception of a few officers, the ship is manned by Russians.

One officer of the General's staff is a German, and the Captain, Mr. Martin, an Englishman. The number of the whole company, which is variously increased and diminished from the different fortresses where we daily put in, amounts, on an average, to about fifteen hundred heads.

Now soldiers, now officers with their families, now the sick or wounded, now sutlers and tradespeople, are conveyed from one fortress to another, so that a great part of the passengers is daily changed, whereby we lose in repose, what we gain in multiplicity.

As on account of want of room, only a few passengers besides the officers have found accommodation in the cabins, most are obliged to take up their quarters under the open sky, so that the deck is converted into a perfect pattern-chart of nations; where, from the pyramidal hat of the haughty Persian, down to the flat cap of the contented Imerian, one sees the strangest and most picturesque costumes min-

gled together in motley array, and at the same time has an opportunity of studying the manners and customs of different races from morning until night.

In order to get a more individual acquaintance with the people, let us take a little stroll over the deck. Here, immediately to the left, close by the side of the ship, we remark a triad of burly-bodied, thick-beturbaned Turks. There they sit, enveloped in their bright-coloured mantles, serious, taciturn, with their legs bent under them, regardless of everything going on around them; they speak not, see not, think not, hear not; as the only pastime worthy of their dignity, they slowly and solemnly smoke their tshibuq, with as grave and portentous a mien, as if on every puff they blew out, the fate of an ~~empire~~ empire hung. I have never been able to comprehend those travellers who find in this indifferent, all-scorning pride of the Turks, anything great or worthy of consideration.

Worthy of consideration, their pride undoubtedly

is, but not in the sense generally understood. For of what then has a Turk reason to be proud? Of his laziness, forsooth? of his ignorance? of his unnatural lusts? Since Sultan Mahmud's reforms, we have had in Constantinople a living example before our eyes of how little remains left us to admire in this enervated, powerless, marrowless people, if we except their weapons, their gay dresses, and their turban.

Somewhat further on, we find a little band of Greeks settled down. They wear high red caps, elegantly cut and embroidered blue jackets, and wide, short shalvari of the same colour. By their lively but uncertain eyes; their cunning, calculating faces; we may easily see that they are tradespeople. Close by the side of the Greeks squat some Armenians, conveying their dinner to their mouths with their fingers, without help of knife and fork. They have laid their blue over-dress, with its long-slit, flowing sleeves, aside, to make themselves comfortable:

and sit there, in their high, black, sheepskin caps running up to a point; in their narrow archeluck (under-dress) wound round with the girdle; and in wide, bright-coloured trowsers. We may readily see that they too are merchants; and we cannot tell, from the observation of their countenances, whether to assign the palm of craft to them or to the Greeks. The Russians, in order to distinguish the cunning and wiles of the trafficking people of the Orient, in their different degrees, have a proverb which runs as follows: "Two Jews to one Russian; two Russians to one Persian; two Persians to one Armenian; two Armenians to one Greek, and the bargain is fair." To judge from what my own eyes and ears have collected on the matter, this proverb is fully borne out by experience.

Turning away from the representatives of craft, we go a few paces farther in our review of nations. There, before us, we find, some of them sitting, others standing, six or eight Imerians from boyish to manly age. They

are a simple, harmless, well-shaped, but poorly dressed people. They are evidently dressed just as chance has willed. One wears a thread-bare Circassian coat, which the tailor certainly never intended for him; another, a jacket whose sleeves are half a foot too long; some go with, some without shoes. Of their pretty national costume, nothing is left them but their singularly-shaped flat cap, a stiff, dark-coloured, felt-like piece of stuff, scarcely covering the upper part of the head, and fastened by bands tied underneath the chin. The Imerians relate, as the origin of their peculiar head-dress, that in former times, the forests of their country were so thick and impenetrable, that no one could go into them without losing his cap; on which account, by way of defence to the head, and offence to the branches and thorns, the firm flat cap just described was invented—an account not all unlikely.

Whilst the Turks of our ship sit there, stiff and imperturbable; and the Greeks, Persians,

Jews and Armenians, on the other hand, talk and muse over realized or yet to be realized speculations in trade; the Imerians, cheerful and careless, are singing a merry song. No sooner have they sung one through, than they begin another directly, and only now and then break off their tuneful occupation, and draw shyly back, when any of the ladies or officers of the ship come into their neighbourhood.

