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NOTES OF A HALF-PAY

IN SEARCH OF HEALTH:

OR,

RUSSIA, CIRCASSIA, AND THE CRIMEA.

IN 1839-40.

BY

CAPTAIN JESSE

UNATTACHED.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—OTHELLO.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

In the military oath administered to an officer on court martial, it is said, "You shall, well and truly, try and determine, the evidence in the matter now before you:" this I have done according to my conscience and the best of my ability. An unfavourable verdict has been the result. Many of the facts which I have now brought forward to illustrate my views of the present state of Russia came under my own observation. It is possible that the reader may not agree with me in the conclusions I have drawn from them, but I can at least claim his confidence in their accuracy. To assert that there are no Russians, (it is not of

Courlanders, Livonians, and Finlanders that I speak,) whose characters would not lead to a different estimate of the national worth, would be absurd; there are of course, exceptions, but every disinterested observer must admit that the mass of each class are such as I have described them.

In the despotism of Russia we may look in vain for the paternal character of the Austrian. She manifests no desire to ameliorate either the moral or physical condition of her serfs, or afford them protection by a just administration of the laws. The wisdom and policy of preparing them for that great change from slavery to freedom, which sooner or later must inevitably take place, appears never to have entered into the hearts of the nobility; they debase rather than improve the mental faculties of their dependants, and are frequently more ready to increase than diminish the burdens, which in a barbarous age, *might* not *right* enabled their fellow-men to impose upon them.

The influence possessed by Russia in the councils of Europe is a perfect incongruity, for though her extent of territory is enormous, her natural resources great, her court surrounded by all the insignia of civilization, and her capital replete with all the luxuries of life, she is the lowest in the scale of those nations that have any claim or pretension to be called civilized. Evidence in support of this opinion will be found by the traveller at every step he takes in the country; and if he only remains there long enough, he will very probably leave it as I did, not much disposed to speak in favourable terms of a sovereign and nobility, who, being themselves possessed to a certain extent of the benefits arising from civilization, persist in withholding, *on principle*, liberty and social improvement from forty-five millions of their countrymen.

The excursions in Greece and the Crimea excepted, my wife was my travelling companion in

this long but interesting tour; and her being associated with so many of its incidents and recollections, will account for my having used, and in remembrance carefully retained, the plural number in various parts of these Notes. I am sensible that there must be in them much that is open to criticism, but I shall throw myself on the good-nature of the reader, to whom I "Present Arms," and close my preface, trusting that my first shot, though not in the "bull's eye," may not altogether miss the target of an author's hopes—the approbation of the Public.

W. J.

Junior United Service Club,
November, 1841.

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CHAPTER I.

Motives for travelling—Effects of Dyspepsia—Departure for Rotterdam—The Batavier—Musical festival at Frankfort—Interlaken—Pass the St. Gothard—Ancona.

THE good old motive for travelling—to be

"tried and tutored in the world"—

is not now a prevailing one. How numerous and multifarious those that have arisen with the present facilities of locomotion! Some travel to get out of debt, others to get in; to avoid duns; to get into the Travellers' Club; to kill time; to geologize or botanize; to sketch, or fish, sometimes in troubled waters, in search of the sublime or the ridiculous; or any other "good male or female reason;" and, lastly, as in my case, in search of health, which had been impaired under the following circumstances:—

At sixteen, I found myself at the mess table

of a regiment in India. My brother officers soon initiated me into their habits, and I lost no time in adopting hot tiffins, and imbibing Hodgson's pale ale, claret cup, bishop, sangaree, and other beverages, which hot winds and no end of drill rendered almost excusable. If I add to this, snipe shooting, under a meridian sun, in paddy fields, up to the knees in water,—two fevers, the cholera morbus, and a residence of some months in a cantonment several feet below the level of an adjoining river, where the frogs in the barrack-square were constantly hopping through the jil-mills* into our bedrooms, I think few of my readers (if I have the luck to have any) will deny that I have enumerated causes more than sufficient to send me home, six years after, a confirmed dyspeptic. For six years more, spent chiefly in the monotony of country quarters, I suffered torments in mind and body, of which an extract from my diary of symptoms will give but a faint idea.

January 15th, 1838. — Last night, horrible dreams, and violent starts. In the morning, mouth parched, tightness in the head, singing in

* Venetians.

the ears, eyes yellow and filmy, pains in the back, pulse 50, no appetite; took fifteen drops of the muriated tincture of steel to create one, without effect; nerves and spirits gone!!!

Such a state of body and mind had, fortunately, many ludicrous as well as melancholy consequences. One night, on the barrack-guard at C———, I had, from sheer exhaustion, laid down on the stretcher, and fallen into one of those lethargic slumbers so common to my class of dyspeptics, when I was roused by the corporal bawling close to my ear, "Grand rounds are waiting, Sir!"

Her Majesty's dip, wasted in a socket which allowed it to lean very gracefully on one side, was on the eve of expiring: I sprung to the table, where I had laid my shako and sword, and placed the former on my head. Grasping something in my hand, which I supposed to be the latter, I rushed to the front of my guard, and by the light of a very lovely moon, most provokingly full, saluted the field officer with presented arms, brandishing, with all the increased zeal of one caught napping —my sword? No such thing—my violin! The

Major, a good-natured person, was, however, moon-blind on this occasion. Dismissing the guard, I retired to my room, amidst a suppressed titter from the men, a circumstance I was on the point of noticing, when, for the first time, I found myself, to my horror and consternation, grasping a favourite Amati instead of my regimental spit!

To exist under a continuance of all my sufferings, much less recover from them, I thought fairly impossible, but I lived to be agreeably surprised. In this state, I occasionally fell into the hands of a country apothecary, living, unlike poor Puff, not on his own, but his patients' dropsy. Had I settled in the neighbourhood of one of these gentlemen, I should verily have been a good annuity to him, provided he could have kept me alive. At last, I consulted a London physician, whose work on change of air and climate attracted my attention. My story, a long list of the various aches, pains, and ills, real or imaginary, "which flesh is heir to," was cut short in these words, "My good Sir, 'throw physic to the dogs,' and amuse yourself by travelling." His certificate enabled me to retire; so, after laying in a stock

at Herries's, I went to Leadenhall-street, and, procuring a passport of *May*, called in the aid of Mercury, (not he of Apothecaries' Hall,) in June, and started in the Batavier, for Rotterdam.

Of the many steamers, ships, and tubs I had rolled in, this vessel struck me as being decidedly the most uncomfortable. She was dirty, and redolent of stinks; schnappes, bad tobacco, and bilge-water, being the prevailing odours. The roundhouse, or upper cabin on the deck, appeared remarkably well constructed for *preventing* the free circulation of air below; but amongst her numerous deficiencies, she had one good qualification, the principal one—she was safe. The cabins, quite full, presented the usual routine attending persons undergoing, for pleasure, all the horrors of sea-sickness, from the serio-qualmish face to the stomach in brisk action, or a state of syncope or lethargic sleep. After leaving the Nore, the noise in the ladies' cabin became terrific, twenty, at least, calling for the stewardess at once. Three French ladies' maids were vowing candles to the Virgin, and the door intended to admit air (every thing being hermetically closed above) was beset

by solicitous husbands making tender inquiries for their wives, steamboat etiquette not permitting their entrance into this Elysium. My observations, however, were soon brought to a close; no sound, much less a dyspeptic stomach, could have stood the increasing motion, and, finding myself sensibly affected by the good examples before me, I retired to five feet by two, in the main cabin, and awoke off the Brill.

Our progress up the Rhine was retarded by drawing a halt at each of the principal towns on its banks; and at each I lost a dyspeptic symptom. From Manheim we visited Heidelburg; and at Frankfort, to which we turned from Mayence, had the good fortune to arrive just in time for a grand musical festival, in commemoration of Mozart. Six hundred voices, the *élite* of Germany, and forty wind instruments, with the organ of St. Catherine's, poured forth, in a paraphrased psalm of Spohr's, a stream of harmony so melodious and touching, that the eyes of many around us were moistened with tears.

Our route continued *via* Strasburg, Friburg, Basle, Soleure, and Berne to Thun, and taking

up our quarters at the village inn of Oberhofen, about a league from the latter place, we made from there our excursions to the Oberland. I selected this beautiful and retired spot for our temporary residence in preference to Interlaken, which is considered unhealthy by the Swiss medical men; the air there is hot and damp, and struck me as being more favourable to the rearing of Orchidei, than the cure of my complaint. We were also glad to avoid the Smiths, Simpkinses, Jenkinses, foreign ladies' maids, and English grooms, and gentlemen in brown holland blouses with long poles and green goggles, who crowded every street and lodging-house in the place. Some of them evidently of the Pickwickian school, having laid aside their specs and substituted a butterfly net for their ice poles, were occasionally to be seen careering over the green turf in eager pursuit of an insect, from which they had frequently turned in their own gardens with the greatest indifference and contempt; but which was now to be added to a collection to be shown to their friends on their return, as the result of their persevering labours in entomological research. I soon found

that the climate of Switzerland was a great deal too variable for me; we therefore hurried over the picturesque, and leaving our hostess of the Black Bear with many regrets, took the road to Lucerne, scaled the St. Gothard, and slipping down on the other side without a drag, entered the more genial clime of Italy by the valley of Ticino. The classical associations, the numerous splendid galleries, churches, and monuments of ancient and modern art at Milan, Bologna, Florence, and Rome, and the novelty of scenery, manners, and language diverted my thoughts from my old miseries, and in the following spring, "Richard was himself again." Up to this point of my journey I make no remarks, so much has been well said and well written on such well-beaten ground. Being in possession of health and spirits, we now meditated lengthening our tour, and meeting some Russians at Rome who described the south of their country as a paradise, and the whole as well worth visiting, we resolved on continuing our journey through the Levant and the Crimea, and returning to England by the northern capitals.

Leaving Naples for a future opportunity, we

took our road to Ancona, by the far-famed shrine of Loretto, which still has its devotees and pilgrims. The inn at Ancona, the "Pace," is excellent, and finding ourselves in such good quarters, we remained a month to rest ourselves from the fatigues of lionizing the eternal city. Our stay was rendered more agreeable by the kind attentions of G. Moore, Esq., the English vice-consul. Trajan's arch excepted, the only objects that attracted our observation, were the immense frogs, and the profusion of violets which covered the banks of every lane in the environs of the town. In May we embarked for Corfu by the Austrian steamer. The passage was much enlivened by the sociable and friendly disposition of two of the garrison returning from leave; and their kindness and attention to us during the fortnight we remained in the island conduced greatly to our pleasure.

CHAPTER II.

Corfu—Ancient bronze—Patras—Greek scenery—Approach to Athens—Bavarian justice to the Palikari—Otho and his Court—Russian influence—Sunday evening promenade—Rome and Athens—Field of Marathon.

In the hospitable invitations given to us by the "Lord High," we had an opportunity of seeing a relic of antiquity, which very justly formed a conspicuous ornament on one of the tables in the drawing-room at the palace. It had been fished up about two years before by the Ionian steamer, which was in the habit of trawling over and near the spot where the battle of Actium was fought. This valuable antique, the bronze beak of a galley, is two feet in length; the point, about eight inches long, represents the half-length figure of a soldier in his cuirass; the features are youthful, and admirably moulded, and though it has been immersed for ages in the briny deep, this

interesting specimen of Roman art is in a high state of preservation. The holes for the admission of the rivets that fastened it to the prow of the galley are plainly to be seen at the lower end; it is slightly encrusted with marine formations. The beak, and a few vases, are the only objects that have been brought up by the trawl.

The bells of Corfu reminded me of "la ville sonnante," and the cocks crowed as incessantly as they rang. This beautiful island, and the gay, courteous, and hospitable inmates of the citadel, amongst whom I found some old friends, were left with many regrets. The day of our departure was a lovely one, the sea breeze moderated the mid-day heat, and enabled us to enjoy the splendid scenery of the Albanian coast, of which Parga was one of the brightest ornaments. The cliffs of the little island of Paxo brought those of Dover to our minds. Cape Leucadia was in sight during the early part of the night; its dark outline clearly defined against the sky. I was too tired to dream of the lady, and awoke next morning in Patras roads. The town, like most of very recent date, is laid out with too much regularity to be picturesque;

the principal streets are wide and at right angles, but in wretched order; the houses are of a humble character. Trade appeared to be brisk, but the manufactured articles exposed in the shops were of a very ordinary description. As the steamer was to remain here some hours, we landed, and in spite of the oppressive heat, commenced our ascent to the castle, which crowns the hill above the town; the ground, for several hundred yards in front of it, was covered with a bright yellow flower like the marigold. The interior of the fort is fast going to decay, the walls in many places have fallen in, and are covered with rank vegetation. Not a creature was to be seen about the place, when on turning an angle of the rampart, on our way to the highest bastion, to perpetrate a sketch, we came full upon a blue Ajax, at the charge, who signified in modern Greek, and by suiting the action to the word, that our walk must terminate at the point of his bayonet. My alpha and omega, and all between, were, with French and Italian, useless, and Romaic was beyond my ken. In despair I pulled out a visiting card, which to my great surprise he took, and disap-

pearing for a moment, returned and led us into a dark and dirty bomb-proof guard-house, where he presented us to the "Commandant" of the fort, in rank a corporal; he was sitting cross-legged on his great coat with all the dignity of a pacha. King Otho's deputy granted our request, and accompanied us on our stroll. The view from the Cavalier repaid us for a very fatiguing walk; the castles on either side which marked the entrance to the Gulf of Lepanto, were backed by a noble range of hills, with Parnassus in the distance, and the islands of Ithaca and Cephalonia to the left, with Missolonghi and its soul-stirring reminiscences to the front, formed with the town and shipping in the roads, a splendid introduction to Greek scenery. It blew "a favouring gale" as we left the bay, and steam in addition, soon carried us round Cape Cologria. I stole out very early from my berth to get a glimpse of Navarino, and returned to it musing on that "untoward event." The fare on board this Austrian steamer was excellent, and our Ragusan skipper, a merry fellow, contributed much to our amusement. Nothing could exceed the loveliness of the evening, the air

though soft, was elastic, and as we passed under the bold headland of St. Angelo, which threw its dark shadow far over the water, the sun sunk "in one unclouded blaze of living light" behind the hills of Sparta. With Athens so near, our slumbers were light, and rising before day-break, we were amply repaid for such an unusual proceeding by the glorious scene that opened upon us as we approached the Piræus. That luminary which had gone down with so much majesty on the preceding evening, gradually re-appeared above Hymettus, gilding first the Parthenon, as if in homage of its beauty; his rays rapidly dispersed the wreaths of mist which hung around it, and left the chaste and noble ruin "looking tranquillity." Our fellow passengers, a motley assemblage, soon made their appearance on the deck, and overwhelmed us with their historical quotations and allusions. The heroes of ancient Greece, and the scenes of their triumphs, were named with a volubility truly surprising; it was a kind of classical file-firing; but not a word was said in praise of the gallant Miaulis, whose resting-place lay full in view, unhonoured

by a tomb, and the very spot itself only saved from oblivion by the bounty of a noble female, a foreigner.

These reflections were interrupted by the Health officer, who went through the usual forms, and the luggage having been well searched, we were soon making our way through clouds of dust to Athens. Our coachman, like a tailor, sat cross-legged on the box, with the slack of his enormous blue breeches gathered well to the front. About half-way, we found the road stopped up by a number of carts and hack carriages, and on inquiring the reason, I found that the hut by the road-side was the house of call and Tom and Jerry shop of the Athenian "jarvies," for even in Attica they must whet their whistles, not with porter, but a composition of sour grapes, rosin, and water. Having, with some difficulty, made them clear the way, we arrived at our hotel, the Reine d'Angleterre, kept by a Madame Casali, one of the "vivandière" tribe; her husband, not her better half, for they are both equally bad and consummate rogues, is landlord of the Royal. This rascal, on one occasion, happened to have an

English nobleman staying in his house, and it was not until after his departure that he was made acquainted with his rank: "Ah," observed the Signor, "si j'aurai su que c'était un Milord, je lui aurai fait payer cent drachmes; mais comme je ne le savais pas, je lui ai fait payer *seulement* cinquante!" Finding every thing dirty in this villanous hotel, I got into private lodgings.

During my six weeks' residence in Athens, I soon found that the gallant survivors of that contest which again made Greece a nation, were not only neglected, but treated with contumely and injustice.

To be a Greek, appeared the worst recommendation for advancement; and few Greek officers held any important command. Almost all the best appointments were held by Bavarians, to the exclusion even of those who served through the war; and of others who, though not personally engaged, freely sacrificed their property in supplying the necessities of the troops. On the arrival of Otho in Greece, to take possession of a throne which these men had won for him, their various claims were submitted to a military com-

mission, the members of which had been eye-witnesses of their services. Many of the claimants were, in consequence, admitted into the Grecian Phalanx, the absolute qualification for this honour being, services performed in the field during the war; and yet, in defiance of this regulation, two hundred Bavarians, who had never seen a shot fired, were drafted into the corps, which has extra pay, and other privileges attached to it. In numerous instances, the recommendations made by the commission have met with no attention; and several of the most distinguished officers are living in the greatest poverty and obscurity. Their arrears of pay have never been liquidated, and they drag on a miserable existence at Athens, under the surveillance of the police, in fruitless endeavours to obtain their rights. A few acres of the national lands, called "crown lands," by the Bavarian party, have been occasionally offered to them in lieu of a half-pay, which they never receive; but these acres are of no use to men without capital. A Bavarian corporal, however, who has only served two years in Greece, called by them a campaign, is presented with all the "matériel"

of a farm. Greece is, in fact, little more than a Bavarian colony. The higher functionaries hoard up their salaries, with a view of returning to Munich as soon as possible. There is no society: the king has dinner parties about half-a-dozen times in the year, to which the ladies of the ambassadors are rarely, if ever, invited; and the minister of war lives in one room! If, by some extraordinary accident, a ball is given at the palace, there are no refreshments; and the pretty, but inconsiderate queen enlarges the circle of the waltzers, of whom she is always one, by treading, *sans cérémonie*, on the toes of her guests; many of them, more accustomed to the camp than the ball-room, having, in their eagerness to see the fun, crowded too much upon the dancers.

Otho, with an income of £20,000 a year, is building a palace which will cost more than £100,000, and his original intention was to build it of Pentelic marble! at a time when there were only two roads in his dominions. I was at Athens on his birthday, and accompanied the band, which on that night played up and down the principal street; it was in utter darkness. His capital

displayed two transparencies on this occasion, one being at the Munich hotel! Otho, educated for the cloister, and the scarlet hat, is, indeed, what Mr. Giffard happily describes a King of Greece to be, a "political false quantity." He is, in truth, little else but a crowned stipendiary of the Russian system of intrigue in the Levant. One of their engines here is the church attached to their embassy: the choristers are Russians, and numerous. The service is performed with a splendour far exceeding that of any church at Athens; and no expense is spared in other ways to bring the Greeks into the interest of Russia by means of the religion common to both countries. But the Palikari, though poor, are not disposed to barter their hard-earned freedom for Russian gold; and should that constitution, so long promised them, be still withheld, there can be but little doubt that they will demand it, and in such a manner as to ensure compliance.

The best time to see the population of the capital is on a Sunday evening, when they assemble near the Foreign Office to hear the band, which has, with justice, the reputation of being a good

one. Six pieces of artillery are placed in front of this building, and, but for the wretched state they and their caissons are in, look as if they were intended to keep the diplomates in order. The music, and the opportunity of displaying himself, then brings forth the Greek dandy, in his Albanian costume, with a figure like an hour-glass. The walk and general appearance of this modern Paris is disgustingly effeminate.

But though wearing the fustaniella, these exquisites must not be confounded with the Palikari; being, generally, either servants, or the sons of tradesmen, who never in their lives brandished any thing but a goose or a yard. The fustaniella is very frequently worn for several months by the lower classes, without being changed; and serves not only for what it really is, a kilt, but a towel, dishclout, or a pocket handkerchief, according to the exigencies of the owner. A great portion of the loungers are officers in the Bavarian uniform, who in the Greek army are more numerous than the men! The rest of the crowd are in all varieties of Frank dresses, and strange mixtures between them, the Greek and Turkish. The attempts

at European dress of the women, more particularly the Bavarian non-commissioned officers' wives, were highly amusing. Some of them, Greeks, having discarded the national costume, were attired in silks of all the colours of the rainbow, (and many that never were in a rainbow,) a light blue gown being not unfrequently accompanied by a yellow scarf and scarlet parasol. The officers, even in the hottest weather, were in full dress, and buttoned up to the chin; the very sight of them put one into a fever.

Without entering into any description of the antiquities, I shall merely say that they interested us far more than those of Rome. Here, they may all be visited without interruption. Go to the Coliseum by moonlight; twenty carriages are at the entrance, and your ear is immediately assailed by a d—— from some irritable Englishman, who has just scraped his leg in getting out of his crazy vehicle, crowded with sentimental daughters, who have dragged him from the cover side, port wine, and quarter sessions, to show them the antique. On entering the vast area, full of philanthropic feeling for the victims that have there

perished, you are deafened by a hubbub of female voices, who, with young sophists recently emancipated from college, are discussing the ball at Lady S——'s, or the last Bracciano hop. Go to the Parthenon, at that witching hour of night, and, standing before the Propylæa, you will be spell-bound, without a chance of the fascination being broken. But the most interesting spot in Athens is the Areopagus. In simple truth, one stands here with a concentrated intensity of feeling, that every other object, even the Bema, from which Demosthenes spoke his Philippics, fails to excite.

How meagre and unsatisfactory the pure human wisdom of Socrates, when compared with the inspired doctrines of St. Paul. If history and its associations bear, and deservedly, so great a charm about them, and so much refine the pleasure of travelling, surely the hill of Mars is pre-eminently distinguished. The Greek church have shown more good taste and good sense than their Roman Catholic brethren in not encumbering these sites so deeply interesting in a religious point of view, with churches and chapels that completely annihilate their identity.

The steps by which the summit of the Areopagus is gained, are nearly as perfect as when they were first hewn, but from the height of each and the slippery nature of the rock, they are not easy of ascent, and must have been particularly difficult for old men in the dark. The best coup d'œil of the field of Marathon is from the Cairn on the summit of Pentelicus; indeed the view from thence is perhaps one of the finest in Greece.

CHAPTER III.

A trip to the Morea—Greek caique—A gale and its effects—Greek toilette—Corinth—The Acropolis—Road to Nemea—The valley—The Demarch—The maids of Karabat—Argos—Nauplia—Road to Epidaurus—An unpleasant predicament—English hospitality.

We were fortunate in being at Athens in the best season, the latter end of May, when the weather not being too hot admitted of my making various excursions. The most interesting was that to Nauplia, by Corinth, Nemea, Mycenæ, and Argos. With a "lacquey de place" the trip was easy enough; but who would not be independent in Greece? so with a knapsack on my back, I jumped into an Athenian chariot and was soon shaken down to the Piræus. My appearance on the quay was a signal for a general attack upon me from all the Capitans of caiques in the harbour, and my choice fell upon a merry looking Hydriote, who was to sail for Calamachi the

same evening. At ten, I went on board, and found the other passengers seated on the deck, occupied in the laudable pursuits of smoking and eating. I took my place amongst them, and proceeded to examine our craft; she was about eight tons burthen, very roughly put together, the transverse beams which supported the deck being merely finished with the adze, and the bark in some places was still adhering to the wood. She was rigged, like all boats of her class in Greece, with a foresail, sprit-mainsail, and lateen mizen, the mainsail very long in proportion to its height. My next neighbour, a native of Pyrgos, was on his way home; a few words of Italian that he spoke, enabled me to keep up a little conversation with him, the burthen of which was, that every thing at Pyrgos was half the price it was at Athens. Supper over, we all laid down in our capotes, and about two hours after, the moon having risen, Rufo set sail, and the caique was soon dancing away for the mouth of the harbour. This we might easily have missed, for the lamps on each pier gave no more light than a French veilleuse. Though so calm in the harbour of the

Piræus, we found it blowing half a gale outside, and when off Salamis, the wind increased so much, that we were obliged to take in our foresail and close reef the sprit. The caique behaved nobly, but the sea now made a clean breach over her and drove me into the *hole* below; there in darkness and amongst the baggage, I gave myself up to all the horrors of sea sickness. I lay in this humiliating position till the next morning, when we came to an anchor off a small island near Egina. The hatch was now for the first time drawn aside, and by the kind assistance of my Pyrgote friend of the over night, I was dragged from below in a state to move any one's compassion. I was soon "comblé" with the attentions of Rufo and my fellow passengers; one brought me water, another coffee, a third took my cloak and spread it in the sun; and the island being covered with wild flowers they revived me not a little by their fragrance. Another night was passed quietly on board, and as the day broke we entered the calm and sequestered little bay of Cenchrœ. Every one crossed himself devoutly before landing, and our passports having been inspected, I took out

a towel and commenced my ablutions; these were highly necessary after two nights on board the caique: I was not a little amused by those of my companions, who without undoing their neckcloths, just dipped two of their fingers in the basin, spat once, coughed twice, shook themselves, and drawing their fingers through their moustaches, the work of the toilette was complete. While my Pyrgote friend arranged about the horses, I discussed a cup of tea in the miserable khan, near the beach. The quadrupeds soon made their appearance, with bells round their necks and frames of wood for saddles; our capotes made the latter more comfortable, and having stuck my feet into ropes attached to the frame for stirrups, we were soon "en route" for Corinth. Our road lay through a ravine, the sides of which were covered with shrubs, and its bed sometimes with patches of corn: we followed this ravine for at least two miles; it appeared to have been formed by some large body of water, and might originally have joined the two seas. The air was delightfully fresh and elastic, and the Acropolis of Corinth stood out in bold relief,

towering above the plain in our front. Corinth looks desolate and wretched, the greater part of the houses remain unroofed as they were left by the Turks. A letter kindly given me by Sir R. Church to the Commandant procured me every attention. Unable to accompany me to the Acropolis, in consequence of a severe fall from his horse, he was good enough to send his Albanian with me. I found the few troops in the fort in the costume of that country. Hitherto, I had only seen them in the European uniform, which sits awkwardly on men who have been brought up from infancy to wear their clothes wide and loose. The taking away the fustaniella from the Greek soldier has completely denationalized him. The defences of the Acropolis are in a very neglected state, and the hill, from which the place could easily be shelled, is but slightly fortified. There are a great number of wells of excellent water on the very summit of the rock, and many Turkish tombs. The view from hence is the finest in Greece, perhaps in the world. Looking towards the snowy summits of the Roumelian mountains, I had the Gulf of Lepanto on my left, and the

Saronic on my right, the latter studded with islands. The atmosphere was clear as crystal. and Egina distinct to the naked eye. With my telescope I could plainly see Athens and the Sunium Promontory; the lovely little Bay of Cenchrœ appeared within a stone's throw of me, and the plain of Corinth one mass of waving corn, varying in colour according to its ripeness, lay at my feet. There are some very large brown snakes in the fort, one of which I saw in my stroll round the ramparts. Descending from the Acro, I paid my respects to Colonel L.'s luncheon; my host informed me that meat was a luxury almost unknown at Corinth, and he lived almost entirely on eggs and fish. I was supplied with horses, for continuing my journey, by a man who has the reputation of being the murderer of the Purser of the Portland, described by Mr. Burgess as "a villanous Cephaloniote;" if there be any truth in Lavater, the reverend gentleman is right; but perhaps his face belies him. Before taking my departure, Colonel L. was kind enough to give me a billet on the Demarch, Nomarch, or some other arch of the village I might sleep at; and

with many thanks for his kindness, I took the road to Nemea, accompanied by one of the "villanous Cephaloniote's" men, mounted on another horse. We passed the remains of the Doric temple on our way out of the town; the columns are monoliths and the architecture very heavy. The road lay for miles through watercourses and ravines, the beds of which were covered by masses of the oleander. There was some good pasture in the valleys, and occasionally large herds of cattle grazing: but generally speaking, the country between Corinth and Nemea was uncultivated and uninhabited. When near the ruins of the ancient Cleonæ, we turned off the main road and took a sheep path into the hills. It was very soon lost in brushwood, and a rocky surface of upright stones that projected several inches above the ground; the horses had great difficulty in finding any footing, but they kept their legs amazingly well, and my guide enlivened the dreariness of the way, by singing a Greek song at the top of his voice which the mountain echoes threw back without flattery.

Night was approaching, when, after the fiftieth

inquiry for Nemea, we turned a hill, and following a path which led us through a thickly wooded and very narrow ravine, came at length in sight of the valley, like that of Rasselas, completely enclosed by mountains. The shades of evening, already set in upon the plain above, had here deepened into night; and as we descended, I could but just distinguish the columns of the temple of Jupiter, which looked like giant spectres keeping watch over the mouldering and scattered ruins of the ancient city. The applauding shout of thousands, that once awakened the echoes of these hills, when the victor received his laurel crown, were now exchanged for the more quiet and pastoral sounds of the shepherd calling to his flock, as they made their way to their enclosures on the opposite side of the valley to that by which we had entered. Ascending by a path near the ruins, we were soon in the pass of Dhervene, through which our route lay. My guide here turned his horse a little off the road, and gave a shrill whistle; the signal was immediately answered, and a man made his appearance on a mound near the road side; some conversation

ensued between them, when my attendant made signs for me to accompany him across the hill; his master's reputation, however, and that of the pass, was too bad not to create some misgivings, so, spurring my horse before him, to make my rear secure, I awaited the issue of a renewed conference between them. It was soon brought to a close, for two of the patrole stationed at certain distances along the valley, came up, and the guide immediately rejoined me, and we resumed our journey. The frogs gave us an excellent concert, continuing, without interruption, for miles. It was midnight before we reached the khan of Karabat, which lay at some little distance from the village; but it looked so uninviting, that I determined to make use of Colonel Latris's order. We had some little difficulty in finding the Demarch. He and his four sons were stretched on their capotes, outside the door of his house, and so dead asleep, that we had some trouble to awake him. The dogs, however, assisted us, by their incessant yells, and the chief magistrate at length arose. Having cast a glance at my credentials, he immediately ordered his wife to sweep a corner

of the hut for me; a mat was spread, and throwing myself upon it, I pulled out my pencil, and, cackling like a hen, drew an egg. My sketch was successful; for the old lady went to a basket, and brought me four real ones, fresh laid, and they were soon roasting in the wood ashes. The hut, too air-tight to be very pleasant, was tenanted by all the females of the family, who, six in number, and rolled up like mummies, were ranged along the wall in front of me. I watched them as I dispatched my eggs, and not one gave the smallest sign of being awake; but I had scarcely laid down, which I was right glad to do, after having been twelve hours in a Turkish saddle, and ascended the Acro Corinthus on foot, when I observed them, one by one, remove the covering from their heads, and, raising themselves cautiously on their elbows, take a good *female* look at me.

I was again on my legs at half-past three; but the maids of Karabat had fled, and left *my* curiosity ungratified. Having remunerated the Demarch, who made a desperate attack upon my purse, with a few Greek coins of no value, I once more bestrode my Corinthian hack, cantering up the hill

towards Mycenæ, with all the elasticity of feeling which a bright morning and bracing air generally produce. A quarter of an hour's ride brought me to the Gate of Lions, disfigured as much by tourists' names as by time. The little I had to spare did not permit my remaining here as long as I could have wished, though I had quite enough to gratify my curiosity, in such a scene of desolation. The tombs are splendid specimens of early masonry. Descending to the village, I crossed the plain to Argos, in less than two hours, and hurried to the Theatre, the only antiquity in the place. The position of it is very fine, looking, as it does, towards the sea. There are seventy rows of seats, cut out of the solid rock. The audience could never have been wearied with their drop scene, for a more beautiful view can scarcely be imagined, than that of the bay of Nauplia, from hence. I reached that town by noon, having taken a good look at the Cyclopean walls of Tiryns as we passed; they are even more extraordinary than those of Mycenæ. The courtesy of Colonel Vracopolo, an amiable and well-informed Roumeliote, to whom I had a letter, enabled me to

visit the interior of the fort of Palamedes. Precipitous on three sides, the fourth slopes towards the hills; but the ground is so rocky, that intrenching tools would be useless. There are three lines of defence on this side, with very deep ditches, cut out of the solid rock, properly defended; and nothing but treachery or starvation is likely to put an enemy in possession of it.

