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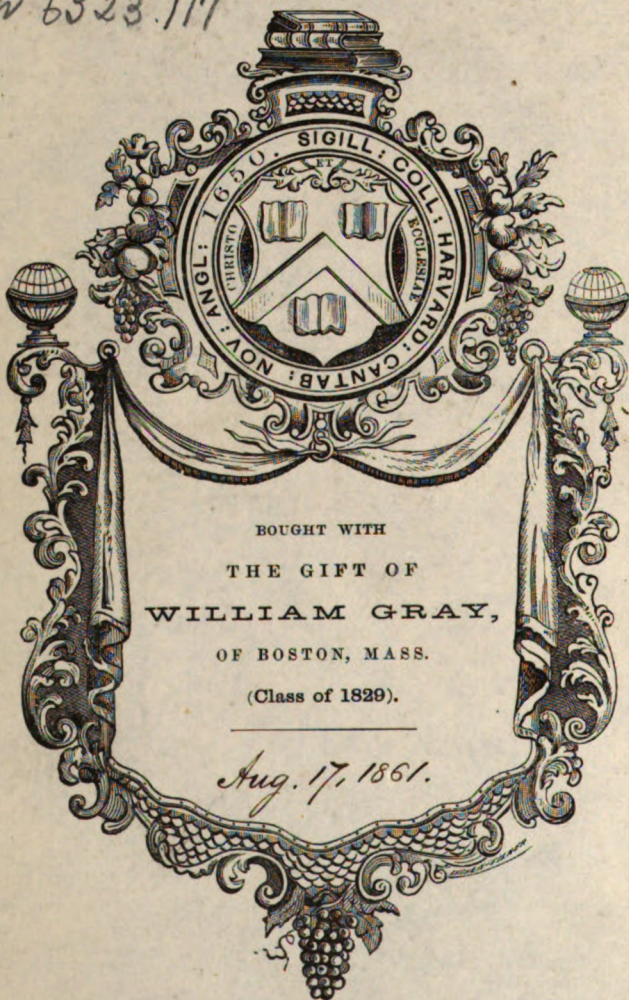
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TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES

OF THE

REV. JOSEPH WOLFF, D.D., LL.D.,

VICAR OF ILE BREWERS, NEAR TAUNTON,
AND LATE MISSIONARY TO THE JEWS AND MUHAMMADANS IN PERSIA,
BOKHARA, CASHMERE, ETC.

"I will instantly mount my horse !
The wooden steed that traverses the sea !
What do I see !
Already is the anchor weighed,
The sails are set,
I must be off,
The gospel must be preached.
Farewell !"

S. FRANCIS XAVIER.

VOL. II.

SECOND EDITION.



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Dedicated, by Permission,

TO THE

HONOURABLE HENRY WALPOLE

AND THE

HONOURABLE MRS. HENRY WALPOLE

BY THEIR AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

JOSEPH WOLFF.

P R E F A C E.

IN order to prevent any misapprehension as to the authorship of this work, some account shall be given of it, for which Dr. Wolff himself is in no way responsible. Soon after the great domestic calamity of his life occurred, and which suddenly deprived him of Lady Georgiana Wolff, to whom he had been united for thirty years; he visited his friends at Ecclesfield, who were anxious both to divert his mind, and to obtain for the public the story of a life which was almost unique in its incidents. They proposed, therefore, that he should dictate it aloud, well knowing that his temperament would not allow him to write a calm history; and this suggestion was in harmony with the wishes of many other of his friends. The idea was caught at once by the energetic mind of the doctor; and without premeditation, in the third person, he commenced his tale.

The prodigious powers of his memory were soon evident; for, excepting certain long arguments and conversations which were extracted from his original journals, the first volume was composed

without reference to a note. It is true that many of the details had often before been recited on the platform, and so his mind had been kept more familiar with past events than is the case with most men; but the minute recollection of names of both persons and places, and of dates, and of routes through countries several times traversed, and of passages quoted from the Bible (chapter and verse included) without reference to the book, exhibited to his amanuenses a wonderfully clear intellect—the more surprising from the fact that his own written books have been remarkably muddled.

But Dr. Wolff's is a mind which requires hearers to whet its consecutive attention. It mattered not when or where he left off in his story—(almost invariably, because he had tired the pens of those who had been listening and writing)—he always returned to his work, and took up the thread of the narrative, when a secretary was again at his service. The youthful freshness of the autobiographer's mind was also shown, by the improvement that was perceptible as he advanced with his work. The first volume required laborious verbal corrections, and re-arrangement of sentences; whereas the second volume has been much more grammatically told; without losing any vigorousness of expression, characteristic of the author's style. Some sensitive reviewers and readers, not acquainted with Dr. Wolff, and therefore not able to appreciate his meaning in the use of strong

epithets, found fault with him and induced him to correct these objectionable expressions—a concession with which the Editor is entirely unconnected; for, being wholly unaccompanied by unkind feelings, they were merely Wolfian expressions, showing the open-hearted candour of the man.

But opportunities of long and close study of Dr. Wolff—as invariably happens in the society of men of original genius—have left depths and mysteries undiscovered, which neither his autobiography, nor himself, can ever unveil. It is no small privilege and pleasure to contemplate a friend, in whom there are the distinct workings of a Power, as inscrutable as obvious; and which, unrecognized by the superficial observer, leave Dr. Wolff before the hasty world in the light of merely an eccentric and wandering enthusiast, with personal ways and habits unlike those of other men. Nothing, however, is easier than to sum up the characters and abilities of those whom we cannot understand by this off-hand sort of criticism. The writer has no doubt that it would be very difficult to find the man to whom Dr. Wolff could not teach something which he did not know before; and his philanthropic labours have been heroic.

In his autobiography will be found the story of his preaching, and praying, and disputing, for twelve hours in succession during six days at Calcutta, which seems almost incredible; but when, even now in his old age, he can tire out three

youthful writers at a sitting, and be ready for a fourth if he could find one; and when his continued conversation can only be arrested by a soothing pipe; this account loses its wonder with those who know him. And when he tells us of his walk, without a rag of clothing on, for 600 miles, from the Doonab to the Punjaub through storms and snow, and one questions whether any human frame could endure the exposure?—the fact loses its improbability in the minds of those who know that he can walk barefoot along stone passages in winter, sleep with door and window open in the foggy nights of Yorkshire, and that, unless he has his cold shower-bath in the morning, he is apt to be irritable and oppressed. His powerful frame, too, hirsute and indifferent to climate, never wears an extra coat; and as to mucous membrane, he seems to have no such delicate lining.

One remarkable feature in the character of Dr. Wolff is, that he is constitutionally apprehensive. His first feeling is fear: and yet no man has faced more appalling dangers. The fact is, the elasticity and strength of his spirit seem to recover themselves, immediately after the first warning dread—except in facing the elements, with which there can be no contest—as to men, he can meet them in any shape, and seems even still to love dangerous encounters with them. He recently offered to go to Rome after young Mortara, and to take the pulpit at St. George's-in-the-East. Of course, certain critics interpret all this as mere bragg-

docio—not so the friends of Wolff who know him.

A curious instance of his quiet endurance lately happened. A large tumour, the growth of many years, became insupportable on one shoulder; and, without consulting a human being, and unknown to his friends, he retired to his vicarage, and had it removed by two medical gentlemen, with their attendants—refusing to inhale chloroform for the operation. He dictated a cheerful letter to his friends at Ecclesfield next day—within a week he had clandestinely slipped down to the kitchen to smoke a pipe; and very shortly afterwards, he travelled from Somersetshire to Yorkshire—a journey which occupied thirteen hours—without tasting food on the way. He had no sooner arrived, than coat and waistcoat were thrown off, and the wound exposed; it was originally nine inches long and four broad, and as the plaster had irritated him on his journey, it was torn off, and thrown finally away. The flesh had healed like a child's.

Dr. Wolff calls himself very vain—and so he is; and “Joseph Wolff” is dear unto himself, after a certain fashion, which is unlike the egotism of most of us. He prides himself on little things—he likes small attentions—the fondlings of a little child will gratify him—and a large congregation, or audience, will make him believe that he has preached like St. Paul, or lectured like Plato. But if such weaknesses create a smile, the thoughtful observer recalls, with feelings of self-humility, that

he can be no subject for ridicule, who, in the language of General Sir Charles Napier, "has worked harder for religion, and gone through more dangers for it, with a brave heart, than any man living;" and who, at the same time, never boasts of it. If he has vanity, in common with some other great men, and has too much candour to conceal it, he has nevertheless not one grain of affectation, the sin of little minds, and ten times the more offensive defect.

Dr. Wolff has been a great beggar in his day on behalf of charities; and has surprised and annoyed some people by his importunity for a shilling. Let them be satisfied that their gifts were well applied by a man of as great generosity as talent; and with the fact, that they have seen Joseph Wolff in the flesh, who has no parallel. Any one, bounded in taste by the conventionalities of ordinary life, would, no doubt, be bored by Dr. Wolff—he is caviare to the million—but those who perceive that he is much too strong a man to be tied by the pretty ribbons of fashionable propriety, and will give him his own way, will always find as much enjoyment as benefit and instruction from his society.

He has alluded to certain "tiffs" with the writer of these remarks during the progress of his autobiography. The writer can only say that they were worth encountering, for the sake of seeing what a fine temper can be united with an affectionate heart. Some irritability might be

looked for in a man, whose ordinary pulse beats more than a hundred strokes in a minute ; and it has required some little diplomatic jockeying to control an impetuosity, which, by one observation of Hookham Frere, was excited to undertake an immediate journey from Malta to Bokhara. However, *ira amantium amoris redintegratio est* ; and the writer can truly say, that close intimacy with Dr. Wolff has inspired, both in himself and his family, feelings of warm affection and high regard. He was satisfied, from the first, that the autobiography was an important work, whatever reception the world might give it ; and the opinion, expressed by one most capable of judging, is, " It will be a standard book, like Robinson Crusoe."

ALFRED GATTY.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
BOKHARA; ITS INHABITANTS; MORECROFT; CZOMA DE KÖRÖS	1
CHAPTER II.	
DANGERS OF THE WAY; IS SPOILED AND STRIPPED NAKED; SIR ALEXANDER BURNES; CABUL; IS RECLOTHED AND RECOMPENSED; ROUTE THROUGH AFFGHANISTAN	29
CHAPTER III.	
THE PUNJAUB AND SIKHS; AVITABILE; GENERAL AL- LARD; LAHORE; UMBITSUR; RUNDJUD SINGH, AND HIS COURT; LOODIANA; VISIONS	63
CHAPTER IV.	
SIR JEREMIAH BRYANT; THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL; LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK AND LADY WILLIAM BENTINCK; SUBATHOO AND SIMLAH	85
CHAPTER V.	
CASHMERE	101
CHAPTER VI.	
DELHI; MAJOR FRASER; AGRA; CAPTAIN HAVELOCK; CAWNPORE; A. CONOLLY; LUCKNOW; DISPUTE WITH MOOLLAHS; BENARES; BUXAR	125

	PAGE
CHAPTER VII.	
ROUTE FROM BUXAR TO CALCUTTA; BISHOP DANIEL WILSON AND OTHER FRIENDS	151
CHAPTER VIII.	
HYDERABAD; THE THUGS; THEIR HISTORY, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.	171
CHAPTER IX.	
SEVERE ATTACK OF CHOLERA AT RAMAHPATAM, AND SUBSEQUENT ILLNESS; MISSIONARIES; INFIDEL OBJECTIONS ANSWERED; RHENIUS, THE LUTHERAN MISSIONARY; JEWS IN COCHIN	195
CHAPTER X.	
MONKS AT GOA; JEWS AT POONAH; FAT JEW AT BOM- BAY; MOCHA; TRAVELS IN ABYSSINIA; ARRIVES AGAIN AT MALTA	224
CHAPTER XI.	
SUMMARY OF EASTERN MISSIONS; RETROSPECT OF INDIA; RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES AND THEIR SECRETARIES; RETURN TO SYRIA; ABYSSINIAN MISSION	252
CHAPTER XII.	
DETAINED IN ABYSSINIA BY THE ILLNESS OF GOBAT; RETURNS TO JIDDAH; IBRAHEEM PASHA; RECHA- BITES; JEWS OF YEMEN	278
CHAPTER XIII.	
BOMBAY; ST. HELENA; NEW YORK; ROBERT HALL; OR- DAINED DEACON AND PRIEST	307

CONTENTS.

XV

CHAPTER XIV.

PAGE

OBLIGATION TO BRITISH OFFICERS ; PREPARATIONS FOR SECOND JOURNEY TO BOKHARA ; SAILS FOR GIBRAL- TAR, MALTA, ATHENS, CONSTANTINOPLE ; ARRIVES AT TREBIZOND	324

CHAPTER XV.

ROUTE FROM ERZROOM TO TEHERAN, AND WHAT HAP- PENED ON THE WAY	346

CHAPTER XVI.

ROUTE THROUGH KHORASSAN TO BOKHARA ; INTERVIEW WITH THE KING OF BOKHARA	372

CHAPTER XVII.

ABD-UL-SAMUT KHAN ; HIS VILLAINY ; FATE OF STOD- DART AND CONOLLY CONFIRMED BY THE JEWS	400

CHAPTER XVIII.

ESCAPE FROM BOKHARA ; RETURN HOME ; ILE BREWERS ; FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCE	426

APPENDIX	459

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES

OF

DR. WOLFF.



CHAPTER I.

BOKHARA; ITS INHABITANTS; MORECROFT; CZOMA
DE KÖRÖS.

FROM the remarks which Dr. Wolff has read in the reviews of his first volume, he observes that some of his readers have forgotten that he was twice in Bokhara; and that his first journey there was not undertaken for the purpose of liberating Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, for this latter journey was undertaken twelve years afterwards; but for the purpose of proclaiming the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ to the Jews in Bokhara, and all over Affghanistan and Hindostan; as also to find traces of the ten tribes of Israel, and to make himself acquainted with the history of the Jews of Bokhara, Samarcand, and Balkh; with their expectations in regard to their future destiny; with their learning, also, and traditions, as well as with the history of Genghis-Khan and Timoor. Like-

VOL. II.

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wise, he wished to inquire about the descendants of the army of Alexander the Great, who were reported to be wandering about upon the heights of the Himalaya, and were called by the Muhammadans Kafir-Seeah-Poosh, which means, the "infidels in black clothing."

The reader left Wolff at the gate of Bokhara; on entering which, Awaz, his Turcomaun guide, said to him, "Now, Joseph Wolff, here outside we must sleep in the house of a Mehmoon-Doost" (*i. e.* "friend of guests"), who was an Osbeck—the Osbecks being the original inhabitants of Bokhara.

There was, in the interior of this man's house, an amount of comfort which Wolff did not expect. The host prepared a frugal supper for him, consisting of horse-flesh, and tea with milk, salt, and grease in it. But Wolff's guide, Awaz, who was already well acquainted with his tastes, said, "Tea, made in the Mogul manner, is not accepted by Joseph Wolff; but tea, made in the English fashion, with sugar and milk." And so Wolff got tea in his own way; and veal as well as horse-flesh, of both of which he ate.

As soon as the morning dawned, Awaz said, "Now, you must remain here, and I will ride on to the Goosh-Bekee (*i. e.* the 'ear of the lord'), for the king holds intercourse with his subjects only through him."

The different administrations among the Eastern churches, and to a certain degree also in the Roman Catholic Church, and also in the Church of

England, have names from different members of the body, which is alluded to in the 1st Corinthians, chapter xii. verses 15, 16, and 17; and from this practice of the Christian churches the Muhammadans have taken their idea. But in no church has discipline, with regard to the different offices, been so beautifully and so consistently carried out, and with such dignity, as in the body called the "Irvingites." With them there is such a symmetry in the whole, that one really seems to see the movements of the different members of the body in the performance of their services.

However, to return to the Goosh-Bekee—the "ear of the king," who kneels, and receives, and issues all the royal orders. Well, Awaz rode on to his house, and told his Excellency that an Englishman had arrived, Joseph Wolff by name, who was telling all nations that Jesus was the Mehdee, the "Restorer of all things;" and that he wished to see the Jews of Bokhara, in order to discover whether they belonged to the descendants of those ten princes of ten castles, who sprang from Israel, Isaac's son.

The Goosh-Bekee, whose name was Hakim Beyk, having made this report to his Majesty, immediately sent a horse, and also one of his servants on horseback, to bring Wolff through the town. Wolff was at that time dressed like a Turcomaun from Organtsh, or Khiva; and, when he arrived in the palace of the king, he was taken to the room of Goosh-Bekee, and there that personage

(whom we may also call the Prime Minister of the Prince of Believers) was sitting. He was a man of the Tatshick tribe, people who are decidedly the best-looking of the Tatars. He had, indeed, an amiable countenance, and was evidently concerned for the welfare of the State. He asked Wolff to sit down, during which time he read the letters of Abbas Mirza, the Prince Regent of Persia, and the letters also of the Grand Moofti of Meshed, all of which recommended Joseph Wolff to the attention of the king.

His Excellency then asked Joseph Wolff "of what nation he was?" Wolff replied that he was of the Jewish nation; but had embraced the religion of Jesus Christ, and was now a naturalized subject of the King of England; also that he was travelling in order to preach Jesus to the Jewish nation, and to find out the ten tribes of Israel, from which tribes it was believed, that the Jews of Bokhara, and around Bokhara, and of Samarcand, and Balkh, were sprung; and also the Affghans. Consequently Wolff intended to go from thence to Cabul and the Punjaub, to Rundjud Singh, whose name was a terror at that time in Bokhara itself.

Goosh-Bekee immediately left the room, saying he would report this to the king.

The king requested that all Wolff's firmans from the Sultan should be shown to him, which was at once done. After which, Goosh-Bekee returned; and at once seated himself on a raised ottoman, in front of a large open window, all the

courtiers being collected around him—the other ministers seated, whilst the servants were kept standing. Of ministers there was the *Nazir* (*i. e.* the “king’s eye”), who looked over all things, and was superintendent; the Dastar Khan jee, or the “king’s hand,” who had a hand over the kitchen. Also the Paade-shah, or “foot of the king,” who was the general of the army—and this title the English write incorrectly *Pacha*. These were all seated on different sides; while, outside the window, were collected Jews, and Moslems, and Osbecks, and Tatars, and people from Yarkand and Chinese Tartary, who were listening and looking in. But the Jews got especially near to the window, and attended to what was going on in the room; all which, there being no glass in the opening, it was easy to hear and observe.

Wolff himself was seated opposite the Goosh-Bekee, in the middle of the room, and, as he faced the windows, he was visible to the Jews outside.

The Goosh-Bekee now ordered him to repeat again what he had stated about his object in searching for the ten tribes in Bokhara, and Affghanistan, &c.; and Wolff repeated it all. Then Goosh-Bekee said, “First of all, the Affghans are not of the ten tribes of Israel, but they are Copts;” and he showed to Wolff a manuscript, in which that account was given. But, at the same time, he stated that there were different opinions on the subject; that some of the Affghan writers said that they were the descendants of Judah and Benjamin; but they

chiefly traced their genealogy from Talut (*i. e.* King Saul). And then he went on to say, "I suspect you to be 'a relation of Mr. Morecroft, who was killed, not in Bokhara, as people say, but at Ankhoy, and his two companions, Guthrie and Trebeck, were killed at Mozaur, which is the town you must pass through on your way to Hindostan. The resemblance between you and Morecroft is very striking; and I am sure I am not mistaken." And it is very remarkable that, after Wolff's arrival in Hindostan, all the friends of Mr. Morecroft confirmed the assertion of the Goosh-Bekee as to this resemblance. But Wolff, of course, denied all connection with Morecroft; and repeated to the Goosh-Bekee that his story was true.

Then Goosh-bekee commenced,—“ Whose descendant are you ? ”

Wolff said, “ I am a descendant of a Jew.”

“ Are you an Englishman ? ”

“ A naturalized one.”

Again he said, “ Whose descendant are you ? ”

“ A descendant of a Jew.”

Then suddenly a voice proceeded from the crowd of the Jews outside, which shouted,—

“ He is a liar ! he is a Russian spy ! ”

Wolff replied, “ You lie, like a dog ! and I will prove this to the whole assembly.”

But shouts were heard from all sides, from Jews, Mongols, Osbecks, &c., and Affghans,—

“ *Jasoos ! Jasoos ! Jasoos !* ” (“ a spy, a spy, a spy ! ”)

Wolff rose and said, "Remember, I am your guest! and a guest ought to be heard."

They all exclaimed, "Give ear, give ear, give ear! He wants to speak for himself." Another here shouted, "This man is no spy, for the colour of his face became not pale; and there he stands firm, like a wall."

A deep silence then prevailed; and Wolff said, "Now, I will examine this Jew." And then he asked the Jew, "What is thy name?"

He replied, "My name is Eliyahu Sopher;" which means, "Elijah, the writer of the law,"—for he was employed in copying the manuscripts of the Pentateuch.

Then Wolff asked, "Where have you seen me before?"

He answered, "I saw you in Bagdad, twelve years ago, when you lived in the house of Aga Sarkis, the Armenian, and distributed Hebrew books, called 'The New Testament,' which were printed in Russia." (And he proceeded to describe the colours of the binding of the books.) "Beside this, we have proofs that you are no Jew."

Wolff then ordered his servant to bring a New Testament. The New Testament was brought. Then Wolff asked, "Who is Aga Sarkis?"

Eliyahu said, "The English agent."

Wolff replied, "If he was the English agent, why had I not gone to the Russian agent?"

To this the Jew could give no answer.

Then said Wolff, holding up a Bible, "Where do you say this book was printed?"

He said, "In Russia."

Wolff replied, "In what place in Russia? Russia is large."

The man answered that "he did not know," and then Wolff opened the book, and asked "What was the name of the place printed in it?"

He answered "London."

On which the Goosh-Bekee exclaimed, in a fury, turning to the Jew, "Oh! thou cursed man! I know thy object. For thou hatest him for his having become a Christian!" And then some of the other Jews, who were present, began to bastinado him, but Wolff tried to beg him off. Nevertheless, as his own veracity had been impeached, and it was a matter of life and death that he should establish himself to be what he had asserted that he was, he accepted the only available alternative; and, for a week afterwards, he was the laughing-stock of the whole town of Bokhara. But Wolff has never minded being laughed at! Both the Goosh-Bekee and every one exclaimed, "Such a man never came to Bokhara before!"

There are two facts in history of which it is said, that they are known even within the walls of China. First, the history of the Seven Sleepers; and second, the history of the Sorrows of Werther. But one thing is certain, that the way in which Joseph Wolff settled the Jew, Eliyahu Sopher, in Bokhara, is known by the inhabitants of Yarkand,

in the wilds of Tobolsk, and at Peking in China, at Sochow in China, and at Lassa in Thibet.

The Goosh-Bekee afterwards said, "The king's command is, that you may go wherever you like among the Jews; but you must not talk about religion with the Mussulmans; for we wish that you should go away in peace and undisturbed, and proceed to Hindostan in safety. We have already got a bad name in Bokhara, as if we were murderers of guests. For they say everywhere, that we killed Morecroft, Guthrie, and Trebeck. We therefore wish that you should pass through comfortably."

Wolff replied, "As a believer in Christ, I am, according to the words of Paulus (the comfort of God and peace upon him!), a disciple of Christ, and he said that he must obey the powers that be."

Goosh-Bekee asked, "In what book do we find this?"

Whereupon Wolff pointed out to him the 13th of the Romans, and translated it to him. And thus Wolff made him and the rest acquainted with some of the tenets of the Christian religion, at the very moment when he had been forbidden to speak about it to the Muhammadans.

Wolff now retired, and took up his abode with the Jew, Reuben, from Meshed, where the Jews called on him. One of the Jewish teachers told the ladies and the rest of the Jews who were assembled in Reuben's house, the following story:—

When Joseph had withstood the temptation of Solykha, Potiphar's wife, and when he had reached the highest office in the State, his brethren came to him; and afterwards, when the cup had been found with Benjamin, he wished to keep Benjamin a prisoner. Then Judah, his brother, who had such strength in every bit of his hair, that he could slay with it the whole country of Egypt; and the cry of him was so powerful that it made all the pregnant women miscarry, said to Naphtali (who was a hind let loose, for he knew how to run 200 miles in a minute), "Go and number the inhabitants of Egypt." Upon this, Joseph could no longer abstain, and exclaimed, "I am Joseph, your brother!" He then sent them with presents to the father, who had been all the time in mourning; for the brethren said among themselves, "We do not dare to bring him the tidings for fear he may die of joy: so we will send Zarah, the daughter of Ashur, who sings and plays wonderfully upon the harp: and she will go before us, singing and playing upon the harp, and will tell him, Joseph, thy son liveth." And thus she did: and sang—

"Joseph, Joseph, Joseph, thy son liveth."

Here Wolff has to observe, that there is not in any religion upon earth, not even in the Roman Catholic churches, nor in the Eastern churches, nor in the Church of England, such uniformity of

ceremonies, and uniformity of thought, and uniformity of legends, and uniformity of actions in the forms of prayer, so strong and exact as in the Jewish religion. As, for instance, this history of the belief about the strength of Judah, and the agility of Naphthali, and the sweet singing of Zarah, the daughter of Ashur, may be heard among the Jews in Houndsditch as well as in the city of Bokhara. The Jewish mode of bowing in prayer is the same in Bokhara, as it is in Duke Street, London, amongst the Portuguese Jews. The very same formularies of prayers—the very same feelings and expressions obtain in Bokhara as in St. Mary Axe; and amongst the Jews also of Hungary. When Wolff reached Bokhara, they were just commemorating the feast of Purim; and, when they read the Book of Esther, every time the name of Haman was mentioned, even the Jewish children and boys of Bokhara struck with a hammer upon the benches in the synagogue, just as they are struck both in London and Amsterdam. The principal Jews of Bokhara get drunk at that feast: a practice which is religiously observed at Jerusalem, and in the “holy congregation” there, as well as at Dusseldorf, in Germany. They fast, on the day of Atonement, for four-and-twenty hours in Bokhara; just as they fast, for four-and-twenty hours in London and all over Europe. The Jews blow the trumpet at the beginning of the new year in Bokhara, as they do at the beginning of the Jewish new year everywhere in

Europe. They wait and pray there for the redemption of Israel, through the Messiah the son of David, just as they do all over the world. They weep at the same sentence in their prayers, on the day of Atonement; and in proof of this general uniformity of religious observance amongst the Jews, it must be told that Wolff had the misfortune to be on the night of Purim in the dwelling of a Jew, who was so prominently drunk, that it forced him to leave the house during the night; and he went and took a room in the caravanserai of the Affghans, called the "caravanserai of Moollah Bedr-deen."

The next morning, all the Jews called on Wolff, and apologized that their merriness had driven him out of their house; "for," as they said, "you know that on the day of Purim we, *Yehoodem* (*i. e.* 'Jews'), get drunk, which has been a holy custom among the children of Israel, from the time of the six days of the creation of the world." Wolff replied, with great simplicity, "Not quite so ancient, I think." They then gave to Wolff the following account of themselves:—

"When the God of Israel stirred up the spirit of Pul, king of Assyria, and the spirit of Tiglath-Pilneser, king of Assyria, they were carried away, even the Reubenites, and the Gadites, and the half tribe of Manasseh, and were brought unto Halab (which is now called Balkh), and Habor (which is Samarcand), and Hara (which is Bokhara), and to the river Gozan (which is the Ammoo, also called

Jehoon, and by the Europeans called Oxus). They lived in this empire for centuries, until they were expelled by the Tshagatay, the people of Genghis Khan; and then they settled in Sabz-Awar, and Nishapoor in Khorassan; and, centuries afterwards, the greater part returned from Sabz-Awar to Bokhara, Samarcand, and Balkh. And Timoor Koorikan (called falsely by the Europeans, Tamerlane) gave them a great many privileges; and, at Balkh, the mother of cities, he gave them a whole beautiful quarter of their own, with a gate to enclose it; and so they lived in peace and prosperity. One of the prime ministers, who was called 'the second after the king' (in Hebrew, *Shenee-lamelek*) and was the chief secretary to royalty, was a Jew from Germany."

Here Joseph Wolff cannot abstain from observing, that one cannot but adore the wonderful dealings of God with that once-favoured nation; for His Providence has always directed matters in such a way that, in the most despotic countries there has always been a Jew prime minister, or chief, who has protected his own people during the greatest dangers. Thus, Joseph in Egypt; Daniel in Babylon; Mordecai in Persia; Judah under Timoor; Suleyman under Genghis Khan; and there was Suleyman, a Jew prime minister under Hydar Shah, who was father of the present king of Bokhara; and the Emperor of Morocco has frequently had a Jewish prime minister; and Abarbanel, the most unfair controversialist against

Christianity, was chancellor of the exchequer to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain; and the whole family of Hänigstein were made noblemen by Emperor Leopold and Maria Theresa; and the son of the great Rabbi, Jonathan Eubeschütz (Joseph Wolff's ancestor), was made a baron by one of the old Electors of Saxony, and bore the title, Baron von Adlerfeld. And Wolff considers that it may be the design of God, in inducing the British Government to admit Jews into Parliament, that they shall learn, in that assembly, how the government should be carried on, with righteousness and equity, when they shall return to their own land, at the time when the Redeemer shall come to Zion. It is, therefore, to be regretted, that Mr. Newdigate does not see that the finger of God is in all this; but Wolff thinks that, in English, proper names are sometimes either prophetic or historical; and *Newdigate* is synonymous with "proselyte of the gate,"—such proselytes being a sect of Gentiles, who were only half Jews, at the time of the Jewish theocracy, when the Temple stood; and they were always at daggers drawn with the Jews. And so it seems that Mr. Newdigate has inherited that combative quality of his ancestor who was a "proselyte of the gate." The reader must pardon this digression.

The Jews in Bokhara continued to relate their history to Wolff, told him how, in course of time, the Jews of Bokhara, Samarcand, and Balkh, forgot ("on account of the abundance of our sins,"

as they expressed themselves) the law of Moses. They altogether forgot the reading of the law, until Joseph Maarabee, a light of Israel and an African, arrived from Tetuan, and taught them again to read the law of Moses ; and so made them acquainted with European customs and manners ; and his daily prayer was, "Oh ! that soon the Christians may conquer the world, and that the Muhammadan power may fall ;" and he also taught them great wisdom, for instance, that the drinking of chocolate was good, and useful for increasing the number of the children of Israel. He also spoke with them about the mysteries of freemasonry ; and he said that freemasonry fraternizes all the nations of the earth together : and he himself was a freemason.

This Joseph Maarabee actually reformed the Jewish nation of Bokhara, Samarcand, and Balkh ; for they all came to see the great Joseph Mooghrebee, *i. e.* "Joseph Maarabee, the African ;" and ever since his time, they have got their bibles and talmudical writings from the Jews of Orenburg, in Siberia ; and from the great market-place in Russia, called Makariev. They also told Wolff that, in the time of Genghis Khan, a great number of the Jewish nation of Khorassan, Balkh, and Cabool, went to China. And it is a striking fact, that the Jesuits in their "*Lettres édifiantes*," when speaking to the Jews of China, informed them that they had originally come from Persia to China. And Bokhara, at divers times, belonged to Persia.

Through the Jews, in Bokhara, Wolff was made

acquainted with the fact that, upon the heights of the Aral mountains, many of the tribe of Napht-hali still inhabit the clefts of the rocks.—Poor nation, how you have been driven about! when shall you be assembled, and march, under the banners of Messiah, to the mountain of the Lord's house? when will the time come, when the outcasts of Israel shall be gathered together, and the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth? You, descendants of the children of Hayk, called the Armenians; and you, descendants of Javan, *i. e.* "Greeks." Wolff has great hopes, that you will be those Gentiles who shall be instrumental in the conversion of the Jewish nation; for, according to the second chapter of the Prophet Isaiah, not Jews shall say to the Gentiles, but Gentiles to the Jews, "Come, and, let us go up to the mountain of the Lord's house."—And Wolff is surprised that the Christian Church has overlooked the fact,—even those who understand the prophecies literally,—that it is not said in the Prophet Isaiah, that Gentiles shall come to the children of Israel; but that the Gentiles shall come to Him, who is the Light of Jerusalem; concerning whom the Prophet so sublimely bursts forth, "Unto us a child is born, and unto us a son is given." And though the fulness of the Jewish nation, according to Romans, chapter xi. verse 12, shall be the riches of the Gentiles, more than their decay has been; yet we nowhere find that the Jew shall have a pre-eminence over the inhabitants of that

Jerusalem, which comes down from heaven. Wolff makes these remarks, in order to crush the cant of the Judaizing Christians, who always preach the pre-eminence of the Jewish over the Christian Church. And if the Gentiles have been debtors to the Jews, Jews are now debtors to the Gentiles in many respects.

The Jews frequently came to Wolff in the caravanseraï of Moollah Bedr-deen, and said, "Joseph Wolff, probably you will be placed before the 'majesty' (HASRAT), and, if so, you must stand before him with fear and great trembling; you must kiss the ground with humility; knock your head on the floor; tremble in all your members; exclaim with devotion, 'Oh asylum of the world, and peace to his majesty;' kiss his slippers; assure him, over and over again, that you are the most unworthy of his slaves, and that the majesty of England is nothing in comparison with him."

Wolff heard all this, laughed, and said in reply, "I shall do no such things, I shall neither stand with fear nor trembling." They replied, "Our suspicion seems to be confirmed more and more by thy answer; and the Turcomauns, who saw thee in Meshed, seem perfectly right in thinking that thou art the king's son." Wolff said, "I am neither a king nor the king's son: but the son of a Jewish Rabbi. But no Jew in England would ever demean himself by thus standing before the king of Bokhara."

* * * * *

It is worth while now to give some description of Bokhara. There are above one hundred Muhammadan colleges there, all of the Sunnee. They study rhetoric, poesy, and logic. All their disputations are carried on in a scholastic manner. The Koran is, however, their chief study. They have taken the learned of Arabia Felix as their guide; and the very mode of opening their lectures is taken from the learned in Yemen; *i. e.* Arabia Felix.

The teacher, as well as disciple, first lift up their eyes to heaven: the palms of their hands are then turned to their faces. They then recite the opening of the Koran, as a prayer. They have a convent at Bokhara, dedicated to the famous dervish Mowlana Jelaal Uddeen, who, centuries ago, went from Bokhara to Iconium. The dervishes are fed at the expense of the king. Bokhara is surrounded by deserts, and watered by the little river Wafkan; but it forms a most fertile oasis in the midst of the desert. It has all the fruits of Asia and Europe in perfection. It has eleven gates, and a circumference of fifteen English miles; and it has 360 mosques, and twenty-two caravanserais. The old palace, in which the king resides, is called ark, which means "castle" (from which our word "ark" is taken). The houses have neither roofs nor windows. The population amounts to 180,000, composed of Tatshicks; Nogays, who are believed by the Jews to be the descendants of Cain, and they say it is the same word as is used in Genesis respecting

Cain—Nagh, which means “fugitive and vagabond;” and Tatars, which the Jews derive from the Hebrew word, Totar, and means “remnant,” *i. e.* a remnant of those Israelites who have turned to Paganism; many of whom worshipped wood and stone, and still so worship in the Aral mountains. And in them the prophecy is fulfilled contained in the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy, “And then ye shall worship other gods, even wood and stone!” There are also Affghans, Marwee, the worst of people, of whom the proverb runs, “If there is here a Marwee, and on the other hand a *Mar* (*i. e.* ‘a serpent’); kill first the *Marwee*, and then the *Mar*.” And there are Osbecks; and amidst them all are 15,000 Jews, who are distinguished from the rest by their clothing, their physiognomy, their trade, and all their pursuits. They are like an island in the midst of the surrounding ocean. They wear a small cap, and a girdle around the waist. They are dyers and silk traders; formerly spies to the Russians, and now to the English, and to the emperors of Kokan and Khotan; and they are the counsellors of their kings, and charm-writers for the Turcomauns, when they go into battle. They furnish with medicine the wives of the king and other noblemen, in order that they may have children. The country houses around Bokhara, with their gardens, are chiefly inhabited by slaves, who have bought their liberty; and by the so-called Serkerdehaa, who are the aristocracy of the empire, and the privy counsellors of the king. The

king is accustomed to visit the Jews at the Feast of Tabernacles, and he dines with them.

The learned men of the Jewish nation continued to call on Wolff, and he proclaimed to them the gospel of Christ; and above twenty of them confessed their belief in the Lord Jesus Christ. These had remained faithful, when, fourteen years after his first arrival in Bokhara, Wolff again visited it on behalf of Stoddart and Conolly.

Wolff was sent for, during his stay, by the excellent Goosh-Bekee, and found him surrounded by the chief merchants of Affghanistan, and by the Serkerdehaa, *i. e.* "the aristocracy of the empire;" when the Goosh-Bekee said, "As you have, Joseph Wolff, so well obeyed the commands of the king, which were given to you, through me; and as you have not meddled with Mussulmans in the cities of Bokhara-Shereef (*i. e.* 'Bokhara the noble'), you may now enter into conversation, in my presence, with these learned people here; and we shall ask you questions, and you will answer them; and you may ask questions, and we shall answer you. Tell us, then, how can you believe that Jesus is God, whilst he is man?" Wolff replied, "God is in everything; in one he is present with his power; in another, with his wisdom; in others, with his goodness—but in Jesus the fulness of the Godhead was bodily manifested; and He had no human father, as the Koran itself testifies; but He was in God, even the Son of God, from eternity."

The Goosh-Bekee said, "How can this be?"

Wolff said, "The sun has its rays, and heat, and light; and they are all one with the sun, and cannot be divided."

Goosh-Bekee said, "We call him, therefore, the *Word* of God in the Koran!"

Wolff said, "This very expression is also taken from the Anjeel (*i. e.* 'the Gospel'). And it explains the divinity of Jesus even still more strongly than the term *Son*. For, as the word of man is one with man, and cannot be divided, or separated from him, so the word of God cannot be separated from God, and is one with God."

Then Goosh-Bekee said, "Now do you ask some questions."

Wolff asked, "What do you understand by the word 'Sooffee?' "

A Moollah said, "A man who is pure."

Wolff asked, "In what does the purity of a person consist?"

The answer was awful: "A man who makes holy war against infidels, and does not commit—"

* * * * *

Wolff asked, "What shall become of the world at last?"

Goosh-Bekee said, "It shall be purified by fire, and then the wolf and the lamb shall lie down together."

Another Muhammadan told Wolff that he had been in India, had dined with Englishmen, and knew how to take out a lady to dinner, quite like an Englishman. He then rose, and made a bow

to one of his fellows, exactly as if he had been a lady, and offered his arm, and they walked up and down together, to the amusement of all present.

Another Muhammadan came forward, who had been in Russia. He took out a musical box, which he had got at St. Petersburg, and which played, *Freut euch des Lebens, Weil noch das Lämpchen glüht Pflücket die Rose, Eh sie verblüht*, &c., &c.

It is also worthy of notice, that they have in Bokhara introduced the hours of the day, as in Russia, from 1 to 12.

The Goosh-Bekkee then asked Wolff whether he had heard in Europe of Genghis-Khan and Timoor? Wolff gave him proofs that he was well acquainted with those heroes. He then asked Wolff what was the name of the favourite son of Timoor? He said, Shah-rook, which means "King in the castle." Timoor was a great friend of chess-playing.

Then Goosh-Bekkee told him at once, "We wish you to know that we are great friends now with Russia, and they give us, in all respects, every assistance in their power. But we wish to make, also, friendship with England, and therefore you may tell the Governor-General of India, when you come there, that we wish, first of all, to receive from him instructors who will teach our troops the European discipline; secondly, we wish to obtain from him an ambassador; thirdly, physicians; and fourthly, watchmakers."

Wolff then returned to the caravanserai. When

there he found a Jew in great distress, who wished Joseph Wolff to write a prayer for him, in order that his son might cease from hating his wife, against whom he had taken a bitter enmity; so that he never would go near her. He wanted to put the paper, with the prayer on it, under the bolster where his son slept. Wolff said he could not do this; but he would come, and pray over him—which he did, and heard, years after, that the man had been reconciled to his wife.

Wolff spent the rest of his time—amounting in all to three months—in conversing with Jews, and Affghans, and other Muhammadans. He dined chiefly with Affghans, and the first people of the land called on him. They were well acquainted with Russia. Their merchants go chiefly to Makariev, Astrakhan, and Saratoff, in Russia.

The Jews of Bokhara made Wolff acquainted with the remarkable fact, that there is a colony of Polish Jews in Chinese Tartary, one of whom he saw on his second journey to Bokhara. There are also in Bokhara, people, native Osbecks, who are Christians, but all they have retained of Christianity is the making of the sign of the cross, which they have learned, not from Roman Catholic missionaries, but from Nestorians, centuries and centuries back. There are also in Bokhara, Banyan merchants, *i. e.* Hindoos from Chicarpoor, and Dejeekakootee, and Kurrachee, and Nadir-Kelaat.

Previously to Wolff's departure from Bokhara,

Eliyahu Sopher, from Bagdad, who tried to bring Wolff into scrapes, as already detailed, called on him, and with tears in his eyes begged his pardon, which was willingly granted.

At last, Wolff called again on the Goosh-Bekee, who consigned to him a passport, written in Persian, and sealed with the king's seal. It was not larger than two inches square, and upon it was written, "Joseph Wolff, the Englishman, may leave Bokhara, and go to Cabul." Goosh-Bekee also gave him private letters of recommendation to the governor of Balkh, but, at the same time, he told him, "I am very much concerned about you, for we have got a bad name in Bokhara, and it is said that we are the murderers of guests, because Mr. Morecroft was killed at Ankhoi, which is only nominally subject to his Majesty; and the governor of that place cares but little for Bokhara, because he is surrounded by the Hazara (called in Gibbon 'Khozaren'), a mighty nation, the great soldiers of Ghengis Khan, who make Tshapow (*i. e.* 'forays'), and are friends of the governor of Ankhoi. He first received presents from Morecroft, and then poisoned him; and his two companions, Guthrie and Trebeck, two half Indians, were murdered in a place through which you must pass; and this governor, who is a cruel man, is protected by the surrounding tribes, the Balkhwee, so that the king cannot get at him; and he has vowed a vow to kill not only every Englishman, but every European who passes

through his place, which is called Muzaur, or the holy place, to which Ali came from Arabia, and he is called at Muzaur, Shahee-Mardaan, 'King of men.' Ali came to Muzaur, riding upon a camel; and, together, with the camel, he rose upwards to the clouds, and disappeared. Now there is a great place of pilgrimage, on this account, in the city of Muzaur; and I advise you therefore to travel as a Muhammadan, until you have passed Muzaur. But do not betray me, nor tell that I have given you this advice."

Wolff answered, "Goosh-Bekee, Jesus says, 'He that denies me before men, him will I deny before my heavenly Father.' I shall, therefore, never say that I am a Muhammadan; but I guarantee your Excellency that I shall pass safely through Muzaur without being found out who I am, and without telling a single lie." Goosh-Bekee said, "Well, God be your preserver!"

Before proceeding with this history, Wolff must take some further notice of Morecroft, and Guthrie, and Trebeck. Morecroft was evidently a fine fellow. He was sent by the British Government to Ladack, and from thence to Cabul and Bokhara, in order to purchase horses. He travelled with all the pomp of a British Ambassador. He was accompanied by Guthrie and Trebeck, Anglo-Indian gentlemen, and by thirty sepoy, and a band of musicians; and he had also a cannon. There was not the slightest disguise in the man. He spent thousands of rupees in presents; and thus he arrived safely at Bokhara,

at the time when Hyder Shah, father to the present king, ruled there. He received him with great honours; and, after some hesitation, allowed him to go to Samarcand; and Morecroft made a present of the cannon to his Majesty. He then went to Ankhoy, where, it is said, he was killed; and, in short, not one of them ever returned to Hindostan; for Guthrie and Trebeck were killed at Muzaur.

Wolff cannot understand how Monsieur Huc could have heard at Lassa, the capital of Talli Lama, that Morecroft had died at Ladack.

Before describing his departure, Wolff would state another fact, which is that Czoma de Körös, the Hungarian traveller, who went from Hungary to Paris, and thence to Constantinople and Persia, in order to find out in Thibet the origin of the Hungarian nation, was recognized by, and well-known to, the Jews of Bokhara. From Bokhara Czoma de Körös went to Lahore, where Monsieur Allard, the amiable and clever French general of Rundjud Singh, formerly *aide-de-camp* to Marshal de Brun, gave him one thousand rupees for his journey, of which he returned eight hundred, saying "it was too much,"—all that he wanted of the general was that he would not laugh at him, as of ridicule he was always afraid. Then he went on to Simla, where all discovered at once that he was a wonderful polyglot; so Lord Amherst invited him to dinner; but he declined, and all he asked of his lordship was, not to laugh at him. He then visited the learned societies at Calcutta, and showed his

wonderful genius, but refused every letter of recommendation; and all he asked the gentlemen to do was, not to laugh at him. When they asked him to write them letters from Thibet, whither he was going, he told them they should hear of him when he came back; and then he would publish the result of his investigations; and all he wanted them to do now was, not to laugh at him. They asked him to send them MSS. from Thibet, but he told them, "If you will give me money, I will buy them; but you will not get the MSS., for all shall go to my own country—to my little place called Körös." So he went to Ladack, became a monk—a lama in one of the monasteries—and, afterwards, proceeded to a place called Hundes (meaning, in the Thibetan language, "the land of Huns"), and there he found that his object was gained.

When Wolff arrived in India, at Simla, he wrote to Czoma de Körös, desiring him to give him the following information:—First, Whether there were Jews at Ladack? Secondly, Whether he had found any resemblance between the customs of the Buddhists and those of the Jews? Thirdly, Whether there was any similarity between the Christian monasteries and those of the lamas? Fourthly, Whether the religion of the Jews and that of the Buddhists were at all alike?"

Körös answered Wolff: "Dear sir, to your first question I answer, I did not find Jews. To the second question I can only answer, I shall not tell

you. To the third question I reply, you must excuse me, for I shall not tell you ; and to the fourth also, I must say that I shall not tell you." And really Wolff thinks that he was right ; because people are so apt to ask questions and use the information improperly.

Körös resided some years afterwards at Calcutta, and published the best dictionary of the Thibetan language now in existence ; and he was preparing to return to his little village in Hungary, when he died at Calcutta, bequeathing all his MSS. to his beloved village Körös. Who would dare to laugh at such an extraordinary man !

Wolff's residence, at this time, in Bokhara was religiously marked by the baptism of twenty Jews, who confessed their faith in Christ as the Messiah.

CHAPTER II.

DANGERS OF THE WAY; IS SPOILED AND STRIPPED NAKED;
SIR ALEXANDER BURNES; CABUL; IS RECLOTHED AND
RECOMPENSED; ROUTE THROUGH AFGHANISTAN.

WOLFF left Bokhara in the month of April, in 1832; having resided there for nearly three months. He was accompanied by two Jewish servants—the one from Sarakhs, in Turkistan, and the other from Bokhara. A third servant, who was an amiable rogue, and who accompanied Wolff also on his second journey to Bokhara, a native of Meshed, the capital of Khorossan, and so, of course, a Sheah, was likewise of the party. But, during his journey to Bokhara, this man had everywhere announced himself as a good staunch *Sunnee*; and had told the *Sunnee* that they ought to go on making slaves of the Sheah, and should sell them like donkeys and horses. Moreover, in performing his prayers, instead of hanging down his arms like a good Sheah, and instead of cursing Aboo-Bekr, Omar, and Osman, he always prayed with folded hands over his breast, and on behalf of the saints, and acknowledged himself the friend of Aboo-Bekr, Omar, Osman, and Ali. Also, he expressed his devotion for Ayesha, the wife of the prophet Muhammad, “the comfort of God and peace upon him.” Be-

sides all which, he related stories how he himself had killed many a Sheah !

When Wolff remonstrated with him on account of all this dissimulation, he replied, "That the prophet of God had given his dispensation, and allowed the Sheah to dissemble before the Sunnee." And when Wolff told him that, in the time of the prophet, there were neither Sunnee nor Sheah, he replied, "that Muhammad had done this by the spirit of prophecy." And when Wolff further objected that he had not seen it in the Koran, the man replied "that he had heard it from tradition !"

When Wolff was one day in Ireland, after his first journey to Bokhara, and was just beginning to describe his departure from the place, a clergyman, one of the leading members of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, and of the Church Missionary Society, walked up to him in the Rotunda, and said, "There are many Papists here, who have come on purpose to hear you. Many, therefore, of the friends of the cause are sorry that you have never spoken one single word, in your account of Bokhara, of Popery ; nor whether Popery existed in Greece and in Bokhara ; nor whether it was very rampant there ; nor anything about the working of the Jesuits there."

So that Wolff, recollecting the observations of the gentleman just recorded, would now be tempted to call him also "a jackass," as he has already called some others in his first volume, but that he has been warned from doing so by the remarks of some

of his reviewers, who have chastised him for using such phrases.

Wolff simply answered to the person, who made these remarks at Dublin, "I have a very good reason for not mentioning Popery, nor any other Christians in Bokhara, for there are no Christians in the whole of Turkistan." The gentleman then showed his ignorance still further by saying, "Why, I have heard it said that there *are* Christians in the interior of Africa!" Wolff answered, "Bokhara is not in Africa, but in Central Asia." And yet that man was sitting on the Committee, and sometimes, with great gravity, would address missionaries, and tell them how they ought to behave in foreign countries!

Wolff's other companion, at his departure from Bokhara, was a Jew from Balkh, Yehooda by name, a man of great intellect, who was well acquainted with the Talmudic writings; in which writings he confessed that there was sometimes no common sense. Wolff came, after two days, into those desert places, where Genghis Khan fought his battles; and where he was bitten by an ant, which took away his life, in a place called Ghoree; and there Wolff was himself in a dangerous situation, for a party of wandering savages, called Kataghan, were roaming about, making slaves of whom they could; being united with the Balkhwee and the Kafir Seeahpoosh.

Wolff and his whole party, amongst whom there were also thirty Affghans, hid themselves in the caves of the rocks, and in houses of a small village

for two or three days, and then they marched on in safety, and came at last to Balkh, "the mother of cities," which was first built by Cain of old, and is called in Scripture "Enoch." It was destroyed in the deluge, and built up again by a son of Noah, and was called Halakh, and then Balakh, and after this Balkh. It must have been a mighty and most extensive town (Wolff thinks), like Rome itself, for one goes, often for a whole day, through a desert filled with ruinous houses, and then one comes again to one of the gates of Balkh; by which one sees what were the dimensions of the city.

The quarter of the Jews is now the best quarter in the town. It may be called a city of its own. They are most amiable people in Balkh, kind-hearted and hospitable to strangers. The Jews took Wolff to call on Aishaan Khoja, Governor of the place; a learned man, but totally destitute of a nose. Wolff had several letters for him, one from the Goosh-Bekee of Bokhara, the other from the Dervish Hajee Muhammad Jawaad, whom Wolff had met at Burchund. He read the letters with attention, and then said to Wolff, "Hajee Yussuf Wolff" (for Wolff having been at Jerusalem was universally acknowledged as a *Hajee* by Jews and Muhammadans all over Asia), "I am in great perplexity about you. You come here as a guest, and you now are to go through Mozaur. You are an Englishman, and that Padr-Sookhta (which means 'he whose father ought to be burned'), the Governor of Mozaur, has vowed to kill every

European who shall pass through his territory. For in his hands is the whole property of Morecroft, Guthrie, and Trebeck, and he is always afraid that some one will come and claim it. I advise you, therefore, to say that you are a Muhammadan from Arabia, and a Hajee from Mecca, and so you will go safe through."

Wolff replied, "I shall do no such thing. All I demand of you and my companions is, not to betray me, and I shall pass through untouched, even if I was to meet this Governor."

And it must be said, to the praise of the Eastern people, that they are able to keep secrets in a most wonderful manner. This the late conspiracy of the sepoys in India has sufficiently proved.

Wolff therefore proceeded towards Mozaur, which is about eight miles' distance from Balkh, and as he crossed over a bridge he met a fine-looking, tall Osbeck, on horseback, who was a Hajee and a Moolah, and was well acquainted with Arabic. Wolff conversed with him in Arabic, and he invited Wolff to be his guest for the night, with his whole party, which offer they accepted; and in token of friendship, Wolff and the Osbeck placed the palms of both their hands together, and stroked their respective beards. "There," said Wolff, "are we brothers now?" The Osbeck replied, "Yes; praise be to God!" Then Wolff said, "I will not deceive a brother. I tell you, therefore, who I am. I am an Englishman. Will you protect me?" The Osbeck clasped his hands above his head in despair,

and exclaimed, "As long as you are in my house none can touch you; but the moment you leave it, the Governor, who is my cousin, will send after you, and put you to death. Therefore, you must promise to do what I tell you. You speak Arabic, so I will introduce you as an inhabitant of Mecca, and tell my cousin, when he comes (for he comes every evening to drink tea with me), that you were once my host in Mecca, and then he will ask your blessing, and depart."

Wolff answered, "I shall do no such thing. All I order you" (and he added, turning round to his followers) "and you also, is, not to say one single word about me when he comes. But refer him to me, and I shall answer all his questions to his entire satisfaction; not hiding anything from him."

With this understanding the Osbeck took Wolff to his home. In the evening came the Governor, as the Osbeck had said; and seeing Wolff, he came straight up to him, and asked him—

"Where do you come from?"

Wolff.—"From Malta."

Governor.—"What town is Malta?"

Wolff.—"Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet. Ham had again a son, whose name was Canaan. Malta was peopled by the descendants of Canaan" (because they are descendants of the Phenicians).

Governor.—"Whereabouts is Malta?"

Wolff.—"The contrivances of man, and their inventions for their conveniences, are wonderful; but

every nation has its own ways. Here you have boats made of skins. At Malta are boats called *steamboats*" (Wolff gave him the English name, for, of course, the Governor could not tell whether it was English or Chinese), "and these are dragged on by smoke, which makes a whirring sound" (here Wolff imitated the noise), "and entering such a boat, one reaches Stamboul from Malta in four days."

Governor.—"Who rules in Malta?"

Wolff.—"The name of the Governor is Ponsonby Khan, son of Besborough Khan; and his wife's name is Amalee Khatoon" (*i. e.* Emily the lady), "daughter of Bathurst Khan." (It is to be remarked that Wolff pronounced these names in a broad Eastern way, and with a powerful voice.)

Governor.—"Where were you born?"

Wolff.—"Here we must go to the Holy Book, the History of the World."

But here the Governor became almost impatient, and exclaimed, "This man is too learned for me!" and he seemed inclined to depart. But he came back, and Wolff began to read from the 10th chapter of Genesis, 2nd verse. "The sons of Japhet, Gomer, and Magog" (these are the Man-gag, a tribe of Moguls). "And Javan and Tubal" (to which the caravans go from Bokhara, called Tobolsk), "and Meshech" (Moscow), "and Tiras." Then Wolff passed over to the third verse. "And the sons of Gomer; Ashkenaz" (Wolff here said,) "I was born in the land called *Ashkenaz*," which

is the Hebrew name for Germany, which, however, Wolff did not explain to the Governor. The Governor was perfectly satisfied with the whole of this information, and said, "Verily, thou art full of truth, and lies are not in thee." And how could the Governor have said otherwise, for Wolff told him the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, though the Governor did not understand a single word of it. But he walked away quite satisfied, and rejoiced that he had met a man who was born in a country, the name of which he had never heard before.

The next day Wolff arrived at another place, which has three names, the first is *Khollom*, the second *Tashgorah*, the third *Tatshgorkhan*, a most dangerous spot, belonging to a powerful and cruel chief, whose name was Muhammad Moorad Beyk; and who resided only six hours' distant from the place with the three names that has just been mentioned. This residence was at a spot called *Kondo*, whence he had sent to Khollom a band of soldiers, to make a prisoner of Morecroft; and he kept him in prison for sixteen months, and made him pay 10,000 rupees to purchase his freedom; nor would he have been set free after all if a dervish had not interceded for him.

Wolff kept himself quietly in the caravanserai, when he arrived at Khollom, and he remained unobserved until the next morning, when, at break of day, he set out on his journey towards the Hindoo-Koosh, also called "the Indian Caucasus."

The natives relate that it took the name Hindoo-Koosh, which means "the Hindoos killed," from 300 Hindoos having perished in the snow there in one day.

He then proceeded forward, and next day arrived in the most beautiful valley which he had ever seen. It was situated between two mountains of immense height, which rose, like sloping walls, on each side; and the valley itself was covered over with the most exquisite verdure and flowers. Springs were there, with water clear as crystal, and it reminded the beholder of Paradi-saical beauty. Wolff walked on for a considerable distance through this lovely vale, and at last arrived amongst hills which were cut with ravines; and there, it is said, that the Balkhwee savages go roaming about, and are making and are made slaves. These people are completely naked, and of copper colour; and upon the heights of those mountains the Kafir Seeahpoosh are wandering. They call themselves "Seema," and are believed by some to be descendants of the army of Alexander the Great; but Wolff cannot help thinking that they are remnants of the tribes of Israel; for the Jews in Bokhara themselves, who do not call themselves Jews, but children of Israel, and who assert that they belong to the ten tribes, say that those Kafir Seeahpoosh are their brethren whose ancestors had entirely forgotten their law, and had fallen into idolatry—but into the ancient idolatry. They call God "Imrah," and they worship the

figure of a fish, called "Dagon." They have in their mountains the ten commandments written upon stone; and their women observe the law of purification. They hate the Muhammadans with a perfect hatred; but they love the Jews, and as often as they kill a Muhammadan, they put a feather in their head-dress. Hence the proverb, "He has got a feather in his cap." Their colour is perfectly white, like that of Europeans.

Here Wolff arrived at last, in rather a decent house, belonging to a chief, whose stores were furnished with wine and brandy; and he desired Wolff's Jewish servant to drink with him for several hours, amidst the sound of the timbrel. It is awful to see a Muhammadan drunk. He sits cross-legged whilst the sound of the timbrel goes on. He holds his head down, and it rolls from side to side on his breast; and the abominations, mentioned in Ezekiel, are practised. The moment Wolff discovered this, he ordered his servant to come to him, and off he set; and thus they arrived in a stretch of country called *Dooab*, where he came among Muhammadans called *Kharijee*, which means "seceders from all the rest." Their ancestors had killed Ali, Muhammad's son-in-law, because he was not a strict Muhammadan enough for them. They were of the tribe of Mangag, or "Magog" of Scripture—a Mogul tribe belonging to the Hazara, who are cruel and inexorable.

Wolff was called by his people "Hajee Joseph Wolff." The Hazara of Dooab took offence at this,

and said, "Why do you dare to take the name of *Hajee*, as you are not a Muhammadan?" Wolff said, "Even the Muhammadans in Bokhara, and in Arabia, recognize, as *Hajee*, all Jews and Christians, who have been in Jerusalem."

They replied, "This is not the custom here among us, we are here Kharijee," *i. e.* "seceders from all the rest." "With us many things are not allowed which are allowed by other Muhammadans."

Wolff replied, "I could not know your usage, for I have but just arrived here among you; so all you can do is not to call me *Hajee*, and I shall tell my people not to call me *Hajee*."

But, said they, "The mischief is done, and therefore you must either say, 'There is God, and nothing but God, and Muhammad the prophet of God;' or we will sow you up in a dead donkey, burn you alive, and make sausages of you."

Wolff said, "There is God, and nothing but God, and Jesus the Son of God."

They at once now gave a sign, and all their Moollahs assembled in a large cave, hewn out of the rock. The Affghans who accompanied Wolff, as well as his three servants, trembled with anguish, and said to him, "Say the creed, and the moment you are on your journey again, you may just be what you were before." Wolff replied, "Leave me, and let me alone. I will manage them. All you have to do is to disperse, and leave me only with my three servants. Some of you go

towards Kondo, but don't go far." Wolff then ordered his three servants to bring him his writing-desk. They did so, and he wrote the following words:—

" TO LORD AND LADY WILLIAM BENTINCK.

" MY DEAR LORD AND LADY WILLIAM BENTINCK,

" The moment that you read this letter, you must be aware that I am no longer in the land of the living; that I have been put to death. Give to my servants some hundred rupees for their journey, and write the whole account to my wife, Lady Georgiana.

" Your affectionate,

" JOSEPH WOLFF."

Wolff gave this paper into the hands of his servants, and said, " Now I will make one more attempt to save my life. If I succeed, well! If not, go on as far as Loodhiana, and the first red-coat you see, give it to him, and he will bring you to the Governor-General, and you will be rewarded. Now, bring me my firmans from the Sultan of Constantinople." They did so, and Wolff, with the firmans in his hand, entered the cave, where the Moollahs were seated, with the Koran open before them, deciding that he must be put to death.

Wolff said, " What humbug is that! You cannot dare to put me to death! You will be putting a guest to death!"

They replied, "The Koran decides so."

Wolff said, "It is a lie! The Koran says, on the contrary, that a guest should be respected, even if he is an infidel; and here, see the great firman that I have from the khalif of the whole Muhammadan religion from Stamboul! You have no power to put me to death. You must send me to Muhammad Moorad Beyk, at Kondozi. Have you not seen how little afraid I am of you? I have told the Affghans already that they should disperse, and probably some of them have already gone to Kondozi."

When they heard the name of Muhammad Moorad Beyk, they actually began to tremble, and asked Wolff, "Do you know him?" As Wolff could not say that he knew him, he replied, "This you will have to find out." They said, "Then you must purchase your blood with all you have." Wolff answered, "This will I do. For I am a dervish, and do not mind either money, clothing, or anything."

And thus Wolff had to surrender everything. Oh! if his friends in England could have seen him then, they would have stared at him. Naked like Adam and Eve, and without even an apron or leaves to dress himself with, he continued his journey; and as soon as he was out of sight of the Hazara, he witnessed a sight which he never thought to have seen among Muhammadans. All his Affghan companions knelt down, and one of

them, holding the palm of his hand upwards to him, offered up the following extempore prayer:—

“ O God ! O God !
Thanks be to Thy name,
That Thou hast saved this stranger
Out of the lion's den.
Thanks, thanks, thanks,
Be to Thy holy name.
Bring him safely back
Unto his country,
Unto his family.
Amen ! ”

Wolff now arrived at Boot-Bamian, where, several years afterwards, Lady Sale and the English were brought prisoners by Akbar Khan. The whole town was in ruins ; but there are mighty pillars, thousands of years old, and there is one, on which is the figure of Shemaya, *i. e.* “ Shem,” hewn out, in adoration before the rainbow. So that Schlegel and Stolberg are right in so describing it.