The poetical store, by the way, of these good people cannot be very large, since everywhere and always they are heard repeating the same songs, which are all, moreover, indebted for their origin to a former time. Among these national ballads of the Imerians are really to be found some most lovely productions; the prettiest of these, and greatest favourite of the people themselves, which is also sung here every day in my hearing, Dubois has given translated in his excellent book of travel, so that further repetition might appear superfluous.

After dinner, when the weather is calm, the



sailors dance a national dance. All take part in the amusement; from all sides resounds the loud clapping of hands, keeping time with the movements of the dancers; Greeks, Armenians and Jews forget their chaffering thoughts, to watch the sprightly doings on deck; the Turks alone remain sitting solemn and motionless in their place, without once looking round at the gay, moving masses behind them. A Turk will sooner lift his arm five times to strike off heads, than his foot five times in the dance.

The Winds, the stormy wooers of the sea, have left their beloved, who now, with cheerful countenance, is lovingly ogling with the sun, and indulgently rocks us as we go on her heaving, many-coloured bosom.

We have entered on our returning way towards Kertsh, and land at the stronghold of Suchum-Kalé. A venerable old man, in silver-embellished, blue dress, and followed by a stately cavalcade, comes riding up to us. It is

Kazi-Morgana, the old Abchasian Commander, lately the prophet of freedom in the mountains of Abchasia, and one of the most formidable foes of the Russians—now General in the Russian service.

Whilst the General von Budberg, with his train, rides to Ssojuk-Ssu, the residence of the ruler of Abchasia, to negotiate with Prince Michael Shervashidzé, I, in company with the ladies, visit the magnificent garden-grounds of Suchum-Kalé; and after we have seen all, find time enough left to take a ride with B—— in the environs, where picturesque rocks and mountains, a luxurious vegetation, in short, all sorts of natural beauties, ravish the eye.

Our indefatigable steeds bear us to the steep uplands, where the Russians, on account of the healthiness of the situation, have founded a military colony. In the midst of the colony stands a venerable old nut-tree, famed on the whole eastern coast of Pontus for its size and gigantic circumference. Under the branches of this

giant-tree a whole battalion of soldiers may encamp.

We return to our ship ; soon afterwards comes the General and his train ; and we steer away for the fortress of Bambor, the residence of the excellent General X——. We delay at each place only just so long as is necessary to inspect the ordnance, the fortifications, the hospital, the military colony, the new foundations and buildings, and to make the necessary arrangements.

Whilst we are thus taking everything into observation, our Captain has again disembarked a number of passengers, and taken in others ; so that daily the greatest vicissitude and multiplicity of images are presented to us. Now the eye is gladdened by the sight of the magnificent natural beauties that engird us, and now saddened by the sight of a troop of unfortunate, dis-tempered soldiers, who have been torn away from their damp huts, to be conducted from

an unhealthy to a healthier spot, where they may linger out their joyless existence for a year or two longer. They stagger about like shades; and one knows not which looks greyer and sorrier, their lead-coloured faces, or the coarse mantles which envelop their shrivelled limbs. In all the forts at which we touch—and there are more than twenty of them on the eastern coast of the Black Sea—we look in vain among the soldiers for a fresh, sprightly countenance; the faces of the poor men are all as wrinkled and ashen grey as the sacks in which their ammunition-bread is kept. But what do I say? Here is a company being reviewed before us, in which are none but fresh, strong fellows, full of life; not one among them to whom the foregoing description will apply.

Quite true! They are soldiers who were only imported eight days since from Russia, and have yet to be drilled in. These stout fellows have spent no summer here yet; half

a year's endurance, and their eyes will be as dim, and their cheeks as wan, as those of their brothers.

Is the evil then absolutely irremediable? "Nebo wüssoko, Czar daloko!" (Heaven is high, the Emperor far). This is the common answer of the Russian living in misfortune.

The evil were only to be remedied, if, with a magic word, one could remove mountains, dry up swamps, scare away noxious vapours, and plant prosperities and blessings where hitherto only sickness and misery grow. And a still surer means than such a magic word, would be—to give up the whole war!

In a book like the present, which lays no claim to political wisdom, one may often venture on assertions which, in a newspaper, would be condemned as unstatesmanly by the kings of the political day-flies.

Heaven knows I have had enough to do with statesmen in my life; but, in all of them together, have never found so much wisdom

as in one glance of thine eyes, thou, mine Edlitam!

How blooming, rich, and animated were the shores of Pontus, when the Genoese had their settlements here! But to expect any happiness and advance in culture, commerce, and morals, for these people, from the Russians, is more than an unstatesmanly understanding like mine is capable of doing.

But away with these considerations, which involuntarily spring from the soul into the pen! Let us seek to disperse the shades we have thrown around our narration, and introduce some of the many cheerful scenes, which entertained us on our course.