On our return to the town, the Albanian took me round by the church, and showed me the exact spot on which Mavromichali assassinated Capo d'Istrias: the mark of the ball is still to be seen on the wall.

I did ample justice to the hospitality of our Consul, Mr. Green, who kindly invited me to dinner, where I met a Monsieur Robert, a very voluble and amusing Frenchman. I was very loth to leave such entertaining companions, and some excellent Burgundy; but the fear of being too late for the steamer, which was to leave Athens on Saturday—and it was now Thursday,—operated more powerfully upon me than the hospitable arguments of my host, and thanking him for his courteous and kind welcome, I obtained fresh

horses, and started for Epidaurus. My companion was much more active in his saddle than the last, and we reached the khan at Ligurio by nine. I remained just long enough to leave an old travelling companion behind me, on the table, in the shape of a silver tea-spoon I had taken out of my pocket to mix some negus with. In two hours and a half more, we arrived at Epidaurus. I much regretted the necessity which compelled me to make this part of my tour in the dark, for I missed the Theatre of Tero, one of the most perfect in Greece, and lost the scenery, which must be very fine. The path and valley were sometimes completely blocked up by the myrtle, the ilex, and arbutus, joined together by a profusion of creepers, amongst them the clematis, which quite perfumed the air.

On one occasion, we completely lost our road, and after wandering from one side of the valley to the other, without perceiving any outlet through the thick foliage that barred our progress, we were obliged to lay our bridles on the horses' necks, and leave them to find the path; this they soon did in a very sagacious manner. The caiques

that ply between Epidaurus and the Piræus had left before I arrived, and the only boat in the harbour was a fishing coble, scarcely water-tight, and but fourteen feet long. The morning was so calm that I thought it likely we should have to pull over. The wind rose, however, when off Egina, and in my attempts to reach the bay, under the temple of Minerva, (I give the preference to the lady, for others say it is of Jupiter,) we were several times very nearly swamped. I bore up therefore for the Piræus, but long before we were in mid-channel, it had set in a strong gale, and the coble being built of heavy wood and badly constructed, she shipped every third sea; the old boatman lost all his nerve, and had it not been for his son, a boy of fourteen years of age, who took the tiller, nothing could have saved us; as it was, we were obliged to keep continually baling. I longed for Rufo and his boat, and was never much more pleased than when we got within the harbour of the Piræus. Having changed my wet clothes I was soon at Athens.

I had barely time for leave-taking the next

morning: and here I must not forget to mention the kindness and hospitality of Sir E. Lyons, so proverbial, that the hotel-keepers have, in spite, given him the "sobriquet" of the "English Restaurateur." I also met with great attention from Sir R. Church, at whose house I had the pleasure of meeting the gallant Macriani and other Greek officers who had served with distinction in the war of the Revolution.

CHAPTER IV.

H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge—Constantinople—The city by moonlight—The Hummums of Stamboul—A party at the Sweet Waters—Evening on the Bosphorus—Leave Constantinople—Odessa steamers—A female diplomate—Serpents' island.

Those who wish to see Greece in quiet had better go directly. The country is not yet overrun with gentlemen in Holland blouses and green goggles; the Parthenon is not yet infested with ciceroni, but the time perhaps is not far distant when the chimney of a spinning-jenny will grace the olive grove of the Academy, and the traveller be steamed up from the Piræus to the capital. Could Themistocles rise from his tomb, and see the Archduke paddling into the harbour, would not he be astonished!!

On leaving Athens we had the honour of finding ourselves the travelling companions of His

Royal Highness Prince George of Cambridge, who was proceeding to Constantinople by the same steamer, and who, with the amiable feeling inherent in his illustrious family, contributed greatly to the pleasure of our voyage. After our arrival there, his continued kindness enabled us to visit the mosques, a gratification we should have lost altogether but for his courtesy.

How rarely we see a place which does not fall far short of the representations we have had of it either by pen or pencil! This was not the case at Constantinople; there are beauties yet unnoticed, to furnish themes for a whole regiment of poets, though they were as good as Byron or Sam Rogers.

The sunsets here are not so fine as those of Greece, but moonlight over the "city of the Sultan" is indeed beautiful, and to enjoy it perfectly, I frequently retired to my divan, which commanded a view of the Golden Horn, and with my pipe and sherbet by my side, remained there watching for her beams. As the night advanced, the numerous lights of the city gradually disappeared, the hum of voices died away,

the breeze of evening was hushed, and the Horn, which during the day had been covered with boats engaged in all the noise and tumult of traffic, now lay in hazy obscurity beneath me. The pale light in the horizon soon ushered in the "bark of pearl in that cloudless sky," the shadows became more evident, the golden crescents of the Suliamani mosque, and Seraskier's tower, then appeared, the slender minarets followed, and at last the whole city and the Horn were lighted up in colours more chaste, although less splendid, than those of sunset. I felt that this was the hour to enjoy the City of the Plague, and I thought my opinion was confirmed by the numerous caiques which stole swiftly, though noiselessly, across the moonbeams, returning to Stamboul from the sweet waters at the extremity of the Horn. If it were possible for anything to increase the beauty and interest of this scene, it was so increased by the planet Venus being in conjunction with the moon, exhibiting the emblem of the Moslem's empire over his own capital. This divan was my bed, but the sleep that succeeded my contemplations was far more generally inter-

rupted by the loud and continued yells of the mongrel curs of Pera, than by dreams of Mahomet's Houris.

The costume, manners, and religion of Turkey may soon pass away, but the natural beauties of Constantinople will always repay the traveller for his visit. The Turkish bath was a great source of amusement during my stay, and when not too frequently indulged in, is, I should think, healthy. The principal Hummums in Stamboul are situated in the pipe bazaar, the entrance being on the right going up the street; but there is nothing to indicate the approach to so large an establishment. The undressing-room, about twenty paces square, was lighted by an open lantern in the dome above; a fountain played in the centre, and fresco arabesques (though indifferently executed) gave an air of finish to the apartment. A platform elevated about three feet from the ground and built round the walls, was covered by loungers and divans. Though at the early hour of six in the morning, the place was full of bathers, and I soon found myself sitting next to a sedate-looking Turk on the platform before mentioned. It was

tenanted by many others, some, like myself, preparing for the operation; others, wrapped in hot linen,—that on their heads being elegantly arranged like a turban,—were enjoying the greatest luxury of the bath, the pipe and sherbet after it. My inability to converse I found decidedly unpleasant; however, I was soon undressed, and having thrown a cotton towel round my loins, and placed my feet in a pair of wooden pattens, not particularly comfortable, I hobbled through a small passage which led me into the murky atmosphere of the *tepidarium*. Here I saw one of the assistants rubbing down an old and bearded descendant of the prophet, with a head like that of Michael Angelo's Moses, and so motionless, that he might have been the very statue itself. No jockey ever strapped a hunter with such force; it was *a repeal of the union* between the skin and flesh, for every stroke of the hair glove brought away a considerable portion of the former; to me this appeared a *violent measure*, but he submitted very quietly, and I entered the *caldarium* a little more reconciled to my fate. There was nothing particularly remarkable in the room

I had left, but the one I was now in struck me greatly; it was circular, and about twenty-five paces in diameter, dimly lighted by perforations in the dome above; under this was a stone platform, inclining from the centre downwards, which, as well as the pavement generally, was intersected by pieces of coloured marbles, evidently of great antiquity. On this platform the bathers, as they entered, laid down, placing a towel under their heads. Certainly there was nothing very luxurious in this couch; on it, however, they underwent the process of shampooing, a ceremony I dispensed with, having tried it many years before in India; it consists in squeezing every muscle of the body, and making every joint crack. A barber, whose assistance I required, now made his appearance, and such was the excessive perspiration, that he relieved me of my beard without the aid of soap, in a very expeditious and agreeable manner. The operation over, he and my attendant disappeared, and I was left to my own observations: these were pleasant enough, for every one appeared to be enjoying himself, and as the laugh and more subdued song were re-echoed

from the lofty dome, all apprehensions regarding the hair glove vanished. But my meditations were interrupted by one of the bathers, evidently of the old school, untouched by Mahmoud's reforms, and an enemy to the Fez. The skin I was about to shed had betrayed me, for it was plain, by the old fellow's manner and the loud tones of his voice, he had found out that I was a Giaour, and, according to his opinion, had no business in the bath; but no one appeared to side with him, and my attendant entering on the instant, the old fellow retired muttering mashallahs, inshallahs, and other "ha, has" between his teeth.

I was now stuck up against the wall, in a recess which contained a stone basin, receiving both hot and cold water, and the assistant, aided in his operations by the hair glove, began to remove two or three layers of what a Turk considers superfluous skin, but which I, having worn it for some thirty years, looked upon in no such light; the fellow, however, effected this excoriating process in so very humane a manner, that the most strenuous supporter of Martin's act might have stood by without the slightest annoyance to his feelings.

During each pause of the glove, I was drenched with very hot water, and when it was finally laid down, I thought I was a pretty good example of a modern Marsyas. The repeated sousings which followed, got the steam up on me to such a height, that I felt it was a case of high pressure, and rushing into the adjoining room, as to a safety valve, I threw myself down on the ground, gasping like a fish out of water. The change in the temperature soon relieved me, for though this room felt oppressive as I passed through it on my way to the one I had just left, it now felt equally cold. But the operation was not yet over, for my scrubber soon re-appeared with a pewter basin full of lather, which he laid over my person with a piece of hemp, very much like a ship's swab on a small scale; the effect was delightful after the glove, and removed all irritation. Another drenching followed, and having thus been flayed, parboiled, and steamed, half-drowned and half-suffocated, I put on dry things and retreated to a lounger in the undressing room as quickly as my pattens would allow me. Here my hot linen was again changed, and my head wrapped in

cloths, arranged, no doubt, in a turban like those already alluded to; I was then furnished with a chibouque, and I sunk back in my fauteuil thinking what Pipes would have given for such a bath for the gipsy. The expense of all this was seven piastres, about eighteen pence, including coffee and lemonade, both exquisite, the latter being iced. In fact, it was only when sipping them, and smoking the sultana, that I found myself in a position to be called luxurious, and I left the hummums, though rather sore, much gratified with my visit. The Turks only pay one piastre and a half, but, the pipe excepted, without refreshment.

The day before our departure for Odessa, we accepted an invitation from Mr. Cartwright, the Consul General, to dine at the Sweet Waters, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. This delightful spot is situated a little beyond the castles, and is a place of public resort for both Turks and Christians, who come here to smoke their chibouques, and sip their sherbet under the immense trees which grow about the mosque. The party had been made for His Royal Highness Prince George.

Every thing that good taste could suggest was displayed on the occasion; indeed, the hospitality and good nature of our host is "renommée," and no one visits Constantinople, with the smallest claim on his acquaintance, who is not requested to partake of it. The table groaned with every luxury; the champagne flowed as freely as the Bosphorus, and though in the open air, with crowds of Turks on every side, we were not the least annoyed by their presence; in nearly every other country we should most certainly have been gaped at and incommoded. We all left this novel and festive scene highly delighted with our entertainer; the evening was delicious, and the Bosphorus covered with caiques; the Greek boatmen in their figured muslin vests gave way with a will, and ours flew like a bird under their steady and vigorous strokes. Myriads of fire-flies lighted us on our way, and the effects of the sparkling grape, with the bright eyes which occasionally darted on us from a passing caique, completed a picture which the imagination could scarcely have painted. Time here passed rapidly, and the day of our departure was not one of pleasure. No

wonder Russia is anxious to get possession of it, but it is to be hoped she will never succeed.*

We left our moorings on the 18th of June, and with the Duke in our hearts and thoughts, started against a northerly wind up the Bosphorus. As long as we remained in this lovely channel, I did not regret our slow pace, for something new and interesting started up every instant. When off Therapia, M. Boutenieff, the Russian ambassador, left the vessel; and, proceeding on our voyage, we were soon out of the straits, and in the Black Sea. The infamous sailing qualities of the steamer became every moment more evident; for, though it only blew a mere cat's-paw, yet, being a-head, we did not make three miles an hour: and on one occasion, when the log was thrown, we found ourselves only going one and a half. The fares by these

* Let the errors of the Turkish rule be what they may, the withering despotism of the military system of Russia is infinitely more debasing. In Constantinople, there are at least no passports, cartes de séjour, censors, secret police, and all the other means employed by her said to be more civilized neighbour in carrying on the executive of her government. A foreigner's individual liberty is as much respected as it is in England.

boats are high; being twenty Spanish dollars for cabin passengers, and thirty for a carriage; servants, half-price: no reduction is made for families, or persons having their carriages, whereas, in the French and Austrian steamers, the abatement for a family of three is one fifth, and for six, one fourth. Our boat was small, with engines of only 40-horse power, and badly constructed; the fares, and high price of freight, the large cargoes, and the low price of coals, with the heavy weather they have to contend against, are ample reasons for their being of a very different description. The captain, an Englishman, (for Russia cannot do without us), gave me a terrific description of the weather here in the winter, and said, that on one or two occasions, he had been seventeen days at sea, and after all obliged to return. These boats are the property of the Russian Government, and the Odessa merchants; and are detained for despatches by the former, whenever it suits.* The accommodation was wretched; the eatables uneat-

* This vessel, the *Neva*, was lost in the following year, 1840, on the coast of Turkey; and, with the exception of six persons, every soul on board perished.

able, and the deck covered with coal. Our annoyances were not a little increased by a *Pereot*[e] *Greek*, the wife of an *attaché* of the Russian embassy at Constantinople, who stowed herself away with three children and two nurses, in our cabin, instead of the one appropriated for the ladies. Her cries for the steward, his mate, her servants, and her husband, in the tender accents of "mon cher," (who remained mute, being in a comatose state, in his berth,) were followed up by supplications to every saint in her calendar, relieved, at intervals of a minute, by the screams of her sick children, who were alternately stuffed with fruit and cakes by the servants, in their endeavours to pacify them. A fair wind, which laid us on an even keel, and caused a cessation of this concert, must have been granted by Neptune for the purpose of ridding himself and us of it. But this female diplomate had no sooner recovered herself and gained the deck, than she made herself equally disagreeable by her impertinent curiosity, evinced in a sort of catechism, respecting my age, profession, property, marriage, &c., &c., and, lastly, what was my reason for visiting Russia? This lady's curiosity beat

the Yankees' "tarnation hollow," and gave me many misgivings as to the character of the society we were about to enter. Serpent's Island was passed in the afternoon of the second day; this, the Leuce of the ancients, was once celebrated for a temple dedicated to Achilles.*

* In the excavations made for the foundations of a lighthouse, during my stay at Odessa, several Greek inscriptions were discovered, said to be relating to its history; but as they were detained on the island, I had no opportunity of seeing them.

CHAPTER V.

Arrival at Odessa—Deck passengers—Russian decency—Spoglia—Quarantine—Marshal Marmont—Exeunt omnes—Dr. Bulard—Plague—Lord Byron—Hogarth realized—A Russian hotel—Polish prudence—An arrival.

We entered the harbour of Odessa about three o'clock, A.M., on the morning of the 21st, and warped in amongst a crowd of shipping, for the most part English, which was manifested by the expressions of "bear a hand," "aye, aye, Sir!" "avast, there!" "take a turn," &c. The Mole, built on piles, is a fine work; the trifling necessity, however, for a lighthouse, has been quite overlooked. Close to the shore, and along the quays, are the warehouses of the quarantine; the Health Office and "parlatoire" being in the centre. The passengers landed about seven, and were walked off to a small room in the office, ill adapted for the reception of forty-eight passen-

gers, the captain, and a crew of eighteen besides. Forty of the former were composed of Russians, Jews, Tartars, Greeks, Sclavonians, and Levanters of all descriptions, evidently living in a deplorable state of ignorance as to the value of soap and water; and the effluvia arising from the close contact of so many dirty people in a badly ventilated room, was enough to produce the very disease which the authorities were taking such pains to prevent us from introducing. The filth of these people, particularly of the three former nations, was dreadful: I frequently saw them sporting over their own preserves, with a success which quite made one creep. The Tartars were returning from a pilgrimage which they had made to Mecca; and though Mohammedans, did any thing but observe the ablutions recommended by their religion; but they unceasingly prostrated themselves in the direction of the Caaba. The examination of our passports occupied three quarters of an hour, the captain having first taken an oath that he knew of no case of plague on board his vessel. When my turn arrived to have my name called, the man in office questioned me with little

courtesy, and commenced his inquisitorial commands with, "Pray, Sir, what do you, a British officer, want in Russia?" "Sir, as you are an Englishman, why have you a Dutch passport?" and other agreeable and intellectual questions. The room, at last, became so offensive, that I was obliged to leave before the ceremony was over. The chief official of this den was a captain in the navy, rather a notorious character, and affected to be descended from his namesake, the great Potemkin. His celebrity, I understood, was owing to his having given underhand information against some of his brother officers concerned in a disturbance at Sevastopol, which place, if report be true, he is not likely to revisit in a hurry. His peculations, also, were said to be pretty extensive.

The crew performed their spoglia at the Health Office, and were stripped altogether! The passengers, reserved for a later exhibition, were ordered off to the Lazaret, on the summit of the hill, preceded by an old pensioner, with a piratical flag; the rear being closed by another with a similar one. The room in which the male portion of the party performed, was damp, and

furnished only with a table and a few wooden benches. I was one of the last called, and on entering the apartment, found, to my great surprise, not only the Doctor, but the Director of the establishment, his clerk, and several soldiers. I ventured to object to this public display of my person, but was informed that such was the regulation, and the Director, (the only person who could speak any language but Russian,) being a Greek, and of the Lower Empire, I knew there was no hope. I therefore submitted, and having delivered over my watch, money, pencil-case, and every other article about me, had the satisfaction of seeing them (with the exception of the former) placed in a solution of chloride of lime. I then *peeled*, and awaited the son of Galen's decision. His order first to elevate one arm, and then the other, led me to suppose the good man was going to put me through the "extension motions;" but I found it was only to observe whether I had that infallible indication of plague, swellings under the arms: during the whole of this time, my feet were kept cool and comfortable in a pool of the solution, which had fallen from the

table. Having passed muster, the few articles of clothing I had received from the town were hurried on, and as it rained in torrents, I remained in the adjoining room. My meditations on the ceremony I had just passed through were interrupted by the entrance of a naked Tartar, of hideous aspect; his deformed person was covered with burns and scars, and his whole appearance more like Quasimodo's, than any being, real or imaginary, I ever heard or read of. I immediately recognized him as one of the passengers I had observed *hunting* on the deck; and this circumstance, coupled with the certainty of his being accompanied by forty Tartars, Jews, and Russians, all, more or less, as hideous, and dirty as himself, gave me the wings of Mercury, and in spite of the storm which raged without, and my thin slippers, I met it as unconcerned as Lear. Before doing so, I had time to observe that even this uncivilized being had a greater sense of modesty than the official persons who conducted the spoglia; for, finding some one in the room when he entered, he rushed into a corner, and huddled himself up in it, evidently distressed at his situation. The rooms first assigned to us were simi-

lar to those I had left, and the Director informed me that the other passengers being Russian subjects, and *employés* of the Government, they must of course have the first choice. Seeing, therefore, there was no hope of accommodation from him, and learning that a lady who had six rooms, only occupied four, I made a fight for the other two, and obtained them at the rate of fifty-four roubles for the fortnight.

The quarters we were now in formed a part of the house which Lord Durham occupied when on his way to St. Petersburgh; they looked on a dead wall six feet from the windows, which were covered by a strong iron wire net work, and the outer walls had doors at intervals which corresponded with those of each apartment. Through the gratings of these doors we gave our orders for dinner to the traiteur, or conversed with those persons who came to see us. We were completely imprisoned in our rooms on this side, as we could not even cross the space between our windows and the walls. In the front of the house was a small court enclosed on each side by another high wall, having a double row of open palisades in front, so

that we were equally close prisoners here. The court was ornamented by a few acacias, under which we used to sit of an evening, watching the vessels, many of them English, either entering or leaving the harbour, and thus beguile a few hours of these weary days. From here, we also saw the new arrivals enter this purgatory.

Our annoyances were not a few; the first being a delay in receiving our luggage. By the regulations of the establishment, our trunks should have been returned in twenty-hours, but sixty-three elapsed before we received a single article. This was explained by their having fumigated all the other baggage before ours. Even the servants had received theirs, and I referred to Marshal Marmont's work, and admired with him, the good, just, and equal manner in which the executive of this establishment was carried on. Remonstrance was impossible, for we saw no one but our guards, two good-natured stupid fellows covered with orders, who only understood Russ, and who did nothing but bring in our dinners, light the somovar, drink as much votka as they could get, and keep us locked up. But our principal misery

was the impossibility of getting rest, for bugs infested the furniture. I went from the bedstead to each article—sofa, tables, and chairs in succession, until I reached the floor, but they swarmed everywhere, and each night "did murder sleep." I caught one hundred and eighty during my stay, all of them evidently in good case, and I had again to refer to Marshal Marmont's work, and admire with him the extreme *cleanliness* of the establishment.

The house for fumigating the luggage was a short distance from us. The room in which this takes place is large enough to contain a portion of each person's, but the system was bad, the number of men employed insufficient, and a want of activity was evinced in the late hours that were kept, for no one was stirring before 10 o'clock; when the director was seen, a rare occurrence, he appeared to flit by us like a jack o' lantern. The men employed in the fumigation department were dressed in suits of coarse leather, and gloves of the same. Their dexterity in opening trunks and finding out secret drawers was quite amusing. The Bramah locks opened as if by magic; and Mr. Chubb would here have lost his premium.

Such was the severity of the search, and the extent to which it was carried, that hair in rings, brooches, and lockets, was taken out, and the linings of dressing cases, as well as the carriage cushions ripped open. Every article of metal as well as silk that was submitted to the action of the chloride was injured, and several of my antique lamps in terra cotta were broken. The traiteur, an old Italian, was the only decent fellow about the place, and supplied us with linen and bedding, for the rooms were entirely without either: his wines were very fair and charges moderate. The revenues of the establishment must be great, for even the situation of restaurateur is farmed, and besides the charge for the rooms, there was one rouble a day to pay for the *guardiani*. Six months' rent at the rate we paid for our two rooms would have built the house.

The day of our release, the fourteenth of our imprisonment, at length arrived; and after cutting a few capers, and striking ourselves under the arms to assure the doctor we were "sound wind and limb," he took his leave. A Lutheran priest then made his appearance, and made us take an

oath that we had concealed nothing; the Bible nd cross were placed within a grille of iron wire, and this at the moment we had been declared fit to be let loose upon society

I never saw a door open with such satisfaction as ours. Quarantine, a disagreeable thing at all times, was rendered perfectly disgusting by the manner in which the spoglia was conducted, the vermin, and the disobliging conduct of the director, who was a regular "vaurien." Count Woronzoff was absent, and the disorder which reigned everywhere was in some measure accounted for.*

* On his return, I went over the establishment with Lord F. The head of the department, Prince G., accompanied us, and every thing having been thoroughly put in order for the Count's inspection, it had quite a different aspect. Before I left Odessa, there was some talk about changing the system of quarantine, and Dr. Bulard, famous for his experiments on plague, was engaged by the Russian government to direct the proposed measures. The disinfecting agent employed by this gentleman is heat. His long experience in the hospitals of Cairo, Alexandria, Smyrna, and Constantinople, gives great weight to his opinions; and should the result of the inquiries and investigations he is about to establish be equal to his expectations, commerce will be greatly benefited by it. His great object, however, is to induce the Russian government to call the attention of every country in Europe to the subject;

An acquaintance cleared our things at the Custom-house; his rank of General acted like magic. The only articles retained, for we had nothing but our personal baggage with us, were some books. These were returned a few days after, with the exception of Byron's Works, and a "History of the miraculous arrival of the Santa Casa at Loretto," which were forwarded to St. Petersburgh. The Byron was sent to me after I left the country; the latter I never recovered. This author's Works are prohibited in Russia, not from any disinclination to read the amours of Don Juan, for books of the most licentious cha-

and by forming a committee of medical men from each, and giving them every means of arriving at some definite conclusion on the point, by instituting a series of experiments in some places where the plague is prevalent, to render a lasting benefit to the human race. The indefatigable zeal displayed by Dr. Bulard, and the devoted manner in which he perilled his life to attain a knowledge of his subject, by inoculating himself with the plague virus, and actually living with and nursing the sufferers in the hospitals, entitle him to the highest rank amongst the philanthropists of this or any other age. But in Russia, intrigue is so rife amongst those who have the power to further his noble purpose, that it is much to be feared he will not be able to overcome the obstructions which have already been thrown in his way.

racter are allowed to pass by the censor without difficulty; but because of the noble poet's censure of the empress in the lines commencing,

> "And Catherine, who loved all things save her lord."
> *Canto IX., Don Juan.*

The entrance to the town was exceedingly busy, the road to the port being crowded with bullock carts, filled with grain, on their way to the shipping; when trade is brisk and the exports considerable, a line of them four deep frequently extends from Catherine Street to the quay, a distance of two versts. Each train of carts was headed by a broker, and the row that ensued at the bottom of the hill, near the custom-house, when a stoppage took place, was tremendous. Every curse, in nearly every language under the sun, was put in request, and with the roars of the bullocks, the creaking, nay almost screeching of the wheels, and concussion of the carts, formed a strange species of harmony; Hogarth, had he heard them, would have had a fine addition to the catalogue of vile sounds with which he treated his enraged musician. Droskies were hurrying to and fro at a racing pace, and every one appeared

to be taking time by the forelock, the commercial business of the quarantine terminating at an early hour. The road to the great square was abominably bad, fit only for persons with torpid livers; when the pavement was laid down, it might have been good, but now it was no better than that of Pera or Stamboul. Rooms had been taken for us at the Hotel de la Nouvelle Russie, and the person to whose hospitality and kindness we had been recommended by our Russian acquaintance at Rome, thinking perhaps to pay us a compliment and keep up his own importance, ordered them for a "Milord Anglais," an honour for which we paid dearly the next morning. When shown to our beds, we found they had no sheets on them, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we obtained one for each bed, the "fille de chambre," a *man*, insisting that one was a pair; but this discomfort was of little consequence, for we found that the enemy had already taken possession. The rooms were about six feet across, and devoid of all appliances to cleanliness and comfort, and the attendance, as well as the "cuisine," was infamous. Disgusted

with the house, and every one, and every thing in it, I sallied forth in the morning to forage for myself, and found better apartments, more cleanly and reasonable, at the Hotel of St. Petersburg, which had also the advantage of being on the Boulevard, facing the sea. Here we settled ourselves for three months, and one or two squabbles excepted, got on pretty well with our landlord; he was a Greek, but fortunately spoke both French and Italian. Our great difficulty was to make him keep our beds free from intruders on our rest: this he angrily and contemptuously called "*caprizj Inglesi.*" Here, as at the Nouvelle Russie, we found there was no regular attendance, every one being expected to bring his own servants and linen. Though imposing on the outside, these caravanserais are generally wretched and dirty within; they are merely large lodging houses, divided into sets of apartments, to many of which a small kitchen is attached. Not an atom of carpet or matting is to be seen, and the only furniture, bedsteads, chairs, and tables, are of a very inferior description. We did not become in any degree comfortable, until we had purchased linen, and

hired a German servant who spoke Russian. The galleries which run at the back of the apartments of each floor, and from which they are entered, were generally crowded with dirty unshaved domestics in their shirts or sheep skins, according to the season, occasionally employed in lighting that useful article a somovar, but more often seated on the floor playing with cards as dirty as themselves: as they usually sleep on the floor of the anti-room with the door closed, the odours in the morning are not very agreeable.* The traiteur of the hotel is totally unconnected with the landlord, and those persons who are provided with their own cook and kitchen utensils seldom have recourse to him. We regretted that we had not ours, as the cookery was a villanous compound of that of every Euro-

* As the somovar is alluded to more than once, it may be as well to explain, that it is a very useful and convenient tea urn, heated by a small charcoal fire at the bottom of a cylinder, in which, in an English one, the heater would be placed. The only care required in using it, is to have the charcoal burnt thoroughly clear before it is brought into the room, and of course never to allow the fire to remain burning after the water is consumed.

pean nation. It will be seen from this, that Russian hotels, of which those in Odessa are fair specimens, are on a very different footing from those of other countries; and in fact are suited only to the inhabitants, or those conversant with Russian customs and manners: to the civilized world, they must be an abomination. Our hotel was full of Poles, come to sell their corn; many of them gamble away the money they receive, and though they enter the town in a carriage and eight, return to their estates in Podolia in a telega and pair.*

Ladies, also proprietors, come here to sell their corn, and return to their chateaus, laden with millinery of the last Parisian fashion, from the shops of Madame Guérin and an Italian Signora her rival. In order to secure their purchases from seizure by the custom house officers, (at the barrier,) they display them for a few evenings on the Boulevard. A great number of Russians come here for sea bathing, and a fresh arrival at our hotel always afforded us plenty of amusement. The porter's bell was the signal for a

* A common Post-cart.

general rush to the gallery that overlooked the court. The ponderous vehicle of the new comers had scarcely entered the "porte cochère," before it was surrounded by the landlord and his satellites; the Jew commissionaire in his long black caftan, hessian boots, and skull cup, being the most conspicuous figure of the party. Judging by the number of ropes on the springs, wheels, and pole, the carriage had broken down at least a dozen times on the road. It was generally crowded inside and out, the box being occupied by a serf, doing duty as a John, who though more often in a blue cotton caftan and low hat, was frequently in a striped shirt without one, and his face so covered with dust, perspiration, and long hair, that it was difficult to distinguish any of his features. On the footboard sat the golden-haired Phaeton with four in hand and all abreast, his seat being rendered somewhat more secure by the legs of his companion, which were spread out behind him on each side like an inverted V. The leaders ridden by an urchin on the off side, had traces so admirably contrived in point of length that they gave them every opportunity of turning

round to talk to the wheelers, not an unfrequent occurrence. But the turn-out of the interior was infinitely more amusing; sometimes the gentleman made his appearance in a sky blue surtout, with fur trimmings, cossack trowsers, yellow or red morocco slippers, a travelling cap embroidered with gold or silver, and his breast covered with orders. He was often followed by two or three ladies in dressing gowns, children in night caps, the nurse and a pin-sticker, dogs, parrots, bon-bons, pillows, bandboxes, bundles, a half-finished bottle of wine and a black loaf, cocked hat and sword, and last, though not least, a * * * * * but no wash-hand basin; the unmentionable article not concealed, or any attempt made to smuggle it into the house unperceived, but *tout bonnement* taken out *au naturel* by the *mujik*,* who had descended from the box, and set down by the steps, while he handed out the ladies. The kibitka † which followed in the rear, brought up the bedding, a few trunks, stew-pans, and frying pans, a basket of prog, the somovar, and a bag of charcoal!!

* A serf. † A light wagon.

CHAPTER VI.

Departure for the Crimea—A "chin"—A Russian passport—Peter the Great—Cape Chersonesus—Yatta—Valley of "Noisettes"—Theodosia—Navigation of the Sea of Azoff—Russian modesty—General Riefski—A tumulus of the ancient Bosphorians—A telega—Street of tumuli—English hospitality.