Here Wolff called on the Governor, and told him his story. The Governor gave him a letter to the Governor of Ghuznee, desiring him to forward Joseph Wolff to Cabul, because he was an English ambassador. Wolff protested against this title, and begged him to describe him as an English dervish ; but the Governor was inexorable. Thus, the naked ambassador (for the Governor was too poor to be able to provide him with clothes), de-

livered the letter to the Governor of Ghuznee; who, on reading it, looked at Wolff, and said, "What! a ragamuffin like you, without clothing! Do you want to make me believe that you are an ambassador!" and without hearing Wolff's explanation, he ordered his people to turn him out, saying, "If he had been an ambassador he would have had an escort."

Wolff went forward, and arrived upon a height of some mountains, inhabited by Affghans, all of whom claimed to be *Sayeed*, *i. e.* "of the family of the prophet," and of the tribe called Ghilzyes; a cruel people, and, though there was snow on the mountain, they turned Wolff out of their houses. But he spoke to them at last with such persuasion, reminding them of Abraham, who would not have done so, that they permitted him to sleep among them, and brought him milk.

He told them that history informs us that Abraham was once reproved by God for having turned out of his tent a fire-worshipper; God saying to him, "I have had patience seventy years with that fire-worshipper, and thou wouldst not have patience with him one night!" And Wolff added that he was not a fire-worshipper, but a believer in God and in Jesus, the Word of God!

Next morning, he set out early, and hastened down the mountain, for the snow was blowing continually against his face; and he had to run along, with his head turned away as much as he could from the drift. And, more than once, the

Affghans had to pull him out from the snow into which he had fallen.

At last he reached the foot of the mountain, where he found an eternal spring. The whole country was covered with mulberry trees, of which Wolff ate in abundance; and he drank from the beautiful spring of water. He next came to Serre-jeshmee, a few miles distant from Cabul, where they slept for the night. And, next day, he sent, by one of his servants, a letter in Persian to Doost Muhammad Khan. Two hours afterwards, three horses came out from Cabul. Upon one of them Wolff's servant was seated, and upon the other a servant of Nwab Jabr Khan, brother to Doost Muhammad Khan, who brought a letter addressed, in English, to "Reverend Joseph Wolff, Missionary to the Jews, coming from Bokhara." The writer of the letter was Lieutenant Alexander Burnes, who had arrived, the evening before, at Cabul, on his road from India to Bokhara.

He wrote that he had been charged by Lord and Lady William Bentinck, to look out for Wolff, as he was himself on the road to Bokhara, where he was charged to go on behalf of the Government. He added that there could have been no necessity for Wolff to have remained outside the town, on account of being destitute of clothing, as Nwab Jabr Khan would receive him with the greatest hospitality, and provide him with everything. In the mean time, he sent clothes by the servant. These were beautiful Affghan suits, long

gowns, ornamented with gold fringes; Affghan shirts, which are of a somewhat silky material; a kind of trowsers of red cloth, something like short Turkish trowsers; and a white turban for his head, besides a little cloth cap, which was also embroidered.

And thus Wolff entered Cabul comfortably; and was received with cordiality by Lieutenant Alexander Burnes, Doctor Gerrard, his companion, and Nwab Jabr Khan, who lived in the upper story of the house; Lieutenant Burnes occupying the lower rooms.

Nwab Jabr Khan was just performing his prayer when Wolff arrived. After he had concluded, he said to Wolff, "That he thanked God, the highest, who had brought him safely to his dwelling." He then spoke of his prophet, who ordered that people should be kind to strangers. He mentioned the name of the prophet with great reverence, his eyes being lifted up.

Though Wolff is no advocate for Muhammadans, he must admit that they mention the name of their prophet, and the names of other of their worthies, with far greater reverence than was once done by a Greek, whom Wolff met in Latakia; and this, alas! was not the only case of a want of religious respect shown by ignorant men amongst the Greeks. It is worth while, in order that Wolff should make himself intelligible, to tell the whole anecdote, which he will do, by describing the dialogue he had with the Greek alluded to.

Wolff to the Greek.—"Do you pray in the church for the Sultan?"

Greek.—"No; we pray for King Constantine, who ruled in Constantinople."

Wolff.—"What then do you say of the words of St. Paul, that one should pray for the powers that be? and at that time the Emperor Nero was upon the throne!"

The Greek replied, *Maladetto sia San Paolo che poteva dire una tale sciocchezza*," which means, "Cursed be St. Paul, that he could say such nonsense!"

The day after his arrival at Cabul, the Affghans of the village, Serre Jishme, came to Wolff to be paid for the food which he had eaten in their house, and he paid them. Whilst he was there seated in the room of Lieutenant Alexander Burnes, afterwards Sir A. Burnes, a young man, tall, and of delicate countenance, and gentlemanlike appearance, though in rags, entered the room, and announced himself as the SHAH-ZADEH, *i. e.* "the Prince Royal." He was actually the son of Shah-Shoojah, the king of Affghanistan, who had been driven from the throne by Doost Muhammad Khan, the then and now actual ruler of the country of the *Baruch-Zeeye*, viz. "the sons of Baruch," who evidently, by their name, betray their Jewish descent. That fine young man begged both Wolff and Burnes to give him something to eat, as Doost Muhammad Khan allowed him to almost starve; and they relieved

his immediate necessities with both food and money.

Doost Muhammad Khan then invited Wolff and Alexander Burnes to come to him; and they found him a man of stout person, intelligent countenance, and with a piercing eye. First of all he addressed himself to Burnes, and talked with him on the state of India, the manner of the English government there, the amount of revenues, their relations with China, the population of England, the English constitution, and so on. Burnes, being a man of much talent, gave him most satisfactory answers. He then turned to Wolff, and asked his object in being there, which was fully explained. Doost Muhammad Khan then desired a Moollah to argue with Wolff, and the argument lasted for two hours. In this contest Wolff thinks that he had gained the victory; but Alexander Burnes, as Wolff saw in his letters to India, which were afterwards shown to him at Simla, was of a different opinion, for he reported that Wolff was beaten. However, as that clever man is now dead, it would be most unfair in a survivor to controvert the point: and especially as Alexander Burnes, in spite of all disputes, was most kind to Wolff at Cabul.

Whilst at Cabul, Wolff explained to Burnes his views on the millennium, and of the conversation which then took place, Wolff cannot refrain from mentioning one little fact, as the statement of it will show his own unguardedness in talking on such

a subject with a young man who was totally unprepared for it; no less than the levity of Burnes's remarks in reply. Wolff told him that, at the time of the renovation of the earth, we shall have Paradise restored, and then we shall eat of all manner of fruits, according to Revelation xxii., and according to Ezekiel, chap. xlvii., verse 12. This was his statement; but Alexander Burnes reported in India that at the time of the millennium people would all live on vegetables, and go about naked; just as Wolff had done in his journey from Dooab to Cabul, a distance of 600 miles! Truly, it would not be worth much to have such a millennium as that! And Wolff, to his greatest surprise, read this account of his conversation with Burnes on the millennium, reported as it was by Burnes himself in all the newspapers of India, on his arrival there.

Burnes, however, stated, which was quite true, that Wolff declined going with him to see the tomb of the Emperor Baabur, and preferred visiting the Jews of Cabul, who had come there from Meshed in Khorassan, and also from Teheran; likewise that he preached the Gospel to them, as also to the Armenians, who were descendants of those Armenians who came there with the army of Nadir Shah; and these begged him to recommend them to their countrymen, the Armenians in Calcutta, as they were in great poverty. This, Wolff promised to do, and afterwards did it, and with success.

The Jews at Cabul read to Wolff the following treatise of Mymonides. "The King Messiah shall rise and make the kingdom of David return to its former condition and power; and He shall build the temple, and gather in the scattered of Israel; and in His days He shall re-establish the code of laws as it was in the days of old. They shall offer up sacrifices, and they shall celebrate the seven years of release, and the years of jubilee, according to all the commandments which are mentioned in the law. And whoever does not believe in Him, and does not hope in His coming, not only denies the word of the prophets, but also the law of Moses; for has not the Lord testified of Him, as it is written (Deut. chapter xxx., verses 3 and 4), 'Then the Lord thy God will turn thy captivity, and have compassion upon thee, and will return and gather thee from all the nations whither the Lord thy God hath scattered thee. If any of thine be driven out unto the outmost parts of heaven, from thence will the Lord thy God gather thee, and from thence will he fetch thee.' These are the words contained in the law, and these comprise all that has been said by the prophets. Balaam speaks of Him, and prophesied of two Messiahs. The first Messiah is David, who shall save Israel from the hand of the children of Esau. He says, 'I shall see Him, but not nigh:' this is the King Messiah. 'There shall come a star out of Jacob:' this is David. 'And a sceptre shall rise out of Israel;' this is the King Messiah. 'And shall

smite the corners of Moab : ' this is David ; for it is said of him, ' And he smote Moab, and measured them with a line ' (2 Sam. chap. viii. verse 2). ' And destroy all the children of Seth : ' this is the King Messiah ; for it is written, ' His dominion shall be from sea to sea ' (Zach. chap. ix. verse 10). ' And Edom shall be a possession : ' this is David ; for it is written, ' And Edom became servants to David. ' ' Seir also shall become a possession of his enemies : ' this is King Messiah ; for it is written, ' And saviours shall come upon Mount Zion, to judge the Mount of Esau ; and the kingdom shall be the Lord's ! ' There is no need to cite proofs out of the prophets, for they are full of this subject ; and it must not come into thy thoughts that the Messiah must necessarily perform miracles, and do new things in the world, by raising the dead, and other such things. It is true that Rabbi Akiba, the great and wise man, one of the rabbis, carried the clothes of Ben Kosiba, the king, after him ; and he proclaimed him as King Messiah ; but Kosiba was put to death on account of his sins, and as soon as he was killed it was manifest that he was not the Messiah. The wise men did not demand of him either a sign or a miracle ; for the principal credential of true Messiahship is this, that the law and judgments must last for ever and ever ; and He must neither add to, nor take from them ; and whosoever adds to or takes from them, or exposes the law to alteration, and does not explain it according to

the system generally adopted, is surely a liar, a wicked one, and a heretic! But, if there should arise a King of the House of David, who meditates upon the law and observes it, like David, his father, as well the written law as the tradition; and who should compel all Israel to walk in it, and should make them again firm in that they were relaxed; and if he fights the Lord's battles, then he is surely known to be the Messiah. And soon as he is successful, and conquers all nations around him, and builds the Temple in its place, and gathers together the scattered people of Israel, such an one shall surely be the Messiah. But if, on the contrary, he is not successful, as has happened hitherto, or he should be killed, then it is certain he is not that personage predicted in the law. This would prove only that God had raised up a pretended Messiah, for the purpose of trying many by means of him; for it is written, 'And some of them of understanding shall fall, to try them, and to purge, and to make them white, even to the time of the end, because it is the time appointed' (Dan. chap. xi. verse 35). But He, Jesus of Nazareth, whom they thought was the Messiah, who was put to death by the Tribunal of Justice—of Him, I say, Daniel prophesied long ago; for it is written (Dan. chap. xi. verse 14, 'Also the robbers of thy people shall exalt themselves, to establish thy vision; but they shall fall.' And was there ever a greater fall than that of Jesus of Nazareth? All the prophets said that the Messiah should be a Redeemer to Israel,

and serve them, and gather those who are scattered and confirm their commands. *And he was the cause that Israel perished by the sword; and he was the cause that their remnant was scattered; that their law was cast to the ground and changed.*" So far the words of Mymonides. Wolff then discussed the merits of Christianity, with the Jews of Cabul, and at the end of what they quoted to him, he said, "Yes, yes, my nation was scattered, on account of having crucified the Lord of Glory; for they have shed the blood of the Just One. Mymonides was right, that Jesus Christ (God blessed for ever!) was the cause that Israel perished by the sword; and He was the cause that their remnant was scattered, for they crucified the Lord of Glory!"

Wolff received also, while there, the whole genealogy of the people of Cabul from a learned Affghan, who also was well acquainted with Mount-Stuart Elphinstone, who is still remembered with high regard all over Cabul, and Affghanistan, and the people in those provinces pronounce his name "Ilfristin."

By this genealogy it would appear certain that the Affghans are of the tribe of Benjamin, but not of the ten tribes; and it is still more proved that they do not belong to the ten tribes, by the universal denial of it. And even that they are of the tribe of Benjamin is not a general tradition. It seems to Wolff that the account which the Arabs give with regard to the Affghans, is by far the most probable, viz. that at the time that Muhammad at-

tacked the city of Khaiber, in Arabia, which was entirely inhabited by Jews, those who were not killed emigrated to the fastnesses of Affghanistan, and especially to that spot which is called from them the Khaiber Pass. And these have the nearest resemblance to the Jews, and they are the most valiant of all the Affghans. And it is most interesting to hear an Affghan tell a story, which he does with all the actions and gravity of a Jew when he tells a story.

Wolff remained nearly thirty days in Cabul, after which he proceeded to Tatang, where he entered a boat composed of skins stretched upon a frame of wood, and sailed down the river, called Yala, and arrived first at Jellalabad, so celebrated afterwards for its defence by General Sale and the artillery officer, Abbot. Thence he went on, and after about twelve days reached Peshawur, now in the hands of the English, but at that time governed by Sultan Muhammad Khan, brother to Doost Muhammad Khan, who was exceedingly kind to Wolff, and who showed him a paper from Morecroft, stating that he had treated Morecroft with the greatest kindness. And he begged Wolff to tell the Governor-General, that he would be always ready to serve the English nation; and that he wished to be protected by them against Rundjud Singh. He therefore requested Wolff to permit him to send an ambassador with him at once. But Wolff declined to do this, for the simple reason that he did not think it honourable to go, as a guest,

through the dominions of Rundjud Singh, in company with a political agent of a prince who was at variance with the chief whose guest he was to be. Moreover, it would certainly have displeased the Governor-General that he, Wolff, a preacher of the Gospel, should have allowed himself to be accompanied by a political agent.

Peshawur is the most learned city of the Muham-madans. There, a Muhammadan made a most remarkable observation; he said, "Christ declared that He came not to abolish the law, but to fulfil it. Then why have the Christians changed the Sabbath day, and celebrated the first day instead of the seventh?" Wolff said, among other arguments, "that the Jews can never prove that their seventh day is the seventh day of creation; and, according to their own tradition, the world began to be created on a Friday, so that according to that Thursday is the real seventh day. However, there are Christian churches who celebrate both Saturday and Sunday; Saturday in commemoration of the seventh day, Sunday in commemoration of our Lord's resurrection."

There he also heard the full history of the Affghans, from a Moollah called Khodadad, who also gave him the meaning of the word *Pathan*, which is the name the Affghans got when they became Muhammadans, by the exertions of Keis, to whom Muhammad appeared, and told him, "Thou shalt be a stem from whom a great nation shall arise:" and *Pathan* is a "stem." Muhammad at that time

spoke in the Affghan language, which is called Pushtoo, and he repeated the following verse:—

Warkra Aweza Karna
Da
Ygomuz Baboo Rasa.

Translation:—

My shirt, my shirt
Give to Aweza Karna,
And my comb to
Aboo Rasa.

Before Wolff leaves Peshawur, he has to record one remarkable fact. Burnes had already told Wolff at Cabul, "When you come to Peshawur, be on your guard against a horrible scoundrel;" and, though Wolff has been censured for using the term "scoundrel," every one will think him justified in applying it on this occasion to a man, who was a villain, a murderer, and a blackguard—ABDUL SAMUT KHAN; and Wolff is sure that the British officers in England, and the private soldiers, will drink Wolff's health, with nine times nine, for using those epithets. For this wretch afterwards became the murderer of Stoddart and Conolly. And Burnes further told Wolff, "should Abdul Samut Khan call upon you, take hold of his shoulders, and kick him out of the room." Wolff followed this advice, for when the man called upon him, he took him by the shoulders, and ejected him from his room. Wolff little imagined at that time

that he should himself one day fall into the hands of this villain, which he did fourteen years afterwards, when he was the second time in Bokhara, on behalf of Stoddart and Conolly.

Wolff went on through the Khaiber Pass, that awful bulwark of the Affghans, towards Attock, the ancient Taxila. The country around the Khaiber Pass is most romantic. The aspect of the country, with the heights of the mountains all covered over with shrubs and roses, the richness of the pastures, the branching of the fine rivers in various directions, and the exquisite climate, all combine to suggest that here must have been the site of paradise. There is in Friedrich Schlegel's collections a poem, written in the old German, in which Alexander the Great is described as going on conquering, until he came to a dreadful fastness, with rivers flowing below him, and the mighty rocks so threatening, that he said, in his arrogance, "This bulwark is indeed remarkable,"—when suddenly an angel appeared, and said, "Stop! no mortal is allowed to enter here; and thou, proud man, must here be stopped." And he was stopped, and retired. The purport of which legend is, that it is believed by Jews and Muhammadans, that Alexander the Great was stopped when he came to the gates of paradise.

Wolff then proceeded on his journey towards Hindostan, and arrived at last near Attock, where he crossed a suspension bridge on the back of an elephant. According to his custom, whenever he

crosses water, Wolff screamed out, which he did on this occasion in crossing the Indus ; and thus he reached Attock, the ancient Taxila. Thus far, according to history, did Alexander advance, and then retired. On arriving in Attock, commissioned officers of high rank in the service of the great Rundjud Singh, the mighty conqueror of the Punjaub and Cashmere, and who was called, "The Napoleon of the East," the terror of the English nation, came out to receive him, and asked his name. And the moment they heard it, a hint was given to the commandant of the fortress, and twenty-one guns were fired in honour of his arrival ! Two hundred and fifty rupees were handed to him, and twenty pots of sweetmeats of all kinds, and linen to make twenty shirts,—all which were the daily allowance to Joseph Wolff, the great Padre of England ! Six letters were also delivered to him, one being from Lord William Bentinck, the Governor-General of India ; another, from Lady William Bentinck ; a third, from Lady Bryant ; a fourth, from Colonel, afterwards General Churchill ; a fifth, from Monsieur Allard, Rundjud Singh's general, and formerly aide-de-camp to Marshal le Brun ; and a sixth, from his Majesty Rundjud Singh himself who has the title *Maha Rajah*, which means "great king"—*Singh* means "a lion."

The letters of the Governor-General contained congratulations to Wolff on his safe arrival, and praises for his zeal and high endeavours. They informed him that he was recommended to his

Majesty of the Punjaub, and all the authorities. Lady William Bentinck went into more particulars, and gave Wolff the following information :—

“There is a law, that all English gentlemen, who pass through the country of his Majesty and of native princes, shall receive presents from them ; which, according to law, they must hand over to Government ; but this is only for those who are in the service of the East India Company. So, as you are not in that service, you may keep whatever you receive,” which intelligence Joseph Wolff was very glad to possess. Her ladyship also bade Wolff come on to the Governor-General at Simla. Colonel Churchill and Lady Bryant wrote to remind him that he had relations at hand—first cousins of Lady Georgiana Wolff at Sobathoo, where Lady Bryant lived, and at Simla where Colonel Churchill lived. And his Majesty, Rundjud Singh, wrote to Wolff, that he rejoiced that he had overcome all the dangers of his journey, and that he was impatient to see him at his court, in his palace at Umritsur ; and that he had ordered all the governors of the towns he passed through, to receive him with the distinction due to such a man. Wolff replied to his Majesty, “that he was most grateful for the kind reception he had met with, and the assurance of his Majesty’s favour ; and that he would take the liberty of stating to him candidly, that the only object of his journey was to proclaim to the nations that there is only one name, given under heaven, by which man can be saved, and

that is the name of Jesus Christ, who is the Son of God, and that He will come again into the world upon earth, and reign upon earth in majesty and glory ; when all nations shall be subject unto Him, and when He shall have His seat at Jerusalem, and upon Mount Zion gloriously ; and when the heavenly hosts and all the angels shall come down upon earth, and worship Him, and go up again to heaven, and down again unto Him, and receive His commands ; and when there shall come a city from heaven, called the heavenly Jerusalem, which shall be inhabited by all those who have loved God here upon earth, of all nations, kindreds, and tongues ; and there shall be the sound of heavenly harps ; and other music shall be heard ; and the wolf and the lamb shall lie down together."

This letter of Joseph Wolff was sent off immediately by an express courier, from Umritsur to Simla, to the Governor-General, and Rundjud Singh begged his lordship to explain the letter. And when Wolff arrived subsequently at Simla, Lady William Bentinck told him that when Lord William Bentinck received that letter from Rundjud Singh, he came to her room with a long face, and full of surprise, and said to her, " We must write to him to come as fast as he can," for Lord William was afraid that Wolff would excite a revolution in the Punjaub. However, Wolff proceeded quietly on his way, arriving first at Rawl-Pindee, where they had prepared for him a lodging in a Muham-

madan mosque; but he said he desired not to offend either Muhammadans or any other religious body; nevertheless, a mosque was no fit place to lodge strangers in. For the Muhammadans were much oppressed by the Sikhs.

They then put him into another house; but scarcely was he in it half an hour, when a dreadful earthquake took place, which lasted for several seconds. Wolff ran out of the house, and then lay under the shadow of an immense tree—such as are only seen in Hindostan—and *kunjnee* came (*i. e.* “dancing-girls”), and tried to amuse him; but he gave them some rupees, and sent them away.

At length he arrived at the camp of Karak Singh, son and heir presumptive to the throne of the Punjaub, and a complete idiot. Some of the great chiefs spoke to Wolff, and told him what his royal highness said, or rather what he ought to have said; and here Wolff made himself acquainted, through the Pundits who came to him, with the religion of the Sikhs.

He then proceeded onwards to Goojrat, a considerable town, which also belonged to Rundjud Singh. He arrived there late at night, and was brought to the palace of the Governor, who had expected him; when, to his great surprise, he heard some one singing “Yankee Doodle,” with all the American snuffle. It was his Excellency the Governor himself. He was a fine tall gentleman, dressed in European clothing, and with an Indian

hookah in his mouth. Wolff asked how he came to know "Yankee Doodle?" He answered, in nasal tones, "I am a free citizen of the United States of North America, from the State of Pennsylvania, city of Philadelphia. I am the son of a Quaker. My name is Josiah Harlan;" and as this man's history is rather romantic, Wolff will give it at once. He had, in his early life, studied surgery, but he went out as supercargo in a ship to Canton in China. And then he returned again to America, where he had intended to marry a lady, to whom he was engaged; but she had played him false. He then went to India, and came to Calcutta, whence Lord Amherst, at that time Governor-General of India, sent him as Assistant-Surgeon with the British army to the Burmese empire. Afterwards he quitted the British army, and tried to make himself king of Affghanistan; but, although he actually took a fortress, he was defeated at last by a force sent against him by Rundjud Singh, who made him a prisoner. Rundjud Singh, seeing his talents, said to him, "I will make you Governor of Goojrat, and give you 3000 rupees a-month (equal to £300). If you behave well, I will increase your salary; if not, I will cut off your nose." So Wolff found him, and his nose being entire was evidence that he had behaved well.

Before Wolff, however, enters the depths of Hindostan, he must give his judgment upon two points. First, he cannot worship and adore, and be

astonished enough at, the mercy and long-suffering of God, in not having sent, long ago, a flash of lightning, kindled by the fire of hell, upon the Muhammadan nation—whose vices no writer can dare to touch, or even allude to. Secondly, Wolff is desirous of giving the results of his investigation respecting the ten tribes in Bokhara and Turkistan. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the Jews in Khorassan, Bokhara, Samarcand, and Balkh, and also in Shahr-sabz; as well as the descendants of Tchsingis Khan, and the Nogáy Tatars, and those called of the tribe of Naphtali, are all remnants of the ten tribes. This is not an hypothesis, but a relation of their own assertions. As to the Kafir Seeahpoosh, Wolff strongly suspects them to be the same; but he cannot prove it, as he never heard it asserted by the Seeahpoosh themselves.

CHAPTER III.

THE PUNJAUB AND SIKHS; AVITABILE; GENERAL ALLARD;
LAHORE; UMBITSUR; BUNDJUD SINGH, AND HIS COURT;
LOODIANA; VISIONS.

LET us speak a little of the Punjaub. The Pundits and the Rajahs of the Sikhs gave to Wolff the following information concerning the foundation of the religion of the Sikhs. About 190 years ago, two Fakirs were living in the Punjaub; the name of the one was Baba Nanak, the name of the other was Goroo Govende Singh; and the former belonged to the religious caste. Baba Nanak gave a religious code to the people of the Punjaub, in which he abolished idolatry, and took from the Koran of the Muhammadans, and from the Shasters (or sacred book of the Hindoos), certain tenets, which he amalgamated together, and established a Deism. He retained, however, the Suttee, or burning of widows, as well as the veneration for the cow; so that it was death among his followers to kill a cow.

Goroo Govende Singh added to Baba Nanak's book a military code, in which he laid down rules for carrying on war; and he formed a complete military knighthood, entirely similar to the Order of the Knights at Malta. For just as the Order of the

Knights of Malta was established, for the purpose of pulling down the Muhammadan power, so did Goroo Govende Singh establish his Order, for pulling down the Muhammadan Mogul Empire in Delhi. The members of that military Order are called *Akalees*, which means "immortals." They are clad in blue, with bracelets of steel; they relinquish the world, and are bound to spend their lives for the benefit of the Sikhs. Mr. Malcolm Ludlow has given a spirited description of them in his "*British India*," vol. i. pp. 304 and 305, &c. The word *Sikh*, means "disciple," and this is the name of the followers of Baba Nanak and Goroo Govende Singh. The Akalees have the privilege of cursing even the king to his face.

Wolff continued to receive, every day, five-and-twenty pounds sterling, horses with silver-mounted saddles, shawls of Cashmere, twenty pots of sweetmeats, and linen enough to make him every day twenty shirts; and he was treated most kindly by every one. Even the insolent Akalees treated him with the greatest courtesy; but in order to give a specimen of their usual impertinence, the two following anecdotes will suffice. The truth of these stories was afterwards guaranteed to him by Lord William Bentinck himself.

Rundjud Singh once remonstrated with one of the principal Akalees about their conduct in the English territory; and told him that he was afraid such conduct might bring him into collision with the British Government. The Akalee replied,

“You blind rascal” (for Rundjud Singh was blind in one eye), “if you say one word more, I will go and burn down some villages belonging to England, and tell them that you have sent me.”

Another time, when Lord William Bentinck was present at Roopar, an Akalee came and said the most insulting words to Rundjud Singh, which he bore with the greatest patience; until the man went so far as to draw his sword against Rundjud Singh, when the Maha Rajah coolly gave orders to his people to take away his sword, and cut off his nose; which order was instantly executed.

As Wolff proceeded onward towards Umritsur, he met on the road a Yoghee, one of those devoted Hindoos, whose strict penances cannot but inspire one with deep reverence! Wolff hopes to see some of them in Heaven with the Creator of that sun's orb which they were contemplating while on earth. All Wolff's followers, who had been ordered by Rundjud Singh to bring him to his summer residence at Umritsur, stopped and exclaimed, *Ram! Ram!* (“God! God!”). The Yoghee's whole body was painted blue; his eye was turned towards the sun's orb; and, as he spoke Persian, Wolff asked him, “How old he was?” He replied, “In God (Perwerdegar) I was from eternity; but in time was visible to man; and those who love God never die; they put off old clothes and put on new ones.” And thus Wolff arrived pleasantly with his companions at Vuzeer-Abad, where, according to the

order of his Majesty, he took up his abode with his Excellency the famous General Avitabile, a Neapolitan by birth, who spoke Italian, French, Persian, and Hindoostanee with equal facility. He was Governor of the town—which he had most remarkably improved. He had kept the streets of the city clean; and had got a beautiful carriage made for himself, and a fine palace. He was a clever, cheerful man, and full of fun. He told Wolff, at once, that he would show to him his *Angeli custodi*, or “Guardian Angels;” and then he took him to his bed-room, the walls of which were covered with pictures of *Kunchnee* (i. e. “dancing-girls”).

He and Wolff one day rode out together on elephants, and he said to him, “Now, I shall show you marks of civilization, which I have introduced into this country.” They rode outside of the town, and there Wolff saw before him about six gibbets, upon which a great number of malefactors were hanging. Though the man was full of fun, yet whenever the conversation was directed to important subjects, he became most serious. Though he had amassed in India a fortune of £50,000, he was always panting after a return to his native country, Naples; and he said to Wolff “*Per amore di Dio, fate mi partire da questo paese.*” And this is not to be wondered at; for though Rundjud Singh was a man of extraordinary genius, yet, after all, he was, at the bottom, a barbarian; and whenever he gave an order to be executed at Vuzeer-Abad, by

Avitabile, he always sent it by some regiments of soldiers and artillery. So that Avitabile once wrote to him, in a sarcastic manner, "In order to convince your Majesty of my attachment to you, I will embrace the religion of the Sikhs."

But Wolff will here, at once, finish the history of Avitabile. When the English (in the years 1838 and 1839) marched into Afghanistan, Avitabile furnished them with all the provisions required in war—for which they gave him bills on England; and thus he got all his money out of the country, and placed it in the Bank of England. And, besides this, he induced Sheer Singh, the supposititious son of Rundjud Singh, who succeeded to the throne of his adopted father after the murder of Karak Singh, to advance £500,000, and place it in his hands, of which sum Avitabile promised to give him account. But all the money advanced by Sheer Singh was placed in the Bank of England, in Avitabile's name. Sheer Singh was murdered by Dehan Singh, his prime minister, and Dehan Singh was killed by the people. Then Avitabile left the Punjaub, came to England, took possession of the whole property, went to Naples, married his own niece, with a dispensation from the Pope; built a beautiful country house near Naples, and there died after some years.

Wolff at last arrived at Lahore, the capital of the great Rundjud Singh; and he resided in the house of General Allard, whose son was a young gentleman, about thirteen years of age. General Allard was absent at the time, but his son was at

home, and showed him every attention. Wolff visited at Lahore the Armenians, and issued proclamations, which were posted in the streets, calling on the nations to turn to Christ. Thereupon he received a polite letter of disapprobation from Rundjud Singh, in which he said that he had read Wolff's proclamation, and he replied to it, *Een sukhn nebaayad guft nebaayad gusht*, which means in English, "Such words must neither be said nor heard."

Wolff went on through Lahore to Umritsur. On his way thither, an express messenger from the king met him, and told him that the astrologers had observed by reading the *Gruntid Saheb* (*i. e.* "the Book of Baba Nanak"), and by observing the stars, that the day was not a good day for Wolff to enter Umritsur; but General Allard obviated that prophecy by saying that Wolff should lodge with him in his palace, which was outside Umritsur; adding, that he also had observed this in the stars. So Rundjud Singh allowed Wolff to become the guest of General Allard.

Wolff, arriving in the garden house of Allard, saw a fine gentleman with a most beautiful beard, and all the polite manners of a Frenchman. He was dressed in fine linen cloths, as all the Europeans in India are. He came out of his house to meet Joseph Wolff, and embraced him after the French manner. Then he brought him upstairs, where a very good dinner was prepared of rice and curry, &c., and the mango and other fruits were

on the tables, together with French wines; such as Wolff had not enjoyed for a very long time. Whilst they were seated at dinner, two of Rundjud Singh's officers came and welcomed Joseph Wolff in the name of his Majesty; and brought him 2000 rupees, equal to £200, and told him that his Majesty hoped to see him next day at his palace.

Wolff wished, before the royal interview, to have his beard shaved off, but Allard told him not to do that by any means, for Rundjud Singh was very fond of people with fine beards. Wolff said, "My beard is not fine, for I have not combed it for months;" but Allard replied, "You look all the more romantic on that account—you look like a lion!" And so Wolff left his beard, which was reddish in hue, and a foot long, untouched.

The next day the officers arrived with an elephant for him, which he mounted; and thus he rode through Umritsur, which, as Malcolm Ludlow observes, was formerly a hamlet, but was made a place of pilgrimage by Arjoon, the fifth Goroo of the Sikhs. Arriving at the palace of Rundjud Singh, the drums were beaten, and Wolff was brought into the presence of Rundjud Singh, who was then in the palace garden seated upon a high chair. On his right and left sides were the Pundits, or learned men, and Moonshee, or scribes; and the Fakir, celebrated at the court, who acted as prime minister—these were also seated near. Wolff asked his Majesty "Whether all these persons were Mussulmans?" which is as great an

insult among the Sikhs, as it would be here in England to ask, in the House of Lords, "Whether all the peers were gipsies?" Rundjud Singh laughed loud—"Ha! ha! ha!" and, mimicking Wolff exactly, pointed with his finger at the Pundits, and said, *Een Mussulman?* which means, "Are these Mussulmans?"

But before Wolff proceeds to give his conversation with Rundjud Singh and the rest, he must give a description of the Maha Rajah himself. He was a little man, about five feet high. At a distance he appeared to Wolff like a little child; so that Wolff being short-sighted, and not having immediately observed his beard, was actually on the point of asking his Majesty, "Whether he was one of the great king's little boys?" but, on drawing his chair nearer to him, he observed that he had an immense beard, and that he was blind of one eye. Then Rundjud Singh ordered dancing girls to come in, and dance before Joseph Wolff. But Wolff said, "As he was an English Fakir, he did not approve of seeing the girls dancing." Then Rundjud Singh said, "I have not yet found inconsistency in you, but I shall try again." He then filled a glass with wine made on purpose for his own use by his Hungarian physician, called *Haenigberger*. This is horrid stuff, hotter than any whisky, and it actually burns like fire. This he especially gave to English travellers to drink, in order that he might extract news from them. So, he asked Wolff to drink his health, but Wolff

touched it only with his tongue, and said, "He did so in honour of his Majesty, but would drink no more." Then Rundjud Singh said, "Now, I shall try you with questions. Do you teach that we should not be afraid of anything?" Wolff said, "Yes." "Do you preach that we should trust in the Giver of all things?" Wolff said, "Yes." "Then, why were you so afraid when you crossed the Indus over the suspension-bridge on an elephant?" (for every word and movement of Wolff had been reported to the king). Wolff replied, "Here your Majesty has certainly caught me; and all I can answer is, that I am weak, and I have daily need to pray that God will show His power in my weakness." Rundjud Singh said, "Now, I call this candour and uprightness; but answer me another thing. You say, you travel about for the sake of religion; why, then, do you not preach to the English in Hindostan, who have no religion at all?"

And it is remarkable that, when Wolff, on arriving at Simla, told this last observation to Lord William Bentinck, that greatest of all Governor-Generals that ever appeared in India, he said to Wolff, "This is, alas! the opinion of all the natives all over India!"

Rundjud Singh continued: "Now, propose some questions to me, and the Pundits here, about religion." Wolff asked them, "How may one come nigh unto God?" an expression used by the Sikhs, and which corresponds with the Christian inquiry,

"How may one be saved?"—and the existence of this expression among the Sikhs shows the grand fact, that there is among all nations the belief, that some dire disaster has happened in the world, which has separated man from God; and that man has to do something, by which he may again come nigh unto God.

Is not this fact also proved by the imposed self-punishments of the Yoghee? who frequently creep on the ground from Delhi to Juggernaut, like snails upon their bellies for thirty years, and then expire on arriving at the gate of Juggernaut? Is it not also proved by those Yoghee, who lie on their backs for years and years, so that the birds build their nests upon their foreheads; and for thirty years have their arms stretched out towards the sky, until they become so stiff and hardened at the joints, that they cannot be brought down again? Is it not by these lengthened means that, conscious of sin, these men strive to make atonement for it?

However, the king gave a polite answer, mixed with sarcasm, to Wolff's question. He replied, "One can come nigh unto God by making an alliance with the British Government, as I lately did with the *Laard Nwab Sahib* (i. e. 'Governor-General') at Roopar. Have you heard of that conference?" he continued. Wolff said, "Yes; I heard of it in Bokhara." The king was quite astonished at hearing this, and then resumed, "Now, we come nigh unto God, by making such

an alliance with England, in order to keep out the Russians from India." Wolff smiled, but said at the same time, "Such alliances may be of beneficial result, but they are not the direct way of coming nigh to God." Then Rundjud Singh said, "We come nigh unto God, by giving money to the poor." Wolff replied, "The giving money to the poor is certainly an act of benevolence; and acts of benevolence are commanded by Jesus Himself; but, after all, our hearts may be distant from God." Here Rundjud Singh gave a most beautiful answer: "Oh!" he said, "for the heart, a medicine is required!"

Would to God, says Dr. Wolff, that many, who ask the question, "How can we be saved?" would come to the same conclusion, that a medicine is required for the heart!

Wolff therefore said, "You have well spoken, Maha Rajah; but would your Majesty further tell me, what that medicine is?" He replied, "This wisdom is hidden from me."

Are not here, Dr. Wolff asks, the words of our Lord confirmed, that wisdom is hidden from the wise, and revealed to babes? and here, also, we understand the words of David, "Make me to know the hidden wisdom."

Wolff then read to the king, the words of St. Paul (1 Cor. chap. i. verses 20-24), "Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer of this world? hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world? For after that in the wisdom of

God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom: but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God." Wolff then expounded the passage, and Rundjud Singh desired him to send him a gospel. Wolff afterwards wrote to Lady William Bentinck, who had a New Testament finely bound, which was sent to the king; and he wrote Joseph Wolff a most beautiful letter, thanking him for it.

Rundjud Singh has proved to the Mussulmans pretty well, that the edge of the sword is not always an evidence of the truth of religion; for the name of Rundjud Singh is a terror from Lahore to the city of Bokhara—his sword having defeated the Muhammadans in every battle, and they became subjects of the worshippers of *Salkeran*, the sacred stone which the Sikhs adore.

There is a custom, too often apparent in Missionary journals, of recording the feelings which every storm at sea, or adventure by land, may excite; but it is not Wolff's practice to describe such feelings. These God knows, and He alone ought to know them. But it would, on the other hand, be ingratitude not to mention the thoughts with which Wolff was occupied, after having travelled for many months among wild Turcomauns,

and having been delivered from slavery, and escaped death at Dooab, and having passed through the wild mountains of the Khaibaree; when he found himself at once and so agreeably surrounded by kind people as he entered the Punjaub; all of whom were dressed in white garments, with their hands folded before them, as if in prayer, or waiting for an order from a superior. And this was the sight which greeted Wolff, and the character of his receptions throughout the country of Rundjud Singh; and particularly at his Court, where the grandees were all dressed in white garments, with golden ornaments upon them; and who, with their king, presented to Wolff valuable gifts of shawls, and jewels, and sweetmeats, and fine linen, and money, and vied with each other in showing kindness to the destitute wanderer.

Oh! how agreeably will the believer in Christ be surprised, when, having faithfully fought on earth the good fight of faith; and under many trials and afflictions finished the work which was given him to do; his soul shall disentangle itself from the burden of this body, and, upon the pinions of angels, shall flee to that land, where a crown of glory, which fadeth not away, is prepared for him; and where the family of heaven, clothed in whiter garments than those of the Sikhs, shall meet him; and where he shall hear the songs of holy martyrs and virgins; and where he shall also hear the voice, not of a heathen king, but of the King of kings,

exclaiming, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We must, however, proceed. On returning from the Court, on horseback, to the house of General Allard, the first thing Wolff did was, to have his beard shaved off; when one of the Sikhs stood by, and wept, and said, "Why do you cut off the ornament of man?" However, Wolff ate his dinner more easily and with better zest, after he had disburthened himself of his beard; for it was of prodigious size, and much confused and matted for want of dressing, which, Allard said, made him look like a lion. He had then the following conversation with Hurry Singh, who asked, "Do you visit the fortresses of places?" Wolff said, "I never look at fortresses. My only business is to speak to people about God."

Hurry Singh asked, "What is necessary, in order to arrive at a better knowledge of God?" Wolff said, "Jesus Christ saith, 'Will not your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to those who ask Him?' Pray, therefore, to God, and He will give you the light of truth." "Which is the best of all religions?" asked Hurry Singh. Wolff replied, "The religion of Jesus Christ."

A Moonshee, who was present, translated into the Sikh language, from the Persian which Wolff recited, the fifth chapter of St. Matthew: and all who were there seemed to be delighted. Hurry Singh then asked, "If any one purposes to leave

the world, and devote himself to God, what must he do with his wife and children? It is very hard to be obliged to leave them." Wolff replied, "Christianity is a religion which makes people happy without a wife, and with a wife; and it is a religion which one can practise without a wife, and with a wife."

Dr. Wolff must here observe, that among all nations the observance of celibacy is considered a state in which a man can serve God better than in married life. The one thing which must be said is, that there ought to be no forced celibacy; and that a man should be allowed to carry a wife with him, as Paul and Peter did, according both to ecclesiastical history and the Gospel. And Wolff must say, by his own experience, that a roaming missionary ought never to think of marrying. For God only knows how Wolff suffered from being in a distant country, and having to feel that he had left behind him a wife. He took Francis Xavier as his model, but Francis Xavier was not married; and it is a great struggle still with Wolff to decide, whether he was right or not, in undertaking perilous journeys of many thousands of miles, separated from a wife whom he tenderly loved, and who had remained behind, and (as he heard) often in tears on his account, although a woman of a very powerful and religious mind. Oh! Georgiana, Georgiana, pardon me, if I have done wrong! But enough of that.

When Wolff left Umritsur, on the 22nd of June,

1832, and was already outside the town, to his greatest horror, Rundjud Singh sent for him to come back immediately, as he wished again to see him. Wolff returned, but without a beard; and the moment Rundjud Singh saw him, he exclaimed, "Ho! ho! ho! where have you left your beard?"

Wolff said, "It is well taken care of, in the house of your Majesty's general."

He replied, "I shall cut off his nose, the first day I see the fellow."

Lena Singh, a Pundit, who was present, said to Wolff, "Rays, like those of the sun, went out of the hand of Jesus Christ."

Another said to him, "*Ram, Perwerdegar* (i. e. 'God') is like the wide ocean; out of many drops of which many rivers are formed, but they do not exhaust the ocean. Many grains of sand and shells are cast out of the ocean upon the dry land, and yet they do not exhaust the ocean. Thus, *Wishnoo*, whom you call 'Jesus,' is a drop of that wide ocean, which is God; but nothing which comes from Him exhausts God. From the beginning a religion was established for every nation, suitable to their several climates; and every one, who is faithful to that religion in which he was born, shall come to God, and shall have his reward in *Swarg*, which is the paradise of the Hindoos."

Wolff asked, "Why do you worship the cow?"

The Moonshee of Hurry Singh replied, "If you do not wish to make the Hindoos your deadly

enemies, do not speak about the cow." So Wolff broke off the conversation.

A Hindoo, not a Sikh, told Wolff that the Hindoos acknowledge only one God; and that the idols are only representations of the invisible Godhead. Now the great fault of those infidels, whom we find among baptized Christians, is this, that they are ever ready to say something in favour of any religion whatsoever, except the true one; and therefore some of them assert that the Hindoos are no idolaters, in order to make the veracity of excellent missionaries suspected. They speak with horror of the Spanish Inquisition, whilst they talk with enthusiasm about the custom, prevailing among Hindoos and Sikhs, of burning their wives; and they do the same in regard to the horrors of Juggur-Nauth. Wolff himself believes that many a Hindoo, and many a heathen of New Zealand, will be met with among the number of the happy in Heaven; for he believes that many of them are so guided by the Spirit, as to arrive at a knowledge of the truth; and that the Spirit of God guides them in a way unknown to themselves. He believes, at the same time, that those Christian infidels have less chance of entering the kingdom of Christ than these. For "What is idolatry?" Wolff asks. It is the worship of an invisible being, through a visible likeness, by which the original is shut out and forgotten. Now this is exactly the manner of worship among the Hindoos,

who therefore are idolaters. Idolatry, however, is nothing else but a system of Pantheism.

Wolff, having thus visited Rundjud Singh a second time, left Umritsur, and set out for Loodhiana; he met the Pope of the Sikhs, the famous Baba Betee Saheb Singh. He was one hundred years of age, a descendant of Baba Nanak, and he resided at Oonawala, in the Himalaya Mountains. When Wolff asked a person belonging to this sect, in what the privileges of this great man consisted, he replied, that he can curse the Maha Rajah, and all the *Sirdars*, *i. e.* "Generals," and they humbly bow before him. "He says to the Maha Rajah, I am he that created thee, and that has exalted thee."

One day, Rundjud Singh wanted to take possession of the Castle Teere, which is in the mountains; so he went to that holy man, the Pope Betee, and worshipped him, and said, "I want a horse of you, in order that the rest of my horses may be blessed."

Betee Singh answered, "Thou blind rascal, thou wantest a horse of me; but I shall give thee one hundred bastinadoes!" Rundjud Singh said, "Not one hundred only, but five hundred; only give me a horse." Betee Singh, seeing the humility of the monarch, forthwith gave him a horse, and added, "To-morrow thou shalt be in possession of the Castle;" and so it came to pass.

Betee Singh was said to be possessed of a pro-

perty of £30,000. He remained up the whole night, and worshipped, and performed ablutions. He gave harsh words only to his followers; whilst those who received with humility what he said to them became pure; but those who were offended at his words became hated even by their own wives. Yet, after all, he was a great wretch, for he had murdered his own son.

Wolff at last crossed the Sutledge, and arrived at Loodhiana, in the hospitable dwelling of Captain, now Colonel, Sir Claude Wade, the Resident at the Court of Lahore. Before entering the room Wolff had not met with any British officer for a long time, except Alexander Burnes; and on putting his foot on the first English station of the most northern frontier of British India, Wolff exclaimed, and shouted aloud, "Through God's infinite goodness I am safe! I am safe! after so many trials and adventures. I am safe, and the Lord has not permitted one hair to fall from my head; and the prophecy of my friends at Teheran has not been fulfilled, that I should not get beyond Meshed; for here I am! here I am!"

Captains Wade and Murray burst into tears, and introduced him to Major Faithful; and so, after an interval of eighteen months, he once again saw a whole English family, and preached to them that very day, and took, as his text, "The angel who redeemed me from all evil."

Wolff lectured too, the same day, on his travels, and he was introduced, by Captain Wade, to both

the ex-kings of the Punjaub, Shah Zemaun, and Shujah Almulk. Poor Shah Zemaun had been deprived of his eyes by Futteh Khan, one of his slaves, who himself afterwards experienced the same fate. Wolff preached again, on the 1st of July, 1832, to the inhabitants of Loodhiana, and he also gave them two lectures.

One of the lectures was on Visions, and he related the following vision, which he himself saw when at Malta; and, as he is determined to have the Church and the public know his whole mind, he now repeats it.

When at Malta, in the year 1830, just before his departure on his first expedition to Bokhara, he walked about one night in his room—thinking of the bliss of heaven—when suddenly he saw before him the NEW JERUSALEM, with Christ our Lord in the midst, and the Apostles walking about with crowns on their heads, clothed in white garments, singing in Hebrew, “Glory to God in the highest, and to the Lamb that sitteth on the right hand of God!” Then Paul turned to Wolff, and said, “*And now thou shalt also have such a crown, but not such a glorious one as I have, &c.!*” And then the vision disappeared! Sir Harry Jones, who slept in a room close to Wolff’s, asked him the next morning, “With whom, Wolff, have you been conversing?” Wolff related the occurrence in the presence of some Captains of the Navy—when Captain West, of the Royal Navy, made the remark, “What a happy man, you, my

dear Wolff, must be! and I cannot see why you should not relate what you have seen, for John Wesley was gifted with visions from on high!"

Wolff stated the whole fact, at Lord William Bentinck's request, in his drawing-room: he told it also all over India—and Wolff would consider it ingratitude towards his Saviour to conceal it from the public, in a work which professes to be a faithful narrative of all that has occurred to him. Jung Stilling, Madame Krudener, Colonel Gardiner, and S. Bernard, were not ashamed to tell such things; why, then, should Joseph Wolff be? He is determined not to fall in with the spirit of the age! He also related the fact to many holy men in England, and they told him not to conceal it from the public! Besides this, it appeared in all the German papers, and in all the papers of India: and here it is laid before the public again.

After the lecture was over, a gentleman was introduced to Wolff, who had lately come from Juggurnauth. Wolff said to him, "A missionary must not only preach and teach, he must also be taught; therefore, be kind enough to tell me the meaning of 'Juggurnauth,' and something of its history." The gentleman then told him, "Juggurnauth is derived from *Juggur*, which means the 'World,' or 'Universe,' and *Nauth*, *i. e.* 'Lord,' or 'Master;' and the history of it is this. Upon the mountain, Nilachue Pahur, stood the image of Nilmadhoe Vishnoo. This hill, with its image, sank down, and was overwhelmed by the sea. Ju-

derudjumnah, a Rajah of Malwa, in the Sutyjoog, replaced the image, with another, not far from where the hill formerly stood. This new image was called Juggurnauth, and a pilgrimage to it was commenced; and thus it became a great place of resort for pilgrims."

CHAPTER IV.

SIR JEREMIAH BRYANT; THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL; LORD
WILLIAM BENTINCK AND LADY WILLIAM BENTINCK; SUBATHOO AND SIMLAH.

WOLFF at last left Loodhiana, and having received a kind letter from Lady Bryant, he proceeded to Subathoo and Simlah, in the Himalaya mountains; and, on the 3rd of July, he arrived at Roopar, where a conference had formerly taken place between Lord William Bentinck and Rundjud Singh. But whilst at Badde, which is thirty English miles from Roopar, and where the Himalaya mountains begin, he sent forward a messenger to Sir Jeremiah Bryant, at Subathoo, where that gentleman lived. Later on, in the afternoon, there came to Wolff a letter from Lady Bryant, with a hill pony, also a *Jampon*, or "Hill chair," and some provisions, which were sent on to meet the "learned Padre Wolff" on his road. The carriers were all naked, and Wolff arrived at Subathoo at ten o'clock at night, where a beautiful lady came out of her house to greet him, and said, "Here you are, after your many troubles and trials, in the house of your cousins, praise be to God."

Then there came out Sir Jeremiah Bryant, with one arm; for he had lost the other in battle, and

he said, "Welcome, Wolff; I shake you by the hand with my left arm."

A letter was then handed to Wolff from Lady William Bentinck, inviting him to be their guest at Simlah; which of course he accepted.

He remained for several days at Subathoo, admiring and enchanted with the beauty of the country, and the prosperity of the English people there. He was refreshed too, both in mind and body, by the cordiality he found; and, seeing the high respect and reverence with which his host was treated by the natives, Wolff said to Sir Jeremiah Bryant, Colonel Arnold, and the rest, "I cannot help thinking that you are here, in this mighty country, as those *kings of the East*, who are mentioned in the Revelation of St. John" (Rev. xvi. 12). And Wolff but little thought that, ten years afterwards, he should read a book, written by a gentleman of Leeds, making it out, really in a most satisfactory manner and with great genius, that the East India Company are actually the "*Kings of the East*." Wolff is sorry that he has forgotten the name of that clever writer, but he knows him personally.

Wolff felt that the beauty of this country inclined him to believe, like Origen, in the transmigration of souls: for he could not help thinking that he had been there before, and seemed to be well acquainted with the country. His English friends said, "This is a common belief, all over the country, among the Hindoos; and they will be

delighted with hearing you say that you are inclined to believe in it also." The noble countenance and warrior-like appearance of Sir Jeremiah Bryant, made Wolff feel that he had known him thousands of years ago; whilst the fairy-like beauty of his wife, and the love they bore to each other, made him say, "You make me believe in fairies!" Lady Bryant answered, "Fairies are more towards Cashmere; but it seems that you are very liberal, and believe all things. Have you ever seen fairies?"

Wolff said that he had not seen them; but he had heard of a Muhammadan, at Jerusalem, who had been regularly married to a fairy; and the children she bore him were not visible to others but only to her husband, after the manner of Muhammadan families. But their little voices were heard by the visitors, who saw pipes brought to the master by invisible hands. Lady Bryant asked, "Do you believe this story?"

Wolff replied, "I do not believe it; but still, I see a fairy!" "Where?" Wolff said, "In yourself." Lady Bryant answered, "I have heard that you are a great friend of the ladies, and I do not wonder that Georgiana has married you!"

Wolff then lectured at Subathoo, and preached there to the English inhabitants. After this, he set out for Simlah, and when he got half-way, he met a palanquin and bearers sent by the Governor-General. On alighting at the Governor's house, Captain Byrne, Lord William's aide-de-camp, brought

him into a room that he might dress himself ; and after this, he made his appearance at the breakfast-table, where he was welcomed by Lord and Lady William Bentinck and the whole staff. He met there the Reverend H. Fisher, chaplain to his Lordship, who had been a great friend of Wolff when he was at Cambridge; and he at once invited Wolff to preach the next Sunday, though he was not yet ordained. Wolff sat near Lord William, who listened, with the greatest attention, to every word he said. Wolff said to him, "I know why your Lordship is so attentive to all I say." Lord William Bentinck asked, "Why?" "Because your Lordship has heard that I am cracked!"

Universal laughter followed this reply.

Lady William afterwards told Wolff, when she was alone with him, that the proclamation he had issued in the Punjaub had made Lord William and herself very anxious to see him, before Lord William wrote to Rundjud Singh, to ask permission for him to go to Cashmere, because they wished to see whether he was crazy or not. For, when Lord William had received the proclamation, he went, with a very long face, into her ladyship's room, and said, "We must see Wolff that we may judge about him for ourselves; for Rundjud Singh spoke, after all, in the highest terms of him and of his enthusiasm. So, next Sunday, you must preach in our drawing-room," Lady William Bentinck continued, "and deliver some lectures besides; and we will invite the Commander-in-Chief and

Lady Barnes, and her brother, Captain Fawkes, and all the residents who are now in Simlah ; among whom are Sir William and Lady Macknaghten, and Colonel and Mrs. Sale.” *

Wolff, therefore, preached on that Sunday, and several Sundays after, in the houses of both the Governor-General, and Sir E. Barnes ; and he preached in Persian to the Muhammadan Nwabs. He called also on Major-General Adams, who asked him “ What he thought about Jacob wrestling with the angel, whether it was a real wrestling, or not ? For, it is said, that Jacob’s thigh was put out.”

Wolff replied, like a flash of lightning, “ I am sure you must have seen dervishes wrestling in prayer, and how their thighs are sometimes actually put out of joint by the exertion.” Adams, and all the party present, said, that this was a most ingenious and bold interpretation ; and they had not the slightest doubt that Wolff was right.

A famous Muhammadan afterwards called upon Wolff, just when Captain Shelley, a nephew of the famous poet Shelley, happened to be present, who was a nice, clever, but facetious young gentleman. The Muhammadan told Wolff the following fable of the Affghans, respecting the origin of their name. There was a king, who sent his people to several parts of the world, to procure him slave-girls for his

* Afterwards Sir Robert and Lady Sale.

harem. In a short time they brought a considerable number of slaves to their king, who assigned them a quarter in his palace. Within a year, they all bore children simultaneously, and were at a loss, for some time, what name to give to them. At last, they agreed to adopt the name of *Aff-Ghaun*, i. e. *Aff*, which means the "Barking of a dog," and *Ghaun*, the "Crowing of a cock;" because these sounds were heard at their birth. Hence the name and origin of the word "Affghan."

On the following day, Captain Hay, of Lord Kinnoul's family, said to Wolff, "I warn you not to place any credit in the story of the origin of the Affghans; for Shelley told me he had made you believe this funny tale, but that it has not a word of truth in it, and he himself had never heard it." Wolff laughed, and said to Hay, "Pray tell Shelley, that he lies like a dog! for it was not he, but the Muhammadan, who told me that story; and so I shall put it into my book."

The next day, Hay and Captain Bell, who was afterwards our clever resident in Nepaul, fought a duel about some dispute at cards. Of course the Governor-General ignored this transaction; but Wolff, not knowing that such encounters were not for the Governor's ears, said at table, before the whole party, "Captains Hay and Bell, you fellows, what have you been fighting a duel about this morning? You ought to be cashiered." Lord William Bentinck looked another way, as if he

had not heard; and Colonel Benson said, with a suppressed voice, to Wolff, "Hold your tongue!" After dinner there was great fun at Wolff's expense; and whilst he was sitting by Shelley and conversing with him, Colonel Benson came up to him, and said, "Are you not aware that the Governor-General ought to know nothing about duels?" Wolff replied, "How could I know anything about your military etiquette?" On this, Shelley turned and said to Wolff, "By the bye, I shall have to fight a duel with you; for you told Hay, that I lied like a dog!" Colonel Benson at once became mediator, and observed, "Wolff did not say, 'You lied like a dog;' but he said, 'You lied like a *tock*,'"—mimicking, at the same time, Wolff's foreign pronunciation. On this, Shelley, keeping up the joke, said, "Well, this makes all the difference, and I must excuse him."

Wolff then continued his conversation with General Adams, who made him acquainted with the following information about *Canaya*, which is one of the incarnations of Krishna: observing in it a striking resemblance to the history of Christ. *Canaya*, it is said, was born at *Muttra*. The name of the Rajah of that place was *Konz*. There was a prophecy that a child should be born, who would deprive *Konz* of his kingdom. He therefore ordered, that all children, under a certain age, should be put to death, which was executed. The child *Canaya*, however, was miraculously saved, and was carried over to *Gokul*; where he was brought up

among the shepherds, and showed great wisdom at an early age. Here the legend ends.

Wolff was again asked to preach in the house of the Commander-in-Chief, when he expounded the twelfth chapter of the Revelation, and proved that the woman there predicted is the Jewish nation; and that the prophecy is still to be fulfilled; and that a mighty opposition shall take place, even in heaven, before redemption and restoration shall come to pass; and a regular battle must be fought in heaven, between Michael the Archangel, and the dragon and his angels. How a battle can take place between spirits is not for man to inquire into; but the Lord hath thus revealed it. And then the dragon, which is the devil, shall be defeated by the Archangel Michael and his angels. And the devil shall be cast down from heaven, and come down upon earth; and, after this, he shall never have access to heaven again, which he has till that time; for he had access to God in the time of Job; and, though he is not in heaven as a serving angel, he has access to heaven as an accuser of his people. And then he shall go about deceiving the nations; and then, according to that same chapter, mighty miracles shall be wrought for the Jewish nation, as it was in the days of Egypt. All this is in harmony with the prophet Micah (chap. vii. 15th verse), "According to the days of thy coming out of the land of Egypt will I show unto him marvellous things." And the prophet Micah (18th verse)

alludes to the song of Miriam, "Who is a God like unto thee?" And then it shall be sung again,

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea:
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free."

This sermon made such a sensation, that Wolff was obliged to preach it for three successive Sundays: first, at the Commander-in-Chief's; next, in the house of the Governor-General; and then in the house of Colonel Churchill; and, even afterwards, he twice delivered it in Subathoo.

Wolff thus continued to enjoy a most pleasant time in the house of the Governor-General and Lady William Bentinck. With the latter, who was a most holy lady, he often sat for whole days conversing in her sitting-room, and she was like a mother to him. Indeed, he went so frequently into her dressing-room, that she said, with great good-humour, "I must get a trap to catch you; for we shall both lose our characters if you come here so often:" and frequently, after dinner, both she and the other ladies would teaze Wolff to death with their bantering jokes. One day, Pakenham, Lord William's private secretary, called on Wolff, when he was sitting with Lady William in her sitting-room, and began to read the following paragraph from one of the Meerut newspapers:—

"Joseph Wolff, the *perverted* Jew, is now in the Government House at Simlah, where he delights and instructs the whole party."—SELIM.

Wolff joined in their hearty laughter, and all he said was, in the best-natured manner, "*Nasty fellow!*"

Sir Edward Barnes, who was present, with his brother-in-law and aide-de-camp, Captain Fawkes, laughed, and said, "This has been written by no one but our friend Captain Miles." And he, beyond all doubt, must have been a relation of Robert Miles, the Rector of Bingham, for he bore a striking resemblance to him, and was also a native of Bristol. Wolff met this gentleman afterwards at Meerut, and said to him, as soon as he was introduced, tickling him as he spoke, "I shall have to fight you, old fellow, because you called me 'a perverted Jew.'" He, and all the party, laughed, and Wolff and Miles at once became the best friends. So much so, that they travelled together from Meerut to Delhi, and Miles gave Wolff letters for Miss Hannah More, the celebrated authoress; and he also wrote to her himself about Wolff, in such terms, that, when Wolff two years after came to Bristol, Miss Hannah More sent him a most kind letter of invitation to her house in the country; but Wolff regrets that he had not time to accept the invitation.

Captain, now Major Fawkes gave Wolff the following information about the natives of Australia, viz. that if anything is stolen from a European, they know how to trace the footsteps of the thief across the very grass, till they arrive at his house, and bring back the stolen property.

Wolff found that this extraordinary instinct was also possessed by the Turcomauns.

One day Wolff made the Governor-General, and the whole party, laugh, with the following story, which happened to him when he travelled in 1823, in company with the American missionaries, Fisk and King, through the desert, from Egypt to Jerusalem. Wolff was sitting in his tent, where King came to him, and said, "Wolff, the dervish in our party struck his donkey, and called him a Jew." Wolff said nothing at the time; but when he left his tent, and walked about in the desert with King, they met this same dervish and his donkey. King then asked Wolff, pointing to the donkey, "Who is this, Wolff?" Wolff replied, imitating the American snuffle, "the President of the United States of North America, sir."

Lord William was so much pleased with this story, that Wolff was obliged to repeat it at every new dinner party; and Lady William Bentinck's motherly heart was shown in everything she said to Wolff. One day, when he was alone with her, she remarked, "I have succeeded in convincing all, who have seen and heard you, that you are not cracked; but I have not convinced them that you are not an enthusiast." Wolff replied, "My dear Lady William, I hope that I am an enthusiast; or, as the Persian Sooffees say, that I am drunk with the love of God. Nothing is done

without enthusiasm. Columbus would never have discovered America without enthusiasm."