We land at Sotsha, the same fortress in which Madame Pépin, of gallant memory, earned her spurs. The news of the arrival of the commanding General, always spreads like wild-fire among the inhabitants of the coast.

From all sides come chiefs and common people, on foot and horseback, flocking to

the shore; the chiefs to negotiate with the General; the common people to gape at the wonderful *Atesh-Gjemmi* (literally, Fire-ship), which goes without oar and sail. This time too, an astonishing multitude has assembled on the banks, and many of them evince a desire to mount the ship, but are speedily ordered back by the soldiers and sailors.

“Must not the sight of such a war-vessel,” I inquired of an officer standing near me, “inspire the Circassians with the conviction of the surpassing might of the Russians?”

“Not in the least,” replied the interrogated person. “These people, so far as their relations with us are concerned, have neither wills nor thoughts; they follow implicitly the leadings and promptings of their chiefs; most of whom have repeatedly been to Constantinople, where, in the most beautiful haven of the world, they have seen, from all nations, hundreds of ships; which of course they considered as lying there collectively in the service of the Sultan; and in

comparison with which, the few Russian ships, that come to their coasts, appear in the highest degree, insignificant. So long as faith in the almightiness of the Sultan, and in the assistance expected of him, is so firmly rooted among the Circassians as it has hitherto been, their complete submission is not to be thought of."

Scarcely had we disembarked, when a multitude of Circassians crowded up to the General, besieging him with entreaties and supplications. Each strove to cut short the other's words; and again there ensued a clamouring din, which stunned the ears, and was augmented still more by a wrangling that had broken out among the spectators standing on the shore.

"This is almost equal to what lately occurred at the target-shooting in Ardiller," observed the above-mentioned officer turning to me.

"What was that?" I asked with curiosity.

"Most of our soldiers, as is well-known, are very bad marksmen, and in this respect serve



for ridicule to the Circassians. Accordingly of late, ball-practice has been ordered in Ardiller, as well as in other forts. Before a mound of earth, on the great pasture-ground extending westwardly from the fortress in question, a large target was fixed up, at which the soldiers fired from a measured distance. The Dzhigethians dwelling in the neighbourhood, having their attention excited by the continual reports, came running to the spot in great numbers, to see what the firing was about.

“For a long time they could not at all find out what it meant; they saw the flashes, heard the bullets whizzing, but their peering eyes sought in vain for the enemy whom the destructive shot concerned.

“At first they thought that behind the mound of earth sat people hidden, whom the Russians wished to dislodge with their balls. But as the firing kept on and on, and yet nobody stirred, they came at last to the right conjecture, that the balls were solely intended for the

distant target. Forthwith there arose amongst them such a chuckling and screaming, as is only producible by the rough organs of the Circassians. They could not, by any means, comprehend what mad fury our soldiers had against the great wooden target, that they were boring it from top to bottom with their balls. However, this enigmatical target-firing had at least the happy consequence of making the Circassians believe, we must possess an enormous store of powder and shot, when we squandered this costly ammunition so extravagantly on an innocent piece of wood."

The most eminent of the chieftains present, Asslan-Béy, the Dzhigethian, and Berzck-Béy, the Ubychian, followed the General into the apartments of the fortress; where the interview lasted more than three hours. The most tedious part for the Russian negotiators in these interviews, is always the prolix discourse of the Circassians, which, before once touching the subject to be treated on, occupies a whole hour or more

in revolving about the most indifferent things. And then the Circassians cannot thoroughly comprehend the pretendedly disinterested and noble designs, which influence the Russians in their occupation of the provinces of the Caucasus. "If it is true," they infer, "that, as you say, your land is so great and so rich in corn, fruits, and the precious metals; if it is true that you dwell in such pompous cities, consisting of nothing but palaces and temples, wherefore do you not remain in your beautiful great land, where you can live in abundance and peace? Wherefore do you come to dwell, at the risk of your life, in our inhospitable forests and ravines, where disease and war sweep off thousands of you every year, and where you find nothing of what your pompous cities afford you? You say that you are come to make us happier and wiser; but we cannot believe that your great Padishah would let so many thousands of you, his friends, be butchered every year,

solely to make us, his enemies, happier and wiser ! Truly, we were happier before we made your acquaintancé, and wiser we have not become by intercourse with you."