It took us scarcely a fortnight to discover that we had been completely deceived by the description our Russian acquaintances at Rome had given us of Odessa, and I found that the only object or reason any one could possibly have in coming to it, would be either on business, in his road to Moscow, or as a point from which to make an excursion to the Crimea; I prepared, therefore, for this journey, and commenced my experience in the vexatious proceedings of a Russian public office, in the difficulty of procuring a passport. The formalities were so great, that about a score of

signatures were necessary. The circumstance of being a British officer, which my Russian friends had led me to suppose would smooth every obstacle, rendered me an object of suspicion, and not unfrequently of aversion to the Jacks in office; it took me three days to obtain this document, though I paid pretty well for it. I saw enough on this occasion to warn me never to expect civility, attention, or good-nature from the officials of government, unless I was under the immediate protection of some person of high rank or influence, or could pay enormously. Being wholly unconnected with Russians, officially, commercially, or in any other way, I found that mere letters of introduction were of little use, and my profession carried no influence with it, excepting with the poor mujiks. The English gentleman, "a chin"* unknown in this country, except to a few persons educated in England, or by Englishmen, had no value, and elicited none of that consideration which it generally meets with in other parts of the Continent. This would not have sur-

* Rank.

prised me, had I not been made to believe by Russians, that an Englishman would always be treated with peculiar attention in Russia; but I never found the same reciprocity of feeling that exists between us, our Gallic neighbours, and other foreigners. To return to my passport: on my arrival at the barrier, on the quay of the Pratique Port, the morning of my departure, I had the pleasure of finding that the twenty signatures I had procured with so much pains, were insufficient, and I was obliged to return to the chancellerie of the Military Governor for more. This rather surprised me, having shown it to a noble acquaintance who assured me it was all right; but nobles in Russia require no passport—thence the error. Frenchmen are particularly obnoxious, especially if they have no commercial object in view, or cannot give very good reasons for visiting Russia. I knew one who arrived at Odessa during my stay, that was obliged to get a merchant to give security before he was allowed to proceed into the interior, because the object of his travelling in Russia, as stated in his passport, was, that he was journeying for his "agré-

ment." Returning to the Port, the "Imperial fishing-rod," as Mr. Murray calls it in the Hand Book, was raised, and jumping on board *Peter the Great*, we left our moorings under a shower of oaths from the captain, an Englishman, whose patience was sufficiently put to the test by just then discovering that one of the governor's employés who was going, was not yet on board, and that he would consequently have to lay-to. The gentleman, however, soon made his appearance on a drosky, driving at a most furious pace, his grey military cloak blown out behind him, like a balloon, and he arrived in clouds of dust. This packet leaves for the Crimea once a fortnight, and though small, is an excellent sea-boat; her engines are fully equal to her size. She was brought from England by her present captain a few years ago: he was a thorough-bred seaman, and evidently a general favourite. Amongst my fellow-passengers were a Frenchman of the Russian engineers, a talking "landed proprietor," (as he termed himself,) going to visit a brace of acres of vineyard in the Crimea, a leash of Poles, the great Potemkin of the Quarantine, and a

Prince and Princess G.: the latter laid upon mattresses on the deck, apparently in the last stage of consumption. Poor creature! young and lovely she had left five children at Odessa, and was vainly seeking in change of air a recovery, to others evidently hopeless. A friend in attendance watched over her with all the solicitude of a sister; the Prince, her husband, a huge piece of humanity, looked little calculated to play the nurse.

The passage was fine, and my companions, with the exception of Potemkin, agreeable: he soon, however, retired to his proper place in the waist, and beguiled himself in the intellectual occupation of whistling up a wind, happily for us without success, for we had a calm the whole way. Our first view of the coast was near Cape Chersonesus, which has a lighthouse on it, and shortly after, with the assistance of a glass, I made out the Convent of St. George, and the promontory on which the Temple, of which Iphigenia was priestess, and where strangers wrecked on the coast are said to have been sacrificed, was situated. The classical recollections to which this

gave rise, formed an interesting topic of conversation, and one of the young Poles, fresh from the university, gave us quotations from Ovid, not by the *foot*, but the yard.

The ranges of hills which commence here, continue all along the coast, as far as Theodosia, but whether they are primary, secondary, or tertiary, I cannot pretend to say; they are very picturesque. The *Peter* now ran close in shore, and when within about twenty miles of Yalta, the slope formed by these mountains towards the sea was covered with Tartar villages, vineyards, and country seats. The mountains, though crowned with forests, are in some places so precipitous that they are devoid of trees, or any vegetation; their grey and broken masses contrast powerfully with the cultivation at their base, and appear ready to overwhelm the villages beneath.

The splendid château of Count Woronzoff, the Governor General of New Russia, was the last object of attraction before we entered the bay of Yalta; its oriental towers were in good keeping with the adjacent mosque. Yalta is

open to every wind but the north, and no vessels come here, excepting now and then a solitary coaster, bringing a few sacks of flour for consumption on the spot. The wharf built here some time before I visited the place, was so badly constructed, that a north-east gale destroyed it in one night: we landed on the "débris" by a plank. Six years ago, this village, misnamed a town, did not exist; the situation is pretty; the inn, kept by a German, though small and dear, is better than those of Odessa, and the beds are actually provided with blankets and sheets. There is also a German apothecary and one shop! Accompanied by the French colonel, I was soon en route up the valley, called that of "Noisettes," which, as well as walnuts, grow in great luxuriance; for about seven shillings I obtained fifteen okes (nearly thirty-seven pounds English) of the filberts. A clear stream flows through this beautiful valley from the mountains in the back-ground, which here recede from the shore, and on our return we added a fine trout to our purchase; he was in good condition, and weighed at least two pounds; we

paid our devoirs to him on board, and found him an excellent fish, though not *saumonnée*. I was sorry to find a fishing-rod useless, but the stream was overgrown with trees, and the water low; this fish was taken by tickling. The great charm of Yalta is its retirement, and the almost total absence of employés and chinovniks, who infest every corner of Odessa. The next day, at twelve, we continued our voyage to Kertch, keeping in sight of, and near the coast, the whole way. The scenery was of the same character as on the preceding day, with rather more wood. The country-seats, with large vineyards running to the water's edge, rendered the landscape rich as well as picturesque. The headlands, particularly that of the Bear, crowned with the remains of a Genoese fortress, and Cape Matapan, were finer than any thing on the North coast of Ireland; no coast scenery that I ever saw came near to this in point of beauty. It was dark as we entered the port of Theodosia; there was, however, light enough to discern the old Genoese towers on the left of the harbour, which is considered by Admi-

ral Lazareff, the best in the Crimea, after that of Sevastopol. Here we landed Potemkin, with his sugar and other creature comforts, brought from Odessa to escape the duty. This piece of smuggling gave rise to an amicable row between him and the custom-house officer, who at first made a great show of opposition; but his disinterested regard for the revenue soon gave way, though gradually—for the acting was good on both sides—to the soft persuasion of his friend, and at the recollection that as Potemkin was captain of the port of Odessa, he might give him a turn some other time. Having taken in a few passengers, we proceeded on our way, and I soon after turned in for the night. Kertch was in sight early the next morning. The entrance to it is extremely uninteresting. The hill of Mithridates is the only elevation besides the tumuli that break the dreary waste of steppe, on which there is no tree or symptom of cultivation. The roads to the right were full of shipping; for those vessels that intend to enter the sea of Azoff are obliged to perform quarantine here before they are allowed to proceed; but a great number never do so, as they would lose a

great deal of time. The navigation of that sea is bad, and it is impossible to approach close to the shore, to take in a cargo, in consequence of the shallowness of the water. The merchants at Taganrog, therefore, ship the corn, the staple export, in small coasters. On their arrival at Kertch these vessels discharge it into the quarantine lighters, and they put it on board the shipping. This coasting trade is so profitable that these craft pay themselves in two years; they are principally manned by Jews, Greeks, and nondescripts. The Russian sailors are wretchedly ignorant of their business, so much so, that they sometimes make the Turkish coast instead of that on which Odessa is situated. Before I quitted the vessel, I learnt that in a few days an expedition was to leave Kertch for Circassia, with the view of erecting forts on those parts of the coast of Abasia remaining unoccupied. My informant was an artist, who had already been engaged to paint the anticipated triumphs of the descent!!

Delighted with the opportunity thus, as I thought, thrown in my way, of accompanying the expedition, and getting a sight of Circassia, I

made the best of my way to the Governor, Prince Kerkhoulidzeff, to whom I had a letter of introduction, in the hope of obtaining his sanction to my wishes. But here again, I found that British officers were in *mauvaise odeur.* Though the letter was from his countryman, General ——, (a person with whom he was very intimate,) his manner, kind at first, became suspicious when he heard the request I had to make. I never saw a man pull such a long face: he hemmed and hawed; spoke of Mr. Bell, and the everlasting *Vixen*, as if I had been a party concerned in that transaction; muttered something about English opposition to the views of Russia; my being a military man; and finally, threw the difficulty off his own shoulders, by proposing to give me an introduction to the Commander in Chief of the fortresses on the coast of Abasia.

General Riefski received me with politeness, and offered to facilitate the accomplishment of any object I might have in view, in my visit to Kertch, but absolutely refused me permission to accompany him, assigning as the reason for his

non-compliance with my request, the positive orders of his Government that no foreigner, particularly a military man, and an Englishman, should be allowed, on any account, to visit the fortresses on the Circassian coast. For my consolation, I was desired to believe that an American, having special letters from the Emperor, granting him permission to go where he pleased, had also been refused! Disappointed, I went off to see the French Colonel's asphalte works, near Yeni Kalé, the ancient Myrmecium, at the other end of the straits. On our way there, which lay across the steppe, we turned aside to examine one of the most remarkable of the tumuli that cover the plain. As near as I could judge by pacing, the diameter of it was about 350 feet: this immense mound was composed of layers of different kinds of earth, but I did not observe any of the sea-weed or bark of trees, spoken of by Clarke. It formerly concealed a mausoleum, the entrance to which is by a gallery thirty-six paces long, lined with solid masonry of hewn stone, admirably fitted; the surface is rough, like that of the arch of Drusus. The chamber is square, and about seven

feet from the ground, a superstructure rises from the thickness of the walls, which is gradually worked into a cone of peculiar form, each stone in every layer being made to project a certain proportion of its length beyond the one beneath it. The holes in the stonework at the end of the gallery, which originally received the hinges of the door, still remain. This tumulus had been opened previously to the occupation of the Crimea by the Russians, probably by the Genoese, as a Latin cross was found painted on the wall; but this is nearly obliterated. Their entrance had been effected at the top, but from birds having built in the opening for many years, rubbish had accumulated, and the circumstance had, therefore, most fortunately remained unobserved by their successors. Had they known this at the time they made their excavations, they would not, in all probability, have taken the trouble, or gone to the expense of working at the side of the tumulus; more particularly as everything of value had been removed by their predecessors, who left nothing but a patera, and a few other pieces of pottery, and the gallery would most likely have remained

undiscovered. Both the chamber and the gallery have been much defaced by the peasants, who have knocked away great portions of the stonework; they are now tenanted by great numbers of frogs, and occasionally by the sheep and cattle that graze around.

Our curiosity satisfied, we resumed the road to Yeni Kalé. There is a fort here, and in it a sarcophagus, spoken of by Clarke. The inhabitants of the village are of Greek descent; persons going to the Kuban and baths at Petigorsky, take boat here, the distance across being about eleven English miles. This part of the country, as well as the island of Taman, opposite, is very rich in bitumen, which runs freely in a cutting of three feet. The volcanoes of mud, about a mile from the fort, are curious: they were in eruption when I visited them, the mud flowing in all directions, and leaving in some places a large deposit of sulphur. From hence we had a good view of the sea of Azoff, which looked turbid and still; having inspected the works, which appear likely to be profitable, if encouraged by the Government, I returned to Kertch.

This was my first jaunt in a telega, and I suffered accordingly. To describe one in a few words, it will only be necessary to say that the body of the vehicle resembles a large pig trough placed on four wheels, without springs, each wheel travelling in a different plane from the rest, on wooden axles roughly made. The horses, however, had plenty of *go* in them. The yemtschik's shouts of "No, no, no, no, poshol, scorri!" mingled with the loud ringing of the bell attached to the pole, were accompanied by a liberal application of his short whip, and we tore over the steppe, regardless of any inequalities in the ground, or gripps in the track, which we sometimes left altogether: had a tumulus been in the way, I firmly believe Jehu (a real one) would have put his horses at it. The straw that had been put into the telega, to break the shocks, was useless, and I was obliged to hold on with both hands to keep my seat. General Perofski, the hero of the Khiva expedition, made the journey from Orenburg to Moscow in one of these vehicles, in an incredibly short space of time; bearing, as quickly as possible, the news of his own failure. "Mashallah," said his

friends, "what a feat!" and thus terminated the expedition.

The moon had risen before we reached the town, and about three versts from it we entered a street of tumuli. Perhaps these mausoleums formed, as in the ancient Roman cities,* the principal approach to that of Panticapæum, "once in verdure clad," but now laid open and gutted by those, who frequently make a merit of laughing at history and its associations; and who collect antiquities, and have museums, not from any interest they really take in them, as elucidating the habits and customs of a people who once possessed them, but as one of the drop scenes intended to give effect to their miserable, be-

* Most of the roads leading out of ancient towns are lined with tombs; and if such a spectacle can ever be said to form a pleasing view, we have an instance of it at Pompeii, where the Street of the Tombs is one of the most interesting objects in that extraordinary place. Near to Pozzuoli (Puteoli,) on the Via Campana, we have an instance of the frequency of tombs on the roads near to cities. Going from Rome, also, through any of the gates at the east end of the town, we find ruins of similar edifices. *Burton's Antiquities,* p. 272. vol. i. The Via Appia, Aurelia, and Flaminia, were lined with tombs on each side.

cause insincere, attempts at improvement and civilization.

The hospitality of Mr. Wigfall, our vice-consul, enabled me with great pleasure to cut the inn, a villainous cabaret, yclept "the club;" the invitation, therefore, so kindly offered by him, was gratefully accepted, and I drove up to his door.

CHAPTER VII.

The Museum at Kertch—Cedar sarcophagus—Gold ornaments—Tartar tradition—The Macrocephali, or long heads of the ancients.

The following morning after breakfast I made the acquaintance of an under secretary of the governor. He had been brought up in Circassia, and, as he spoke the language fluently, was frequently employed on the coast of Abasia as an interpreter. In his company I paid a visit to the Museum, which, (with the exception of the specimens that have been removed to the imperial cabinet at the Hermitage,) contains all the antiquities found in the different tumuli that have been opened. I must also except *a few* which have found their way into the pockets of those persons who superintended the excavations, and into those of the workmen. Of this fact I had

ocular demonstration, for two gold articles, of considerable value, were offered to me for sale.

The Museum, which formerly served as a *corps-de-garde*, was surrounded by fragments of columns, and other "débris" of ancient architecture; amongst this collection, and apparently totally neglected, was a marble sarcophagus of great beauty. The lock was so rusty that we had some difficulty in opening the door, which was at last effected by the curator's deputy, a non-commissioned officer of the regiment in the town. The state of the lock, and the general confusion prevailing in the rooms, were pretty good proofs that the place was seldom visited: the medals were not even arranged.

Some of the Greek vases were of elegant shape, and in good preservation; the principal designs represented Europa and the Bull, and the still more favourite subject, the battles of the Amazons, particularly interesting in this country, so near the scene of their fabulous achievements; but there was nothing in them different from those of other collections. A sarcophagus of cedar wood particularly attracted my attention; many parts of it were beautifully turned, and the

cornice at the top was carved in the egg and thunderbolt pattern; a considerable portion of it which had been gilt, remained almost uninjured. Thin plates of gold, beaten into reliefs representing subjects of the Greek mythology, or circumstances relating either to the life or death of the deceased, had been suspended on each panel of the interior; but having fallen from their places, they were injudiciously taken out and placed in another part of the room. There were other sarcophagi of the same materials, that had apparently been charred by fire, but of coarser execution. Amongst the gems were a few good intaglios in gold rings of simple form; gold earrings, bracelets, and bangles, all of the most beautiful workmanship; there were also several crowns of laurel and oak in gold, which had encircled the heads of the noble dead. One of the bangles, admirably wrought, had the two ends carved into lions' heads, and the neck enamelled in a lozenge pattern of two colours. These splendid ornaments are strong evidence of the wealth and refinement of the inhabitants of the ancient and once powerful city of Panticapæum. The gold of which they

are made is without alloy; it bent with very little pressure.

The Tartars have a tradition, that upwards of forty pouds, nearly one thousand four hundred and forty pounds English, of this metal, in ornaments and coin, were, several hundred years ago, taken from one of the tumuli in the neighbourhood; and they call it in consequence the Golden Hill. This is, no doubt, fabulous, but I think there is every reason to believe that not above one third of the treasures found by the Russians, in making their excavations, is in the possession of the government. The principal work of art that remains to be spoken of is an alto-relievo in bronze, about nine inches in diameter, much oxydized, but showing wonderful execution. The rest of the collection consists chiefly of glass bottles of curious shapes, one of them with a neck at least a foot and a half long; bronze and terra-cotta vases, bronze instruments, and arrow heads; lamps, a brass mirror, and scarabæi, amphoræ, lachrymatories, and patera, in terra-cotta, very small gold masks, human hair, &c. Of course there are Roman as well as Greek remains in this

museum, but the latter prevail; the former nation not having had possession of the country till after the defeat of Pharnaces by Cæsar, the occasion on which he dictated his famous letter to the Roman senate, "Veni, vidi, vici." But perhaps the greatest curiosity in the collection is the skull of a Macrocephalus, said to have been found in the neighbourhood of the Don.

It is not a little remarkable that the Greeks, being ignorant of the natures and languages of the people to the eastward of the Euxine, were very much in the habit of describing different tribes by names formed from their physical characters; just as we say that some tribes on the north-west coast of America are "Flat-heads," so they called the Macrocephali "Long-heads."

Their historians seem to have peopled the countries beyond the stormy Pontus with inhabitants, to whom they have attributed the most extraordinary physical peculiarities, so fabulous and marvellous, that it is quite inconceivable how they could have believed in the existence of such monsters. It has been observed that the natives of this unknown land were Sauromatæ, which may

mean, with a slight deviation of orthography, "Lizard-eyed." Herodotus refers to the Arimaspi, one-eyed people; the Argippæi, bald from their birth, having large chins and nostrils like the ape species, and others. There were, likewise, the Gymni, naked people; the Kehryphi, the concealed, hidden people; Aonopes, sheep-faced people; the Bathychætones, the thickly haired people.

Strabo speaks of a tribe called the Phthirophagi, or louse-eaters; they came to Dioscures for commercial purposes, and from their filthiness received this appellation. It is true ancient authors have left but meagre information regarding the history of the Macrocephali. Their existence, however, has been amply authenticated, even if the testimony afforded by the preservation of their skulls were wanting. It is rather singular that Pliny, who, as a naturalist, might be expected to have made some inquiries on so interesting a subject, merely mentions the site of their principal town, while, in many instances, he gives his attention to the greatest absurdities, and exhibits a credulity exceeding even that of

Herodotus, who lived upwards of four hundred years before him. Amongst other wonders, he asserts that he was an eye-witness of a woman being transformed into a man on the marriage day, and that the gentleman was alive when he wrote his book. But he is not alone, for Livy also alludes to a similar circumstance having taken place in his day.

According to the opinions of Hippocrates, Pomponius Mela, Pliny, Valerius Flaccus, and others, the Macrocephali appear to have inhabited that part of the shores of the Euxine between the Phasis and Trapesus, the modern Trebizonde. Xenophon places them near the Scythini; Strabo and Eustathius affirm that the Macrones or Macrocephali, (for they appear to have considered them the same,) were anciently called the Sanni. Strabo speaks of another nation called the Sigynni, who also used artificial means to alter the natural shape of the head; they lived nearer to the Caucasus, and some among them were in the habit of making the heads of their children very long; so that the forehead, by being compressed, was forced out *beyond the chin*. This people adopted many

of the customs of the Persians, and had a race of small horses with very thick hair, which were too weak to be ridden. They were generally harnessed four together in a carriage; the women were practised from their infancy in driving these light teams, and those who made the best *whips* had the privilege of choosing their own husbands. Pliny, however, takes no notice of the Sigynni; Herodotus alludes to them, but places them in European Scythia, beyond the Danube; and Hippocrates and Apollonius of Rhodes, confirm Strabo's opinion of their living near the Caucasus. Pliny, however, differs from Strabo, and thinks that the Macrones and Macrocephali were two distinct tribes of people, for he says, "Moreover, in Pontus you have also the nation of the Macrocephali, with the town Cerasus and the port Condulæ, beyond which are the Bechires, and so forward to the quarter of the Macrones." But be this as it may, the majority of the ancient writers concur in fixing upon Cerasus, now Keresoun, as the principal town of the Macrocephali, or long-heads, of their day. Pomponius Mela calls it one of the most notable towns of Pontus. The city

was not celebrated in this respect only, for from it the cherry was introduced into Europe by Lucullus. Pliny speaks of this in his fifteenth book, and Holland,* who translated that author, gives the passage in a manner so quaint and pleasing, that, though not immediately bearing on the subject, I have been tempted to extract it:—

"Before the time that L. Lucullus defeated K. Mithridates, there were no cherrie trees in Italie, but after that victorie, (which was about the 680th yeare from the foundation of the City of Rome,) he was the man that first brought them out of Pontus, and furnished Italie so well with them, that within six-and-twenty yeares, other lands had part thereof, even as far as Britaine, beyond the ocean. Howbeit, as we have before said, they could never be brought to grow in Egypt, for all the care and industrie emploied about them. Of cherries, the reddest sort is called Apronia, the blackest Actia. The Cæcilian be round withal; the Julian cherries have a pleasant taste, but they must be taken new from the tree

* Philemon Holland, born at Chelmsford, Essex, in 1550, and died in his eighty-sixth year.

and presently eaten, for so tender be they otherwise, that they will not abide the carriage. Of all other, the Duracine cherries be the sovereign, which in Campaine, are called Pliniania. But in Picardie, and those low countries of Belgica, they make most account of the Portugal cherries, as they do likewise who inhabit upon the river Rhene. They have a hew with them composed of three colours, between red, black, and green, and alwaies looke as if they were in ripening still. It is not yet full five years since the cherries called Laurea were known, so called they be, because they were graffed upon a bay tree stocke, and thereof they take a kind of bitternesse, but yet not unpleasant to the taste. There be, moreover, Macedonian cherries, growing upon a small tree, seldom above three cubits high, and yet there be certain dwarfe cherries, not full so tall, called Ekamæcerasti, (that is, ground cherry shrubs.) The cherry tree is one of the first that yieldeth fruit unto his master, in token of thankfulnesse and recognizance of his paines all the yeare long. It delighteth to grow in cold places and exposed to the north. The cherrie will drie

in the sunne, and may be kept in barrels like olives."—But to return to the Macrocephali.

It was a subject of great regret to me, that in consequence of the Curator's absence at Odessa, I was unable to obtain a drawing of the skull I saw in the Museum at Kertch. It presented all the peculiarities of a head compressed by artificial means, and may possibly have been that of a Macrocephalus, who left Pontus, and settled near one of the Greek colonies on the Tanais. Hippocrates, the only author besides Strabo who gives any definite account of the process by which the Macrocephali accomplished the distortion of the head, says, that this nation had heads different from all the world. As soon as a child was born, they formed its soft and tender skull, by compressing it with their hands, assisted by the use of bandages and proper arts. In this way the spherical figure of the head was perverted, and being forced out of its natural shape, they effected their object of lengthening it by sacrificing the width. He does not say whether the forehead projected or receded, but it has been shown that Strabo, in describing the mode in which the Sigynni practised this custom, as-

serts that their foreheads projected forward, and in the words of the translator, "au point d'ombrager le menton," whereas the skulls of the Caribs and Chinouks recede. Hippocrates accounts for this custom amongst the ancients by an opinion prevalent amongst them that a long head was evidence of a noble nature; other authors, that it was an indication of courage, which, in those days, it may be inferred, meant the same thing. The old man of Cos observes, that though at first a law or custom, nature subsequently conformed to that custom, and in process of time it became so far natural as to make the practice useless; a conclusion grounded upon his opinions on the generative system, which savour strongly of the logic which proves a horse chestnut to be a chestnut horse! He says, "Generally speaking, a man with a bald head has bald-headed children; squint-eyed, squint-eyed; blue-eyed, blue-eyed; distorted, distorted. Why, therefore," says the good doctor, "should not a Macrocephalus beget a Macrocephalus?" But this opinion is surpassed by the learned of our own times. "Listen," said an ardent disciple of the Phrenologists to me one

day, "let me only have a choice amongst five thousand persons of two heads, bearing the necessary characteristics for my purpose, and I will engage, on their marriage, to produce either a Newton, a Liston, a Napoleon, a Sir Robert Peel, or a Lord John Russell." This appears to be carrying out the science of Phrenology with a vengeance!

It is not a little remarkable that even in the earliest ages we find the very same customs prevailing in the new and old world; the Scythians on the Euxine were in the habit of scalping, and hanging up their scalps, as trophies, like the savage warriors of the Indian tribes of North America; and the Macrocephalus of Titiaca may have been co-existent, if not antecedent, with those of Pontus. Garcilasso de la Vega, a native Peruvian author, descended from the Incas, (and probably from the Spanish poet, to distinguish him from whom he is commonly called El Inca,) assures us that this custom was practised before the arrival of the Spaniards in that country. In 1585 the synod of the diocese of Lima issued a decree against the Indian practice of disfiguring the shape of the head by artificial pressure, "Cu-

pientes penitus extirpare abusum et superstitionem, quibus Indi passim infantum capiter formis impriment, quas ipsi vocant caito, oma, opalta; statuimus et præcipimus," and the punishment for any woman found guilty is thus mentioned: "frequentet doctrinam per continuos decem dies mane et vesperi, pro prima culpa; pro secunda, vero per viginti," &c., &c. Civilization, however, progressed but slowly, and the custom continued to be followed by several nations in that country. The Omaquas practised it, as did also the Maroons and free negroes, after they had established themselves amongst the Caribs. It prevailed, likewise, in Carolina, and between that province and New Mexico. Blumenbach, in his work on the "Unity of the Human Race, and its Varieties," adduces numerous instances, and quotes a variety of authorities to prove that the practice of applying pressure to the heads of infants existed up to his time in many parts of Europe. In the able and indefatigable "Researches" of Dr. Pritchard, which he has happily rendered so interesting to every reader, we have the custom brought under our notice as it exists in the present day, amongst the tribes on the north-west coast of America. The

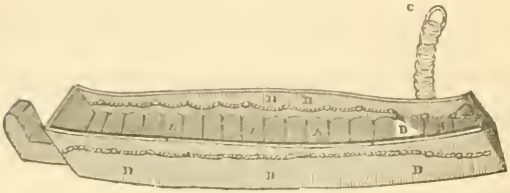
practice prevails along its whole extent, from the Salmon river, in lat. 53 deg. 30 min., to the Umpqua river, in lat. 46.

It has been observed, that the Macrocephali of Pontus considered a head thus artificially shaped as evidence of a noble nature. The nations of America, however, have assigned various reasons for practising this custom. It is difficult to suppose that this flattening process could have originated with any view to its usefulness; the object, however, as stated by some travellers is, that it tended to enlarge the interval between the eyes, so that the visual rays, turning to the right or left, the sight might embrace a much larger portion of the horizon, and thus give them facilities of discovering game in their hunting expeditions. The Omaquas did it to give their heads a greater resemblance to the moon. The Maroons and free negroes, to distinguish those children born free or in slavery. The tribes on the Columbia, in compliance with their ideas of beauty, and also to distinguish them from their slaves. Cox, in his travels on that river, says, that "the most devoted adherent of our first Charles never entertained a stronger aversion to a *Roundhead*, than these

savages." The process by which this distortion of the head is effected, amongst these tribes and nations varies considerably.

The ancient Macrocephali used bandages and proper arts, but what those arts were we are left to conjecture. The Omaquas pressed the heads of their children between two planks. The Indians between the province of Carolina and New Mexico gave their children a slanting position in the cradle, so that the crown of the head, resting on a small sack of sand, supported all the weight of the body. But the most detailed account of it, as practised by the Indians of the Columbia river, is given by Dr. Morton, in his splendid work of the "Crania Americana." The most cruel mode is that of the Wallamuts. They place the infant, soon after its birth, upon a board, to the edges of which small loops are attached, and cords are passed across the back in a zigzag manner through these loops, enclosing the child, and binding it firmly down. To the upper end and edge of this board, in which is a cavity to receive the back part of the head, another small one is attached by hinges, and made to lie obliquely on the forehead. The force of the pressure is regu-

lated by several strings attached to the edge, passed through holes in the board upon which the infant is lying, and secured there. But the Chinouks and upper Indians proceed with less cruelty: "A sort of cradle," as shown by the subjoined drawing taken from Dr. Morton's work, "is

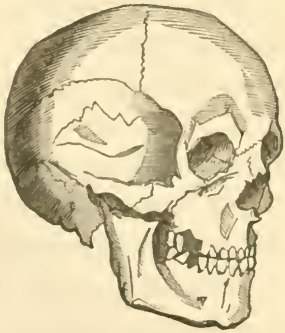


formed by excavating a pine log, about three feet long, to the depth of eight or ten inches. Midway between the top and bottom, inside, are little slats of light wood, AAA, in a transverse direction; the head of the cradle B, is an excavated chamber, terminating, towards the end, in an inclined plane, D, the rounded margin of which supports the child's neck, while the head itself is received into the cavity at B: attached to the side of the cradle is the pad C, made of tightly plaited and woven grass, with a loop at the end. A bed of little grass mats is placed at the bottom of the cradle, on these the infant is placed;

the head and neck rest also on a pillow of the same material. The pad C is then drawn down over its forehead, and keeps it in its place: the body of the child is of course confined, as in the former case, and the lateral loops DDD, are for the purpose of attaching cords in order to keep it fixed in this position; the pad, however, causes the flatness of the forehead. The projecting end E is rounded; when poised and a rotary motion applied to the opposite end, it answers for rocking the cradle. The child remains in this cradle from eight to twelve months, or until the sutures of the skull have in some measure united and become solid and firm. The appearance of the infant, while in this state of compression, is described by Cox as both ludicrous and frightful; and he says, that "the little black eyes being forced out by the bandages, resemble those of a mouse choked in a trap."

Strange as it may appear, we have the concurrent testimony of all travellers that the intellectual faculties of the modern Macrocephalus are not impaired by this cruel and unnatural custom. The first woodcut represents the compressed skull of a

Clatsap from the "Crania Americana." The second is that of a Greek in its natural state, taken from Dr. Pritchard's "Researches"—Nature and Art! I must throw myself on the mercy of the reader for this digression, which has grown out of a subject by which I have been extremely interested.



CHAPTER VIII.

Governor's museum—Ancient mole—Hill of Mithridates—Breast-plate of a crusader—Military undress—Suwaroff—His jewels—Russians on the Indus—Khiva expedition—Cold soup—Yalta—Pallas—Crimean vineyards—Arrival at Choreis—A verandah.

THE governor's private museum contains two very interesting, though not intrinsically valuable relics. One, a wicker basket, probably the most favourite article of the young girl in whose tomb it was found, and for that reason buried with her; the other, a part of a fishing net. Neither of them was very perfect; the former, as might be expected, being in the best preservation of the two. From the museum we went to the market-place, the site of an old Genoese fort, in which there was a most abundant supply of water melons: the lower orders live on them in the summer. The church near this square, is of great antiquity, but

it has no other recommendation. We now ascended the staircase of Mithridates, called so, as the hill to which it leads bears his name. This staircase is one of the governor's hobbies, and though only built five years ago, and having cost an immense sum in its construction, is now in ruins. "Ainsi de même" of the quay, a wretched piece of engineering; the stones of which it is built are so small, and so easily moved by the south-east winds, that it has been found necessary to secure them by iron bars and cramps. This is a miserable contrast to the ancient mole mentioned by Strabo: the remains of that work are still visible when the water is clear and still. Though Kertch is the head quarters of the army acting on the coast of Abasia, and the nearest point to the seat of war, there is no military hospital either in the town or neighbourhood, and the barracks are very small; the wounded are therefore sent to Theodosia and Sevastopol. The money wasted on this staircase would have built a hospital. Half-way up the hill of Mithridates, is a Boulevard planted with trees, as dry as walking-sticks, perishing for want of moisture. A temple, meant to be

a fac-simile of that of Theseus at Athens, has been erected on this walk, and is intended for a museum; four pillars, however, are wanting, the resemblance, therefore, is not striking; moreover, it has been, as usual in Russia, duly whitewashed. What a contrast to the original, on which, for ages past, a ray of each succeeding sunset seems to have rested, and created the rich and golden tints that so much enhance its beauty!