Lord William came in as Wolff said this, and he observed, "You are right, Wolff." Her Ladyship added, "They also believe you to be ambitious." Wolff replied, "And in this they are also right, for my great ambition is, to preach the Gospel in countries where it never was preached before; and this was St. Paul's ambition."

His Lordship cried, "Bravo! bravo! Wolff!" and then asked him what he thought about tithes? He answered, at once, "My Lord, tithes are of Divine institution." And his Lordship said, "You are right! You are right!"

Lady William Bentinck often gave Dr. Wolff a good setting down for his absence of mind. One day, Lady Bryant came from Subathoo to Simlah, and called Wolff into the room: Lady Barnes being also there. These ladies then forced Wolff to sit down, and got a native Seward to cut his hair, whilst they superintended the operation. After it was over, Wolff said to Lady William, "Now, you will have to make yourself a cushion of my hair."

The foresight of Lord William Bentinck was extraordinary. He told Wolff at that time, that the Punjaub would eventually fall into the hands of the English; for the cautious policy of Rundjud Singh would scarcely be followed up by his successors; and then internal dissensions would force

the English to interfere, and it would fall into the hands of the English altogether.

One day, Wolff received an invitation from the Commander-in-Chief to a fancy ball, and the note said, "Mr. Wolff is expected to appear in his fancy dress." Lord and Lady William then asked him, "Now, what will you do?" Of course Wolff said, "I sha'n't go." Her Ladyship answered, "I will tell you what you may do. I shall go, as my position obliges me to do so; but you may go, and spend that evening with your friend, Mr. Fisher, the chaplain." He did so; and they then talked about the religious societies, and Fisher agreed with Wolff, that they are often a great drawback to the operations of missionaries. Wolff wishes to see in England the formation of a corps of missionary riflemen, with guns also, not of *Armstrong*, but of the *Strong Arm*—God Almighty.

About four days after the fancy ball, Colonel and Mrs. Churchill invited Wolff to a dinner, and a large party met him; but after the dinner there was music, to which he did not object; but in the midst of the music, a whole party of dancing-girls appeared, which that fellow, Colonel Churchill, had arranged on purpose. Wolff said, "You will not catch me staying with these;" and ran out of the room directly. However, he afterwards saw a troop of dancing-girls, at Cashmere, and says that their dancing was beautiful. Rose-leaves were strewed upon the ground, and they danced so as to form the petals again into roses.

Wolff had, at this time, a great wish to go to Cashmere before proceeding to Calcutta; and he had now an insight into the way in which politicians manage their affairs. Lord William himself did not like to write to Rundjud Singh for permission; for he said to Wolff, "If I write myself to him, and ask it of him as a favour, he will ask another favour of me in return." But he knew that Rundjud Singh had asked Captain Wade, now Sir Claude Wade, what he thought Lady William Bentinck would like? and that she told Wade, who lived at Loodhiana, that Lady William would like Rundjud Singh to grant leave to Wolff to go to Cashmere. So Lord William left the matter dependent on her Ladyship's request. But Rundjud Singh kept Wolff in suspense for two months, and on his remarking to Lord William Bentinck on the tardiness of this proceeding, the latter still refused to interfere, but said, "Yes, but this is the way in which I have always got on in the world—by reflecting well before acting."

Wolff was struck, another time, by one of Lord William's observations. Wolff often told him that the Prime Minister of Bokhara wished, very much, that England should send an ambassador there. Lord William replied, "Before we send an ambassador to Bokhara, we must know well what Persia would say to it, and what Russia would say to it." Lord William would not be hurried in his plans.

Wolff, quite in despair of getting leave of Rundjud Singh to proceed to Cashmere, set out for Kurnaul, with letters from the Governor-General for Lucknow, Calcutta, and Madras. He arrived at Kurnaul, preached and lectured there, and was staying with Mr. Parish, the chaplain, when one day, at a dinner party, Miss Matthews, a daughter of Captain Matthews, about eighteen years of age, came up to him in the presence of a number of officers, and other gentlemen and ladies, and said, "Mr. Wolff, I will hand down your name to my children's children!" The whole room resounded with laughter at this magnificent promise. He also met an interesting gentleman, Captain Mellish by name, who was well acquainted with German, and whose relations live in Nottinghamshire. While they were at dinner, a courier arrived express from Lady William Bentinck, who had written, saying, "I am afraid that you will knock your head against the wall for joy; for his Majesty, the Maha Rajah, has given you his permission to go to Cashmere." Wolff immediately shouted for joy, and exclaimed (the whole party present sympathizing with him), "I can go to Cashmere!" A commissioned officer had been sent by the Maha Rajah to await Wolff's arrival at Subathoo, in the house of Sir Jeremiah and Lady Bryant; and the orders of Rundjud Singh were, that Joseph Wolff might remain one month at Cashmere, that he should make slow stages, and receive from every Rajah he met on the road,

£25 per day, and twenty pots of sweetmeats. On his arrival at Cashmere, the Prince Governor, Sheer Singh, was to give him six shawls, and 1000 sicca rupees, equivalent to £100; and thus provided for, Wolff ultimately left the house of Sir Jeremiah and Lady Bryant, who accompanied him a little way down the Himalaya. He first returned to Loodhiana to his friend Captain, now Sir Claude Wade, and stayed there two days; during which time, Captain Wade wrote letters for him to the famous Sekardoor, who is said to be a lineal descendant of Alexander the Great, and he is Rajah of the province called "Little Kashgar."

Before Wolff left Loodhiana, Captain, now Sir Claude Wade, and residing at Bath, said to Dr. Wolff, "You will meet, on going to Cashmere, many shawl-weavers on the road, who are emigrating from Cashmere on account of the tyranny which prevails at Cashmere; in case you meet with such kind of emigrants, tell them that they should all come to British India, and especially to Loodhiana, where they will meet with a kind reception from me, and find work."

CHAPTER V.

CASHMERE.

WOLFF then set out for Belaspoor, where he met with a Rajah, quite a young man, who brought him the £25. That Rajah was the most stupid and ignorant man that Wolff ever saw, and the most horrid brute that ever lived. His great delight was to ride upon an elephant, which was made to tread upon a little child, so as to crush it to death. He desired Wolff to speak in his favour to the Governor-General, in order that he might prevent Mr. Clerk from continually interfering with him. But Wolff declined to meddle with his affairs.

Wolff met again, on his road to Cashmere, with some of those Yoghee, already described, who were sitting under a tree, with their faces turned towards the sun's orb, and their whole bodies besmeared with the yolk of eggs. At the sight of them, the whole party who accompanied Wolff, exclaimed, *Ram! Ram!* "God! God!" Those Yoghee were kind people, and not filled with pride as devotees frequently are. Wolff asked them, "What do you expect to attain by your life?" They replied, "Absorption into the Deity." They

then said, "You are one of the forerunners of your nation" (meaning the English), "who will soon have this country. And this is all permitted by *Perwerdegär*—the 'nursery,' because there is no justice in the earth."

Wolff then proceeded to Umballah, where he met with two interesting English gentlemen; the one was Dr. Laughton, who introduced him to the Resident of the East India Company, George Clerk, Esq., who afterwards became Governor of Bombay; and he is now Sir George Clerk, and fills a high office under Government. A more fascinating and amiable gentleman Wolff scarcely ever met. Wolff told him that "the Rajah of Belaspoor wanted him to report his (Mr. Clerk's) interference with him to the Governor-General; but that he had declined to meddle with his affairs." Clerk merely observed that "the Rajah was still a young man, and he hoped to see him reformed."

Wolff only dined with Clerk, and then proceeded on his way to Cashmere. He arrived, after a few days, near Nadown, and remained outside the place, where the Rajah with his whole retinue called on him. He first, by order of Rundjud Singh, gave Wolff again the £25, and then accompanied him to see two fakirs, who were sitting naked in the clefts of a rock, quite cheerful, but they were nasty fellows. Wolff gave them some rupees as alms, and they said, "This will not fill our bellies." Wolff told them, that "they, as fakirs, should not try to fill their bellies, for that

would make them drowsy; and that they ought to desire only the necessaries of life; for Jesus said, that we should pray merely, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'" Wolff wanted to ask them several questions; but they, casting upon Wolff an indignant look, and turning to the Rajah, said, "Be silent; and all you have to do is to listen to our wisdom." They then began to talk about Hanoman, the great monkey-god, and spoke the greatest nonsense that was ever heard, and they told legends which were not worth listening to. Wolff, who was tired, was about to walk off, and go towards Nadown, when they asked him "whether their conversation had not appeared to him wise and beautiful?" Wolff replied, "As wise and beautiful as the monkey of whom they had talked."

On his way to Nadown he encountered two other fakirs, whose faces were besmeared with dirt. Wolff inquired of them, "Why they befouled their faces in such a way?" They replied, "To indicate that man was created of dirt;" to which Wolff answered, "If man is created of dirt, you need not make yourselves more dirty than you are by nature." They said, "You have entirely convinced us of the truth of your remarks, and we will give you an immediate proof that we will reform," saying which, they spat on their hands, washed their faces, and wiped the dirt off with their arms.

Many of the inhabitants of Nadown came to Wolff, and asked him, "if he had known Lord

Lake, the great conqueror of Hindostan, the destroyer of the Mogul empire; a tiger in war, and a lion in battle?" Wolff said, "He had heard much of him, that he was known in history, but that he had never seen him, not having lived in his time." The mighty temples which Wolff saw in Nadown, and throughout that range of the Himalaya mountains, made him more than once exclaim, "Master, what manner of stones, and what buildings are here!"

But here Wolff heard an observation, made by some Brahmins, which made him shudder, for he felt the truth of their remark. "Why," said they, "do you Englishmen, the masters of Hindostan, worship God in contemptible barns?" All that Wolff observed in reply was, "that a great change will take place in this respect." And God be praised, that, in some degree, a change has already taken place! And thanks are due to Daniel Wilson, the Bishop of Calcutta, who has built there a magnificent cathedral; and the objections, which some of the Directors of the Honourable East India Company made to his Lordship when constructing his cathedral, were not only most contemptible, but bordering upon atheism; for had it been a theatre that was to be built, no such objections would have been raised. They said, "That it was not right to tax the natives for the purpose of building our churches." Wolff replies in this way:—"The money at least remained in the country, and at the same time the example set

was good." But Wolff thinks it not fair to tax the *niggers*, as they are superciliously called, in order that the English may drink their wines, get a diseased liver, and take the rest of their money home to England. However, Wolff would be most unjust if he were to say that this was the spirit manifested by the generality of Englishmen in that country : for he met among them many worthy, excellent, and holy people ; but there are also, it cannot be denied, amongst the young men in India, as well as amongst young English diplomatists in other parts of the world, a set of coxcombs, who wish to show their strong-mindedness by affecting paradoxes ; and who actually defend the Suttee, as an institution of the country which the English ought never to have abolished. Wolff once said to some such coxcombs, " Oh, you coxcombs, you ought to introduce the Suttee amongst yourselves, and burn your own wives." It was really delightful to hear, throughout the journey to Cashmere, with what high veneration Brahmins and other Hindoos spoke of Lord William Bentinck, for having abolished the Suttee.

Wolff came in the course of his journey, and not far from Nadown, to a place where a sacred light was proceeding out of the ground, in a subterranean blaze, and before which thousands of pilgrims performed their devotions. Wolff wished to see it ; but as they desired him first to put off the shoes from his feet, he preferred to forego the pleasure, in order not to give countenance for one moment

to a belief that he attributed it to divine efficacy. Not far from Nadow, Wolff met with a sight which delighted his heart. On an eminence, a Brahmin was reading a book to several hundred people: Wolff asked, "What he was reading to them?" and he replied, "A holy book." Wolff looked at it, and found it was the Gospel of St. Luke, translated by the Serampore Baptist Missionaries. The Brahmin then asked Wolff several questions, and the interpretation of many passages, which Wolff gave. And on the Brahmin asking him, "Who were Moses and the Prophets?" he promised to send him Moses and the Prophets.

"The beam that shines on Sion's hill shall lighten every land ;
The King who reigns in Sion's tower shall all the world command."

Wolff then wrote to Lady William Bentinck, and gave her the address of the Brahmin, in order that she might desire the Calcutta Bible Society to send a number of copies of the whole Bible, in the different Hindoo dialects, to the Brahmin, for his use, and that of his disciples.

Whatever the opponents of the British and Foreign Bible Society may say against that stupendous society, Wolff will always stand up as its defender ; for, though some translations have turned out very badly, it cannot be denied that they have also issued most excellent translations. And let the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge also translate some good old commentaries into the

different languages; for these would be, under God's providence, a most powerful instrument for turning many from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God. The question, however, is not so easily answered, "What commentators would be the best?" but Wolff now undertakes to answer it, at the risk of incurring the displeasure of all parties. And he at once declares, that neither the commentary of Scott, nor that of Mant, is worth one farthing; and translations of them would be totally unfit to send to the East. He, therefore, would, first of all, advise having translations made of the Fathers; Augustine on the Psalms, and the New Testament; and the Commentaries of St. Jerome, with Cyprian's Exposition of the Lord's Prayer. The wonderfully beautiful Catena by Thomas Aquinas should also be included, as well as an extract of the Roman Catholic Commentary of Cornelius à Lapide, and a revised commentary of Maldonatus, with St. Bernard's Commentary on the Canticles. From the Jansenist theologians he would recommend Quesnelles' Commentary on the New Testament. Of English divines, he likes the New Commentary by Pusey on the Minor Prophets; and of English commentaries, the best are those of Gill, the Baptist, and of Dr. Adam Clarke, the Methodist. Pearson is most valuable on the Creed, and so are the sermons of Bishops Andrewes and Jeremy Taylor; for though these latter are not strictly commentaries, yet they give a clear insight into many difficult passages of Holy

Scripture. There is also the Commentary on the Bible, written in the Armenian tongue by Nyersis, Shnorhaali. Again, of the English writers, he recommends the five volumes containing an exposition of the parables of our Lord, written by Edward Greswell. Then, again, one ought to read the Koran, and extract from it all those passages which illustrate Scriptural statements. Wolff thinks that there must be in existence a commentary of a great portion of Scripture, written by the great missionary of China, Mr. Morrison; who loudly proclaimed the great necessity of giving to the Chinese, not only the Scriptures, but also a commentary. And if his advice had been followed by the missionaries, and by the societies at home, those Chinese, who by the reading of Scripture have lately adopted some Christian notions, would not have mistaken the true path, by degenerating into a kind of Muhammadans. Of the German writings, we ought to translate two volumes of "Meditations of Scripture," by Frederick Leopold, Count of Stolberg. Oh thou, my Stolberg! my heart leaps when I mention thy name! Thy immortal songs, streaming towards eternity, have not exhausted thy internal fulness! Of that same great writer, we ought to translate, not the whole of the thirty-two volumes of the "Religion of Jesus Christ," but only the first fifteen. Moreover, the Christology of Hengstenberg, the Lutheran, should be added, and the sermons of the Roman Catholic Bishop Sailer. Then, all that has been

written by Sir William Jones on the religion of the Hindoos, and the Philosophy of History, and the Philosophy of Life, and the Philosophy of Language, by Friedrich von Schlegel; also the work of the Scottish Ramsay, which compares the Greek and Hindoo religions with the religion of Christ. (Wolff has forgotten the title of the book.) From all these writings, the violent attacks against the Church of Rome from the Protestant side, and the violent attacks against the Protestants from the Roman Catholic side, ought to be erased, and rooted out, and effaced, and exterminated.

And, at home, seminaries ought to be established, in which missionaries could be taught the systems of the different religions; not for the purpose of showing to all nations their follies, but for the purpose of teaching them how much they have in common with the true religion of Jesus Christ.

Wolff, continuing his journey to Cashmere, met stragglers of different kinds. Some of them looked at him, and smiling said, "Ah! ah! ah! You are not the last of the Europeans who will come here! We shall soon see hosts of you coming and taking the country." He also saw stragglers coming from Cashmere; poor women howling and weeping, and carrying their children upon their heads. Wolff asked them, "Where they were coming from?" They said, "From Cashmere." He asked them, "Where are you going?" They replied, "To a country which God will show us." "Why are you leaving Cashmere?" They

answered, "On account of the tyranny of the rulers. Formerly the maidens of Cashmere were as beautiful as the sun, and white like milk; but tyranny has made us black and ugly." Then he also saw those unfortunate women, who were dressed in silk and diamonds, and were carried about the country by slaves. Nobody knows their native country. One of them was especially beautiful, and spoke Persian well. She was not born in the valley, and nobody knew whence she came. Wolff exhorted her to a holy life. She said, "Where shall we go? We are bought and sold, like pieces of bread." She wished to go with Wolff, but of course he declined. She walked off weeping: her modesty was striking: she was wonderfully beautiful.

Then Wolff came to a town (of which he has forgotten the name), where the Rajah called on him, and then sent him a whole pot filled with boiled pork. He then arrived at Rajawr, chiefly inhabited by Muhammadans, who hate and detest the government of the Sikhs, and have established secret societies, which have, as their object, to bring about the downfall of the Sikh rule.

Here, in the town, he had also a conversation with a Brahmin on the worship of the cow. He said, "You are all mistaken, for we do not worship the cow; but the cow, furnishing us with milk, is a type to us of the power and goodness of God towards mankind."

Here Wolff must observe that it is not so easy

to confute idolatry, as we believe it to be at home; for most idolatry is nothing else but a refined Pantheism; and his observation on this point is not merely the result of his own experience, but of that of the most eminent missionaries, such as Lacroix, Duff, Rhenius, Wilson, and Stevenson. And here Wolff cannot conceal from the public, that even the Roman Catholics may answer the objections made by Protestants, that they transgress the second commandment, by a simple reference to two of the most eminent writers of the Protestant Church. These are, the great Leibnitz, the rival of Sir Isaac Newton; and Dr. Adam Clarke. Leibnitz says, in his work called *Systema Theologicum*, that the fourth verse of the twentieth chapter of Exodus, "Thou shalt not take unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth," is a specification of images of deities, which were worshipped in Egypt; and that Moses wished to exterminate from the minds of the children of Israel any attachment to, or even recollection of, those particular Egyptian idols. And Dr. Adam Clarke, in his Commentary, gives the names of those divinities in Egypt which were graven in the likenesses of things in the heaven above, or the earth beneath; or of things in the water under the earth. And, moreover, the great Jewish Doctor, Mymonides, takes the same view of that verse (the fourth of the twentieth chapter of Exodus).

And it must also be admitted, that images were not entirely forbidden even by Moses; for the Israelites were commanded to make cherubim, and also a brazen serpent; and the cross has been in the Church in every age, and Wolff defends it. Nevertheless, an exaggerated veneration of images evidently leads to the worship of matter, instead of the thing which it represents; and this, in every age, has given offence to, and shocked the minds of holy people; so that, even by Divine command, the images which had been sanctioned by Moses, were justly broken down by Hezekiah, for they were abused by the children of Israel. And it must be mentioned, in praise of a pope whose name Dr. Wolff does not now recollect, that he broke to pieces, at Rome, an image of our Lord Jesus Christ, with his own hands, because idolatry and imposture were practised with it.

Wolff then proceeded to Cashmere, in company with some Persian Muhammadans, and his own guides, and Rajahs from Rajawr. Wolff amused them with the following anecdote of Frederick II., which he will tell exactly as he related it to his fellow-travellers. There was a Maharajah in the land of Prussia, called Ferdarik (Frederick) the Second, who was a man brave in battle, like Timoor Koorikan, and wise also, like Soliman the wise. One day, he gave an order to his *Serhenks*, i. e. his colonels, and other officers; which order, he said, must be obeyed like fate; and it was this: "I will not allow you ever to enlist any Fran-

sees (Frenchmen) among my soldiers, as they are never able to learn the Nemsa (German) language;" which language was spoken in Prussia. The officers answered, "Your Majesty, we are your humble slaves, and therefore we will strictly obey your order, which is filled with wisdom." However, one day, a Fransees appeared before the Serhenk. That Fransees (Frenchman) was a very tall man, with broad shoulders, and with eyes as large as a bullock's, and with the strength of a Rostum; and he said to the officers, "I wish to enter into the service of the great King Ferdarik, who has conquered so many kings; and I will serve him as a humble slave." They said to him, "Oh! thou Fransees, thou art not able to learn the Nemsa language; but, as we know that the king likes people of thy stature, we will try to deceive him, by teaching you the answers to three questions, which the king always puts to every soldier; and you must learn the answers like a parrot, according to the same order in which we teach them to you. First say, *Zwanzig Jahre* ('twenty years'); secondly, say, *Drei Jahre* ('three years'); thirdly, *Beide zugleich* ('both at the same time'), for the king will ask you three questions." Now, according to the routine, the king did always ask three questions, of which he never changed the order. The first was, "How old are you?" the second, "How long have you served?" the third, "Are you satisfied with your food and raiment?" The king soon afterwards arrived, and reviewed his soldiers. He

asked every one, according to the usual order ; but, when he came to the Fransees, he changed it, and instead of first asking him, "How old are you ?" he asked him, "How many years have you been in my service?" The Fransees replied, "Twenty years." At the second question, "How old are you?" he answered, "Three years." And instead of the third question, the king said, "Are you a donkey, or am I?" He replied, "Both." They all laughed heartily at this good story.

A Turcomaun arrived from Kashgar, who had a large star on his breast ; for the Turcomauns, and Tatars in general, have signs of distinction, especially for their bravery in battle. If this badge of distinction is a very great star, they say of it, "It is bright, like the morning star ; and it is a sign of victory and conquest." And in the second chapter of the Revelation, it is promised to him that conquers that such an honour of distinction shall be given, which Christ will bestow upon him. (Rev. ii. 28.)

Wolff proceeded on his journey, and on his way to Cashmere he passed through the territory of Gulab Singh, who afterwards became the ruler of Cashmere. He sent Wolff a fine present of shawls, in the name of his Majesty Rundjud Singh, and welcomed him ; and thus he came at last to the dreadful mountain called *Peerpanjaal*, through which one goes, as through a gallery ; and the summit of that mountain is covered with eternal snow. He encountered here travellers going to

and from Cashmere. His escort advised him to pass quickly through that mountain, "For it is so cold, that we have fears that an avalanche will fall upon us, and cover us!" Scarcely had Wolff come out of the mountain, when he heard a crash, and a fall of ice from the height above covered all the travellers behind him!

He then entered, with his companions, the beautiful valley called *Shoopeyan*, which is covered with lilies and roses; and dancing-girls were sent to amuse him. Thus he entered Cashmere; and the best house in the place was assigned to him and his party.

Cashmere is situated between two mountains. On both sides are houses, and the town is connected by seven bridges, for the river Jelum runs through the town. The name of Cashmere is derived, according to some, from *Kashaf*, a son of Brahma, who is always represented as a child about five years of age; and *Meer*, which means "hill." The capital town of Cashmere is *Nagurnagar*. The mountains, between which Cashmere is situated, are called *Takht-suliman*, "The Throne of Soliman;" for we ought to know, that according to Eastern tradition, Soliman travelled through the world, seated upon a throne, carried by genii, and ornamented by figures of lions which could speak. Soliman was acquainted with the languages, not only of all nations, but of all *animals*; and with all the languages of plants and flowers. Soliman was the builder of Ispahan, of which the

proverb says, *Ispahan neem jehaun*, "Ispahan is half a world."

After Wolff had taken possession of his lodging, he waited on his Royal Highness Sheer Singh. He was seated in a splendid saloon; beautiful glass chandeliers were hanging from the ceiling, and the floor was covered with carpets of Cashmere shawls. There were all the grandees of Kashgar, Kokan, Khotan, Ladack, Lassa, present: also some Chinese, Persian Moollahs, Pundits, and Brahmins; and near to Wolff was the Prince Governor, who put his hand upon Wolff's knee, and gave him a glass of French liqueur to drink. He then took off his valuable shawl, and gave it to Wolff, together with a present of £50.

Here Wolff wishes to record the following fact. Before he left Malta, Mr. Hookham Frere told him to draw upon him for as much as he wanted to defray the expenses of his missionary journey to Bokhara and Hindostan. Besides this obligation, Wolff was in debt £200 to Mr. Eneas Mackintosh, in London, who had, in the year 1827, advanced him the requisite sum to pay the fees in the House of Lords for his naturalization. Wolff had promised both these gentlemen to repay them faithfully out of the profits which would arise by the publication of his travels. But when Wolff arrived at Attock, as already stated in this volume, he received letters from Lady William Bentinck, in which her Ladyship told him that it was a custom in India, amongst the native princes, to

give presents of money, jewels, &c., to travellers who were well recommended by Government ; and, at the same time, it was a rule made by the East India Company, that all those presents which gentlemen in the service of the Company should receive, had to be delivered to the treasury of the Company. Inasmuch, however, as Wolff was not in the service of the East India Company, he might keep all these presents for himself. Wolff, therefore, sent some money which he thus received in the Punjaub, and at Cashmere, to the amount of £700, to the bank of Mackintosh, at Calcutta, for the repayment of his debts to Mr. Frere and Mr. Eneas Mackintosh. But, as Mackintosh's house in Calcutta soon afterwards failed, the greater part of the money was lost, and the debts remained. On Wolff's subsequent arrival, however, at Lucknow, his Majesty the King of Oude made him a present of £1000 ; out of which he repaid, a second time, both Mr. Frere and Eneas Mackintosh, besides £150 which he owed to Lady Georgiana. He states these facts, because he has been found fault with, several times, by many persons, for having received presents from native princes. The whole sum which remained to himself, on his return to his wife at Malta, consisted of £60.

Let us now return to the palace of Sheer Singh. Opposite to Wolff and the prince there was sitting a man of the most beautiful countenance, with piercing eyes, and a long beard, who was dressed

like a warrior. Wolff asked the prince "who it was?" He answered, "This is an *Akalee*," meaning "immortal;" one of those Sikh military fakirs who have already been described. Wolff, hearing this, paid him no further attention, for he feared that he might disturb him, and he asked for a present. Wolff then took his leave, and walked down the beautiful valley of Cashmere to his lodging. In the evening a whole crowd of dancing-girls, all dressed in silk, entered his room. A servant of the prince's carried a burning torch before them. Wolff wished to send them away, but they said, in their sweet Persian tones, "*Sahib, een dastoor neest een Jaa Shah Igadah Maara farastaad!*" which means, "Sir, this is not the custom here; the Prince Royal has sent us here." So they danced and sang for a few minutes, and then Wolff sent them away, giving them a present of about £2. Bishop Heber says, in his Journals, that he was also visited by these dancing-girls, whom he would sometimes allow to dance; and Wolff did not dislike these dancing-girls, when they commenced dancing; for they are rather modest-looking than otherwise.

We must here give a short account of Sheer Singh, whose life is very interesting. Rundjud Singh had two wives, one of whom bore him Karak Singh, the heir presumptive to the throne. He once went on an expedition, when his other wife, jealous of the more fortunate mother, bought a baby of a poor Sikh woman, and sent word to

his Royal Highness that she was also herself the happy mother of a son! Rundjud Singh said, "How can this be? However, be it so; and he shall be accounted my son, and his name shall be Sheer Singh." Both the children grew up; but Karak Singh, the real son, was found to be an idiot. Nevertheless, he ascended the throne of the Punjaub, and was soon afterwards slain in a treacherous manner, when Sheer Singh became king in 1841, as Wolff had predicted in his conversation with him. He always remained a faithful ally to the English nation. In 1832 he was a drunkard, but a man of great talent, and a good soldier. Wolff rowed about with him in a boat, during which time he showed considerable power in conversation. Amongst other things, he talked to Wolff about witches, who, he said, frequently suck out the blood of people; and he asked, "whether there were any laws against witches in England; and whether those laws were carried out?" Wolff replied, that "the laws still existed, but that they are not carried out!" The prince replied, "When those laws were enacted, the legislature must have believed in the existence of witches." Wolff replied, that "this was a just remark, but that we now were living in an age of infidelity, which tried to get rid of everything in the way of belief. He, nevertheless, for his part, believed in the existence of such a power." Sheer Singh asked Wolff, "whether he should send for a wizard, who would

display his skill?" He declined to see him, observing that "he was convinced that this power must be of the devil, whom he wished to keep at arm's length, and would have nothing to say to him." He then talked with Wolff about visions, when Wolff confessed that he had himself experienced them, and had one day seen the New Jerusalem coming down from heaven, when our Lord seemed to have a threefold crown upon his head, and was surrounded by his Apostles, and Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and all the while the virgins were devoutly looking from the windows, bowing to our Lord, and saying, "Now He has his tabernacle with man."

Wolff then left the prince, and, going down the valley of Cashmere, he saw a horseman galloping towards him. It was the Akalee, with whose beauty he had been so much struck. Wolff put his hand in his pocket and took out twenty rupees to make him a present of it; but he said, "I do not come for that. I am an Akalee, and so are you. I fight with my sword, you with your book. I am only come to pay my veneration to you."

Wolff then arrived at his room again, where an extraordinary man came to visit him. This was none else but the great Muhammad Shah Nakshbandi. He was the *Moorsheed*, i. e. "spiritual guide," of the whole of Turkistan, and of all the Turcomauns of Khiva, Bokhara, Kokan, and Yarkand. He wished to take Wolff with him to Yarkand; and he showed him letters written by

Morecroft, describing the said spiritual guide, Nakshbandi, as a good and excellent man. He then confirmed to Wolff the account which Wolff had heard in Bokhara and Mowr, that the inhabitants of Khiva are chiefly the descendants of the Hittites, Hivites, and Jebusites, whose ancestors were expelled by Joshua; and Wolff, when in Merv, heard the same account from the Jews, who also called them the Philistines.

Wolff thus spent both pleasantly and usefully his time in Cashmere, conversing both with Muhammadans and Buddhists. The latter believe that, after this life, our souls and bodies will become atoms and lose themselves in the clouds, like the whiff of a cheroot; and Wolff actually believes that the shadowy Paradise of Christians, who *phantomize** the clear sense of prophecy, is little better than this belief of the Buddhist.

Another set of people came from Kashgar, who told Wolff that the greater number of the inhabitants of Little Kashgar were ready to embrace Christianity, if ever the English were to come among them. Wolff heard a great deal of talk about apparitions, both from Buddhists and Muhammadans.

Here Wolff breaks off a little from his account of his stay at Cashmere, in order to give the reader

* Dr. Wolff is proud of having invented the word *phantomize* instead of spiritualize, and says it has been adopted by Charlotte Elizabeth, and other English writers.

the following account. Mr. Preisweg, of Geneva, an Irvingite, and a good and excellent Christian, came one day to an hotel in Switzerland. As he was going to bed a ghost appeared to him, and said, "I am the ghost of a person who was hanged here six weeks ago." Preisweg replied very coolly, "That is no business of mine, so, good night." And he went to bed and slept quietly. Johannes Sabelli, a Redemptorist, once told Wolff another story. One night, when he was going to rest, the devil appeared to him in the form of a hump-backed cat. Sabelli made the sign of the cross, and continually said, *die Katz macht keinen Buckel! die Katz macht keinen Buckel! die Katz macht keinen Buckel!* which means, "No cat is ever hump-backed! No cat is ever hump-backed," &c.; and then he gave the cat such a stroke, that she cried out, "I am killed! I am killed!" and then Sabelli said, "I have killed the devil!" When Sabelli told this to Wolff, he asked him, "If you have killed the devil, why does he continue to tempt us?" But Sabelli replied, "Do you not know that his name is Legion?" Now, though Wolff's credulity does not extend so far as to believe that Sabelli killed the devil, in the form of a cat; yet, in common with some of the greatest philosophers and poets, he avows himself to be a believer in the reality of visions, notwithstanding the puffing, speechifying, phantomizing, magazineering, pamphleteering, Exeter-hall thundering, in-every-thing-

Popery-smelling spirit of this age; and which is always talking against superstition, but never against the infidelity that prevails.

Wolff again took a walk to the beautiful valley of Shopeyan, where beggars came in crowds, and told him, that "the fame of his name had gone far before him." He desired these flatterers to speak his name, but they did not know it. Thousands of poor and rich crowded around him in the valley, and to them he preached the tidings of salvation. He also made them acquainted with the different regions of Europe.

The cruelty practised against Muhammadans by the Sikhs is dreadful. A little while before Wolff went there, a whole Muhammadan family was burned alive for having killed a cow. It must, however, be confessed, that one cannot but see the retributive justice of God against that people for the cruelties which they had practised, when in power, against the Sikhs, and which are actually appalling to think of, and Wolff will not distress the reader by relating them. They have also, in these persecutions, an evident proof afforded to themselves, that the sword is no certain argument of the truth of a religion, which they vainly imagined it was.

When Wolff took leave of Sheer Singh, he begged his Royal Highness not to prevent the poor people from flying from Cashmere, and he promised to wink at it; and so it came to pass that hundreds of shawl-weavers, with their wives and children,

joined Wolff on his journey back to Loodhiana, in Hindostan. They came close to his palanquin, and the police tried to drive them back with their sticks; but Wolff suddenly jumped out of the palanquin, with a stick in his hand, and said, "Do you dare to disturb the companions of the great Englishman?" lifting his stick at the same time. So the police ran away, and Wolff got them safely over the frontier. He brought them safely to British India, and recommended them to Sir Claude Wade.

Wolff also took with him from Cashmere six young Tatars, who were the sons of a widow residing in Yarkand; for the mother had made a vow to send every one of her children on a pilgrimage to Mecca. He gave them two rupees a day, and also six bibles, which, as he afterwards heard, they showed to the people at Mecca, and spoke of his kindness to them.

CHAPTER VI.

DELHI; MAJOR FRASER; AGRA; CAPTAIN HAVELOCK; CAWNPORE;
A. CONOLLY; LUCKNOW; DISPUTE WITH MOOLLAHS; BENARES;
BUKAR.

THUS Wolff arrived once again at Loodhiana, by the way of Lahore. His English friends bought of him all the shawls that he had received as presents; and he lectured at Kurnaul, whence he proceeded to Meerut, where he was most hospitably received in the house of Mr. Whiting, the chaplain of the station, and by Mr. Proby. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir Edward Barnes, was also there; and Wolff was invited by the officers to a public dinner. He preached on the personal reign of Christ, in Mr. Whiting's church, and his friend, Mr. Proby, preached against him. The sermon of the latter thus commenced: "The most interesting missionary that ever appeared has arrived in Meerut, Joseph Wolff by name; but I do not agree with him, from the beginning to the end, with regard to the personal reign of Jesus Christ." Yet, strange to say, a short time afterwards, Proby himself became a believer in it; and he now preaches the same doctrine at Winchester for which he then condemned Joseph Wolff.

Wolff had an invitation, at Meerut, from an ex-

traordinary lady, who was ninety-two years of age at that time; but she still bore the traces of great beauty in her countenance. She was the Princess of Sardanha, where she resided. Amongst the cruelties which she had committed, it was said that she had burnt one of her slave-girls alive; but she afterwards repented, and sent £50,000 to the Pope (as Wolff was told), and as much to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in order that they might both pray for her, to make her salvation sure. When Wolff called on her, she made him a present of a picture of the church which she had built at her own expense. He found her seated, smoking her galyoon with great dignity; and she invited him to dine with her friends, for she herself always dined alone. So Wolff dined with her nephew, Dyce Sombre, who became her heir, and afterwards went to England, and married the daughter of Lord St. Vincent. Amongst the dinner-party was also her confessor (for she was a Roman Catholic), Father Julius Caesar, a jolly Capuchin friar, who sang an Italian love-song at table. Wolff must confess that he and his friend Whiting felt rather uncomfortable at the freedom of this jolly priest, and at hearing so venerable-looking an old man, with a white beard, thus amusing the company. After this he returned to Meerut, and soon afterwards prepared for his journey to Delhi, the seat of the Grand Mogul.

Having reached Delhi, Wolff called on Major James Fraser, an extraordinary and excellent man,

and a great friend to the natives, both Muhammadans and Hindoos. These natives were seated upon the floor in Fraser's house, looking upon him as their father. He patted them on the forehead, and said to Wolff, "These are the people I cherish, for we oppress them." Is it possible to believe—and yet it is true—that the two most enthusiastic friends of the Muhammadans and Hindoos, Fraser and Mr. Shore, son of Lord Teignmouth, have both been in frequent danger of being murdered by the Muhammadans; and poor Fraser *was* murdered, in the most treacherous manner, by a Muhammadan Nwab, some years afterwards?

This amiable man dressed himself like a native, and held the views of a Brahmin; and he believed that Wolff's views were also like those of the Brahmins, and said to him, "If you live till you are fifty, you will be a staunch metaphysician." He introduced him to the Grand Mogul, who gave to Wolff the title of "The Prince of the Christian Moollahs;" but his Majesty complained of Wolff's dress, which was not very smart, and observed, "Padre Wolff ought to have a better cap, for he looks more like a captain in the navy than a padre." His Majesty ordered that his great Mul-lahs should dispute with Wolff, which they did; and it was put in the native papers, that Wolff, the Padre Sahib, had been completely beaten in argument by Moollah Iszhaak. Wolff experienced great kindness from all the English resident at Delhi. Mrs. Metcalf, a most amiable lady, wife

of Thomas Metcalf, the collector, occupied herself with copying his journals. Another lady undertook to put his neckerchiefs in order for him.

He remained at Delhi for some weeks, and he heard a well-meant sermon preached from a text which was incorrectly applied, by a Baptist missionary, Mr. Thompson by name. This gentleman was a half-Indian, and a pious, well-meaning man. His text was, "Surely thou also art one of them," which was evidently said in a bad sense; but Wolff's friend Thompson, in speaking of him, went on saying, "Thou also art one of them who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goes. Thou also art one of them who hope to be saved by the blood of Christ. Thou also art one of them who hope to be justified by faith."

Wolff left Delhi for Agra, and on his way thither he stopped with his palanquin at the bungalow of Captain and Mrs. Henry Havelock. How little did he think, at that time, that that young officer would shine, in after years, as the great general whose name will be recorded in history! He also met one of his brothers, who was a strict Baptist. Mrs. Havelock was the daughter of Dr. Marshman, the celebrated Baptist missionary of Serampore. Captain, afterwards Sir Henry Havelock, and his lady, conversed with Wolff for several hours. Amongst things they spoke of were the hymns of the Jews of Jerusalem; and he gave them some specimens of these in singing. He also talked of their friends in England, of Robert Hall

and Rowland Hill; of that holy man, the Baptist, Mr. Ward; and he expounded to them his own doctrine on the personal reign of Christ, and the restoration of the Jewish nation to their own land, and their future conversion to Christianity. He also told them that those mighty events would take place in the year 1847; and if now an opponent were to ask Wolff, "Why did you fix that time?" he has but one answer to give, which he candidly gives to every one, "Because I was a great ass." Wolff stayed till two o'clock in the morning talking to these excellent and amiable people; and when he was about to depart for Agra, Mrs. (now Lady) Havelock said to him, "Mr. Wolff, you are very wrong in making yourself so agreeable, for then you run off, and we have cause to regret your departure." He entered his palanquin, after embracing Havelock and shaking hands with his wife; and he recited some words of Francis Xavier, the most devoted missionary that ever lived since the Apostles. These words are (and they are the motto of this work), "I will presently mount my wooden horse to take me over the sea. What do I see! The ship takes in her anchor. No time is to be lost, for Christ is to be preached. Farewell!"

Wolff arrived safely the next day at Agra, where he alighted at the house of Mr. Laing; and there he met Dr. Parish, the chaplain, who invited him to preach the next day. He also made the acquaintance of two agreeable officers, Hay and

Boileau. The latter wrote a kind paragraph in the paper about Wolff, but called him "Salathiel." Wolff has really passed through divers reports, and has been metamorphosed, by the pens of both his friends and enemies, into many persons of distinction. Friends at home have declared him to be a second incarnation of Elijah the Prophet, others of Paul. The Muhammadans have called him Mehdee: others again have said he was a magician; another styled him Salathiel; &c. However, he himself knows best that he is only "Joseph Wolff;" a humble servant, who wandered about to preach his Saviour, His sufferings, His resurrection, His ascension; and who has pointed to His second coming in glory. The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Agra did him the honour of calling upon him, and he made him acquainted with the state of the Muhammadan mission in India.

And who would visit Agra, without paying a visit to the most wonderful edifice the world has ever seen, the cemetery of the Queen, Taaj-Mahaul, with its mighty pillars? One cannot but look at it and go away, and come back to look at it again; each time with more astonishment. One feels inclined to compare those mighty soaring pillars which are outside the building, and the tomb within which it contains, to the structure of the Lord's Prayer. Thus, the first part of that prayer leads the soul upwards, above the clouds, to the throne of the Almighty, and to Christ who

sits at His right hand—"Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." But suddenly, and at once, the soul is conscious that it is still enshrined in an earthly body, with earthly wants and earthly weaknesses, which do not yet permit her to soar aloft. So she comes down from her exaltation, and prays for that body, which is still entombed in this life, like Taaj-Mahaul. The first part of that prayer contains the praises of angels and the heavenly host, and the second part the breathings of a mortal; but it does not after all stop there, for again it raises itself to the throne of heaven, in these words, "For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever." Moreover, in that all-comprehensive word, AMEN, (which is the expression of the slave in Turkistan, when he surrenders himself as a prisoner to him who makes him captive, and exclaims *Amman*, which means, "Give me safety,") we find the soul concluding this prayer with a desire that God will give "safety," through Christ. For this is also the very name of Christ in the Revelations, where He is called "Yea and Amen;" and in the Prophet Isaiah, where He is called the God of AMEN. This meditation was the subject of one of the sermons which Wolff preached at Agra. The contents of the Lord's Prayer may also be compared to the flight of an eagle, which attempts to soar upwards to heaven; but is soon compelled to seek

rest, either on the rigging of a ship, or on some neighbouring crag.

An awful event happened upon the height of the Taaj-Mahaul. Mrs. Duncan, a very interesting lady, who, with her husband, had formed a great friendship for Wolff, ascended, with Dr. Duncan, to the summit of the temple, when her foot slipped, and she fell from that height to the ground, and was dashed to pieces, and of course killed on the spot. Thus was the affectionate husband made a mourner for his wife.

Wolff then left Agra in his palanquin, and proceeded to Cawnpore, near which place his palanquin broke down; but being assisted by a kind resident in Cawnpore, he alighted at the hospitable bungalow of one of those friends on whose account, ten years afterwards, he undertook his second perilous journey to Bokhara. The name of this friend was *Arthur Conolly*. He met there also with another officer, who was afterwards ill treated by the East India Company; but who knew, in spite of that, how to die the death of a hero, which he met in battle against the Sikhs in the year 1846. His name was D'Arcy Todd.

Wolff preached the next day in the church of Cawnpore during the absence of the chaplain, Mr. White. He also conversed and had public arguments with vast multitudes of Muhammadans. They applied in a very ingenious way the 13th, 14th, and 15th verses of the 21st chapter of Isaiah to the flight of Muhammad, or the *Hejrah*,

from which event they date the Muhammadan era: "The burden upon Arabia. In the forest in Arabia shall ye lodge, O ye travelling companies of Dedanim. The inhabitants of the land of Tema brought water to him that was thirsty, they prevented with their bread him that fled. For they fled from the swords, from the drawn sword, and from the bent bow, and from the grievousness of war." As a refutation of this would not have led to any great result, nor the admission of it to a proof of Muhammad's just claim to the prophetic office, Wolff passed it over, only remarking that the Prophet, if it be applicable to Muhammad, seems only to indicate that his appearance and flight were a misfortune, for the Prophet calls it the *burden* in Arabia.

Wolff had again the gratification of preaching there in the presence of his dear wife's relations, Sir J. and Lady Bryant, and General and Mrs. Churchill. He then went, accompanied by the Bryants, to Lucknow, in the kingdom of Oude; and was most hospitably received by Major, now General Low, and Mrs. Low. The latter was sister to the meritorious and philanthropic Sir Richmond Shakspeare. Wolff presented Mrs. Low with two volumes of Arndt's "True Christianity," translated from the German into English, which she highly esteemed, for she had lately lost a relation; and this book gave her great comfort, as it will do to every one whose soul is seeking for God. It was at Lucknow that Wolff heard

of the loss of the money which he had sent to Hookham Frere.

When his Majesty the King of Oude heard of Wolff's arrival, he sent word to Major Low, who was Resident of the Court at Lucknow, that he should like Joseph Wolff to deliver a lecture at his court, where he would invite all the Muhammadan Moollahs, and all the British residents, to hear it. So, on an appointed day, Wolff went in a palanquin, accompanied by Major and Mrs. Low, Sir Jeremiah and Lady Bryant, and the French officers, the Messrs. Dubois, and their wives, to the palace of his Majesty; who came out of his room with a crown upon his head, and embraced, first of all, Major Low, and then Wolff, entering with them and the whole party of French and English residents into the beautiful hall of his palace. On their entrance, all the Muhammadan Moollahs, who were dressed in gorgeous garments, rose from the ground. Then the King seated himself on his throne, with Major Low on his right hand and the others on his left, whilst Wolff placed himself in front; and, bowing to his Majesty, he began to give an account of his travels; but he was interrupted by the Moollahs, in a way which really delighted him. They said, "Moollah Wolff, we don't want to hear stories; we want to knock you down in argument;" which was just what he wanted, for his chief object was, not to tell his adventures, but to make the relation of them a means of preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

The controversy lasted for two hours, and shouts of applause arose from all sides. Lady Bryant's heart leaped like an antelope, and she called Wolff her "dear cousin;" and his Majesty the King presented to him on the spot, as an evidence of his gratification, 10,000 sicca rupees, equivalent to £1000. With this Wolff paid back, a second time, the whole debt, to the Right Honourable Hookham Frere, and to Eneas Mackintosh, and Lady Georgiana. Mrs. Low took care of the money, and said, "Let me manage it for you;" and she discharged those debts for him.

Wolff then returned again from Lucknow to Cawnpore, where he put up with his old friend Conolly. He also met at Cawnpore a good old German countryman, in whose house there was a young enthusiastic German, who intended to go into China, to preach there the Gospel. Wolff asked him, "Whether he knew Chinese?" but he said, "No, nor do I intend to learn it, for the Gospel says, 'Do not think what ye shall speak.'" Wolff told him, "I will make you acquainted with a story of a friend of mine, who said, 'I am going to Bagdad to preach the Gospel;' and when I asked him whether he knew Arabic? he replied, exactly like you, 'The Lord says do not think what ye shall speak.'" So he went to Bagdad, and not having learnt the language, he knew not how to speak; nor would he have known what to say, even if he had been thinking and considering what he should speak; and being a strict Predestinarian,

he considered his own ignorance to be a sign that he ought not to preach to them, but go to some other place where the people had been called by God; as then he would certainly have the gift of languages bestowed upon him. So he left Bagdad, and when quitting the gate of the city, he shook off the dust from his feet in indignation, at those poor Arabs for not having understood English. But this was the case wherever he went; and so it will be with you, my friend!"

The ladies of Cawnpore were exceedingly kind to Wolff, so much so that, when he was about to leave, many wept, and cut off pieces of his hair. This made him so vain, and increased so much his self-approbation, especially because he was everywhere so great a favourite in India, that he has never lost the feeling. At last he left Cawnpore in a palanquin, which was presented to him by his German fellow-countryman, for a place, if he is not mistaken, called Mirzapoor; where he was received hospitably by a most excellent and interesting gentleman, Rivaz by name, who was entirely a follower of Bishop Berkeley, and believed in the non-existence of matter. Wolff believes that the only proof which can be produced, for the fallacy of that system, is that which a follower of the great Hoffbauer gave to Wolff, when Wolff said to him, "Father Martin" (for this was his name), "prove to me that I exist." Father Martin took hold of his hair, and pulled it with such force, saying to Wolff, "Do you exist or not?" that

Wolff was compelled to exclaim, "Yes, I exist; I need no further proof."

Wolff then set out the next day, from Rivaz's house, for Benares; and driving along he met in the street a young officer on horseback. Wolff looked out of his palanquin, and asked the young officer to tell his palanquin-driver, where the house of General White was. The officer, in the coolest way possible, and without looking at Wolff or showing the slightest symptom of recognition, said, in a peculiarly solemn and unconcerned way, "I will ride on with pleasure to show you the way to General White's." Wolff asked, "Do you know me?" and the officer answered, in the same unconcerned way, "Yes; you are the most intimate friend of my family."

Wolff.—"What is your name?"

Officer.—"My name is Charles Hawtrey, of Hackney."

Wolff.—"You stupid fellow, why are you so cold to me?"

Hawtrey.—"You must excuse me, I am naturally so."

But very soon he laid aside his coldness, brought his uncle, Colonel Hawtrey, to Wolff, and showed Wolff every attention in his power. That same young man was, some years after, made a prisoner in the disaster of Cabul, whence he escaped to Bokhara; and there he shared the fate of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, as will be seen hereafter.

Wolff was received, with the greatest kindness, into the house of General White; where soon the veteran Judge of Benares, Mr. Brooke, who was eighty-six years of age, called on him. Whilst this gentleman was with him, he was attacked by a slight fit of apoplexy. Wolff at once observed it, and said, "Let him instantly be bled." This was done, and he became better; but six weeks after, he died.

Wolff visited the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, at Benares, who highly praised the prudence with which Mr. Colvin had abolished a most horrid custom at Allahabad, which is a place of pilgrimage. One of the Hindoo saints came forward every year, and declared that he would throw himself into the Ganges, with one stone tied to his feet, and another to his neck, in order to ensure being drowned; as, by this death, he expected to obtain absorption, and come nigh to God, and be translated into one of the heavens, called *Pewacoku*. In this abode distinct blessings are conferred on such victims; and the length of their remaining in it depends upon the number of their good deeds. So, when one meritoriously drowns himself, in order to go to that place, thousands and thousands of Hindoos attend to see that great saint make the sacrifice; and, on such occasions, great numbers in the crowd are crushed to death. In order to abolish this dreadful ceremony, Mr. Colvin published the following order: "That, not desiring to interfere with their religion, any one

who wished to drown himself must first send in his name to him, Mr. Colvin, the magistrate of the town of Allahabad; and then the magistrate would command the people to remain in their houses, in order that the man might be able to drown himself undisturbedly." From the time that this order was issued, the dreadful ceremony ceased to be performed, as the only object was to produce a sensation among the people. The fancied saint was thus effectually foiled in his contrivances for collecting a crowd.

Wolff could not but admire the zeal and the success with which Mr. and Mrs. Smith had established schools at Benares for Muhammadan and Hindoo girls, who learned by heart the Ten Commandments and portions of scripture. He was also convinced of the truth of one fact, namely, that people who are prejudiced against an object, will never see that object in its true light. For, on leaving the missionaries Smith, Leupold, and Knorp, he went to dine with General White, where he met an officer who had resided in Benares more than fifteen years, and who made the following observation to Wolff: "Now, only see how little the missionaries are doing. They have been here for more than twenty years, and yet they have not established a single school." Wolff replied, "This is, indeed, very strange; for I have just come from six schools, which have been established by the Church Missionary Society, and have existed for many years." Inasmuch as Wolff has himself

frequently censured the proceedings of Missionary Societies, it is only fair that he should also warn friends at home not to give too easy credit to reports which come from India, from people who are totally ignorant of the proceedings of the missionaries.

Wolff also had a conversation with a Roman Catholic priest, and heard him explain, in his house, to his congregation, the fifteen mysteries of the Christian religion. With most of these Wolff most cordially agreed. Five of them, he said, were mysteries which produce joy:—1. The Annunciation of the Angel to the Virgin Mary. 2. The Visit of the Virgin Mary to St. Elizabeth, John the Baptist's mother. 3. The Nativity of our Lord. 4. The Appearance of the Angels. 5. The Entrance of our Lord into the Temple. These five, again, are heart-rending mysteries. 1. The Prayer of our Lord in the Garden. 2. The Flagellation which He sustained. 3. The Coronation with Thorns. 4. The carrying of His Cross. 5. The Crucifixion and Death. The five mysteries of Glory are:—1. The Resurrection of our Lord from the Dead. 2. His Ascension into Heaven. 3. The Descent of the Holy Spirit upon His Disciples. 4. The Ascension of the Virgin Mary into Heaven. 5. The Coronation of the Virgin Mary as Queen of the Heavenly Host. He also explained, better than Wolff ever heard before, the sins against the Holy Ghost. The 1st is: Despair of one's salvation. 2nd. Presumption in expect-

ing to be saved, without being fellow-workers with God. 3rd. The stifling of one's conviction of the truth. 4th. The being jealous of the Grace of God imparted to others. 5th. Perseverance in sin. 6th. The continuing in sin unto death, without repentance.

Wolff also made at Benares the acquaintance of Captain, now Colonel Thoresby, who was placed over the Academy, or Sanscrit College there, which was established about seventy years ago by Government, at the recommendation of Mr. Duncan, who was at that time agent to the Governor-General, and was afterwards Governor of Bombay. The following are the branches of study taught there: Firstly, Grammar; secondly, Poetry and works of Rhetoric; thirdly, the Nature of the Divinity, called *Vedanku*; fourthly, *Minansa*, or the "Ritual of the Vedas;" fifthly, *Sankhya*, a system of philosophy; sixthly, the *Pooranus*, or epic poems of the famous books called *Muhabharatu* and *Ramajanu*: the latter is translated by Wilhelm von Schlegel; seventhly, Arithmetic, Mathematics, and Astronomy; eighthly, the Hindoo law contained in Shastree, a code for the general conduct of the Hindoos. The English Seminary was founded about thirty-three years ago. Captain Thoresby, the Director of the Hindoo College, showed Wolff the temple *Pishwar*, which signifies "Lord of the Universe," and is one of the names of *Sheeva*. *Sheeva*, or *Mahadeo*, is the grand temple of Benares. Benares is likewise called *Kaashe*, which means

“resplendent.” Benares is derived from *Baranuse*, and this means “situated near the sacred river Ganges.”

Whilst Wolff was one day passing by the Ganges, he saw thousands of Hindoos performing their *Buja*, viz. “worship and ablution;” and they were washing their clothes in the river. This is the baptism of the Hindoos. In short, baptism exists, and has ever existed, among all nations; and tradition tells us that it was commenced at the Deluge, when the world was purified by water, through the perdition of wicked men, and the salvation of the righteous. And this is what Peter meant, in his first Epistle, chap. iii. verses 20, 21, where he says, “God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls were saved by water. The like figure whereunto, even baptism, doth also now save us.” It is remarkable that baptism is expressed in Arabic by the word *Towfaan*, and means properly “purifying;” afterwards “deluge,” whence the Germans have to this day the word *Taufen* for “baptizing.”

Wolff asked Captain Thoresby “How far the Hindoo was connected with Egypt, and to what extent that connection, which once subsisted, can be ascertained?” His reply was, “That there can be no doubt that an intimate connection did once subsist between Egypt and India; but the extent of it is not to be ascertained from the Sanscrit books.” The tenth, and last incarnation of *Vishnoo*

kalki took place, according to the belief of the Hindoos, about four hundred and twenty-seven thousand years before Christ. Still, we see a great analogy with the history of the Messiah; for Vishnoo is, according to their belief, to come to destroy the world for a season, until the next great period of their ages recommences. The Hindoos have a record of the submersion of the world by a deluge, with many circumstances that resemble the Mosaic narrative.

In Benares Wolff met a Greek, Galanos by name, who had lived more than fifty years in that city, and he not only dressed like a Brahmin, but also lived like one, and was devoted entirely to the study of Sanscrit, and was in correspondence, not only with the wise men of Hindostan, but also with the monks of Mount Sinai. He told Wolff that so long as the missionaries would not make themselves acquainted with the system of Hindooism, their success could only be partial. And though he was very far from despairing that Christianity would at last take root in Hindostan, yet he thought that it would go out from themselves as a result of their own study and convictions; for though he believed that the origin of Hindooism was Monotheism, or belief in one God, yet this very Monotheism contained traces of the doctrine of a Trinity.

Yet that amiable man, Galanos, was favourable to missions, and this was on real religious grounds, for he said, "The salvation of one soul

is worth millions of money." Dr. Wolff, only a few weeks ago, received a just reproof from Dr. Harvey, the celebrated naturalist at Dublin, on account of the shallow wit he uttered, by saying "that the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews had carried on the conversion of the Jews for fifty-two years, and had spent £800,000 during that time, and had only converted two Jews and a half!" Dr. Harvey sent him an advertisement, announcing a meeting of the London Society at York, upon which Dr. Harvey had written Dr. Wolff's observation, and simply added to it, "What is the value of one soul?" These few words Wolff felt as if a poinard had entered his heart. He showed it to his friends, and said, "This is the observation, not of a clergyman, but of a naturalist; and I have no answer to give to him but simply to acknowledge my error, and make a firm resolution not to repeat the joke again."

Now, to return to the history of Wolff's wandering through Hindostan. Just before his departure for Buxar, he received a letter, which he cannot help quoting. It was from that extraordinary man, Major William Fraser, whose character Wolff has already described. Strange to say, though a lover and friend of Muhammadans and Hindoos, on which account he had incurred the obloquy of his British fellow-countrymen, poor Fraser found his death by the dagger of a Muhammadan Nwab, who had been his friend for years. That

horrid murderer received his punishment on the scaffold, but with a firmness, coolness, and awful devotion which are only seen in a Muhammadan, and which are worth describing. He was taken out of prison by the executioner, and led to the scaffold, preceded by a detachment of British soldiers. No movement of his muscles could be observed; he held in his hand a Muhammadan rosary, on which he recited his prayers; he gave no symptom of repentance, but, on the contrary, he deemed it a good act to have murdered a *Kaafer*, i. e. "infidel." After his body was taken down from the gallows, Muhammadans went pilgrimages to his tomb; and they probably do so to this day. Only among Hindoos were tears of grief shed for the loss of their benefactor, "William Fraser Sahib." No Muhammadans wept, for gratitude is a virtue not to be found among them.

But to go back to Major Fraser's letter, which was characteristic, and as follows:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter from Lucknow, and I will forward one for Lord Clare, and one for Mr. Bax, the chief secretary at Bombay. I shall be always happy to hear of your welfare, and, at present, you are as happy as it is possible for a man to be. When you are fifty, you will be sobered down into a staunch metaphysician. I beg you to read that excellent book of Mr. Locke, 'Chris-

tianity with Reason.' Read his chapter particularly on enthusiasm. Read also his first and second volumes. At this advancing season of the year be careful not to expose yourself. Be abstemious and prudent; also get better clothes, and a better cap, for the king said, 'What a pity it is that a holy father looks so like a captain!' My advice will make you laugh, and if it does, even that is something in the way of good.

"I am, my dear sir,

"Yours truly,

"WILLIAM FRASER."

It cannot be denied that that excellent man, with all his outward appearance of coldness, had a warm heart and strong feelings. Wolff once complained to him that he had not heard from certain friends for a long time, when he replied, "That is because most men only think of themselves, and not of others. There is great pretension in the world, but little heart." It ought not to be forgotten to be mentioned, that he was a brother of the celebrated author of "The Guzł-Bash."

Wolff then proceeded from Benares in the palanquin which had been given to him by his worthy fellow-countryman, Bowman by name. The dear old man wept, and said, "Blessed be God that I have seen, in my old days, Joseph Wolff, who travels about for the promotion of the knowledge of Christ." Wolff also had the tears of the amiable Mrs. Cumming, and of many other

ladies and gentlemen, when he went away. Nor must he forget one gentleman whose name he will not mention, as he is still alive, and his wife lives at London. This friend read himself into becoming an infidel; but Wolff's conversation, with God's grace, brought him back to the knowledge of Christ; and when Wolff had preached one Sunday, he came after him, and said, "Pray for me," and shed tears of repentance. He was an extraordinary man; for whenever Wolff awoke in the morning, when he was at Benares, and even before, during his sojourn at Cawnpore, in the house of Conolly; his friend would be sitting near his bed, smoking a cheroot, and with a cup of tea ready, in order that Wolff might refresh himself. He was a plain and outspoken man, and when Wolff one day praised his wife as an excellent lady, his friend said, "If you were to see her flashing in a ball-room, what would you say of her then?" Wolff replied, "Then I should say, I saw your excellent wife flashing in a ball-room." He replied, "There is no getting hold of you; you have an answer for everything."

Wolff then set out for Ghuzepoor, where he resided with Mr. Smith, the judge, whose wife, Mrs. Smith, was related to the Marquis of Hastings, and united beauty, amiability, modesty, dignity, and chastity, with eloquence, piety, and zeal for the glory of God. Beside all this, she actually waited on Wolff like a servant, so that he was quite ashamed. He drank at their house chocolate,

and ate the best curry he ever tasted in his life. He preached in the church, and lectured in the house of Mr. Trotter, whom he saw again a few years ago, in Edinburgh, where he was called Laird Trotter of the Bush. Wolff dined at his house, "The Bush," with him, and they talked over old stories, and Mr. Trotter went with him to the pantry; where the good old man allowed Wolff to make free with some excellent cream, preserves, and jelly, and then he said, "Now, have done, or you will spoil your dinner."

But he recollected some better things about Wolff's stay at Ghuzepoor, namely, how he had preached on the personal reign of Christ upon earth; and so he made arrangements at Edinburgh for Wolff's preaching the same sermon over again in the Church of St. Paul. But on this occasion, Wolff so rambled about from one thing to another in his sermon, that Trotter said to him, "I never heard you to such disadvantage in my life. You must, therefore, preach that same sermon over again, in a different way, in Dean Ramsay's church, and I shall get Mrs. Ramsay to induce her husband to lend you the pulpit." And so he did. The church was again crowded; and Trotter ran after Wolff in the streets of Edinburgh, and said, "Now you have redeemed your character, and therefore I shall make you a present of Bishop Butler's 'Analogy.'"

On Wolff's arrival at Buxar, he met an old, invalided garrison sergeant, who had been born at

Frybourg, in Switzerland, and whose name was Carl Schalch. This man inquired of Wolff after the old Baron Diesbach of Frybourg, who had restored the Jesuits to Frybourg, and also the Redemptorists. The sergeant was a good old Swiss, and had left Frybourg many years before for Holland, where he served three years in the Guards, under the Prince of Orange. In the year 1795, he came to the Cape of Good Hope, where he was made a prisoner by the English Admiral Elphinstone. He then entered the English service, and came to Calcutta.