This is the principal topic of all negotiations between Russia and the inhabitants of the mountains. The next subjects are complaints of the oppression of trade, the restrictive system and the famine thence resulting, &c. The chiefs of the Circassians, in their discourses, usually indulge in flowery and figurative expressions, and their answers are often full of acuteness and wit. "Surrender !" was once the summons of General Rosen to Hamsad-Béy, the predecessor of Shamyl, "surrender ! all resistance is vain : the hosts which I bring against you are numberless as the sands on the sea-shore !" "But my hosts," rejoined Hamsad-Béy, "are like the waves of the sea, that wash away the sands !"

A similar answer was given by Shamyl, the

Prophet of Himri, when the Russian Commander-in-Chief challenged him to submission, and threatened, in case of refusal, to kill his son, who happened to be in the hands of the Russians. "Kill my son," responded Shamy, "I have wives enow to give birth to another." "Does the fate of thy son," demanded the Russian, "so little move thy heart?" "Less," answered Shamy, "than the fate of my people."

Whilst the General was negotiating with his warlike guests in the interior of the fortress, the remaining chieftains, who were distinguished from the common people, less by ornament and dress, than by prouder demeanour and physical superiority, paced restlessly up and down, engaged in ardent conversation. An indescribable delight is produced by the contemplation of these tall powerful figures, with their flashing eyes, their expressive countenances, their haughty gait, and their unconstrained and lively movements. What a glorious people would they

be, if the culture of the mind here corresponded with that of the body! Corporeally considered, we civilized denizens of the West, in comparison with the Circassians, are a stunted race.

Wherefore has the Present no single race of people to exhibit, who in body and mind have reached an equally high degree of culture?

\* \* \* \* \*

When I took leave of Gjül-Bassar, the rosy-headed chieftain wished to give me a convoy-sentence for the way.

We had just then no book at hand, and lighted on an old Russian Bible among the crew. Gjül-Bassar took the Bible, opened it, and his hand fell on the passage where it is written: "As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow, and as a hircling looketh for the reward of his work, so am I made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed to me."

And the evening and the morning were the thousand and first day.

But if the first part of my pilgrimage has pleased you, I will relate to you another time the second part and the journey home.





**APPENDIX OF NOTES.**



# APPENDIX OF NOTES.

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## VOL. I.

### PROLOGUE.

The epithet "*der Gevatersmann*," "the godfather," attached to the name of *Auerbach* in the German, on account of a popular work of his bearing that title, is omitted in the translation. The gentleman alluded to, is Berthold Auerbach, the celebrated author of the "*Schwartzwälder Dorfgeschichte*," of which several English translations have been published.

*Kaufmann*—an elegant German writer, now living in London.

*Karl Beck*—a celebrated German poet.

*Max Schlesinger*—the famous author of the work on Hungary, translated into English by Taylor. Schlesinger, too, is now living in London.

## CHAPTER I.

*The metre of the Russian Lay.* Each verse consists of four feet, of which the spondee, iamb, anapest (— — —), amphimacer (— — —), are the chief. Occasionally a foot contains four syllables, and sometimes only one. Thus:

— — — — — — — — — —  
 O thou|dread Czar,|Ivan Vass|iljevitch!

— — — — — — — — — —  
 Of thee|we have made|our clear|tuning song,

— — — — — — — — — —  
 Of thy fa|vourite guard,|Kiri|bejevitch,

— — — — — — — — — —  
 And of|the bold mer|chant, Kal|ashnikov.

— — — — — — — — — —  
 And the Bo|jar Matvé|i Romod|anovsky.

— — — — — — — — — —  
 There in free|dom to live|the Cossack's|wild life.

— — — — — — — — — —  
 Forthwith|to thy loved|one, Alo|na Dmitrevna.

— — — — — — — — — —  
 The state|ly youth Ste|phen Para|monovitch.

— — — — — — — — — —  
 Flames|the light|of the ro|sy Morn.

The *Gusli*, mentioned in this poem, is a monochord instrument, whereas the *Balalaika* has two or three strings.

## CHAPTER II.

“ *My bright Falcons all, the Cossacks of the Don.*”

Cossack, or more properly Kozak, has the accent on the second syllable.

*Campe's Tales for Youth.* Campe was a celebrated pedagogue, who kept a boarding-school at Hamburg, which, some thirty years ago, was as famous as the Eton school. Campe's works, resembling those of Miss Edgeworth, are translated into English.

*Jämshtshick* is a coachman driving a post-cart. The coachmen in towns are called *Jswoshtshik*.

*Telega*, a rude vehicle, used as a post-cart in Russia, with high wheels, without *ressorts*, and deficient in general convenience. It is also called a *Troika* (*troi*, three), being drawn by three horses.