A great part of the hill of Mithridates, like the Mons Testaceus at Rome, is composed of broken pottery. We scrambled to the summit,—the view from it is extensive, but monotonous. Tumuli, tumuli, tumuli. They put me in mind of the Lincolnshire grace over the rabbits. The lively imaginations in the neighbourhood assert that Mithridates was buried here; Appian says, in the cemetery of his ancestors at Sinope; they also affirm that he sat in the stone chair cut out of the rock, on the top of this hill, when he reviewed his troops, previously to his last expedition against the Romans. Clarke assigns a tumulus more to the west as his place of sepulture, and says Suwaroff was so taken in when he visited it, that the

veteran soldier knelt upon the ground and wept! humbug! Almost the first speech I heard from a Russian general who came to see us in the Quarantine, was, "Capitaine, nous sommes sur la terre classique, nous avons les cendres de Mithridate;" but his interest was mere affectation; he knew little, and cared nothing, about the heroes of antiquity.

I wound up the day by dining at General Riefski's, and was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Madame R., a very elegant and amiable person. He received me kindly and with frankness. The party consisted principally of his own staff, and a few officers from the forts on the coast. The walls of the room in which we dined were decorated with every kind of ancient weapon offensive or defensive. They were the proceeds of many a foray in Circassia, and arranged in trophies between the windows, had a very good though singular effect. The most curious relic in the collection was the breastplate of a crusader, whether left in Circassia by a Christian knight with his own bones, or brought from Asia Minor, I leave for the consideration of antiquarians; at

any rate, the room illustrated the song in one respect, for it was,

> ——"hung about with guns, and pikes, and bows,
> And swords, and good old bucklers, that had stood some good old blows."

But here, the general's hospitality excepted, comparison must cease, for instead of sitting in "doublet and trunk hose" like his worship, his handsome but portly figure was cased in the Russian uniform, a toilette which, I understand, he exchanges for his dressing-gown as often as he can; and being his own commanding officer, this is pretty frequently. The déshabille of General Yermoloff was far more extraordinary. This officer was constantly in the habit of appearing in a striped pink shirt like the soldiers, and lived upon borsch and quass, the national dish and beverage. These extravaganzas made Yermoloff very popular with his men; possibly, his reason for affecting customs so singular in a person of his rank. I heard an anecdote this evening, which if true, is strongly illustrative of Suwaroff's readiness at finding an expedient when put to a diffi-

culty. In the retreat from Switzerland, in 1799, the Russian army severely pressed by the French, and having suffered dreadfully from the inclemency of the weather and a scarcity of food for many days, knocked up under privations which even their hardy natures were unable to contend against. Jomini says, that on this occasion the sick, wounded, and a great part of the baggage, were abandoned, and many hundred men, with all the sumpter horses and mules fell down the precipices and perished; and he adds, that no language can express "ce que cette retraite eut d'horrible." The Russian army, in this harassed condition, on arriving one evening very late at their ground, received to their great surprise, an order to renew their march at midnight: but being completely worn-out and dispirited, the men began to murmur and refused to comply. Suwaroff hearing this, and knowing that every hour was of the utmost consequence, sent some of his staff to expostulate, and explain to them the necessity of their making further exertions. Their efforts proved unavailing; he therefore went out himself, and addressing the troops, succeeded with great difficulty

in obtaining their promise to march at cock-crow. The soldiers, fancying they had secured a few hours' more repose, were soon asleep. At midnight, however, the Marshal rose, and going to a short distance from the bivouac, played chanticleer to such perfection, that in five minutes every man was under arms, and the whole division on the march.

One of Suwaroff's many peculiarities was the great fancy he had of playing, and amusing himself with his jewels, which he always carried with him in his campaigns. They were very splendid; particularly the diamonds. The greater part had been presented to him by crowned heads; but the gem he most cherished, was a brilliant of extraordinary size and fine water, given him by the Empress Catherine. When suffering under illness or defeat, he always ordered his jewels to be brought to him, and taking them out one by one, generally keeping the empress for a *bon œil*, not a *bonne bouche*, he coquetted and played with them much in the same way that Dragonetti, the prince of double basses, is said to be in the habit of doing with the dolls, which he invariably takes with him in his musical campaigns.

The drawing-room to which we retired after dinner, presented some curious contrasts. It is true, every thing was extremely elegant; but while some of the staff were occupied in singing at the piano with the ladies, the general in a wrapper and unbuttoned shirt reposed in a "causeuse," puffing his "cigarito," in defiance of all regard for his rich damask furniture, or Madame Riefski's nerves, who appeared to be in a state to require them all. The general having heard that I had been several years in India, requested me to fill the vacant seat beside him in the causeuse, and entered into a discussion on the subject of a Russian invasion of that country.

The difficulties in his proposed line of route were quite smoothed away as far as Bokhara, and there, like Alexander on the Hydaspes, he intended to build boats, and float his army of 50,000 men down a certain river, called the Moura, that flowed into the Indus. I leave his geography to Arrowsmith, Burnes, or Wood. Once at the Indus, he thought there could be no doubt as to the result, assuring me that it would be impossible to concentrate more than 10,000 British troops upon

this point, and winding up his argument by laying the flattering unction to his soul, that the Sepoys, like the Persians, were men of straw. I need scarcely add that his ignorance of India was extreme, and my gravity was severely put to the test. But the General is not singular in his opinions, for this invasion is a question that Russians have not only the vanity and assurance to speak of openly; they consider themselves certain of success whenever they choose to make the attempt. One of the emperor's present aides-de-camp brought himself into notice from his chateau in the depths of Podolia, by the intelligent plans which he drew up and forwarded to his imperial majesty on the subject. The result however of the Khiva expedition should teach them, if it has not already done so, the necessity of modifying their views upon this subject. They would have acted with more wisdom, (only that theirs is of the cabinet rather than the field,) had they not attempted an invasion which terminated in so much disaster and disgrace. Their military reputation, the point on which their influence in Central Asia entirely depends, has been completely lowered by this failure; while

ours, rising above no ordinary difficulties, has been elevated to a high degree by the gallant conduct of our troops, and a combination of events which have finally led to success.

To return from so long a digression. This and another evening passed off agreeably; and on the following morning I visited the lazaretto. The confusion of tongues at the parlatoire beat that of Odessa, which I thought it would have been impossible to equal.

Before leaving Kertch, I had very nearly fallen a sacrifice to my curiosity, having been rash enough to take some of the cold soup, called Batvinia, at the governor's table. This atrocious mess is made of salt fish and onions, pickled cucumbers, ice, and quass, and—a Russian alone knows what besides.

As there was nothing but a steppe to traverse between this place and Theodosia, I preferred returning to Yalta by the steamer. We sailed out of the harbour at the same time with the Taganrog boat, and in the short trial we had with her found that Peter the Great, though the smallest, was much the fastest vessel. The communication between Odessa and the Sea of Azoff is kept up

by the former. She was built at Odessa by a "conseiller d'état actuel," which in Russia, means a man who never advises the state in any thing. This "pyroscaphe" had four feet water in the hold ten days after she went to sea, and her captain White, looks very *blue* at times. But "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and she is said to be largely insured by the Baron R. of Odessa, who speculates deeply upon bad shipbuilders, and the chances of the elements. The breeze freshened towards evening, and the sea getting up, harmonized with the bold and rocky coast.

The next day we were landed at Yalta. Having hired horses at the inn, I proceeded to the Prince G—— at Choreis, who had kindly given me an invitation to visit him. The road wound along the precipitous sides of the hills which form the valley; though longer than the one nearer the coast, it is much better and more picturesque, and the scene yielded nothing in beauty to the small valleys of Switzerland. Pallas certainly has painted nature here in very glowing colours, but his description of the luxuriant vegetation in this

part of the Crimea is scarcely overdrawn in the following passage: "Dans ces vallées le laurier toujours verdoyant s'associe à l'olivier, ou grenadier, au celtis ou le frène mammifière, le térébinthier, le sumach, le baguenandier, le ciste à feuille de sauge, l'émérus et le fraisier arbousier de l'Asie Mineure, croissant partout en plein vent * * * ou le noyer et tous les arbres frutiers sont les plus communs de la forêt, qui pour mieux dire n'est qu'un jardin frutier abandonné à lui même * * * ou, enfin, les vignes domestiques et sauvages s'élèvent à l'envie sur les plus hauts arbres, retombent se rélèvent encore, et forment avec la viorne fleurie, les guirlandes et les berceaux sans aucun emploi de l'art."

I realized nearly the whole of this description on my way to Choreis; the country seats and Tartar villages gave animation to the landscape. This remark, however, applies only to the coast, for the conquest of the Crimea has been followed by a general emigration of the Tartars, and the country is, comparatively speaking, depopulated. It is also little cultivated, and the communication with Odessa is so imperfect, that great distress

prevailed in the Crimea during the winters of 1839-40; rye flower was selling at 25 per cent. dearer than at the former place. About two miles from Yalta the road passes the house of a gentleman who farms the brandy distilleries of Odessa. A most exquisite specimen of animated nature resides in it in the person of his daughter Catherine Eslénieff. Had Pallas seen her he would most assuredly have made her the Eve of his Crimean paradise. The situation is beautiful, and the house is surrounded by verandahs covered with every variety of creeping plants. The gates, rails, and finger-posts near the road side, which gave a great finish to the landscape, induced me to think that an Englishman had directed the taste of the proprietors. I was prepared to criticise, but found nothing upon which I could fairly exercise such a disposition. Continuing to ascend, we arrived at Massandra, a seat of Count Woronzoff's; his vineyards commence here, and continue with very little intermission down to the very beach, a distance of three versts. The irrigation is carried on by means of small canals, which are supplied with water by the numerous rills from the moun-

tains; the slope towards these vineyards is covered with wood, and interspersed with cottages in an excellent style of architecture: they are inhabited chiefly by persons having charge of the vines, many of them French and Germans. The view towards the sea was equally beautiful, the broad expanse of which, from this height, seemed to raise the horizon far into the heavens. Descending, I saw my host's house nearly buried in the trees and vineyards below me, and on entering it I received a hearty welcome.

We were joined at dinner by Mons. M——, the Governor of the Tauride, Count A——, the prince's nephew, and a French gentleman, his tutor, a most amiable and excellent man. The repast went off agreeably, and we then retired to a very large verandah, or rather open room, which joined the one we had dined in. It commanded magnificent views of the coast and of the vineyards, which, for a distance of nearly two versts, stretched down the slope towards the sea in front. The roof of this delightful retreat was supported by small wooden pillars at the angles, and the two sides, formed of trellis, were covered with

scarlet geraniums, fuschias, Mexican creepers, and other plants. The interior, which, from the situation of the house, would have been exposed to the setting sun, was shaded at each end by the branches of a splendid oak, and by the graceful festoons of vine which grew and waved amongst them.

Nothing could be in better taste than the furniture of this verandah; the floor was covered with Indian matting, divans occupied three sides, and douros, ottomans, and all kinds of fashionable accessaries to comfort, were placed about it in convenient confusion. Coffee and chibouques, the latter used by every one in this part of Russia, whether gentle or simple, were brought in, and it was late before we separated for the night.

CHAPTER IX.

Leave for Sevastopol—A Tartar village—The Princess S—— M——
——A "tartine Anglaise"—Diplomatists in a difficulty—Alupka—
Count Woronzoff's hospitality—Crimean locusts.

THE next morning I took my departure for Alupka, on my way to Sevastopol. The governor having furnished me with a Tartar padaroshna and an English saddle, and given orders that a corporal of the Balaclava Arnaouts should accompany me, I began my excursion under the brightest auspices. Travelling in the Crimea without the above-named document is very disagreeable, for the ordinary padaroshna, or order for *post horses*, is of no use, except on the high roads; that is, between Sevastopol and Simpheropol, and from thence to Yalta or Kertch. The Tartar ponies are most useful animals, and perform long

journeys with comparatively very little fatigue. They are remarkably sure-footed, as much so as a mule, but their only paces are a walk and canter.

Having promised to spend a week with my kind host on my return, we filed out of the court-yard immediately after breakfast; my Arnaout, in uniform, led the way, and a glance at his saddle, a hard leather cushion fastened on with a strap, showed me the inconvenience I had escaped by Mr. M——'s kindness; I came next; and the Tartar, to whom the three horses belonged, brought up the rear with my two carpet bags. These I have always found on such excursions the very best things to pack in and the most easily carried, as the handles of both being fastened together by a strap they can be thrown across the back of a horse in a second. The Tartar and the "impedimenta" were soon left behind, for the Arnaout and I got over the ground at a quicker pace, and I found my English hunting spurs good auxiliaries. Passing through Yalta, we came to Livadia, the seat of Count Potocky, (pronounced Pototsky,) formerly am-

bassador in Sweden. He has laid out large sums of money on this estate with great taste and judgment; the grouping of the trees was particularly good, and superior to any I saw on the coast. The park and land below his house are imperial property, and an architect from Berlin has been commissioned to build a villa here for the empress. The situation is beautiful, but should her majesty reside here, this part of the Crimea will, in all probability, become a place of general resort, and change its present quiet and retired character, so much in unison with the feelings of many of its inhabitants.

The next estate was that of Count de Witt, Governor General of the military colonies, since dead. The house is in Dutch taste, and wholly out of character with the scenery; a ball and cross, splendidly gilt, and perched on the summit of the mountain at the back, looked odd enough in such a situation. Near here I had the first opportunity of seeing a Tartar village, "de près;" the houses are very low, the roofs flat and covered with clay, and frequently so curiously placed against the mountain, that a person coming down from above

might easily ride or walk on to the top of one without being the least aware of it. Soon after I arrived at the house of my friend, the Princess S—— M——, and was fortunate enough to find her at home; our acquaintance commenced in Odessa, and I was truly happy to have this opportunity of renewing it. This lady is a strong example of the superiority of the Russian women over their lords and masters; enthusiastic in her admiration of the south coast, she has retired here surrounded by her books, to seek in them that mental pleasure and refinement of feeling which she can rarely meet with in society. Her knowledge of the English language and literature surprised me, and her application of it to the most important object of our lives, gave me a very high opinion of her heart and judgment. I walked on with her in the evening to Mrs. M——'s, where I remained to tea. This lady, during the repast, desired me to cut her some bread and butter, a task that I endeavoured to accomplish with all the delicacy, though not dexterity, of a Vauxhall waiter; but my trouble was thrown away, for looking at the slice with contempt, she took one

bite, put down the remainder, and said in a tone which nearly disabled me from any further attempts at handling the knife, "Cut a thicker one, Sir, and put plenty of butter on it;" I did as I was desired; "More, Sir," reiterated the lady, "no tartine Anglaise for me."

This house might have been in the country of the Amazons as far as the absence of men went; I found upon inquiry that they were scarce animals in this part of the world, and this remark applied with peculiar force to the husbands of the eight ladies present, for they were all absent. In the little that I had seen of Russian society, I generally observed that if the wife was living at Odessa or Tiflis, the husband was, in all probability, either at Petersburgh or Vienna, or any where else at an equally convenient distance. The Baroness de B—— lives near here; she was a great friend of Madame Krudner, the sorceress, or enthusiast, who had so much influence over the late emperor. It was night before I reached Alupka, where I was made welcome at the supper table of Mr. Hunt, the count's architect, who kindly offered his services in showing

me the house and grounds in the morning; and being thoroughly tired with my day's journey, I proceeded to the inn near his house. The bed, however, on which I purposed to rest my weary bones, proved, as usual, any thing but a place of repose, for I found it already occupied by a squadron of that interesting insect, called by naturalists the *cimex*. The Rev. Mr. Radcliffe, in his translation of a work, published by the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburgh in the last century, entitled The Natural History of East Tartary, says, "that bugs are never seen in the houses in the Crimea." This gives all the credit of their introduction to the Russians, who had not, at the time the work was written, settled themselves in their new conquest. "A propos" of an anecdote that was told me of the late Lord Durham: when that nobleman was sent as Ambassador Extraordinary to the court of St. Petersburgh, he passed two or three days, on his way from Odessa, at the house of the Countess ——, a lady of high family and large property. Having been half-eaten by vermin in houses equally grand, he and his suite wisely determined to sleep on the tables. I fol-

lowed his lordship's example, and rose early the next morning to lionize the place.

The chateau, though not finished, was sufficiently advanced to show that it will be a noble pile of building: in the architecture, Mr. Blore has mixed the oriental with the Elizabethan. The material used in its construction is a stone of a greenish colour, and is very difficult to work; it is taken from the crater of an extinct volcano in the grounds. The turrets, tracery, mullions, coins, and other ornamental parts of the building, are all worked in the same. The dining-room is of splendid dimensions, and lighted by two immense windows overlooking the sea; the groined ceiling is of oak, and the wall opposite to the windows is ornamented with two fountains of elegant form, in a dove-coloured marble veined with dark red, peculiar to the Crimea. The terrace in front is ornamented with orange trees and other choice plants; the gardens are well laid out, but of small extent; the plateau of ground on which the house stands being very much circumscribed by the sudden rise of the mountains at the back, and the precipitous fall towards the sea in front. Advan-

tage, however, has been taken of all the inequalities in the ground, and the rocks ejected from the crater have fallen into such picturesque positions, that little art has been required to convert them into the most secluded grottos; these have been greatly embellished by a profusion and variety of creepers and rock plants, and by the clear and pellucid streams, which, running from the mountains, have been dexterously turned through them; the ponds are full of trout.

The noble owner's arrival at his princely mansion is the signal for a general pilgrimage to Alupka, and visitors flock in from all parts of the Crimea to partake of his unbounded hospitality. The following anecdote, which was related to me at Odessa, will show to what extent this is encroached upon. One day, when the house was quite full, and a large party assembled at the breakfast table, the aide-de-camp in waiting reported that there was no tea. The house-steward was immediately summoned. "How is this?" demanded his Excellency, "no tea!" The man, however, unabashed, pointed with imperturbable coolness to the crowded table, and replied, "Mon-

sieur le comte, comment voulez vous du thé, avec un tas de sauterelles comme cela?" So goes the story, and likely enough to be true.

The rocks at Yamen, about thirty versts from Alupka, are picturesque, but the country is much more arid and stony, and the vegetation less abundant. I finished my ride at Moukalatka, a small estate of the French colonel's; he gave me a hearty welcome to his Tartar cottage, where simplicity, comfort, and contentment, evidently reigned.

CHAPTER X.

Leave Moukalatka—The view from the heights and forests of Baidar—Naked contentment—Method of taking quails—Convent of St. George—Colonel Upton—Docks at Sevastopol—English engineers—Russian soldiers on fatigue—The valley of Inkerman—The great harbour—References to the plan of Sevastopol—Military works—An American—St. Vladimir—The camp.

The next morning, having taken leave of my kind friend and his amiable wife, I continued my journey. The rocky mountain at the back of his residence, which he pointed out to me as laying in my line of route, was so perpendicular, that until I was close to it I had no conception how we were to ascend, and I thought the name of it, the Devil's Staircase, well and appropriately bestowed. Trusting to my nag, I continued on his back; the corporal, perhaps the wiser of the two, led his; but I reached the summit without accident, and dismounted to enjoy the view more at my leisure; it was grand—I may say sublime. A feeling of solitude, which I always experience at a great

height, even when the landscape below is animated, was unbroken here: the sea lay "still and stirless," without a sail or bird to enliven its glassy surface. With the exception of the cottage I had left, there was no habitation within sight, and the only human being was my Tartar toiling up the steep and craggy path below. The forest, which commenced here, continued very nearly all the way to Baidar, a distance of six or eight versts, and the branches of the trees on each side of the road meeting overhead, formed an agreeable shade from the rays of the mid-day sun, which at this season of the year are rather oppressive. The timber is very small; the forest is said to be full of chevreuil; there are also red deer, and a few bears. We were detained two hours at Baidar for horses.

On arriving at a station, the Bashi, or head man, was not always in the way; when found, he immediately ascended the wooden minaret in the centre of the village, and commenced calling a roster of those whose horses were next for duty, a reply was soon elicited from one corner or another, and the man generally made his appearance

with them in half-an-hour. The Arnaout was of great service to me on these occasions. This time, however, finding that the horses were all in the fields, I laid down on a sheep-skin under the shed of a house, and watched a whole family of Tartars employed in bruising crab apples, from which they distil a coarse kind of brandy. While they were thus occupied, I observed a little boy, about two years old, with beautiful flaxen hair, leave the group; he was naked as he was born, his little stomach stuck out like an alderman's, and his only ornament was a cock's feather, which hung by his side for a sword; when about half-way across the court he espied a heap of mud in the centre, about the consistence of cream, in the middle of which, without further ado, he set himself down, and I thought I never in my life had seen such a specimen of naked contentment. His brothers and sisters appeared to think so too, for they never attempted to move the young urchin, and he remained there till I left, evidently enjoying his cool seat.

The valley of Baidar is pretty, but it requires a great deal of *entusymusy* to see in it either a

"Tauric Arcadia," or a "Crimean Tempé." Clarke's matter-of-fact criticism on the lady who called it so, is rather amusing. On approaching Balaclava I observed a man at a short distance from the road, catching quails; the process was simple enough—he was provided with a kind of landing net, made of light materials, and walking the birds up, caught them with it as they rose; about this time of the year they do so very heavily, from their extreme fatness, and great numbers are taken in this manner. This mode is by far the best, as shot would knock them to pieces. Balaclava is the head-quarters of the regiment of Arnaouts colonized here, and the corporal pressed his steed to his best pace as we entered, receiving various signs of recognition from many of his comrades loitering in the street. The houses are mean, and the bay, from being closed in by the rocks at the entrance, is muddy, and still as a mill-dam: the place smelt dreadfully of fish, which is the principal food of the inhabitants, and mine also, for a few pickled sprats were the only "mangiare" I could procure. Excepting the Genoese towers on the hill at the entrance

of the harbour, the only curiosity I saw here was a billiard-table, six feet by four, in a room of suitable dimensions, crowded with officers smoking, &c.

The picturesque ceased at Balaclava; the country beyond it, though undulating, was devoid of trees, and the vegetation was quite parched up; not a blade of grass was to be seen. At the Convent of St. George, our next station, I met several officers of the garrison of Sevastopol come out here on a pic-nic. I addressed one of them, who fortunately spoke French, and after a little conversation he was kind enough to offer me some refreshment, which, after a long and dusty ride upon pickled sprats, I was truly glad to accept. The convent is curiously built against a cliff overhanging the sea, and has nothing but the singularity of its position to recommend it. I joined the party on their return to Sevastopol, where we arrived about ten o'clock. The entrance to the town was most offensive and disgusting, a disgrace to those in command, and quite enough to counteract all the benefit of a quarantine establishment.

My friend B—— had given the corporal directions to conduct me to the best pot-house, for

there is no inn in the town. This wretched cabaret was kept by a German; we found "meïn Herr" dead drunk, and the only bed-room occupied. After threading the streets up and down, with the pleasant prospect of bivouacking in one of them, we turned in at a billiard-room, the owner of which accommodated me with a ricketty couch. The noise of the balls, as large as nine-pound shot, together with my usual bed-fellows, kept me awake all night. A kind and pressing invitation from my countryman, Colonel Upton, on the following morning, prevented the necessity of my returning to this kennel, which was frequented by all the riff-raff of the town. I experienced no little pleasure in sitting down to a breakfast which his good lady, with all her English habits and feelings unimpaired by a long residence in Russia, placed before me. Immediately after, accompanied by one of her sons, I sallied forth to see the dry docks erecting here under the Colonel's superintendence, and from his own plans; they are unique of their kind, and worthy of a detailed description.

The docks, five in number, are placed on two

sides of a quadrangular basin, as shown in the plan; the centre one in the rear is capable of receiving a first-rate of the largest size; two are for seventy-four gun ships, and the remaining two for frigates. As there is no tide, the lock principle has been adopted in the construction of these docks. The bottom of each is three feet above the level of the sea, and the ships are to be raised into the dock-basin by a series of three locks, each having a rise of ten feet; the surface of the water, therefore, in the dock basin is thirty feet above the level of the sea. Each dock can be laid dry by means of a subterranean drain, the sluice-valve of which being opened, carries off the water into the sea; by this means each dock may be used separately, and a ship taken in or out without interfering with the others. The dock-basin is supplied with water by means of a canal from the Tcherney-Ruilka, (the Black River,) which commences at the village of Tchergana, at which point it has an elevation of about sixty-two feet above the level of the sea. This canal is about ten feet wide, and eighteen versts (twelve miles) long, with a fall of a foot and a half in

each verst; it leads into a reservoir about eight versts from its commencement. Should the rivulet fail in the dry season, this reservoir contains a sufficient body of water to supply the dock-basin; but there is a much larger one constructing between the hills above the head of the canal. The line of the canal from the river to the docks runs over very difficult ground, chiefly by the sides of steep hills, and crosses many deep ravines. To remove these obstacles, and preserve a regular fall, it became necessary to construct an embankment, three aqueducts, and two tunnels. The tunnel at Inkerman, which I visited, is about three hundred yards long, and cut through a mass of freestone. But the great difficulty was to obtain a foundation for the first, or sea-lock. When the coffer-dam was made, and the water pumped out, which was not much more than seven feet deep, an excavation of twenty feet was necessary, as the foundation of the lock is nearly thirty feet below the level of the water in the bay: this ground of black mud and sand, when cleared out to about half the depth, was forced upwards by the pressure of the earth at the sides, so that

what was dug out in the day was filled up again in the night. To overcome this difficulty, it was necessary to drive the piles intended for the foundation over the whole surface of the lock, and the earth was taken out to the required depth across its whole breadth. This could only be done in narrow portions of about eight or ten feet wide; the piles were then cut to the proper depth, the framework put on, and the masonry commenced; this was repeated by degrees, till the whole was finished. It would appear almost impossible to have accomplished this difficult point any other way. The materials employed in the construction of the docks are freestone and granite; the latter is used at the gates, for the blocks on which the ships will rest in the docks, the whole of the upper course of the locks, docks, and dock-basin, in short, wherever there is great pressure, or liability to receive heavy concussions. The masonry is beautifully fitted, and the whole of the capstans and machinery of the locks are of English manufacture. The filter for watering the shipping is supplied by the same canal which feeds the dock-basin, and the water passes through

charcoal and sand; the building is neatly constructed, but is not yet in use. This, as well as the principal staircase, was built from Colonel Upton's designs; the latter is in strong contrast to that of Mithridates, or the "escalier monstre" at Odessa.

Colonel Upton is a pupil of the great Telford, and these docks will redound as much to his credit as an engineer, as the Menai bridge or canal of Gotha to his master's. The design and execution of this great work could not have fallen into better hands. The emperor appears to think so, by the notice which he has taken of Col. U.; and his imperial majesty's opinion carries the greater weight with it, and is the more flattering, as he is said to have a competent knowledge of engineering. It is gratifying to find our countrymen employed in such distant places; the master in Sweden, and the pupil in Tartary. The difficulties of such undertakings in Russia are considerably increased by the scanty number of good artificers, the principal part of those employed being soldiers, who, originally serfs, and not brought up to any trade, make but poor workmen, even when employed for the

most ordinary purposes. This I saw strongly illustrated in the removal of the hill, on the site of which the admiralty is to be erected. Upwards of 4,000 men taken from the garrison were at work to effect this. Very few had even hand-barrows; the majority were carrying away the earth in their coat-tails, and in bags about as large as those used by hackney-coachmen in feeding their horses. Their movements were slow and spiritless, and they seemed to be almost incapable of greater exertion. Those who are entirely under Colonel U.'s control, and obliged to use the wheel-barrows he has had made, could with difficulty be brought to see the benefit of them: but once satisfied on the subject, these useful articles were regularly fought for, as they work by task. The want of common energy exhibited by these men is easily understood. The government allowance of fourpence a day which they are supposed to receive, is put into the "caisse d'épargnes,"* from which few of them ever reap any benefit; at any rate, the prospect of doing so on discharge is too remote to be a stimulus to their exertions, whereas if the

* Stock purse.

money was paid into their hands at the time, it would be an incentive to their industry.

The pumps which clear the coffer-dams at the admiralty quay were worked by deserters. All persons travelling in this country without passports are considered vagabonds and are also liable to be so employed.

Having thoroughly inspected the docks, we took boat, and rowed up the bay to Inkerman to see the excavations in the rocks there. The chambers and chapels cut out of the freestone are said by Clarke and other authors to have been the residence of the Arians who retired there to escape persecution. They are now the retreat of reptiles of all sorts. The river which some travellers have described as *flowing* into the bay from one of the most beautiful valleys in Europe, was nearly stagnant, and as muddy as the Tiber itself. The valley has not more than half-a-dozen trees in it and its beauty, if it ever had any, has departed. Returning, we rowed about the harbour, perhaps the finest in the world. It has so great a depth of water in some of the bays or inlets, that line-of-battle ships of the largest size lay close in to the

shore. I walked on board the Warsaw of 120 guns, lying in the harbour marked J in the plan. The fleet is laid up here during the winter; the ships are then dismantled, and the crews go into their *barracks!*

The entrance to the port, about 800 yards wide, is made in the night, by keeping the two lights in one; the nearest is at the end of the harbour, near Inkerman, and the other three miles off; and 200 feet above it, on the mountain, the anchorage is excellent.

The Alexander sand, as may be observed in the plan, narrows the entrance for large vessels to nearly one half of its apparent breadth, though the depth of water over it is sufficient for small ones. The Blonde paid a flying visit here a few years ago, and since her, the Mischief, a yacht of Captain L.'s; they both caused great commotion. The latter, a bit of a thing, left with a strong breeze against her, and the Russian man-of-war brig ordered to see her clear off, was obliged to bring up; had she persevered in the execution of her orders, she would in all probability have gone ashore for want of good handling.

A Fort Alexander.

B ,, Constantine.

C ,, Nicholas.

D Large field work on the hill.

E The ancient Church of St. Vladimir.

F The Lazaret.

G Ruins of the ancient city of the Chersonesus.

H Harbour for Merchantmen.

I Principal landing place.

J Harbour for the Fleet.

K Dry Docks.

L The large filter at which the fleet are watered.

M Admiralty.

N Careening Harbour.

O Powder Magazine.

P Lighthouse at Inkerman.

Q Small stream from the valley of Inkerman.

R Tunnel.

S Hospital.

T Barracks.

U Ordnance storehouses.

a a a Batteries in earth.

b b b Aqueducts of the canal.

c c c Excavations in the rock at Inkerman.

d d d Guard ships.

e Church.

The three principal works which command the approach, entrance, and interior of this harbour are, forts Alexander on the right, Constantine on the left, and Nicholas at the base of the hill on which the town stands; they are marked in the plan with the letters A B C. These forts, or rather batteries, in which a system of casemates has been adopted to the exclusion of every other principle, have been erected from the designs of a Frenchman in the Russian engineers. Their construction in this respect renders them unique in the annals of fortification; for though casemates have been and are frequently used, they never have been so to the same extent as in this instance. The freestone of which they are built is soft, and the strength of the masonry very questionable. The counter-forts are filled with rubble, and several of the key stones of the arches have given way under a salute; the facing, however, is neatly finished, and the works externally have a most formidable appearance. The Constantine and Nicholas batteries are not yet completed; the former will be the largest, with three tiers of guns; the upper "en barbette." This work, rounded at the end

towards the sea, is closed in the rear, which has casemates in it, of the same dimensions as those in the other parts of the fort; the guns on one side look up the harbour.