From Buxar Wolff addressed the following letter to the King of Oude:—

“ MOST POTENT JEHAAN PENAH,

“ Your Majesty has overpowered me with your benevolence and generosity; so that feelings of gratitude compel me to write to your Majesty those truths which will render your Majesty happy, and your Majesty’s subjects happy, here upon earth, and eternally in heaven. My earnest wish is, that your Majesty, and your whole Court, should inquire into the truth of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, with prayer and supplication. And your Majesty will then be convinced, that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, born of the Virgin Mary, by the power of the Holy Spirit; and that the fulness of the Godhead was in Him bodily; and that He died for our sins, and rose again, and went to heaven; from whence He will

come again in the clouds of heaven. In believing this glorious doctrine, your Majesty will experience joy, peace, and love; by means of which your Majesty will become the father, spiritual and temporal, of your subjects; and your Majesty will one day shine like the stars, and like the brightness of the firmament, for ever and ever.

“Your Majesty’s most obedient,

“Humble servant,

“JOSEPH WOLFF, Missionary.”

CHAPTER VII.

ROUTE FROM BUXAR TO CALCUTTA; BISHOP DANIEL WILSON
AND OTHER FRIENDS.

WOLFF left Buxar, and arrived at Dinapore, where he was most kindly received by Mr. Ruspini; and he had the gratification of preaching, at that gentleman's request, from the same pulpit which the great Henry Martyn often occupied, when he was missionary of that place, before he set out on his missionary tour to Persia. In Dinapore, Wolff also delivered a lecture, which was attended by General O'Halloran, an enthusiastic Freemason, who suspected from something that was said that Wolff was also a Freemason; but he was mistaken. Wolff also met there a great many people who were followers of Irving, and believers in the so-called "unknown tongues." Though Wolff was far from rejecting all that was going on in Irving's church in London; yet, knowing that Irving was easily deceived, he hesitated in giving an entire assent to that which was called by Irving and his party the "work of the Spirit;" but at the same time he was disposed to withhold any opinion, either for or against him.

After stopping a few days in Dinapore, he proceeded to the great city called Patna, where he

was received in the kindest way by Jennings and his family; and very soon he was surrounded by Mussulmans from the town. Two thousand of them collected in a large hall, where Wolff argued with them for six hours; and he preached to them, first of all, the atonement of Christ and His second coming in glory and majesty. Dr. Clarke and his family, whom Dr. Wolff has lately met again in Leamington, Mr. Stevens the chaplain, Elliot, Templer, and old Douglass the judge, were present. Bursts of applause resounded, during the discussion, from all sides; but Wolff had reason to be on his guard, for the Mussulmans frequently cited texts, as from the Gospel, which were not really to be found there. That most learned Muhammadan, Mowlvee Ahmede, called on Wolff, together with a number of other learned Muhammadans. Some of them were natives of the kingdom of Khiva, who confirmed to Wolff the account which he had heard of the inhabitants of Khiva when travelling in Turkistan, and during his stay in Bokhara, namely, that they are the descendants of the Hivites, Perrizites, and Jebusites, who were driven out from the land of Canaan by Joshua, whom they curse to this day in their prayers; and to this day they are called by the Jews, who reside among them, and by those of Bokhara, the *Philistines*. Wolff has not the least doubt that they are the descendants of the Philistines of old, and they are detested by the Osbecks, and by all the tribes of Muhammadans

in Bokhara and Turkistan, as bastard Muham-madans; and the Jews of Khiva are detested by the Jews of Turkistan, because they intermarry with the Hivites; and many of them partake of the vices of the Khivites, which vices are quite as enormous as those of their ancestors. Many of the Khivites went to Kamschatka, and, they say, to still more distant countries; and since Wolff has seen the Indians in America, he has not the slightest doubt, from the striking resemblance between these Indians and the Khivites, and from the traditions of the latter, and also from the great likeness between many words in their language, that the Indians in America are the descendants of the Khivites. This is also confirmed by the account which Mr. Noah, of New York, gave to Wolff, namely, that the Indians told him that they had come from the far north in boats.

Wolff also met at Patna with an enlightened German from Salzburg, who said to him—

“Do you recollect by whom these verses were written, and to whom they were addressed?”

“*Dich hat Gott hereingerufen Weit von fern in Seiner Haus; Und von Seines Altars Stufen; Sendet Er dich wieder aus.*” “God has called thee into His house from a far distance; and from the steps of His altar, He sends thee forth again.”

Wolff said, shouting for joy and astonishment, “How did you come by these verses?”

The German coolly replied, “Our poet, Weis-

senbach, wrote them in your album, and then published them among his collection of poems."

Wolff then entertained his English friends with several droll stories. Among others, he told a story about a Jew, which he will now repeat. "I once sang a song to a Jew, who said that he must write down the music of that song. Then, I said to him, 'Do you know the notes?' to which he replied, 'No; but I will write it down in my own way. I have got notes of my own; do you only sing it slowly.' I began to sing, and the Jew wrote down, twice, '*Ramdadam*.' Then he told me to go on; so I sang again, and he wrote down the following word—'*Restedee*.' After I had done singing, the Jew actually sang the song as if he had notes."

Wolff then spoke about Pius VII., and said, "Pius VII. is very fond of being dressed very smartly, even more so than I am!" Some one said to Wolff, "Surely you exaggerate!" Wolff then cited some of Schiller's and Goethe's poetry, especially of the former, from which he repeated the following, over and over again:—

"Das ist ja was den Menschen zieret,
Und dazu ward ihm der Verstand,
Dasz er im innern Herzen spüret,
Was er erschafft mit seiner hand."

Translation:—

"This is a great prerogative which adorns man,
That he feels in his heart what he creates with his hand;
And for this very purpose reason was given him."

And from Goethe he recited pieces of his *Faust* and his *Prometheus*. Also, Wolff did not forget Max von Schenkendorf's patriotic poems, nor Theodore Körner's "Lyre and Sword;" nor Rückert's poems, &c.

Wolff after this left Patna, and arrived at Gyah, a celebrated place for Hindoo pilgrims; and here he has to say a few words on pilgrimages.

Pilgrimages have existed among all nations, and were considered, even in the Bible, as the very essence of the outward form of festivals. The very word in Hebrew, *KHOG* (חג), which means "festival," originally meant "pilgrimage," and corresponds with what the Arabs call *Hatch*, or what they also call *Ziyaret*—"a visit, a pilgrimage."

Wolff met at Gyah several Englishmen, one of whom was an amiable fellow; but he excited Wolff with some silly objections, so that he lost his temper, and called him a "coxcomb." But the Englishman took it with so much coolness and amiability, that Wolff was quite disarmed, and apologized.

He then proceeded to Bancoorah, where the worthy Mr. Kruckeberg, a holy missionary from the Church Missionary Society, was stationed—a man entirely devoted to the work of Christ. Wolff preached at Bancoorah, and stayed there a short time, and then proceeded to Burdwan, where he stopped a few hours with Captain Vetch, who

now lives in Scotland, where Wolff has since visited him. He preached at once in the small church of Mr. Linke, who was the missionary there, and a man who combined enthusiasm with sobriety. Wolff talked with him about the learned men of Germany; and then entered his palanquin and went forward to Chinsurah, where he stopped a few hours, and met a grandson of Boswell (Dr. Johnson's friend). He refreshed himself with tea and curry, and ate a mango; and then he proceeded to Tshapoor, where a nice, amiable, stout, red-cheeked gentleman, Major—now General—Powney came out of his house, and called out, "You are Wolff!" just as Wolff's palanquin was passing. "Come in," he said; "for it is too late for you to enter Calcutta; and I shall instantly send an express messenger to Garden Reach to your wife's cousin, Mrs. Colonel Craigie, that she must not expect you, for you must stay with me over night, and to-morrow I will send you forward."

So Wolff stayed that night with Major Powney, and talked with him the whole night. As Wolff had an attack of heartburn, he asked for brandy; but Major Powney replied, "There is neither wine, brandy, nor liquor in my house; for I belong to the Temperance Society."

Wolff said, "If you drink neither wine nor liquor, how have you got your red cheeks and fat belly?"

Powney replied, "This is the very reason that I have got red cheeks and a fat belly; because I am

a temperance man, and drink neither liquor nor wine; but I shall give you something for your heartburn." So he gave him some homœopathic medicine.

Wolff said, "This is humbug; you must give me something more substantial." So he gave him a little rhubarb, and then all was right; but the best medicine was a good cup of tea, and a fine hookah to smoke.

Wolff received, while at Major Powney's, the following letter from the Right Reverend Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta:—

"Palace, Calcutta, Monday.

"DEAR SIR,

"I shall be rejoiced to see you once again, after so long an interval. What journeys you have made! Why, if your letter in the *Courier* of Saturday be genuine, you have run over the face of the earth! Of course you do not expect such an old fellow as me, to enter into your particular views and dates as to unfulfilled prophecies. But on the grand vital truths of Christianity, as applicable to Jew and Gentile, in all ages, and at all times, and in all countries, you will find me exactly what I was thirty years since, and as I hope to be at my dying hour, only desiring to be found in HIM, whom to know is life eternal.

"I shall rejoice to press you, dear brother, to my bosom, if you only keep on the broad grounds of faith and love, which I am sure you will do in such a place as Calcutta.

"I have no time to write upon the topics you advert to; you must come and see me, and take your bed at my house, and then we can talk over all matters. For I do not understand what the Moulvee Muhammad Iszhak means, by the seal of the Prophets.

"Farewell. I am ever yours,

"DANIEL CALCUTTA."

When Wolff arrived at Calcutta, he was most kindly received by the Lord Bishop, and slept in his house, and was taken by him to the cathedral, and was introduced by him to the Archdeacon (afterwards Bishop) Corrie, and to the Chaplains Fisher, Robertson, Dealtry (now Bishop of Madras), &c.

Wolff then went to see his wife's cousin at Garden Reach, near Calcutta, Mrs. Craigie, the wife of Colonel Craigie, a lady of an original turn of mind, and of great energy, zeal, and vigour, with which she combined the self-denial of an apostle, without neglecting the duties of a tender wife and affectionate mother. She drew around her crowds of Hindoos of all classes, to whom she preached the Gospel of Christ. Wolff heard her boldly reprove the highest dignitaries of the Church of England in Calcutta. She confounded Socinians, and put to shame Atheists. She is a clever linguist, and speaks French and Hindostanee with great fluency. She introduced Wolff to Dr. Duff, a very remarkable man, who esta-

blished a beautiful school for the Hindoos. The natives taught there compared texts from the Old and New Testaments, and proved the truth of Christianity with wonderful skilfulness. They were acquainted with the different ways of interpreting unfulfilled prophecy ; and were, moreover, well grounded in geography and profane history.

Krishna, a most respectable Brahmin in Calcutta, openly avowed the Christian religion at this time, and published a newspaper, entitled the *Enquirer*, for the purpose of converting his countrymen. To this Brahmin Mrs. Craigie introduced Wolff, and also to another, a man who had given up a situation which brought him 8000 rupees per annum, in order that he might establish and teach a Christian school for Hindoos, in Calcutta.

It was in the month of March that Wolff arrived at Calcutta. Previous to his entrance into the town, he wrote (as far as he can recollect) the following letter to Lord and Lady William Bentinck :—

“ MY DEAR LORD AND LADY WILLIAM,

“ When I was with you in Simlah, in the Himalaya mountains, you gave me some very useful advice about *tact* : I therefore will now exercise this *tact*. When you were at Simlah, you lived (comparatively speaking) in a private capacity. But now, as you are in Calcutta, you represent, as Viceroy, the King of England. If you, there-

fore, cannot receive me in that town, as you did in Simlah, I will only come when you send for me.

“I am, my dear Lord and Lady William,

“Your humble and obedient servant,

“JOSEPH WOLFF.”

Lady William Bentinck wrote immediately to Wolff whilst he was staying with the Bishop.

“MY DEAR JOSEPH WOLFF,

“Apartments are prepared for you in the Government House, and you therefore had better not bother the Bishop, who has to prepare his sermons; but come to us immediately, and as I shall not be at home this afternoon, you will dine with Lord William and the staff; and try not to be too excited, as you will have to lecture in the town hall on the 26th of March, before 1200 persons, so keep yourself as calm as possible.

You shall have your coffee, cake, and hookah, before the lecture, as you used to have at Simlah; and the same servants that you had there will wait on you, and will shave you, and take care of you.”

Wolff immediately went to the Government House, and Lord and Lady William received him with parental kindness. Lord William said to him, “You have an astonishing knowledge of the world, you have been in the right with regard to Borrowsky, in Meshed; for he was a Russian spy

and a Jew, and not the son of Prince Radzivil. He has now openly entered the Persian service in the Russian interest."

Wolff answered, "I knew he was a Jew, on both the father's and mother's side, by the movements of his face and shoulders, when he related to me an anecdote about a Jew in London. Though it was an absurd story, none but a pure Jew could have made it so ludicrous."

Lord and Lady William exclaimed, "Tell the story; and, as you also are a Jew by the father's and mother's side, you must tell it in the same style."

Sir Edward Barnes, who was present, before Wolff began to tell the story, observed—

"Wolff proves his strong mind, by openly avowing himself a Jew, wherever he is, and in whatever society; though he has less of a Jew about him than any one I ever met."

Another general officer who was present (Colonel Morrison), remarked—

"I know another like him. His name is Goldsmid."

Wolff afterwards met that Goldsmid in Bombay, in the year 1836. A delightful man he was; in whatever society he was, he openly avowed himself to be a Jew.

Certainly, Wolff was never ashamed of his own Jewish blood; and, before telling the story of Borrowsky, he will give an instance of his candour on this point. He was travelling with a young

Hungarian nobleman, who had been his fellow student at Vienna. The Hungarian said to him, "You will soon be in my father's presence, and the first question he will put to you will be, 'Are you sprung from ancient nobility?' and you must say, 'Yes.'" They soon met the young man's father, who at once said, "Are you from the old nobility?" and Wolff replied, "Yes;" one of my ancestors was a mighty chief in the deserts of Arabia, who commanded an army of 600,000 soldiers; and another was a king and a harp-player." The old nobleman inquired their names. Wolff answered, "Moses and David."

Now for Lord W. Bentinck, who said again—
"Tell the story of Borrowsky."

Wolff then began. "One evening, when at Meshed, Borrowsky related this to me. A Polish Jew arrived from Poland in London, and asked the Jews there, 'How can I gain a few groschen?' The Jews told him, 'Go into the street, and exclaim, "Old clothes."' Israel (this was the name of the Polish Jew) wrote down, in a little book he carried with him, and in Jewish characters, the words, 'Old clothes.' Then the Jews told him, 'Probably, one of the Goyem will call you into the house, and offer you old clothes for sale: upon which you must ask, 'How much?'—so the old fellow then wrote down, in Jewish characters in his book, 'How much.' 'Then they will say, 'One pound, ten shillings, and sixpence' (he also wrote this in his book). 'Then, after you have

finished business, say, "Good bye." Israel then walked about in the streets of London, exclaiming, 'Old clothes, old clothes!' Some person, from a most respectable house, gave him a sign to come in. He entered, and they showed him a great bundle of old clothes. Then he asked (looking in his book), 'How much? One pound ten shillings and sixpence. Good bye.' The people said, 'Give for them whatever you please.' He then again looked in his book, and said again, 'One pound ten shillings and sixpence. Good bye.' The master of the house, who was an angry man, then took hold of his collar, believing that he was joking at them, and pulled the little beard he had, and kicked him out of the house. Then the poor fellow sat down in the street, upon the step of the house whence he came out, and exclaimed (here Borrowsky moved his head just as the Jews move them), *Weh geschrien, weh geschrien*, which means, 'I may cry woe, I may cry woe.' 'This London is like Sodom and Gomorrah. I come here to gain a few groschen, and the Goyem pull out my beard.' A respectable Jew who was passing, asked him 'What was the matter?' And he related to him the story. Then a crowd having collected round them, that respectable Jew told the people, 'Now you see, what they do in London to a poor strange Jew.' The people inside, seeing the crowd collected round their house, thought that there must have been some mistake about the Jew, and perhaps that he did not speak English, the master of the house

therefore opened the door, and some one told him of the mistake: so, being a rich man, he made a present of fifty pounds to poor Israel.

"After poor Israel had got his fifty pounds, he went back to the Jews and told them, 'Really, England is a country where milk and honey flow. A mad Englishman pulls my beard a little, for which I get fifty pounds.' Another Polish Jew who heard this, remarked, 'Israel has a little beard, and he gets pulled a little by his beard, for which he gets fifty pounds! I shall now go to the house of Lord Palmerston, and wait till he comes out, and then I shall say to him, "Pull my beard," and, as I have a large beard, I shall get one hundred pounds.' So he went to the house of Lord Palmerston, where he saw a servant in livery, with gold lace on it, and powdered hair. He said, 'This can be no other than Lord Palmerston himself.' Then he said to him, 'Herr Lord Palmerstein; Herr Lord Palmerstein, pull my beard; pull my beard!' when the servant gave him a good thrashing, without giving him the hundred pounds. Now," Wolff continued to say to Lord William Bentinck, "General Borrowsky told that absurd story in such a way, that I said to him to his face, 'You are as little the son of Prince Radzivill as I am the son of the Emperor of China; for only a Jew, on both the father's and mother's side, could have made such actions as you do when you tell this story.'"

Wolff then delivered his first lecture in the

Town-hall of Calcutta, in the presence of the Bishop, Lord and Lady William Bentinck, Sir Edward Barnes, the Commander-in-Chief, and Captain Fawkes, and who, whilst Wolff is dictating his autobiography at Ecclesfield, is at Sheffield, five miles distant from the former place.

The Town-hall was crowded; the Bishop and Lord W. Bentinck shook hands with him after the lecture was over, and a great many of his friends did the same. The religious papers all exalted him to the sky; but the Bengal *Hurkaru* described Wolff as an amiable enthusiast, but not eloquent. Other religious papers, on the contrary, praised his eloquence. Mr. Prinsep, in his paper, the name of which Dr. Wolff does not recollect, praised Wolff's zeal and good-humour. But the paper called *The Englishman*, published by Stocqueler, cut Wolff up in a most tremendous and very clever manner. Wolff thanked him, in a letter, for the criticism, and the editor praised Wolff's generosity.

Wolff gave a second lecture, which was again crowded, and which was received with the same applause. Some of his friends told him, "How easily you shake off abuse." Wolff replied, "I am not always the same; I sometimes cast fire-brands around me; but then I am afterwards ashamed of it, and beg pardon. Mr. Simeon observed that, and therefore said to me once, 'You first give a slap in the face to your opponents, and then you ask them How do you do?'" Wolff

was also invited to stay in the house of the Rev. Mr. Dealtry, who is now Bishop of Madras; and he desired him to lecture on the personal reign of Christ, and state his proofs for believing that Christ would come upon the earth in 1847. Wolff did it with such modesty that he gained the affection of all; but Wolff now bitterly regrets that he ever fixed a date.

Wolff then went to the Jewish quarter, and conversed with the white and black Jews; and he also visited a remarkable man, of whom he spoke with too great severity in his "Researches and Missionary Labours," published in 1835. For, though Wolff believed him to be most essentially in error, yet error, proceeding even from conviction founded upon false premises, ought to be treated and combated with great tenderness. William Adam is the name of the gentleman alluded to. He was formerly a Baptist missionary, and, fired with zeal for promoting the doctrine of the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, he entered into a discussion with the celebrated Ramohun Roy, an Unitarian, and was completely defeated by him. Mr. Adam's visage, however, appears to Wolff to be that of a man who feels himself unhappy, and therefore seeking the truth with seriousness; for there is no doubt that the principles of the Unitarians cannot inspire men with cheerfulness. This was the case with the great Unitarian, Channing, who, shortly before his death, expressed himself in a letter, as far as Wolff recollects (and his memory

does not fail him in such matters), in the following manner. He wrote, "I feel daily more dissatisfied with the religion of Belsham and Priestley. I wish to be united with the whole catholic Church throughout the world." And thus Dr. Wolff now pants daily, more and more, after being united with the whole catholic Church throughout the world, in spirit and in truth. And he also desires to feel a stronger communion with the Church above.

Wolff one day announced this determination, which determination he fulfilled, to give a kind of "retreat," as it is called at Rome, in an unconsecrated building, and to preach every day for six successive days, twelve hours each day. This he did, preaching and praying the whole time; and about 1000 people attended. He then visited, with about twenty English ladies, the Armenian gentlemen and ladies, who were resident at Calcutta. Hoannes Avdal, who was one of the principal men in the estimation of the whole Armenian nation, requested Wolff to inform the Armenian nation, through him, if the time and opportunity should ever occur, when they might send their young men for education to the universities of England, and build colleges there for themselves; so that their young men might return well educated to Armenia, and become lights in the Armenian Church. And those demands of the Armenians, which were also made to Wolff in other places, have excited in him the desire of

establishing hostels at Cambridge. They have a college at Calcutta, which was established by Arratoon Kaloos, in which Goldsmith's Histories, the "Vicar of Wakefield," the "Deserted Village," "Humphrey Prideaux's Life of Mahomet," and "Paul and Virginia," have been translated into Armenian by the pupils of that institution. Wolff also accepted the invitation sent to him by the worthy and excellent Baptist missionaries of Serampore, the great Doctors Marshman and Carey.

It is extraordinary to observe that the really great men among the missionaries, who do not belong to the Church of England, are daily becoming more and more unprejudiced against Episcopacy, and more favourable towards the Liturgy and Homilies of our Church; and are even losing some of their bitterness against the Church of Rome. The great missionary Morrison, in China, has translated the *Prayer-book* and *Homilies* of the Church of England; and we have seen with what great liberality (Wolff does not talk of modern liberality, but of Christian liberality) the great Livingstone has joined of late with sound Churchmen, in their exertions for the evangelization of Africa. And it redounds to the honour of the High-Church Bishop of Oxford, that he has taken by the hand that worthy missionary; and we may yet see the time when dissent will thus be diminished in England, and the instruments of this conversion will be the High-Church clergy.

Wolff at last took leave of all his friends, Church-

men, Dissenters, Hindoos, Armenians, and Jews ; of Lord and Lady W. Bentinck, Sir Charles Metcalfe, &c. ; and, after Lady W. Bentinck had kindly furnished him with all necessaries for the voyage, he returned to Colonel Craigie and Mrs. Craigie. The latter, with all her energy, accompanied Wolff on board the steamer, called the " Fifeshire," on the 27th April, 1833, and he sailed for Masulipatam. Mrs. Craigie recommended him to Major Sutherland, one of his fellow-passengers, for he was very unwell at the time ; and besides this, his dear friend, Mrs. Craigie, who was a firm believer in homœopathic medicine, which she called the *gospel of medicine*, gave globules, &c., into the hands of Sutherland, which she desired him to doctor Wolff with every day. And though Wolff candidly told her that he was rather heterodox, and did not believe in the *gospel of medicine* ; yet he assured her he believed that it would do him good, as it came from the magic touch of her beautiful hands ! She was very much flattered, and went back again to Calcutta, after she had once more recommended him to the kindness of Major Sutherland. This gentleman did everything for Wolff, except one thing, namely, he would not scratch his back. Wolff was suffering dreadfully from prickly heat, and he requested Major Sutherland to scratch him, when he good-naturedly declined, saying, " My dear Wolff, I am not accustomed to it !" and he was inexorable for several days. There was another passenger, Mr. Morris, of the Factory of

China, who showed to Wolff great kindness ; and thus he arrived on the 19th of May at Masulipatam, which is the hottest place in India. Here he resided in the house of Mr. Casamajor, the circuit judge. Great numbers of officers and soldiers died daily of apoplectic fits and cholera. But Wolff lectured and preached twice in the church there, although the heat was so intense that, when he was in the house, he could not keep awake, but laid down under the table of Casamajor, like a drunkard.

He then left Masulipatam, and arrived safely by dâk at Hyderabad, during the greatest heat of the day ; and was received at length at the residence of Colonel Stewart, the British minister at the court of His Highness the Nizam. When Wolff arrived in the Presidency, he was so overpowered by thirst and heat that he actually drank above twenty bottles of gingerbeer. The British officers treated Wolff very kindly, and he received a kind letter of introduction from his Excellency Sir Frederick Adam, Governor of Madras.

CHAPTER VIII.

HYDERABAD ; THE THUGS ; THEIR HISTORY, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

DURING his residence at Hyderabad, Wolff became exceedingly anxious to make himself acquainted with the whole history of the Thugs ; and, through the kindness of Colonel Stewart, he received the most complete information about them from official documents. And as Wolff's account of this sect was highly praised throughout Germany and Scotland, he thinks the reader will not be displeased to have it laid before him.

The Thugs form a perfectly distinct class of persons, who subsist almost entirely upon robbery and murder. They appear to have received their name from their practice of decoying those persons they mark out for destruction, and inducing them to join their company, when they take advantage of the confidence they have endeavoured to inspire, and strangle their unsuspecting victims. They are also known by the name of *Phanseegur*, and in the north-eastern part of the Nizam's dominions they are usually called *Kurk Bund*, which means "gang of wolves." There are several peculiarities in the customs of the Thugs, both in their method of causing death, and in the precautions they adopt

for the prevention of discovery, which effectually distinguish them from every other class of delinquents. And it may be considered as a general rule whereby to know them, that they affect to disdain the practice of pilfering, housebreaking, and indeed every species of theft, that is not preceded by the perpetration of murder.

The Thugs adopt no other mode for committing their murders than strangulation, and the only implement made use of for this purpose is a handkerchief, or any convenient strip of cloth. They never attempt to rob a traveller till they have first deprived him of life. After the commission of a murder, if time and opportunity serve, they never neglect immediately to bury the body, or to conceal it in some way or other; and they never leave a corpse on the highway unless they happen to be disturbed.

To trace the origin of this practice of murder would be a matter of some difficulty; for, if the assertions of the Thugs themselves are entitled to any credit, it has been the custom from time immemorial; and they pretend that its institution is coeval with *the creation of the world*. Wolff observed that they may be the followers of Lamech, who was the first infanticide, and who misunderstood the doctrine of atonement. Like most other inhuman customs in this country, the traditions regarding it are mixed up with tales of Hindoo sayings; and the Thugs would wish to make it appear that, in immolating the number-

less victims that yearly fall by their hands, they are only obeying the injunctions of the deity they worship, to whom they say they are offering an acceptable sacrifice. The object of their worship is the goddess *Kalee*, or *Bhowanee*; and there is a temple at Bindachul, near Mirzapoor, to which the Thugs send considerable offerings, and the establishment of priests at that shrine consists entirely of their own community.

Bhowanee, it seems, formed a determination to extirpate the whole human race, and to sacrifice all but her own disciples. But she discovered, to her astonishment, that, through the interposition of the creating power, whenever human blood was shed a fresh subject immediately started into existence to supply the vacancy which she had caused. She, therefore, formed an image, into which she infused the principle of life; and, calling her disciples together, she instructed them in the art of depriving that being of life, by strangling it with a handkerchief. This method was found on trial to be effectual, and the goddess directed her worshippers to adopt it, and to murder without distinction all who should fall into their hands; promising that she herself would dispose of the bodies of their victims. Their property was to be bestowed upon her followers; and she was to be present, and to preside over and to protect them, on those occasions, so that none should be able to prevail against them.

“Thus,” say the Thugs, “was our order esta-

blished, and we originally took no care of the bodies of those who fell by our hands, but we abandoned them wherever they were strangled; until one man, more curious than the rest, ventured to watch the body he had murdered, in the expectation of witnessing the manner in which it would be disposed of. The Goddess of his worship descended as usual to carry away the corpse; but observing that this man was on the look-out, she relinquished her purpose, and, calling him angrily, rebuked him for his temerity, telling him she could no longer perform her promise regarding the bodies of the murdered, and that his associates must hereafter dispose of them in the best way they could." Thus, they say, arose the practice invariably followed by the Thugs of burying the dead; and to this circumstance is principally to be attributed the extraordinary manner in which their atrocities have remained undetected. For, with such circumspection and secrecy do they act, and such order and regularity are there in all their proceedings, that it is next to impossible that a particular murder should ever be discovered.

Absurd as the foregoing relation may appear, it has had its effect on the minds of the Thugs; for they do not seem to be visited with any of those feelings of remorse and compunction at the inhuman deeds in which they have participated which are commonly supposed to be, at some period of their lives, the portion of all who have trafficked in human blood. On the contrary, they dwell with satisfaction on

the recollection of their various and successful exploits; the truth of which assertion Wolff witnessed in his examination of some of them at Hyderabad, when they referred, with no small degree of pride and exultation, to the affairs in which they had been personally engaged, especially if the number of their victims had been great, or the plunder they had acquired extensive.

Notwithstanding the observance amongst Thugs of Hindoo rites of worship, a very considerable number of them are Mussulmans. No judgment of the birth or caste of a Thug can, however, be formed from his name; for it not unfrequently happens that a Hindoo Thug has a Mussulman name, with a Hindoo "alias" attached to it; and *vice versâ* with respect to Thugs, who are by birth Muhammadans. In almost every instance, the Thugs have more than one appellation, by means of which the Mussulman Thugs may be recognized; some are to be found of every sect, Sheikh, Seyud, Moghul, and Pathan; and among the Hindoos the castes chiefly to be met with are Brahmins, Rajpoots, Lodhees, Aheers, and Kolees. In a gang of Thugs some of every one of these castes may be found; all connected together by their peculiar system of murder; all subject to the same regulations; and all, both Mussulmans and Hindoos, joining in the worship of *Bhowanee*.

They usually move in large bodies, often amounting to from one hundred to two hundred persons; and they resort to all manner of subterfuges to

conceal their real profession. If they are travelling southwards, they represent themselves to be either in quest of service, or on their way to rejoin the regiments they pretend to belong to, in that part of the country. When, on the contrary, their road is toward the north, they call themselves Sepoys, from the Bombay or Nizam army, who are going on leave to Hindostan. The gangs do not always consist of persons who are Thugs by birth. It is customary for them, by holding out the promise of monthly pay, or the hopes of amassing money, to entice many to join them who are ignorant of the deeds of death that are to be perpetrated for the attainment of their object; until they are made aware of the reality, by seeing the victims of their cupidity fall under the hands of the stranglers. The Thugs declare that novices have occasionally been so horrified at the sight, as to have effected their immediate escape; whilst others, more callous to the commission of crime, are not deterred from the pursuit of gain by the frightful means adopted to obtain it; and remaining with the gang, they too soon begin personally to assist in the perpetration of murder.

Many of the most notorious Thugs are the adopted children of others of the same class. They make it a rule, when a murder is committed, never to spare the life of any one present, either male or female, who is old enough to remember and relate the particulars of the deed. But, in the event of their meeting with children of such a

tender age, as to make it impossible that they should reveal the fact, they generally spare their lives, and, adopting them, bring them up to the trade of Thuggee. These men, of course, eventually become acquainted with the particulars of the murder of their fathers and mothers, by the very persons with whom they have dwelt since their childhood; but they still go on following the same dreadful trade.

It might be expected that a class of people, whose hearts must be effectually hardened against all the better feelings of humanity, would be troubled with few scruples of conscience; but, in point of fact, they are as much the slaves of superstition, and as much directed by the observation of omens in the commission of their murders, as the most inoffensive of the natives of India are in the ordinary affairs of life. The chief symbol of worship among the Thugs is, a *Khoddee*, or pickaxe of iron. It is known among them by the names of *Nishan*, *Kussee*, and *Mahee*. With every gang there is a *Nishan*, which is in fact their standard; and the bearer of it is entitled to particular privileges. Previous to commencing an expedition, the *Jemadars* of the party celebrate a *Poojah* (a religious-ceremony) to the *Nishan* or pickaxe, which is typical of the deity of their worship.

The ceremonies of their superstition differ little from the usual rites of Hindoos on similar occasions. A Hindoo Thug, of good caste, is employed to make a quantity of the cakes called *Poories*, which

being consecrated by an offering to the idol, are distributed among the assembly. The Nishan is bathed and perfumed in the smoke of burning venison, and is afterwards made over to the Nishanwallah, who receives it on a piece of cloth kept for that purpose. It is then taken out into the open fields, in the expectation of an omen being observed. The Nishan is deposited in a convenient spot in the direction that the party intends to proceed, and certain persons are deputed to keep watch over it.

There are particular birds and beasts that are looked upon by the Thugs as the revealers of omens ; to whose calls and movements their attention is on this occasion particularly directed. Among these are the owl, the jay, the jackal, the ass, &c. If one of these calls out, or passes them from the right-hand side, the omen is looked upon as favourable ; but if from the left, it is considered unpropitious, and the project is abandoned.

It is not unusual for the Thugs to look for an auspicious omen, previous to committing a murder ; and they are frequently deterred from carrying their intentions immediately into effect, by observing an unfavourable sign ; such as smoke crossing their path when in pursuit of a victim ; or the circumstance of any of the animals before mentioned calling out on their left-hand side. This, no doubt, accounts for Thugs so often keeping company with travellers for many days previous to their murdering them ; although they had deter-

mined upon their sacrifice from the moment of their first joining the party. The omen is denominated *Sogoon*.

In the event of an expedition proving more than ordinarily successful, a Poojah is usually made to Bhowanee; and a portion of the spoil, taken by the gang, is set aside for the purpose of being sent to the pagoda before alluded to, as an offering to the Goddess. Propitiatory offerings are also made, and various ceremonies performed before the Khod-dee, or Nishan, should the Thugs have failed in obtaining any plunder for a length of time.

In every gang of Thugs there are to be found one or more Jemadars, who appear to hold that rank, not by the choice of their followers, but in consequence of their wealth and influence in their respective villages; and this superior position enables them to assemble the party. The profits of a Jemadar are of course greater than those of his followers. He receives six-and-a-half or seven per cent. on all silver coin, and other property not hereafter specified; and then he has a share of the remainder in common with the other Thugs of the party. When gold is obtained in coin, or in mass, the tenth part is taken by the Jemadar previous to dividing it; and he has a tithe of all pearls, shawls, gold, embroidered cloths, brass and copper pots, horses, &c. The Jemadar acts as the master of the ceremonies when Poojah is performed; and he assigns to every Thug the particular duty he is to execute in the commission of every murder that is

determined on. These duties are undertaken in succession by all the Thugs of the party; and to the regularity and system that exist among them, must be attributed the unparalleled success that has attended their proceedings.

Next to the Jemadar, one of the most important personages is the *Buttoat*, or strangler; who carries the handkerchief with which the Thugs usually murder their victims. This implement is merely a piece of fine strong cotton cloth, about a yard long. At one end a knot is made, and the cloth is slightly twisted, and kept ready for use, and it is concealed in the waist-band of the person who carries it. There is no doubt but that all the Thugs are expert in the use of the handkerchief, which is called *Roomal*, or *Paloo*; but if they are to be believed, only particular persons are called upon, or permitted to perform the office of strangler, when a large gang is collected. The most able-bodied and alert of the number are fixed upon as *Buttoats*, and they become the bearers of the handkerchief only after the performance of various and often expensive ceremonies, and never without the observation of a favourable omen. The old and experienced Thugs are denominated *Gooroo Bhow*; and the junior Thugs make a merit of attending on them, preparing their hookahs, shampooing their bodies, and performing the most menial offices. They gradually become initiated into all the mysteries of the art of murder, and if they prove to be powerful men, the disciples of the *Gooroo* are

promoted to be Buttoats. The Thugs say, that if one of them was alone, and had never before strangled a person, he would not presume to make use of the handkerchief until he observed a favourable omen. The ceremonies with regard to the handkerchief are much the same as those described in carrying out the Nishan, or pickaxe, the handkerchief being on this occasion substituted; when an offering of rice, cocoa nut, &c., is made. When a murder is to be committed, the Buttoat usually follows the particular person he has been directed by the Jemadar to strangle; and, on the preconcerted signal being given, the roomal is seized by the knot with the left hand, the right hand being nine or ten inches further up; and in this manner it is thrown over the head of the person to be strangled. The two hands are crossed as the victim falls; and such is the certainty with which the deed is done, that the Thugs themselves frequently declare that before the body reaches the ground, the eyes usually start out of the head, and life is extinct.

Should the person to be strangled prove an active man, or the Buttoat be inexpert, another Thug lays hold of the end of the handkerchief. The perfection of the art is described to be attained when several persons are simultaneously murdered, without any of them having time to utter a sound, or to become aware of the fate of their companions. Favourable opportunities are afforded for Buttoats to make their first essay in the art of strangling,

When a single traveller is met with, a novice is instructed to make a trial of his skill, and the party sets off during the night, and stops, while it is still dark, to smoke, or drink water. While seated for this purpose, the Jemadar inquires what hour of the night it may be? and the Thugs immediately look up at the stars to ascertain the time. This is the preconcerted signal, and the Buttoat is immediately on the alert; and the unsuspecting traveller, on looking up at the heavens like the rest of the party, offers his neck in a right position for the prepared handkerchief, and thus becomes an easy prey to the murderer. The Buttoat receives eight annas extra for every murder he commits; and if the plunder is great, some article is assigned him over and above the common shares. The persons intended to be murdered are distinguished by different names, according to their wealth, profession, sect, &c. A traveller having much property is called *Niamud*, and victims are generally entitled *Bunj*.

To aid the Buttoat in the perpetration of the murder, another Thug is specially appointed, under the designation of *Sumsooat*. His business is to seize the person to be strangled by the wrists, if he be on foot; and by one of the legs, if he is on horseback, and thus to pull him down. A Sumsooat is told off to each traveller, and he places himself in a convenient position near him, to be ready when required. In the event of the traveller being mounted on horseback, a third Thug assists,

under the designation of *Bhugduvra*. His business is to lay hold of the horse's bridle, and check it as soon as the signal for murder is given.

One of the most important persons in a gang of Thugs goes by the name of *Tillace*. The Thugs do not always depend upon chance for obtaining plunder, or roam about in the expectation of meeting with travellers; but they frequently take up their quarters in or near a large town, on some great thoroughfare, from whence they make excursions, according to the information obtained by the Tillaces. These men are chosen from amongst the most smooth-spoken and intelligent of their number, and their chief duty is to gain information. For this purpose they are decked out in the garb of respectable persons, whose appearance they must have the tact of putting on. They parade the bazaars of the town, near which their associates are encamped, and endeavour to pick up intelligence of the intended despatch or expected arrival of goods; when information is forthwith given to the gang, who send out a party to intercept them.

Inquiry is also made for any band of travellers, who may have arrived and put up in the chowree or elsewhere. Every art is brought into practice to make acquaintance with these people; they are given to understand that the Tillace is travelling the same road, and an opportunity is taken to throw out hints regarding their danger, and the frequency of murders and robberies. An acquaintance with some of the relatives and friends of the

travellers is feigned, and an invitation given to partake of the repast prepared at the place where the Tillace has put up; the convenience of which, and the superiority of the water, are, of course, abundantly praised. The result usually is, that the travellers are inveigled into joining the party of Thugs, and they are feasted and treated with every politeness and consideration by the very wretches who are plotting their murder, and calculating the share they shall acquire on their division of the spoil.

What must be the feelings of men, who are actuated by motives so entirely opposed to their pretended civility of behaviour, it must be difficult to imagine; and Wolff does not know whether most to admire the consummate duplicity with which they contrive to conceal their purpose, or to detest the infernal apathy with which they can eat out of the same dish and drink of the very cup that is partaken of by the victims they have fixed upon for destruction. And is this not the history also of Judas Iscariot? It is on the perfection which they have attained in the art of acting as Tillaces that the Thugs particularly pride themselves; and it is a frequent boast with them that it is only necessary to have an opportunity of conversing once with a traveller, in order to be able to mark him as a certain victim whenever they choose to murder him.

Instances sometimes occur, where a party of Thugs find their victims too numerous for them

to master while they remain in a body ; but they are seldom at a loss for expedients for creating dissensions, and a consequent division of the party. But if all these arts of intrigue and cajolery fail in producing the desired result, an occasion is taken advantage of to ply the travellers with intoxicating liquors ; a quarrel is then brought about, and from words they proceed to blows, which ends in the dispersion of the company, who, proceeding on different roads, fall an easier prey to their remorseless destroyers.

Having enticed the travellers into the snare that has been laid for them, the next object of the Thugs is to choose a convenient spot for committing the murder ; this, in the technical language current among them, is denominated *Bhal* ; and is usually fixed upon at a short distance from a village on the banks of a Nullah, where the trees and underwood afford a shelter from the view of occasional passengers. The Thug who is sent forward on this duty is called a *Bhilla* ; and having fixed on the place, he either returns to the encampment of his party, or meets them on the way, to report the result of his inquiry. If the *Bhilla* returns to the camp with his report, the *Suggaees*, or grave-diggers, are sent out with him to prepare a grave for the interment of the persons it is intended to murder. Arrangements are previously made, so that the party with the travellers in company shall not arrive too soon at the *Bhal*. At the particular spot agreed on, the *Bhilla* meets the gang ; a recog-

nition takes place ; the Jemadar calls out, *Bhilla Manjet*, "Have you cleansed out the whole?" The *Bhilla* replies, "*Manjet*:" on which the concerted signal is given, that serves as the death-warrant of the unheeding travellers, who are forthwith strangled. While some are employed in rifling the bodies, others assist in carrying them away to the ready-prepared graves. The *Suggaees* perform the task of burying them, and the remainder of the gang proceeds on its journey, leaving with them a certain number of *Tillaces*, as watchmen on the look-out, to prevent their being disturbed. Should a casual passenger appear, the *Tillace* gently throws a stone amongst the *Suggaees*, or grave-diggers, who immediately desist from their work and crouch on the ground until the danger is over. After the interment is completed, the *Suggaees* rejoin their party ; but it is not unusual to leave one or more of the *Tillaces* to keep watch to prevent the bodies being dug up by beasts of prey ; or, if a discovery should be made by the village people, to give instant information to their companions, that they may have the opportunity of getting out of the way.

But it often happens that the arrangements above mentioned cannot be entered into ; and that travellers are met with on the road, who are hastily murdered, and as hastily interred. In these cases, if the opportunity is afforded them, the *Thugs* always leave some one to keep watch at the place ; and rather than run the risk of discovery by the

bodies being dug up by wild animals, they will return, and re-inter them. If the ground is stony, they never touch the corpse; but if the soil is of such a nature as to render it probable that the bodies in swelling will burst the graves, they then transfix them with their spears or knives, which effectually prevents it.

Where the Thugs choose to strangle their victims in some more exposed situation, as in a garden, near a village, where they have put up for the night, they resort to further precautions to prevent discovery. The grave is on this occasion prepared on the spot, after the murder has been committed; and the corpses having been deposited therein, the superfluous soil is carried away in bundles, and thrown into the neighbouring fields. The place is watered, and beaten down with sticks; it is then plastered over with cow-dung; and *Choolahs*, or fireplaces for cooking, are made on the spot. If the party find it necessary to decamp, they light fires in the *Choolahs*, that they may have the appearance of having been used to cook there. Should they determine on staying, they use these *Choolahs* for cooking their food on the succeeding day, having few qualms of conscience to prevent their enjoying the viands prepared on a spot, the associations attendant on which might be considered too revolting to dwell upon.

The parties of Thugs being often very large, they have many beasts of burden in their train, such as bullocks, and sometimes even camels; if, therefore,

they remain at a place where they have committed a murder, and do not construct fireplaces, they take the precaution of tying their cattle on the spot. The Thugs say they can always recognize the fireplaces of persons of their own class; there being peculiar marks about them, made purposely to serve as directions to the next party that may pass the same way. Dr. Wolff has observed also the same among the Bedouins in the deserts of Arabia, who know, by the footsteps of those who preceded them, the tribes who have been there.

The Thugs always prefer burying their victims at some distance from the public road; and therefore, as soon as the bodies of murdered persons have been stripped of the property found upon them, they are carried on the shoulders of the Suggaees, to the spot selected for interring them. They say they are more careless about the concealment of corpses in the Nizam's country than elsewhere, and that they have frequently left bodies entirely exposed, without running any risk, for no one takes the trouble of making any inquiry. This proves the truth of the assertion of Dr. Wolff, that Muhammadans do not set any value on human life; for human blood is not more esteemed among them than the blood of dogs.

The division of spoil does not usually take place immediately after the perpetration of a murder, but every person secures a portion of the property on the spot, and when a convenient opportunity arrives, each person produces his part of

the plunder, and a division is then made by the Jemadar, whose share is, in the first instance, deducted. Then the Buttoats, Sumssoats, and the Bhugturrahs claim their extra reward for each murder at which they have assisted. The Tillace also receives his share for inveigling a traveller into their snares. The Suggae takes his recompense for the trouble he had in digging the grave, and the residue is divided, share and share alike, amongst the whole gang. It may be supposed that the cupidity of individual Thugs will occasionally induce them to attempt to defraud their comrades, by secreting some article of value at the time the murdered bodies are plundered. But they say the whole class are bound by inviolable oath to produce, for the common stock, everything that may fall into their hands while engaged with any party.

As may be imagined, the division of plunder often leads to violent disputes, which, it is astonishing, never terminate in bloodshed. It might be supposed that the Thugs had a prejudice against spilling blood, for, when pursued, they never make use of the weapons they usually bear, not even in defence of their own persons. The most wanton prodigality occurs when plunder is divided; and should any difference of opinion arise as to the appropriation of their spoil, the most valuable shawls and brocade are often torn into strips and distributed among the gang. The Thugs say this is done that every person may run the same risk,

for such articles could not be shared equally among them, unless converted into money, and some danger is attendant on the transaction. They appear to make it a rule to destroy all *hondees* (letters of credit) that fall into their hands, as well as any other articles that are likely to lead to detection. Ready money is what they chiefly desire; and when they have a choice of victims, the possessors of gold and silver would certainly be fixed upon in preference to others. Consequently, it seems to have been a general practice among the Bundelkund Thugs to waylay the parties of Sepoys of the Bombay and Nizam's army, when going upon leave to Hindostan, for the sake of the specie they usually have; and they remark, that of the numerous Sepoys who are supposed by their officers to have abandoned the service, and by their friends and relatives to be still with their regiments, they alone can tell the fate, the whole number having been strangled by their hands. The immense wealth that has, at various times, fallen into the hands of these miscreants, is expended in the grossest extravagance and debauchery; so these ill-gotten gains remain but a short time in their possession.

The Thugs have not exactly a language of their own, but slang terms and phrases, which give them the means of holding a conversation with persons of their own class without any chance of being understood by the uninitiated. Their term of salutation, whereby also they recognize each other

if they casually meet, without being previously acquainted, is "*Ali Khan Bhau Sulaum*." What appears most extraordinary is, the manner in which the Thugs recollect the names of their comrades, as well as their persons; and they declare, that though the name of any one of a gang may have escaped their recollection, they never forget the person of a Thug who assisted with them in the perpetration of a murder. The Thugs, indeed, seem to know each other almost intuitively; and the quickness with which recognition between individuals takes place is surprising, so as to warrant the supposition that a sort of freemasonry system of signs has been established among them.

To facilitate their plan of operations, the Thugs have established a system of intelligence and communication throughout the countries they have been in the habit of frequenting: and they become acquainted, with astonishing celerity, with the proceedings of their comrades in all directions. They omit no opportunity of making inquiries respecting other gangs, and are equally particular in supplying the requisite information concerning their own movements. For this purpose they have connected themselves with several persons residing in the Nizam's dominions as patails and cultivators of villages, many of the latter of whom follow the profession of Thuggee in conjunction with their agricultural pursuits. The Marwaries and other petty bankers are also constantly the channels of communication between Thugs; and there is no doubt of their being purchasers of the

property of the murdered. The religious mendicants throughout the country occasionally assist, by taking messages from bands of Thugs, to be delivered to the next party that may come in their way. With this view also, they have adopted the practice of forming choolahs, or fireplaces of a particular construction, to serve as marks of their progress through the country. When a party of Thugs come to a road that branches-off in two directions, they make a mark for the guidance of their associates who may come after them, in the following manner. The soil in a convenient spot is carefully smoothed, and the print of a foot is distinctly stamped upon it. A Thug, on seeing this mark, which he searches for, knows, by the direction in which it points, what track has been followed by those who preceded him.

The peculiar designation by which they are known is a point upon which the Thugs are peculiarly tenacious; and they attach to it a great importance, and even claim a degree of respectability for their profession, which they say no other class of delinquents is entitled to. The denomination of thief is peculiarly offensive to them; and they always solicit the erasure of this term, and the substitution of that of Thug, whenever it may occur in a paper regarding them; declaring that, so far from following the disgraceful practices of a thief, they scorn the name, and can prove themselves to be honest and trustworthy, when occasion requires it. It seems their ambition to be considered respectable persons; and, with this view,

they expend much of their gain on personal decoration. Even those who have been seized, and admitted as informers, are more solicitous about their dress and decent appearance than anything else. They mostly seem to be men of mild and unobtrusive manners; possessing cheerfulness of disposition, entirely different from the violent passionate character, and the ferocious demeanour, usually attributed to hardened murderers.

Such is the extent to which this dreadful system has been carried, that no calculation can be made of the numbers who have fallen victims to it: when it is taken into consideration, that many of the Thugs who have been seized confess to having, for the last 25 or 30 years, annually made circuits with parties of more than a hundred men, with no other object than that of murder and rapine, and they boast of having daily put to death ten or twenty persons. They say, too, that an enumeration of all the persons they have each individually assisted to destroy, would swell the catalogue to hundreds, and, as some declare, to thousands; so that some notion of this horrid destruction of life may be formed, and of the amount of property taken; for, independent of the thousands in ready money, jewels, and bullion, the loads of valuable clothes, and every description of merchandise, which continually fall into their hands, together with the *hoondies* that they invariably destroy, must amount to a considerable sum.

The impunity with which the Thugs have here-

VOL. II. O

tofore carried on their merciless proceedings, the ease with which they recruit their numbers, and the facility with which they have purchased their release, when seized by the officers of the weak Native Governments, in whose dominions they have usually committed their greatest depredations, have altogether tended to confirm the evil, and spread it to such a fearful extent, that the life of no traveller in the country has been safe; and it seemed only by some happy chance that even large parties have ever escaped the fangs of these blood-thirsty demons.

CHAPTER IX.

SEVERE ATTACK OF CHOLERA AT RAMAHPATAM, AND SUBSEQUENT
ILLNESS; MISSIONARIES; INFIDEL OBJECTIONS ANSWERED;
RHENIUS, THE LUTHERAN MISSIONARY; JEWS IN COCHIN.

Now let us hear Wolff again; and what he said in one of his lectures on the evidence of Christianity. He observed, "Some say that they do not believe Christianity, because it has so many mysteries; but I know that it is another mystery which induces them to make this observation. It is the mystery of iniquity! Others again say, that such things were believed in ancient times, because people were not so enlightened as in our days. To this I answer again, the great Johannes von Müller, the Tacitus of Switzerland, justly said, 'Mark well, enlightenment does not consist in denying those things which have made our ancestors happy; but real enlightenment consists in believing more clearly those things which have made our ancestors happy; and in being able to assign for that belief additional proofs. In this true enlightenment consists!'"

Wolff, during dinner at Colonel Stewart's, made the following observation about Luther; that he could not understand, and even now cannot, the

reason which Luther assigned for having abolished the Mass; namely, "that the Devil had proved to him by sound arguments, that the Mass was an abominable idolatry." How the Devil, who is the Prince of *lies*, could teach any one a *truth*, it is difficult to understand! At the same dinner, Capt. Moore, R.N., a friend of Wolff's, and of an eminent English family, who possessed a jocular turn of mind, asked Wolff, "Can you tell me why there are so few Jews in Scotland?" Wolff said, "Yes, for the Scotchmen are called '*Caledonians*,' which proves their '*Chaldean*' descent." And this Dr. Wolff believes seriously; and the Chaldeans themselves say, that three Jews are needed to cheat one Chaldean, which may be the reason why so few Jews are in Scotland, or Caledonia.

Then Wolff said to Moore, "I suspect you to be a Jew, for your nose is exactly like that of a Jew," when the whole company laughed, and Moore did not deny it. Three days afterwards Wolff received a letter from Captain Moore (in which another was enclosed), and this was written in the former: "What one day can bring forth! You have unmasked me, for I am a Jew; the son of Solomon Cohen, and my name is Abraham Cohen. Read the enclosed letter, which will explain my birth and parentage." The letter which accompanied this seemed to have been written by an officer in the army, and one of Moore's familiar friends. It began thus:—

“MY DEAR ABRAHAM COHEN,

“Have you at last been found out? I thought it would be so, if you ever met the grand *Padre*, for Jews know each other, like Freemasons. You know that you were born in Houndsditch, and that you robbed the till in your father’s shop; after which you ran away, and went to Plymouth, and was begging in the streets when Admiral Blackwood met you all in rags, and took you on board ship. There, the officers dressed you up, and made of you at last a smart midshipman, and so you got on in the world. Now, as you have been found out, you had better resume your old name, Abraham Cohen, for it is no use to conceal it any longer.”

This joke of worthy Captain Moore, at his own expense, happened in the year 1833; and in 1845, after Wolff’s return from Bokhara, he dined in London at Mr. Rashleigh’s, M.P., when his old friend, Moore, who had also become an M.P., came to dinner there to meet him; and his first word was, “Now, Wolff, how is our tribe going on in Bokhara? Did you tell them that their brother, Abraham Cohen in London, takes an interest in their welfare?” Thus they talked over again the old joke they had in Hyderabad.

Some people may make the remark that Wolff was too much apt to joke for a missionary; but all he can answer is this, that whether such a charge

be true or not, so was Wolff by nature, and he will not conceal it from the public. At the same time, he must say, that that great man whom he has taken as his model, St. Francis Xavier, was the very life of the passengers on board the ship in which he sailed for Japan, for he frequently made all the passengers roar with laughter by his funny stories. And who does not remember the jovial Sir John Malcolm, who often convulsed society by his merriment? but he was all seriousness when he spoke on a solemn or important topic. And no one ever saw Wolff smile, or cause others to do so, and he hopes that no one will ever see him do this, whenever he speaks or preaches about Christ, the Man of sorrows; or of Christ coming in the clouds of heaven, who was once for us, poor sinners, slain.

Wolff left the hospitable dwelling of Colonel Stewart in Hyderabad, and set out for Madras; and he travelled mostly at night in a palanquin, which was actually hot like an oven. The second night a most tremendous torrent of rain came on, which lasted till morning; and in the midst of the storm the palanquin-bearers put down the palanquin, ran away to shelter themselves somewhere about, and left Wolff in the middle of the road to his fate. It was awful! for he sat in the palanquin, which was filled with water up to his neck, whilst everything he had in his *batara* (or "trunk") was soaked with wet, as well as the clothes he had on. In the morning, when the

rain ceased, the bearers returned to him, and took up the palanquin, out of which the water had run ; and he arrived, on the 30th of June, 1833, at Ramahpatam.

Scarcely had he entered the bungalow at Ramahpatam, belonging to Mr. Bruce, the collector, who resided at Nellore, about forty miles distant, but who had given previous orders to his native servants at Ramahpatam to receive Wolff, when he was violently attacked by that dire disease, the cholera morbus. It began with the most violent vomiting, accompanied with cramp and dysentery. No English person, or European, was near him, and he had just strength enough to write to Mr. Bruce these words :—"I am taken with cholera ; give notice of my death to my wife at Malta, and send her my journals.—J. WOLFF."

He then lay down upon the sofa, continually vomiting, whilst he recommended his soul to God. His hands and feet became convulsed and livid, but through the whole of his suffering he felt peace in our Lord Jesus Christ. He prayed to Him that He would be pleased to send him some relief ; suddenly he heard a voice exclaiming, in English, "I see you have the cholera morbus. My husband died of that disorder two months ago." The person who spoke was a half-Indian, the widow of a sergeant of Vellore, of the name of Gillespie, who was about to go from Vellore to Madras, with the intention of proceeding from thence to her daughter at Onore. Arriving the

same day with Wolff at Ramahpatam, she learned from the natives that he had been taken with cholera ; and that noble-minded woman, of a caste so unjustly despised by the English, hastened to his assistance. Wolff said to her, "My dear woman, you will find in my patara three hundred rupees" (equivalent to £30); "take the whole, only remain with me over night, until some person comes from Nellore." She replied, "God forbid that I should take one farthing from you. I shall remain with you until some person comes from Nellore." She first gave Wolff a whole bottle of brandy, with two hundred drops of laudanum, together with other remedies, which only stopped the vomiting at intervals. The next morning, Dr. Cooper, the medical man from Nellore, arrived. He was a Scotch gentleman, a pious and holy man, who had been sent from Nellore by Mr. Bruce. Mrs. Gillespie then wanted to go ; but Wolff, who had retained his senses in some degree, heard the doctor saying to her, "Stay here half-an-hour longer, for there is no doubt he will be dead by that time." She remained. Cooper then prayed with Wolff, gave him warm salt and water, and twice forty grains of calomel, which stopped the vomiting for two hours ; but, when he had a third relapse in the evening, Cooper told him that he should state what might be his last will. Cooper sent off, at the same time, two despatches to Nellore, saying that he had but little hope of his recovery ; and he candidly told Wolff that he did

not think he would be alive next morning. But he said to him, "Wolff, the natives have a remedy which has very frequently succeeded in stopping the cholera; and this is putting a hot iron upon the stomach;" and he added, "will you submit to that?" Wolff said, "Yes." He then branded Wolff three times upon his stomach, which—God be praised!—stopped the cholera, and Wolff began to sleep.

Whilst he was asleep, the whole bungalow in which he lay was burnt down. This happened in June, 1833, but Wolff knew nothing of it until April, 1845, when he was in London, after his second journey to Bokhara, and a gentleman entered a room in Half-Moon Street, and said to Wolff, "Do you know me? Tom Cooper, your physician at Ramahpatam." He then made him acquainted with the fact, that the bungalow had been burned down whilst he was asleep after the cholera had ceased. And this was the reason why he was put into a palanquin, and carried into the open street during his insensibility.

When Wolff awoke from his sleep and smiled at Cooper, Cooper said to him, "That you are still alive I marvel, and am indeed surprised." Cooper then brought him, after four days' stay at Ramahpatam, to Nellore in a palanquin. During the whole journey Wolff continually exclaimed, "Give me a good glass of champagne! give me a good glass of champagne!" He arrived in the bungalow of Bruce the Collector, who he found was

the same man with whom he had travelled, in the year 1827, from Newcastle to Edinburgh. Bruce and his wife received him with all the cordiality imaginable; and whilst with them he was, for twenty days, in a most critical state on account of a violent bilious fever, which followed the cholera. Everything he ate tasted bitter in his mouth. However, after one month's stay, he recovered so far that he attempted to proceed in a palanquin on his way to Madras. But when he was forty miles distant from Nellore, he was attacked by a most violent spasm, which obliged the palanquin-bearers to take him out, and carry him upon their shoulders to a native bungalow.

Most fortunately Mr. Prendergast, the sub-collector, was only four miles distant, living in a tent. So he came, carried him to his tent, and sent immediately a horseman to Nellore; when dear Dr. Cooper came a second time to assist Wolff, and staid with him four days in the tent, and restored him so far that he set out for Madras with dreadful jaundice. He was there most kindly received into the house of Colonel Cadell; where he was soon surrounded by dear Christians, viz. Messrs. Dobbs, Brown, Shaw, Clulow, and Ban-nister; and, after a quiet stay of fourteen days, he was enabled to preach in the dissenting chapel.

As Wolff was not yet ordained into the English Church, and had only the four minor orders of the Church of Rome, some of the clergy there objected to giving him their pulpits, as the clergy in the

upper country had before done. However, they were exceedingly kind to him, the clergy as well as the dissenters. All the papers of Madras were in favour of his preaching, except one, which raised its voice against him, whilst the rest declared him to be the apostle of the age. The missionaries of the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, Dr. Rotler and Irion, vied with the worthy dissenting missionaries, Smith, Drew, Taylor, and Bourne, in showing to Wolff every attention in their power. He lectured seven times, and twice at the station upon St. Thomas's Mount, seven miles distant from Madras, on the spot where St. Thomas the Apostle, who established the Church at Malabar, suffered martyrdom.

Even the white Jews of Cochin, as well as the black Jews, testify in their records, engraven upon copper-plates, that when they arrived in India they found Nazarenes, *i. e.* Christians, converted through the preaching of the apostle St. Thomas. And this is also confirmed by the Fathers of the Church. Thou, St. Thomas, didst lay thy hands and thy fingers in the wounds of thy Saviour, and it made thee confess Him to be thy Lord and thy God; and for thy Lord and thy God thou didst give thy blood in the beautiful country of Hindostan, where to this day the descendants of those to whom thou preachedst His truth confess that Jesus is their Lord and their God!

As Wolff's health was still in a precarious state, his friends at Madras did not allow him to go

much about. However, he engaged in a controversy with an ardent chaplain of the East India Company, Mr. Harper by name, who attacked him for two reasons: first, for preaching the personal reign of Christ; secondly, for preaching in dissenting chapels. Wolff published his opinion, that missionaries were in the category of apostles, and therefore Wolff was not inclined to receive reproof from a chaplain. This made Mr. Harper so angry that he danced about like a dancing-master. However, Wolff called upon him, and made it up with him, and Mr. Harper's wife took Wolff's part. So the dispute was ended.

Sir Frederick Adam was also very kind to Wolff, but at last he determined to leave Madras. His dear friends, Clulow, the Rev. Mr. Tucker, Messrs. Dobbs and Conolly, brother to his friend Conolly, who was murdered in Bokhara, then took leave of him. For the last time they prayed together, and then Wolff set out for Cochin in a palanquin. Colonel Cadell, Clulow, and Maclean, kindly paid the expenses of the dâk as far as Cochin, and gave him letters for the active missionaries, Rhenius, Schafer, Winkler, and Müller.

Here Wolff has to observe, that a man who possessed neither silver nor gold of his own, nor was attached to any society, and had solemnly vowed that of his wife's fortune he would never appropriate a single farthing for his own use and missionary labours, cannot be justly taxed with meanness, because he accepted, as he did with

feelings of gratitude, the assistance of others in the course of his travels, especially from those Christian friends who deemed the workman worthy of his hire. Especially, too, since Wolff contributed, out of what he received from both the kings of the Punjaub and Oude, towards the support of the American missions.