## CHAPTER III.

*Elboruz*, 17,800 feet high, and the loftiest mountain in the Caucasus, is to the west of *Kasbék*, and nearer the Black Sea. *Kasbék*, 15,400 feet high, is the next in elevation, and occupies the centre of the great chain. The principal branch of the Kuban rises in *Elboruz*, and flows north-westwards into Pontus, at the southern extremity of

the Sea of Azov. The Terek rises in Kasbék, and flows north-eastwards into the Caspian, at the northern extremity of Daghestan.

*Kabardah* is a province of the Caucasus, south of the Terek. The Russian province called the Caucasus, is bounded on the south by the mountains, on the north by the country of the Don Cossacks and Astrachan, and extends between the Black and Caspian Seas. The Circassian races inhabit the mountains and all the country between them and the Black Sea.

#### CHAPTER IV.

“*City of the Kyros,*” (*Kyrosstadt*). The river Kyros, which flows through Tiflis, is called by the Georgians *Kur*, and by the Russians *Kura*. It is the ancient Cyrus, running eastward into the Caspian.

*Mirza* prefixed to a name, signifies, in Persian, a scholar, a learned man; affixed to a name, it signifies a prince or great man. For example, *Mirza-Schaffy*, the learned Schaffy; *Abbas-Mirza*, Prince Abbas.

*Gjändsha*. The letter *j* in all Oriental words is pronounced as in German and Italian, viz., with the power of the English *y*.

*Karabagh* is in the south-east of Georgia.

## CHAPTER V.

*Baku*, a famous port at the eastern extremity of Caucasus. The *u* in this, as in all other proper names in this work, has its German pronunciation, resembling that of *oo* in English.

## CHAPTER VI.

*Dilbilir*. The original meaning of the word is *knower of language*; *dil*, signifying *a tongue*, and *bilir*, a *knowing man*.

## CHAPTER X.

*Tsherkessks*, the dress worn by the Circassians (*Tsherkessen*), and now adopted by nearly all the inhabitants of the Caucasus. It is a coat without collar, and fastened by a girdle.

*Balalaika*, a very simple, stringed instrument, by which the Russians and other Oriental people accompany their monotonous songs.

## CHAPTER XII.

*Odaliscas*. The original meaning of *Odalisca* is *female slave of a Sultanness*. In modern times the word has been used generally for all the beauties of a harem.

*Allagés*, a mountain about 10,000 feet high, on the north-west of Erivan, of which Ararat is directly south.

## CHAPTER XIII.

*Artaxata.* The ruins still exist of this ancient city, which is said to have been built by Hannibal, for Artaxias, a king of the country. It is situated on the Araxes, south-east of Ararat.

## CHAPTER XV.

*Achalzich.* This pashalick lies to the west of Georgia. Its capital, of the same name, is half way between Tiflis and the Black Sea, in a direct line east and west.



## VOL. II.

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### CHAPTER I.

*The United Church.* A great portion of the Armenians, in order to please the Czar, have blended their rites with those of the Russian Church, and from this union derive their denomination, "United Armenians," or members of the United Church.

*Sandzhak* is a smaller part of a pashalick.

*Attabeg* here signifies *governor* or *stattholder*. Its original meaning is *foster-father*.

### CHAPTER IV.

*Daghestan* is bounded by the Caspian on the east, the Terek on the north, Kabardah on the west, and Caucasus on the south. Derbent, its capital, is a large port on the middle of the coast.

*Beg* and *Béy* in meaning and Turkish orthography are the same; but the pronunciation of the word is different in the different countries. On the borders of the Caspian they say *Beg*, on the borders of the Black Sea, *Béy*.

*Aül*, or *Aoul*, is the Circassian word for village.

## CHAPTER V.

*Pud*, a Russian weight of forty pounds.

## CHAPTER VII.

*Gori* lies north-west of Tiflis. *Kutais*, the chief town of Imerethia, is about half way between Gori and the sea. Imerethia is bounded by Georgia on the east, Achalzich on the south, Guria on the south-west, Mingrelia on the west, and Caucasus on the north. Guria and Mingrelia border on the sea, and together with Imerethia, form the ancient Colchis; the *Rion* being the ancient Rhion, or Phasis.

*Redut-Kalé* is situated somewhat north of the Rion, and half way between it and *Anaklea*.

*Suchum-Kalé*, on the north-west of Mingrelia, occupies the site probably of the ancient Pityus. *Abchasia* extends north-westwards from Mingrelia, between the mountains and the sea. *Pitzunda* and *Gagra*, the subjects of the following chapters, are its principal ports.

THE END.

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