The Alexander, the smallest work of the three, has only one tier of guns in casemates; the upper, of thirty, being as in the other two, "en barbette." This work terminates in a cavalier or circular tower, covered with tiles, three guns of which look into the harbour. The rampart is about six feet thick. The apertures or port-holes of the casemates are so small, that there is no possibility of training the guns either to the right or left. Upon inquiry, I found that Admiral Greig, who formerly commanded the Black Sea fleet, considered this of no consequence, as from the great number employed, upwards of 2,000, there was no point in or near the harbour which did not lay under a cross fire of 60 pieces of the largest artillery. If this statement be accurate, the position of the guns must have been calculated with considerable mathematical precision and ingenuity. The casemates are used as barracks, ten men occupying the distance between each gun, and the

window in the rear. In the winter, they are warmed by stoves; the cook-houses are at each end, and a passage runs the whole length of the battery between the guns and the men's cots; there is also a furnace in each tier for heating shot. The difficulty of procuring proper ventilation has not been obviated. It was intended to accomplish this by the chimneys, and more particularly by the port-hole and the large window in the rear opposite to it: but the gun defeats this desirable object by stopping up the former. The size of the window failing to produce this effect is objectionable, as it must weaken the wall, and being low, would permit the ingress of shells from the court. I thought Bousmard's opinion on casemates remained uncontradicted: he says, "Malheureusement les batteries qu'on y établit ne sont pas susceptibles de faire une service prolongée; la fumée de la poudre les encombre promptement, et y incommode tellement les artilleurs qu'ils ne peuvent plus continuer à faire usage de leurs pièces, tous les efforts jusqu'à present pour obvier cet inconvenient n'ont pas encore obtenu *un succés satisfaisant*." The Alexander battery is closed in the rear by a loop-holed

wall, and gates which might easily be forced. But these works are not constructed, nor are they in a position, to resist an attack by land; the command is so great from the town in the rear that whoever is in possession of it must also be in possession of the works. They have already cost Russia 5,000,000 of roubles, and are considered impregnable. It may be a long time before that question is decided, but if we should ever contemplate the destruction of the admiralty and fleet which *they are intended to protect*, I have not the least doubt that there are many admirals in our service who would be ready enough to make the experiment. The remaining works are in earth; the small battery at the point near the admiralty excepted. The fort marked D, which was intended to defend the harbour previously to the erection of these permanent works, was placed at so great a distance from the shore that none of the guns commanded it by a point blank fire. The scale on the plan is one mile.

The lazaret in which Mr. Bell and his crew performed their quarantine, is marked F. The establishment is much smaller than that of Odessa

or Kertch. The harbour, like many others between it and Cape Chersonesus, is an excellent one. My friend, B——, when incarcerated in the lazaret, on his return from Turkey, from pure *ennui* amused himself with opening one of the ancient tombs which he discovered within its precincts, and was rewarded for his pains by finding a vase, evidently Greek, and in it an instrument something like a bodkin. Though an excellent hearted fellow, he was no antiquarian, and in proof of his apathy on the subject, told me the following anecdote, that occurred to him during the Turkish campaign :—

"We were constructing a field-work near Sizepoli, when one of the men struck his pickaxe against a large stone, which, upon examination, turned out to be an ancient tomb; it was opened with great care, and three jars, painted red and black, with drawings on them of men and women fighting, were found in it." "And you have them?" said I eagerly, a beautiful Greek vase with the battle of the Amazons, already pictured in my imagination. "Oh, no!" replied the Colonel, "but I am very sorry that I have not, as you seem inte-

rested about them. The fact was, our camp equipage, never very complete in cantonment, was of course utterly deficient of many articles conducive to comfort in the field, and we made use of them as water jugs; but they did not last any length of time, for they were very fragile; two of them were soon broken, and *the third left behind!*" So much for numismatics!

The church, near the lazaret, is said to have been built by Vladimir, the first Christian Tzar, whose mode of obtaining baptism and a Christian wife, appears to have been rather singular. Scorning the idea of putting himself under any obligation to the Emperors Basilius and Constantine, he laid siege to Theodosia, then belonging to the Greek empire, to procure priests for this purpose. After an obstinate defence of six months, during which thousands of men perished on both sides, for the gratification of his barbarian vanity, the town fell into his hands. He then demanded the sister of the Emperors in marriage; they, terrified by his threats of attacking their capital, sent the Princess Anna to him, who was not much flattered by this mode of wooing: Vladimir was then chris-

tened Basil, and married. This church is built of the remains of the ancient cities of the Chersonesus; and portions of columns and entablatures may be seen in its walls. The foundations of those of the above-mentioned cities may be traced, and a great quantity of the materials taken from them have been used in building Sevastopol. About 14,000 men are encamped here during the summer; when on parade, they look in good order; in their tents, wretched, everything being dirty and in confusion. In the winter, they go into the barracks, here, and at Simpheropol, or are quartered in the villages in the neighbourhood. Ophthalmia was very prevalent amongst them, principally owing to their being employed during the great heats on the public works, when the glare and dust are insufferable. The sick amounted to nearly 4000. Cataract is a very common disease in the Crimea.

CHAPTER XI.

Leave Sevastopol—Ascend to the ruins of Mangoup Kalé—Bagtché-serai—A Tartar wedding—The bath of the harem—Gypsies—Korolce and Tchoufout Kalé—Karaïte Jewesses—A night in a Tartar house—A peep—An Indian barber—Return to Choreis.

On my return to Yalta, I was accompanied by Colonel U——'s son, who has a small estate in the neighbourhood, and the journey was rendered much more agreeable by his society; independently of this, he was of great service to me as interpreter, speaking Russian fluently, and understanding Tartar. I took leave of his family with regret, and many thanks for the great attention and kindness they had shown me. Having sent the corporal on to Bagtché Serai, to procure a room for us at the palace, which I had been informed was the usual halting place, we took a more circuitous route. About ten versts from

Sevastopol, we passed the reservoir of the canal, and following the road through several beautiful valleys, covered with walnut-trees laden with fruit, arrived at the foot of the mountain, on the summit of which are the ruins of Mangoup Kalé. It rises almost perpendicularly. The town was once in the hands of the Greeks, it became afterwards a Genoese fortress, and was subsequently the residence of the Karaïte Jews. A guide being necessary for the ascent, we entered a small village at the foot of the mountain, to procure one, and in the course of our search, surprised several Tartar women at their avocations under the sheds of the houses, who hastily put up their feredges and dispersed. While the nags were getting ready, we strolled down to a fountain at a short distance from the village, and finding the water delicious, took a deep draught. The inscription informed us that it was erected as an act of charity by some benevolent Tartar. The ascent to the ruins was steep and difficult, and very tortuous in consequence of the large masses of rock which, having fallen from above, obstructed the path. The nut-trees, always in great numbers in this part of the

Crimea, were covered with fruit, which we gathered and ate as we rode; their great profusion was principally owing to the natural irrigation on the mountain side. Emerging from the underwood, we came to the cemetery of the Karaïte Jews, containing many thousand tombstones of coffin shape, covered with Hebrew inscriptions. They reach close up to the outer wall of the fortress, which, running across the hill, follows the inequalities of the ground, and is flanked by square castellated towers, at short distances from each other.

Within this wall was the town of Mangoup, beyond which, and to the left, one extremity of the mountain runs out in a kind of promontory, precipitous on all sides. This was also strongly fortified by a wall and towers, which ran across it, and formed the citadel. The sides of this promontory are full of excavations, which appear to have been used as prisons; the view from the windows of these chambers is of the wildest character, and a glance at the village, several hundred feet below, into which a stone might be dropped, is sufficient to unnerve the strongest

head, the party who scaled the Peter Botte mountain always excepted.

Sevastopol, its numerous harbours and shipping, may be distinctly seen from hence, and towards Bagtché Serai the eye ranges over a broken chain of mountains, each in itself a natural fortress. Not a human being now resides here; the vast population that once inhabited Mangoup is dispersed: a few, who lingered, eventually retired to Tchoufout Kalé, in the last century. Ivy has embraced the walls and towers, the vine has given way to the thistle, the chambers in the rock are choked with rank herbs and trees, the lizards disport themselves over the ruins of the synagogue; and an eagle's feather, which lay on the ground, completed a scene of desertion and desolation more particularly striking when considered with reference to the history of the Hebrew race.

The only objects which excited our attention on the road to Bagtché Serai, were the small brick monuments erected by Potemkin to commemorate the Empress Catherine's visit to the Crimea.

It was night before we arrived at our destination. This is one of the few towns in the Crimea inhabited solely by Tartars, who still cling with affection and reverence to the ancient capital of their race; it would be more interesting to those who have not travelled in the East, for though the glory of their Khans has departed, they have preserved all their eastern manners and customs. Their nature is kind and inoffensive, and they generally prefer a pastoral life; a few employ themselves in the manufacture of leather cushions, slippers, whips, saddles, &c., fur caps of the black lamb-skin, and cloaks called bourkas. The latter are shaped like a large cape, and woven in one piece, the outside being covered with woollen ends left purposely hanging from the cloth, which gives them something the appearance of a sheepskin; they are black, and turn any rain. The caps are worn by the Little Russians, as well as by the Tartars. My Arnaout had been unsuccessful in his mission; he presented the passport, but failed in procuring us a room; we therefore went to the house of one of his Greek friends. The appearance of the somovar, tea, and fresh eggs, with the

addition of a "pocket pistol," and the never-failing effects of the soothing chibouque, made us forget our disappointment at the palace, and throwing ourselves down on our bourkas, (excellent beds for men who had been twelve hours in the saddle,) we were soon asleep. My dreams were of India, and I awoke to find them almost realized by the confusion of sounds which met my ear, produced by tom-toms, gongs, bagpipes, and other similarly melodious instruments used in that country. The window of our room looked towards the street, and on opening it, I found the concert was in honour of a Tartar bride, whose equipage, drawn by two ponies, was surrounded by curtains and torch-bearers, lighting her to the hymeneal couch, in a manner truly classical. Though awakened by so interesting a circumstance, I wished her and her "cortège" far enough, and laid down, wondering where the phrenologists would find the organ of music in the head of a Tartar. The mausoleum of the Khans is a wretched edifice after that of the Sultans at Constantinople; and a striking example of the instability of human greatness. The palace presents a series of diminutive apartments, small

courts, fountains, and kiosques; the furniture is mean, and of modern date, and one room, left in its original state, is lined with looking-glass. The seraglio is separated by a wall from the principal building, but the gallery of the apartment, in which the Khans gave audience, is latticed so as to enable the ladies of the harem to hear and see unseen. The bath in the garden must have been a delightful retreat for them; the trellis built over it is covered by a most splendid vine, so old, that these houris no doubt gathered the pendant and delicious fruit when bathing. On the fountain, called Selsabil, in the vestibule, is the following inscription, remarkable only for the oriental character of the style:—

"Glory to God in the Highest.

"The town of Bagtché-Serai rejoices in the beneficent solicitude of the luminous Crim-Gheri-Khan: it was he, who with generous hand quenched the thirst of his countrymen, and who will occupy himself in shedding still greater benefits, when God shall assist him. His benevolence discovered this excellent spring of water.

"If there exists such another fountain, let it present itself. The towns of Scham and Bagdad have seen many things, but never such a fountain."

The author of this inscription is by name Chégi. Those tormented with thirst, will read through the water, which falls from a pipe of the size of a finger, what is traced in the fountain. But what does it announce?

"Go, drink of the beautiful water from the purest of fountains, for it bestows health." (In the year 1176, A.D.)

My inquiries here for coins produced a gold one of the Lower Empire in very good preservation, and many Tartar ones of copper. The coffee-houses, very poor and dirty, were divided into little pens by low partitions, and the beverage, as in Turkey, was served in very small cups in filagree stands. The proprietor of the café we entered had been Mayor or Bashi, and wore an enormous medal presented to him by the Emperor when he visited the town. The gypsies near here live in excavations of the rock, and we turned aside to see their habitations; they may be truly said to live "in holes in the earth:" the women are remarkably handsome, and had the marked and peculiar features of their race. We continued our journey in the afternoon, and

at a little distance from the town came to a stream, which has been described as the "roaring Djourouksou;" when we passed it was so small that we stepped across it, and ascending the ravine, arrived at the monastery of the Assumption at Korolee. This building, like that of St. George, is perched upon a ledge of rock, pierced in many places for mausoleums similar to those of Inkerman. Recrossing the ravine, we ascended the mountain to Tchoufout Kalé, a town of the Karaïte Jews; a remnant only of this sect, now remains, and the place will, in a few years, be as deserted as Mangoup. These Jews date their schism as far back as the Babylonish captivity, and reject the Talmud, and every kind of tradition; they have, from their long residence in the East, many of the habits and manners of Mahomedans, and are both honest and cleanly, two rare qualifications with their brethren of Odessa.

As we rode through the streets of this almost uninhabited town, bright eyes were occasionally seen peeping from a latticed window. As we increased our distance, the obstacle to the gratification of curiosity was thrown open, and the

heads of these Rebeccas were brought full in view, no doubt with the intention of preventing disappointment to themselves, as well as to us. Their beauty is remarkable, and their eastern costume, of a gay character, set them off to admiration. The burying ground, at a short distance from the gate, is prettily situated. The synagogue was small; the women sit apart from the men, in a gallery with a very efficient grating in front of it; the building was hung with lamps, and the rabbi showed us several old copies of their Testament, which commences with the book of Joshua. Near it, is a ruined mausoleum of one of the daughters of a Khan. The sides of this mountain, and several others in the neighbourhood, are so scarped, that they might, with very little trouble, be made impregnable. The view from hence towards the Tchatir Dâg, the highest mountain on the south coast, is not unlike that from the Acropolis of Corinth, looking towards Nemea.

As usual, it was late before we reached our station for the night, and our arrival was soon made known to the inhabitants of the village by the loud barking and yelling of their dogs; every

house is provided with at least half-a-dozen, but the wattled fences that surround them, being high, kept them at a distance. The corporal soon found the Bashi, and the ladies having been allowed time to retire to an inner room, we were shown into the one they had left. A divan, covered with coarse cotton, ran round the apartment, and the fire-place, in the centre of the side near the door, was large enough to admit six or eight persons within the chimney. Of course, there were no tables or chairs; a low wooden stool or plateau on three legs, as in Turkey, being used for meals. One of them, covered with kaimack, (thick cream, which made an excellent substitute for butter,) fresh milk, and eggs, was quickly placed before us. Supper being despatched, we stretched ourselves on the divan, and were soon blowing a cloud of such fragrance and volume from our chibouques, that the apartment was not only perfumed by it, but in that haze so delightful to those who really enjoy the art of smoking, not a cigar, but through a cherry-stick. We were not, however, left long in the quiet enjoyment of these Elysian nebulæ, for the fleas assailed us in myriads. I was hunt-

ing them all night, and towards morning, was fairly obliged to perform a "spoglia," to make the chase effectual. While thus employed, I happened to look up at the window, which, on account of the heat, had been left open, and was not a little amused by discovering a lady Tartar peering at me with all her eyes; but they were not like those of the Rebeccas of Tchoufout Kalé: but no sooner had she caught mine, than, hastily drawing her feredge over her face, she disappeared in a twinkling. Our host appeared rather astonished at being remunerated, in the morning, and said that the generality of his visitors were always *on duty;* adding, "Our conquerors, Sir, have left us very poor."

We set out early, being anxious to reach Yalta before the evening. Our road, the bed of a torrent, led us to Ousembash, a village at the foot of the mountains, which lay between us and the coast. The fences near the road were, as well as the trees and shrubs in them, covered with the wild hop, the vine, clematis, and other parasitic plants. The former was growing in great luxuriance, and with cultivation, ought to succeed

admirably. The houses in these valleys are much better built than those on the coast, and though very low, have frequently two stories, with a gallery running round them on the outside; the roofs also are raised and tiled, and the ceilings sometimes ornamented with carving in wood. The village of Ousembash boasted a khan, to which I made my way, and sitting down in the divan, in the court, a Tartar barber relieved me of a three days' beard, in the most approved style of eastern art. His thumb followed the razor so closely, that the pressure on the skin prevented the action of the latter from being felt; and his dexterity put me not a little in mind of one of his brethren in India, who had the reputation of being able to shave his customer without awaking him from his slumbers, no matter how light! I think it necessary to add that the person who related the anecdote to me is dead!!!

Having breakfasted, we commenced our scramble up the mountain, as on the road here, through the bed of a torrent, and being excessively steep, the horses had some difficulty in keeping their legs. The summit, completely devoid of trees,

was very cold; but the view repaid us. The descent on the other side was rapid, and from the quantity of pine cones that had fallen from the trees, required care. I dismissed the corporal at Yalta, and having parted with my companion, who had contributed so much to the pleasure of my excursion, made the best of my way to Choreis.

CHAPTER XII.

Count W——'s "jour-de-fête"—The Greek ritual—Prayer for the Emperor—An extraordinary scene—Collection of vines at Nikita—Crimean wines—Moscow champagne—Crimean delicacies—Return to Odessa.

My good-natured friend, the Prince, received me with cordiality; and on turning in for the night, I was not sorry to find myself in a comfortable bed. The day after my return was the "jour-de-fête" of the young Count W——, a relation of my host, and every one went up to the chapel at Massandra, to attend the service in honour of the day. I was glad to have an opportunity of witnessing the Greek ritual, and accompanied the Prince. Four horses in a light phaeton soon brought us to the door, which, as well as the interior, was thronged with people of the lower orders, in their pink shirts and gay sashes. They

looked careless, and unconscious of their slavery; but it was there—completely betrayed by the way in which they saluted my companion as we passed; not only was the cap in hand, but the body was bent low, with a servility of manner truly distressing to witness. Though the church was so densely crowded, the talisman of rank and power soon made way for us up to the altar; it was brilliantly illuminated, for a great many of the congregation brought candles as an offering, and, having lighted one, placed the remainder with it on a table near the altar for the Papa; whether for his benefit, or the young Count's, I did not make out.

The chaunt, though pleasing, was tedious, and monotonous in the literal sense of the word; the Prince's steward, who stood near us, exerted himself most laudably in keeping up the quantity, if not the quality, of the tone. The heat, not *pure* caloric, soon made me anxious for the conclusion; but the censers, though they increased it, relieved the unpleasant effluvia. Towards the end of the ceremony, the doors in the gilt screen, which, like the veil in front of the Holy of Holies, concealed the altar, were closed, the chaunting ceased, the

censers were withdrawn, and every one remained in mute attention. At length, the folding doors in the centre were re-opened and thrown back, and the priest, a gigantic fellow, with a large black beard, carrying on his head an enormous volume, which he steadied with both hands, came forward, and in one of the finest voices I ever heard, commenced a long recitation.

Every one bent low, not in humble adoration, but in superstitious awe. I asked the Prince, in a whisper, for an explanation of a scene which exhibited so much emotion, and found that they were praying for the Emperor. The large volume contained the Gospels. The sensation manifested on this occasion surprised me much; it was scarcely equalled by that usually seen in Catholic churches at the elevation of the Host. But the serfs of Russia look upon their Tzar as equal, if not superior to the Deity, and consequently, the prayer for his Imperial Majesty is listened to with more attention, and responded to with greater fervour, than any other part of the service. Several women now entered with infants in their arms, as I imagined for a christening, but in reality to

have the sacrament administered to them. Their mothers, kneeling before the altar, gave them in succession to the priest, who endeavoured to place a spoonful of the elements in the mouth of each. This, as may be supposed, was neither easily nor silently accomplished, and a chaunt arose of a character quite different from that in which the steward had taken such a prominent part. The scene that ensued defies all attempts at description. The children kicked, and squalled, and all resisted to their "little utmost" this food, so unnatural to them; while their mothers, evidently impressed with a belief in the benefit they were to derive from it, anxiously endeavoured to induce them to swallow at least a portion, and in some cases, forced it down their throats. The whole finished with a sermon, which the little communicants, not half pacified, interrupted by their cries; but the Papa, determined that his eloquence should not be displayed in vain, ordered the young choristers out of the church.

A Russian nobleman, who volunteered a discussion on religious topics with me, as we drove away, said, "*We* don't believe all this, mais c'est très

bon pour le peuple." Query, how much has Christianity progressed in Russia since the days of Vladimir, eight centuries ago? and what has education done for her nobles in the last two?

On the 12th of September, during my stay at Choreis, I dined one day with Mr. A——, a Livonian, and Director of the Botanical Garden at Nikita; he was kind enough to show me every thing himself, particularly the collection of vines. There are upwards of three hundred varieties, the greater part of them had been collected in the south of France for an American merchant; the money, however, was not forthcoming on the day of sale, and Count Woronzoff, then at Vienna, having heard of the circumstance, travelled day and night to be in time to purchase them. I believe I may say, without fear of contradiction, that the collection is unique, though not quite complete; a very few of the varieties known to botanists are wanting. I missed one, the Aurungabad, a grape known to all persons on the Bombay side of India, for its curious shape and luscious flavour. These vines were all in the open air, and trained on sticks on the French plan. With

very few exceptions, they were all well ripened, and looked very strong and healthy. The black and white Muscats, and the Isabella, (a South American grape, as I understood Mr. A——), were the best amongst those that I tasted; had Van Huysum been alive, he would have gloried in having some of them as subjects for his pencil. Mr. A—— informed me that considerable quantities of these grapes are sent to the Emperor, at St. Petersburgh, a distance of 2400 versts. The wine grapes, as usual, were execrable. The stone fruits, all grown either on espalier, or on standards, are not so good as in England; the white figs, however, were exquisite, and the filberts and Spanish nuts of an enormous size. The olive, though growing here, does not succeed, bearing fruit but rarely, and of an inferior quality. Some forest trees from the Himalaya were thriving remarkably well.

A great variety of Crimean wines, principally sweet, were produced at and after dinner; they were good of their kind, particularly the Malaga. The soil, aspect, and climate of this coast are so favourable to the cultivation of the vine, that

every sort of wine may be made here; and where great attention is paid, they are decidedly good. I saw an instance of this in the wine made by my travelling companion, Mr. U——, which was unquestionably the best I drank in the Crimea, particularly the red; it had the strength of good French claret, with the flavour and colour of port; and, as a farmer in my county once said to a most hospitable squire, whose wine he had been drinking over night, "There wasn't a headache in a pailful of it;" a piece of homely, but gratifying criticism. But the reason of Mr. Upton's success is obvious; fortunately for him, he cannot keep a steward, who, in common with nearly all the servants in Russia, are great rogues; he is therefore obliged to be on the spot, and look to every thing himself, not only as to the management of the vines, but the making of the wine. Besides this, the majority of the vine growers consider principally the quantity of wine, and not the quality; and in order to obtain this result, when the grapes are nearly ripe, the vines are so much watered to increase the quantity of juice, that the wine is worth nothing.

The champagne of Count W—— is an exception to this; and though not so good as Mouet's, is better than Charles Wright's, or any other wine of the same kind out of France. I heard that the Count is desirous of introducing the Crimean wines into the English market; but the local expenses, great distance, and heavy duties would, even if they ever arrived at the same perfection as the French, be an insuperable bar to their standing any competition with them. The great customers for these wines are the proprietors of a champagne manufactory in Moscow, and agents are sent here by them every autumn to purchase all they can procure. The process must be an extraordinary one, as the different varieties of white wine are said to be mixed up together. The speculation, however, answers; for being put in French bottles, neatly leaded, and the mark counterfeited on the cork, a great quantity is disposed of as French Champagne, which is seldom sold at Moscow for less than eight guineas a dozen!

Another agreeable day was spent at Count A—'s, the lineal descendant of the celebrated admiral, who having spent three fortunes in the capitals

of Vienna and St. Petersburgh, has retired here to vegetate, as he calls it, on the wreck of a fourth. He was exceedingly entertaining, and did the honours of his house to admiration. It was curious, that in this secluded place, the immediate neighbourhood produced the choicest delicacies of a table perfectly "en règle" in every respect. Sterlet soup, a luxury unknown to the "bon vivants" of London or Paris, was followed by excellent sturgeon, sgombri, (a kind of mackerel,) and trout, boar and chevreuil, quails of exquisite flavour, dressed in vine leaves, and fruit of the most unrivalled bloom and sweetness, the production of nature, not the hothouse. The wines were the only foreign luxury; the Count did not patronize the Crimean.

The "Peter" arrived on the 14th, and having taken leave of my good-natured host, I embarked in her, on my return to Odessa. We had a most prosperous "traject," and I was not a little delighted, on knocking at No. 17, at the "Petersburgh," to find that, during my month's *leave of absence*, the best half of my establishment had met with no disasters, and were quite well. I now resumed

my notes, to which the back of many a letter was doomed.

Illness detained us at Odessa till it was too late in the season to travel to Moscow, and winter there, as had been our original intention. Though I regretted this at the time, I had afterwards good reason to alter my opinion, for I found that it afforded me many opportunities of becoming acquainted with Russian character, much more undisguised by the *policy* of pleasing, than I should have done in either of the capitals, St. Petersburgh especially.

CHAPTER XIII.

The site of Odessa—The Sabanski granary—Streets—A sixth element—The fifth element—The General aground—The Boulevard—The escalier monstre—The Duke de Richelieu—Count Woronzoff's house—The bathing house—Aquatic gymnastics—Mermaids in full dress—Jelly fish.

It is singular that with two such rivers as the Dnieper and the Dniester on this coast, the site of Odessa should have been selected for a commercial town. There is no natural harbour, and its trade consists almost entirely of raw productions from the interior, which are brought in carts drawn by oxen, a distance of from three to seven hundred miles. The only reason I ever heard assigned for the choice, is that the position is more favourable for enforcing quarantine laws and regulations than that of a town situated on a river.

Odessa is seen to the most advantage from the

sea. It stands on a high cliff, along which runs a Boulevard; the streets are generally at right angles to it, and exceedingly wide. Large intervals of ground are left between many of the houses; the granaries also are very numerous, and occupy considerable space, and the town is, therefore, spread over a very wide surface. One of these granaries, by its style and dimensions, throws every other edifice, even the public buildings, quite into the shade, and from its commanding position, on the opposite side of a ravine facing the town, is a very striking object. This magazine consists of a façade with pilasters and a pediment, and two wings extending from it; the National Gallery will give an idea of its length, though not of its height. The architect, Monsieur Bauffar, is a very clever Italian, residing at Odessa. This granary originally belonged to a Pole of the name of Sabanski; which gentleman having taken an active part in the Polish revolution, it became forfeited to the crown. It is said that the proprietor, before leaving Odessa, mortgaged it to its full extent, and did not, therefore, lose by the seizure.

The two principal streets, those of Richelieu and Catherine, are planted with a row of acacias on each side, which, from their stunted appearance, give no further hope of either ornament or shade. Very large open drains, about two feet deep, also run the whole length of the street; these are for the purpose of carrying off the melted snow when the thaw sets in, which frequently takes place so rapidly, that without them the streets would be under water. These drains are intersected at short distances by low arches, to enable persons to cross them from their carriages or otherwise. The Rue Richelieu has trottoirs: this street, on our arrival at Odessa, was paved a great part of its length with Trieste stones, but these were being taken up when we left to furnish materials for macadamizing the same road.—Trieste stones! with so much granite on the banks of the Bug and the Dnieper! On inquiry, I found that this was to accommodate a gentleman, one of the paving committee, who had furnished some of the other members with private loans, gave good dinners, &c., and who carried on an extensive business with that town. The Rue

Catherine, with a few other streets, is macadamized with the soft stone of the cliff, a conglomerate of shells which is soon converted into dust two or three inches deep; this makes its way into desks, drawers, and all corners of the house; every article of food is covered with it, for the heat is too intense to allow of the windows being closed. In the tremendous gales which often occur here in the summer, it is almost impossible to leave the house; for it drives "en masse" with such caprice, that the attempts the passenger naturally makes to avoid the spiral columns which rise every moment, are utterly futile; and after having zig-zagged from one side of the street to the other, he finds himself completely enveloped in its gritty, hot, and dry embrace. When Napoleon came to Russia on his insane expedition, he remarked that he had discovered a fifth element—mud; had he remained the summer he would have found a sixth—dust. The dust may, in fact, be considered a perfect scourge, and causes diseases of the eye, and pulmonary affections. Twice a week only, the comfort of the inhabitants is consulted, when the Boulevard is watered in

the evening, and they are tantalized with an atmosphere which they can only breathe for six hours in the week. The rains of autumn, and the thaw in spring, convert all this dust into such a depth of mud, even in the three principal streets, that it is difficult to cross them without sinking up to the ankles. The charity of the upper classes, who never frequent any other, is too uncertain to induce any one to speculate, and work upon the chance of their getting a livelihood by sweeping a crossing, though there is enough to do in this way to maintain the numerous paupers, that may be seen in all parts of the town. The other streets become almost impassable to foot passengers, and in these seasons droskies are indispensable; even they can scarcely make their way in some parts of the suburbs, which are then a very Slough of Despond! Now and then a drunken man, or an old woman, is suffocated at a crossing; "mais cela passe comme le temps." The women servants can only get to the bazaar in Wellington boots! and if they have none of their own, which is a rare occurrence, as they keep a pair for the purpose, they take their masters';

at least, so mine served me. Thus accoutred, with their petticoats tucked up above their knees, they have no occasion to pick their way, though they never fail to pick their employers' pockets.

Ladies going to the theatres or balls, were formerly obliged to yoke oxen to their carriages, and even now, during the deep falls of snow, when coming away, their servants, to give them a little notice, announce their shovels previously to their carriages. On one occasion General L——, commanding the Odessa district, in going to a review stuck fast on his drosky; finding further progress on it impossible, he left his equipage, riding off on the near horse with all his harness still about him, and with this charger thus caparisoned, made his appearance in front of the regiment he was going to inspect.

For eight or ten weeks in the winter, the streets are in better order, the sledging proceeds merrily, and scarcely a carriage is to be seen on wheels: some of the sledges are nicely lined with furs, and carpets are hung over the back, ornamented with tassels. Most of them are driven at a very rapid rate: towards the end of the season, the

road becomes very uneven, and worn into holes, and the ricochet movement of the sledge is then very disagreeable. Many Russians, however, are very loth to leave off sledging, and keep it up for some time after the thaw has set in! others, by refusing to enter a sledge, wish to intimate that the climate is like that of Italy.

The principal houses are built of a stone so soft as to be easily shaped with a hatchet, and are therefore soon run up; the roofs are of iron and zinc, and being painted green, have a cheerful appearance. The best are on the Boulevard, and in the streets leading to it. They are much in the Italian style, and though showy when new, soon become shabby, and have a very cheerless appearance from the stucco falling off after hard rains and frost. This promenade runs along the cliff, and is planted with a quadruple row of acacias, which though very stunted, are something better than those in the streets; but by the end of June the brilliant green of their foliage is superseded by layers of dust; and they look as if a Brobdinagian dredging-box of second rate flour had been passed over them. The view from this cliff is most un-

interesting. The opposite shore of the bay is a dreary expanse of steppe, presenting to the eye a long low coast without any object upon it but a few small huts—not a tree or shrub is to be seen.

From the centre of the Boulevard, a staircase called the "escalier monstre" descends to the beach. The contractor for this work was ruined. It is an ill-conceived design if intended for ornament; its utility is more than doubtful, and its execution so defective, that its fall is already anticipated. An Odessa wag has prophesied that the Duc de Richelieu, whose statue is at the top, will be the first person to go down it.

This monument in bronze stands remarkably well. The Duke, represented in a toga, is looking towards the sea with his right hand extended in the direction of the harbour; the attitude is dignified, the pedestal simple, and the effect of the whole chaste and good. This nobleman, a French emigrant, was made governor of Odessa and South Russia by the Emperor Alexander, and was a glorious example to all men in office, more particularly to those of Russia.

During the Duke's administration, the plague raged here with great violence. He visited the hospitals; and at Petrikofka, when the inhabitants refused to bury their dead, he took a spade himself and set them the example. Two thousand six hundred persons fell victims to this disease in the years 1812 and 1813. The town has happily been visited only once since that period by so dreadful a calamity. This occurred in 1829, but the decided measures taken by Count Woronzoff prevented it from spreading to any extent. Medals were struck on this occasion, and presented to those who assisted in carrying his orders into effect.

Richelieu's moral courage was only equalled by his charity and hospitality; and his salary as governor, being insufficient to supply the demands upon both, he was frequently without a sous in his pocket. Alexander hearing this, sent him a considerable sum as a present, but the war with Napoleon breaking out at the time, he returned it to his generous master, remarking that his imperial majesty would have plenty to do with his spare money. He pursued the same line of conduct to

the end of his administration; and though he had numerous opportunities of enriching himself, he left the town, on his return to France at the Restoration, in a cabriolet de poste with a portmanteau containing his uniform and a few shirts—all his wardrobe. His departure was deplored by all classes, particularly the poor, who looked up to him as a father.

At the extremity of the Boulevard stands the house of his excellency Count Woronzoff, the present governor general of New Russia. The interior is fitted up with great taste. The library is perhaps the best private one in Russia; and there is a good collection of pictures and philosophical instruments. The stables, under the care of two good English grooms, are extensive and admirably arranged. The house is surrounded by a small shrubbery which runs down the cliff to the road leading to the Pratique port.