Wolff arrived on the 1st of September at Pondicherry, where there was a French settlement. A French bishop was there, with other missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church. Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie introduced Wolff to his lordship. The Bishop, however, avoided religious discussion, and his mind seemed to be entirely absorbed in politics. He told Wolff that their former Governor-General, Monsieur Debassay Richmond, a relation of Villele, and a friend of Louis the Eighteenth, and with whom Wolff had talked in Persia on his way to India, had told him that if all missionaries were animated with the spirit of Joseph Wolff, a union would soon be effected between the Church of Rome and the English Church.

He then arrived at Cuddalore, where he lectured in the court-house. He gave a long lecture, and endeavoured to impress upon the minds of his hearers the preciousness of faith in Christ Jesus, which faith is the evidence of things not seen, the substance of things hoped for, and does not consist of mere knowledge, but in power; so that faith becomes manifest by the works of the Spirit,

which are gentleness, meekness, temperance, faith, &c. Wolff preached too at Combacanum.

He preached at Trichinopoly, and lived in the house of Mr. Blair, where Bishop Heber died; and at that place he preached chiefly to the officers and privates, on the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ; and how on His thigh and His vesture the name shall be seen written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS. In the vicinity of Trichinopoly, he visited a sect of Hindoos, called *Kuller*, which means "thief." Their profession, as was that of their ancestors, is stealing, and they observe circumcision. Mr. Thompson, an Englishman, and Mr. Schreyvogel, a German, were missionaries there of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Mr. Schreyvogel made the following ludicrous remark in one of his sermons. He had preached twelve sermons on the history of the prophet Jonah, and in one of them said, "Infidels say that Jonah could not have entered a whale; now, I can assure you, that there are whales in the Mediterranean which would conveniently accommodate whole families."

Jevane Dawson, of Hindoo descent, the son of a Hindoo, converted by Schwarz, called on Wolff for the express purpose of hearing him explain his views respecting the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. There were in Trichinopoly one hundred and fifty native Christians, who observed the distinctions of caste, except at the Lord's Table. Too much has been made by some re-

ligious people of the native observance of caste. Wolff asks, "Are there not *castes* in England, and all over Europe?" He means social distinctions.

On his arrival at Mellore, on his way to Madura, a letter was delivered to him by Mr. Hooper, the Judge of Madura, from Mr. Rhenius; who is the greatest missionary that has ever appeared in the Protestant Church, being more enterprising, more bold, and more talented than even Schwarz himself. The number of Hindoos, to whose conversion he has been instrumental, amounts to 12,000! He kindly invited Wolff to come to his station, Palamcottah. That great man, Rhenius, however, had the fate of all distinguished missionaries; for he was first envied and then discarded by the Committee of the Church Missionary Society in London.

There are many Hindoos who are said to be possessed by the devil. Vain attempts have been made, even by missionaries, to dispossess these afflicted persons; but the means employed have been strange, namely, by flogging them with a stick, or wand. Wolff firmly believes and knows that there are such sufferers now, even as there were assuredly in the time of Christ; and therefore, instead of using a stick, one ought to make use of the name of Jesus Christ, as the Apostles did. And even our 75th canon proves that the Church of England believes in the power of exorcism.

Religion is a glorious, complete, and harmonious temple, of which, if you destroy one part, the

whole becomes shaken or disfigured. To a person who tries to conceal or alter one part, the whole must appear without harmony ; and such a person goes from one part to another, until the whole beauty disappears. Those who view religion in this unconnected manner surrender it piecemeal, and often abandon it altogether. The most beautiful object will appear deformed if looked at with a prejudiced eye, or with the eye of an anatomist who investigates only by small and detached portions, without regard to the congruity of the whole. The boldness of those who have denied scriptural truth has been received by some with indifference, by others with delight. The latter rejoice to hear nothing more than that the devil has no existence ; for they are (as Count Stolberg said) like the ostrich, who puts his head under his wings as soon as he perceives the hunter, and then feels himself to be safe. The idea has become far too current, that the Scriptures present to us mere phantoms and oriental imagery. But, from the most ancient traditions, the idea of fallen and hostile spirits has been found to have existed among all nations, represented in divers manners. All this testimony, however, has been rejected, and even ridiculed, by arrogant newspaper scribblers ; though all delusions and erroneous traditions must have been founded upon some primitive and original truth.

Others, again, call those diabolical possessions mere bodily disorder and sickness. If it is said

that the Son of God commanded those devils to go out of men, some one replies by saying that Jesus Christ thereby accommodated Himself to the prejudices and current opinions of the times. But those who say this are worse reasoners than the Jews, who admitted the fact, whilst they objected that He cast out devils by the prince of devils. These half Christians, therefore, of the present day affirm, that He, who came into the world to bear witness unto the truth, confirmed a delusion by a miracle from heaven! To what purpose should our Lord have accommodated Himself to the superstition of the time? for, would the Jews have the less believed Him if he had said, "These are no possessions, but *mere* maladies, and permitted in order that you may believe in Me, if I cure them by the power of my word"? But He was far from doing so. He *cast out* devils, and He gave the same power to His disciples. Did the Son of God deceive his Church when He said, "*I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven?*" Was it the *sickness* of the Gadarenes which went into the swine?

It is objected, again, that it is inconsistent with the goodness of God to allow so much power to the devils. Wolff answers, "One might as well say that there are no tyrants in the world, no rebels, no atheistical propagandists; for their existence is quite as incompatible with such assumed notions of the goodness of God!" How should short-sighted creatures, like ourselves, presume to

deny the possibility of the influence of strange spirits upon our organs, on no other foundation than our incapability of comprehending it? We are not able to comprehend how our soul influences our body; and, in truth, of all the objections made by infidels, none is more shallow and inane than that taken from the want of our power of comprehension.

Has the philosophy of the present day received any new light with regard to spiritual influences, and in what manner they affect the body? But it is still objected, "those times of spiritual visitation are ended!" Whence, however, have men *this* assurance? Is there one single passage in Scripture which tells us this? Until now, the devil is only bruised; his power, though restrained, is not annihilated. But some people say further, that the light of civilization has banished the devil and those diabolical possessions from the world. Wolff answers, that "the light of civilization has not been able to banish rebellious men, and usurpers like Napoleon III., from the world; how, then, should this boasted civilization have banished evil spirits?"

A few words more about Rhenius, with whom Wolff lived for some weeks. One after another there would come to the room of this good man, before, during, and after dinner, both poor and rich Hindoos, English, and half Indians, to consult with him who was their spiritual father. It was not with him, as in Abyssinia, where the poor were

not admitted to the presence of some miserable missionaries. Rhenius had established 111 schools, and in those schools 2553 boys and 146 girls received Christian instruction. In his own seminary, in the Mission premises, forty native youths were boarded, and instructed in theology and various sciences. Poor converts were always chosen for teachers. John Dewa Saghaym, whose grandfather had been converted from Hindooism, was ordained by Bishop Turner, and superintended the native congregation; and yet, notwithstanding his labours and success, this Rhenius was dismissed by the Society for the following reason. The Church Missionary Society took him into their service, when they were well aware that he belonged to the Lutheran congregation; and after he had succeeded in converting thousands, and baptizing them after the Lutheran manner, Bishop Heber wrote to him a letter, charging him to prepare his converts for confirmation. Rhenius replied, that "his Lordship need not take the trouble; for he had himself done all that was requisite. He had been engaged by the Church Missionary Society as a Lutheran, and without making the slightest conditions, to the effect that he should bring up his converts as members of the Church of England; which he could not have conscientiously done, as he was opposed to it." Unfortunately, Rhenius was not satisfied with merely declaring this to Bishop Heber (who very wisely withdrew his demand of coming to confirm

his converts), but he published a pamphlet declaring the Church of England to be an Anti-Christian Church, whereupon they instantly dismissed him.

Now Wolff says, though he *in toto* disagreed with Rhenius in his views of the Church of England; and though he prefers—(and let Wolff not be misunderstood)—though he prefers the Church of England, with regard to her homilies, and liturgy, and episcopal regulations, to the Lutheran community; the Society had no right to expect from a *Lutheran* Christian that he should instruct his converts in the principles of their own church, to which he was opposed, and had always avowed himself the enemy. They did very well in sending him as a missionary among poor Hindoos, rather than leaving them untaught; and they should have allowed him to continue to act according to his conscience, without any conditions. Wolff cannot bear the stiffness of those High Churchmen, who maintain that the Church Missionary Society ought never to have sent Lutherans among Hindoos. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge sent out Schwarz and Kohlhof, both of whom were Lutherans! Rhenius introduced Wolff to an interesting young man, whose name was Congreve, a son of the famous discoverer of the “Congreve Rockets.”

After preaching at Nagercoil, Wolff arrived at Trevanderam, the capital of the Rajah of Travancore, who was a mild and amiable young man, and a great favourite with the British Government.

Wolff received, as usual, the greatest hospitality from the British Resident, Colonel Cadogan, when he reached Travancore ; and in his house he lectured and preached the Gospel of Christ ; as he did also at Kotiam, where he next went, and which is on the coast of Malabar. The Church Missionary Society never ought to allow their missionaries to act as magistrates, as they did in Aleppie ; for the heathens observe it, and are scandalized.

At Kotiam are the Syrian Christians, or the so-called St. Thomas Christians ; and when Wolff was in Mesopotamia, in the year 1824, the Jacobite Christians at Merdeen, and upon Mount Tor, claimed the Syrians in India as an offset from their own church. And when, in 1825, at Oormia and Salmast, the Chaldean Christians (commonly called the Nestorians) claimed that honour : Arch-deacon Robinson, at Madras, who is now Master of the Temple in London, wrote a long and interesting dissertation about them. It appears that they were at some period Nestorians ; but it is certain that they are now (like the Syrians at Merdeen) followers of Dioscorus ; believing that the human nature of Christ is absorbed in the Divine, as sand is absorbed in glass ; so that Christ has one nature only, *i. e.* the Divine nature.

Wolff called with Mr. Ridsdale, the missionary of the Church Missionary Society at Kotiam, on Mar Dionysius, the metropolitan of the Syrians, a

venerable old man. Wolff heard from him that the number of them amounted to 50,000, and that they had seventy churches on the Malabar coast, and they hold the patriarch of Antioch in high veneration. In the year 1825, Mar Athanasius, from Merdeen (the same who afterwards paid a visit to Wolff while he was at High Hoyland), was sent to them by the patriarch of Merdeen, that he might set in order what was wanting, and remove all abuses. He was received with joy by the Syrians of Kotiam; but when with great zeal he attempted to take down the Hindoo idols which they had in their churches, Wolff is sorry to say that they exiled him with the aid of the British Resident, and also, alas! that of some of the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society.

Mr. Baillie, the missionary formerly at Kotiam, has translated the New Testament into the Malayalim language (which is spoken by them), and he taught them the art of printing.

The Syrians at Kotiam hold in high veneration Ephraim Sirus, and Jacob of Nisibin; and they abstain, like their brethren in Mesopotamia, from pork, and every other meat which is prohibited in the law of Moses. The Jews themselves say that St. Thomas arrived in India in the year 52 after Christ, and that he converted the Hindoos to the knowledge of Christ; and this is supposed to be the origin of the St. Thomas Christians; and they are also called Syrian Christians, because they are

united with the Syrian Christians in Mesopotamia, and are under the Syrian patriarch in Antioch. They are a mild and kind-hearted people.

Wolff then went on from Kotiam to Cochin, on the 4th of October, 1833. He assembled there the white and black Jews, and spoke to them, saying, "I am one of your brethren, a child of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and I believe in Moses and the Prophets, who predicted that seed of Abraham, by whom all the nations of the earth were to be blessed, and who shall be the glory of the children of Israel; who came in the fulness of time, and was brought as a lamb to the slaughter for the iniquities of his people; who was cut off, but not for Himself; who was pierced for our iniquities, and of whom it was said, 'Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, against the man who was my fellow.' Twenty years are now passed since I have found Him to be my Saviour, and now, for more than twelve years, I have preached Jesus of Nazareth, the son of David, as the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. And this is the sin which Israel sinneth until now; that they do not believe in Jesus of Nazareth, who was that angel in the wilderness, who accompanied the children of Israel when they went out of Egypt; to whom, too, the Lord God shall give the throne of his Father David; and who shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever. He, Jesus Christ, shall be the ruler in Israel;—He, who came out of Bethlehem Ephratha."

Wolff received a letter while he was at Cochin from Mr. Clementson, who resided at Calicut; in which letter he mentioned that he had given orders to his agent at Cochin to have the Government House there in readiness for him. Wolff, therefore, went from Mr. Ridsdale's house to the Government House, for that gentleman had a house both at Cochin and Kotiam, and Wolff had gone to it on his first arrival. On the 7th of October, he lectured and preached to the Dutch and English inhabitants of Cochin.

After this he went to "Jew Town," which is a part of Cochin, where all the Jews live. It is called in Malayalim, *Yoodak Ward*. He found there the black as well as white Jews, all drunk, in honour of their Feast of Tabernacles; yet Wolff was enabled to preach to a few of the white Jews, who were not drunk. The Jews of Cochin and the surrounding places are subjects to the Rajah of Cochin.

Wolff also preached the Gospel there to some Arabs whom he met in the street, and who had come to Cochin from Hatramawt, which is situated on the shore of the Indian Ocean. Wolff had a long conversation about the person of Christ with the two Jews, Sarfaty and Sargon. The former admitted that the latter was very unfortunate in his interpretation of the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, and thought that Wolff was right about it.

Mr. Sarfaty was kind enough to copy for Wolff, in Hebrew, the contents of their ancient copper-

plates, upon which the records of their history are engraved; and at the same time he gave him a copy of their privileges, which were granted from the Malabar kings, and written in the Malabar language. These documents tell as follows:—

“Since the destruction of the second temple, which happened in the year 3828 of the creation, and 3168 of Kalyok (the iron age of the Hindoos), and 68 of the Christian era, about 10,000 men and women came into Malabar, and settled themselves down in four places; and these are their names, Cranganore, Phalor, Madin, and Pulush. Many of them were in Cranganore, and at Magodarna, Patnam, and Singili, which were under the government of Shera Firimalen.

“In the year 4539 of the creation, that is, 3479 of Kalyok, and 379 of the Christian era, there was given to the Jews by the King of Shera, Firimalen (whose remembrance may it be blessed! his name was Erircarnem), a law, expressing their privileges on a copper-plate, called Sipair; and which were consistent with their honour, and glory, and the preservation of their customs. And at that time there was an honourable prince, Joseph Rabban, called likewise in the language of the country *Siri Agada Mapala*.

“This glorious name was given to him by the king, whose remembrance is blessed; and this king divided all his countries among eight kings. One of them was the King of Cochin, to whom he left this place as an inheritance. Thus the Jews were

settled on the shore of the sea, in the city of Cranganore, until the Portuguese came and took possession of Cranganore; so at that time affliction came over them, trouble and disturbance, and they then left the place, and settled in the city of Cochin, in the year 5326 of the creation, and 1566 after Christ. And the King of Cochin gave them a place to erect houses and synagogues adjoining to the Royal Palace, called Boilus, in order that he might be their helper and protector; and thus they built synagogues and houses to dwell in by means of four men, Samuel Castiel, David Belila, Ephraim Zala, and Joseph Levi, in the year 5328 of the creation, and 1567 of the Christian era.

“ But still they suffered much by the Portuguese, so that they could not live in other places, according to their customs and rites; nor were they allowed to trade for their subsistence in other places. And the Portuguese, becoming stronger, came and destroyed and robbed them of everything. And there was great tribulation among the Jews until the Dutch nation came to Cochin, in the year 1662 after Christ; when the Jews became servants and assistants to the Dutch, and provided them with all things convenient for life. At that time, however, some dispute arose between the King of Cochin and the Dutch, in which dispute the King was killed by the Dutch, who then returned and settled in the town of Sailam. But after they were gone the Portuguese came with

the people of Malabar with fury, and murdered, plundered, and burnt the market-place and the synagogues of the Jews, on account of their having afforded protection to the Dutch. All their books, too, were burnt, especially one book, called Sepher Yashar, which contained a journal from the day that the Jews came into Malabar down to that day; and the Jews afterward were threatened to be put to death.

“But the Dutch returned to Cochin, and in a few days the fortress surrendered to Peter de Beder, the Commodore Admiral Vangoz, in the year 1663, and when the Jews heard that the fort had surrendered to the Dutch they were rejoiced; and those who had fled to the villages returned and settled in their respective places, and built up the ruins thereof. And at that time a prince of renown lived among them, Castiel by name; and, by the grace of God! (blessed be his name for ever), the Jews found grace and favour in the eyes of the Dutch, and the people of Malabar, and the kings and princes; and were assisted and lived in safety under their protection in Malabar.”

Wolff now gives from the Hebrew documents of those Jews, which he literally translated, the privileges which they received from the Rajah of Cranganore. The case runs thus:—

“In the peace of God—He is God that created the earth, according to His will; and to Him I lift up my hands, who for more than a hundred thousand years is a ruler in his dominion; yea, for ever

and ever. In this day, I, sitting in Cranganore, in the thirty-sixth year of my kingdom, I have decreed, with firmness and power, to give, as an inheritance to Joseph Rabban, five kinds of privileges, and these are :—First, possession of elephants and horses ; secondly, power of ordering to make straight the road ; thirdly, to make proselytes from five nations ; fourthly, the use of palanquins and umbrellas ; fifthly, the use of ships. Above all, I have given seventy-two houses, and assured a relinquishment of all taxes for their houses and synagogues. And beside this decree, we have given a copper-plate, which shall be given to Joseph Rabban, to him, to his seed, and to his children's children, to bridegroom and bride, all the time that his seed endureth, and as long as sun and moon endure."

Wolff has seen the copper-plate. And with regard to the Spanish Jews who came to Cochin, the account runs thus :—

"In the year 1686 A. D., in the time that Comodore Gilmer Van Burg was Governor in the city of Cochin, when four merchants came from Amsterdam, of the denomination of the Sefardim, and saw the places wherein the Jews lived, and they rejoiced, and they wished to live with them ; and they wrote to Amsterdam about the Jews, and about the scarcity of books. When the holy congregation of Amsterdam received this news, they sent to Cochin all kinds of books ; and they printed books every year, and sent them there."

Now Wolff must give some account of the white and black Jews. The white Jews came there from the Holy Land, after the destruction of the temple by Titus. The black Jews are proselytes from the Hindoos and Arabians; and for this reason the white Jews never intermarry with them. The black Jews have neither priests nor Levites; but there are among the black Jews many who were there from the time of Haman. (Esther viii. 17.) Their complexion is like the Hindoos of Cochin, and, even to this present time, Hindoos of Cochin become converts to Judaism. They consider themselves as slaves to the white Jews; paying them a yearly tribute, and they are bound to pay them a small sum for the privilege of having their children circumcised, and for being allowed in prayer-time to wear the phylacteries, called *Teflin*. They do not sit down in the presence of the white Jews, nor eat with them. They are, however, richer than their masters, for they are more industrious than the latter, who are too proud to work, and live chiefly upon the jewels and valuables they have inherited from their ancestors. They are, however, highly immoral, and fathers frequently desert their reputed children, knowing that they are not really their own. They are most beautiful in countenance. They behave towards the black Jews with the arrogance of masters. They have rendered, at different times, great services to the Dutch, and were employed by them as ambassadors. They are, however, very much prejudiced against

the Gospel of Christ, and anxiously expect the coming of the Messiah in glory.

Wolff met with a Polish Jew, a great drunkard, but a man of extraordinary talents in acquiring languages. He also met with a missionary, Ridsdale, who took a great interest in the Jews at Cochin. He had also a visit from the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Verapula, near Cochin, who had been a member of the Propaganda, and was an Italian by birth; he superintended the Roman Catholics around Cochin, who were partly native converts, and partly the descendants of the converts made by the great Francis Xavier, and partly Portuguese. That worthy archbishop entered into a controversy with Wolff; and for the better understanding of it he must bring back, for a moment, his readers to the Propaganda, and mention a fact which he had not stated in his account of it.

A book was read in the Propaganda by the students, written originally in German by Father März, and extracts of it were translated into Latin. The title of the book was, "*Method of confuting a Protestant in Arguments.*" Some of the rules laid down in it were that the Roman Catholic opponent should sit opposite the Protestant, and take the whole matter very easy; but, should it happen that the Protestant produced a powerful argument, the Roman Catholic was not to attempt to answer it, but, laughing, "Ha! ha! ha! ha!" he should look into the face of the other, folding his arms, and say,

"Sir, look into my face, and see whether, with open countenance, and without blushing, you can dare to produce such a silly argument." Father März goes on to say, "this will discourage the Protestant, and, seeing that you have discouraged him, then you must try to overpower him with eloquence." This *trick* (Wolff cannot call it otherwise) was attempted to be made use of against Wolff when he was arguing in the year 1822 with Père Renard in Mount Lebanon; and now again it was resorted to at Cochin, by the Archbishop of Verapula. But Wolff answered the prelate in the same manner as he did Père Renard; he said to him, whilst he was staring at him, "My lord, I have been in the Propaganda, and have read Father März. Oh! oh! oh!"

It must be said, however, to the honour of Roman controversialists, that such an unfair way of silencing an opponent was not used either by Bellarmine, or Sardagna, or Tournelly; and such arguments always show ignorance in those who use them.

CHAPTER X.

MONKS AT GOA; JEWS AT POONAH; FAT JEW AT BOMBAY; MOCHA
TRAVELS IN ABYSSINIA; ARRIVES AGAIN AT MALTA.

WOLFF then left Cochin, and preached for some days at Calicut; and then he arrived at Connanore, and preached and lectured to the military station of British officers there, being the guest of Captain Butcher; the whole station treated Wolff with great kindness; but one newspaper afforded him much amusement; an extract will show to the public that he did not always receive sugar-plums for his lectures. It published the following paragraph:—

“Joseph Wolff, *alias* Salathiel, lectures now at Connanore! His arguments are as clear as mud.”

Wolff laughed heartily at this, but Colonel Cramer wrote a powerful refutation of it.

Wolff proceeded from thence to Combaconum, where he was most hospitably entertained by the Portuguese commander; for this place belongs to the territory of Goa. The priest of the place, Father Antonius Cajetanus, an enlightened gentleman, received him with the greatest kindness. Wolff presented him with a Portuguese Bible, and it must be said, to the honour of that priest and

his whole congregation, that they informed Wolff, with delight, that the Inquisition was abolished.

He then left Combaconum, and arrived, on the 31st of October, 1833, at Goa. Wolff cannot conceal his feeling of joy, when he saw on the highroad there the cross of Christ planted; and heard the bells of the churches ringing in every village; and beheld Christian churches erected instead of the idols of Hindostan. He could not help exclaiming, "Behold! the triumph of the cross over idolatry,"—recollecting, at the same time, that these churches were established through the flaming words of the Gospel, preached by the great Francis Xavier (as he was informed by the priests of and around Goa), and not by a sword of steel! nor by an *auto-da-fê*! in which the body is given to the flames of fire, and the soul to the eternal flames of hell.

Wolff then took a boat, and went on the river to Pangim, which is the place of residence of the Viceroy of Goa. The Secretary of Government, Nunez by name, and of Jewish descent, gave to Wolff a letter to the Provincial of the Augustinian Monastery in New Goa. Whilst he was writing this letter, some officers of the Portuguese army entered the room, and asked the secretary, "When will that extraordinary man, Wolff, come, the Protestant Xavier?" Nunez replied, "Here he stands before you, alive!" They all took off their caps (for the Portuguese officers wear caps),

and expressed their joy at seeing him "whom they had admired for years."

Wolff then went with the letter to the Augustinian Monastery, when the Provincial, who was of the Jewish family of Picciotto, with the rest of the monks, received him with the greatest kindness, and assigned to him a most beautiful room. The first observation made to him by the Father Provincial, was, "I hope, Senhor Wolff, that you will give a more favourable account of us than Claudius Buchanan has done (though he spoke with justice), for the Inquisition is now abolished." Then he proceeded, "Oh! I can see before me that great man, Buchanan, intruding himself into the very tribunal-room of the Inquisition, just at the very moment when Joseph a Dolorosis, was pronouncing a death-sentence on a poor old woman. There Buchanan stood, with arms folded over his breast, undaunted, and said, 'I am sent here by Government to watch your proceedings, and I have to report all I see. This woman is your victim!'"

Now, it is very remarkable that Mr. Simeon, though an intimate friend of Buchanan, believed that he had over-coloured his account. Yet, at Goa, Wolff heard an account condemnatory of the Inquisition, given by the monks themselves, in even stronger terms than Buchanan has given in his *Researches*.

The Provincial then made this just remark, that

"It was right that the Church should watch over the integrity of her faith, being, at the same time, helped by her members; but, allowing all this, judicial proceedings ought to be public; the accusers ought to be known; and none ought to be put to death on account of his religion. Thanks be to God," continued the Provincial, "the Inquisition was abolished in 1810; and the man, with a heart hard as stone, has left Goa, and we are free."

Wolff then went with the monks to church, where he heard them praying in Latin the beautiful Litany of St. Bernard. "Oh! sweet Jesus, betrayed with the kiss of the traitor, and taken like a thief, and bound and forsaken by thy disciples, have mercy upon us, O Lord!" The strictest community of property was observed amongst these monks, and the Provincial observed, "St. Augustine said, 'If in the Republic of Plato such a community of property was established, merely for the sake of peace, how much more ought it to prevail in a house which is devoted to Christ, in order to obtain tranquillity of mind, and for the purpose of imitating the poverty of the Father of the poor! The expression of *mine*, and *thine*, will not be heard in heaven, where all things will be in common. We ought, therefore, to anticipate this heavenly life, by exercising and preparing ourselves beforehand; and by rejecting the distinctions of property.'"

Wolff then explained to the monks, at their

request, his views respecting the different doctrines of the Gospel; and they remained up with him till 1 o'clock in the morning. They showed him the library; and he went with them to their seminaries, in which they taught the history of the Church, according to Bossuet; and the history of the Reformation, according to Cobbett; and Andrews' refutation of Fox's History of Martyrs. Both Andrews and Cobbett were translated into Portuguese. Wolff was also informed that there had been Jews at Goa, until they were exiled by the Inquisition. During his stay there, he received a letter from the Viceroy of Goa, nephew to the Don Pedro; and one from Monsieur Nunez, secretary to Government, which he subjoins. The first letter will show how unguarded Wolff was in attempting to fix the date of Christ's coming. It was addressed by the Viceroy to Wolff, and was written in English.

"SIR,

"I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of your kind letter of the 1st instant, accompanying a Portuguese translation, by Father Almeida, missionary at Batavia, containing the Old and New Testament; and on knowing that you have gone safe through so many troubles, inconveniences, and dangers, I cannot forbear from congratulating you upon the success of your mission to the Jews and Muhammadans; and God Almighty grant it may be

such as ought to be wished for by every good Christian.

"You assure me that the said Old and New Testament, which contain the glorious news of the establishment of our Lord Jesus Christ's personal reign on earth, in the city of Jerusalem, fourteen years hence, is presented for my edification. If, however, I cannot but request you to accept of my warmest acknowledgments for this token of your kindness to me, yet I beg to inform you, that, being born of Roman Catholic Christians, my parents very carefully, and when of proper age, caused me to read very often the Bible, and to have it explained, by enlightened and learned men, in those places, where it was requisite; such explanation I could not easily obtain through a Bible like that of Father Almeida, which, begging your pardon, I can positively assure you is very badly translated; this, however, does not diminish my sincere feelings of gratitude towards you.

"I remain, yours affectionately,

(Signed) "D. MANOEL DE PORTUGAL CASTRO.

"PANGIM, 6th Nov. 1833."

Letter from the Secretary of the Government at Goa.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I shall be extremely flattered by paying you my personal regards; your apostolic toils and extraordinary exertions in the most holy of enter-

prises, being already known to me from the perusal of the newspapers in India.

"As my situation does not allow me many hours of leisure to be at home, I beg to inform you, that I will be back from the Secretary's Office at 3 o'clock P.M.; and after that period I shall be very happy to enjoy your presence.

"I have the honour to be,

"My dear Sir,

"Yours sincerely,

(Signed)

"C. S. R. NUNEZ.

"PANGIM, 4th Nov. 1893."

These letters show clearly that the Roman Catholics in Goa are not quite such brutes as they are frequently represented. The Provincial, also, gave to Wolff some statistics of the city of Goa. Alphonsus Albuquerki, Viceroy of Goa, in the time of King John the Tenth of Portugal, built New Goa (Old Goa is destroyed). Francisus Xaverius came soon after to Goa, when it was in the hands of the Spaniards, and then the Inquisition was established. The clergy of Goa divide themselves into real Portuguese, and those of Portuguese parents born in India. The archbishop must always be a real Portuguese. Wolff conversed with the monks freely on the joviality he met with among the monks in Bohemia, and, as no class of people are more fond of anecdotes than monks, he offered to relate to them the

following story of a Benedictine friar in Bohemia. "There!" said Father Nunez, the Provincial, to the rest of the monks; "now, let us hear Don José Wolff tell the story of a jovial friar of the Benedictine order;" and Wolff at once began. "When I was at Klattau, in Bohemia, I lived in the monastery of the Benedictine Friars; and on one occasion I remained up with one of the cleverest monks I ever met with till late in the night, in order to hear his learned conversation. And it was just at the very time, when he had got as drunk as a fiddler, that he told me about the learned Rosenmüller, and other learned men of Leipzig and Halle; for he kept drinking beer all the time that he was talking. Unfortunately, about 12 o'clock, all the bottles of beer which were in the refectory were emptied. So he wished to get some more beer; and, therefore, both of us went down into the cellar, when the monk drew the spigot out of an immensely large barrel, which, during the operation, fell to the ground. The beer ran out like water from a pump, and the fellow actually scooped it up, and drank it from his hand. Inasmuch, however, as we could not find the spigot, all the beer for a whole year was lost. As for the fellow himself, I dragged him up stairs, and he went to bed; but at last he was dismissed the monastery as a hopeless drunkard."

Wolff paid a visit to the Viceroy, and dined with his Excellency; and then he left Goa on the 4th of November, and arrived at Belgaum on the 6th;

where he met with Captain Pouget, and the missionaries Taylor and Gandy; and he preached on the final destiny of Israel, from Ezekiel, chapter xxxvii., verses 21 and 22. On the 14th he left Belgaum, and arrived on the 17th November at Sattarah, in the Mahratta country, where he preached on the evidences of Christianity.

On the 21st he arrived at Poonah, where he met with a most cordial reception in the house of Colonel Wood. Sir James Barnes, the commander of the station, kindly invited him to preach in the cantonment to the soldiers; but when Colonel Mountain wished to introduce him to Sir Colin Halkett, the Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Presidency, his Excellency said to him, "You had better not introduce Wolff to me, for I have been a good deal in Germany, and have seen a good deal of German Jews; and all the Jews I have seen have been 'damned' rascals, and, therefore, Wolff must be a damned rascal too." When Wolff came to Bombay, Lord Clare, the Governor of Bombay, invited him to dinner, and asked all the gentlemen composing the Government of Bombay to dine with him that they might meet Wolff. And when his Lordship asked Wolff, at table, "Did you see Sir Colin Halkett, at Poonah?" Wolff answered, "No; for he said all the Jews in Germany that he had ever seen were rascals, and therefore he did not doubt that I must be a rascal." There was such laughter at this reply, as Wolff never heard before, for some of the party actually

got up from their chairs and rolled on the ground, convulsed by the joke.

Before we leave Poonah, Wolff must make mention of the *Benee Israel*, i. e. "Children of Israel," who are resident there, for they are totally distinct from the rest of the Jews in Europe and Hindostan. After the destruction of the first temple in Jerusalem, their ancestors went first to Arabia, and then to Hindostan, where they have since forgotten their law; but they continue to repeat, in Hebrew, certain prayers which they have learned from the other Jews. Great praise must be given to the Scotch missionaries, Drs. Stevenson and Wilson, for having revived among this interesting remnant of the children of Israel the knowledge of the Hebrew language. How wonderful is this, that Gentiles from Scotland should be the instruments of re-teaching the children of Israel their ancient language! They serve the English, as volunteers, in their armies, and are esteemed the best native soldiers. They possess great simplicity and honesty of character, are faithful to their wives, and, by far, more moral than the Jews of Cochin. They keep in their houses idols of wood and stone, and thus the prophecy is fulfilled, "And there ye shall serve other gods, even wood and stone."

They produced to Wolff objections against the genealogy of Jesus, which objections they had evidently heard from other Jews. For instance, they said:—

"You call Jesus the son of David, because he was the son of Mary, who was of the House of David; but you ought to know," they continued, "that a woman does not count in genealogy, only a man."

Wolff replied, "If you read 1 Chron. chap. ii. 16 and 17 verses, you will perceive that Joab, David's general, was considered to be of the family of David, because Zeruah, his *mother*, was of the House of David: and in the 34th and 35th verses of the same chapter, you will observe, that sometimes the father is not at all taken into consideration. And this is also the case in many places of the Himalaya mountains, and at many courts of the Rajahs, as at Travancore, &c."

Another objection, which one of them produced, was rather amusing. He said to Wolff,

"I wish to remain what my father was."

Wolff asked him,

"What position do you hold in the army?"

He replied, "I am a captain."

Wolff then said, "Now, if your father had been a lieutenant, would you like to die a lieutenant?"

He replied, "But my father was a colonel!"

And so Wolff was entirely foiled in his Socratic method of arguing.

Before his departure from Poonah, Wolff received a letter from an Augustinian friar at Goa, from which one can see that Wolff's open-hearted discussion on the differences of their religion had not given any offence. He wrote:—

“REVEREND FATHER JOSEPH WOLFF,

“I hope that your reverence will have arrived safely and in health. Your absence caused me great sorrow, for your reverence’s company entertained me very much by your learning. I enclose herewith the paper which you asked me for, which, after it has been translated, you will please to return, and you may be assured that I will send you the other curious document. May Almighty God keep you for many years.

(Signed) “FRA. JOSEPH, of St. Augustin.

“GoA, Nov. 6, 1833.”

The paper thus mentioned contained the regulations of the Inquisition; and it is really astonishing to perceive the striking resemblance between the regulations of the Spanish Inquisition and those of the Jewish Inquisition in the time of our Lord.

Wolff then left Poonah for Bombay in a palanquin. The road to Bombay was beautiful; and a lady coming from Bombay in a palanquin met Wolff, who ordered his bearers to stop, in order that he might speak to her. She also stopped, and the following conversation took place:—

Wolff.—“Pray do you come from Bombay?”

Lady.—“Yes.”

Wolff.—“Where are you going?”

Lady.—“To Poonah.”

Wolff.—“What is your name?”

Lady.—"I don't want to be questioned in this way;" and she ordered her palanquin to move forward. But Wolff called after her, "I beg your pardon, my name is Wolff." She then immediately stopped her palanquin, and said, "Why did you not tell me your name at first? How foolish I am, that I did not recollect you were coming this way to-day. My name is Mrs. Jacob, and I said only this morning to my husband, Colonel Jacob, 'I hope I shall shake hands with Wolff on the road;' but I had forgotten all about it. Do you know Colonel Morse?"

Wolff said, "Yes; and I have got letters from him for his wife, who is at Bombay." She then laughed most heartily, upon which Wolff asked her, "Why do you laugh so?" She replied, "Now, as you ask me, I must tell you the truth. A letter has already gone from him to his wife, in which he said, 'Wolff will come to Bombay and deliver a letter from me to you; but mind what I tell you; you may give him one kiss, but no more.'" After this they parted, and went forward on their separate routes; but Wolff kept up a sort of friendship with Colonel Jacob and his wife, and has since had the pleasure of meeting them at Addiscombe, and has stopped with them for many days in their own house.

Wolff arrived in Bombay on the 29th of November, and was received by all classes and denominations of Christians there with true cordiality and love. He was the guest of Mr. James

Farish, who was several times Deputy Governor of Bombay. Lord Clare, the Governor, called, and heard a lecture which was delivered before a large audience; and Wolff also lectured in Farish's house, as well as in the Town Hall of Bombay, when English, Parsees, Armenians, Mussulmans, Portuguese, and Hindoos were present.

One of the Parsees announced a lecture on the principles of the Parsees, in which he tried to adopt the style and actions of Joseph Wolff; but he was dreadfully cut up in the papers, which said, among other things, that before he would interest the public, he must not merely have the power of imitating the eccentricities of Wolff, but must also unite with that his talents and genius.

Wolff had a public discussion with the Muhammadans at Bombay, when the most distinguished members of the British Government were present, both of the military and civil departments, including Farish, Robert Money, and the missionaries Wilson and Nisbet, and also Parsees. Whilst arguing with the Muhammadans, Wolff patted the shoulders of the Muhammadan Moollahs; but the Mussulmans of Bombay are very bigoted, being Sheahs, who consider it a pollution to be touched by a Christian; still, as they could not help themselves, they said, "When we go home we shall all perform ablutions."

There was one great difficulty in Bombay. Wolff wished to see the synagogues, and the congregation of the *Bene Israel*, i. e. "the Children of

Israel," a portion of whom he had met at Poonah. But the whole body of that people at Bombay were dreadfully prejudiced against Wolff, for they had been informed that he made Christians by witchcraft; and one of them was especially averse, whose name was *Daood Captaan*, i. e. "Captain David," a very fat man, and chief of the Benee Israel. He had actually issued an order that none of his people should even talk to Wolff, for fear they should be overpowered by his black art, and thus a breach should be made in Israel. Arch-deacon Carr, afterwards Bishop Carr, the missionaries, Wilson, Mitchell, and Stone, as well as the American missionaries, and even Robert Money, the government secretary, all advised Wolff not to call upon Captain David, but simply try to find individuals in the street to give him information. Wolff replied, "You must let me go my own way; so let us come and call at once on Captain David." They smiled incredulously, but went with him to that fat gentleman. He was sitting at the gate of his house, looking very fierce. They said to him, "Here is Joseph Wolff, who wishes to see your synagogue, and to talk with you."

Fat Captain David said to Wolff, "You shall neither see the synagogue, nor talk with my people, because you are a magician."

Wolff said, "Be not foolish, Captain David, but show me your synagogue, and bring me the people."

Captain David replied, "I won't; you are a

magician." Wolff took no notice of his statements, but stared at him with all his eyes, muttered with his lips, and pointing sternly at him with his finger, said, "You are very fat."

Captain David began to tremble, for he was afraid that he would get the evil eye,* which all over the East they say people will get whenever they are praised, without its being said, "O, that thou mayest be preserved!"

Captain David: "Let my fatness alone."

Wolff again: "You are very fat!"

David: "What have you to do with my fatness?"—holding his sides with his hands—"let my fatness alone!"

Wolff then said, "Then show me your synagogue, and bring your people."

He now said, "I will do so immediately."

So the key was brought, the synagogue opened, and the children of Israel were assembled.

Wolff then spoke to them of their folly in believing him to be a magician, and convinced them of the contrary. For, it must be observed, that the word *magic*, in Hebrew, means properly "overlook;" and the very word is also used in Somersetshire, among country people, who believe that their butter and other things can be "overlooked."

One word on the Evil Eye!" or, more literally, "The Eye of the Evil One!" For is it not true,

* "Evil Eye;" it ought rather to be called "The Eye of the Evil One!"

that one should acknowledge and proclaim every pleasure and beauty to be God's gift; in order that the "Eye of the Evil One" may not deface it by the Eye of Envy?

Wolff went also, with Dr. Wilson, to see one of the celebrated Yoghees, who was lying in the sun in the street; the nails of whose hand were grown into his cheek, and a bird's nest was upon his head. Wolff asked him, "How can one obtain the knowledge of God?" He replied, "Do not ask me questions; you may look at me, for I am God!" Wolff indignantly said to him, "You will go to hell, if you speak in such a way."

On the 11th of December, Wolff left all his dear friends at Bombay, and started in the H. E. I. Company's steamer, *Coot*, for Mocha and Suez. All his friends accompanied him on board; whilst Colonel Thomas, of the 20th Regiment, whom Wolff had seen in Cawnpore, and Mr. Walter Elliot, government secretary in Madras, took brotherly care of him. On the 23rd of December, they anchored near Macullah, on the Arabian coast, in the land of Hatramawt, the Hazar-maveth of Genesis, chapter x. verse 26. This place is inhabited by Bedouins, of the tribe of Yaafa, who are perfect savages. Wolff preached to them, but they listened with barbarian indifference.

Colonel Thomas and Walter Elliot, Wolff's two fellow-passengers, continued to show him the greatest attention. The former of these was a

straightforward British officer; and both were gentlemen of the olden time. Colonel Thomas said to Wolff, "You probably know, at Poonah, my friend Colonel Wood; and I see that you are also a great friend of Archdeacon Carr, who is a relation of mine. I conclude that you know them, from this circumstance, that they belong to the 'saints;' and you saints smell each other out, like freemasons! what are your signs?" However, Thomas, though not pretending to be a saint, could not have been kinder to Wolff even if he had been one; so that Wolff jokingly remarked to Elliot, "I am very agreeably disappointed with Thomas, because I heard in Bombay that he could not bear the saints, and my friends warned me to be cautious with him." So while they were all at dinner, Colonel Thomas began, "Now, Wolff, tell me candidly who it was in Bombay that told you I could not bear the saints? was it not my friend and relation Archdeacon Carr? I believe it was, but his coat saves him from a challenge." They all laughed very heartily at this, for Colonel Thomas had guessed rightly.

Wolff arrived, on the 28th of December, at Mocha, where a good many Jews resided, as they did in all the villages round Mocha. He also met Jews of that famous place, Sanaa, the Uzal of Genesis, chapter x. verse 27, which was the place of residence of Shem, the son of Noah. The high priest of Sanaa has the title of "The Father of the Court of Law."

Eighty years ago, the Jews at Sanaa pretended that they could ascertain their genealogy, and were in possession of ancient documents; but a dispute having arisen among them as to whom the superiority ought to belong, the respectable princes of that nation came forward, and said, "Children of Israel, hear the words of your elders, and listen to the advice of your old men. Through the jealousy, hatred, and enmity among ourselves, and on account of our impiety, our ancestors lost all their privileges, and were driven away from the land of Israel, and we, their children, are sighing in captivity; but why should we now quarrel among ourselves? Have we not trouble and tribulation enough? We live in the midst of Ishmaelites; of what use then is it, that one should pretend to be of the tribe of Judah, and the other of the tribe of Reuben? This only excites hatred; let us cast into the fire our doubtful documents; for, when the Lord shall be pleased to gather the scattered sheep of Israel, then every one of us will know of what tribe he is; Jehovah Himself will reveal it to us; and Messiah, the Son of David, will reign among us, even at Jerusalem, and upon His holy hill of Zion. No disputes will then take place among us; but there will be peace, quiet, and harmony."

They had scarcely finished, when the whole congregation of Israel at Sanaa burnt the genealogies of their tribes, and exclaimed, "Peace! peace! for ever in Israel!"

As Captain Rose, the commander of the *Coot*, was obliged to remain in Mocha, he sent on a cutter with despatches to the Captain of the surveying ship, *Benares*, of which cutter Lieutenant Wood had the command. Colonel Thomas, Elliot, the midshipman Grieve, and Wolff, went in it; and arrived at Loheyah, which is inhabited by a tribe of Arabs called *Kahtan*, and in scripture, "Children of Joktan," Genesis, chapter x., verse 26. A Muhammadan Moollah, from Bussorah, attempted to convert Wolff to Muhammadanism. A conversation of three hours took place between them; and Wolff's opponent was completely silenced. All the Muhammadans, who were standing by, acknowledged that Wolff had the advantage in the argument.

Wolff arrived, on the 16th of January, 1834, at Massowah, on the Abyssinian coast, where he met a great many Abyssinian Christians from Gondar, to whom he gave Abyssinian Psalters and Testaments. All Eastern people give to their sacred books a fine exterior. The Bible Society, therefore, does quite right, in circulating the Bible and Testament in handsome bindings; for they are received by the people with the greater willingness. Wolff met at Massowah with the Englishman Coffin, who was a servant of the famous Lord Mountnorris, who travelled as far as Massowah, and there he remained and collected notices about Abyssinia. Yet that noble Lord had the hardihood to find fault, in his travels, with Bruce

the most veracious traveller that ever existed. Coffin, his servant, came on board the *Benares*, "to see Wolff and his friends;" so Wolff asked him if it was true that there were Abyssinians who were able to change themselves into hyenas? Coffin replied, with great seriousness, "Certainly." Wolff then said, "Have you ever seen such a thing done?" Coffin replied, "Yes, my own servant did that very thing." Wolff then asked him to tell him the whole story, when he gave the following account.

"My servant was once away for several days, and I did not know what had become of him. One day, however, a hyena passed my house, and, looking at me, nodded with his head, just as if he wished to say, 'How do you do?' and a few days after my servant came back in his human form."

Wolff asked him, "Did you inquire why he had changed himself?"

He replied, "I took very good care not to do that, for he would have made my whole face swell at a tremendous rate!"

Wolff also met, at Arkiko, which is near Mas-sowah, with an Abyssinian Christian, who informed him that the Queen of Sheba, called by the Abyssinians Nikestasiab, was born at Aksom, and her father's name was Agaws. She had legs like those of an ass, and went to Jerusalem to King Solomon, who cured the deformity. (There are men and women in Abyssinia with tails like dogs and horses!!) She afterwards became a

Jewess, married Solomon, and had a son by him, called Menelik, who became King of Abyssinia. Salama, a Christian of Dalak, an island near Abyssinia, came to Abyssinia and preached the gospel, and baptized the Abyssinians in the city of Aksom.

Wolff heard also from a great many Abyssinians and Armenians (and Wolff is convinced of the truth of it) that there are near Narea, in Abyssinia, people—men and women—with large tails, with which they are able to knock down a horse! * and there are also such people near China!

Wolff heard an extraordinary story at Massowah, about Mecca. A Russian had recently entered Mecca *incognito*, but was recognized as being a Christian. He refused, however, to become a Muhammadan, and yet the Shereef of Mecca was afraid to put him to death because he was a Russian nobleman; and the Shereef being a creature of Muhammad Ali, was afraid to kill him without his master's permission. So he reported the circumstance to Muhammad Ali, who diplomatically replied, "Send him to me, and I shall know how to punish him." The Shereef sent him, and Muhammad Ali, wishing to conciliate Russia, let him go his way into Russia again.

The Governor of Massowah gravely related to

* In the College of Surgeons at Dublin may still be seen a human skeleton, with a tail seven inches long! There are many known instances of this elongation of the caudal vertebra, as in the Poonangs in Borneo!

Wolff the following marvel as a fact. At the time when the plague raged at Mecca, a woman died of it. The body was washed and put into a coffin, but, after being dead two days the woman rose again, and said, "This plague is on account of our sins. Repent, and cease from tyranny." The Shereef of Mecca proclaimed this marvel over all the country.

On the 20th of January, 1834, Wolff took leave of the good and kind-hearted officers and midshipmen of the *Benares*, and arrived at Confodah, on the Arabian coast, where he again visited a kind Albanian, of Belgrade, and the Arabs of the tribe of Joktan. On the 2nd of February, the little cutter in which he was sailing struck upon shoals, when Wolff was so much afraid, that he is ashamed at this day to think of it.

On the 9th of February he arrived in Jiddah, where our grandmother, Eve, was buried, who left Adam in Ceylon, and then came to Jiddah, where she is still remembered by the Jews with affection—but little cause they have for it. Wolff met at Jiddah the St. Simonians, from France, who had left their native country for having preached "*Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity*," which Wolff over and over will say is nothing but "*Tyranny, Beggary, and Butchery*;" and in Arabia the St. Simonians and other revolutionists were helping that horrid despot, Muhammad Ali, to tyrannize over the poor inhabitants of the villages. Wolff prefers Rundjud Singh in every respect to Mu-

hammad Ali; for the former showed far more taste and discretion in his choice of European servants, for he chose gentlemen, *i. e.* such as Generals Ventura, Allard, &c., whilst Muhammad Ali only gathered around him French and Italian blackguards.

The Honourable East India Company's steamer, the *Hugh Lindsay*, arrived at Jiddah, with Colonel Groundwater and a brother of Alexander Burnes, Dr. James Burnes, &c., as passengers. They were surprised at seeing Wolff, sitting at the gate which leads to Mecca, chanting, in the Arabic language, portions of the Psalms of David, and the prophet Isaiah, from the 34th chapter, beginning, "Come near, ye nations, to hear; and hearken, ye people; let the earth hear, and all that is therein; the world, and all things that come forth of it," &c.

Wolff chanted these words, and moved his head about, like a dervish; so that Colonel Thomas, as he passed the gate with the other officers that came in the steamer, said to Wolff, for a joke, "Now, you fellow, who shake in your shoes at the least breath of wind when you are in a steamer, can sit there among savages, who are ready to tear you in pieces. I should not like you to be killed; but what a sound flogging you deserve!"

Whilst Wolff now gives this account, he smiles, and says to himself, "Oh! how I should like to see you again, my dear friends! some of you I have seen again in England; others I have not

seen ; and some of you are gone, where I hope to see you again."

But to return. Wolff then went to the coffee-house, where an Arabian beggar entered, trembling. His hair and beard were completely grey ; he had a timbrel in his hand ; and he sang, whilst he danced,—

"The world is bad ;
The world is bad ;
Repent, for you shall be laid in the grave.
Do good, and God will do you good."

Wolff spoke to him about the coming of our Lord in the clouds of heaven. Whilst he was in the coffee-house, an Arab Sheikh came in, and looked sternly at him, and said, but without abuse, "I know thee ; thou didst make such a stir in Egypt by proclaiming the coming of Christ, when you were there in the year of our Hejrah 1245. If you had not left Egypt at that time, they would have cut you to pieces. Take care while you are at Jiddah." He then gave him the following notice:—"That the three pilgrims from Yarkand, who went with Wolff from Cashmere to Delhi, and whose expenses he paid, had safely arrived at Mecca ; and that they showed about there the Persian New Testament which he had given them ; and related, sitting at the Caaba of Mecca, the kindness they had received from Wolff. And the Muhammadans exclaimed, 'The Christians, in our days, have often more pity and compassion than the followers of Islam !' "

The Muhammadans in the coffee-house told Wolff that, every year, 72,000 pilgrims go to Mecca; and that if there is one less, an angel from heaven supplies his place. Every pilgrim casts his seven little stones at the devil, and sixteen at the devil's two children.

Wolff met also at Jiddah several of the Borahs from Soorat, who were Mussulmans; but their ancestors were Jews, and they are the most stingy people in India. The following anecdote was told Wolff of them, which gives an idea of their stinginess:—"One of the Borahs set out on a journey three days' distance from his house. He had already travelled a whole day, when he came back to tell his wife, that she should take good care to gather up the remains of the tallow from the candle! His wife replied, 'Now, how foolish you have been to come back such an immense way; for you have spent on your shoes more than the remnants of the tallow were worth.' But her husband said, 'I took good care that that should not happen, for I carried my shoes in my hand!'"

On the 25th of February Wolff embarked on board the *Hugh Lindsay* for Cosseir and Suez. Captain Wilson, and every one of the passengers, overwhelmed him with kindness; and the mention of their names here must be given as a small acknowledgment to them from Wolff, for whose eccentricities and weaknesses they showed the kindest indulgence. First, Captain Wilson; second, Dr. James Burns; third, Major Groundwater,

whom Wolff lately saw again in Devonshire ; fourth, Captain Jackson ; fifth, Captain Pearson ; sixth, Lieutenant Macdonald ; seventh, Mr. Finlay ; eighth, the Honourable Hugh Lindsay from China ; ninth, Mr. Green ; tenth, Captain Pottinger, afterwards the brave defender of Herat ; eleventh, Colonel Hardy ; twelfth, Mr. Pringle and Walter Elliot.

Captain Wilson once said to Wolff, " Your memory is astonishing ! I see that you recollect having seen me in Bushire, nine years ago ; and you even recollect the toast I gave you in the house of Colonel Stannes. I hope, therefore, that you feel towards me as a friend. So if you should ever write against me, I shall break your neck the next time I see you."

Wolff reached Cosseir in the evening of the 2nd of March, and preached the same evening to his friends. On the 15th he arrived at Alexandria, just three years and one month after he had left it on his great journey to Bokhara. All the Jews, and many Muhammadans, and every one of the consuls called upon him in the house of his old friend Gliddon, the American, where he was staying. He lectured again in the Methodist chapel on the 18th, and then he sailed for Malta, where he arrived on the 4th of April, 1834, and met his dear wife, whom he shall see in heaven again. It would be too much for Wolff to give a description of how they both felt. All his friends rallied around him, ladies as well as gentlemen ; and he

employed himself in arranging his notes of his late journey to Bokhara. He remained in the house of that excellent man, the Right Honourable J. H. Frere, who not only granted to him, on his return, the rites of hospitality, but it was also with his help that Wolff had been enabled to get to Bokhara; and, during his absence, Frere and his whole family had treated with the utmost kindness those who were dearest to him. Frere was an excellent man; by the native poor he was looked upon as a blessing.

Wolff, whilst in Malta, gave an account of his travels, chiefly to the English inhabitants; and Mrs. Sheddon, a lady whom he had never seen, sent him £120, in order to enable him to publish an account of them, which he did before he left Malta.

CHAPTER XI.

SUMMARY OF EASTERN MISSIONS; RETROSPECT OF INDIA; RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES AND THEIR SECRETARIES; RETURN TO SYRIA; ABYSSINIAN MISSION.

BEFORE Wolff proceeds to England, he must be allowed to sum up the results of his expedition to Bokhara, Balkh, Cabul, &c. And, first of all, Wolff has obtained, and given to the world, a more clear insight into the state of the Jews, from Constantinople to the utmost bounds of Turkey, Persia, Khorassan, and Tartary, than had before been given. Secondly, Henry Leeves and others have testified that several hundred Jews in Constantinople and Adrianople were convinced of the truth of the gospel by Joseph Wolff, and were baptized by the Armenian Christians, and did afterwards confess the name of Jesus Christ amidst stripes and imprisonment, from which persecutions they were rescued through the influence of Sir Stratford Canning. Jews in Bokhara, above twenty in number, were also baptized in that place by Wolff himself. Thirdly: he has given a full insight into the state of Muhammadanism, as far as the utmost boundaries of Turkey, Persia, and even to Chinese Tartary. Wolff was the first to give an insight also into the state of the Christian

churches, from Alexandria to Anatolia, Armenia, and Persia. Fourthly: Wolff has given an idea of the creed of the *Ali Ullahi*, i. e. "Believers in the Divinity of Ali," in Persia, such as never was given before. Fifthly: by having circulated the word of God at Burchund, and among the Pulooj, and by having conversed openly with the Muhammadans, even in the most bigoted towns, yea, in Meshed itself (as was testified by Mirza Baba, the chief physician of Abbas Mirza), Wolff solved the problem, whether it is possible for a missionary to preach the gospel in barbarian Muhammadan countries? Sixthly: The churches in England and the United States of North America have been incited to follow in Wolff's steps, sending missionaries to Cashmere and Lahore. Seventhly: The most intellectual Jews of Meshed, who never saw the gospel before, have not only read it through his instrumentality, but since translated it into Hebrew, with Perso-Jewish characters. The celebrated Moollah Yakoob, at Sarakhs, avowed his belief in the Lord Jesus Christ in the midst of the Turcomauns; and the pious Joseph of Talkhtoon, in the kingdom of Khiva, with all his followers, became readers of the gospel, at the same time lifting up their eyes to God, asking Him to guide them into truth. Eighthly: All the Jews, everywhere, were astonished and amazed to see one of their nation going about preaching Jesus as the Messiah and Son of God. And there certainly are hundreds of believers among them who have since

confessed the name of Jesus, as Wolff ascertained in his last journey to Bokhara. And his name was remembered, not only among the Jews there, but also by the Turcomauns, as he found in the year 1844, when he made his last journey to Bokhara. Ninthly: The Muhammadans in Khorassan and Turkistan, and the Sikhs in the Punjaub, were, by his missionary labours, convinced that there are Europeans who fear God, which before they could not be persuaded of. Tenthly: Wolff hopes to have proved, by the simple statement of a Brahmin in the Himalaya mountains, situated beyond the reach of British influence, whom he found reading the gospel of St. Luke, in the Nagree character, with crowds of his disciples around him, that the exertions of the British and Foreign Bible Society are not in vain; and he has also proved that, if the Bible Society had not existed, many of the Eastern churches, the Armenians excepted, would have ere long been without a single copy of the word of God. Therefore, the Church at home ought not to quarrel whether the work shall be done by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, or by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The reasons for which Wolff has himself an objection to attending the meetings of the British and Foreign Bible Society are simply these—firstly, he does not wish to be complimented by Dissenters for his liberality; secondly, as he believes in the doctrine of apostolic succession, and

that it is a scriptural doctrine, he does not wish to hear on the platform, this doctrine styled "One of the minor points."

Dr. Wolff must here also take a slight retrospective view of the whole of India—so far as an autobiography will permit him to do this. And, first as to Lord William Bentinck himself, of whom Wolff boldly maintains, that there never appeared so great a Governor-General in India as Lord William Bentinck was! His moral character was remarkable: no oath ever escaped his mouth.

The abolition of suttee is one proof of his wonderfully high moral courage and feeling; and which act alone would stamp him as the greatest Governor-General India ever had. He would sit in his office, like a clerk, working from morning to night. His liberality, too, was not the contemptible liberalism of the present day; nor was it kindled by political motives; but it sprung from a real love of mankind.

Wolff has no desire to enter into political discussions; but he cannot, at the same time, conceal from the public, that he is pained to hear the Honourable East India Company harshly censured, after the misfortune of being deprived of their rule which they have sustained; for though he highly disapproves the conduct of many members of the Company against that truly great man, Sir Charles James Napier, yet it betrayed no small amount of talent to have been able to govern India successfully for 100 years; and it remains

to be ascertained, whether the present change will bring about an improvement in the government. And certainly, in order that an improvement may be produced, the British Government must not be satisfied with merely sending out some missionaries; but they ought also to send forth officers, for the civil and military service, who will adorn the Christian name by their life and conversation; and who will leave off calling the natives *damned niggers*; and who will not, for the slightest offence, strike the natives. Such conduct, however, is not to be attributed to the Company, but to the character of Englishmen. Sir Stratford Canning and Lord William Bentinck agreed on this point with Joseph Wolff.

There is one great fault committed by the English Government with regard to India, and this is, their ridiculous fear of Russia; on which account, they made alliances with that most brutal, and most contemptible of all nations, the inhabitants of Khiva; who at the very time that they made an alliance with England against Russia, would have made one with Russia, if Russia would have entered into an alliance with them against England. And besides, by this paltry alliance the English have made themselves enemies of the king and inhabitants of Bokhara, who, with all their enormities and cruelties, are by far more respectable, and by far more powerful, and by far more civilized, than the inhabitants of Khiva. Moreover, by showing to the natives of India, and

Affghanistan, and the Punjaub, that they are afraid of Russia, the English have made themselves a laughing-stock all over those countries. Wolff never met with a Russian spy in India, but he met with many French spies.

Wolff having completed at Malta the account of his last journey, which was written in a rather rambling manner, and was filled with too many proper names, (so much so, that when Wolff asked an Irish gentleman to purchase his book, he replied, "I cannot read half of it; for the names are so very difficult:" whilst another friend said to him, after he had sold a good many copies, "I can sell no more, for the *flats* have got it, and the *sharps* won't have it!") set out again for England. He had received letters of invitation from a friend, who is as dear to him as Stolberg, Simeon, or Denison—he means the holy, good, and excellent Sir Thomas Baring, who was the president of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. He was also invited by his dear friends Charles Simeon, Sir George Rose, and Drummond, all of whom have since departed this life. Dear Irving had already departed from this world. His last words were, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters," &c., and having repeated the whole psalm, he expired. Wolff, on reflection, frequently exclaims:—Sainted spirits of Irving and Drum-

mond, God forbid that I should now say anything about some differences which began to subsist between us ; for never, for one moment, did these give a shock to the affection which I always felt towards you both !

Wolff staid with that dear man, Sir Thomas Baring, for some time ; and he visited his other friends. He travelled about, all over England, Scotland, and Ireland, for the benefit of the London Society. But, whenever he had anything to do with that society, although they were very kind to him, there was always a *rumpus*. He travelled about with the secretary, a young man, who, whenever he was asked by persons, "What do you think about the restoration of the Jews and the personal reign of Christ?" would reply, "I am a secretary, and I must be cautious in such things, so as not to hurt the cause." One day this young gentleman came up to Wolff, and said, "Here is a letter from Carlisle ; and the ladies wish you to go to Carlisle : but they want you to keep in the background all that you have to say about the millennium, and the restoration of the Jews ; and to speak only upon justification by faith." Wolff replied, "Give my compliments to the ladies of Carlisle, and tell them they must get somebody else ; for, if I come, I shall want to convert them to my views, not that they should convert me to theirs. And you may add, that I am no secretary, who accommodates his views to the tastes of the

subscribers." Wolff's determination was so given, and the ladies wrote that he must still come; and, after all, Wolff converted a good many of them.

The same secretary went with Wolff to another place, when again he came up to him, and said, "Here, you must be on your guard; for, if you begin to speak about the personal reign, they will believe you to be an Irvingite." Wolff wrote to Sir Thomas Baring, "What a fellow you have sent me! I could kick him behind!" Sir Thomas Baring answered, "Well, then, come to me at Stratton Park," and so Wolff went. The clergy of Gloucester would not see Wolff, for they said, "The fellow has run wild!" However, there are excellent people there; and Wolff hopes, after all, to see them in heaven, though they did not wish to see him here upon earth.

Wolff returned to Malta in the month of October; and, in January, 1836, he set out again for Alexandria, and thence to Suez, where he found an Arab Christian, who had become acquainted, through his conversations, with the natural historian Schumber; also with the writings of Kant, Fichte, Schelling; and with the poets Schiller and Goethe. In Suez he also met with Dr. Hovenden, a nice fine young Irish gentleman, who was entering the service of Muhammad Ali, as a surgeon in his army. Wolff advised him not to do this; for he told him that he certainly would be killed amongst the European blackguards, who were in the service of the Egyptian tyrant.