The mud in this harbour is sometimes very offensive. The lotkas and a few vessels employed as coasters from the sea of Azoff, Kertch, and Nicolaieff, are nearly all the craft that lay here, with the exception of the cruisers, steamers, or

vessels brought in for repairs. The Russians are averse to yachting or boating, but if they had any taste for either, the regulations of the quarantine would prevent them from enjoying it. Fishing-boats are not allowed to go beyond the bay for the same reason. The troops and military or naval stores for Sevastopol, Circassia, or any other destination, are embarked at this harbour.

At the foot of the cliff, and immediately opposite the wall of Count Woronzoff's shrubbery, is a wooden bathing-house built on piles a few feet over the water. This establishment is much frequented during the summer months by Poles and the fashionables of the town. The sea is not very salt, owing to a current setting along the coast from the Bug and Dnieper. Those to whom the saltness of the water is an object, go to the estuary on the other side of the neck of land at the extremity of the bay. The water there is like brine. The building is divided in the centre by boards; steps into the water are the only accommodation. Every person brings his own towels, and if not, makes his pocket-handkerchief do instead; failing in this, he shakes himself, and stands in the sun, the

burning rays of which soon supply the deficiency of linen. The bathers, in puris naturalibus, are in full view of the windows of the houses on the Boulevard, and the promenaders which frequent it. Public decency is a virtue held in little estimation in this country, even amongst those who have the advantages of birth and education; it is not therefore extraordinary that the lower orders are destitute of it. In this establishment, the ladies are only separated from the gentlemen by a wooden partition, but they never think of confining their aquatic rambles to the twenty feet of boards which would conceal them, for they strike out in parties of six or seven to show off, and having gained an offing, as Jack would say, they rival one another in the various modes of swimming, floating and diving; now and then displaying a leg or an arm above the water, and giving other proofs of their agility and strength. I was left to conclude that these exhibitions afforded great amusement to the ladies, or they would not have frequented the place. On my first visit, I naturally followed the example of those gentlemen who had swum out, never for a moment dreaming

that I had left such interesting neighbours in the rear; great, therefore, was my surprize, when on turning round to come back, I saw a group of figures, not with combs and looking glasses, like mermaids who had just quitted their coral caves, nor a party of school girls let out in their flannels from a Brighton bathing machine, but dressed in the very height of fashion. Many of them were in silk and satins of the brightest shades, with bonnets of gauze and crape trimmed with flowers, marabouts, and other finery. In the slight glance I had of them, they appeared to be in a circle within which I did not feel inclined to intrude; but as they jumped up and down in the water, or one more courageous than the rest, showed her feathers dripping from a dive, I thought I had never witnessed so diverting a scene.

Rummaging my brain to find a reason for their bathing in such extraordinary costume, I accounted for it by supposing that these nymphs of the Euxine were fearful, by appearing there in deshabille, of destroying the effect of their charms upon any cavalier whose attentions they might have secured in their soirées: but what a mis-

take! Madame S. would have looked to so much greater advantage in a white "peignoir," with her beautiful black "cheveleure" floating on the pale green wave, in that disorder so well exemplified on Rowland's oil bottles, that it was melancholy to see her dressed in the relics of last year's season, which ought long before to have been the perquisite of her femme de chambre. These marine balls, which I strongly recommend to the consideration of the lady patronesses of Almack's, though vastly amusing, scarcely compensated me for the annoyance I frequently experienced in finding myself suddenly embraced—not by the ladies, but by a host of jelly fish.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Exchange—Howard's candlestick—His last illness—Death of Howard—Itinerant musicians—Lighting the town—Flies—Scarcity of water—The vodovosks—The theatre—Private theatricals—The English club—Cafe del commercio—Import trade—A Russian free port—The tariff—Good news.

But to return to the Boulevard, a much *drier* subject. The exchange is at the opposite end. In the design of the frieze, prows of ships and bales of goods are curiously mixed; but as Odessa is a mercantile town, this is no doubt intended to be in keeping with the taste of the inhabitants. The room where the merchants meet is of handsome size and proportions, but the ceilings are villanously painted in fresco in a very tawdry style. It is related of the columns on the outside, that the architect finding them too small, when the building was completed, contrived with great ingenuity to supply the required thickness with a

coil or two of rope. The line of houses on this promenade is broken in the centre by two quadrants, between which the street of St. Catherine commences. The Hotel of St. Petersburgh occupies the whole of one; the chancellerie of the military governor, the museum and public library, the other. The latter is seldom visited, and is generally shut before two o'clock; for the librarian, a little octogenarian, the poet laureat of the Countess W. and Madame F. is more celebrated for his philandering than his learning.

The Museum has a few antiquities in it, found on the site of the ancient Olbiopolis, one of the Greek colonies, which stood at the confluence of the Dnieper and the Bug, whose inhabitants, by an abundant supply of corn, once saved the Athenians from all the horrors of famine. There are very few medals, but amongst them are two gold Alexanders in fine preservation. But the object of paramount interest here, particularly to an Englishman, is a small japanned hand candlestick, very much bruised, once the property of the immortal Howard. The sight of this relic called up a host of feelings connected with the remembrance

of his melancholy fate, and emotions of admiration and respect for his unwearied exertions in the cause of humanity. Clarke's account of his conversation with Admiral Priestman before his death, though singular, is truly affecting, and evinces the greatest resignation and strength of mind. His friend having expressed an idea that he was in low spirits, Howard assured him it was otherwise, and added, "Priestman, you style this a very dull conversation, and endeavour to divert my mind from dwelling upon death; but I entertain very different sentiments; death has no terrors for me, it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and be assured, the subject is more grateful to me than any other. I am well aware that I have but a short time to live; my way of life has rendered it impossible that I should recover from this fever. If I had lived as you do, eating heartily of animal food and drinking wine, I might perhaps by altering my diet be able to subdue it. But how can such an invalid as I am lower his diet? I have been accustomed for years to exist upon vegetables and water, a little bread and a little tea. I have no method of

lowering my nourishment, and therefore I must die. It is such jolly fellows as you, Priestman, who get over these fevers." Then, turning the subject, he gave directions concerning the manner of his burial. "There is a spot," said he, "near the village of Dauphigny—it would suit me nicely. You know it well, for I have often said I should like to be buried there; and let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral, nor any monument or monumental inscription whatsoever to mark where I am laid, but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." His remains lie mouldering in the steppe, and those who pass by his isolated tomb, are ignorant not only of his virtues but his name. Why are not his ashes with those of the good and great in his own country?

Odessa might be thought uninhabited at night, but for the drunken roars proceeding from the low wine shops, very appropriately called "caves," for they are all under ground. In these dens, scenes of the most disgusting character take place; wine is cheap, corn brandy cheaper; and a

quart of the latter, an execrable spirit, may be had for tenpence. These pandemoniums are frequented by itinerant musicians, principally Jews, who awake the echoes of the deserted streets, long after midnight, by the sounds of their organs; and in the depth of winter, these fellows may be heard grinding away on their road home to their hovels in the suburbs, with the thermometer at 18° of Reaumur.

Lamps are numerous, and 30,000 roubles a-year are paid by the government to a contractor for lighting them: he gives 5000 of this sum to the police, who see their way uncommonly well through this shining medium; and a few more are given to a few other officials, who, being near head quarters, require a retaining fee. The only streets, therefore, that are lighted, are those in the vicinity of the Governor's house, or that lead from it to the theatre, the only part of the town he is likely to pass through at night. The inhabitants are left to grope their way, and a good opportunity is thus afforded them of breaking their legs, or their necks, in the snow drains. In summer, as it is light by nature all night at St. Petersburgh,

it is made so by *Ukase* at Odessa, and no funds are appointed for the expenses of lighting during that season. To the annoyances of dust, mud, and darkness, may be added that of flies, which are brought into the town in myriads by the bullocks. Mr. Bremner, in passing through Odessa, calculates that 400,000 of these animals are required to convey one million of chetverts of corn into the town; carrying his statistics a little farther, and allowing that each pair introduces 20,000 flies, which no one who knows Odessa would think an exaggeration, we have the comfortable total of 8,000,000,000—eight billions of flies!

These insects, on their arrival, leave their travelling companions, the oxen, upon whom they have feasted all the way from Podolia, and seek for better fare and variety in the pantries, and on the persons of the inhabitants; an alarum clock is quite unnecessary, for at daybreak they commence their operations, and unless a person can put up with being half suffocated under the sheet, sleep is out of the question.

The churches, in a Byzantine style of architecture, are large, but have no pretensions to ele-

gance; they are all whitewashed, and their domes, like the roofs of the houses, are painted green. The only objects that relieve this mass of mineral verdure are the watch towers, of which there is one in each quarter of the town; a soldier is stationed day and night in the gallery at the top, to give immediate alarm in case of fire. The establishment of engines, firemen, &c., is upon a very fair footing, only one thing necessary, however, to its efficiency, is wanting — *water!* the Artesian wells have failed here, and only a few of the best houses have reservoirs in their courtyards, which are supplied by the rain, led in by pipes from the roof; but many of these fail entirely in the dry season. The general supply for the inhabitants is brought into the town in large barrels, placed on a cart, and drawn by a wretched horse. The vodovosks, or water carriers, fetch it from springs at a distance of from three to six versts; these sometimes fail, and the large stagnant ponds near the suburbs are then put in request. The vodovosk goes from house to house, and the price of a vedro, a small stable pail, is two copecks, but they generally supply persons by the

month, the expense for a family of four being about five roubles; in the winter, six or seven; but for washing, or baths, the charges are extra. These men are all Russians, and form a large class among the lower orders; they are generally irregular in their attendance, in which case your servant may have to wander about the streets for half an hour, or more, until he finds one; this usually happens just as you are sitting down to breakfast, and ready for the somovar; or at any other equally convenient hour. With this first and pressing necessity unprovided for, half a million of roubles has been thrown away in the erection of the "monstrous staircase," which, if it were only built strong enough, would remain a monument to the folly of those with whom the scheme for building it originated.

The only public amusements are the theatre, principally supported by the foreign merchants, and a few subscription balls, which are held at the Exchange, and Café del Commercio. The theatre stands well, in the centre of a large square, looking towards the sea, and does great credit to M. Bauffar, the architect. Italian operas and French

plays are performed here; the actors are mediocre, though better than might be expected in such an out-of-the-way place; the Opera is the most patronized, but both are well supported. Private theatricals also took place in this theatre during our stay; their greatest merit was that they were for charitable purposes. The *dramatis personæ* consisted of the principal people of rank in the place, counts and their countesses, princes and princesses, and Russian knights of all degrees. The men entering into this scheme is easily understood, but that ladies should expose themselves to the gaze and comments of an audience, composed of the lowest, as well as the respectable part of the inhabitants, was most extraordinary. The doors being thrown open to the public, any one, with a five-rouble note in his pocket, had a right to go in; and no doubt many a Jew shopkeeper, or money changer, would willingly have given ten to see the grandees of whom they stood so much in awe in such a position. There were several representations, the last very nearly ended in a duel, in consequence of a misunderstanding between the hero and heroine of the piece.

The club, called the "English," is close to the theatre; the rooms are small, but comfortably furnished; most of the foreign merchants subscribe to, but seldom go near it, as the play is very high. On my arrival, one of the members gave me the "entrée" to read the newspapers. I went occasionally, but one evening, being rather later than usual, the servant at the door refused me admittance, and on inquiring the reason, I found that when the number of strangers in the room exceeded nine, a charge of five roubles was levied upon every other visitor who presented himself. Those who frequent it for play willingly pay this fee; but my object being to read the *Debats*, I thought there was no great sense in giving five roubles to peruse a paper which, in all probability, had been mutilated by the scissors of the censor. The conversation at this club is generally carried on in Russ; the establishment had only one point in common with its prototypes in England, the servants were in livery, and had red waistcoats. Smoking was allowed in all the rooms.

The principal coffee-house, "del Commercio," is also near the theatre, and opposite the Hotel

de Richelieu; a few Gazettes, and the *Debats*, are the only newspapers to be found here, as at the club, "curtailed of their fair proportions." No English newspapers, not even a Galignani, is allowed to enter Russia without undergoing the same ceremony. This "café" is the resort of the merchants, agents, brokers, and principal shopkeepers, who assemble here after Change to square their accounts. The general conversation, always loud, is principally connected with the exports of the town, for the import trade is comparatively of little moment, particularly from England. The principal part of our ships come out here in ballast, or with a few tons of coal in lieu of it, which was selling on the quay, at the time I left, for twenty shillings per ton. The imports do very little more than supply the town, for few of them go into the interior, in consequence of the numerous prohibitions and high tariff. The principal impulse to this branch of the commerce of the place is given by the influx of bathing and invalid visitors, who come here in the summer from Podolia, and who, having disposed of the produce of their estates, carry off as many foreign luxuries

as they can either smuggle or afford. But this market has suffered much from the impoverished state of the Polish nobility: they are no longer the same good customers they used to be. When Odessa ceases to be what the Russians call a free port, a great reverse in its prosperity may be looked for; and a town at the mouth of the Danube would then prove a formidable rival. The productions of Moldavia, Wallachia, Servia, and Bohemia, are nearly the same as those of South Russia; and the Austrians are far from being ignorant of, or insensible to, the advantages which the opening of the Danube has secured to them.

Though called a "*free port*," this town is far from being one; it is true the duties are only one-fifth of those charged in any other part of the empire, Finland excepted; but then these duties are enormous.

Earthenware pays a duty of 10 silver roubles (in English money, £1 13*s.* 4*d.*) on one poud, equal to 36lbs. English; in other words, from 6*d.* to 15*d.* on a plate, according to the article.

Plated goods, (Sheffield,) 2 silver roubles the pound, or 6*s.* 8*d.* (a very legal charge).

Porter a shilling a bottle. This is to protect a brewer of this article at St. Petersburgh, the only one in the country.

Loaf sugar, 200 per cent. This article selling by retail in the shops of Odessa at 60 copecks, about 6½*d.* the pound, costs outside the gates, 1 rouble, 80 copecks, copper, or 1*s.* 7½*d.* This is to protect the manufacture of beet-root sugar, raised by the nobility, selling at that price. Hardware is altogether prohibited, and many other articles, in this "free port." A fifth of the duty, therefore, on articles on which the tariff is high, may very nearly amount to their original cost price; to this must be added the quarantine charges, and the bribes that are always necessary to expedite the formalities; these are so great, that upwards of twenty papers are requisite before the goods can be cleared, and deposited in the merchants' warehouse in the town. Searching, also, at the Custom House, which always takes place, is rather a curious evidence of a *free port;* but every thing goes by comparison, and this, no doubt, is the national construction of the word; for what is *free* in Russia?

There are few things that his Imperial Majesty has not the power to alter, but the tariff is one. The nobility have, at a vast outlay of capital, erected machinery and factories of various kinds on the faith of these prohibitive duties; the profits, where there is any management, are great, and it is quite idle to suppose that, in the event of our taking three millions of quarters of corn per annum instead of two, the Russian Government would lower the scale of protection, which is now maintained for the encouragement of their own manufactures. They know that utter ruin must follow such a measure; for, in spite of their slave labour, which the Russians flippantly say "costs nothing," and their cheap black bread, they could not, without this protection, amounting almost to a prohibition, compete with us for a moment, in any article they manufacture, either in price or quality. Incredible as it may appear, they have not yet learnt the process of tinning iron saucepans.

This "café" is a perfect Babel, and a "da capo" of the parlatoire at the quarantine; to the calls for coffee, lemonade, and effervescent quass, must be

added the noise of dice boxes, dominos, the gingling and rattling of cups and glasses, and hammering of pipe-heads. The words roubles and grain, grain and roubles, are, however, to be distinctly heard above all this hubbub, and now and then, hides, wool, hemp, and tallow. A report of a failure in the English harvest immediately produces a lull; every one is on the "qui vive," and mutual congratulations follow. This, however, is only a transient piece of good luck. The repeal of the corn laws is the golden era to which they look forward; though they do not hesitate to say, for the reasons which I have just adduced, that there will be no increase in the importation of English manufactures.

CHAPTER XV.

The promenade—The magic four—The rule of contrary—A Russian footman—The national vehicle—Odessa fashionables—A medley—The emperor's birth-day—Russian shops—The bazaar—The market-basket—Rabbis and their flocks.

THE Boulevard (or according to Odessa orthography, at the corner of it, "Bulvar,") is the only frequented promenade in the town, and there, when the military band plays of an evening, are displayed all the beauty and fashion of the place, either in carriages or on foot; the pedestrians, however, are by far the most numerous. The equipages, with few exceptions, are mean and shabby, and many of the close carriages would disgrace any hackney-coach stand. A general officer, or a "conseiller d'état actuel," a civil rank, corresponding to that of the former, drives four horses, and no one below him can do so, unless

the animals are all placed abreast. The passion of the Russians for driving four horses in pairs is excited by its being the evidence of their owner having attained either of these envied ranks, to acquire which he has devoted half his life. It often happens that the General or Conseiller are poor; but that will rarely induce either himself or his wife to forego the pleasure of exercising this much valued privilege of his newly-earned nobility, though debt and domestic discomfort must be the consequence of their keeping four rats. If this system of showing a man's nobility was pursued, up to the Emperor, and each step in rank marked by an increase of horses and traces, we should see his equipage, like the wagon of a Hottentot, drawn by a team of forty!

But, to return to these crazy vehicles, or rather to the horses, it is immaterial to a Russian whether they are good, or well groomed, or not; but they are seldom lean or lame, for corn is cheap, and a showy, hardy animal can be had for ten pounds; their coats are always staring, neither head nor heels are trimmed, and the leaders, as I have remarked elsewhere, are always harnessed at such

a distance from the wheelers, that there is ample room for another pair between. The coachman is dressed in a long blue cloth, or calico caftan, with either a red sash or a shawl round his waist; his beard, generally yellow, sometimes reaches half-way down to it; this, in a Russian coachman, is much thought of both by master and man, and is almost indispensable to every one who aspires to the box. The costume is made complete by loose trousers stuffed into Wellingtons, half-way up the leg, and a low beaver hat, much larger at the crown than the brim, and rarely worn by any but the fraternity of Jehus. The postilion, on the off-horse, is similarly, though not so well dressed; the only reason, I could learn, for his being so placed, is, that as the horses have no blinkers, he can whip the near one from behind his own back, without being seen by him. But these good folks generally go by the rule of contrary, for as in every other country in Europe, a man puts his shirt inside his trousers, the Russians wear theirs outside; and the trousers, worn outside the boots anywhere else, are here worn in. Though the coachman and postilion are always

in the national costume, the footmen are in gaudy, ill-chosen liveries, cocked hats, covered with gold or silver lace, and great coats; and are, therefore, not unlike a London parish beadle, or the porters at the Burlington Arcade. In spite of all this finery and outward show, I once surprised a nobleman's footman on the staircase with his boot off, arranging a dirty piece of rag round his foot, in place of a stocking.

The drosky, the national vehicle, is the hack-carriage of the place; the old-fashioned ones still in use at Moscow and St. Petersburgh, of which there are but few here, consist merely of a board, with a leather cushion, placed on springs, with four wheels; the back is low, and the jarvie and his fare sit one behind the other, as if they were on horseback. Those of Odessa are a great improvement upon this. The coachman is placed on a small dickey, and the seat of the carriage is wide enough for two people, though they cannot sit conveniently, on account of the bench which connects the seat with the dickey in front. When a male fare is alone, he throws his leg over the bench, and sits as in a saddle, no bad position,

considering the chances he has of being jolted off by the holes in the road. The women, of course, sit sideways, but Russian ladies seldom use these carriages "en ville."

The drosky is driven with one, two, or three horses. In all cases, one is in the shafts, with a light piece of wood attached to them, forming an arch over his head; to the centre of this is fastened a kind of bearing rein; the traces draw from the nave of the wheel; (the case also with the carts;) the bridle and other parts of the harness are ornamented with small pieces of brass, or silver. If two horses are driven, the second is always placed on the near side, his head drawn a little down, and outwards, by a rein attached to the bit for the purpose; he is trained to canter, and show himself off, while the other does nearly all the work, at a rapid trot: when there are three horses, the one on the opposite side is also harnessed with his head outwards, and capers in the same way. A drosky, well turned out in this manner, is by far the prettiest equipage of the three; and when going at speed, the usual pace, the horses have the effect of those in an ancient car.

On Thursday and Sunday evenings, the Duke de Richelieu is surrounded by a crowd of shabby and broken-down carriages, which set down their company at the turnstile that forms the entrance to the Boulevard; a few exclusives, however, remain in their calashes, which parade up and down the road between the houses and the trees, the fair occupants occasionally stopping to listen to the band, or to flirt with some aide-de-camp, all lace, feathers, and orders, the rattle of whose steel scabbard and spurs forms a useful running accompaniment to the conversation. The other side of the carriage is occasionally graced by a young foal frolicking about his mother, one of the wheelers, and helping himself to his supper; while she, irritated at the circumstance, destroys half the pleasure of the tête-à-tête going on at the door by her fidgety movements.

The toilette of these Black-sea belles is in the extreme of fashion, and might be modified with great advantage; but much cannot be hoped for in that way amongst a society in which painting, both in white and red, even in the day-time and on the promenade, is commonly, though not uni-

versally, to be observed. But independent of the very last fashion of Paris and Vienna, every variety of nation and costume may be seen here. The calpacked Armenian and blue-breeched Greek, whose inexpressibles Mynheer Van Dunck might envy, are occasionally to be seen walking with an Albanian in his fustaniella and capote; fezzed and turbaned Turks, servants dressed like Circassians, Karaite, and other Jews; some Tartars, in their pink pelisses and white turbans; others in their bourkas and woollen caps. To these may be added, papas, in broad brimmed hats, violet-coloured robes and gold-headed canes, with beards that an old-fashioned Turk would have caressed all day long; schoolboys of the Lycée in military uniform; great Russians, malo or little Russians, and Russian nurses, particularly distinguished by their high head-dress of red cloth embroidered in gold. The men who sell ice, quass, hot drinks, and apricots, (no larger than walnuts,) are in the usual costume of the mujiks, a pink shirt and blue calico trousers. This list may be closed with officers in every kind of uniform, civil, military, and naval. The picturesque

effect that this great variety would otherwise have, is always exceedingly subdued by the dirty and uncouth appearance of the lower orders and the most "outré" Frank dresses, both male and female, of all classes.

The Emperor's birth-day was ushered in here by a salute from the guard-ship, not better fired than the one we heard from a Turkish frigate in the Bosphorus. In the evening the Quadrant and the Boulevard were crowded to excess to see the fireworks, which had been provided by the government for the amusement of the inhabitants; they had a very good effect, and were answered by rockets from the guard-ship. The crowd on this occasion dispersed without a cheer, or the slightest expression of feeling in honour of the day—Russian etiquette. The only promenade besides the "Bulvar" is a small garden near the Lycée, where there is an establishment for the manufacture and sale of mineral waters, conducted by a German.

The shops in the street, which runs in a direct line from this garden, are principally Russian; they are generally of one story with arcades in

front, under which the goods are piled on either side the door, such, at least, as can be so placed. They consist principally of common groceries and their own manufactures in brass, iron, and copper; church bells, somovars, cauldrons, culinary utensils, stoves, and oil-cloth, coarse linen, cottons, and woollens, leather gloves for the istvostchiks,* hats, and bad crockery. Most of the hardware is from Moscow and Tula: the knives wretched imitations of English, having the words "shear steel," "Smith, Sheffield," and the crown with "warranted" stamped upon them. The tradesman, or his shopman, is generally bowing at the doors of these dark and dingy little houses, and calling to every one who goes by to turn in. This disagreeable practice prevails in all parts of Russia. If a passenger is unfortunately obliged to accept their invitation, it is certain he will be cleverly cheated, more especially if a foreigner, and accompanied by an interpreter, as he and the shopkeeper will then do it in concert. If their victim finds them out in their roguery they laugh in his face, and, if not, behind his back. This

* Drosky-driver.

street, nearly a mile long, leads to the bazaar, which is laid out in streets and square market-places; it has, however, nothing of an oriental character about it: the former are wide, but the houses are extremely low, dirty, and mean. The entrance to it is crowded by servants and workmen waiting to be hired by the day. The carpenters, bricklayers, sawyers, and masons have their implements, (a small stock,) in bags or baskets on their backs; the washerwomen and char-women are almost without clothes, generally without shoes or stockings, and many evidently fresh from "a cave" after a night's carouse.

The principal markets are held here twice a week; in the first square are sold bread, butter, eggs, bacon, poultry, and vegetables: the stalls in the centre are occupied by Jew moneychangers and Russian tea venders, with their somovars and apparatus before them, disposing of it by the cup. The street to the next square is lined with tinmen, coopers selling tubs, and wooden baths, spoons, bowls, cradles, and baskets of all kinds; at some of the other stalls are sold nails, gridirons, frying-pans, and anchors, sweetmeats and charcoal. Flesh,

fish, and game are sold in the second square: these three are very cheap, but of inferior quality, particularly the mutton; the sheep are of the same breed as those at the Cape of Good Hope; their tails weigh from three to eight pounds, and are sometimes so large that two wheels and a little tray are obliged to be placed under them to enable the animal to move about. Veal is the best meat.

The supply of fish is, generally speaking, good; there is a great variety, but, with one or two exceptions, few of them are known in England; amongst these are the sturgeon, sterlet, soudak, sgombri, (a kind of mackerel,) thornback, sea carp, and eels.

The supply of game is very uncertain, and the price consequently varies. In the winter, partridges are snared and netted in great quantities, and as the weather enables the peasants to keep them for several days, they sometimes arrive in the market by cartloads; and on these occasions they may often be had for 20 copecks a brace. Hares are generally from 80 copecks to 1 rouble 80 copecks. Woodcocks are always poor, and remain

here but a short time. Quails plentiful and good. The bustard is a fine bird, but the breast only is eatable; wild fowl are numerous.

In looking over some accounts, I find that one hare, one bustard, and three partridges, cost, early in November, 5*r*. 80*c*.; and in the end of that month, one hare and two partridges, 1*r*. 20*c*. But this game, though large, is far from being well-flavoured. The poultry is rarely good, being badly fatted; fowls are from 1*r*. 80*c*. to 3*r*. a pair; turkeys from 2*r*. to 4*r*. a-piece; geese a little cheaper. Beef is about 20*c*. a pound, mutton from 2*r*. to 3*r*. the quarter; leg of veal 1*r*. 60*c*.; calves' feet 40*c*. Butter, made by the German colonists near the town, is from 40*c*. to 80*c*. the pound, according to the season. Eggs from 20*c*. to 50*c*. for ten; new-laid ones in the winter 10*c*. each; milk about 30*c*. a quart. Potatoes were from 12*r*. to 14*r*. the chetvert. People generally lay in a stock of winter vegetables; they are kept in sand and put in the cellars. Cauliflowers, strawberries, and cherries are brought from Constantinople by the steamer; the former, in the spring, were 1*r*. 40*c*. each; the boat also brings lobsters and oysters,

the latter excellent. Fruit is very cheap, but, with the exception of water melons and grapes, very inferior; the former are hawked about the streets in carts, and form, with black bread, the principal food of the lower classes during the summer months. Those from the Crimea and Cherson are by far the best. Truffles, the production of the country, are not to be compared with those of France. The oranges are cheap but bad; the greater part come from Sicily and the Archipelago. Dried fruits are inferior to those which are sold in England, where the best of every thing is always sent. Charcoal is sold by the cart-load, and comes from Bessarabia; when purchased in small quantities, the price is 3*r*. the chetvert. Wood, always dear, is from 60*r*. to 120*r*. the sagène, according to the time of the year it is laid in, and the supply in the market. The poor people burn kissick or kippeetch, dung mixed with straw, most offensive while burning, but nevertheless some of the grandees use it in their kitchens.

This bazaar is two miles from the Boulevard, and those who do their own marketing generally

proceed there in britzkas, kibitkas, pavoskies, or droskies, and sometimes, but very rarely, the cook in a great house is sent in a broken-down travelling carriage of her master's. With the exception of bread, and a very few other articles, the necessaries of life must be purchased here, as there are no shops for meat, game, fish, or poultry in the town. This system prevails all over Russia, and is very inconvenient. In the winter it is a miserable thing to see the provisions turned out of the market basket entirely frozen, the eggs as hard as marble, the beef only fit to put in a turning lathe, and the game so stiff, that with a little assistance from the wall, the birds and hares stand upon the kitchen table as erect as those in a museum. As meat is of a poor quality, this makes it much worse, for in the necessary process of thawing, all the goodness runs out before it is cooked, and when placed on the table it is scarcely worth eating.

The Jews have their own butchers, for they never taste any meat unless the animal has been killed according to the forms prescribed by the Levitical law. This must be done under the

immediate superintendence of their Rabbis, whose fees for performing the ceremony keep up the price. In fact, this is one of the sources of revenue belonging to the priesthood, and their *flocks* consequently pay dearer for their *mutton* than any one else in the town.

CHAPTER XVI.

The currency—Gold and silver mines—Money coined—Money changers—Hiring a servant—Boulevard on a Saturday—Jews and other foreigners—Insurance offices—A Greek broker—Merchants—A sensible financier—Foreign shopkeepers—Colonists and servants—Carte-de-séjour—The height of impudence.

THE Jews form the largest portion of the foreign population; as in other countries, they keep themselves distinct from their Gentile neighbours, and follow any vocation by which they can turn their wits to account. A few are very rich and engaged in banking business; many make large purchases of imported goods from the foreign merchants, and sell them retail in their own shops. Previously to the Ukase of October, 1839, great numbers were occupied as money changers, indeed, nearly the whole of that class, with the exception of a few Greeks, were of this community. That decree has, however, materially reduced

their numbers, and destroyed this branch of Jewish industry; a few are still left who change notes into silver, or the reverse, at a premium of half per cent.

Before the Ukase in question was in force, all taxes, customs, and sums due to the state, were received in government paper only; this caused a high premium on notes, as much as eight per cent., when I arrived at Odessa. The value of the silver rouble (the standard) has, by this Ukase, become the same all over the empire, for the taxes are now taken in silver as well as paper. Previous to this salutary change the silver rouble varied in almost every government. In Odessa it was worth three roubles eighty copecks, (copper;) in Moscow, four roubles, and in Petersburgh three roubles and seventy copecks. This financial change was effected, like most things in Russia, without giving much notice. The old paper roubles are now being withdrawn, and the new notes which have been issued represent the silver rouble. When this change has been completed, and the old notes have entirely disappeared, the currency will be uniform, and the

paper rouble, like our guinea, a nominal coin. The coinage is very handsome, and the silver and copper are in great quantities; the former is very heavy. Gold is scarce, though the government returns of the precious metals would leave a person to infer that there is an abundance of it in the country.

	Pouds	lbs.	zol.	grs.
By the following extract, taken from the Government Gazette, it appears that the gold taken from the mines of Oural, between the years 1823 and 1838, amounted to	1,592	14	22	62
Gold taken from the mountains of Altai and Emershinsk, in Siberia, during the same period, amounted to . .	548	8	48	18
	2,140	22	71	12
Gold taken from the mines of private individuals amounted to, in the same period	3,009	30	72	47
Total from the mines of government and those of private individuals .	5,150	13	47	59
The platina taken from the government mines in the mountains of Oural, during the same period, amounted to . .	29	0	83	82
Ditto from the mines of Demidoff .	1,216	29	91	36
Ditto from those of other persons .	13	13	65	10
	1,259	1	48	60

	Pouds	lbs.	zol.	grs.
Silver from government mines in the mountains of Altai, during the same period amounted to . . .	14,704	7	37	89
Ditto from the mines of Emershinsk .	3,301	30	20	7
	18,005	37	58	28

During this period, that is between the years of 1823 and 1838, the money coined amounted to

Gold imperials	8,548,213
Silver roubles	48,764,823
Platina pieces of the value of three silver roubles	2,458,009

The gold imperial is worth about ten silver roubles, according to the agio which there always is on gold. The value of the silver rouble is about three shillings and four-pence, according to the exchange.

To return from this long digression to the money changers: their general rendezvous is the Greek bazaar, but now and then one may be seen at the corner of some remote street with a dirty table in front of him, and a piece of chalk in his hand to assist him in making his everlasting calculations. This fellow, however, with his shovel hat and greasy gaberdine, long matted beard and anxious eye, who looks as if he was not worth the skin of the water-melon he has just thrown down beside him, could, upon a pinch, and for

a proper consideration, produce some thousands of roubles.

The remainder of the Israelites are usually employed in hawking fruit, tape, gloves, and pins, staylaces, dressing-gowns, hats, tinware, old clothes, and books, about the streets; and some, called "courtiers," make a livelihood by providing families with servants, and servants with places. There is an office for conducting this business, and a person requiring any of these (in Odessa literally) necessary *evils*, sends to the bureau for one. A day or two after, the courtier makes his appearance with the lady, to be looked at like a horse, and, if approved of, taken like a horse, on his warranty; the person hiring her never expects to obtain any further information about her than what he gains by their assertions and the use of his own eyes. If she continues a month with her employer, the bear-leader expects a fee of three roubles; or as much more as he can get.

The scene on the Boulevard on a *Saturday* evening is peculiarly striking. It is then thronged by the Jewish population, and there seems to be a tacit agreement amongst the Chris-

tians to abandon it to them; very few individuals, not of their race, are to be seen there on that night, certainly too few to break the deadening effect of the uniformity of their sombre costume. The men are dressed in a long wrapper which reaches very nearly to the ground, occasionally grey, mostly black; new, or ragged and rusty, as may suit the purse or the habits of the wearer. Though generally of woollen, they are sometimes of silk, and the exquisites, for there are a few, have them of satin; under this is a pair of black trousers tucked into high Wellingtons, Russian fashion. A low-crowned broad-brimmed hat, or a black cloth cap, edged with fur, completes the ugliest costume of Europe or any other country. The Italian opera furnishes an example of it in the Jew pedlar of the Gazza Ladra. The eye, unfortunately, is not the only organ offended by their presence: this is the more extraordinary, as they have a most admirable example of cleanliness before them in their Karaite brethren. The women very generally dress in black, with a grey scarf or kerchief on the neck; the gown, of ordinary make, is of rags or satin, as may happen;

their head-dress has a high front, divided in the centre above the forehead, and covered with black velvet; it is usually ornamented with gold, jewels, and quantities of seed or other pearls. Many of these tiaras are of great value, and descend as heir-looms in their respective families. Like the men, the habits of the women are dirty in the extreme. Beauty, by no means rare amongst the females of this people in England, Italy, and many other parts of Europe, is never seen here, and few Rebeccas, either in mind or form, are to be found in Odessa, though Reginald Front de Bœufs are numerous. The Jews herd together at their own coffee-house near the hotel Richelieu, and the only amusement which they enter into in common with the rest of the public is the theatre.

They were formerly exempt from military service, but the present Emperor lets no biped escape him in this way, and has lately introduced them into the army; a sort of balance to Count Woronzoff's philanthropy, who was the first person to take them by the hand, and by whose advice they were settled in this part of Russia. Though it

is the fashion with Russians to abuse them, and the practice of some travellers to descant with great virulence upon their rapacity, meanness, and demoralization, I saw no reason to think them worse than the lower orders of the Russians in the towns, certainly not in Odessa, where I had a year's experience of both. As to honesty in them, or any other portion of that class of the inhabitants, (exceptions to the rule allowed,) it would be absurd to look for it; in sobriety and general usefulness, they had the advantage over all.

The principal foreign merchants here, are Greeks, Italians, and Germans; the only two English houses in the town, when I was there, have since ceased to exist. The greater part of these Greeks may truly be said to be of the Lower Empire; and their success is owing more to their cunning, than to the honourable exertion of industry and fair dealing. One of the richest amongst them originally sold oranges about the streets, and was waiter at a low wine shop. There is much more of the broker than the merchant about them; in fact, many are little more than

agents, and cannot be compared with the merchants in any large commercial town in England, or on the Continent, either in intelligence or liberality. The acts of roguery committed here, are scarcely to be believed; in any other mercantile community, a person guilty of them would be a marked man, and would not dare to show his face again on the Exchange. A Greek broker, who forged a bill for ten thousand roubles, during my stay, was at large a month afterwards; his countrymen, having subscribed the sum amongst them, succeeded in defeating the measures of justice; and after this whitewashing, he was no worse looked upon than he had been before.

Five out of the six insurance companies that have been established here, at different periods, have failed, and their ruin was greatly accelerated by the dishonest speculations of one of the most wealthy persons in the town. This man, having a country-house near the sea, had numerous opportunities of ascertaining which were the most inefficient captains and crews of the lotkas engaged in the coasting trade, between Odessa and Cherson. These vessels he invariably insured;

some of them were scarcely sea-worthy, but the crews of many that were, if they met with anything of a breeze, ran the lotka aground, and taking to the small boat, went on shore. If the vessel held together, they continued their voyage; if not, she went to pieces, and this "richard" pocketed the insurance; while rumour frequently pointed him out as having connived at the circumstance.

With few exceptions, the merchants of Odessa have brought themselves into such disrepute, that it is with difficulty they can obtain credit in London; but a man's honesty, in the former place, is quite as likely to impede his success as to promote it. However revolting to his principles, he is obliged, occasionally, to bend to circumstances, and meet the men he has to deal with with their own weapons. One peculiarity, which I never met with any where else, was here forced upon my observation continually,—let me converse with whom I might, high or low, he was always sure to warn me, as a stranger, against the rascality of the inhabitants. This happened much too often for me to suppose that the speaker was an excep-

tion to his own rule, and therefore, it left the account of honest men small indeed, and justified my forming a general opinion of each man's class by these admissions, which I found afterwards amply borne out by facts. These merchants have no intercourse with one another; mutual suspicion seems to destroy all social feeling. They meet only at the parlatoire, the bourse, the café, the theatre, and three subscription balls, during the winter. A few frequent the house of Count Woronzoff, on public evenings, where their wives, by their extravagant display of dress, paint, and jewellery, contrive to dispose of a little—indeed, not a little—of their husband's superabundant wealth, who sit down to fifty-copeck whist, and when they lose, leave the table, looking as sour as their own villanous Tenedos wine.

The collector of customs, Mr. L——, a thorough bon vivant, and a very amusing fellow, proposed to the Government that, as Lafitte was preferable to this horrible composition of vinegar and rosin, the duties which were nearly double on the claret, should be lowered a few roubles, and the Greek raised, so that though an advantage would

be gained by Mr. L—— and the public, the Government would lose nothing by the alteration. But this very just and sensible proposition was not acceptable to the Minister of Foreign affairs, who thought it of more consequence to keep the Greeks in good humour.

The principal foreign shopkeepers, German and French, live in the Rue Richelieu; some of them are of the first guild, and pay three thousand roubles a-year for permission to trade; a decent tax upon commercial enterprize, and in a country where, according to the statistics of the "Journal des Debats," a few years ago, there were only 300,000 merchants. Amongst the Germans may be particularly mentioned the house of Stiffel, Brothers; almost any article of English manufacture, and many of French and Swiss, may be procured here; they have also a large establishment for the sale of china and glass, paper, porter, tea, and drugs. Wagner, a German, is in the same way of business, but not on so large a scale. The principal French shops are those of Ventre, Frères, Rubeaud, Guérin, Neüman, Beranger, and Martin, and the booksellers Sauron and Mié-

ville. This is the most respectable class of people in the town, and the only one with whom a stranger can deal in confidence. The small shopkeepers are Germans, Greeks, Italians, and Levanters of every description, amongst whom it would be difficult to say which are the greatest rogues. All the apothecaries are Germans, and if a person requires bleeding, a Greek barber is called in, who does it with a *fleam!* The rest of the foreign population are colonists and servants; the former, who live in the environs, supply the market with vegetables, butter, eggs, and poultry; they bring their goods into the town in long German wagons without springs, which are very generally driven by the women, who are always in the way on the road. In one of my visits to the Bazaar, two of these female charioteers, each in possession of a rein, drove their pole right through the body of my drosky, and nearly broke my leg. The foreign servants are either from the colonies, or are the sharks and outcasts of their respective countries, whether Greeks, Italians, or Germans; and are, without exception, dirty, dishonest, given to drinking, and wholly destitute of respect, either for

their employers or themselves. As before stated, no character is asked for, and consequently, they have no idea of the value of one, and act accordingly. The only security a person has against being robbed of whatever they can lay their hands upon, is their "carte-de-séjour." But this, if he cannot read Russ, sometimes turns out a forgery. Being anxious to know the form of one of them, I requested an acquaintance to translate it, and was not a little amused to find out that it was part of a marriage settlement. This paper the Emperor provides them with, every year, at the rate of twenty roubles, and on entering a service, they are obliged to give it up to the master. Robbed he will be, of course, in all articles of housekeeping; but this is never thought an affair for the police by either party, nor would they take any cognizance of it. They consider pilfering in this way legitimate. A friend of mine, an old resident, told me that, having been cheated to an unusual extent, in fact, far beyond what was *customary* and *expected*, he bought a pair of scales, in order to check the rascality of the delinquent—his cook; and the next market

day, the "frau," on her return from the bazaar, was, to her great astonishment, desired to weigh her purchases in his presence. Down went her basket, and eyeing, first the emblem of justice, and then her master from head to foot, she put her arms a-kimbo, and said, "What, mein herr! do you think I'll live in a house where scales are kept? nein, nein! you must get some one else to do your marketing:" adding, in her elegant patois, "Mein Gott! ich nich wol."

I shall conclude this description of the foreign population of this town in the words of one who appears to have been a keen observer, and a competent judge:—"Rogues go to Pera to learn their trade, and when perfect, to Odessa to practise it."

CHAPTER XVII.

The Countess Woronzoff at home—Russian whist—A soirée in Lent—A fancy ball—A lady with two husbands—Climate of Odessa—The interior of a post-house in a "meetell"—The cattle in a snow storm on the steppe—Merinos.

Count Woronzoff entertains all the winter, and twice a week, the principal inhabitants are received: on these occasions, the society is not very select, as many of very slender pretensions to the honour, are admitted by the Count's good-nature. His kindness and hospitality, particularly to Englishmen, are too well known to need any remark. Besides the noblemen of the town, all the civil and military employés are to be seen here. The amusements consist of music, dancing, round games, and whist; at the latter, much larger sums may be lost than with us, for the mode of scoring is totally different, and the calculations are so

much more numerous, that they are kept with a piece of chalk on the table. In this method of playing, the ten counts as an honour; and though all the honours are reckoned as points, and paid for accordingly, yet the game can only be won by tricks. For instance: the points are ten, as at long whist; each party draws a chalk line before him, on the table, the score for honours being kept at one end of it, and for tricks at the other:

A and B, in the first hand, score			C and D, in the second hand, score		
	Tricks	Honours		Tricks	Honours
———	4	5	———	3	2
Third hand	1	1	Third hand	0	4
Fourth ,,	2	2	Fourth ,,	0	3
Fifth ,,	2	3	Fifth ,,	0	2
Sixth ,,	0	0	Sixth ,,	3	5
Seventh ,,	1	2	Seventh ,,	0	3
	10	13		6	19

With the game at this point, A and B will have won; though, upon the score being balanced, which is done after each game, it will be seen that C and D have the most points, and do, in fact,

win two, though they lose the game. The score of the former will be 23, while that of the latter is 25; C and D, therefore, mark the difference between these two numbers above their line, and each party effaces his score, and they commence the second game,

A and B	C and D
0	2
0	0

and so on to the third, if it happens to be a long rubber. Had A and B won the most points, as well as the game, they would have marked their score above their line, and their adversaries the same number under theirs. Brushes are provided for effacing the score.

During Lent, the place of other amusements was supplied by "petits jeux" and music. The toilette of the ladies was remarkable: so great is the rivalry on this point, that none consider how far the costliness of their attire may be consistent with their circumstances; and the wife of a poor and embarrassed employé takes care to be as richly dressed as that of a merchant rolling in roubles. Beauty is not scarce, but the painting and the

manners neutralize much of its effect; and the conversation of the ladies is nearly limited to the scandal of the day.

The fancy ball given at the Count's after Easter, was very splendid; the milliners' bills were said to have amounted to 50,000 roubles, and the tailors' to half as much. On this occasion, I went in regimentals, and as the dancing was going on, an aide-de-camp of my acquaintance came up to me, on the part of some ladies, to ask if it was a *naval* uniform! Though the costumes were the great attraction of the evening, the character that most excited my attention was a lady with two husbands! and she was not a solitary instance of bigamy in Russian society. Her first lord, having been concerned in some conspiracy against the government, was banished to Siberia; and being, therefore, *civilly dead*, she took advantage of the circumstance, and married her present husband, Prince G——. The change had apparently turned out much to her satisfaction, for her "abandon," activity, and indefatigable exertions in the quadrille first attracted my attention. If her former husband returns, he will have no claim

to her. The Emperor can break a marriage, as easily as a corporal.

The bitter cold of a winter night, after these heated rooms, was more than unpleasant; in fact, the climate of Odessa, described by some people as that of Italy, is far from resembling it in any respect; the remark would be applied with more justice to the south coast of the Crimea. The latitude of this town, though the same as Milan, is no criterion in judging of its temperature, the locality is so different. Between the coast of the Black Sea and the arctic circle, there is scarcely a hill to break the force of the northern blasts, which, in the winter, sweep over this vast tract of snow, so unlike the plains of Italy, sheltered by the Swiss, Savoy, and German Alps. The extremes of heat and cold are sometimes quite extraordinary; and the thermometer ranges from 25° to 30° in the shade, during the summer, down to 18°; and sometimes, though rarely, 24° of Reaumur, in the winter. While we were here, it was frequently 27° in the former season, and 19° in the latter.

With the exception of a very few showers, by no

means sufficient to lay the dust for a quarter of an hour, the summer is one continued drought, and the dryness of the atmosphere is extreme. A map, that I thought perfectly dry, when I tacked it up against the wall, for it had been in constant use, in the course of a week drew the nails, and I found it curled up on the floor. Contrary to what might be expected, the wind from the south is the coolest and most refreshing; that from the north, in its progress over the parched and burning steppe, arrives at Odessa like a hot wind in India. Storms of wind sometimes rise so suddenly, that before the windows can be closed, several of them are broken; and the flapping of the Venetian blinds and the doors of the apartments, together with the clouds of dust, put the house into a state of confusion and uproar, from top to bottom. In one of these tornadoes, an English servant of mine was nearly precipitated into the street by the Venetian, which, in her endeavours to close it, all but pulled her over the sill of the window. These storms, which sometimes continue two or three days, do a great deal of damage to the shipping, and the dark and lurid

clouds on the opposite side of the bay completely conceal the coast.

Dysentery and nervous fevers prevail here during the great heats; the former attacks children, who seldom recover; but those who can do so, generally remove them into the country in the summer. The greatest number of deaths take place in this season, and are, on the whole population, about one in thirty. There is no rain till late in the autumn. October and part of November are the most agreeable months. The winter sets in rather suddenly about the middle of the latter with hard frosts. As the winter season advances, the snow storms become extremely violent. Five years ago, four hundred of the draught oxen employed in bringing corn into the town were snowed up, and perished in the streets; and such was the severity of the weather that they were not dug out till ten days afterwards. In the early part of that winter Odessa was visited by a most tremendous gale, which blew dead on shore, and as there were many ships in the roads, the consuls and principal merchants, with a number of the inhabitants, went down to

the port to watch the progress and effects of the storm. Towards evening, however, it increased to such a hurricane, that it was impossible to remain any longer on the quay, and they returned home, feeling certain that before morning many a fine fellow would have gone to his last account. During the first part of the night guns were repeatedly fired as signals of distress; this only confirmed them in their opinion, and they were not a little astonished the next morning, on hurrying to the port in expectation of seeing the shore lined with the fragments of the vessels, to find them all frozen up. Two of the ships, that had dragged their anchors close in shore, were actually saved from being total wrecks by this extraordinary change. The sea was in hillocks of ice, and the crews on it. The thermometer stood at 24 of Reaumur. The port was frozen up for two months the winter we were there, and the sea also as far as the eye could reach.

In the snow storms called "mitells," communication ceases all over the steppe, and a post house is sometimes crammed to suffocation by travellers who have just had time to take refuge in it. The

room, heated by a stove, and not more than ten feet square, is frequently occupied by thirty or forty persons, and though the snow is occasionally shovelled away from the door, it soon collects from the drift, and prevents any air entering from without. Probably, twenty-five out of the thirty thus huddled together are mujiks, whom "all the perfumes of Arabia" could not sweeten. This hovel soon answers the double purpose of a place of refuge and a vapour bath, and the chances of suffocation, become apparently, though not in reality, the same inside as out. A week, perhaps ten days, pass in this manner, without the possibility of moving; the sole occupation of the inmates being their meals, or a visit to the door to get a little air and consult the weather. Towards the close of their imprisonment, the provisions fail, and they are at length reduced to bread, which looks as if it were made of the black alluvial soil of the steppe, and kvass,* in comparison with which bad small beer is nectar. The look-out continues the same. The vast expanse beyond the hut is like a sea of snow, without a house, hedge, tree, or sign-post to break its

* The national drink, made from rye, boiled and fermented.

dreary uniformity. The sky is snow, the air is snow, and they return to their *vapours* with the comfortable conviction that they are not *mudded*, which sometimes happens, but *snowed* up. Those poor creatures who travel on foot are still worse off; unable to reach shelter of any kind before they are overtaken by the "mitell," they not unfrequently sink exhausted in the drift, and are never heard of till their bodies are exposed by the first thaw.

The cattle never face the "mitells;" if overtaken by one, when grazing to leeward of their sheds, they never attempt to regain them, and, incapable of resistance, are driven forward by its fury. On they go, lashed by the wind and drifting snow, until cold and hunger excite in them a kind of frenzy; and in this state they rush down the ravines, or if near the coast, into the sea, where their protracted sufferings terminate with their lives. To avoid this dreadful scourge, the shepherds, to the close of autumn, graze their flocks and cattle to the north and windward of their shelter. But in spite of this precaution, great numbers of merinos perish every winter

from the want of proper and sufficient protection. The introduction of this animal into the south of Russia has been attended with great success; the wealthiest foreign sheep-owners are Swiss.

The principal establishments of merinos are between Odessa and Cherson, and one on a very large scale is now forming in the Crimea. Where great attention and care have been paid, these speculations have answered well, and those engaged in them have realized considerable sums. The greatest part of the wool is consumed in Russia, principally in the cloth manufactories of Moscow. The want of water is severely felt in the steppe, and the sheep suffer accordingly. The meat is rank and bad.

In this part of the world, every body and every thing smells of pipe-clay, and a Russian sheep owner whose flocks are large, talks of his stock by divisions, brigades, and companies. I have no doubt there exists a manual exercise of the crook. In 1828, Count Woronzoff introduced the Leicestershire breed of sheep into this part of Russia; they have been crossed with the Wallachian and Moldavian, and are doing well.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The war in Circassia—Geographical position—Ancient history and manners of the Circassians—Their fidelity and friendship—Never subjugated—Rights of the Porte—Treaty of Adrianople—Trade in slaves—Russian motives for making the war—Cossacks—Zaporogues—Their independence—Consequences—Degeneracy—A Vidette.

As the spring advanced, Odessa assumed a warlike aspect, for several thousand men marched into the town and embarked for Circassia in several line-of-battle ships sent from Sevastopol for the purpose. They were all young men, and in excellent order, but badly officered. At the review which took place previously to their departure, I was not a little amused by seeing a batch of orderlies go down the rear ranks with clothes-brushes in their hands, and apply them to the back of every man all along the line. Considering the service they were going upon, this looked droll enough. These men were part of the force sent to recover

the ground the Russians had lost in the early part of the year. The successes of the Circassians formed during the winter one of the most animating topics of conversation amongst the foreigners of my acquaintance, and induced me to take a lively interest in their fate; the result of which is the following slight sketch of their history, and the origin and nature of the war.

The limits of Circassia appear to have been almost the same in ancient as they are in modern times. Situated between the Black and Caspian Seas, it is bounded on the north by the steppes bordering the Kuban and Terek, on the east by Daghestan, to the south by Georgia and Immeritia, and to the west by the Black Sea; the greatest length of this tract being about 230 leagues, and breadth 35. With the exception of the country near the Terek, the whole extent is a mountainous range descending in ridges from the snowy summits of the Elberouz, and forming, as in the Pyrenees and Alps, a barrier between the countries lying on either side of their base.

The historians of Greece describe the early inhabitants of Circassia as a wild race, with all the

habits of savage life. Those on the shore of the Euxine are spoken of by Strabo in his second book. He says: "After the Sindice at Gorgippia along the sea, are the Achaizygi, Heniochi on the coast, nearly without harbours and mountainous, which forms part of the Caucasian range. * * * * It was, as the Greeks say, at the time of Jason's expedition, that the Achaia Phthiotæ, who came in the train of this hero, established themselves in this part of the coast, which received from them the name of Achaia. Some Lacedæmonians also, commanded by Amphistratus and Rheus, the charioteers of Dioscures, fixed themselves in another part, which for this reason took the name of Heniochi." The annotator in the French edition of Strabo, from which I took this extract, supposes that either at one time or another, the Heniochi ceded, if not all, at least the greatest part of their territory to the Abasians, who came from Colchis; and he adds, "these are now the Circassians." The original inhabitants, however, of Colchis were Egyptians, settled there by Sesostris, and there seems little reason to imagine, from the present

characteristics of the Circassians, that his supposition is correct; there is far greater probability that the tribes on the coast are descended from the Greeks. Their habits also are thus described by the same historian: "All these people,"—still speaking of the inhabitants of the coast,—"are piratically disposed, and carry on their profession in small vessels made of thin planks, narrow and light, and generally carrying as many as twenty-five men, and occasionally, though seldom, thirty. The Greeks call these vessels camaræ. These people, I repeat, arm considerable fleets of camaræ; and, masters of the sea, they take merchant vessels, pillage the towns and the coast. The Bosphorians assist them in their depredations, and opening their ports, give them every opportunity of exhibiting and selling their plunder. Returning to their country where there is no shelter for their vessels, they carry their camaræ on their backs into the woods, which they appear to inhabit in preference to the plains, where the ground is bad; and they bring them to the beach again when the proper season for sailing is arrived. They carry on the same measures in foreign coun-

tries, and fix upon swampy places where they can put the camaræ when they sally forth to capture slaves; but when they have made any prisoners, they easily consent to their ransom, and point out to their relations the places to which the captives have been carried. Amongst the tribes which are governed by their own princes, an ill-treated stranger will find supporters; the different princes would protect him one against the other. They make war against each other, and possess themselves of the camaræ and their appointments. In the cantons subject to the Romans, a traveller has little resource; the magistrates are too negligent."

Such was the origin, and such were the manners of the ancient Circassians, and though their descendants have retained some deformities of character, they have also preserved many noble qualities. Fidelity and friendship are their great characteristics; they are the very soul of hospitality, and a stranger's life is as safe in the hands of his "Konack," the prince he has chosen for his protector, as it would be in the most civilized country. When we add to these virtues, their ardent love of liberty, and the valour with which

they have preserved it upwards of three thousand years, it cannot be considered extraordinary that they cherish it so jealously against a people so utterly insensible to every feeling of the kind as the Russians.

Ancient authors give us no account of the entire subjugation of Circassia. A part, or as Strabo says, "a few cantons were subject to the Romans," and one of Pompey's triumphs was graced by some of its inhabitants, probably made prisoners in the war with Mithridates. That monarch, who is called by Cicero "the greatest king since the time of Alexander," and who for six-and-twenty years held out against the power of Rome in her best days, never had possession of the country, though his dominions surrounded a great part of it. In fact, he can have had but little influence there; for, finding on his arrival at Dioscurias, (Iskuria,) after his defeat by Pompey, that Servilius, the Roman admiral, was in possession of the sea, and that he was consequently under the necessity of taking his route to the Bosphorus by land, it was with the greatest difficulty that he effected his passage.

There is no reason to suppose that even the Huns had possession of Circassia for any length of time, though they made their way to the desolation of Greece and Italy through the Porta Caucasia. Some of the most talented and daring of the Georgian kings had a decided influence in the country about the twelfth and thirteen centuries, and in the sixteenth one of the tribes paid a tribute to the Khan of Tartary: up to this period it is evident the Circassians had no masters. It remains to be shown what were the rights of sovereignty by which the Porte became entitled to cede the country to Russia. It appears that previously to the treaty of Kutchuk Kanardij, in 1774, the Kabardian tribe had placed themselves under the protection of Russia, which was acknowledged by the Porte in that treaty. The Circassians of the coast then permitted the Turks to build the forts of Anapa and Soudjouk Kalé solely for commercial purposes. This can be proved by a reference to the work of Monsieur Taitbout de Marigny, rendered doubly valuable by his long residence in that country, and uninterrupted communication

with the inhabitants. This gentleman, whom I had the pleasure of knowing at Odessa, says that the possession of Anapa cost the Porte considerable sums, which the commerce of the place was far from covering. Several of the Circassian families received pensions from the Turks, and the Pasha was paid one hundred and thirty thousand piastres for the expenses of his suite and the presents he was obliged to make for *his own safety;* but this was not all, for the custom-house duties, amounting to from fifteen thousand to forty thousand piastres, were given up to him. Though the Turks had long supplied the necessities of the Circassians, they were always afraid of leaving the forts for the interior, without having good guarantees for their safe return, and for that purpose placed themselves under konacks, who were answerable for their lives. Quarrels not unfrequently broke out between the inhabitants and the garrison, and disturbed the tranquillity of Anapa, even to the interruption of its commerce.

Monsieur de Marigny further states that several of the konacks made themselves almost independent of the Pasha. The result was, that the most

infamous and atrocious disorders took place, and those Turks who committed them were rarely punished. When they were afraid of being so, they left the fort and returned to the foot of the walls, insolently braved the measures of justice, and, through the mediation of their konacks, generally escaped them. Such was the tenure by which the Porte held even this small portion of Circassia, and upon this was based the fourth article of the Treaty of Adrianople, 2nd of September, 1829, making the line of frontier between the Ottoman Empire and Russia "to commence at Port St. Nicolo, on the coast of the Black Sea, follow the actual frontier of Georgia, thence traverse the province of Akkishka, and strike the point where the provinces of Akkishka and Kars are reunited to the province of Georgia." In other words, they signed away the lives and liberties of the Circassians.

Monsieur de Montpéreux remarks, in his elaborate work on Circassia, that "Russia acquired by this treaty all the rights of sovereignty that Turkey *might* have over that country." The fact is, the Porte had no right, nor did they even

suppose they had any, though this advocate of Russia affects to think so. But they were helpless, and the fourth article of the treaty was inserted by that power to give some appearance of legality to her long contemplated views of invasion. To soften the odium which must necessarily attach itself to their proceedings in Circassia, the Russians have lately assigned as an excuse, their anxiety to deliver the world from a race who trade in slaves; these are nearly their own words, as will be seen by the following extract from the "Invalide Russe," a government paper: "The fortifications on the territory of the unsubdued mountaineers of the Caucasus, inhabiting the eastern coast of the Black Sea, were erected with a view to put a check upon the outrages of these semi-barbarous hordes, and particularly to their favourite occupation, the shameful trade in slaves." What philanthropy! One might imagine the latter part of the paragraph was from the pen of Wilberforce!—"shameful trade in slaves!"—so we are left to infer there are no slaves in Russia. It is painful to find that the Circassians *do* trade in slaves, but when we turn to their opponents, and

find that the inference is false, that the Russians not only sell their own countrymen as slaves, but that the mass of the population are slaves; that the exception in Circassia is the rule in Russia, it is quite ludicrous to see such a reason gravely advanced for carrying on the war. One of their motives is, to secure a good and easy communication with Georgia. Without this, they cannot hope to keep that country, for should an opportunity offer, the inhabitants are ready to deliver themselves from their oppressors, and from the expense of maintaining a permanent army of sixty thousand men; if ever the politics of Europe make it the interest of any of the great powers to assist them, they will rise readily to the call. The Russians are aware of this, for there is scarcely a village in Georgia without some troops in it.

But the policy of Russia, carefully examined, will show that in commencing this war she was influenced by the same characteristics ascribed by Mithridates to the Romans; in the words of that monarch: "Parceque ce peuple est tout entier un peuple de loups insatiables de sang et de carnage,

toujours faméliques, ravisseurs altérés de richesses et d'empires."* The late Pasha of Anapa was much of the same opinion. When Mons. de Marigny spoke to him of the pacific intentions of Russia, and the commercial relations she wished to establish with the Circassians, particularly on the coast, he replied, "Oh, you think that! and do you believe that this power really has a desire to trade with them? She wants to conquer them, as she has done the Tartars, the Georgians, and the Mingrelians. What signifies to her the friendship of nations, who are poor, and of no importance?"

The vindictive character which this conflict has assumed, is mainly owing to the outrages committed by the Cossacks stationed along the line of the Kuban, whose head-quarters are at Ekaterinodar, (Catherine's gift,) and Taman, on the site of the ancient Phanagoria, immediately opposite Kertch. The very etymology of the name Cossack bears the evidence of ages against their character. Rennel remarks that the general denomination of Sacæ, a Scythian nation, was, according to Herodotus, of the same import, perhaps even a

* Rollin, vol. v., p. 601.

part of the same name with the Cassaki of modern times, that is, murderers, freebooters, or banditti. Col. Kirkpatrick thinks he recognizes the Cossacks in the oriental term of Cozâck or Cussâck, which is applied generally to any banditti or freebooters. Mr. Tooke also states that the term Cossack is generally taken in a bad sense: and Clarke affirms, that being anxious to see the Circassians, the Don Cossacks cautioned him against their brethren of the Kuban, *whom they described as a lawless set of banditti.* The ancestors of these Tchernomorski, or (Black Sea) Cossacks, lived near the cataracts of the Dnieper called Porogee, from which they took their names of Zaporogues, (rogues indeed!) The great peculiarity of this extraordinary race of buccaneers was, that women were altogether excluded from their towns; and when any of the men married, they were obliged by the laws of the sept to settle in some of the villages near the Dnieper or the Bug, and employ themselves in agriculture: the single men lived in huts surrounded by a rampart of earth, and gave themselves up to a life of pillage and petty warfare. Their head-quarters were the ren-

dezvous and asylum of the rascals and brigands of all countries. Storch affirms that there was scarcely a language in Europe that might not be found amongst them. In the early part of their career, they were alternately the mercenaries of the Poles and Tartars; at last they became the allies of the Russians under Catherine against Turkey; and against Poland, in the early part of this century.

At this time, when discipline had led to their improvement, the following circumstance took place. When war was declared against Poland, the Zaporogues volunteered to form eight regiments, mounted and equipped at their own expense. The offer was eagerly accepted, and by their bravery and good conduct during the campaign, they proved themselves valuable auxiliaries. The contest over, they returned to the sept, disbanded, and retired to their homes. The Emperor, however, regretting the loss of such troops, was anxious to retain four regiments in activity. But no sooner was the rumour heard, than murmurs of disapprobation and discontent ran through the villages of the Zaporogues, expressed

in a manner not to be misunderstood. "We have fought for him," said they, "and have expelled the common enemy; that done, and the cause for which we assembled removed, we serve no longer." In spite of these remarks, however, a review of the four regiments was ordered to take place under the eye of his Imperial Majesty himself; but though they obeyed the summons, the same spirit of disaffection was manifested, for when the Emperor, with a numerous staff, made his appearance on the ground, the Zaporogues, instead of receiving him with the usual shout of acclamation, saluted, but observed a profound silence. In vain the aides-de-camp desired them to pay the compliment which is customary, not to the Emperor only, but to any General officer in the Russian service when reviewing troops. Commands and threats were of no avail, and the Emperor, waving etiquette, answered in the same manner as he would have done had the shout been given, "May you be happy, my children." The men remained silent, and his Majesty, exasperated at their conduct, rode from the parade, and gave orders for their being immediately disbanded. The Zapo-

rogues quietly sheathing their swords, retired without opening their lips.