The only Europeans whose company Wolff could enjoy in Egypt were, Fresnel, the greatest Arabian scholar in Europe, and Botta, son of the famous historian Botta, who heard his sermons on the restoration of the earth. Mr. Lieder, the missionary, also was kind to Wolff.

Wolff made a second visit to the monks upon Mount Sinai, where he met with an astonishing proof that there is no calculating the effect which the circulation of the word of God can produce. When Wolff was in Mount Sinai the first time, in the year 1821, he left there Hebrew Bibles and Testaments. In the year 1836, he found there a book, written by a Jew from Smyrna, containing his motives for having embraced the Christian religion. In this, he stated that the New Testament, which had been left upon Mount Sinai by Wolff, had convinced him of the truth of Christianity; and he had been baptized there, in the monastery, by Father Ignatius. Wolff again convinced the monks of Mount Sinai, that Jesus Christ, on His second coming in majesty and glory, will again display marvellous deeds upon the very spots of Mount Horeb and Mount Sinai; and Father Ignatius, who was still alive when Wolff went there the second time, said to him,—

“Yes, the Jew is right, for Habakkuk says, ‘The Lord shall come from Sinai, and the Holy One from Mount Paran,’ which you see when you look out of the window; and the Jew, who became our teacher, told us that the 13th verse of chapter iii.

of Habakkuk ought to be translated, *Thou shalt go forth to save Thy people through Jesus Thy Christ*; and the 18th verse ought to be translated, *I will rejoice in God my Jesus*. And Origen translates the 13th verse entirely the same as our converted Jew does."

Then Wolff remarked, "The translation of the 18th verse agrees with the one given by St. Jerome."

The name of the monastery upon Mount Horeb is St. Catherine, for St. Catherine suffered martyrdom at Alexandria; and as she had frequently expressed a desire to be buried on Mount Sinai, her body was carried to that place by angels, where, to this day, miracles are performed at her tomb. And Wolff believes this, for it harmonizes with scripture. Papas Neophytos, the head of the monastery, introduced to Wolff *Gideon*, a monk, who was one hundred and five years of age, and who had lived above sixty years in the monastery; the good old man was quite childish, but his holy appearance made Wolff kneel down before him and ask his blessing. The superior made Wolff a present of the History of the Monastery, by which we learn that many Christians lived around Mount Sinai, either in the caves of rocks, or in tents, a long time before the reign of the Emperor Justinian, but on account of the vexations they frequently had to suffer from the Arabs, they wrote to the Emperor Justinian, to ask him to assist them in building a monastery.

The Emperor sent them 1000 Servian Christians, with their wives and children, who were called by the Arabs *Soobean*, i. e. "boys, or slaves," who built the monastery A. D. 527. In course of time they became Muhammadans; but since Wolff introduced the Bible there in 1821, a good number of them have become Christians. Several years ago the Soobean rebelled against the monks of the monastery, but, when their camels and wives died in great numbers, they considered it as a punishment from heaven in consequence of that rebellion, and they returned to their former obedience.

Wolff also visited the cemetery of the monks of Mount Sinai. To reach this, one has to go through a dark subterranean passage, where are preserved, and shown to the visitors, the skulls of venerable archbishops, and one of Nemaica, a Servian prince. That great number of skulls reminded Wolff of the words put into the mouth of the Wandering Jew by Schubart, the German poet. That awful person had refused to our Saviour a resting-place when He was led away to be crucified, and was almost weighed down by the burden of the cross, which He Himself, our blessed Saviour, had to carry. So the Angel of Death appeared to the Wandering Jew, and said to him, in fierce anger, "*Thou hast denied rest to the Son of Man, and to thee, monster, it will be denied until He shall come.*" In consequence of this declaration, a black demon escaped from hell, and whipped the Wandering Jew from land to land. And when he

stood near a dark cave of Mount Carmel, and shook off the dust from his beard, he took one of the skulls of the dead and rolled it down Mount Carmel, so that it bounded, and resounded, as it rolled down the mountain, and was broken to pieces, when he said, "This was my father." Then again he took another skull, and seven others, and he rolled them all down, from rock to rock, in the same manner, saying, with hollow eyes, "These and these were my wives." And, still continuing to roll skulls down the mountain, he exclaimed, "These are my children; ah, alas! alas! all these were able to die; but I, rejected by God, I am not able to die. Woe! woe! the most terrible judgment hangs over me eternally, even roaring terror." *

Wolff then conversed with the monks on the danger of forgetting God and Christ, and worshipping pictures; and it is remarkable that there is in the monastery a Muhammadan mosque also. When Muhammad was a youth he came near the monastery of Mount Sinai, lay down in the road, and slept in the sun. The monks observed that a large bird, spreading his wings over him, protected him from the sun. The monks perceived by this

* It is remarkable that the history of the Wandering Jew is known among the Muhammadans all over the world; and Wolff met with Roman Catholic friends, of high respectability in Bohemia and Vienna, who assured him that they had seen him, when he conversed with them about the good sound common sense which he had observed in Nero when he conversed with him.

that he would one day become a great man ; so they invited him to the monastery, and told him, as they had perceived that he would one day become a great man, they requested that he would leave behind him a mark of favour and protection, on which account he stamped the mark of his hand upon a piece of wood. When he made his appearance as the Prophet of God, many years after, and again passed by that monastery, they produced the *mark* of his hand, for which he granted to them a firman.

In the time of Sultan Selim, Melindar, one of Selim's generals, destroyed 360 monasteries which were built around Mount Sinai. On his approaching Mount Horeb, the monks went out to meet him, and besought him to spare them ; and when they produced the hand and firman of Muhammad, he granted protection to the monastery, on the condition of their building a mosque in the monastery, which they agreed to do. This mosque Wolff saw ; and even now the Muhammadans perform their devotions there whenever they pass the monastery.

The Superior told Wolff that the Arabs frequently leave their merchandise in the desert for three days, visit their families, and then return without being afraid of its being stolen.

Wolff then visited also Tor, the ancient Elim : Exodus, chapter xv. 27th verse. The Christians there were originally descendants of the Arabs. Wolff left Tor and passed a place where a horse

was buried; the Bedouins cast dust upon it, and said, "Eat, thou father of the tail." Wolff returned to Suez, and lived in the house of Nicola, waiting for the steamer, *Hugh Lindsay*, from Bombay, which was going back to Jiddah; at last it came, and Wolff arrived again at Jiddah.

Wolff went again to the gate which leads to Mecca, and preached to the Muhammadans. He then set out for Abyssinia from Jiddah, in company of some servants, named Hadara and Müller, who were sent from Abyssinia to Jiddah by Mr. Gobat, the missionary, for the purpose of drawing for money on the Society. They sailed from Jiddah for Mosawah, on board a small Arab ship, and Wolff learned from Hadara the Amharic language, in which he made so much progress, that, on his arrival at Adwah, he was able to preach in that language.

Hadara and Müller told Wolff the following story; that Girgis, an Abyssinian Christian, was converted by Gobat to the Protestant faith. When Girgis went from Abyssinia to Egypt, Hadara and Kiddana Miryam (both of whom were Gobat's servants) accompanied him, but in a most treacherous manner he sold both of them to a Muhammadan, and they were released again by order of the Governor, on account of their being known to be Mr. Gobat's servants. This same Girgis became, afterwards, a Muhammadan.

The Muhammadan chief of Mosawah informed Wolff that there are four great *Sheikhs* (which may

be translated "Patron saints," or more literally, "Grey-haired men,") in the world; just as there are four quarters of the world. Every Sheikh has forty bodies; and thirty-nine of them go for nothing, and he may commit with them every fault, and every crime; but with the fortieth body he serves God.

Wolff left Mosawah, and crossed the sea in a boat for four miles, when they reached and alighted at a camp of Bedouins, called Sahate, where the heat of the drinking water was almost insupportable. The natives of that place produce fire for cooking in a very primitive manner; they take two pieces of wood, and rub the ends together, until both pieces begin to burn. One of Wolff's guides had an attack of cholera, and he cured himself by eating pepper.

Wolff conversed with some Abyssinian Christians about religion, when they were interrupted by a wolf which came howling towards them. Hadara fired at him, and he ran off. Elephants were there wandering about in abundance, in the plains and upon the mountains. There were also tigers, which are caught in the following manner. A trap of iron is made, to which a cow is bound; and when the tiger hastens to eat her, the Abyssinian, who is waiting concealed, kills the tiger the moment he is entangled in the trap. Elephants are generally killed near the rivers while they are drinking.

Wolff learnt on the road that the cholera was

at Adwah, the place where Gobat was residing with his family. Wolff confesses that, at the first moment, he was horrified at the news; but the example of the Roman Catholic missionaries at Cairo induced him, more than anything else, to prosecute his journey. For, whilst the plague was in Egypt, the Lutheran missionaries shut themselves up, as Wolff himself did (he says it to his shame) at Beyroot, with his wife and little daughter (the latter of whom died in Cyprus); but the missionaries of the Propaganda of Rome visited those who were infected with the disease; and six out of seven of these Roman missionaries died.

They next arrived at a little village, inhabited by the tribe Shiho, who are shepherds; and Wolff and his companions remained with them for two nights, and slept with them under the trees, where they heard the lions roaring around, and were entering the sheep-folds; and the noise of the shepherds, in their attempts to expel them, was awful! The force of the description of Isaiah, chapter xxxi. verse 4, could be easily felt, where he says:—"Like as the lion and the young lion roaring on his prey, when a multitude of shepherds is called forth against him, he will not be afraid of their voice, nor abase himself for the noise of them: so shall the Lord of hosts come down to fight for mount Zion, and for the hill thereof."

Wolff then ascended the rugged mountain of Hamazien, which is a district in Abyssinia, and the whole place abounds with forests and mo-

rasses, interspersed with valleys and beautiful plains, well fitted for shepherds. He arrived at a place called Jueeda, where half-naked women were grinding corn for their families by means of hand-mills.

From thence Wolff proceeded to Ser Aroot, which is inhabited by Abyssinian Christians. The tradition of the Christians throughout all Abyssinia is, that the Queen of Sheba, with her whole party, were converted to Judaism, by king Solomon; and that he married her, and she had a son by Solomon, who came back to Abyssinia with his mother, where he ascended the throne of Abyssinia, and established the Jewish religion. And the very fact that the Abyssinians, though Christians at present, observe the Jewish religion with more exactness than all the Jews throughout all the world do, proves the truth of their history. Wolff was at once struck, on his arrival in Hamazien, by the Christians distinguishing themselves from the Muhammadans, by wearing a string of blue silk, or cotton, round their neck. We read in Numbers, chapter xv. verse 38, "Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a ribband of blue."

When Wolff desired the landlord to give him a warm place to sleep upon, he good-naturedly told him, "Here, you may sleep comfortably upon the heap of cow-dung!"

On the 9th of June, Wolff went over the mountains which were covered with trees; and he reached, after a seven hours' ride, a village called Asmara, containing about 150 inhabitants. He alighted near the church, situated, as most of the churches in Abyssinia are, near a rivulet, for the convenience of their purifications. In this respect they are like the Jews! The inside of the church was entirely like a Jewish synagogue in the East. In the first and outer circular apartment, the congregation sat and prayed, exactly as among the Jews; and there was another small division, answering to the Holy of Holies, into which the priest alone entered. The laity performed their prayers at a distance from the Holy of Holies. The women also sat apart. Those who entered the church, kissed the door-posts as they came in, and put off the shoes from off their feet, and performed a silent prayer, prescribed by their Church. The Abyssinian priests are dressed all in white, like the Levites of old.

Wolff circulated there the word of God, in the Amharic language; and preached to them the gospel of Christ. Hyloo, their chief, asked him, "Do you know Theodorus?" Wolff asked, "Who was Theodorus?" One of the Abyssinians replied, "His father was St. John, and his mother was a fish."

Wolff then saw the women grind meal. They make bare the leg, and uncover the thigh, and have their children upon their backs while they are

working at this employment; which reminds one of St. Matthew, chapter xxiv. verse 41: "Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left:"—and in Isaiah, chapter xlvii. verse 2, "Take the millstones, and grind meal: uncover thy locks, make bare the leg, uncover the thigh, pass over the rivers."

As Wolff had no victuals, he requested Hyloo to give him something to eat. He gave him a live cow, which some assisted him in killing; after which every one (Wolff excepted) took a raw piece, peppered it well, and ate it; but he had his a little roasted.

It is asserted by some that the Abyssinians have no marriage, but this is not the case; for, on the contrary, every Abyssinian is permitted to have only one wife, whom he leads to the altar, and takes the Sacrament of Holy Communion with her, and she is then his wedded wife, whom he is not allowed to divorce. However, the chiefs take more than one; but from the moment they do so, they are not admitted any longer to the Lord's table. The Hierarchy in Abyssinia consists first of an *Aboona*, or, the archbishop of the nation; who is always a Copt, and sent there by the Coptic patriarch of Cairo. He ordains the priests and deacons of the church. However, the Coptic patriarch of Cairo, who is the successor of St. Mark, is styled by the Abyssinian Church, *Leeka Papas*, i. e. "Great Father;" secondly, *Etcheque*, the "Superior of all the monks;"

thirdly, *Leeka Kahnat*, i. e. "Superior priest over a province;" fourthly, *Halaka*, which corresponds with a rector of the English Church. He is always a learned man, but not always a priest; fifthly, *Kyes*, i. e. "Priest;" sixthly, *Shemas*, i. e. "Deacon."

There is a monastery near Zaasega, called Debora Bezeym, in which there is a silver cup, which walks about by itself, and moves about in the air.

The Abyssinians baptize by immersion; and in the case of a boy, after forty days. Immediately after baptism, the child receives the *Korban*, i. e. "Commemorative sacrifice," i. e. "The Body and Blood of Christ." The boy is circumcised on the eighth day, generally by a woman, which reminded Wolff of Exodus, chapter iv. verse 25.

A most extraordinary adventure happened to Wolff. Six years had already elapsed, since Kyrrillos, the Aboona of Abyssinia, had died, and the people were just expecting another from Cairo. Whenever the new Aboona arrives, he comes in disguise; for the shouts of joy from the people, all over the country, are too great to be endured. They carry him upon their shoulders, bring to him hundreds of cows, and great barrels of wine, and honey, as offerings; thousands fall down to be blessed by him, and to be spit at by him; so that he would not be able, in a year's time, to reach the capital of Abyssinia, i. e. *Gondar*, which is the capital of Amhara, a chief province of Abyssinia, were he not to disguise himself.

During Wolff's conversation one day with Hyloo and the priests, about religion, Hyloo, the priests, and the people around him, suddenly shouted, "HE IS OUR ABOONA IN DISGUISE!" At once they fell down at Wolff's feet, kissed them, implored his blessing, and desired him to spit at and upon them. They compelled him to submit to their washing his feet, and then they drank the water! All his protestations were in vain; and, as it is a great crime for an Aboona to smoke, Wolff brought forth his pipe, and began to smoke; but they declared this to be a mere stratagem to deceive them. Hundreds of cows were brought to him as a present; and corn, milk, &c., and Wolff had to spit at them until his mouth was dry. This absurd triumph continued till he had reached Adwah, when the people were undeceived; for Wolff immediately went to Mr. Gobat, and he was known as one, who, being a missionary, had tried to convert them.

Before Wolff arrived at Mr. Gobat's, he received much useful information from the Abyssinians, which he will here relate. The Abyssinians reckon from the creation of the world to the year 1859, as 7350 years; and from the time of our Lord as 1852 years. They ascribe the translation of their Bible to Abba Salama, who was the first Abyssinian apostle. They believe that after death man goes to a separate place; the good to the paradise of Adam, and the wicked to a place called Sheol. After the coming of the Lord, the believers shall

be with Christ; and the unbelievers shall be carried to the valley of Hinnom. Adam and Eve were driven to a land called Feyt. Enoch and Elijah are now hid in paradise; and both shall appear again, before the coming of the Lord. They believe in baptismal regeneration and the real presence. Wolff saw a missionary sneering at a poor priest, for asserting that it is a good work to support the priest (which is indeed a good work). The priest turned round, and said, "We poor priests, after all, do not get as much money as you; which enables you to smoke tobacco the whole day long, and to go about without doing anything. The pipe at home, the cigar in the street." That was a capital remark of the Abyssinian priest; and Wolff doubts whether many of the German tinmen (for that missionary had been a tinman) would have left their trade, if the leaders of the Church Missionary Society had sneeringly told them, "Go, and preach the gospel; but you must not expect money, as the Eastern priests do."

On the road to Adwah, the relations and friends were mourning and howling over a dead body, which had just been buried, and were exclaiming, "She was my mother's daughter!" And other people were called from the villages around, to weep in the house of the dead; which explains the words of Amos, chapter v. verse 16, "They shall call the husbandman to mourning, and such as are skilful of lamentation to wailing."

Wolff left Kudus Michael Onamtay (which is

VOL. II. T

the name of a place where he had been staying), and the people accompanied him a great stretch of distance, and carried him upon their shoulders. Wolff blessed them, saying, "The Lord bless you, and give you the desire to be blessed of Him."

A mighty chief of Adukhala, whose name was *Ghebra Amlak*, which means, "Servant of the Lord," called on Wolff, when he was resting in a field, outside Adukhala. Wolff was fast asleep, and, when he awoke, he saw before him a warrior, with a sword hanging by his side, and a silver shield covered his breast. He was kneeling before Wolff, asking his blessing. Wolff said to him, "I am not your Aboona."

Ghebra Amlak replied, "I know that, father; but bless me, bless me, for you are a servant of Christ." And then he asked Wolff to spit at him, for he said, "Christ made clay of spittle, with which He healed the blind." Here we see the origin of this custom among the Abyssinians, of wishing to be spit upon, because every movement of Christ is precious to them.

Wolff continued his journey south-west, and arrived near the monastery called *Kudus Gabriel*, i. e. "St. Gabriel;" and were it not for these holy monks in the monasteries of Abyssinia, the name of Christ would have been forgotten there long ago. There the psalters of David are sung early in the morning, and late in the evening; and from thence the Abyssinians are reminded of their great queen, the Queen of Sheba, and the high birth of

Menelik, her son. In those monasteries, the name of Jesus Christ is adored; and many a monk wanders about, from time to time, to remind people that Jesus, the son of the blessed lady, Mary, is the Son of the Highest. Those holy men, as Abba Salame, Tekla Haymanot, and Abba Gareema, are brought to remembrance, who have preached the name of Christ after it had been already established by the eunuch of Candace, the queen. Who will not have a partiality for monks like Tekla Haymanot, of Abyssinia; Nersus, of Armenia; Ephrem Syrus; Maron, of Lebanon; Friederich Spee, Thaulerus, Kempis, Sailer, and Overberg, of Germany?

They arrived at last at a village called B'Hesa, belonging to the chief, Wald Raphael, which had been plundered a few days before their arrival by order of Oubea, the mighty chief of Simean, in the Amhara country. This man, after the death of the celebrated Sabagadees, chief of Tigrè, subdued all the chiefs around; and as Wald Raphael refused to pay tribute, he was plundered by that chief.

Wald Raphael brought to Wolff a goat and an Abyssinian dish called Sherro, consisting of powdered lentils, well peppered, and bread prepared of *Teff*, i. e. "wheat," made into flat cakes. In Abyssinia, victuals are conveyed to the mouth by servants, whilst others hold a table-cloth before those who eat, in order that they may not be seen by strangers. The Abyssinians punish crimes by

hanging, crucifying, and stoning to death, and inflicting forty stripes save one; and the bodies of criminals are not committed to the grave, but hyenas devour their bodies, and dogs lick their blood. Besides this, the avengers of blood prevail in Abyssinia, so that many are not allowed to go from one province to another, because they are guilty of blood.

It is a striking fact, that the Abyssinian Christians are more fond of the Psalms of David than of the New Testament.

All this information respecting the Abyssinians Wolff got while at Wald Raphael's village, and also as he travelled along.

It is worth while that Wolff should notice their great saint, Teckla Haymanot, for every one who reads Wolff's autobiography will observe that he only wandered about to see men—sinners, to preach to them, and saints, to be edified and taught by them; and, therefore, his autobiography contains nothing else but his conduct and proceedings when among sinners, and also when among holy men—how he taught the one, and was taught by the other. He delighted, also, in hearing the history of saints, who had slept for centuries in the grave.

Now let Wolff present to the reader's view the great Teckla Haymanot, who has slept in the grave already 1100 years. His name conveys the idea of "Planter of the Faith," his original name being *Fesahat Zioon*, i. e. "Joy of Zion." He was

born in Shoah. He replaced the royal family upon the throne, and was zealous in converting the Galas, a tribe on the borders of Abyssinia. Those Galas say of themselves that they came from Europe. They are of a yellow complexion, and Wolff has not the slightest doubt that they are descendants of the Gauls. Teckla Haymanot is said to have been so successful in his preaching, as to have made such an impression on the devil, that he (the devil) determined to become a monk for forty years. The same Teckla Haymanot stood for forty years upon one place praying, until he broke his leg. There are twenty-four elders around the throne of God, with censers in their hands, serving God, and Teckla Haymanot is the twenty-fifth. He had six wings like an angel's.

CHAPTER XII.

DETAINED IN ABYSSINIA BY THE ILLNESS OF GOBAT; RETURNS TO
JIDDAH; IBRAHEEM PASHA; RECHABITES; JEWS OF YEMEN.

ON the 26th of June, 1836, Wolff arrived at Adwah, the capital of Tigré, where he met with Gobat, who had been already ill in bed for several months, and was, of course, in the greatest distress. His wife had a little child with her, and was in the family-way, and there were none to comfort them. There was a German carpenter there, Christian Aichinger by name, a faithless hypocrite, of the sect of the Separatists in Wirtemberg, who gave to poor Gobat but little assistance. The faithful Andreas Müller (Wolff's fellow-traveller from Jiddah to Mosawah) knew not one word of the Amharic or Tigré languages, and for these reasons Gobat could not venture to undertake his journey back to Switzerland, as he wished to do; Wolff, therefore, offered to postpone his own journey to Gondar, and from thence into the interior of Africa, until he had conveyed Gobat and his family safely back as far as Jiddah. And he also promised Gobat that, if he should die on the way, he would go with his wife and child as far as Switzerland.

As in the month of July the rainy season com-

mences, Wolff was obliged to remain at Adwah until September. During his stay there he continued his study of Amharic, under Hadara, and made the acquaintance of certain learned people and priests; and he sent an Abyssinian, *Warka* by name, with his two sons, to Bombay, and recommended them to Dr. Wilson. There they learned English, and the sciences which would be useful in their own country; and Wolff had the satisfaction of learning afterwards that they turned out exceedingly well. The learned man, Deftera Gualoo by name, who had been interpreter to the late Aboona Kyrillos, informed Wolff that the Queen of Sheba had, on her return to Abyssinia, composed her court of Jews, and that thus the first Jews were settled in Abyssinia. Some Abyssinians, at the time they became Jews, worshipped the serpent, which is another proof that their history is correct, for the worship of the serpent was evidently an abuse of Moses's brazen serpent. Salamé was consecrated bishop by Athanasius, a patriarch of Alexandria; and the Abyssinians have kept uninterruptedly the apostolic succession.

It is related of Menelik, that he brought the Bible and the ark of the covenant to *Axum*, where the latter, they say, still exists, but is seen by nobody except the priest. The Bible was translated from the Hebrew into Ethiopic, by Salamé the Second. Abba Georgis, who was an original writer among the Abyssinians, was the compiler of

their liturgy. Tikri, brother of Paul, was the translator of the book of Enoch from the Hebrew into Ethiopic. In that book Wolff read the prophecy of Enoch, which is given in the Epistle of St. Jude, verse 14. "And Enoch, also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of these, saying, Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of His saints," &c.

Wolff visited Axum, the holy city of the Abyssinians, which is venerated not only by Christians, but also by the heathen, and the Galas; so that when the chief of the Galas, several years before, invaded Tigré, and approached the city of Axum, he dismounted his horse, and fell upon his face, and dared not to enter the holy city, where the Queen of Sheba, and her son Menelik, had once resided. Axum is built between two mountains; one mountain is called *Beyt Ghirghis*, i. e. "House of George;" the other, *Beyt Egzie*, i. e. "House of God." Three columns of an immense height are standing at the foot of those mountains, which are called Hawlt by the Abyssinians. Near each pillar trees stretch their branches around, and produce an imposing effect.

Wolff inspected the magnificent church at Axum. The priests were just performing their worship, with all the musical instruments mentioned in the Psalms of David. The church at Axum is evidently an imitation of the Temple of Jerusalem, with an outer and an inner court. Near the church is a little building, in which the *Korban*,

i. e. the "Sacred bread," is baked. Fifty priests, and about two hundred monks, were reciting around the church; and Wolff conversed with an old blind priest.

Blind priest.—"We are in great affliction in this country; for our king is without power, and his servants rule over us. The time of Menelik is passed."

Wolff.—"Repent, and trust in the Lord Jesus."

Blind priest.—"Woe unto us; we believe in the Lord Jesus, but our works are not according to our faith; hence our calamity has arisen."

Wolff then circulated the word of God among them.

The chief governor of the city and church of Axum, who is installed by the laying on of hands, by the presbytery, has the title "Nibreed." The treasurer of the priesthood invited Wolff to sleep in his house, and treated him kindly and hospitably. He spoke of Mr. Salt with respect, and also of Kugler the missionary. Wolff asked him, "Whether he could tell him who was the builder of the columns of Axum?" He replied, "Shem, Ham, and Japhet."

On Wolff's return, he went to Mey Gogo; where there is a waterfall about fifty feet high, which is considered sacred by the inhabitants thereof; and therefore they wash sick persons in it, believing that it has a miraculous power of healing.

Wolff ascertained the existence of the section of Jews called "Falasha." They reside around Simean and Gondar, and their number amounts to 200,000. The Rabbis in Cairo assert that the Jews in Abyssinia are of the tribe of Naphtali. They are called *Falasha*, which means the "Exiled;" but as Wolff was not able, on account of Mr. Gobat's illness, to proceed to Simean, where they chiefly reside, he abstains from giving any judgment about them from mere report.

There is another sect in Abyssinia, called Kemaunt, who believe that the Lord will be born among them. The king of Hurrur, south of Abyssinia, is a powerful Muhammadan prince; and very jealous not only of the Christians, but also of the Turks. His people are Arabs, who came from Yemen. The Gala mothers expose their own children for sale; and Wolff, so far from believing the purchasing of those children to be cruel, considers it, on the contrary, to be an act of charity; for the Muhammadan purchasers have them educated in reading and writing, and (as the Muhammadans expressed themselves to Wolff), "We make men of them." Whilst, if they are left in the hands of their mothers, they are in danger of being killed by them.

Before Wolff left Adwah, with Gobat and his family, he bought fifteen cows for about £3 10s.; and six measures of grain for about £5; and he assembled about 600 people, monks, widows, and

orphans, blind, lame, maimed, and fed them in the streets. Shouts of thanks, and offerings of prayer, were heard from all sides as they feasted.

On the 1st of September, Gobat, his wife and servants, and Wolff and his servants, set out for Jiddah. Gobat was carried on a kind of bedstead over the mountain, by the faithful Hadara and Andreas Müller. Wolff had taken into his service Christian Aichinger, the above-mentioned hypocritical pietist from Wirtemberg; and he must confess, that all those servants of his who made least professions of religion were, in general, more faithful than those who professed a great deal. This is an awful fact.

They slept the first night at the foot of the monastery of Debra Damoo, situated upon a high and impregnable rock. Those who wish to ascend, the monks draw up by a large piece of leather. Then they arrived at Halay, situated upon the highest mountain in Tigré, 12,000 feet above the sea, the inhabitants of which place are the greatest beggars in all Abyssinia. They continually make sorrowful grimaces, and point to their mouths, as if they were starving. They were celebrating, just at that time, the feast of St. John the Baptist. Women, men, and children, and even animals, are always baptized by them on that day.

They next arrived at Mosawah, the governor of which place took Wolff to his country-house, but Gobat, of course, kept his room. Once the conversation turned upon Napoleon I., when his Ex-

cellency boasted of being well acquainted with the history of the French emperor. As a proof of this, he related the following story, whilst, like all Arabs, he addressed himself to his servants instead of his guests:—

“When Bonaparte was a general, he fell in love with a lady, who declined to marry him until her house, one day, got on fire, when Napoleon ran to her assistance. She was so much touched by this that she fell around his neck, and said, ‘I am thy wife!’ and through her influence he became emperor.”

On the 27th of September Wolff arrived, with his party, in a boat, near Confoodah, where he met with dervishes from Bokhara, to whom he gave Persian Testaments, and preached in the street to Arabs. The dervishes continually moved their bodies about, as if they were fighting with some one, and in the greatest agonies; and they were continually shouting, “God is great! God is great! God is great! Merciful God! Merciful God!” Wolff asked what they were doing, and he received as a reply, that “they were wrestling with one of the heavenly hosts, who had injured their thighs.” Here we have a full illustration of the wrestling of Jacob with the angel, when he prevailed with him.

Immediately on Wolff’s arrival in Jiddah, he received a letter from an English gentleman, desiring him to come to him. Wolff arrived there, and found his friend Ovenden in his last hours. He

gave to Wolff all his papers for his father, in Ireland, and also a diploma, by which he saw that he was a member of the Orangemen in Ireland. Wolff prayed with him, and shortly afterwards he expired. Wolff read over his grave the funeral service of the Church of England, in the Italian language, and preached at the grave, in the same language, to the Italian officers who had behaved so badly to him when he was at Jiddah before.

Gobat then embarked at Jiddah for Kosseyr, leaving Wolff behind, as his services were no longer necessary. Gobat heartily thanked him when they parted.

Wolff remained for a few days longer at Jiddah, where he met with a Muhammadan Moollah, who asserted that man may become God, and that there were twelve gospels, written by Peter, Paul, and Thomas. Wolff simply replied, that "the Creator may become the creature; but that the creature should become the Creator is as absurd as if one was to assert that a table can become a carpenter. And with regard to the twelve gospels, there are only four of them authentic, and the rest are spurious."

Wolff left Jiddah in a small boat, and sailed for *Hodeyah*, as his intention was to see the Rechabites around Sanaa previously to his return to Abyssinia. Wolff arrived at Lit, where he left, in a burial-place, Arabic bibles, and a translation in Arabic of Robinson Crusoe. The Bible excited a terror among the Muhammadans there, and they

exclaimed, "This is one of the signs of the times, that the Christian power will be prevailing everywhere."

Robinson Crusoe was admired, also, as a great prophet.

Wolff then entered into an argument with several Muhammadans, on the Divinity of Jesus Christ. Ahmed, one of the learned Muhammadians, said, "Oh, Joseph Wolff, must not the Lord of the Age first come before the coming of Jesus?"

Wolff replied, "Elijah, the prophet, shall first come."

The conversation ended, for the drum beat, calling the soldiers to be drilled.

Wolff had also a most remarkable meeting with one of the Arab Sheikhs, of the tribe of Hobab, who was father-in-law to Moses (Numbers, chap. x. verse 29; Judges, chap. iv. verse 11).

He knew Hebrew exceedingly well, and even the Arabic dialect of the children of Hobab is mixed with Hebrew phrases out of the books of Moses. They observe, outwardly, the Muhammadan religion, but are attached to the law of Moses. He informed Wolff, that near Sanaa, the other branch of the children of Hobab were encamped, *i. e.* the *B'nee Arhab*, "children of Rechab," who observed the Jewish religion. A great number of the B'nee Hobab came down the mountain, and related to Wolff the history of Moses; how he wandered in the desert, under the guidance of

Hobab, who at last refused to go on further with him. "Do you know," they said, "about Moosa (Moses), the prophet of God? The peace of God be upon him! Hobab, our father, was his father-in-law."

Shereef Ahmed Aboo Mesameer, of the tribe of Hobab, governed the mountain of the Aseer. He punished criminals by putting a nail in their foreheads, and therefore he received the name of *Aboo Mesameer*, "The Father of Nails." He was a mighty warrior, benevolent, and a despiser of riches.

One day a merchant from Mozambique arrived at Hodeyah, with a cargo of slaves, which belonged to the Shereef. The ship was followed all the way by a shark, which killed one of the Shereef's subjects. Ahmed ordered the shark to be caught, and it was afterwards exposed as a trophy of this great man. One of the Hindoo merchants went one day by land from Hodeyah to Aboo Areesh, when he was attacked by robbers.

Robbers.—"Give up your property."

Hindoo Merchant.—"I am in possession of dollars, and they belong to Ahmed Aboo Mesameer."

The robbers, horror-struck, left him untouched, in such awe was his name held.

One of the Turkish officers called on Wolff, who offered him a copy of the Bible. The Turk replied, that "he could not by any means touch anything which was forbidden by his religion." Immedi-

ately after this the Turkish officer requested Wolff to give him a glass of brandy, but he replied, "You ought not to touch, by any means, anything which is forbidden by your religion; and spirits are prohibited in the Koran."

Wolff then set out for Hodeyah, and arrived the first day at Saydea, the governor of which place received him very kindly. After Wolff had given him, for his son, a "Pilgrim's Progress," and other books in Arabic, he desired him to stay the whole night. An Arab who was present said, "There is a great difference between this English dervish and our dervishes; for our dervishes go about begging, and he goes about doing good."

Wolff then went to Hodeyah the next day, where, at that time, Ibraheem Pasha (nephew of Muhammad Ali, and cousin to the great Ibraheem Pasha) was commander-in-chief. A very kind-hearted Frenchman, his physician, and, in many respects, a laudable exception to those French *canailles* in the service of Muhammad Ali, introduced Wolff to his Highness. The name of the physician was Monsieur Devaux.

Wolff spoke Persian with his Highness, and made him acquainted with the object of his wanderings; and he also made both him and his friend, Husseyn Effendi, a present of a map, published at Malta, by Schlienz, as well as of a translation of "Robinson Crusoe."

Ibraheem Pasha.—"Why do you not go to Con-

stantinople to convert the Sultan, who shows a great tendency towards Christianity? He even dresses himself *à l'Européenne*."

Wolff.—"Christianity does not consist in wearing an European dress. Christianity consists in bringing the heart, mind, and reason from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; by believing in Jesus, and by being baptized in His name."

Ibraheem Pasha.—"What is divinity?" (*Illeheeyat?*)

Wolff.—"A systematic exposition of the existence, attributes, and counsels of God; of the relation of the whole created world to God, and of the relation of men to God."

Ibraheem Pasha.—"This definition is too general. What is Christian theology?"

Wolff.—"The systematic exposition of the knowledge of God in Jesus, and the design of His coming upon the earth."

Ibraheem Pasha.—"Do you believe everything which the Bible tells you?"

Wolff.—"Certainly; I am ready to die for the truth of it."

Ibraheem Pasha.—"Wonderful! A French physician whom I had, told me that there was no God."

Wolff.—"It must be said, to the honour of the French nation, that these are only exceptions; for the French Moollahs, such as Massillon, Bourda-

loue, Fénélon, Bossuet, have written in defence of Christianity."

Ibraheem Pasha.—"Do you believe that Jesus was the Son of God?"

Wolff.—"Yes; for He was born by the Holy Spirit, in the womb of the Virgin."

Ibraheem Pasha.—"Why do you not call Him otherwise?"

Wolff.—"Because the Scripture calls Him thus."

Ibraheem Pasha.—"What advantage will Lord Palmerston derive, and the whole British Government, from your converting a few Jews?"

Wolff.—"When Muhammad rose to preach that doctrine, which he believed to be true, he did not first consult the chiefs of the Koreish as to what advantage they would derive from it; and, in a similar way, neither Lord Palmerston, nor the whole of the British Government, have any concern in this matter; but I have the satisfaction of having been the instrument, in the hands of God, of bringing many souls into the right way, and of having obeyed the command of Christ, to 'Go into all the world to preach,' " &c.

Ibraheem Pasha.—"Why do you go chiefly to the Jews, and not to the Mussulmans?"

Wolff.—"I go chiefly to the Jews because I was a Jew myself, and they already believe in the Bible; but I have also always stated my belief to Muhammadans, and pagans, as well as to the Jews."

Ibraheem Pasha.—"If I should come with my army to Sanaa, *In sha Allah*, i. e. 'If God please,' I will give you every assistance and protection in converting the Jews. Where do you intend to go, after you have been at Sanaa?"

Wolff.—"To Abyssinia and the interior of Africa."

Ibraheem Pasha.—"Pray do not go there; for there is great danger."

Wolff.—"For a good cause one must not shun danger, and *Allah kebeer*, i. e. 'God is great.'"

Ibraheem Pasha.—"It is true God is great; but God does not say 'Cast thyself into the sea, and I will assist thee.'"

Wolff.—"For a great object one may expect the assistance of God in the time of danger. Your Highness exposes your life among the wild Arabs, with the object of bringing them to order, and subduing them to a more civilized government."

Ibraheem Pasha.—"Yes; but I am provided with arms."

Wolff.—"And I am equally provided with arms."

Ibraheem Pasha.—"With what kind of arms?"

Wolff.—"With prayer, zeal for Christ, and confidence in His help. The Koran justly says, *Allah koll shoye kadeer*, i. e. 'God is mighty above all things.' I am also provided with the love of God and my neighbour in my heart; and the Bible is in my hand!"

Ibraheem Pasha.—"I have no answer to that."

Monsieur Devaux and a good many Turks were present at this interview ; and suddenly also a most respectable Greek, of high repute, and born in Salonica, made his appearance, who said,—

“Is this *Yosef Wolff Ebraios?* i. e. ‘Joseph Wolff the Hebrew,’ who was taken by the pirates near Salonica?”

Vivante, the great robber in the forest near Mount Olympus, had heard of Wolff, and he said “that he would have given anything if they had brought Wolff to him ; for he would have honoured him with great honour, because he was such a great *philanthropos*, and had saved many Greeks in the island of Cyprus, in the year 1822, and had sent the children of the slain to England for education.”

Before Wolff proceeds with his conversation with Ibraheem Pasha, he must give this short notice of Vivante. He was a great robber, of Catharina, near Salonica. He used to crouch down in the forest near Mount Olympus ; and would thus sit alone, a musket at his side, waiting for the arrival of travellers, or Turkish soldiers, whose greatest enemy he was ; and the moment he saw any of them, he made the sign of the cross, and whistled, when he was surrounded by 600 armed Greeks, and instantly made an attack.

Now let us return to the conversation with Ibraheem Pasha.

Ibraheem Pasha.—“If you could convert *Rothschild*, many would follow his example.”

Wolff.—"Faith comes by the grace and Spirit of God, not by riches and temporal power."

Ibraheem Pasha.—"Why do you take so much trouble, if it is the grace of God and His Spirit that convert?"

Wolff.—"The Lord, the merciful and compassionate, pleases to act through the instrumentality of man."

The conversation then took another turn, and Ibraheem Pasha spoke about the Sultan. He said, "I have seen him, and his eyes are exactly the eyes of a fool. His reforms consist in little things; he offended, by adopting European clothes, the prejudices of his people; and his soldiers are complete boys. During the battle of Hums, they continually exclaimed, *Ya umma! ya umma! i. e.* 'Oh, mamma! oh, mamma!' It was a great piece of impudence in him to call Muhammad Ali, my uncle, his servant. However, my uncle only obeys him as far as he pleases, and no more. What do you think is the natural cause of the fall, decline, degeneracy, and dissension among the Mussulmans of the present day?"

Wolff.—"This is the history of all nations; who, after they have reached the highest pitch of grandeur, become effeminate, and ungrateful to God."

Ibraheem Pasha.—"Especially under such a head as Mahmood; who, whilst he tried to form good soldiers, remained like a woman in his seraglio; and, therefore, his raising the *Sanjaak Shereef* (the 'Holy standard') against Muhammad Ali produced

not the slightest effect upon the mind of the nation. For all the world knows Muhammad Ali to be a good Mussulman, and the Sultan to be a fool. When my cousin, Ibraheem Pasha the Great, was at Kiutaya, the Sultan sent ambassadors to him, inviting him to come to Constantinople; but the officers loudly protested against his obeying the Sultan's orders." Here the conversation ended.

Wolff then conversed with the learned Arabs, who came from *Hatramawt*; and from them he learnt that, at Almaharra, between Muscat and Mucullah, the Arabs speak a language totally different from the Arabic. There is a volcano in the province of Hatramawt, called *Albeer Hud*, which means "Well of Eber;" for the sepulchre of the prophet Eber, mentioned in Genesis, chapter x. verses 21, 24, 25, is near it; and Prince Joktan, mentioned in Genesis, chapter x. verse 25, and Eber, were the first kings of Hatramawt. Sulkarneyn, one of their kings, who had two horns, opened the channel of Bab-el-Mandeb.

Johar, the former governor of Hodeyah, informed Wolff that there are people in Abyssinia who have tails, like dogs; and as Wolff had heard that before, from numbers of Abyssinian Christians and Mussulmans, he is inclined to believe it. There is, even in England, a gentleman of dark complexion, and of great talents, whose name Wolff forbears from mentioning, who walks exactly as if he had a tail; and people of high rank told him that he and his family were known

to have tails; and therefore, in his carriage, there is a hole in the seat where he sits, in order that he may be able to sit comfortably!

A peer of the realm has hired a house from this "Father of the tail," as he may be styled; which is a title the Arabs give to their horses.

The Arabs of Hodeyah are in possession of a book, called "Seera," which gives notice of the second coming of Christ, and His reign in glory; and it says that great events would take place in the year 1840. Wolff then preached to the Arabs the renovation of the earth to its former beauty.

Wolff called one day again upon Ibraheem Pasha, but missed his way, and came to the harem of the ladies. Ibraheem Pasha laughed, and said, "Oh wonderful! I am astonished that such an absent man as yourself should have been able to find his way to Bokhara, since he cannot find his way to my divan."

An old dervish called on the former governor of Hodeyah, and gave him his blessing, because he was sick; and the governor took a piece of paper, on which the dervish had been writing, and washed it in some water till he had got the ink off, and then he drank the water, and was cured!

Wolff arrived at Zabeed, which is one of the first places that embraced the Muhammadan religion, in the time of the Arabian prophet. The governor there introduced him to the chief priest,

who has the title of Moofti. He was surrounded by about sixty learned men, and he asked Wolff's name.

"Joseph Wolff" was the reply; on which the Moofti then desired the servant to fetch two books from the shelf, which he accordingly did; and, to Wolff's greatest surprise, they were a Bible and a New Testament in Arabic, with his own name written in it. These he had given to a Muhammadan at Bagdad, who had sent them to the Muhammadans at Sanaa and Zabeed (which towns are in Yemen), for the purpose of giving them an idea of the books which the Christians were circulating among them, to try to spread the Christian religion.

The Moofti then made Wolff a present of the History of Zabeed, written in Arabic, in which the name of the German traveller, Seezen (a man of high talent), was written; and Wolff sent the manuscript to his beloved friend, Sir Thomas Baring.

He observed to the Moofti, that there are very wise men in Yemen; when the Moofti replied, "Praise be to God; wisdom has never departed from Yemen."

This reminded Wolff of Jeremiah, chapter xlix. verse 7, "Is wisdom no more in Teman?" *i. e.* "Yemen."

Wolff arrived again at Mocha, where he found the East India Company's ship *Euphrates*, in which he twice preached repentance, with the permission

of Captain Rogers, a worthy and excellent gentleman. He then prosecuted his journey towards Sanaa, with unfriendly muleteers. He arrived at Beit Alfake, where the news was spread, by the officers of Muhammad Ali, that his (Muhammad Ali's) beard, had of its own accord become black again, which was a sure token that he was to live many years longer. However, the Bedouins of the desert, and their Sheikhs, called the governor of Beit Alfake (who had been placed there by Muhammad Ali), "A pig," in his own house; in order to show that they did not care whether Muhammad Ali was to live a long or a short time. A dervish entered the room of the governor, when Wolff said to him, "Where is thy native country?"

Dervish.—"Dust is my native land, and to dust I shall return. Ho! ho! ho!"

The latter sound, "Ho!" he uttered in such a powerful voice, that it produced a kind of echo. Wolff asked him, "To what purpose is the sound 'Ho'?"

Dervish.—"It is the name of the Deity. I am overpowered by the overflowing of the Spirit."

Wolff has no doubt that the word "Ho!" is an abbreviation of the word "Yehovah."

Wolff then arrived at Saneef. The tribe of Arabs there is called *Naasraan*, *i. e.* "Christians," or *Moonasra*, *i. e.* "Christianized." Wolff desired them to give him the history of their tribe. They replied, "A disciple of Jesus, Bulus (Paul) by

name, came to Yemen, and our ancestors, who were worshippers of idols, became Naasraan; and others of our ancestors, who went to Syria, heard the preaching of Simon the Pillar Man (who was thirty years upon a pillar), and so they became Christians also; and, therefore, we are called Naasraan, though we exclaim now, *God, and but God, and Muhammad the Prophet of God!*" Wolff needs not to remind his friends that Simon the Pillar Man is none else than Simon Stylites. Saneef is situated at the foot of the mountain of Borro, which is inhabited by the tribe of Aram, mentioned in Genesis, chapter x. verse 23. The inhabitants of this mountain are Wahabites, who wear no turbans, but a regular kind of European straw hat.

Wolff left Saneef on the 29th of November, and arrived at a miserable coffee-house, called Aboo-Kersh, where he met with the tribe of Hasheed, who refused to give Wolff anything to eat; and so they did, also, at a place called Sanfoor, so that actually, for three whole days, he was obliged to live on unleavened bread and herbs of the field, until he arrived at Mafhak. Here the Arabs of his caravan came hurrying to him in consternation, and said:—

"We must return in all haste to Mocha."

Wolff asked, "Why?"

They replied, "The *B'nee Arhub* ('Rechabites') are besieging the town of Sanaa."

Wolff replied, "Remain here, and I will procure you entrance into the town."

One said to the other, "This man is a dervish; he can do many things."

Wolff then mounted a mule, and rode on towards Sanaa alone, when, suddenly, a swarm of Rechabites came towards him, tremendously hallooing and yelling, "Hoo! hoo! hoo!" Wolff held out his Bible towards them, when they shouted, "A Jew! a Jew! a Jew!"

Then both they and Wolff dismounted, and, sitting down with them, he told them that he had seen, twelve years back, one of their nation in Mesopotamia, Moosa by name.

Rechabites.—"Is your name Joseph Wolff?"

Wolff.—"Yes."

They embraced him, and said they were still in possession of the Bible which he had given to Moosa.

Thus Wolff spent six days with the children of Rechab. They drink no wine, and plant no vineyards, and sow no seed, and live in tents, and remember good old Jonadab, the son of Rechab. And Wolff found in their company children of Israel, of the tribe of Dan, who reside in Hatramawt, and learn the Hebrew from the Jews of Sanaa, Tanaan, and Hadoram. The children of Rechab say, "We shall fight one day the battles of the Messiah."

Wolff then sent an Arab, who was a friend of the Rechabites, Sheikh Looloë by name, of the tribe of Hamdan, to tell his caravan to march on towards Sanaa; and he followed them, and sent

about eighty Hebrew Bibles and Testaments as a present to the Rechabites, who had treated him so kindly. And so they peacefully entered the gate of Baab Shaub, which is the name of one of the gates of Sanaa.

Sanaa, called in Genesis, chapter x. verse 27, "Uzal," affords a most magnificent view of the surrounding country. It is situated in a valley, and is surrounded by mountains; the city is filled with beautiful gardens, with trees of pomegranates, grapes, and cherries. The houses are built of stone, and are four stories high, with terraces to walk upon the top of them, in the cool of the evening. At Sanaa is a very ancient house in ruins, called *Kaser Saam*, i. e. "The Castle of Shem," the son of Noe; and the world and the Church ought to know that Shem and Melchisedek are one and the same persons. The "*Imaum*," i. e. "Prince of Sanaa," resides in a most splendid palace, called *Dar Atto-washe*, built in a Gothic style, and resembling a fortress, like those which the Deys of Tunis, and formerly of Algiers, occupy. He never leaves his palace, being always afraid of a revolt among his soldiers. In compensation for Wolff having brought the caravan to Sanaa, he made him a present of a robe of honour, and a shawl, (the former Wolff gave, as a token of friendship, to the son of the present Archbishop of York,) and he desired his ministers to introduce Wolff to him. He was drunk from morning to night, and the Jews furnished him with brandy and wine. When Wolff

saw him, he was sitting upon a divan, surrounded by black slaves, he himself being also completely black, and he appeared to be a man of no energy or talent. He heard, with the utmost indifference, of the progress of Muhammad Ali in Yemen.

Wolff stopped, during his stay at Sanaa, with the *Banians*, *i. e.* "Merchants from Scinde." The Imaum permitted him to visit the Jews; and he had, the same day that he arrived, a visit from More Joseph Alkaree, the first Rabbi of Sanaa. This was an amiable and sensible man, who informed Wolff that they received all their books from the Jews of India.

The Jews of Yemen have strenuously preserved the ancient interpretation of scripture, and have translated the Hebrew word *Almah* עלמה (Isaiah, chapter vii. verse 14), a "Virgin;" and they assert that the Messiah was the person described in Isaiah, chapter liii., being then in a suffering condition, before He shall reign in glory. Also in Genesis, chapter xi., Alkaree said that Moses described the origin of the diversities of religion in the world, and he translated Genesis, xi. 4, "And they said, Go to, let us build us a city, and a mosque, and with a tower for the adoration of the stars in the heavens." Joseph Alkaree informed Wolff, also, that the Jews of Yemen never returned to Jerusalem after the captivity of Babylon; and when Ezra wrote a letter to the princes of the captivity residing at Tanaan, one day's journey from Uzal, *i. e.* Sanaa, inviting them to return to

Jerusalem, they replied, "Daniel predicts the murder of Messiah, and another destruction of Jerusalem and the temple, and therefore we will not go up until He shall have scattered the power of the holy people, until the 2900 days are over."

Wolff asked, "Do you consider these days to be literal days?"

Alkaree.—"No; but there are some who take them as literal days, and, therefore, the coming of the Messiah cannot be exactly calculated by the numbers of Daniel. But we expect His speedy arrival now, on account of the commotions which are going on in Yemen and throughout Arabia; for it seems that Jehovah, the Holy one, begins to revive His work in the midst of the years; and that He begins to come from Teman, *i. e.* Yemen; for you see how the tents of Cushan are now in affliction, and the curtains of the land of Midian tremble. There is now war in the wilderness more than there ever was before. There are twelve gates at Uzal; one of them is called Baab Alastraan, which latter gate is always closed; and we believe here, that as soon as that gate shall be opened, the Messiah will come; and now continual attempts are being made, by different hostile armies, to open that gate."

Wolff received also from *Alkaree* the "History of the Jews of Yemen," of which he afterwards made a present to Sir Thomas Baring. That holy man gave all the manuscripts which Wolff sent to him to the Committee of the London Society for

Promoting Christianity among the Jews, but they have never made the slightest use of them; and this is the reason for which Wolff cannot bear committees. They are ignorant, and do not wish to be informed. And a striking proof that they do not wish to be informed is this, that they actually do not allow the missionaries to attend their meetings. Moreover, they do not prevent their attending the committee meetings in a straightforward way, but in a roundabout manner, by passing a resolution that they should attend the meetings at a time when they have nothing to do. Wolff calls this a *dirty* trick, and it makes his blood boil.

Wolff expounded to the Jews of Sanaa the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah; and he showed to them that Jesus Christ's sufferings are described in it. He baptized the Jews Menahem, More David, Yehya-Zaleh in the Jewish quarter, which is called Kahal Alyehood, together with their whole families; and he left them New Testaments. Polygamy exists among the Jews of Yemen. Wolff asked them how many wives they marry in general? They replied, "Only two; and even then there is a devil among them." This they said with the greatest simplicity. They have eighteen synagogues, and the name of the greatest is Keneese Beit Alusta. They desired Wolff to dine with them, but his fever did not allow him to remain at their meal. The name of the other Jew whom he baptized was Joseph Nagash. On re-

turning to his lodging, Wolff saw a most mournful sight; for the sisters of the Rulers of Sanaa came begging to his door; and so he gave them something, when they went away thanking him.

Finding that his fever increased, Wolff left Sanaa, where the climate is most wretched, and he slept the first night with his friend Sheikh Looloë, of Hamdan. He then passed Matna, and on arriving at Khamees, a band of Wahabites came down the mountain, and said, "The books you gave us, on your way to Sanaa, do not contain the name of Muhammad, the Prophet of God."

Wolff replied, "This circumstance ought to bring you to some decision."

The Wahabites said, with fury stamped upon their faces, "We *have* come to a decision;" and, saying this, they *horsewhipped* Wolff tremendously, and then went about their business.

Joseph Ben Alnataf, a Jew whom Wolff had also baptized, accompanied him as far as Mocha. Swarms of Bedouins came down the mountain and demanded seventy dollars. Wolff said, "Remember that I am an English subject."

The Bedouins replied, "In Yemen we know not the name of an Englishman. In Yemen we know only *God, and nothing but God, and Muhammad the Prophet of God.*" One after the other the whole band repeated this, and then added, "For infidels there are but three things: first, tribute; secondly, death; third, *Kalima*" (*i. e.* "Confession of faith"). Of course Wolff gave them his last penny.

He arrived, at the end of December, at Mocha, where he found his old friend, Monsieur Botta laid up with a fever. He said to Wolff, "My dear Mr. Wolff, I am here in a distressed condition; I shall probably leave my bones here; and, if the Bible is true, I am in a dreadful condition, for I do not believe it, and reading the writings of St. Paul only makes me more peevish." Wolff then expounded to him the eleventh chapter to the Romans; and Botta confessed, candidly, that Wolff had beautifully shown to him that the great apostle had combined in himself, in a most prominent manner, the philosopher, the religious man, and the divinely-inspired apostle. Botta thanked Wolff most cordially for his masterly exposition; and wherever Wolff has expounded that chapter, whether to a philosopher or to a religious man, a like observation has been made to him. He recollects that, in the year 1840, he conversed, at Sheffield, on the final conversion and restoration of the Jews, with those excellent men, the Revs. Henry Farish and Mr. Best, when both of them thanked him for his powerful exposition of the same chapter.

After awhile, Wolff set out again from Mocha for Abyssinia; but, on his arrival at Hodeyah, he was taken so ill with typhus-fever, that he was obliged to remain there for six weeks in the house of his kind friend, Mr. Devaux. Husseyn Effendi, Governor of Hodeyah, visited him daily; and more kind-hearted persons than Husseyn Effendi

and M. Devaux do not exist. At last he arrived again, in a little boat, at Jiddah, where, with the kind permission of Captain Rogers, he waited on board the sloop of war *Euphrates*, for the return of the *Hugh Lindsay*, and he received the greatest attention from every officer on board.

CHAPTER XIII.

BOMBAY; ST. HELENA; NEW YORK; ROBERT HALL; ORDAINED
DEACON AND PRIEST.

THE *Hugh Lindsay* at last arrived at Jiddah, and Wolff, convinced of the total impossibility of traversing the mountains of Abyssinia in his weak state of health, sailed for Bombay. Now he was again in most pleasant company, with English friends. There was, however, a very funny passenger on board the ship, who was the captain of a merchant-vessel which had been wrecked. This gentleman amused the whole of the passengers with the continual nonsense he talked. One day he talked about Moses and his twelve apostles; and, at another time, in order to show his learning and deep philosophy, he observed, "Who, in our days, can believe that Balaam's jackass spoke?" Wolff, though still very ill, and lying on a bench whilst the other passengers were sitting at table and eating, turned round and said, "My dear sir, in our days this has ceased to be a miracle, for we now find jackasses who are very eloquent indeed." He replied, "Where have you ever heard a jackass talk?" Wolff replied, "I hear one at this very moment."

Wolff then arrived, with his gallant friends,

among whom there was also the clever traveller Mr. Goff, a second time in Bombay. Mr. Goldsmid, a relation of the famous Jew, Sir Lionel Goldsmid, and who was in the H. E. I. C. S., came up to Wolff and welcomed him, and said, "Wolff, I love you for one thing, and that is, because you make yourself known everywhere as a descendant of the Jews, and show yourself at the same time to be a living epistle of Christ."

Wolff also received the kindest reception from James Farish, who made him his guest; and, as Drs. Wilson, and Stevenson, and Smytham, &c., told him that it would be highly imprudent for him to prosecute his journey, either in India or Africa, he resolved to set out for the United States of North America, on board the *Amalia*, a Swedish vessel, commanded by Captain Müller, because the climate of America is so much better than in either of the other two countries. Wolff arrived safely at St. Helena, where he called at once on Major-General Middlemore, governor of the island, and found in the ante-room, Miss Middlemore, to whom he said, "My name is Joseph Wolff." She jumped for joy, and said, "I will go and tell papa that you are come." His Excellency immediately came out to meet Wolff, and much good it did him to be again with English friends. The Governor immediately gave orders to the town-major to announce his arrival to the whole island, and he publicly lectured in the afternoon, and then dined with the Governor. He expounded the Scriptures to a large

party at the Government House, and the next day he sailed for the United States, and arrived at New York in the month of August, 1837.

He was most cordially received in the house of the Rev. A. Dickenson, and, in a very few days, he found himself surrounded by members of the Episcopal church, Drs. Whittingham, Bayard, Vicars; and also by Baptists and Methodists. Wolff opened his lectures in the Tabernacle, by a statement of his views on the personal reign of Jesus Christ, and the restoration of the Jews. After he had been a few days at Mr. Dickenson's house, through the kind introduction of one of the principal members of the Episcopal church, Professor, now Dr., Whittingham, Wolff was invited by Mr. Stuyvesant, a most excellent citizen of New York, to reside in his house, which Wolff accordingly did. Whilst here, he received a letter from an old woman, who was reputed to be a real witch, from the land of Ohio, and she told him that he must not attempt to continue preaching until she gave him leave to do so by letter. Friends, also, of his beloved Irving called on him, and asked him whether he believed in the four ministries of the Church:—

- 1.—Prophets.
- 2.—Apostles.
- 3.—Evangelists.
- 4.—Pastors and Teachers.

And who can deny them? and, in God's own time, they will be restored in perfection.

And now another event took place, which must be told more in detail. This event was the admission of Wolff into the holy orders of the Episcopal Protestant Church, as a deacon. He will now state the reasons which worked on his mind, and gave him no rest until he was ordained deacon and priest in the Episcopal Church.

Before Wolff set out as a missionary, in the year 1821, from England for the East, he had the happiness of becoming acquainted with that mighty genius, the Rev. Robert Hall, the Baptist preacher, who said to him, "Now, Wolff, you are going out as a missionary to the East; let me, therefore, give you some hints. First of all, do not imagine that wisdom has died out with us Protestants; and that all that you see among the Eastern nations is folly and superstition, because they are not in accordance with your preconceived opinions. On the contrary, direct your attention to the customs and practices of the Eastern churches, and, depend upon it, that those customs, opinions, and practices which are universal are of apostolic origin; for the East is not called, without reason, 'the unchangeable East.' And be not afraid if those customs are also practised by the Papists; for the Papists wear shoes, and the Protestants do so likewise."

Wolff could have kissed Robert Hall for this beautiful advice, and it sank deep into his ears and heart. So, on his arrival in the East, he found that the belief in the APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION was most universally believed, without one single ex-

ception. And the following circumstance convinced him thoroughly that the doctrine of the Apostolic Succession is, in the strictest sense of the words, a *most scriptural doctrine*.

When he arrived in the monastery of Etsh-Miazin he began to preach to the aged and venerable patriarch, when that patriarch coolly, and with a smile, said:—

“Young man, who has commissioned you to come here and to preach?”

Wolff.—“The Spirit.”

Patriarch.—“What evidence have you? what are the credentials of your having the Spirit?”

Wolff.—“The internal voice.”

Patriarch.—“This may be evidence to yourself, but it can be no credentials to me. Beside this, you were a Jew, and have read the Old Testament; and how did Moses prove to Pharaoh and to the children of Israel that he had been commissioned by God to deliver them? He did not say, ‘I saw the Lord in the bush, and the bush burned, and was not consumed.’ He did no such thing; but he performed miracles, and they proved him to be endowed with a high commission. They were the credentials of an extraordinary envoy; and therefore all he did afterwards was proved to be done by divine orders, being executed by one who produced extraordinary credentials. He was thus empowered to commission the Levites, who also became ambassadors of God, and whose office was hereditary from father to son. Thus it was in the

old dispensation; and when John the Baptist, who began to vacillate, and to appear shaken in his faith, sent his disciples to Christ, and asked Him, 'Art thou he that is to come, or shall we look for another?' what was the answer of Christ? 'Go and tell him, that the deaf hear, the blind see, and the dead are raised.' And why did Nicodemus believe? He himself gives us the reason in St. John, chap. iii., 'Master, we know that thou art sent from God, for none can do such miracles except he be sent from God.'

"And then the Apostles themselves received the same extraordinary credentials. 'Raise the dead,' said our Lord to them; and Peter proved his apostolic office by healing the lame in the name of Jesus Christ; and then the Apostles established again a regular priesthood, by the imposition of hands, which has been carried on in the Church from their time until the present without interruption."

Wolff has copied, in his former publication, the names of all the bishops of Jerusalem, Antioch, the Syrian churches in Mesopotamia, and the Armenian churches, from the time of Christ until the present day. Wolff, therefore, had no rest until he was duly ordained; and so he requested Whittingham, Bayard, and Bishop M'Ilvaine to recommend him to Bishop Doane, one of the great ornaments of the American Episcopal Church, and a gentleman distinguished and beloved by the Church as an orator, poet, and divine. Arrangements were

accordingly made for Wolff being admitted as a deacon of the Episcopal Church, and a conference was held by the Presbytery, when he was declared to be fit for it. But, suddenly, the Rev. Mr. Seabury, editor of the "Churchman," accused Wolff of having been a follower of Irving, and a believer in the *Unknown Tongues*. Secondly: he stated that Wolff believed not only in the personal reign of Jesus Christ, and the restoration of the Jews, but also that he had publicly preached in America that the wolf and the lion would change their nature; and "how was it possible that a lion should eat straw, whilst his whole nature is voracious?" Thirdly: That Wolff believed in having had visions. Fourthly: That Wolff was declared, by many of his friends in England, to be ELIJAH.