The democratic character of their assemblies, (for the Hetman proposed but the people deliberated and decided,) and this refusal to become incorporated as regular troops, induced the Emperor to break up their sept, and a part were removed to the steppes on the right bank of the Kuban. The remainder preferred a nomade life; and with a cart and a pair of oxen, are ever in motion over the vast steppe, occupied in transporting corn, salt, and other productions from the interior; they bivouac close to their carts at night, the cattle are turned loose, and graze around them. When they see a government official approaching, they raise their caps long before he is near them; but policy, not servility, dictates this conduct, for under the sheep-skin cap and tarred trousers of this hardy race there still exists a strong feeling of independence.

The reason given by the Russians for removing some of them to the Kuban, was, to repress the incursions of the Circassians; but in a situation so favourable to the exercise of their predatory dis-

position, they relapsed into it, and the encouragement they met with from their own government, made them too frequently the aggressors. Their repeated attacks drove great numbers of the Circassians of the plain on the opposite side of the river into the mountains, and kept the few who remained in a state of uneasiness and apprehension. Taitbout de Marigny observes that Seid Achmet, the Pasha of Anapa, assured him that the Circassians were rarely the first to commence hostilities; but being constantly excited by the repeated demonstrations and outrages of the Cossacks, he had great difficulty in restraining them. The reprisals of the Circassians were made the excuse for the subsequent attacks upon them, and added to the list of reasons assigned by Russia for continuing the war. Her operations in this contest are conducted on the principle of gradually contracting the sphere of action of the Circassians, by erecting lines of fortresses and field works one within the other all round the frontier, until they shall succeed in driving them into so small a space that there will be no possibility of their receiving any supplies of salt or ammunition, the only

articles they are absolutely in want of. With the exception of the distance between Redout Kalé and the last fortress on the coast of the Black Sea, the Russians have nearly completed the exterior line of circumvallation. That part of it from the embouchure of the Kuban to the baths of Petigorsky is protected by stanitzas of the Tchernomorski Cossacks, who have regular piquets stationed at short distances from one another. The vidette at each is posted on a wooden observatory, from which he can command a view of the surrounding country. Instances have occurred of their being shot on their perch, but, generally speaking, the Cossack has not only the eye of a lynx, and the ear of an Indian, but an enduring watchfulness which neither time, fatigue, nor inclement weather, can exhaust; he will sit here motionless, watching the horizon for hours, awake and observant of every change in its outline.

CHAPTER XIX.

Line of the Kuban—The Kabardians—Clear-sighted policy—the Cid of the Caucasus—His eyrie—Assault of Akulko—A Russian victory—General Emmanuel—Forts on the coast of Abasia—Malaria—Forage parties—Scarcity of provisions—Poles in the Caucasus—A Russian emissary—The Vixen—Forts of St. Nicholas and Abyn.

THE tract of country near the Kuban, and the plain of the Kabarda, are the only parts of the Circassian territory upon which the Russians can be said to have any hold; how slight this tenure is, will be seen by the remarks of Capt. Wilbraham, which coincide with the opinions I have heard from many other persons who have frequently crossed from the Kuban to Tiflis. He says, that at the baths of Petigorsky, celebrated for their great mineral properties, "the bathers are protected by a battalion of infantry, whose huts join the establishment" — Bullets, not Bubbles, from these Brunnens. The piquets continue from these baths

to the fortress of Ekaterinograd, which, as I have before stated, is the head-quarters of the Cossacks of the Line; escorts commence here, and conduct every thing and every one, the mails included, across the dangerous plain of the Kabarda. The escort is generally provided by the garrison of the fort of Vladikaukas, and consists of a company of infantry, and one or two field pieces. Piquets are placed in commanding sites, with horses ready saddled, and beacons to give notice of night attacks from the mountaineers. Between Ekaterinograd and Vladikaukas is the fortress of Ordonskoi, like many on the Circassian frontiers, beyond the range of whose guns the garrison are not safe. This part of Circassia is described by M. de Montpéreux as having been already conquered some time, and he says it is astonishing to see the rapid improvement of the colonies newly formed. He must be alluding to the few Kabardians who inhabit the Russian side of the Terek. Their motive in removing across the river arose from their being less inclined to war than the rest of their tribe in the mountains; the country also being open, was not

at all adapted for defence against an enemy, whose powerful artillery could, at a moment, sweep them and their habitations from the plain. But the interests of the land which gave them birth are still dear to them, and their patriotism is kept alive by the remembrance of former sufferings, and the gallant struggles of their countrymen; who they take every opportunity of assisting. The Russians have, however, marked them in their maps as favourable to their cause.

Piquets, half a mile apart, are stationed from the plain of the Karbada to Dariel, from which place military posts continue, with few exceptions, in every village to Tiflis. This road, as will be seen in the map, intersects the chain of the Caucasus as nearly as possible in the centre, a circumstance of immense advantage to the Russian army, as it divides the operations of the Circassians and the Lesghians, cuts off the communication between them, and consequently contracts their field of action. The country from Tiflis to Bakou, on the Caspian, and from that place to Kislar and Ekaterinograd, as well as from the former place to Redout Kalé, is held and protected by a sys-

tem of fortifications, field works, and fortified villages; the communications in many places, particularly on the road from Redout Kalé to Tiflis, being so insecure, that large escorts, with one or two field pieces, are required to keep them open. The English manufactured goods, on their way to Persia, were forwarded by this route a few years ago, paying a transit duty to Russia.

The minister of the interior, thinking he had a good opportunity of striking a blow at our commerce in Asia Minor, closed the port of Redout Kalé, but his intentions failed most completely. Trebizonde supplies its place, and the duties, which were very considerable, have been lost to the Russian government.

The operations in the Eastern Caucasus require nearly forty thousand men, a great part of them being kept continually on the "qui vive" by the Chief Shamil, who occasionally falls upon them when they least expect him. In the autumn of 1839, this Cid of the Caucasus, after a series of exploits, being followed by very superior numbers with a view to his capture, retired into one of his strong-holds in the interior. His eyrie was ad-

mirably calculated for defence, being situated at the extremity of a mountain, which, with the exception of one side, rose perpendicularly from the valley beneath. There the ascent was easy, but the summit, a kind of table land, diminished in breadth as it approached the fort, and finished in a causeway so narrow, that it scarcely seemed to connect the rock on which it stood with the principal part of the mountain. This causeway was intersected and defended by a rude parapet and loop-holed wall, but without artillery. As the ground afforded no cover, and was of a nature too difficult to work, the approach was rendered almost hopeless, for the assailants were entirely exposed to a most murderous fire of musketry from the parapet and wall.

The Russians advanced to the attack, but were driven back with immense loss; every shot told as they rushed up the slope to the causeway. It was renewed with the same result; but General Grabbe who commanded, thinking Shamil too fine a prize to lose, reiterated the order for another attempt. The troops, thoroughly sick of the thing, hesitated, and at length refused;

but the officers sprang forward, and the men, ashamed to forsake such leaders, followed their example. Their efforts, however, were fruitless. A few amongst the leading ranks reached the loop-holed wall, but the kindjal finished those the ball had spared, and the division retired below the ridge for the night.

The next morning, they found to their great astonishment, that Shamil and his followers had taken their departure. How they succeeded in making their escape, no one looking down the precipices which surrounded the place he had so gallantly defended, could imagine; and the Russians, after having sustained a loss of nearly two hundred officers killed and wounded, were obliged to return, without having effected their object, for Shamil was free. The Russian government published a print of this fort, which represented it as being inaccessible on every side; of course they claimed the victory.

The return of some of the expeditions from these forays into the interior were formerly marked by the most sanguinary acts; and it is said that General Emmanuel's line of march might have

been traced by the dead bodies of the Circassians that he executed on the trees.

The portion of the Russian line of circumvallation that remains to be noticed is the coast of the Black Sea. The forts upon it, eighteen in number, have, with the exception of Anapa and Soudjouk Kalé, been erected from time to time by the troops sent from Sevastopol, under the guns of the fleet. Many of them are ordinary field works, with small wooden houses, or more generally sheds, for barracks, so wretchedly constructed that the rain forces its way into them in the winter.* In some cases, these works are mere stockades, with earth thrown up against a kind of palisade of stakes, they are usually square, the river on which they stand forming one side. This face is protected by a gun-boat when there is a sufficient depth of water, an entrenchment, and tra-

* A friend of mine travelling near the Don saw a village of low wooden houses on the banks. Observing no inhabitants, he inquired the reason of some person who happened to be passing, and found that the houses were for the fortresses in Circassia. Each piece of wood was marked, so that the huts when taken to pieces could be readily put together again.

verses. If there is no river, a small stream will always influence the choice of situation, as the garrisons cannot leave the fort to get either wood or water without some casualties taking place. Sometimes the Circassians turn the stream above the fort, and the Russians are then under the necessity of sending to a considerable distance for their supplies of these articles absolutely necessary to their existence. In doing so, they are obliged to traverse thick underwood and other obstacles, which their opponents well know how to take advantage of, and by posting themselves behind trees and pieces of rock, the escort, generally composed of a company, seldom returns without severe loss. It was in allusion to this, that I once heard a Russian officer remark "that a glass of water was very often purchased by a glass of blood." Of course, the difficulties are greater in keeping up the communications between the forts themselves. But this is not the only misfortune under which the troops suffer, for malaria prevails in all the low situations, and the men are decimated by fevers for which they have neither preventive nor cure. Their supplies of food, always scanty and

indifferent, are sometimes cut off by the gales which blow with great violence on this coast; and as they cannot obtain provisions in the country, they are sometimes reduced to the greatest possible distress. Fresh meat is rarely seen, and being very dear at all times is never given to the men.

In the winter of 1839, the communications with Sevastopol and Kertch had been so interrupted that rye flour was sixty-five roubles, nearly sixty shillings the chetvert. Thus wretchedly off for food, they are worse off for medicine, and when suffering under intermittent fever, are left to cure it with a salt herring, a cheap and, in this part of the world, popular remedy.

The description I have given of these forts will not perhaps impress the reader with a very formidable idea of them, but they are well provided with artillery, the effects of which made the Circassians believe they were impregnable, and accounts for their having allowed so many years to elapse without attacking them. There is good reason to suppose that they commenced the operations I am about to speak of under the advice of the Polish officers who had deserted to their side.

They were conducted by Colonel M., formerly of the Polish artillery, who for his distinguished conduct and services in the defence of his own country during the last revolution, gained for himself the privilege of being exiled to the army of the Caucasus, an honour which he shares with hundreds of his gallant countrymen.

The Circassian war is looked upon as an excellent outlet for Polish blood, and many young men of good family, totally unconnected with the affair of 1830, are cajoled into serving here by promises of promotion and protection. In fact, they are almost compelled to this, by the vexatious proceedings and tyrannical treatment they meet with in Poland from every understrapper of the Russian government; the only chance of escape from which, is by obtaining military rank. But the Russians have strangely miscalculated if they imagine that the sympathies of men like Colonel M. are likely to be readily enlisted in their cause, so directly opposite to that for which they have sacrificed every thing. In spite of the assertion of M. de Montpéreux, that the Polish deserters were worse off with the Circassians than the Rus-

sians, and that they returned to the latter in consequence of the ill treatment they suffered, it is a well known fact that they embrace every opportunity of joining the ranks of the Circassians, looking upon them as fellow-sufferers in the cause of that liberty for which they have themselves so nobly but unsuccessfully struggled. The unanimity which prevails amongst the tribes has, however, been one of the leading causes of their recent success. United under one common banner, they have buried all their former feuds and animosities in the general determination to free their country from the presence of their selfish and unprincipled aggressors. This result, so indispensable to their interests, has been effected by the influence and exertions of Messrs. Urquhart, Bell, and Longworth. In return for it, the Russian government has offered a reward of three thousand silver roubles for the head of one of these gentlemen, and a Circassian of the guards left St. Petersburg for the Caucasus with large presents for some of his countrymen, through whose assistance he hoped to secure the head and the reward. It is almost unnecessary to add, that the presents were most

graciously received, but the delegate has never returned to his employer, Count B. It may be here remarked, that any thing more absurd than the reasons adduced by the Russians for the seizure of the *Vixen*, cannot well be imagined, unless it be the fact of our allowing the capture to be good. Their principal one was because that vessel *had broken the Quarantine regulations.* At this time they had not an acre of land in Circassia beyond the range of their guns, and a great part of the coast was not even occupied. It was ridiculous, therefore, to argue that they were giving laws to that country, when they had not the power to execute them; and unless they had, there could not be any quarantine to break. The right to seize the brig on this ground once admitted, Mr. Bell and his crew were liable to be shot, and might in that case fairly have been so. If the principle was a sound one, the law surely ought to have taken its course; if not, the *Vixen* was no prize. It is quite evident that the Russian government were in reality of the latter opinion, otherwise they would most assuredly have put the law in execution, and if not, would have made a merit

of sparing the lives of the culprits. The general opinion at Odessa was, that the government were prepared to restore the vessel.

The triangle comprehended between Ghelendjik, Ojinskaia and the embouchure of the Kuban, is the only part of the Caucasus where the system laid down for contracting the operations of the Circassians has been carried into effect.

The Russians, however, have gained little by it, but a communication between the Kuban and Ghelendjik, for the men cannot even here move beyond the range of the guns of forts St. Nicholas and Abyn. The expedition which established them and this road was commanded by General Wielminoff in person. It runs through several defiles, and the escorts frequently meet with severe loss when passing between the Kuban and Ghelendjik.

CHAPTER XX.

A Russian bulletin—Extraordinary philanthropy—The redoubt of Wielminoff attacked—Michailofsky redoubt taken—An agreeable proposal—A simple soldier—Assault of the fort of Navagiusky—Assault of Abinsky—Russian veracity—A year's pay—Probabilities—A slight difference in the killed and wounded—Trebizonde smugglers—The kindjal—Circassian bravery—Kill and cure—The war unpopular—Circassian liberty—Russian tyranny—The Circassians' last hope—Hassan Bey's despatch—Brevity, modesty, and truth.

SUCH was the position of the Russian forces when their unexpected reverses took place, in the spring of 1840, ten years after the treaty of Adrianople, which gave them a legitimate right to the country. The news of these defeats spread rapidly in Odessa, but were seldom mentioned in society by any but foreigners. The government papers were silent on the subject, until 35,000 men under Golovine, Riefski, and others had repossessed themselves of the ruins of their forts, and erected others in their place.

I give the bulletin in which the announcement was made, as a rich specimen of Russian official

bombast. The French from which it was translated is so full of clumsy phrases that it might have been written by any chinovnik of the department from which it was issued.

"The Invalide Russe, July 15, 1840. The annals of the Russian army offer a multitude of glorious 'faits d'armes' and heroic actions, the remembrance of which will be for ever preserved by posterity. The detached corps of the Caucasus by its special destination has had frequent opportunities of gathering new laurels. But we have never yet seen such instances of brilliant valour as those of which the garrisons of several of the field fortifications on the territory of the unsubdued mountaineers of the Caucasus, inhabiting the east coast of the Black Sea, have given proof. These works were erected for the purpose of putting a check on the outrages of these semi-barbarous hordes, and particularly their favourite occupation—*the shameful trade in slaves.* In the spring of this year these fortifications were constantly the object of their attacks. In the hope of annihilating the obstacles opposed to them at a time, when by their opposition and the insur-

mountable difficulties of communication, the fortresses of the coast could not receive any succour from without, they united against them all their forces and means. Three of these small forts have fallen; but fallen with a glory which earned for their defenders the respect and admiration of their wild enemies. The valiant efforts of the other garrisons were crowned with a better success. All have resisted the desperate attacks renewed from time to time by the mountaineers, without suffering themselves to be cast down, and they held their ground until it became possible to send them reinforcements. In this struggle of a handful of Russian soldiers against a determined and enterprising enemy, ten and even more than twenty times superior to them in number, the 'hauts faits' of the garrisons of the redoubts Wielminoff and Michail, and the defence of the small forts Navaginsky and Abinsky, deserve particular attention. The first of these redoubts was taken by the mountaineers on the 29th of last February. At the dawn of day, their bands, amounting to more than seven thousand men, profiting by the localities, and concealed by the morning mist, approached

the entrenchments without being seen, and precipitated themselves with impetuosity to the assault. Overthrown in several attempts, they returned each time with fury to the charge, and after a long struggle ended by being masters of the rampart. Rejecting every proposition to surrender, the garrison continued with unshaken courage to maintain a conflict now hopeless, preferring a glorious death, and were overwhelmed together, with the exception of six soldiers in the lazaret, who had taken no part in the defence, and who were made prisoners by the mountaineers. These last, *as a mark of respect* for the defenders of the redoubt, carried to their houses some amongst them who gave hopes of recovery, one of whom was the lieutenant Khoudobasheff of the infantry regiment of Navaginsky, who, severely wounded in the arm and leg, had fallen one of the last. The garrison of this redoubt was composed of four hundred men of all ranks; the loss of the mountaineers, in killed alone, amounted to nine hundred men.

"On the morning of the 22nd of March, the mountaineers, to the number of more than 11,000

men, attacked the redoubt of Michailofsky, of which the garrison counted only 480 men of all arms. The brave commandant, second Captain Liko, of the 5th battalion of the Cossacks of the frontier line of the Black Sea, having received information of the enemy's intentions, had made his preparations beforehand to oppose to them a vigorous resistance; seeing it was impossible to receive any reinforcements in time, he had prepared nails to spike the cannon, in the event of the rampart being carried, and had constructed in the interior of the redoubt a 'reduit,' by means of planks, boards, and other materials, fit for the purpose: he then assembled the whole garrison, officers and soldiers, and proposed to them to blow up the powder magazine if they failed in repulsing the enemy; this proposition was received with an enthusiasm which the conduct of the garrison subsequently justified. The mountaineers were received by a most murderous fire from the artillery of the fort, and could not make themselves masters of the rampart till after a combat of one hour and a half, during which they experienced considerable loss; the heroic efforts of the garrison

having, at one period, driven them into the ditch, they took to flight; but the mountaineers on horseback, who remained in observation at a certain distance, received the runaways at the points of their swords; seeing, therefore, inevitable death on both sides, they returned to the assault, and having driven the garrison from the ramparts, drove them into the 'reduit,' after having burnt all the military stores, provisions, and appointments, that were in the redoubt. The fire of musketry continued for half-an-hour, it suddenly ceased, and the mountaineers began to congratulate themselves on their victory, when the magazine exploded. The garrison perished in accomplishing this act, which will be for ever remembered in military annals, and with them perished all the mountaineers that were in the redoubt. Unfortunately, the author of this heroic action is unknown; it is thought that it was accomplished by a simple soldier, called Ossipoff; the result of the inquiry instituted on the subject will be eventually published. The details of the defence of the redoubts Wielminoff and Michailofsky, were disclosed by the mountaineers them-

selves, and by some soldiers escaped from their slavery. The services of those heroes, thus dead on the field of battle, have been honoured by his Imperial Majesty in the persons of their families, whose existence having been ascertained, their children will be brought up at the expense of the state. These two redoubts are re-occupied by detachments of troops, serving on the eastern coast of the Black Sea.

"The fortress of Navaginsky has often been subject to the attacks of the mountaineers, but they have always been repulsed with the same valour and with the same firmness. In one of these attacks, taking advantage of the darkness of the night, and the noise of the tempest, they approached the fort unperceived by the sentries, surrounded it on all sides, and rushing all at once to the assault, with ladders and hooks, they made themselves masters of a part of the rampart, and penetrated into the fort. The commandant, Captain Podgoursky, and the lieutenant, Yacovleff, then went to meet them with a part of the garrison, and were all killed on the spot; but their death in no way diminished the ardour of

the soldiers, who rushed upon the enemy with the bayonet, and drove them into the ditch; the combat was maintained with the same enthusiasm in every other part of the fortress, and even the sick, spontaneously hastening out of the lazaret, took part. At the point of day, after three hours of a bloody conflict, the fortress was delivered of its enemies, who left a considerable number of dead and wounded.

"On the 26th of May, the fort Abinsky, situated between the Kuban and the coast of the Black Sea, was surrounded, at two o'clock in the morning, by a band of mountaineers, amounting to 12,000 men, who had assembled in the neighbourhood, with great cries and firing shots. The hail of balls, hand grenades, and artillery, with which they were received, did not stop their ardour. Full of temerity, and contempt of danger, they descended with promptitude and wonderful agility into the ditch, and commenced escalading the rampart, thus blindly rushing on to certain death. Their warriors, covered with coats of mail, penetrated several times into the intrenchment, but each time they were either killed or repulsed; at

last, however, in spite of all the efforts of the garrison, a numerous troop made their way into the interior of a bastion, and advanced, with colours flying, into the interior of the fortress. The commandant, Colonel Vassiloffsky, preserving all his presence of mind in this critical moment, rushed on the enemy with forty men at fixed bayonets, that he had kept in reserve, and drove them out of the intrenchment, with the loss of a pair of colours. This brilliant action arrested the audacity of the assailants, and inflamed to the highest degree the courage of the garrison; the enemy beat a retreat at all points, and took to flight, carrying their dead with them, according to the custom of eastern nations. Ten wounded remained in the hands of the garrison, who found six hundred and eighty-five dead, in the interior of the place, and the ditches; the number of those that the mountaineers carried with them to bury, amounted, without doubt, to a much more considerable number. On our side, the loss was nine men killed, and eighteen wounded; at the moment of attack, the garrison of fort Abinsky was composed of a general officer, fifteen officers, and six

hundred and seventy-six soldiers. The numerical weakness of this place, alone, proves the extraordinary intrepidity of officers, as well as soldiers, and their unanimous resolution to defend with unalterable firmness the ramparts confided to their courage. The reverend Father Ivanoff, chaplain to this battalion, constantly remained, cross in hand, in the ranks, all the time of the assault." Well done, Tom Thumb!

The officers' names, who distinguished themselves, are then mentioned, and those who received crosses, including one to the Padre, called a "croix pectorale."* The men were rewarded for their services by a year's pay; in other words, the glorious sum of seven shillings!

This is a pretty good, though not an unusual, specimen of government veracity in Russia, and so filled up with new laurels, brilliant valour, heroic actions, glorious faits d'armes, haut faits, valiant efforts, and glory, that one would imagine the Russians, not the Circassians, were the victors. "Barbarous hordes," and "wild enemies," forsooth! Pray what does half the population of

* An ipecacuanha lozenge.—*Printer's devil.*

their country consist of? What are we to call the Calmucks, the Bashkirs, and the Kirghiz, the Tchernomorski, and other Cossacks? Then we have the Circassians carrying off the wounded as a "mark of respect,"—humbug! much more like compassion. The history of the magazine comes next, the details of which appear to be a most "ingenious fiction," probably the invention of one of the party, who, more fortunate than his companions, had risen from the dead; nothing short of such evidence could establish the fact. The writer of the bulletin assigns to the commandant the honour of assembling the whole garrison, officers and soldiers, and proposing to them to blow up the powder magazine, if they failed in repulsing the enemy;—they did fail, they were *all blown up*. The author of this heroic action is unknown, yet the writer thinks, according to hearsay, that it was accomplished by a simple soldier of the name of Ossipoff. The captain's anxiety to have his nails ready appears rather superfluous when he contemplated such a finale. This is kindly followed up by a desire of his Imperial Majesty to have their "families ascer-

tained, in order that they may be brought up at the expense of the state."—What liberality! The meaning of this is to make soldiers of them, and Russian soldiers!—Athens was never more grateful to her sons!

The account of the assault of fort Abinsky is equally preposterous with what has preceded it. This field work, with a garrison of 676 men, is described as having been attacked by 12,000 men, many of them accoutred in coats of mail, who, having performed prodigies of valour, and succeeded in getting into the body of the place, are finally repulsed by a charge of forty men, and obliged to retreat, leaving 685 of their dead in the fort and ditches. The number they carried with them to bury "being much more considerable," we may conclude they amounted to 900, making in all 1,585 killed; in this slaughter only ten are wounded, and the loss of the garrison amounts to nine killed! and just eighteen wounded!! The truth of all this rhodomontade may be told in a very few words. In the month of February, 1840, the Circassians opened their winter campaign by an attack upon the fort of Soubashee, which was

attended with the most brilliant success; the assailants came down from the mountains during the night, and concealed themselves in the ditch. Before dawn a few of them ascended the rampart unperceived, overpowered the guard at the gate, opened it, and let in their companions, who rushed into the interior of the work, and the greater part of the garrison being sick, all opposition ceased. This enterprize, upon which their future success depended, was conducted with the greatest skill, caution, and courage; their further progress was plain sailing, and the guns and stores taken here were employed in reducing the fort of (Psisoapé) Wielminoff. The attack upon this was conducted by Col. M——, whose services I have already alluded to. Under his able directions, the operations were carried on in the usual manner, and two guns having been placed in battery, which the Circassians served with great courage and intelligence, a breach was soon effected; scorning the aid of musketry, they then drew their kindjals, and rushed to the assault, and as they neither gave nor received quarter, the whole garrison was put to the sword. The forts of Toapsé,

(Lazareffsky,) and Vhoolan (Michailofsky) were taken soon after, much in the same manner. These successes terminated in the capture of the fort of Abyn, which, as I have before said, commands the defile and road between Ghelendjik, and Ojinskaia on the Kuban: this fortress was larger than any of the others, and the garrison of eight hundred men were all either killed or made prisoners. The immense quantities of military stores taken in these forts, together with other materials, will enable the Circassians to carry on the war.

The difficulty of obtaining supplies is very great; the smugglers from Trebizonde continue occasionally to run small quantities of salt and powder, but the enterprize is attended with considerable risk. It can only be accomplished in the winter, when the Russian cruizers, unable, or disinclined to face the weather, run into the harbours, which, on this coast, are few and far between. Small boats, similar to the camaræ mentioned by Strabo, are employed to land the goods; they are kept in marshy creeks inland, where they lie unobserved amongst the rushes, and are launched on the approach of the vessel, so that no

time is lost in removing the cargo. The elements also, now and then, do the mountaineers a good turn, for a Russian frigate, or transport, with stores for the forts, is not unfrequently driven ashore during the heavy gales, and about three years ago the Jason, man-of-war steamer, was also wrecked near Ghelendjik.

In order to appreciate the result of the efforts of the Circassians in this campaign, it must be borne in mind that their success was principally owing to their individual courage in hand-to-hand fighting, with a weapon only fifteen inches in length, opposed to disciplined troops, a powerful artillery, and all the means and appliances of modern warfare. The kindjal is similar in shape to the ancient Roman sword, remarkably broad in proportion to its length, but the handle is without any guard.

It might be supposed that the horrors of war, under any circumstances, were sufficiently dreadful to call forth the sympathies of every man who is unfortunately charged with the responsibility of conducting it; but this is not the case in the present instance; Mons. de Montpéreux, the advo-

cate of Russia in this contest, observes that the emperor Nicholas is "habile à saisir les mesures les plus efficaces, celles qui tranchent le mal par la racine." This feeling has been literally acted upon, and the motto of Loyola too often adopted by those who have been entrusted with the execution of his Imperial Majesty's will.

The expeditions and reconnaissances into the interior have frequently been marked by a regular system of rapine and pillage, and whole villages have been given up to the flames. If the report was true that the Emperor had given orders that the country should be laid waste in this manner, the superior officers were too ready to act in a corresponding spirit; and if it was false, it is monstrous that they should, upon their own responsibility, have been wantonly guilty of such enormities. This is no exaggeration of the conduct pursued towards the Circassians. I have, on several occasions, heard them described by Russians as wild beasts, only fit to be hunted down with blood-hounds, as the Maroons were in St. Domingo. A deeply-rooted feeling of revenge has naturally ensued, and accounts for the Circas-

sians having given no quarter during the late events. The spell that hung over the Russian forts is now broken, as several of them have fallen; this cannot fail to inspire the inhabitants of the Caucasus with the hope of further success. On the other hand, the defeats sustained by their enemies cannot fail to depress the "morale" of an army, completely disgusted with a war to which they see no prospect of a termination, and in which they suffer so severely from every kind of privation and disease. It is, in truth, popular only with the superior officers, and those holding commands, who, independent of an increase of pay, have, in their various perquisites, so many opportunities of benefiting by it. In justice, however, to the men, let it be said that the army of the Caucasus has done its duty; the odium of the excesses which have been committed rests with him in whom the war originated.

The contest in Circassia cannot fail to interest the heart of any man possessed of one spark of generous feeling, for it is for liberty of the purest kind, national independence. It does not owe its rise to excess of tyranny in her own princes,

nor to the insidious arts of heated demagogues and political adventurers, supported by followers as weak and selfish as themselves. It is the struggle of a brave people, who have for sixty years been defending their wives, their children, and their homes, and all that man, civilized or not, holds dear, against an enemy overwhelming in numbers, and possessed of immense resources. True, the liberty of Circassia is of a rough character, but the gem is there, though unpolished; and shall we not sympathize with these noble descendants of the Lacedæmonians, who still act with the same gallant spirit that animated their ancestors? Not only is the abstract idea of being subdued abhorrent to their feelings, but their fate, if unsuccessful, will be embittered by the tyrannical and oppressive character of their conquerors. Well may they dread their rule; a nation, amongst whom no liberty, but that of thinking, is permitted, and that not aloud; who, in the countries that have submitted to them under the most solemn treaties, that their rights should be respected, have directly or indirectly violated them whenever superior physical power gave them the

opportunities of doing so; whose energies have been always directed, since the time of Peter the Great, in support of despotism, foreign and domestic, and whose civilization consists in little more than having adopted the arts of modern warfare, and the details of discipline, to render their brute force more available.

But will no one step forward in support of this unfortunate people? Will the powers of Europe permit the Caucasian race, whose silence in distress is far more eloquent than words—will they allow them to be swept off from the face of the earth by these half-civilized descendants of the Sarmatian hordes, whose love of aggrandizement, and grasping ambition, have already extended the bounds of their empire to its present overgrown and unnatural limits? Yes, for on such occasions, the sympathies of governments are awake only to the commercial or other benefits that may be expected to result from their interference; and even these, though manifestly existing for England in the present case, have been left unnoticed by ours. Without such assistance, the struggles of the Circassians, though

almost superhuman, will be in vain, and their opponents, by superiority of numbers, by the total disregard of the waste of human life in their own army, their vast resources, and the dogged tenacity with which they conduct every enterprize of the same nature, must eventually prevail. The apathy displayed by individuals on the subject can only be accounted for by supposing that the chivalrous efforts of these gallant mountaineers, in the cause for which they contend, are not generally known. If they were, surely they would find in England some generous spirits ready to assist them, at least with the means of defence, and thereby secure to them their only wish, as an alternative to success—that of dying with arms in their hands.

Since this imperfect sketch of the operations in Circassia was written, Mr. Bell's work on that country has been published, and in support of my views of their successes, I was glad to find in it the following pithy letter from one of the Circassian chiefs to that gentleman:—

"My dear old friend, Yakûl Bey, how are you? as for ourselves, thank God, we are doing very

well. The news we have for you is really interesting.

"On Wednesday, the sixteenth of Zil-hitsheh, immediately after the morning prayer, the fortress on the stream of the Waia was stormed in an hour; all the soldiers there, together with the women, the guns, the ammunition, and stores, all were captured, and the houses were burned. We had in this affair only twenty-one martyrs, (*i. e.* killed.) Before this, the enemy marched from Sûkum upon Ardler, but was unable to effect any thing; our friends having gathered, stopped them on the way and took twenty-five prisoners.

"HASSAN BEY.

"27th of Zil-hitsheh, 1255. (1st March, 1840.)

"1st P.S. My old friend, after the taking of the above-named fort of Waia, on Thursday the 8th of Moharrem, after morning prayer, we attacked the fort of Toapsé. After seven and a half hours' fighting, the place, and all that it contained, fell into our hands. This moment for your information.

"2nd P.S. One week after the above date,

the fort of Abyn, in Shapsûk, was taken; thanks be to the Almighty.

"At this moment, my good friend, we are gathering again.

"3rd P.S. Shekir Effendi, Barsek Hadji, Deckhemokâ, Hussem Bey, and all our kinsmen, send you their salutations."

So much for the old highland chieftain's despatch, which stands in happy contrast with that of St. Petersburgh, for brevity, modesty, and truth.

END OF VOL. I.

W. Tyler, Printer, Bolt-court, London.