Wolff gave the following answers, in a most calm manner, which were immediately printed. Firstly, that he never would deny, for one moment, that he was the great admirer and friend of Irving, Henry Drummond, and John Bayford; but, he must also say, that he never accepted the unknown tongues, because he had never heard them, and therefore knew nothing about them. Sir Thomas Baring himself would testify that Wolff never professed himself to be an Irvingite. To the second charge Wolff replied, that it was perfectly true that he believed in all that the "Churchman" said he did upon the point of a change in the nature of both the lion and the wolf; and rather to strengthen Mr. Seabury's statement,

he begged to be allowed to tell him, that he believed all that the Scripture says, in its *literal* sense; and he would call those, who *spiritualize* that sense, by a term which Wolff has invented, *i. e.* *Phantomizers*. Whether it is at present against the nature of lions to eat straw or not, it was not Wolff's business to inquire; nor would he enter into the anatomy of the lion, for Scripture told him that the anatomical nature of the lion would be changed. Moreover, the greatest men had believed this doctrine. Yea, all the Fathers of the Christian Church believed that the whole creation shall cease from groaning, and shall be changed—even those, who have *spiritualized*, or rather *phantomized*, the doctrine of the personal reign of Jesus Christ, and the restoration of the Jews. Even Bishop Butler, in the 7th chapter of his "Analogy," avows his belief in the personal reign of Christ, the restoration of the Jews to their own land, and the change of the world—not its annihilation. As to the third point, Wolff openly avowed it to be fully true—Luther had visions, Colonel Gardiner had visions, Jung Stilling, &c. As to the fourth point, that many of his friends believed him to be Elijah. It was true that some of his friends believed it; but he always believed himself to be JOSEPH WOLFF!

Dr. Whittingham and the whole body of Divines, both high and low church, wrote in defence of Wolff; and Bishop Doane came to him and said, "I am ready to ordain you, but you must submit

to an examination." Drs. Henderson and Chapman, at Newark, were his examiners. He was examined in Ecclesiastical History, the Articles of the Church, Hebrew and Greek, and was approved of; and he was also tried in Natural Theology and Philosophy; but his answers to the questions on natural philosophy were rather funny.

Examiner.—"How do you get up water?"

Wolff.—"By a pump."

Examiner.—"But how?"

Wolff.—"You must pump hard."

Examiner.—"What must be removed?"

Wolff.—"Difficulties."

Wolff was then ordained deacon by the Bishop of New Jersey. He spent a month at Salem, as curate to Mr. Prescott; and he preached afterwards at Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, the doctrines of the Trinity and the Divinity of Christ;—doctrines which he proved from the Old Testament.

On a motion brought forward by the ex-president, John Quincy Adams, in the House of Congress, Wolff was invited to preach and to lecture before the whole Congress, when the Bishop of Virginia, all the members of Congress, and all the clergy of Washington, were present. Wolff never entered, during his stay in America, on the question of slavery, for he said, "I do not wish to mix myself up with your domestic affairs." This made him beloved by all the Americans; and nothing could be more kind than they were to him.

They had a funny way, however, of testing his divinity. When Wolff dined with President Van Buren, General Taylor, his successor in office, said to him, "I cannot understand you on the subject of the millennium; for, according to your views, Christ shall be King of kings and Lord of lords; what then will become of our President?" Wolff replied, "This is his look-out!" The Rev. Dr. Howell, who was also present, said, "According to Rev. xxi. there shall be no more sea, what, then, will become of the fishes?" Wolff answered, "You may pickle them!"

A shaking Quaker called on Wolff, and gave him an idea of his worship by turning himself about. Wolff said, "Why do you turn about?"

Shaking Quaker.—"Does not the Scripture say, 'Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die'?"

Wolff was also introduced to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Philadelphia, Bishop Kenrick by name, who had been his fellow pupil in the Propaganda; and the story of Bishop Kenrick having his Bible, which he had not seen for twenty years, is told in the first volume.

The Jews in America have generally emigrated from Poland, Germany, and England; and the greater part of them are unbelievers in the law of Moses. Many of them have intermarried with Quakers, Anabaptists, and Mormonites. Even Bishop Henshaw, and others, adopted Wolff's views on the personal reign of Christ.

With regard to the Indians being the ten lost

tribes, Wolff does not believe that such is the case, for they themselves know nothing about it; nor does he feel inclined to assist gentlemen and ladies in America and England, in their attempt to force the Indians to believe that they are the ten tribes. Besides this, he saw some of the Indian tribes at Washington, who have a resemblance to the Tatars in their countenance, as well as in their language.

Wolff dined with the President, Van Buren, as well as with Mr. Stephens, the author of "Incidents of Travels in Egypt;" and he left New York on the 2nd of January, 1838, and arrived in the Isle of Wight on the 28th of the same month. When he arrived at Southampton from the Isle of Wight, he was most hospitably received by Dr. Wilson, the clergyman, and he met there his dear wife's friends, Admiral Tingley and St. Quentin. He lectured that same day; and accidentally encountered some amicable and well-behaved gipsies, who spoke with affection of their great benefactor, Crabbe, a holy and good man. Crabbe's relations ought to know that those dispersed children of Elam have sometimes grateful hearts. But Wolff has lately met a gipsy, in Buckinghamshire, to whom he said, "Look at my hand, and tell me what kind of man I am." This gipsy examined his hand, and said, "You have a wicked heart, and a wanton eye." So Wolff has never since shown his hand to a gipsy; for he had enough of them on that occasion.

He met his dear wife on the 3rd February at

Richmond, in Surrey, and during his stay at Richmond he was invited by Mr. Kingsley, the Rector of Chelsea, to deliver a lecture in Chelsea on the Millennium ; when Earl Cadogan (Lady Georgiana Wolff's cousin) and the Marchioness of Anglesea and her daughters were present. The next day, Wolff received an invitation to dinner from the Marquis of Anglesea, when Mr. Villiers, afterwards Lord Clarendon, and a great many of the Paget family were present. After dinner, Wolff had a conversation, when the ladies had retired, with his host, and the rest of the company, on his mission to Persia. One of the Pagets made the observation, that it must be very difficult for a foreigner to obtain the attention of those Persians, on account of his English pronunciation of the Persian language. Wolff replied that the observation of the Persians was invariably this—"It is astonishing how, and with what precision, Wolff conveys his ideas on religious subjects ; for although he pronounces the Persian with a foreign accent, yet he rivets the attention of every one of us." Lord Clarendon said, "Mr. Wolff proves the truth of this assertion by his conversation with us in English, and the attention he commands of every one of us ; and the interest he excites in us when he explains his views." The Marquis of Anglesea said, "That is perfectly true ; however, we must not deprive the ladies of his interesting conversation, and therefore let us follow them." They all rose and went to

the drawing-room ; when Wolff was first requested to state his views on Christ's coming in glory ; and then to give an account of his residence with Count Stolberg. He observed, while speaking of Stolberg, "Your lordship must have known Christian Stolberg, the son of my friend, who fought and died in the battle of Waterloo, under Blucher ; for Sieveking, who was in the camp of the Duke of Wellington, wrote a letter to the sister of Count Stolberg, giving an account of the bravery with which Count Christian fought." The Marquis replied, "I am fully acquainted with every fact you mention." Wolff was then requested to give the history of his slavery in Khorassan, which he related, saying, "When I came to Torbad Hydareea, entirely stripped, and in the depth of winter and starving, I came to the Jews, and asked them to give me a cup of coffee to drink ; but, as they had none, they gave me a glass of brandy ; and after I had entered with them into their houses, I was able to preach to them the whole night." The Marquis said, with a smile, "Here you see the powerful effect of a glass of brandy." After this, the Marquis gave Wolff letters for the Marquis of Normanby and Archbishop Whately, in Dublin.

Wolff was also invited by the Bishop of London, and dined with him, and gave a lecture at his house ; and he was entertained by the late Bishop of Norwich, who added three recommendations to those he had already got.

On his arrival in Dublin, Wolff was invited to dine with the Marquis of Normanby, and after dinner he delivered a lecture in the drawing-room to the whole party, among whom there was Archbishop Whately, who made the observation, that "Wolff was a missionary Shakespeare." He then had a long conversation with the Archbishop, who recommended him to the Bishop of Dromore. Being recommended by the Lord-Lieutenant, the Marquis of Normanby, to the University of Dublin, he preached before the University on the External Evidences of Christianity, which sermon was highly approved of by that body. He afterwards received the degree of LL.D. from the University, without fees; and was ordained priest by the Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Dromore, with letters dimissory from Archbishop Whately.

Wolff stopped, with Lady Georgiana, at the house of Viscount Lorton, where he enjoyed the pleasure of the society of his lordship's family for several weeks; and Lord Lorton made Wolff his honorary chaplain. He then returned to England and occupied, first a small incumbency at Linthwaite, in Yorkshire, from whence he wrote to his beloved friend H. Drummond, giving him notice of his having become a parish priest.

H. Drummond wrote to him in reply as follows:—

"DEAR WOLFF,

"Your call is to be an evangelist for

all the nations of the earth, and for this you are fit; but, to use your own simile, 'You are as fit for a parish priest as I am for a dancing-master.' "

As the climate of Linthwaite was too cold for Lady Georgiana's health, Wolff exchanged that pastoral charge for the curacy of High Hoyland, in the same county of York, and there he remained for nearly five years, beloved by all. He was appointed to that curacy by the Rev. Christopher Bird, who resided at his other living in Northumberland; and when he was appointed, Wolff's predecessor, not agreeing with his sentiments, wished to retain the curacy. But he did not succeed in his wishes, and, being vexed at this, he preached his farewell sermon, in which he took as his text, "After me ravening wolves will come to devour the flock." However, he was very merciful, and made no allusion to the coming "Wolff" in his sermon.

During Wolff's stay at High Hoyland, the Bishop of Ripon, now Archbishop of York, paid to both him and his wife the greatest attention; and his lordship assured Wolff, that he might consider him his firm friend, which he has ever since remained. Also Dr. Hook invited Wolff, frequently, to preach in his church, at Leeds; and on Dr. Hook Wolff must be allowed to make some observations.

Wolff spoke, in the first volume of his autobiography, of the great activity, zeal, and power of

command of the great general of the Redemptorists in Vienna, Father Clement Maria Hoffbauer, who preached five times a day, and ran about among the sick and dying in the city of Vienna; and when at home was accustomed to sit upon a black sofa, and knit his own stockings; and he even sometimes knitted stockings for Wolff. Now Wolff has found in the Church of England a clergyman who may be compared, in activity and power of command, with Father Hoffbauer, and this is Dr. Hook. However, Wolff doubts whether Dr. Hook knows as well as Hoffbauer did how to knit his own stockings; nor would he even dare to ask that powerful Dean to knit a pair of stockings for him.

The bishop of the Jacobites in Mesopotamia, whom Wolff had known in that country, paid him a visit at High Hoyland, in the year 1842. Three thousand people were assembled one Sunday in this little village, which did not contain more than a hundred and twenty souls; and Bishop Athanasius preached before them in Arabic, in the church—the sermon being interpreted, sentence by sentence, by Wolff. He was afterwards obliged to preach in Arabic, in the open street, for the crowd was too great to get into the church. Wolff introduced this bishop to all his friends in Wakefield, at Cannon Hall, and at Leeds. He stayed several days with Earl Fitzwilliam, at Wentworth House, and then he returned to his own country.

At the beginning of the year 1843 Wolff heard

of the imprisonment of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, in Bokhara; and the reasons which induced him to proceed to that place, in order to rescue them, shall be given in another chapter, as well as the history of his second journey to Bokhara.

CHAPTER XIV.

OBLIGATION TO BRITISH OFFICERS; PREPARATIONS FOR SECOND JOURNEY TO BOKHARA; SAILS FOR GIBRALTAR, MALTA, ATHENS, CONSTANTINOPLE; ARRIVES AT TREBIZOND.

It is remarkable, as the reader of the first volume will have observed, that, whenever Wolff was in difficulty, either by sea or by land, it was not a civilian who hastened to his assistance at the first moment, for no civilians were at hand; but it was invariably a British officer, either of her Majesty's army or navy, who happened to be in the neighbourhood of the spot where Wolff was in difficulty, and who hastened to his assistance.

This fact sounds so extraordinary and so romantic, that Wolff is compelled to recall to the reader's mind, in as condensed a manner as possible, the circumstances, and also the names of those officers who thus befriended him.

The first time was in the year 1821, when Wolff was robbed of everything after leaving Gaza, in Palestine, and being near the ruins of Ashkelon. Utterly destitute, he arrived in Jaffa, at the house which once belonged to "Simon the Tanner," where he met with Major Mackworth, who had just arrived from Jerusalem, and who gave Wolff every assistance in his power. Again, in the year

1823, Wolff was taken with fever in Jerusalem, and on the very day that he was taken ill, Colonel the Honourable Hobart Cradock arrived, and nursed him like a brother. In 1824 Wolff received 200 lashes from the Kurds, in Mesopotamia; and when he reached Bagdad, he met with Colonel the Honourable George Keppel (who mentioned the fact in his book), and also Captains Hamilton and Hart, and Mr. Lamb, the surgeon; when the first three advanced Wolff money, and the latter cured his feet. Wolff received similar aid and kindness during severe illness from Colonel Robert Taylor, in Bussorah, and from Colonel Stannes, in Bushire; and, on arriving at the foot of Mount Caucasus, Wolff was taken by typhus-fever, when at the very moment he was lying on the ground, Sir James Russell, of Ashestiel, arrived in his carriage, and brought him to Mostock, and consigned him into the hands of a German physician.

Again, in the year 1827, Wolff's ship was wrecked, and he saved himself in a little boat, when, on the shore of Cephalonia, one of the greatest men the world ever saw was standing waiting for him—Colonel Charles James Napier. When, also, he was ill in Cairo, an officer of her Majesty's navy, and another in the army, showed to him the greatest kindness; the name of the one was Lord Prudhoe (now the Duke of Northumberland), and the name of the other was Colonel Felix. When, in the year 1830, Wolff was robbed by

pirates near Salonica, he received the utmost kindness, on his arrival in Salonica, from Lieutenant Adolph Slade, now Admiral Slade. After coming out of slavery in Khorassan, in 1831, and arriving in Meshed, he met with Colonel Shee and five English sergeants, who equipped him and advanced him money on his bills on England. In 1832, when they wanted to make Wolff into *sauzages*, in Dooab (in the Hindoo-Kosh), but were ultimately satisfied with stripping him of every rag, and he arrived naked, like Adam and Eve, and even without an apron to cover himself, in Cabul, then he met there with Lieutenant Alexander Burnes, by whom he was relieved and clothed. On his arrival in the Himalaya mountains, he also received the greatest parental and fraternal kindness from general officers and their wives, and he must mention some of their names. Lord and Lady William Bentinck, Sir Edward and Lady Barnes, and her brother, Captain (now Major) Fawkes, Colonel and Mrs. Churchill, Sir Jeremiah and Lady Bryant, Colonel and Mrs. Craigie, Colonel Kennedy, who now resides at Cheltenham, and others whom Wolff might mention without number. Therefore, when he heard in High Hoyland that Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly were imprisoned in Bokhara, Wolff said to his wife, "Now I am going to Bokhara to try to pay back a debt of gratitude which I owe to British officers."

It may also be observed, that the expenses in High Hoyland exceeded Wolff's income, and that

was another inducement to him to leave it; and so the arrangements he made were as follows: He wrote first to his Rector, the Rev. C. Bird, of Cholerton, and told him that he felt it his duty to resign his curacy into the hands of his Rector. The answer of that worthy man must be recorded.

“MY DEAR BROTHER.

“I lament your decision on my own account, for I never looked upon you as my curate, but as my brother and friend. By your departure I lose an enlightened and learned parish priest, and affectionate friend.

“CHRISTOPHER BIRD.”

Another step Wolff took was to send to Sheffield to a friend whose child he had baptized, urging him to come to High Hoyland, and who though still, as then, engaged in business, is a man of extraordinary acquirements. For whilst giving attention to his trade to this day, he has nevertheless made himself master of the Hebrew, Chaldean, Syriac, Arabic, Latin, Greek, Italian, French, and Spanish languages, as well as ecclesiastical history. His name is David Parkes. Wolff told that friend that he sent for him for the very purpose of advising him not to neglect his studies; he ought to show to the world and to the Church, that though a tradesman, and zealous in his trade, yet he could cultivate his mind and his talents; and Wolff begged him always to remain with him in corre-

spondence, and he promised him to write to him from Bokhara, and renew his acquaintance, if God pleased, as soon as he returned. And so Wolff has cherished to this day an affectionate friendship for Mr. Parkes and his family.

After that, he sent in his resignation to his beloved diocesan, the Right Reverend Bishop Longley, who wrote to him that he must not leave Yorkshire before he and Lady Georgiana had paid him a lengthy visit. Wolff paid a visit to the Bishop, and Dr. Hook also invited him to stay a week in his house with his family, and to preach in the church for the last time. And Wolff did preach at Leeds parish church on the name of "Jesus;" that there is no song so lovely, no sound so sweet as the name of Jesus; that He is the hope of the penitent; faithful to those who pray to Him; good to those who seek Him; but what He was to those who have found Him no language can tell it, no book can describe it; only he that has experienced it can know what it means to love Jesus.

Wolff's congregation presented him and his wife with a beautiful testimonial of their affection, and Wolff can never recall the kindness and cordiality which he received from his dear parishioners of High Hoyland and Clayton West without being overpowered with emotions of affection and love. Dear Eli Collins, what a beautiful speech thou didst make then in the schoolhouse, with thy blue apron on, after coming out of thy mill! How much Wolff liked thy Yorkshire dialect; and

thou, Geldard, who didst follow him; and you Joseph and George Norton, who now live near Ecclesfield, where Wolff is writing these lines!

After Wolff had spent some happy days with his family in the houses of Mr. Spencer Stanhope and Sir William Pilkington, he also paid a visit, with his family, to the great traveller and earnest and straightforward Roman Catholic, Mr. Waterton; and he was the first who made Wolff acquainted with the miraculous conversion of the Israelite Ratisben, who now preaches the Gospel in Jerusalem. He also told Wolff candidly, that he believed the account that Saint Alphonsius Maria Liguori had been in two places at one and the same time; and he gave him letters for the family of Weld, who resided in Bruges. Wolff then set out with his family for London, where they spent a whole month with that good, holy, and excellent man, Sir Thomas Baring; and then they went to that extraordinary man, Wolff's friend, Henry Drummond, where he met with his attached friend, John Bayford, father to the present Dr. Bayford, who had accompanied him on board the ship when he set out the first time on his mission to the East in the year 1821.

During Wolff's stay at Albury he preached in the neighbouring churches; and he wrote from there to the Earl of Aberdeen, that he was ready to go to Bokhara to ascertain the fate of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly. Both in conversation with Lord Aberdeen, and in his letters, he stated the

manner in which he would travel to Bokhara ; that he would never change his European dress, but would embark from Southampton, dressed in his clergyman's gown, doctor's hood, and shovel hat ; with a Bible in Hebrew and English (Baxter's edition) in his hand. He would assume the title of "Joseph Wolff, the Grand Dervish of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and of the whole of Europe and America ;" and he would demand the bodies, either alive or dead, of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly when he reached Bokhara.

Lord Aberdeen told Wolff candidly, through Mr. Addington, that the Government were convinced in their minds that both Stoddart and Conolly had been put to death, and that they could not take upon themselves the responsibility of sending Wolff on so dangerous a mission, as he would be exposed to a similar fate. Nevertheless, if he was still determined to go, Government would give him every recommendation he could require.

His private friends having agreed to contribute for the payment of his expenses to Bokhara, Wolff determined to go, on his own responsibility, and to absolve Government from all responsibility whatever ; and it must be here distinctly understood that Joseph Wolff was not sent forth by Government on that dangerous mission.

However, the Government seeing his determination to go *nolens volens*, at all hazards, they asked him what letters he should want ? Wolff replied, "The Sultan of Constantinople, being considered as

the *Khaleefa*, i.e. "Successor of the Prophet," by all the Soonnee tribes, all over Asia and Africa, and as he is more esteemed in those distant countries than his own; he should be obliged to Lord Aberdeen for instructing Sir Stratford Canning, her Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople, to obtain for him autograph letters from his Highness the Sultan, addressed to their Majesties the Kings of Bokhara, Khiva, and Kokan; and also letters from the Sheik Islaam of Constantinople, to all the Muhammadan Moollahs in Bokhara, Khiva, and Kokan and Daghestan; he also begged Lord Aberdeen to instruct Colonel Shiel, Envoy at the Court of Persia in Teheran, that he should introduce Wolff to his Majesty the King of Persia." All this was done.

Wolff then went from England to Bruges, where he preached in the English church; and after all was settled for his journey, he returned to England, when the Peninsular Steam Company granted him a free passage in the *Iberia*, which was to sail from Southampton for Gibraltar, Malta, and Constantinople. He took letters from Government not only for those personages who have been mentioned, but also some for his Excellency the Governor of Malta, and for the admiral of the station, and the Governors of Gibraltar, and for Sir Edmund Lyons. Captain Grover advanced £500 for the journey, which was repaid to him by private individuals; and Wolff may state here, that during his journey he spent another £500, which, through the kindness of Government, he was afterwards enabled to

pay to Captain Grover who had advanced it to him.

Then Wolff embarked on board the *Iberia* at Southampton, when crowds of ladies and gentlemen, including the Honourable Mrs. Norton and the Honourable Frederick Walpole, came from the shore to have a peep at Joseph Wolff, and to shake hands with him; and Lady Georgiana took her leave of him on the deck. The ship's company consisted of Captain Evans, an intelligent gentleman, a few gentlemen belonging to the Government service at Gibraltar and Malta, one lady of rank, and the rest were, no doubt, respectable people, who were going to Constantinople, to be employed there in the fabrics and mills established by the Sultan.

Now, every one who knows Wolff is well aware that he does not consider Methodists and Baptists a set of canters; but he must be allowed to say, that the greater part of those on board the *Iberia* were a canting and whining set—there was, especially, a fat Methodist woman, wife of one of the engineers, who sat on deck upon her husband's knee. She told Wolff that the Bishop of Exeter frequently appointed persons to livings who were not “decidedly converted,” and “against the will of the congregation, which was never done in their connection!” Wolff replied, “What do you mean by ‘not being converted’—from what to what?” to which she gave no answer. Wolff then spoke to Captain Evans on the coming of the Lord, when he was interrupted by one of the

Baptists, saying, "Doctor Wolff, have you ever sinned or not?" Wolff answered, "What is that to you?" When Sunday came, Wolff preached, in the forenoon, on "Conversion;" when the Baptists said, "Doctor, we see, after all, that you have got the root of the matter in you! Will you testify again?" Wolff replied that he would preach again in the afternoon. The Methodist woman's remark was, that his mode of preaching was too much in the style of *John Calvey*—(Calvin). Wolff preached in the afternoon on Apostolic Succession, the Authority of the Church, and the Divine Right of Episcopacy! After this both the Methodists and Baptists came up to him, and said, "Doctor, this afternoon we have not been fed." One of the Baptists then inquired, "Doctor, let me ask you one question?"

Wolff.—"Ask as many as you please."

Baptist.—"Have you ever sinned?"

Wolff.—"What is that to you?"

Another of the Party.—"Those who are in Christ sin not."

Wolff.—"Then do not sin."

Yet, after all, they were kind-hearted people—and no doubt pious people; and before they left him they expressed a hope that Wolff would soon speak more decidedly "the language of Canaan," and throw aside all that comes from the mother of harlots, who is drunk with the blood of the saints. Another of this party observed, "I do not quite agree with your millenary views." Wolff said to

him, "Are you of the views of one of your connection, who told me that the millennium shall consist of one grand class-meeting?"

Methodist.—"Well, the Lord in the bush be your guide! The Father of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, bless you."

However, the fat Methodist woman had not done yet; so she said, "Your friend, Doctor Hook, places the sacraments above Christ, and so does Doctor *Pusey*—(Pusey)."

Wolff.—"That is a lie! for, even the most ill-informed Roman Catholic does not place the sacraments above Christ."

Methodist Woman.—"You *kought* (ought) not to say to *ha* (a) lady that she lies."

Wolff in his agitation, and desire to say, "You are as much of a lady, as I am a lady," stumbled with his tongue, and said, "You are as much of a lady, as I am a gentleman!" and though he corrected himself, his mistake was observed, and both he and the whole party roared with laughter. However, he apologized to the good woman for his rudeness, and they parted friends.

The *Iberia* had sailed for Gibraltar on the 13th of October, 1843; and Wolff often preached and lectured during the passage. On the 20th of October, early in the morning, they entered Gibraltar, when Sir Robert Wilson, the chivalrous general, received Wolff with the greatest kindness, and admired his courage. From thence Wolff proceeded to Malta, where he met again his old friend

Mr. Frere, who, as Admiral Owen said, was most anxious to see him. In the street Wolff was surrounded by the Maltese, many of whom exclaimed, "How are you, sir?" "How is the lady?" and he had several conversations with Dr. Tomlinson, the Bishop of Gibraltar, who resided at Malta.

The *Iberia* sailed again on the 26th, and reached the harbour of the Piraeus, near Athens, on the 29th. On his arrival there Wolff went on board the *Indus*, her Majesty's steam frigate of war, where he received a cordial reception from Sir James Stirling, the Commodore of the British navy in the Archipelago; and he accepted his polite invitation to breakfast. He then called on the Rev. W. H. D. Leeves, the English chaplain to the Embassy, an old friend, with whom he had resided in Constantinople, and who had gained the affection of all the Eastern churches. Through Sir Edmund Lyons' kindness, Wolff was introduced to their Majesties, the King and Queen of Greece. On being introduced to his Majesty, (who was a tall meagre-looking gentleman, dressed in Greek costume,) Wolff, first of all, made to him a profound and graceful bow; when the king said to him, "You have made, and are now making, a great journey for a benevolent purpose."

Wolff.—"I had the honour of being introduced to your Majesty's royal father at Rome."

King Otho.—"In what year?"

Wolff.—"In the year 1818, when he was ac-

accompanied by Dr. Ringseis and Counts Rechberg and Seinsheim."

King.—"What nations have you visited and conversed with?"

Wolff made his Majesty acquainted with them; and was then asked by him to give him an insight into the Chaldean and Armenian churches, which Wolff did. He was then introduced to the Queen, and when he approached her, for the purpose of kissing her lovely hands, she hastened to take off one of her gloves, and Wolff kissed her hand.

Queen.—"What travels you have undertaken! What astonishing travels!"

Wolff.—"In order to obtain a great object, one must make great exertions."

She then asked him about the different nations; and Wolff gave her satisfactory answers.

After his visits were over, Wolff went and dined with Mr. Leeves, where he met with Georgius Constantinus, whom Wolff had sent, in the year 1822, from the Island of Cyprus to England, where he was educated, and was afterwards employed by the Greek Government. Wolff then called, with Mr. Leeves and Mr. King, to see the President of the Greek Synod, Bishop Neophitos. The synod is composed of five bishops, for the Greek Church in Greece is now no longer under the Greek patriarch; but is separated from him. O Lord! when will those breaches in all Thy churches cease? Thy church is no longer joined and compacted together. Mr. Leeves and Mr. King accompanied Wolff on

his way to the *Iberia* ; but he was too late, for the *Iberia* had already sailed for Syra. He therefore went on board H.M.S. *Indus* ; and Leeves and King proceeded immediately to Sir Edmund Lyons, where Sir James Stirling, the Captain of the *Indus*, was dining ; and Lieutenant Leicester of the *Indus*, also went on shore, to report Wolff's having missed the *Iberia*. Sir Edmund Lyons and Sir James Stirling immediately said, " We must not let Wolff be at one single farthing of expense for a passage, but must pass him on ;" and so Sir James returned forthwith to the *Indus*, and ordered Captain Ommaney, of the steamer *Vesuvius*, to prepare immediately for taking Wolff as far as Syra, where the *Iberia* was to stay twelve hours. At 11 o'clock of the 31st Wolff overtook, most fortunately, the *Iberia*, when he was hailed with cheers by the whole ship's crew and passengers ; and then at 4 o'clock they sailed for Smyrna, where Wolff arrived on the 1st of November. He only stopped there two hours, but he saw his old American friends, Temple and Calhoun, agents of the American Bible Society. He arrived at Constantinople on the 3rd November, 1843, when the excellent missionary of the American Episcopal Church, Horatius Southgate, received him most hospitably into his house.

Wolff immediately reported his arrival to Sir Stratford Canning, his Excellency, who wrote to him in answer, that he was most happy to hear of his arrival, and he invited him to dinner. He in-

formed him, too, that with respect to the letters from the Sultan, &c., he had already applied for them; and he sent to him Mr. Frederick Pisani, the first interpreter of the British Embassy, that Wolff might inform him more particularly of his wishes. Sir Stratford also asked Wolff to preach in the English chapel. All the ambassadors were present when he preached, even the Austrian, Russian, French, Spanish, and Neapolitan ambassadors; and after the sermon was over, Count Titow, the Russian ambassador, informed Wolff that his Majesty, the Emperor Nicholas, who had already been informed of his journey to Bokhara, had issued orders to the ambassador of Persia, and to all the Governors of Siberia, and to all the Russian admirals in the Caspian, to receive him with the highest distinction, and afford him every assistance in their power. The whole diplomatic corps invited Wolff to dinner, English as well as French, and Italian, and Germans; and all vied with each other in doing everything to make Wolff's short stay at Constantinople agreeable.

He preached in Constantinople several times, and lectured, also, in the house of Sir Stratford Canning on the following points: First: On Christ's Personal Coming and Reign on Earth. Secondly: On the First Resurrection. Thirdly: On the Renovation of the whole Earth. Fourthly: On the Restoration of the Jews to their own Land. Fifthly: On the Conversion of the Tribes to the

Faith of Christ Jesus. Sixthly: On the Blessedness of the Believers in the Heavenly Jerusalem. Seventhly: On the continual Intercourse between the Saints above and the People below which shall take place.

Lady Canning acted towards Wolff like a mother. She actually advised him how he should manage with his luggage, and made him take off his coat, in order to show him in what manner he should keep his letters when they arrived, and, also, how to keep his money. She bought him flannels, too, in order that he might not catch cold.

At last the Grand Vizier, the Sheikh Islaam, and the Reis Effendi, all those three highest dignitaries of the Sultan, expressed their wish to see Wolff, and to hear from him the motives which induced him to make such a dangerous journey. Wolff then called on them, accompanied by Count Pisani, and once, also, with the Russian interpreter. First of all he was introduced to the Reis Effendi, who corresponds with our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He asked Wolff "What the motive was of his journey to Bokhara, and what encouraged him in such an attempt?" Wolff replied, that "being a disciple of Jesus, who laid down His life for mankind, he must also be ready to risk his life for the benefit of his fellow-creatures; and this was the motive for which he undertook that journey." Monsieur de Semayloff, the Russian interpreter, went also with Wolff to the Sheikh Islaam, the chief of the Muhammadan religion,

who does not rise before any one, and he asked Wolff the same questions which the Reis Effendi had put to him. He also said to Wolff, "I feel the highest regard for you, and, as a proof of it, I offer you a pinch of snuff from my snuff-box." Wolff replied, that "though he was not in the habit of taking snuff, yet, in order that he might be able to say that he had had the honour of taking snuff with the chief of the Muhammadan religion, he would take a hearty pinch." He accordingly took it, and sneezed, when the Sheikh Islaam said, "I perceive that you speak the truth." At another time Wolff called on the Reis Effendi, who said, "I am very much concerned about you, and so are all at this Court, and therefore you ought not only to call on me and the Sheikh Islaam, but also on all the Ministers of the Sultan, and on the Grand Vizier, as well as on the Chief Judge of Roumelee." Wolff did so, and they all expressed their good wishes for his safe return.

He then went again to Dr. Southgate, who introduced him to different Bishops of the Syrian Church, who all made him acquainted with the life of their great Saint, Ephram Syrus. That great man deplored that he at one time had doubts of the providence of God; but, through the inexhaustible fountain of the mercy of God, he had been brought to the knowledge of Christ, by the teaching of Jacob, Bishop of Nisibin. His prayer is beautiful:—

"Jesu! Parent and best of pastors, I call upon

Thee with supplication and mourning. Suffer me not, O Lord, to be plucked out of the way of Thy mercy, that allures and draws to Thyself the most wretched of mankind."

One evening Wolff was sitting at table at Sir Stratford Canning's, when the Sultan's chamberlain brought to him all the letters from the Sultan, which his Majesty had written with his own hand ; and he sent word to his Excellency that his Majesty had remained up the whole night writing these letters with his own hand. These letters were letters for Joseph Wolff, recommending him to the favour of the Kings of Bokhara, Khivah, and Kokan. The same messenger also brought letters from the Sheik Islaam to the Moollahs of Bokhara, and Khivah, and Kokan. The chamberlain also brought letters from the Reis Effendi to the Pashas of Trebizond and Erzroom, and to the General-in-Chief of the army.

On the 24th of November, Sir Stratford Canning wrote to Wolff that he should go back with him from Pera to Buyukdere, which he did. Lady Canning herself sewed up his letters of recommendation in his coat, gave him tea and sugar, and also a saddle and bridle. Sir Stratford gave him a telescope and compass. Two days before quitting Constantinople he visited the monasteries of the der-vishes of Samarcand and Bokhara, who were highly rejoiced when they perceived that he was acquainted with their country ; but they were not able to give him any information about Stoddart and Conolly.

Wolff, being thus furnished with all the necessary letters of introduction, determined to proceed to Bokhara ; and as the Austrian steamer *Metternich* was going to Trebizond, his Excellency Count Stürmer (Internuncio of his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, to the Court of Constantinople) ordered the captain of the steamer to stop opposite the British palace, in order to allow him to embark there. Wolff's English friends, Lord Napier, Messieurs Alison, Tod, Wood, and Count Alexander Pisani, accompanied him on board the *Metternich*, which was commanded by Captain Clician ; and Lord Napier gave him, when on board, Luther's Exposition of the Epistle of St. Peter, printed 300 years ago ; and also the Life of Goethe, written by Falck. Wolff never can forget the kindness of those gentlemen. Tod, who was one of them, had himself travelled in Kurdistan, on his way to Teheran, where he was to be employed as attaché to the British Embassy there. But having been made prisoner by the Kurds, they robbed him of everything ; and when they found in his trunk some little pots of pomatum, they asked him " what it was ?" and he said that it was " butter," so they made him eat it himself ! Wolff, on relating this story when he returned to England, in Edinburgh, which was Tod's native town, made him a laughing-stock there ; as Tod had also made Wolff a laughing-stock by comparing him with Cardinal Ximenes.

Wolff then sailed in high spirits towards Trebizond. He looked through, on board the ship, the

book in which passengers had written their names in testimony of the good conduct of the captain, and one of the first was as follows :—"Lord Pollington, May 28th, 1838. I sailed from Constantinople to Trebizond, and passed three days very pleasantly on board the *Metternich*, and I have every reason to thank Captain Ford for his kindness." And immediately after was, "I beg to add my thanks to Captain Clician, for his kindness during a passage from Constantinople to Trebizond.

"August 24, 1839." "ARTHUR CONOLLY."

Dear man, scarcely three years after he was no longer in the land of the living ! Poor man, dear good man, for Wolff loved him very much.

They stopped a few hours at Sinope, where Diogenes was born, and where Alexander the Great paid him a visit when he was in his tub ; and Alexander said to him, "Ask something from me ;" and the only thing he asked was, that he would go a little out of the way so that the sun might shine upon him. It was Sinope where, lately, the Russian navy destroyed the Turkish fleet ; and right they were, in spite of all the ridicule which the English nation tried to throw upon this great act. Wolff wishes to know whether the British navy would not have done the same thing if they had met the Russian navy ? But here Wolff must try to suppress his feelings, for he has already sufficiently expressed his indignation at that iniquitous war against Russia, which has caused all the disasters in India. Russia was right, and England wrong.

Wolff arrived, on the 27th November, 1843, at Trebizond ; a spot famous in history for the hospitality with which it received the 10,000 Greeks with Xenophon. Here, the instant they saw the sea, they exclaimed, "The sea, the sea, the sea." Justinian and Hadrian beautified and improved this place. The pears of Trebizond are famous. On their arrival there, Wolff was received by all the inhabitants, both English and Austrian, with the greatest kindness. Mr. Stevens, the Vice-Consul, introduced him to the Pasha of Trebizond, a Turk, in every sense of the word, a brute, a tyrant, and deadly enemy of Christians. However, as he had strict orders from the Sultan to give every assistance to Wolff, he decided to send with him an old Turkish soldier, who was rather a good-natured fellow.

Wolff remained at Trebizond a few days and delivered several lectures ; and he made himself acquainted with the different nations by which it is inhabited—Armenians, Greeks, and Turks, and some European Christians. Around Trebizond are great numbers of villages inhabited by Greeks, who outwardly profess the Muhammadan religion, but in secret they practise the Christian religion. This they have carried on ever since the establishment of Muhammadanism at Constantinople. They have their priests, who in secret are ordained by the Patriarch of Constantinople, and by the Bishop of the Greek Church at Trebizond. Wolff lectured in Italian the same evening ; and through the great

kindness of Mr. Stevens, £44 were collected towards defraying the expenses of his journey to Bokhara.

Before we leave Trebizond we have also to mention that it is the birth-place of Cardinal Bessarion ; who, in the 15th century, employed the whole extent of his authority, and the power of his eloquence, to persuade the Greeks to accept the conditions of peace that were proffered by Eugenius, with regard to the procession of the Holy Spirit, and the supremacy of the Pope. Bessarion was the protector and supporter of the Platonic school—a man of unparalleled genius and erudition.

CHAPTER XV.

ROUTE FROM ERZROOM TO TEHERAN, AND WHAT HAPPENED ON THE WAY.

WOLFF set out on the 1st December for Erzroom with his Servian attendant, Michael by name, a Tatar of the Pasha, and an excellent Turk; who always walked near Wolff when he ascended the precipices of Trebizond. The road from Trebizond to Erzroom was horrid, so that Wolff walked the whole day on foot. He arrived at *Gumush-Khane*, i. e. "House of Silver," for there are silver-mines there. He stopped in this place with a hospitable Armenian, and the Archbishop also came to supper with him. The Archbishop was a well-informed gentleman, and he said to Wolff, "Welcome! welcome! Youssuff Wolff, of whom I have heard so much, and who is known in the Church of Armenia as well as in the Church of England."

All over this country the Turks expressed their conviction that they soon would be driven out of their present possessions; and that their agricultural labours would be for the benefit of Christians, who will become the rulers of their country. This conviction has not only been produced by the superiority exercised over them by the European Powers, but also by old traditions, sayings, and prophecies of

their own; and it makes them indolent in the extreme. There are in Gumush-Khane several hundred families of Armenians and Greeks, with their respective churches; and the Armenian Archbishop expressed a great wish that Wolff might soon be enabled to give facilities to the Armenian Church for the establishment of schools in England; but the Archbishop himself was very poor, for his whole income amounted to £8 per annum.

Wolff went on to Bayboot, which is surrounded by high and bare mountains; a rapid stream runs through the place, and it contains 4000 Mussulmans. A physician of great talents, born at Rome, was living there, and he was acquainted with the chivalrous Baron von Raupach, who was residing at Rome when Wolff was there, and was a gentleman of great acquirements. One day, a guard of Roman soldiers insulted a Roman citizen, when Raupach interfered, and took the part of the citizen against the soldiers, reminding them that they should never forget that they are the descendants of the ancient Romans, who had such a high sense of liberty. Another day, he rode upon a donkey from Rome to Albano (the ancient *Alba Longa*), where he entered an hotel, and dragged his donkey up one flight of stairs, fed him with biscuits, brought him to the window, and there both the baron and his donkey looked out upon the street. The donkey then began to bray at the people, and the lively Italians who stood around the hotel, when they were brayed at by the donkey, said: "What a powerful effect

the eloquence of this donkey has to gather us all around it!" On another occasion, Raupach entered a church, and saw, kneeling near the altar, a most beautiful lady in deep distress, who was weeping. Raupach approached her, and asked her whether he could be of any assistance to her? Her modesty first made her blush, and shrink back, at being addressed by a young gentleman, and a foreigner; but his respectful conduct inspired her with confidence, and she told him that she was born of noble parents, and a prince had made her promises of marriage, but had broken his word, and left her disgraced and in poverty, and forsaken by her relations. Raupach immediately went to that prince, who was lying ill in bed; but Raupach forced his way into his bedroom, spoke to him in Italian, and used the energetic expressions of Dante, whose writings he knew by heart. He then drew forth from his bosom a crucifix, held it before his countenance, and said, "Prince, knowest thou that thy sins have nailed Jesus to the cross?"

The prince relented at this, and gave to the lady 5000 ducats, and she soon married another nobleman, for the prince was already married.

Wolff had to wade on the road up to his neck in the snow, and on the 7th of December he arrived in the village called Kob, whence the Tatar (who had been sent with him by the Pasha) was obliged to take two men to carry Wolff safely over the mountains.

Wolff will here give a little account of Kob.

A holy dervish was residing there when Sultan Murad was returning from his expedition to Persia. The Sultan came to this village, and, meeting that dervish, he took him with him to Constantinople, in order to mock him. On their arrival at Stamboul, that dervish was bold enough to openly reprove the monarch on account of his tyranny, for which the Sultan, in his wrath, ordered him to be put into a fiery furnace, from which, however, the holy man came out untouched. The Sultan, perceiving by this that he had to do with a real man of God, took him into his treasury, and told him that he should take out of it whatever he pleased. The dervish selected a girdle and a book, at which the Sultan was much surprised, and asked him why he had not taken money? He replied that he was not in want of money; but he requested the Sultan that he would permit him to return to his native village, and there bestow upon him various fields and meadows, for himself and his descendants' benefit. The Sultan, gratified with his moderation, acceded to his request by a *firmaun*, i. e. "a written order," which secured to him and his heirs the village of Kob, free of tribute. After his return to his native village, he commenced husbandry, and prospered. He had a wife who used to take his food to him in the field; and he also had a daughter, who went, on a certain day, to take her father's food to him; but on her arrival in the field, she discovered that the plough used by her father was drawn by griffins, and the harness

was made of snakes and serpents. She returned home and related what she had witnessed, which so annoyed her father, that he offered up a prayer that no female of the family might ever arrive at a marriageable age. The second generation is now living, and they have never been able to rear a daughter beyond ten years old, but they have sons. The descendants of this dervish still occupy the village. They have built a college, and every person in the village of Kob knows how to read and write. They have abolished smoking as an idle habit, and there is not a pipe to be seen there. Powerful and awful is the curse pronounced by a father over his child; it strikes deep; and thus it was with the curse of Noah; thousands of years have passed, and the curse is still over Canaan, the son of Ham.

On the 9th of December Wolff arrived at Elijeh-tebbe, where Pompey defeated Mithridates—a place deriving its name, like Thermopylæ, from its hot springs (*elijeh*, spring, and *tebbe*, warm, tepid). A mineral bath is to be found there. Those hot springs are all over the East.

Wolff then proceeded on to Erzroom, and whilst he was on the road, he was musing with himself, recollecting his friends in England, and even further back, recalling a friend whom he never forgets one single day, Count Stolberg, whose verses he there recited on his way—especially those beautiful verses on the sea:—

“ Der blinde Sänger stand am Meer ;
Die Wogen rauschten um ihn her,
Und Riesenthaten goldner Zeit,
Umrauschten ihn im Feierkleid.
Hätt’ er gesehn, wär’ um ihn her
Verschwunden Himmel, Erd und Meer ;
Sie sängen vor des Blinden Blick
Den Himmel, Erd’ und Meer zurück.”

Translation :—

“ The blind singer stood by the sea ;
The waves roar’d round about him,
And gigantic deeds of the golden age,
Roar’d round him in festal robes.
If he had seen—and, there had disappear’d before him
Heaven, earth, and sea—
The power of his songs would have been able to recall them.”

At last Wolff reached Erzroom, and the Turkish inhabitants showed him the house of the British Consul, Mr. Brandt, who received Wolff with his usual straightforward and cordial hospitality. There was a dispute going on then between the Turks and Persians with regard to the frontiers ; and another dispute between the Kurds and Christians ; and British, Russian, Turkish, and Persian Commissioners were sent on account of those disputes, to settle them. Messieurs Brandt and Calvert, Zohrab, the British Dragoman, and his wife and daughters, and Mr. Dixon, the medical man, and Colonel Williams, of the Royal Artillery, and Robert Curzon, son of Lady de la Zouche, were all there ; and the two latter were commissioners on the part of the British Government. Colonel Williams was

the same, who afterwards became Sir William Williams of Kars. The name of the Russian consul was Garibaldi; and Wolff must not forget Mr. and Mrs. Redhouse, for, to the latter, he was particularly recommended by Lady Canning. On the 10th of December, 1843, Wolff preached and administered the sacrament to about seven English friends; and Robert Curzon, who was dangerously ill, received it at home in his bed.

He then spent some happy days with his English, Russian, and Austrian friends there; and his Excellency Al-haj-Khaleel-Kamelee called on him; and he delivered a lecture before him and the rest of the Persians. The Viceroy said he should not allow Wolff to spend one single farthing for his journey from Erzroom to the frontiers of Persia, either for escort, victuals, or horses. Wolff may also note here that Erzroom is derived from *Erz* "land," and *Room*, *i. e.* "Rome;" indicating that it was part of the Eastern Roman empire; and the Greeks are, to this day, called by the Turks *Room*, *i. e.* "Romans," because they were the subjects of the emperors of the Eastern Roman empire.

Would to God that again, soon, very soon, a Greek may sit upon the throne of Constantinople; and that again the cross of Christ may be planted upon the tower of St. Sophia; and that Kyrie Eleison, Christe Eleison, Kyrie Eleison, may resound from the heights of Sophia, all around, all around Stamboul; and that the spirit of St.

Chrysostomos may be revived in the old orthodox Greek church ; and that the spirit of burning love may be kindled between Armenian Christians, Englishmen, and Roman Catholics ! “ Oh, how I yearn,” says Dr. Wolff, “ for those times, when the Church shall be built again in her beauty ! ”

Here, Wolff also circulated, in Turkish, a “ Call to the Muhammadan nation ; ” exhorting them to make known his mission to all the travellers and dervishes ; so that they might all recommend him to the King of Bokhara. Mr. Redhouse, the greatest Turkish scholar in Europe, (so acknowledged by all the Orientals,) translated that “ Call ” into Turkish ; and Mrs. Redhouse then prepared all his things, in order that he might set out for Tabreez and Teheran ; on the 19th Colonel Williams put Wolff’s clothes on him, some days before his departure, in order that he might see how they fitted. They consisted of an *abba*, *i. e.* “ large cloak,” trowsers, made immensely large, and a waistcoat and coat of the same sort. The coat was precisely in the form of a shooting jacket ; and over this was a large loose coat, with sleeves and body, entirely lined with fur of wolves’ skin. Round his waist was a large woollen shawl. On his feet, first of all, were some thick worsted stockings, and then light boots lined with fur, and over all were large leather boots, like those of the Horse Guards, which came up to his hips. Attached to his fur coat was a hood, to draw over his fur cap when travelling ; and a large pair of fur gloves

were sewed to his coat. With all this his friends believed him to be snow-proof.

Wolff, previous to his departure from Erzroom, wrote several letters to his friends; to the Bishop of London, Henry Drummond, and Sir James Baring. He baptized there an excellent Jew, who was servant to Colonel Williams; and then he was about to depart, when Colonel Williams, Brandt, and Redhouse, and Zohrab, accompanied him to the outskirts of the town in a cavalcade, for they were all on horseback, and there they were to drink his health in Tenedos wine, which they were in the act of doing, when—

But now, let us pause a moment at this spot, outside Erzroom, and survey the scene before us. In front was a lofty mountain, a branch of the Ararat; for Ararat is not one mountain, but several, and is also called in the Bible the “mountains of Ararat.” These mountains are split and broken by chasms and precipices on every side; and from their highest points mighty avalanches were falling, and dealing destruction on all below. It is very remarkable, in this region, that so long as the skies are covered with mist, and the air blows mildly, the traveller may proceed on his way in safety; but woe to that wretched man who is caught in the mountains when a chilling wind portends the coming storm! Soon, and suddenly, shrieks are heard from all sides, “*Koolagh! Koolagh! Koolagh!*” which may be translated “snow-spout;” and which is more sudden in its

arrival, and far more dangerous in its course, than all the *Sammooms* (*i. e.* "Poisonous winds") that ever swept the desert. For from these the traveller can protect himself by lying down; but not so, if overtaken by the dreadful Koolagh. This terrific foe is no common snow-shower, from the clouds; but it comes when no cloud is to be seen. The air blows intensely cold, freezing your fingers as you hold the mule's bridle, and your feet in the stirrups; and, almost instantaneously, the beast which carries you, may be found floundering, body deep, in snow, whose sharp particles dashed against your face, cut the skin and blind the eyes; and, in the next moment, you may fall over a precipice, and be lost.

Wolff was on the point of setting out, when suddenly the koolagh was felt; but the whole party, most fortunately, were near the town; and so they slipped into one of the houses, and after it was over returned to the house of Colonel Williams. A French physician, and some merchants from Persia, had set out before Wolff, about sixty in number, and several of them perished among the mountains.

Wolff remained at Colonel Williams' house for ten days, and then the Colonel mounted his horse, as did Wolff and his servant Michael, who crossed himself, and called on the Virgin, and St. George, for protection, not omitting St. Nicholas, the patron saint of Servia. The snow was still so high, that Wolff wanted to go on foot; but Colonel

Williams said to him, "Never get down from your horse; for as long as you see that your other horse is able to carry your baggage, this one will also be able to carry you. And, besides this, imagine that you have behind you the people of Muhammad Kerahe, of Torbad Hydareea, driving you with their whips."

Williams and the rest of his friends accompanied Wolff to a distance of six miles, just to the spot where, ten days before, a French physician and ten muleteers had perished in the snow. They drank Wolff's health with Tenedos wine, and then returned to Erzroom; whilst he proceeded on his journey to a village called Kerujak, where he slept in the stable of a kind-hearted Turk. But the stables in Turkey have elevations, made on purpose for travellers, so they were not exposed to the danger of being kicked by the horses; and these shelves are pretty clean to lie on. A good pillow was brought to Wolff, when he lay down.

In the morning of the 28th he rose with the sun, and continued his journey; but the snow was still so high, that he certainly would have followed the bent of his own inclinations, and walked on foot, but Colonel Williams (Sir W. F. Williams, of Kars) had made him promise not to descend from his horse, as long as the other could carry his baggage. So Wolff kept his eyes steadily fixed on the other horse, and perceiving that he waded, though with difficulty, through the snow, he remained firm; and thus he arrived that day,

after a toilsome journey of six miles, at Hassan Kaleh, where he again resided with a Turk. Hassan Kaleh was built by Oossum Hassan, the great prince of the dynasty of the White Ram.

On the 30th of December, Wolff arrived at Delhi Baba, where he again slept in the house of an Armenian Christian. Most of the Armenians were gone on horseback to a neighbouring village, to fetch a bride, whom they accompanied with musical instruments and clapping of hands, to their own village. The next day the road was so thickly covered with snow, that he was obliged to take with him two Armenians to drag him with his horse through the snow, until he arrived, a distance of six miles, at the village called Taher, inhabited by Kurds. These savages scarcely gave him anything to eat, even for money; and they certainly would have plundered Wolff, if he had come without the Tatar of the Pasha of Erzroom.

On January 1, 1844, Wolff arrived at Mullah Soleeman, inhabited by Armenians, who two hundred years ago were all converted to the Roman Catholic faith by a Romish missionary, Soleeman by name, from whom the place took its appellation. The priest of the place, a well-informed man, had been ordained by a friend of Joseph Wolff, Abraham, Bishop of Merdeen, in Mesopotamia. This kind priest expressed his regret at his not having at once taken up his abode at his house.

On the 4th of January, Wolff arrived safely at the monastery of Kara-Khleesia, where the Apostle

Thaddeus established a church. From thence Wolff proceeded on his journey, and arrived safely at the monastery of Utsh Kleesia, near which 124,000 Armenians were baptized by the great Gregory Lusaworitsh, who founded both that and the monastery of Etsh-Miazin. Thanks be to thee, Gregory Lusaworitsh, which means the "Enlightener," for there thou didst enlighten King Tirtat and thy nation with the light of the Gospel! Wolff thanks thee, thou founder and builder of the monastery of Kara-Kleesia, for what could he have done in his journey, when he arrived at the spot, where thy house of pious hospitality stands, if this monument of thy love had not been at hand to receive him? for there again—the second time—he heard the shrieks, "*Koolagh! Koolagh!*" and he had only just time to reach the homestead of the worthy monks, who recognized and welcomed their old friend Joseph Wolff—remembering his former visit in 1831.

Wolff again set out for Diadeen, on the 5th of January, 1844. This was a miserable village, inhabited by Kurds; but he was lodged in the hut of a very civil, kind-hearted, and hospitable Kurd. One hour after his arrival, two soldiers arrived from Bayaseed, on their way to Erzroom; and as the inhabitants of the villages are always obliged to furnish the soldiers gratuitously with horses to the next station, his Kurdish host ordered one of his men not to suffer the postman, who brought Wolff and his people, to go away in the morning with his

horses, without taking the two soldiers with him as far as Kara-Kleesia, whence he had come. And so he enjoined his servant to keep a sharp look-out during the night, in order that the postman from Kara-Kleesia might not be able to take the horses out of the stable, in a stealthy manner, which they are accustomed to do. However, sleep overcame the servant at night; but as Wolff was not able to rest, he saw the postman come into the stable and take away the horses. Still, not having been made aware at the time of the arrangement entered into by his landlord, he took no notice of the fact. An hour, however, after the departure of the postman, the servant awoke; and, perceiving the horses taken away, he exclaimed, *Pesewenk!* i. e. "Ruffian!" and gave the alarm; but it was too late.

In the morning, the two soldiers from Bayaseed, finding that the postman was gone, demanded the horses which were to have taken Wolff on; but he told them that they could not dare to take the horses of the Grand Dervish, whom the Sultan himself honoured, and who was travelling to Bokhara under the immediate protection of the Sultan! and so he gained his point, and two very bad horses were given to the soldiers; whilst Wolff started for Ghizel-Deesa, a most miserable Kurdish village, where the chief Kurd refused to shelter him in his house, saying that he would not receive a man who was not a Mussulman. However, the two escorts who had been sent with Wolff from Erzroom, soon convinced the Kurd, with a whip, of the necessity of

affording the Grand Dervish shelter ; and scarcely had Wolff entered the house when clouds covered the sky so rapidly, and snow fell to such a degree, that actually a person could not see his neighbour standing near him. Snugly settled in a warm stable, Wolff exclaimed, *Al-Hamdoo Lellah Rabb-ul-Alemeen!* which means "Praise to God, the Creator of the two worlds, that I am already in the house." On hearing this, Wolff's host observed, "If I had known before that this European would say *Al-Hamdoo Lellah Rabb-ul-Alemeen*, I should have taken him in at once." Wolff said, "You ought to have taken me in, even if I had not said so, in order to teach me the duty of praising God." An hour afterwards the sky cleared up again, and the snow ceased to fall, when Wolff heard a voice from the street asking whether an Englishman had arrived? and immediately after a courier, sent from Colonel Sheil, the British Envoy of Teheran, with dispatches for Erzroom, entered the room. He told Wolff that a *Mehmoondar*, i. e. "a person who is in charge of a guest," had been sent to Awajik, from the Prince of Tabreez, whose name was Bahman Mirza, son of the late Prince Regent Abbas Mirza, at the request of Mr. Bonham, the British Consul-General at Tabreez, with an order to furnish Wolff with horses as far as Tabreez.

On the 7th of January, 1844, Wolff arrived at Awajik, belonging already to Persia ; where he was very hospitably received by the Governor of that place. At Awajik, Wolff dismissed the two

escorts, who have the title of cavasses, and had been sent with him by the Pasha of Erzroom; and, though he was not obliged to pay them one farthing, he gave to them a present of 200 piastres, when they returned to Erzroom. He then continued his journey with Ismael Beyk, the Mehmoondar of the Prince of Tabreez, towards that city.

On the 10th of January, Wolff arrived at Khoy, a city of calamities. It was at one time in the hands of the Sultan, at another under the Persians; it has been frequently destroyed by the hand of man during the horrors of war, and sometimes by earthquakes. Here he lodged in the splendid house of his old friend Soleiman Khan, who was at that time Governor of Khoy, and a freemason; and, as a proof of his progress in civilization, though a Muhammadan, he treated Wolff at supper with excellent wine. In the night-time a fire broke out in the Governor's beautiful house, and destroyed the greater part of it; but Wolff slept so soundly, from being tired out by the journey and cold, that he knew nothing about it till the next morning, when the fire had been extinguished, and Wolff had been informed what had taken place.

On the 12th of January Wolff arrived at Tabreez, the capital of Aderbijan, the northern province of Persia. Mr. and Mrs. Bonham received him with the greatest kindness; and he had to baptize, on the same Sunday, Mr. Bonham's child, and to read divine service in his house. Wolff was then introduced, by Mr. Bonham, to his Royal

Highness Prince Bahman Mirza, who had known him at Meshed, immediately after Wolff had come out of slavery from Torbad Hydareea, when Muhammad Khan Kerahe, of Torbad Hydareea, set Wolff free, but showed to him his justice by keeping his money. Bahman Mirza whispered something in Mr. Bonham's ear, and then said to Wolff, "Mr. Bonham will introduce you to an old friend in the State prison." Wolff was anxious to know who he was, but Bahman Mirza said, "You will soon know him." Wolff then went with his Royal Highness to the State prison, when a gigantic man, with chains on his hands and feet, and with a pipe in his mouth, came towards them and stretched out his hand to shake hands with Wolff. He said, "Do you know me?"

Wolff said, "Yes, you are Muhammad Khan Kerahe, of Torbad Hydareea."

He replied, "Yes, I am that very person."

This was the very same man who, in order to show his justice, fourteen years before, had put Wolff's money into his own pocket, and told him to go in peace, without restoring him one single farthing. But Wolff could not but be astonished at the equanimity shown by that extraordinary man, for he laughed and joked, and said to Wolff, "That time you saw me a great man, now you see me a little man. One must have patience in this world. God assigns our lot, and sometimes raises a man, and then He pulls him down again."

The "Head-Tearer" showed a far greater mind

in his prison than Napoleon I. did when in exile upon the island of St. Helena.

The way in which Muhammad Khan was taken prisoner is also interesting to know. It was as follows. Abbas Mirza was in Khorassan in the year 1831 to 1832, and he had struck terror throughout the whole country as far as Sarakhs in Turkistan, and had subdued all the Khans of Khorassan except Muhammad Khan Kerahe, of Torbad Hydareea, and Umeer-Assad-Ullah-Beyk, of Burchund. He wrote, therefore, this letter to Muhammad Khan Kerahe :—

“ You see that it is in vain to resist me ; therefore if you come to Meshed, to my palace, and swear allegiance to my father, the king, I will not only pardon you, but also promote you to honour, and make you governor-general of Khorassan ; and if I fail in performing my promise, may God curse my father, my mother, my sister, and all my children ; and may He strike me with sickness.”

Such kinds of letters are called in Persian, *Laa-nat Naamah*, i. e. “ Letters of Curses against One-self,” and the performance of promises may be relied upon after the receipt of such a letter. Muhammad Khan, therefore, set out confidently for Meshed, and arrived in the neighbourhood, when Abbas Mirza sent out Yayah Khan to welcome him. Muhammad Khan came forth, riding upon

a splendid white Turcomaun horse, and Yayah Khan immediately said to him:—

“Now, Muhammad Khan, in order that you may be well and kindly received by His Royal Highness, Abbas Mirza, I advise you to make a present of this horse to the Prince Regent.”

Muhammad Khan replied, “What, make a present to Abbas Mirza of this horse! I would see you and Abbas Mirza hung first! Do you know that I have given for this horse twelve Persians, as slaves to the Turcomauns, and that each of those Persians was worth twenty-four such fellows as you are, and twelve such fellows as Abbas Mirza the Prince Regent is?”

Yayah Khan reported this answer to the Prince Regent, who then said, “It is impossible to make any terms with this fellow;” so when he arrived at the palace, Abbas Mirza ordered him to be put in irons; and thus Wolff saw him in the State prison of Tabreez, where he had already been for twelve years.

Wolff asked his old friend, Muhammad Khan Kerahe, to give him his autograph; so he wrote for him a short sketch of his genealogy, and, from the very mention of the names of his ancestors, one will cease to wonder that Muhammad Khan Kerahe was a man of blood. “Muhammad, son of Iszhak Kerahe, of the family of Ghengis Khan: the ancestors of Ghengis Khan were Oolinjah Khan, and Olamgoo, a Mogul, who had twins;

the name of the one was Mogul Khan, and the other Tatar Khan, from whom all the Tatars descend, as the Moguls do from Mogul Khan. The sons of Ghengis Khan were, first, Hutshe Khan ; second, Jaktay Khan ; third, Aktaye Khan ; fourth, Tule Khan.

“After the death of Ghengis Khan, the children of Tule Khan became kings. Mekukahan Khan sat upon the throne of Ghengis Khan, and sent his brother Hulaku Khan into Persia, and he resided for a while at Tabreez, whence he went to Bagdad, and killed Muattesim, the last of the Khaleefs of the family of Abbas. The tribe of Kerahe had accompanied Hulaku Khan to Tabreez, and, after the extinction of the dynasty of Ghengis Khan, the Kerahe emigrated to Turkey ; but when Timoor became the conqueror of the world, he removed forty thousand families of the Kerahe tribe from Turkey to Samarcand, of which number, however, twelve thousand separated and returned to Khorassan, whose descendant I am.”

What an awful parentage !

Every one of them boasted of being worse than bloodhounds.

Hulakoo Khan slew ten million persons in battle.

Muhammad Khan, Wolff's friend, boasted of having the surname of the *Head-Tearer*.

Wolff left Tabreez on his way to Teheran, and he met with a learned dervish in the village in which he took up his abode. Here Wolff's

Russian servant became so drunk that he thrashed his master; whereupon his English friends, Messrs. Bonham and Burgess, who had so far accompanied him from Tabreez, knocked the servant down, and he continued to lie where he fell, and immediately fell fast asleep. Wolff then said to his English friends, and to the dervish, "Perhaps it was an accident, and after he awakes I will tell him that I most cordially pardon him, if he will only promise not to get drunk again." However, on his awaking, Wolff said to him, "Do you know you have beaten me in your drunkenness?" The man replied, "Served you right: why did you reproach me for being drunk?" Wolff replied, "If you promise not to get drunk again, I will take you with me to Bokhara." The servant answered, "I can promise no such thing;" and, making the sign of the cross, he said, "I am determined to be drunk whenever the feast of the holy Virgin Mary is celebrated." Wolff then dismissed him, and entered into conversation on religion with a dervish. The dervish said, "You are like Tata Sultan and Kemaalee Howdbeen, two dervishes, who, in the year 835, traversed the Turkish empire, and taught that people should have all things in common, houses and clothing, women only excepted. Tata Sultan was a great friend of the Christians; and with one of them he spent much time, in holy meditation about God, in the island of Scio. At last, Bayazeed took Tata Sultan

prisoner, and tried to murder him ; but he is still alive, and will, with your assistance, upset the Turkish and Persian empire. As for you, I heard of you at Delhi, where you conversed with the King and the Moollahs of that place ; and I have heard of you also at Cashmere. You have been a Jew ; all great events have proceeded from the followers of Moses, and will again proceed from them, until Jesus shall again make his appearance. When these events shall take place, and you shall see yourself surrounded by your followers, then remember the dervish of Gheelau. Abd-ool has not succeeded in reforming the world, but *you* will succeed."

On the 28th of January, Wolff met at Khoram-tarah, several American missionaries of the Congregationalist denomination ; they were stationed at Ooroomia ; and had, by great prudence, succeeded in conciliating the Chaldean Christians of that place. They never interfered with their discipline, and respected Episcopacy, and their traditions ; (and Dr. Wolff declares it to be a great folly in the S. P. G. Society, and the Church Missionary Society, that they should not be ready to wish each other God speed.) Wolff was among the Chaldeans in the year 1824, and he is convinced of the truth of the general tradition of the Chaldeans, that they are descendants of the children of Israel ; for they call themselves "children of Israel,"—their language is *Hebrew*,—they have sacrifices on the feast of the trans-

figuration, consisting of a sheep, lamb, or goat,—they have in their churches the holy of holies,—they have a veil, like the Jews,—their bishops are of the tribe of *Levi*,—they have a river called *Gozan*; and it appears to Wolff that the Jews in Bokhara were originally a colony of these “children of Israel” of Chaldea. St. Thomas, the Apostle, came into Mesopotamia, where they lived in captivity; and he preached to them the Gospel. They lived near places called “*Halah* and *Habor*, near the river *Gozan*,” so that the Jews of Bokhara seem, after this, to have given to Bokhara and Samarcand the names of their *original* settlements in Mesopotamia; just as the people who have emigrated from England to America, gave to their new settlements the names of those places in England from whence they had emigrated. The Chaldeans have seven sacraments, but entirely different (the greater part of them) from those of the Roman Catholics; they are as follows:—First, Ordination; Second, Consecration of the Church; Third, Baptism; Fourth, The Lord’s Supper; Fifth, The Blessing of the Old Leaven; Sixth, Matrimony; Seventh, Service of the Dead.

Wolff arrived, on the 31st January, 1844, in Kasween, a place at different times in rebellion against the King of Persia. Colonel Sheil, the British Envoy, had sent there horses and a guard to bring Wolff safely to Teheran, the capital of his Majesty the King of Persia. Colonel Sheil had also sent to Wolff a letter, kindly inviting him to

the British Embassy. Wolff arrived there on the 3rd February, 1844, when Colonel Sheil told him that there were conflicting accounts about the lives of Stoddart and Conolly; and that he, in his own mind, had not the slightest doubt that both had been killed.

And now Wolff makes at this moment a confession which he had never made before, that he himself had already, when at Teheran, the firmest conviction that neither Stoddart nor Conolly were in the land of the living in Bokhara, and that they had been put to death. But he withheld this conviction because he was afraid that if he was to return, acting upon his conviction, from Teheran to England, every one would say, that the whole of his attempt to go to Bokhara had been a piece of humbug, and was the work of a braggart. Wolff, therefore, concealed his internal conviction from the public, and insisted upon Colonel Sheil's introducing him to his Majesty the King of Persia, and he begged him to procure for him the letters of the King of Persia to the Kings of Bokhara, Khivah, and Kokan. Count von Medem, the Russian Ambassador, also evinced the greatest and most lively interest in Wolff's mission to Bokhara; and he, too, gave him letters to the Viceroy of Khorassan, and to the Kings of Bokhara and Khivah. Wolff preached and read prayers in the British Embassy on the Sunday following, when all the secretaries and attachés, and

also his Excellency the Russian Ambassador and his staff, attended the service.

Wolff was at length introduced, by Colonel Sheil and Mr. Thompson, to his Majesty the King of Persia, Mahmood-Shah. Wolff appeared in his canonicals, his doctor's hood over his gown. His Majesty was sitting upon a divan, about eight feet from the place where Wolff took his position. The moment his Majesty saw Wolff, he said that he was rejoiced to see him again; and, to Wolff's greatest surprise, he reminded him of all the minutiae of the conversation he had had with him at Meshed; of Lady Georgiana being the sister to the Earl of Orford; of her having been at Malta during her husband's peregrinations; and that he was made prisoner by Muhammad Khan Kerahe. His Majesty then informed him that he had written several letters, and one for the King of Bokhara himself; and his Majesty admired Wolff's philanthropy, and told him that if Stoddart and Conolly were dead, he might make them alive by his prayers. Once Wolff actually forgot himself, and interrupted his Majesty whilst he was talking; when Colonel Sheil gave him a push, but his Majesty wished him to say what he wanted to say, and then continued the assurances of his protection and countenance. Wolff made his bow after having been one hour with his Majesty, and then retired.

He experienced, on the whole, a most gracious reception, and afterwards went home with Colonel

Sheil to the British Embassy, where, on his arrival, Colonel Sheil asked him "How do you feel yourself?" Wolff said, "I confess I feel very uncomfortable; not at the thought of going to Bokhara, but at the thought of being obliged to go again through Khorassan." He added, "It was in Khorassan that they stripped me, and tied me to the horse's tail; and it was in Khorassan that they put me into a dungeon; and it was in Khorassan they offered me for sale for £2 10s. And now," continued he, "I am afraid I shall again meet with dreadful hindrances in that horrible country; however," and here he snapped his fingers, "I am determined to continue my journey."

Previous to his departure, Wolff had also a visit from the Ambassador of the King of Khivah, who brought him letters of introduction to the King of Khiva, and the Turcomauns of Sarakhs, and then he left Teheran. Colonel Sheil appeared to have great concern for him, and so also had Messrs. Thompson, Reed, &c. He was escorted on the 14th of February, by an officer of the King of Persia, and by servants of the British Embassy, to Khorassan; and on the 18th February he arrived at Lasgerd, where there is an old castle haunted by genii, who were banished from Lasgerd, and are now wandering about in Mazanderan.

CHAPTER XVI.

ROUTE THROUGH KHORASSAN TO BOKHARA; INTERVIEW WITH THE KING OF BOKHARA.

BEING now actually in Khorassan, Wolff was very apprehensive that his sufferings would commence again, but how agreeably was he disappointed! He never saw a country so changed for the better as this; for, instead of being persecuted as in former times, he was welcomed in the most cordial manner. On his arrival fourteen years before, the name of Englishman was scarcely known, but now, on this occasion, the name of an Englishman was actually a *passport*, and an English traveller was able to get as much money as he pleased on credit.

The question then is, to what cause must this change in Khorassan be ascribed? Wolff does not hesitate to answer—to the late war with Affghanistan; for though that war was a most impolitic war, yet it had in many respects very beneficial results. The inhabitants of the country had now seen men like Sir Charles James Napier, the great general, (or, as they called him in Khorassan, “the devil’s brother,” and “the Timoor of the English nation,” or a “prophet,” which some, and among them Wolff himself, think him!) And they

had heard the names of Stoddart and Conolly, and Sir John McNeil, who were well known there now, and were highly respected, as was also Colonel Sheil. Wolff travelled throughout Khorassan dressed in the very gown in which he now preaches on Sunday at Ile Brewers, and his doctor's hood over it.

On his arrival at Sebzawar, a town containing twenty thousand inhabitants, where Timoor built a tower of the skulls of men whom he had slain in battle, he pitched his tent outside the walls. The country around is covered with rich verdure, and melons are in great profusion there. When Wolff appeared in his tent, multitudes of people began to rush towards him, exclaiming, "*People of Muhammad, wonder of wonders, signs of the times! Joseph Wolff, the English dervish, has arrived; two hundred years of age!*" They came into the garden staring at him, and said, "There can be no doubt this man is two hundred years of age; only look at him, see how he stares! How he gapes!" One of them, however, seemed to have his doubts, and asked Wolff, who was seated upon a carpet in his tent smoking a galyoon, "How old are you, sir?" Wolff said, "I am forty-nine years of age." They all said, "he lies, for he is ashamed of his age!" Wolff replied, "Well, if you think I lie, then give me two thousand years, and then you will be near to the mark."

At last, Wolff arrived at Meshed, the capital of Khorassan. Here he stayed with a Jew, the most respectable of them, Mullah-Mehdee by name, in

whose house Wolff had lived fourteen years before, and where he was treated in a very gentlemanly manner. Wolff asked, "How are the Jews at Meshed going on?" To his greatest horror he learned that the whole community had become Muhammadans; and the reason of it was this. A Jewess had a sore hand; she asked the advice of a witch, the witch told her that she should kill a dog, and put her hand in the blood of the dog. The Jewess did so; when suddenly a *Sayd* (which means "one of the family of the prophets") assembled all the rest of the Muhammadans, and addressed them, and said: "Mussulmans, the Jews have killed to-day a dog, in derision of our religion; I shall therefore say two words, which will be enough for you to know what you must do. *Allah!* (*i. e.* 'God')—*Daad!* (*i. e.* 'has given!')". They all at once exclaimed, "*God has given the Jews into our hands.*" They at once rushed to the houses of the Jews, killed thirty-five of them, and the rest saved their lives by exclaiming, "*God is God! and but God! and Muhammad is the Prophet of God!*" This event is now marked by the expression, "*The Event of Allah-Daad!*"

Wolff then entered again (after fourteen years' interval) that remarkable town Meshed, when immediately the Governor-General of Meshed and of the whole of Khorassan, sent his secretary to welcome him. The title which the Governor-General bears is *Assaff-Ooddawla*, which means "the Assaff of the Empire;" for the Muhammadan tradition tells

us that Asaph the Recorder of Solomon had been the wisest of men after Solomon; and therefore they give to their favourite ministers the title of "Assaff (Asaph) of the Empire." That great man assured Wolff that he would send him on in the safest way; he said to him, "You go to the dangerous town Bokhara. There are about 50,000 Marwee, the worst of people, but very rich, and of great influence with the King of Bokhara. And if one goes among *rascals*, one must take a *greater rascal* to protect one. I shall therefore send with you nine rascals of the Marwee tribe; and if they don't behave well, I will burn their wives and children who remain in my hands."

Wolff then bethought himself, "I am in their hands, and I must do what the Governor says; therefore I will take with me those nine rascals." Wolff took besides two servants, the name of the one was Husseyn, whom he had with him on his former journey fourteen years before, when he travelled from Meshed to Bokhara and Cabul; this fellow was rather an amiable rogue, and never allowed any one to cheat Wolff but himself. The name of the other servant was Abd-oollah, a fellow of the worst character and the worst appearance. And thus Wolff set out with eleven scoundrels, and arrived, after seven days, at Sarakhs; a place "in the land of Nod," as the Jews say, and "the place to which Adam came every morning from the island of Ceylon to till the ground, and to return every evening; for Adam was so tall that he reached from the

earth to the sky ; and he was able to step from one end of the ocean to the other at a stride, without inconveniencing himself."

There, in *Sarakhs*, Wolff was again among the *Al-Amaan* and the children of Israel ; and though fourteen years had passed since his previous visit, they all knew him. The children of Moses, as they are called, or the children of Israel, delighted Wolff with their chaunt—"The King—the King—the Messiah shall come—the Mighty of the Mighty is He," &c., &c. Wolff wrote two letters from *Sarakhs* to the King of *Khivah*, and to the *Hazarah* tribe at *Daragass*, announcing to them the object of his mission, in order that he might not be exposed to the danger of being made away with in secret. He then left *Sarakhs*, and arrived again at *Mowr*, where a company of dancing dervishes had arrived from *Yarkand*, who stripped themselves, and danced about until they sank down on the ground. The son of the Grand Dervish, who had the title *Khaleefa*, seeing them dance about thus, stripped himself also, and danced about with them. A singular illustration this of that passage in the Book of Samuel, "And he stripped off his clothes also, and prophesied before Samuel in like manner, and lay down naked all that day and all that night. Wherefore they say, Is Saul also among the prophets ?" (1 Sam. xix. 24.)

Wolff on his arrival in *Mowr* was brought to his old friend *Abd-urrahman*, the great *Khaleefa*, of whom he spoke in his first volume, who has also the

title of *Shahe-oddalat* (i. e. King of "righteousness"). He came forth from his tent with bread and lemonade, and asked a blessing; and then desired Wolff to enter his tent until another was prepared for him.

Wolff's first question was, whether he had heard of Stoddart and Conolly? The Khaleefa at once said, "My dear brother—for you are a dervish as well as myself—I do not wish to deceive you; Stoddart and Conolly are dead, and many others of your nation have been killed with them by the tyrant. But, however, you will hear more from the Jews here, several of whom were present at their death." Then the Khaleefa continued to tell Wolff, "I myself do not dare now to go to Bokhara, for the King has lost the fear of God! He has killed the best of men, the *Goosh-bekee*, his prime minister, a man of high integrity, who did all for the good of his king and monarch."

Here the dervish concluded, and the Jews entered his tent, and said to Wolff, "By thy life! by thy life! we beseech thee do not go to Bokhara, for as sure as there is now daylight, so sure it is that both Stoddart and Conolly have been put to death." First of all, Stoddart arrived in Bokhara, riding on horseback; when he came near the palace of the King of Bokhara, the King himself came with his retinue, on foot, from outside the town, where he had performed his devotion at the tomb of Babadeen, the holy dervish, who is the patron saint of the Mussulmans of Bokhara.

Stoddart being on horseback, and in British uniform, was informed by the Sheikh-owl (*i. e.* "Master of Ceremonies"), that Majesty was present, and that he should therefore dismount his horse, and make his bow before HASRAT (*i. e.* "Majesty"). Stoddart simply touched his hat in the English military manner, and said to the Master of Ceremonies, "I have no order from my Monarch to dismount." His words were reported to the King, who said nothing at the time.

The King entered the gate of his palace, and, Stoddart on horseback, followed him. The Master of Ceremonies told him that only the Ambassador of the Sultan of Constantinople had a right to enter the palace on horseback. Stoddart replied, "And so have I." He was then brought before the King, who was seated on the balcony of his house; the Master of Ceremonies said to Stoddart, "I must now take hold of your shoulders, and you must pass your hands down your beard, and say three times, 'Asylum of the world! Peace to the King!'" When the Master of Ceremonies wanted to take hold of Stoddart's shoulders, Stoddart drew his sword, and the Master of Ceremonies shrank back. A good apartment was assigned to Stoddart, when the *Kaazee-Kelaun* (*i. e.* "grand judge") sent to Stoddart desiring him to come and drink tea with him. Stoddart sent as an answer, "He may eat dirt." At last a great number of Osbeck soldiers were sent to him, who fell upon him, and bound tight his hands and feet, and threw him in the *Seeyah-*

jaa (i. e. "black well"), which is so narrow that the prisoners sit upon each other's shoulders, and where vermin of all kinds are nursed, in order that they may gnaw on the prisoners' flesh. Poor Stoddart was put there, was then taken out again; and, in order to save his life, he became a Muhammadan, and received the name of *Mullah Mamoon*.

A short time after, Stoddart openly avowed himself a Christian; and Captain Conolly came also to Bokhara. In the meanwhile the disaster at Cabul took place, and both Stoddart and Conolly were brought, tied hand and foot, behind the palace, when Conolly said, "Woe unto us! we are fallen into the hands of a tyrant." The Grand Chamberlain of the King said to Conolly, "Conolly, if thou becomest a Muhammadan, the King will have mercy upon thee, and spare thy life." Conolly said, "I am a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is my head." And Stoddart said, "Tell the tyrant, I, too, die a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ." Both were then literally slaughtered.

So far the account of the Jews. Then both the Khaleefa, as well as the Jews, advised Wolff to return by Khivah to his country, or by the *Land of the Philistines*, as the Jews call Khivah; for, according to the history of the Jews of Mowr, and the inhabitants of Khivah themselves, the people of Khivah are the descendants of those Hivites, Perizzites, and Jebusites who were expelled by Joshua, when they settled by the Caspian; and a portion of them went further to the north in little

boats. Wolff has not the slightest doubt that they went to America. Wolff then said to the Jews of Mowr, "If Stoddart and Conolly are dead, I must ascertain all the circumstances of their death, and to Bokhara I will go."

Wolff cannot forbear giving an account of the interest which he excited among the inhabitants of the desert by his appearance, dressed in a clergyman's gown, doctor's hood, and shovel hat, and the Bible in his hand. Thousands of Turcomauns came to his tent, and said to Wolff, "Joseph Wolff, write to your King of England, that if he gives us a good sum of money, we will assist him in sending an army to Bokhara, in order that he may punish the King of Bokhara for having put to death Stoddart and Conolly; for we Turcomauns do not mind who governs those countries if we only get *Khelats* (*i. e.* 'robes of honour') and *Til-lahs* (*i. e.* 'ducats')." A dervish approached Wolff (he was from Kashgar), who said to him. "Who is the author of the fire and water?" Wolff replied, "God." The dervish replied, "No such thing. Satan is the author of both; for fire and water are destructive elements, and, therefore, it is impossible that God could be the author of them; and you ought to know that there are two Gods—one is God of the world above, who is a good God, who created the light which doth not burn, and who created the rose and the nightingale; but a battle took place between God above and God below; and the God below marred all the creatures

of God above; and this is a fight which still goes on. Men who act well are servants of the God above, and His creatures. Men who act badly are the servants of the God below. There shall be another battle fought, when the God below shall ascend to the seventh heaven, with myriads of his soldiers; flying serpents shall soar up with him; but the God below shall be defeated, and, at last, shall become a humble subject of the God above."

Wolff then read with the dervish, and with Nathau, the Jew, who was also present, in Hebrew, the twelfth chapter of the Book of Revelation. At Mowr, *Nizam Oolmulk*, the Great Vizier of Malek Shah, of the Seljuck dynasty, established a school, and since that time, as the Turcomauns assured Wolff, a school is kept up there though centuries have passed. For it is remarkable, that whenever celebrated schools have existed in ancient times among the Eastern people, they would consider it a sin to give them up; it is thus invariably among the Muhammadans, the Fire-worshippers, and the Jews. At Mowr, all the Jews, who have been constrained to embrace Muhammadanism in Persia, are permitted to return to their ancient usages and religion; but it is a remarkable fact, that there are some Jews at Mowr who have become Turcomauns; and that there are Jews at Khivah who have intermarried with the Turcomauns of Khivah who are descendants, as has been said, of the Hivites of old.

Wolff then departed from Mowr, and was only one week distant from Bokhara. Timoor the Tartar had fought nine battles at Mowr, which is also called *Merv*. They recollect with affection at Mowr, the names of Pottinger and D'Arcy Todd, and Colonel Stoddart. Wolff's companions from Meshed, those nine avowed rascals of the Marwee tribe, sent with him by the Governor-General of Meshed, the *Assaff-ooddawla*, and his two servants, were further increased by two Turcomauns from Mowr, an aged one, and a young one. It would be too tedious to describe what Wolff suffered on that journey from those nine scoundrels. He has only to observe that the conduct of the Marwees was so bad that he sent an express messenger back to Meshed to complain. Two horsemen were sent from the *Assaff-ooddawla* threatening Dil Assa Khan, the chief of the Marwee, with death if he did not behave well. This was a momentary check on their rapacity, and thus Wolff reached *Jehaar-Joo*, the first place in the Ameer of Bokhara's dominions, and one of considerable importance. From thence he sent a letter to the King of Bokhara, announcing to him his arrival, and declaring to him the object of his mission.

Wolff met at *Jehaar-Joo* the same Jews whom he met twelve years before there, and who then joyfully accompanied him on his visit to Bokhara; but *now* they looked at him with terror and sadness, and advised him not to go. But Wolff pro-

ceeded, and arrived at *Karakol*. When he arrived at *Karakol*, where he was before most kindly received by the Governor and treated with horse-flesh and tea mixed with milk, salt, and grease, the Governor welcomed him again kindly, but told him sternly, "Thee he will kill." Wolff slept in that village the whole night. In the morning when he awoke, he called out to his servants, but all had left him. He at last found Hussein, the amiable rogue, and Wolff asked him, "Have you also left me?" He replied, "I will speak to you words of wisdom. One's own life is very sweet. I see you now in danger, and therefore I stand aloof from you. Should I observe that the King of Bokhara cuts off your head, I will run away as fast as I can. Should I observe that fortune again smiles upon you, I shall be again your humble servant."

Wolff left *Karakol* for Bokhara, which was thirty miles distant. The Governor had told him, "The moment that you see horsemen come out from Bokhara, you will observe that some come with baskets; those baskets will contain bandages with which you will be blind-folded, and chains with which you will be chained, and knives with which you will be slaughtered." Wolff had to drag his mule after him, forsaken by all his servants. The poor inhabitants on the road to Bokhara, said, "Now there shall be again another victim of a *guest* in Bokhara."

The whole country to Bokhara is most beauti-

ful, the weather was delightful, country-houses belonging to liberated slaves and to grandees of Bokhara, were passed on the road, all the fruits of Asia and Europe are found in that kingdom ; there, "all save the spirit of man is divine." Suddenly, three horsemen were observed from Bokhara, galloping towards Wolff. One after the other reached him, and asked, "Art thou Joseph Wolff?" Wolff said "Yes." At last the Grand Chamberlain reached him with two men having baskets in their hands. Wolff had lost all fear, or rather was indifferent what should happen. His servant Hussein peeped forth from behind a tree, the Turcomauns also were at a distance following him, as though having no connection with him. However, the Grand Chamberlain of the King saluted Wolff, by drawing his hands through his, and then stroking his beard, and said, "The King of kings! The Prince of the believers! *Nuser-Oollah-Behadur*, feels great kindness towards you ; he has declared you his guest." Then opening the baskets, instead of bandages and chains, most delicious pomegranates, apples, pears, melons, cherries, roasted horse-flesh, veal, tea with milk, salt, and grease, and tea with sugar and milk (for the King had heard that Wolff drank tea in that way on his first visit to Bokhara) were produced from out of them.

When Hussein, his servant, saw that, he sprang forward from the tree, came to Wolff, and said to them, "I am Wolff's servant, I must have a share

of that ;” and the Turcomaun of Mowr took courage, and said to the Grand Chamberlain, “What our *Khaleefa* is in Mowr, Joseph Wolff is in England. The Queen of England sits here, Joseph Wolff sits here (pointing to particular spots), and the Queen never undertakes anything of importance without first consulting Joseph Wolff. And the Grand Vizier (*i. e.* ‘Prime Minister’) of England, never sits down in the presence of Joseph Wolff, but stands before him with his hands folded.” Wolff told the Turcomaun not to tell lies, and that on his arrival in Bokhara he would speak for himself.

Wolff arrived in Bokhara in the month of April. Thousands of persons were in the streets, shouting “Welcome, heartily welcome!” The Master of Ceremonies came and asked Wolff whether he would submit to the etiquette observed at the court. Wolff said : “In what does it consist?” He replied, “You will be placed before the King ; your shoulders will be taken hold of, and you will say three times, ‘Asylum of the world ! Peace to the king !’” Wolff replied, “Tell his Majesty that I am ready to say so thirty times.” Wolff was then presented to his Majesty the following day.

Certainly 20,000 persons were in the street shouting “Welcome ! heartily welcome !” Wolff found himself in a real Tartar capital. The Tshagatay, the Hazarah, the Calmuc, the Osbeck, with their stumpy noses, little eyes widely set apart

from each other, short, thick-set beards, cotton gowns, large and heavy boots, and having their hands folded across their breasts and each thrust into the gown were there; also Hindoos from Scinde, and Jews, all of whom bowed. The *Serkerdeha* (i. e. "the Grandees of the Empire") who form the Diet (called in the Tartar language the *Kuruldai*), came out of the palace where they had consulted with his Majesty, (the Prince of the believers, as he is called,)—or rather, to be truthful, they had bowed in all points to the decision of the tyrant. The whole body of *Serkerdeha* were riding with large sticks in their hands, on stately horses, and upon each stick the name of the tribe was written to which each of them belonged: those mighty chiefs are sometimes at variance with each other, as also with the Turcomauns of Khivah; and when they make peace they assemble in an immense camp, and choose a Dictator, and after the peace is made, they join one stick to another, and exclaim, "*We have become one.*"

It is worth while to copy the following passage from the prophecy of Ezekiel, chap. xxxvii. v. 15–22; 24, 25: "*The word of the Lord came again unto me, saying, Moreover, thou son of man, take thee one stick and write upon it, For Judah and for the children of Israel his companions: then take another stick and write upon it, For Joseph, the stick of Ephraim, and for all the house of Israel his companions: and join them one to another into one stick; and they shall become one in thine hand. And when the children of*

thy people shall speak unto thee, saying, Wilt thou not show us what thou meanest by these? Say unto them, thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I will take the stick of Joseph, which is in the hand of Ephraim, and the tribes of Israel his fellows, and will put them with him, even with the stick of Judah, and make them one stick, and they shall be one in mine hand. And the sticks whereon thou writest shall be in thine hand before their eyes. And say unto them, thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I will take the children of Israel from among the heathen, whither they be gone, and will gather them on every side, and bring them into their own land: And I will make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel: and one king shall be king to them all: and they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all: And David my servant shall be king over them; and they shall all have one shepherd: they shall also walk in my judgments, and observe my statutes and do them. And they shall dwell in the land that I have given unto Jacob my servant, wherein your fathers have dwelt; and they shall dwell therein, even they, and their children, and their children's children for ever: and my servant David shall be their prince for ever," &c. The said Kurulday was founded by Timoor.

Wolff at last entered the palace dressed in the clergyman's gown, doctor's hood and shovel hat; it was an astonishing sight indeed, for they never had seen such a thing in their lives since Bokhara was founded: the Jews exclaimed, "Welcome,

Joseph Wolff!" Wolff was then placed opposite the prince of the believers, *Nazer-oolah-behadur*, as disagreeable-looking a fellow as Wolff ever saw. The people of Khivah justly called him, "the Mule," because he was born of a Persian mother, and a donkey-like Osbeck, and was nursed by a Cossack woman. He had little eyes, his face was in continual convulsive movement, and it had a yellow complexion: no smile was ever seen on his face—he stared at Wolff, and Wolff at him. Wolff's shoulders were taken hold of, and he proceeded to stroke his beard with great energy, and in a tremendous voice said, "Asylum of the world! Peace to the King!" He repeated this above thirty times, when the grimace-making prince suddenly burst into a fit of laughter, and said, "Enough, enough, I am quite satisfied. Come upstairs to me, and I will look at you." Wolff went up, and sat down opposite to him, and the King, swaying himself from right to left, looked at him all the while, narrowly scrutinizing him. Then he said the following words, "*Thou eccentric man! thou star with a tail!* neither like a Jew, nor a Christian, nor like a Hindoo, nor like a Russian, nor like an Osbeck—thou art Joseph Wolff." After that, at once he declared that he had punished Stoddart and Conolly with death. Stoddart had not paid him proper respect, and Conolly had had a long nose (*i. e.* "was very proud"). The King said to Conolly "You Englishmen come into a country in a stealthy manner, and take it." Conolly said, "We

do not come in a stealthy manner; but we went openly and in daylight to Cabul, and took it." When the King told him this, Wolff replied "There are in every country different customs and different manners; and, therefore, Stoddart, ignorant of the customs and etiquette in Bokhara, probably committed mistakes without the slightest intention of offending your Majesty."

Before Wolff proceeds with his own account, he must give some more particulars of the history and appearance of the tyrant before whom he stood. His clothes are quite those of a common Moollah, without any pomp or decoration. His power is unspeakably great; he has deprived the Moollahs of all their power, and taken the executive into his own hands. On his accession to the throne he killed five of his brothers; two of them, it is reported, were murdered in the territory of Kokan, and the others at *Orenburg* in Russia by a pretended friend sent after them by the King. After the death of his father, Turah-Zadeh was the eldest, and had actually taken possession of Bokhara; however, Nazer-oolah-behadur, the present King, retired to the fortress of Karshi. Hakim-beyk, his friend, remained at Bokhara, and gained over the people of Bokhara by his bearing, talent, intrepidity, and wealth, in favour of Nazer-oolah.

After he had thus joined the inhabitants, he sent word to Nazer-oolah to come with troops to the gates of Bokhara. As soon as he appeared, the gates were opened, and Turah-Zadeh was murdered,

and Nazer-oolah ascended the throne. A second brother was murdered in the arms of his mother. Omar-khan, a third brother, had the good fortune to escape, and he wandered about in the whole of Turkistan; spent some time among dervishes in the Turkish empire; performed, under the garb of a dervish, his pilgrimage to the *Kaaba*, at Mecca, and to the grave of Muhammad, at Medina; and returned again to the Sultan, at Stamboul. When Wolff, in 1832, was in the desert of Mowr, seated in the tent of a Jew, a dervish entered the tent of Wolff's Jewish host; and soon after an Osbeck came in, who stared at the dervish, and exclaimed suddenly, kissing his feet, "God preserve *Omar-Khan*, my padishah of Bokhara, son of Ameer-hyder-behadur." Omar-Khan said to the Osbeck, "Betray me not." Thus Omar-Khan wandered about in the desert of Mowr, and made an alliance with the King of Khivah; and Wolff heard after this that he was slain in battle against his brother, the present King.

It is also said, that the present King poisoned his own father. Hakimbeyk, who had assisted him to mount the throne, became his *Goosh-Bekee* (*i. e.* "Ear of the King"), or prime minister; and as long as he followed the advice of that wise minister, Nazer-oolah as the beloved King of Bokhara, and was feared by the kings around him, who sent ambassadors with presents to him; and Russia continued to be on friendly terms with the King of Bokhara. The object of that great minister was

to draw to Bokhara learned men, and men of arts, from all the countries of the earth. His friendship with Moorcroft had given him a predilection for England; and he desired Wolff, in 1832, to prevail on the British Government to send physicians, and officers, and an ambassador to Bokhara. Sir Alexander Burnes, after Wolff, received the favours of that great man. So wise was Hakim-beyk, that the dervishes of Bokhara began to sing the praises of the King of Bokhara, and of his great minister. They told how the town of Bokhara became so adorned with beautiful mosques; and outside Bokhara gardens and country-houses were planned. But Nazer-oolah-behadur became jealous of the Goosh-Bekee.

About this time, that is in the year 1835, Abd-ul-Samut-Khan arrived from Cabul, having had to run away from Dost Muhammad Khan. This was the same fellow of whom Wolff mentioned that he had turned him out of his room at Peshawur, by the advice of Sir Alexander Burnes; and the rogue boasted that he had learned the military science under the Duke of Wellington, and that he had gained one hundred battles. That excellent Goosh-Bekee recommended him to the King, who nominated him the chief of the artillery, and of all the regular troops of Bokhara. The Goosh-Bekee poured favours upon the new comer, whilst Abd-ul-Samut-Khan, that horrid intriguer, was all the time intriguing against his benefactor; and he made the King believe that the

Goosh-Bekee was in secret correspondence with the English, whom he had advised to invade the country. Thus the influence of the Goosh-Bekee began visibly to decline.

About that time a report reached the King that an Englishman was on his way to Khiva, and he sent soldiers (Osbecks) after him, who made a prisoner of that Englishman. His name was Lieutenant Wyburd. He was cast into the prison called *Siyahjaa* ("black well"), and after that into the dungeon of the Nayeib, who treated him in the most cruel manner, and continually said to him, "I know how to treat you Europeans to humble you." After a year or so, before the arrival of Colonel Stoddart, the Ameer sent for Wyburd, and said to him, "If you will become a Mussulman, and enter my service, I will have mercy on you, and treat you well." But Wyburd answered, "Understand that I am an Englishman, and therefore I shall neither change my religion, nor enter the service of a tyrant." He was then led forth to execution, and he said, "Now you shall see how an Englishman and Christian can die!" He bowed his head, which was cut off, and his body was cast into a well.

When the Goosh-Bekee appeared before Nazer-behadur, the respect of the servants was no longer paid to him as before. The Goosh-Bekee bowed three times to the ground, stroked three times his beard, and recited the first chapter of the Koran, called *Fatkha*, and then he stroked again his beard.

The King asked him to sit down, which he did, bowing again to the ground. Then the King asked, "What is thy request?" He said, "O Hasrat! I have devoted my old days and my grey hairs to the service of my king and my master; I have served many years your father, to whom God has been merciful. I have not gathered treasure; and I did all this that you might become a powerful monarch, honoured by all nations, and that you might become like Timoor, and that your name might be renowned, like that of Scander Sulkar-neyn. But in what have I now sinned, that my advice is no longer heard?"

The King demanded "What is thy desire?" He replied, "Why has your Majesty pulled down those beautiful palaces, which you built with so much expense, and which were the delight of the inhabitants? And besides this, why does your Majesty arrest Englishmen in the highways, and bring them prisoners to Bokhara? England is a powerful nation; all Hind belongs to it. Shah Soojah-El-Moolk, and Shah Zemaun, the two Kings of Affghanistan, have found shelter in the dominions of England. Runjud Singh, the idolater, threatens to attack Affghanistan, and, if once in Affghanistan, he may come to Bokhara. On the other side we are threatened from Russia and Khiva, and the Guzl-Bash will unite to destroy the King of Bokhara, which may God prevent! What can save us from all these evils, except a strict alliance with England?" The King told

him to retire, and promised to profit by his advice.

Soon after this the Reis (*i. e.* the Great Moollah), who enforces with bastinadoes and death obedience to the observance of the rites of the Muhammadan religion, preached one day to the Muhammadans in the following manner: "The King is a shepherd, the subjects are sheep. The shepherd may do with the sheep as he thinks proper: he may take the wife from the husband, for the wife is the sheep of the King as well as the husband; and he may make use of any other man's wife, just as he pleases." From that moment Nazer-oolah became the greatest profligate at Bokhara. He employed all his chamberlains as so many ruffians; the persons who were not willing to give up their wives were instantly put to death; and he so habituated them to tyranny that the husband, on being deprived of his wife, sighed, and resigned himself to the will of the King, with the exclamation: "*This is the Royal Act,*" "*to them the sword is given!*" These are also the very words of St. Paul. The Goosh-Bekee resisted, on which account he was put in prison, and then executed by order of the Ameer, behind the palace, on the spot where afterwards Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly were executed. The people of Bokhara, and all the rest of the Turcomaun nation, attach a particular efficacy to the touching of the King's garments or hands, and believe that sick people may be cured by the simple touch of the King.

Wolff was then examined by the Minister for Foreign Affairs respecting the purpose for which he came to Bokhara. Wolff then stated that fourteen years ago he was himself in Bokhara, and was well received ; after him came Sir Alexander Burnes, then two officers, highly beloved and honoured by the British Government and all their countrymen. Stoddart and Conolly made also bold, and came to Bokhara ; but the report was now all over Europe, and America, and Hindostan, that both these officers had been put to death ; and the shout was heard throughout Europe, and thousands in England exclaimed, " War with Bokhara ! "

Here the Minister for Foreign Affairs interrupted Wolff by asking, " How far is England from Bokhara ? " Dil Assah Khan, the chief of the nine Mervee, those scoundrels sent with Wolff from the Governor-General of Khorassan, replied, " Six months." Wolff said, " This was a lie ; for there was scarcely a distance of three months." The Ministers then said, " What is therefore now your request ? " Dil Assah Khan replied, " His object is to establish friendship between England and the King of Bokhara." Wolff replied, " I have no authority for that ; but my object is, first to ask, where are my friends, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly ? If alive, I beg his Majesty to send them back with me to England ; if dead, his Majesty will state his reasons for putting them to death ; and also send with me an Ambassador to England."

Wolff perceived that, if he did not hold out some hopes of reconciliation, he (the King) would be driven to despair, and perhaps put him (Wolff) to death; and, at the same time, the Ambassador would serve Wolff as an escort on his journey through the desert.

The Prime Minister asked Wolff, "Has the British Government itself authorized you to come here?" Wolff said, "He was authorized by all the Powers of Europe, and by the Sultan of Constantinople, and by the King of Persia, and by the Emperor of Russia." The Prime Minister then said, "Why are you dressed in red and black colours?" (for Wolff wore his clergyman's gown and doctor's hood.) Wolff replied, "That it was a custom of the great Moollahs of England." The King's chamberlain then asked, "Have those colours some meaning?" Wolff replied, "With me they have; the black colour indicates that Wolff mourns over the death of his countrymen; and the red colour indicates that Wolff is ready to die for his faith."

Wolff then returned to his lodging, which was the house formerly belonging to the King's brother, who was killed by the present King. And from that moment all liberty of going out as he pleased was taken away. Wolff was watched day and night by the Makhrams ("chamberlains") of the King.

Makhram.—"Youssuf (Joseph) Wolff, his Majesty has been graciously pleased to order you to answer two questions, which he proposes to you

now, through his slave. The first question is, 'Are you able to awake the dead?' 'Here, it is to be observed, that one of the Grand Moollahs informed Wolff afterwards, in the greatest confidence, that the King had ordered this question, because he wished that Wolff should awake Stoddart and Conolly from the dead; for the moment Wolff departed from the presence of the King, he had said, "How wonderful! I have in my empire two hundred thousand slaves, and no soul ever came from Persia to ask after any one of them: and here I have killed a few Englishmen, and Joseph Wolff comes with a Bible in his hand, and enters my capital without a sword, and without a gun, and demands those two Englishmen. I wish Wolff could make them alive again; his coming here has inflicted on me a wound which will never be healed."

The second question was this: "Whether he knew when Jesus Christ would return here upon earth?" for his Majesty had heard that when Wolff was at Bokhara, many years before, he had said "that Christ would return after fifteen years." Wolff replied, that "since that time he had some doubts of the correctness of his calculation, for the meaning of the numbers mentioned by the Prophet Daniel admits of a twofold interpretation;" yet Wolff was convinced, by the signs of the times, that the time of the coming of Jesus was at hand.

Wolff then read to the servants of the King

the whole of the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth chapters of St. Matthew, and the twenty-first chapter of the Holy Gospel by St. Luke, and the thirty-fourth chapter of Isaiah; and he expounded those chapters to them, in the presence of hundreds of people. Every word Wolff expounded was written down by the King's servants, so that actually they remained with Wolff the whole day, during which time they had written down thirty sheets in Persian, and then they brought the writing to the King, who read it to a great number of Moollahs of the Colleges of Bokhara, to the astonishment of all.

Then, the next day, the Chamberlain came again to Wolff, and said: "His Majesty wishes to know the names of the four great Viziers of England; and the names of the twelve little Viziers of England; and the names of the forty Noblemen of England." Wolff, perceiving that Stoddart and Conolly must have given information to the King in an Eastern style, gave to them the following answer: "That the four Great Viziers were, first, Sir Robert Peel; secondly, Lord Aberdeen; thirdly, Sir James Graham; fourthly, Lord Wharnccliffe." And, as to the twelve little Ministers, Wolff formed the cabinet of ministers of his own choice. And, instead of the names of forty noblemen, he gave them the names of fifty Dukes, Earls, Viscounts, and Barons, all tumbled together.

They brought the list to the King, and his

Majesty immediately sent for Wolff, and was dreadfully angry. He said, "You have told me lies; for the four great ministers whose names were given to me by Stoddart and Conolly—by each of them separately—agree; but yours do not agree." Wolff then immediately knew the reason, and said: "I beg your Majesty not to tell me the names given to your Majesty by Stoddart and Conolly, for I will mention those very persons also," Wolff then mentioned the names of Lord Melbourne, &c., and Wolff told him, at the same time, that he must tell his Majesty candidly, that the names of the twelve little ministers were not quite so certain, as it was merely guess-work with Wolff. The King then said, "What has become of those four Ministers whose names were given to me by Stoddart and Conolly: has the Queen killed them?" Wolff replied, "No," and then he attempted to give to the King an idea of Whig and Tory governments; but he made in that attempt such a hotch-potch, that neither the King nor he himself could understand it.

CHAPTER XVII.

ABD-UL-SAMUT-KHAN; HIS VILLAINY; FATE OF STODDART AND
CONOLLY CONFIRMED BY THE JEWS.

ON returning home to his lodging, Wolff saw caravans arriving, which came from Siberia, Khiva, and Astrakhan, composed of thousands of camels, with people called the Tshagatay, Nogay, Calmucs, from Yarkand in Chinese Tartary; and Banians, people of Scinde and Pooluj. One could understand well the passage in Isaiah lx. "A host of camels shall cover thee, dromedaries of Midian and Ephah." Wolff was ordered, the day following, to mount a horse, and was to proceed to visit that horrid villain who lived one mile out of the town, in a garden, the chief of the artillery above-mentioned, even ABD-UL-SAMUT-KHAN, the Persian, and instigator of the murder of the Goosh-Bekee.

He received Wolff with great apparent kindness; breakfast was prepared, consisting of chocolate, roasted veal, and chickens. The host sat, without looking Wolff in the face, but treated him, seemingly, with kindness. He said, "I saw you at Peshawur, and I know all about you." He certainly had not forgotten that Wolff had, at that time, turned him out of his room. And then he

continued, "At present England and Bokhara are at war, and are enemies; but after you shall have heard how those two officers, Stoddart and Conolly, behaved, England and Bokhara shall be friends, which I dearly wish. By the Osbecks I am suspected of being an Englishman, and by the English I am suspected of being an Osbeck; but I am neither the one nor the other. All I wish is, that the truth should be known; and now I will tell you all about it."

And then that horrid fellow told the story, almost in the same words in which Wolff had been informed already by the King himself, and by the Jews of Mowr, and by every one else. The death of Conolly and Stoddart took place (many months before Wolff's arrival) in the year 1842! not in the year 1843, of which he was afterwards still more confirmed by a Jew named Cohen, who arrived from Bokhara in England, in the year 1846. Intrigues were practised upon Wolff, so that the date was different in his first publication; but all this must be passed over. The British Government was right in every particular.

Whilst Wolff was with Abd-ul-Samut-Khan, a band of soldiers came near the house, and commenced playing the English National Anthem, "God save the Queen;" they were native Indians, sepoy, and also soldiers of Rundjud Singh, who had learned the melody from English soldiers, and who had been made prisoners in the disaster of

Cabul, by the Affghans, and sold to the King of Bokhara.

All this conversation during breakfast took place in the presence of those nine rascals who had been sent with Wolff from Meshed to Bokhara; and, after this, that horrid scoundrel sent those companions out of his room.

Now, Wolff has to observe that he has been found fault with for having used, in his first volume, the word "*scoundrel*;" but, really, he thinks using any other epithet with regard to Abd-ul-Samut-Khan would be misapplied, of which his English friends will be convinced when they hear, almost verbatim, the words of that ruffian.

After Wolff's companions had retired, Nayeab Abd-ul-Samut-Khan began to weep, and said, "Both Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly have been put to death *without a sin or crime on their part*. Poor Stoddart was a prisoner; he was so much worn out, that when he (Stoddart) came to me, he had not a shirt on his back, and was pale as a wall. I offered to the King one hundred thousand tillahs (these are ducats) for the release of Stoddart and Conolly, but he would not give ear to my proposal; all his Majesty replied was, 'They are spies, and as spies they must die.' Soon after this another Englishman came, whose name I do not know; he was also put to death, and one Frankee, Naselli by name, who had letters for Avitabile, at Lahore.

"The tyrant," continued Abd-ul-Samut-Khan, "intended putting me to death, and, for two years past, did not give me any salary, until he saw that he could not go on without me; and thus he acted even after I had taken Khokan, and if he had been able to have taken Khiva, he certainly would have cut off my head. Let the British Government send one officer to Khokan, another to Khoollom, another to Khiva, and thus let those Khans be induced to march against Bokhara, and let the British Government only give me twenty or thirty thousand tillahs, and I am ready to support them. I make *Halt, Front!*" (He said this in English, the only words he knew besides *No force.*) "Three days after they were killed, the tyrant sent Makhram Saadat, who gave to me the full report of it, and I went to see the spot. There is a custom, on the circumcision of a son, to invite some great man, who takes the child upon his knees. I intend, if the British Government will give me twenty thousand tillahs, to invite the King, place him upon a seat undermined, and, the moment he sits down, I will blow him up. I know that he intends to kill me, but——" (here the hypocrite lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said,) "*Inshallah!* ('God willing!') I shall put him to death."

Wolff replied, "This neither the British Government, nor any Christian, will ever approve of; for kings are considered by us as *Sille-Ullah* (*i. e.* 'the shadows of God'). I will now ask you a

question, and this it is, 'What did the King say when he heard of my arrival?'"

To this Nayeab replied, "When he received a letter from the Khaleefa of Mowr, announcing to him your arrival, he informed me of it. I asked 'What does your Majesty intend to do with him?' He replied, 'If he bring no letter from Dowlat he shall fare like the former—I will put him to death.' But his mind was so restless that he assembled about twenty *serkerdela* ('grandeess'), most of whom advised him to put you to death. One of them, my enemy, who was dismissed on my account from his situation of Governor of Samarcand, said to him, 'Your Majesty asks me for my advice, I would recommend your Majesty first to kill the Nayeab, and then the Englishman.' I received this news only yesterday, when Moollah Haji informed me of it by his wife. But, fear not, I will stand by you; and, to prove I have been a friend of Stoddart and Conolly, and Sir Alexander Burnes, I will show you something." Here he produced the following document:—

From Colonel Stoddart.

"6th November, 1841.

"I write this document in certificate of my sense of the good offices rendered to me at Bokhara by Nayeab Abd-ul-Samut-Khan, who was extremely kind to me while I was recovering, under God's mercy, from severe fever and ague. I was ordered to this house, in the beginning of

this year, from the Daster-Khanjée: and since I have been with him he has been of good service in forwarding my communications to and from the Ameer, and with Government, and in aiding to obtain permission for my departure from Bokhara. I have reported, and will further report, all the details of his good offices to Government, and I give him this as testimony of my gratification, and sense of his kindness, by way of introduction to any Englishman, and, as he has requested it, thinking it may some day serve him, with my last prayer that God Almighty may bless him and his family. I sign this,

“CHARLES STODDART.”

Wolff then remarked “If Colonel Stoddart received permission to depart, why did he not go?” The Nayeib replied “that he (Stoddart) did not wish to go.”

At last that horrid fellow showed his cowardice, and real mind, more and more. One evening, he began to say, “About one matter I have been astonished, and that is, why have you brought such shabby presents to the King? The present you brought is valued in the market at thirty tillahs” (fifteen pounds). And thus, by little and little, that fellow showed himself more and more to be a rogue; and by hints Wolff received from persons (whose names for obvious reasons he cannot mention), and from Abd-ul-Samut-Khan’s own

confession, Wolff's eyes were opened, and he was convinced that Abd-ul-Samut-Khan was the instigator and murderer of Stoddart and Conolly.

However, in the mean time, Wolff was shown, by order of the King, the Muhammadan colleges of Bokhara. In these colleges the writings of the learned soonnees, as well as of the sheahs, oratory, poetry, and logic are taught, besides the Koran, and disputations are carried on in a scholastic manner. The reasons which the Moollahs assign universally for not drinking wine is most extraordinary. They say, that Muhammad, the Prophet of God, had forbidden wine, because the Christians use it in offering their sacrifice (evidently alluding to the blessed sacrament of the Lord's body and blood); and it appears that it is for that very reason the Jews do not drink wine made by Christians.

The Synagogue of the Jews at Bokhara is a very ancient building, quite out of repair. The King gave his consent, during Wolff's stay there, to the Jews having their synagogue repaired, without extending the ground. They have an ancient manuscript of the Prophet Daniel; and in chapter 8th is the number two thousand four hundred, instead of two thousand three hundred, which agrees with the calculation of James Hatley Freer; and Freer's suspicion is that the number *two thousand three hundred* is not correct. The King of Bokhara goes frequently to the house

of Rabbi Simha, the richest Jew of Bokhara, on the day of Tabernacles, and sees him celebrate that feast, and partakes of their dinner.

Bokhara is situate in $39^{\circ} 37'$ north latitude, and $80^{\circ} 19'$ east longitude. It is surrounded by deserts, and watered by the little river Wafkan, which flows between forests of fruit-trees and gardens. It has eleven gates, and a circumference of fifteen English miles; three hundred and sixty mosques, twenty-two caravanserais, many baths and bazaars, and the old palace called Ark, built by Arslan Khan, one thousand years ago, and has about one hundred splendid colleges. The houses have neither roofs nor windows. The population amounts to one hundred and eighty thousand, composed of Tatshicks, Nogays, Affghans, Marvee, Osbecks, and ten thousand Jews, who are dyers and silk-traders, and must wear a small cap, and girdle around their waist, to be distinguished from the Muhammadans. There are several thousand slaves. There are about three hundred merchants from Scinde, and many dervishes. Whole streets contain nothing but shops and magazines for merchants, from all parts of Turkistan, Cashgar, Hindostan, and Russia. There are great numbers of country houses, with gardens called Jehaar-Baghs, in the suburbs. Most delightful villages are to be found for eight miles round Bokhara. A sickness prevails, chiefly in the city, called *Rishta*, which causes an immense worm to come out of the

knees and arms and makes people frequently lame for life ; it is ascribed to the water.

Ophthalmia is also prevalent. There is only one Jewish physician of any skill who prides himself on knowing the sense of the word "anti-monial," and perpetually uses it ; just as Abd-ul-Samut-Khan prides himself on knowing how to say, "Halt! Front!" Amongst the productions of Bokhara the fruits of Europe, as well as those of Asia, are to be found. The inhabitants bake their own bread, exactly as it is done in Saxony. In the cities of Oratepa, Karakol, and Jesagh, Osbeck chiefs, called Serkerdeha, have their country-houses ; but they are now much oppressed by Nazeroolah-behadur, the present King of Bokhara, who often takes possession of their wives and sons.

One day the chamberlain came, and said to Wolff, "The King wants to know whether it is true that you are acquainted with seventy-two languages, with seventy-two religions, with seventy-two nations ; whether you have conversed in them all ; and whether your design in coming to Bokhara is to oblige all its inhabitants to embrace the religion of Jesus ; and whether you have been in Sulmustaun ('the land of darkness'), which is not far from Tunis?" Wolff told him the number of languages he could speak.

Another day, the King sent again his chamberlain with the question, "How do the Christians prove their religion?" Wolff replied, "That

the Divine Founder of the Christian religion, Jesus, was predicted thousands of years before His coming upon earth. Secondly, by the miracles which Jesus performed ; by the life and conversation of Jesus ; by the fulfilment of His prophecies ; by the effect which Christianity has produced, for Christianity teaches a man to set a proper value upon human blood ; Christianity fills the heart with compassion and love."

Another day he came with the request that Wolff should write for the King the history of Muhammad, which he did in full.

At last, the Ambassador from Persia arrived, with the demand from the King of Persia, that the King of Bokhara should send Wolff back to England. The Ambassador showed the greatest kindness to Joseph Wolff. However, the intrigues of Abd-ul-Samut-Khan were horrible, so that the departure of Wolff was delayed from day to day ; and at last Wolff attempted to escape, but he was prevented from doing so. He therefore one day went to Abd-ul-Samut-Khan, and said to him, "THOU ART THE MURDERER OF STODDART AND CONOLLY, AND OTHER EUROPEANS ; THOU ART A BLOOD-HOUND." The Nayeb replied, " Yes, I am ; I know how to manage you Englishmen ; and I will pay you for having insulted me at Peshawur."

It is utterly impossible that Wolff could give a description of the countenance of the blood-hound, when he said these words. His whole face became convulsed, distorted, and crooked, and pale with

anger and rage; grinning, laughing, raging, just like an apparition from hell!!! Wolff pushed him, and he dared not return it. Wolff said, "Thou murderer!" He replied, "Yes, I am." On leaving him, and riding on horseback, with the chamberlain, on his return to the house, a Cossack, with an immensely large whip, came from Orenburg, bordering on Siberia, and gave some money to Wolff's guard. He had just left the King's palace. He rode up to Wolff and said, "*Joseph Wolff, fear nothing*; the Emperor Nicholas Pawlowitsh, the Czar of Russia, takes care of you." He whipped his horse, rode through the town, and back to Orenburg; and the inhabitants of Bokhara exclaimed to Wolff, as he passed them, "Thou victim, thou art a good man."

At last, the King ordered Wolff to go back to his lodging; and he was further ordered not to stir out of the house without permission from his Majesty, who felt greatly incensed that Wolff had openly declared in Bokhara, that it was his Majesty's intention to put him to death, and that his Majesty had been red in the face from anger. The King, therefore, asked Wolff if he would leave Bokhara without honour and in disgrace; or with honour and filled with favour. In the first case, his Majesty would furnish him with a simple passport; but, in the second case, he would, after his return from Samarcand, adorn him with a robe of honour, and send an ambassador with him to England. Wolff sent word in answer,

that he was very sorry for having given cause to his Majesty to be angry with him ; and, with respect to the mode of his going out from Bokhara, he left that entirely to his Majesty's choice.

The next day, the King set out for Samarcand, with the view of reconquering Khokan and Tashkand. Previous to the King's departure for Samarcand, the Jews asked his leave to visit Wolff, and among others, Moollah Mashiakh from Balkh, who is now in India, to which country he was forced to fly, for reasons which will be assigned in the sequel of this narrative, and where he has found protection, and countenance from Lord Dalhousie. And beside Moollah Mashiakh, other Jews, especially those who had been converted by Joseph Wolff's instrumentality to the Christian faith, made the like request. All these asked permission from the King to visit Joseph Wolff in his house, when the King replied, " Yes, you Jews may visit him ; but I hear that he carries on his conversation in Hebrew, which I will not allow, he must carry it on in Persian, in order that my Chamberlains and Secretaries, who will be with Wolff the whole day (and some of them even sleep in his room) may write down every word he says."

Now this was a most cruel order, for Wolff wished to cross-examine the Jews during the whole of his stay in Bokhara concerning the deaths of Stoddart and Conolly. Wolff therefore contrived a method of conversing with the Jews in Hebrew, in the presence of the Osbecks, with-

out their knowing that he did converse in Hebrew, and he managed it in the following manner. First of all, he conversed with them in the Persian language for the space of an hour, on all kinds of subjects; among others, they said, "Joseph Wolff, sing us a Hebrew melody, for your voice is sonorous and sweet." Wolff sang in a plaintive strain, "By the Waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, for we remembered Zion." He sang also the Hymn of the Jews in Turkistan with them.

"The King, our Messiah, shall come.
The Mighty of the mighty is He,
The King, the King, the King, our Messiah shall come :
The Blessed of the blessed is He :
The King, the King, our Messiah :
The Great One of the great is He."

They then asked Wolff the names of the principal Jews converted to Christianity, and he gave them the names; but he would not be sincere if he were not to state candidly that he also roused himself sometimes, in his dangerous condition, by singing not merely sacred melodies, but also German songs, such as Schiller's "Wallenstein."

"Up, up, comrades,
Let us march to the field;
Let us fight the battles of liberty."

He also sang sometimes, the robber song, "Rinaldo, Rinaldini," so that the whole palace resounded with it, and Abbas-kooli-Khan, the Persian Am-

bassador, his great friend, was rejoiced to perceive him bear up against his dreadful state, surrounded as he was by spies. But Wolff was also determined to speak in Hebrew; so, after the conversation had been carried on for two hours in Persian, he said to the Jews, "Now let us not always chatter. After we have conversed in Persian, I wish to read something to you in the Hebrew Bible, in order that you may tell me whether my pronunciation is good or not."

Wolff then opened the Book of Esther and began to read, in a chanting manner, in Hebrew, the following words, which are given in English; but the reader must imagine that what he is reading is Hebrew, and then he will have a clearer idea how he managed it.

Wolf began to read, in Hebrew, from the first chapter, the first verse of Esther, "*Now it came to pass in the days of Ahasuerus, (this is Ahasuerus which reigned, from India even unto Ethiopia, over an hundred and seven and twenty provinces :) (and, continuing in the same voice, exactly as if he were reading, looking, also, in the Bible, as if it were a continuation of the verse, he said)—“Now, my dear friends, to-morrow morning each of you must come with a Bible, and we will first speak Persian, and after that we will read Hebrew, and I will ask you questions, exactly as if I were reading from the text; and you will read the following verses in the same manner, and you will answer in the same way as if you were reading from your bibles.”*

Now the Jews, who are no fools, in whatever country they may be, understood the drift of all this, and they turned to the Osbeck spies and said, "Wolff reads Hebrew very fluently, but his pronunciation is wretched. To-morrow each of us will bring a Hebrew Bible, and we will read in them, we one verse, and he one verse, and thus we shall teach him the true pronunciation." The next day they came, and talked with Wolff on different topics, and after having had some conversation in Persian, Wolff said, "Now let us read Hebrew again." And he began to read the second verse of the first chapter of the Book of Esther, in the following manner, again chanting: "*That in those days, when the king Ahasuerus sat on the throne of his kingdom, which was in Shushan the palace:*"—"Now, my dear friends, tell me what kind of fellow is the King of this country?" A Jew began to read the third verse. "*In the third year of his reign, he made a feast unto all his princes and his servants; the power of Persia and Media, the nobles and princes of the provinces, being before him:*"—"As to the King of this country, oh! that his name and memory may be blotted out from the Book of Life; he is a great rascal and tyrant." And then another Jew began to read the fourth verse. "*When he showed the riches of his glorious kingdom and the honour of his excellent majesty many days, even an hundred and fourscore days;*"—"but the King of this country is not by far so wicked a scoundrel as that horrid Persian outside the town, who was the instigator of the murder of your countrymen.

Ephraim, a Jew, who came here to assist your countrymen, when that villain informed the King of it, was beheaded. And Wolff, be on your guard."

Thus Wolff carried on conversations with the Jews for three months without being discovered ; but, strange to say, years after, Moollah Meshiak, who chiefly read the Bible in this way with Wolff, was betrayed, and he made his escape to Hindostan, when Lord Dalhousie received him most kindly, of which Wolff was informed at Ile Brewers by the Directors of the Honourable East India Company. Abbas-kooli-Khan, the Persian Ambassador, seeing how wretched Wolff was, actually had one of his servants to sleep with him in his room, in order that he might not be assassinated ; and a very extraordinary circumstance happened at this time in Bokhara.

While the King was absent at Samarcand, Muhammad Bakeer Nakash, the painter, formerly in the service of Conolly, loudly exclaimed in a bath, "The Europeans are, by far, better than the Mussulmans ; Muhammad was no prophet. He was a cruel tyrant, and so are all his followers. There is one God, but no prophet does exist." He was brought before the Sheikh Islam, who said to him, "Is it true that you have made such a declaration?" Muhammad Bakeer replied, "Yes, I have loudly proclaimed that there is no prophet." The Sheikh said, "You believe, perhaps, that Jesus is a prophet." Bakeer replied, "No." Then the Sheikh Islam said, "Joseph Wolff does not agree

with you, for he believes that Jesus is not only a prophet, but he calls him also the Son of God." The whole was reported to the King in Samarcand, but, strange to say, Bakeer was not put to death.

The letter of the King of Persia at last arrived. It was written and sent to the care of the Assaffood-Dowla, at Meshed; who delivered it to Wolff's friend, Moollah Mehdee; who, with the greatest secrecy, delivered it into the hands of a Turcoman for Abbas Kooli Khan, at Bokhara. Most providential it was that Haji-Ibrahim, brother of Abd-ul-Samut-Khan, was not at Meshed at the time; for on his return to Meshed he learned that Moollah Mehdee had sent off a letter from the Shah to the Ameer. He, in a rage, ran at once to Moollah Mehdee, and said to him "Why did you send away the letter from the King of Persia to the Ameer of Bokhara? and why did you not give the letter to me; when I would have forwarded the letter to my brother, Abd-ul-Samut-Khan, who would have delivered it himself to the King?" What would have been the fate of that letter is obvious.

Wolff at that time wrote to all the monarchs of Europe the following letter:—

" Bokhara, 1844.

" SIRS,—

" I set out for Bokhara to ransom the lives of two officers, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly; but both of them were murdered many

months previous to my departure, and I do not know whether this blood of mine will be spilt,—I do not supplicate for my own safety, but, Monarchs; two hundred thousand Persian slaves, many of them people of high talent, sigh in the kingdom of Bokhara. Endeavour to effect their liberation, and I shall rejoice in the grave that my blood has been thus the cause of the ransom of so many human beings. I am too much agitated, and too closely watched, to be able to say more.

“JOSEPH WOLFF.”

Abdullah, Wolff's servant, ran, without leave of Wolff, to Abd-ul-Samut-Khan, who sent word to Wolff that the King had read a letter, written by Lord Ellenborough, about Wolff, and then said, “Now it is proper that I should kill Joseph Wolff!” In this hour of deep distress Wolff wrote to Lady Georgiana:—

“MY DEAREST WIFE,—

“Never, never, never, for a moment lose your love, and obedience, and faith in Jesus Christ; and pray for me, that I may remain faithful to Him in the hour of trial; and exhort the churches in England to pray for me, to our most blessed Redeemer, Jesus Christ. Give my love to Lady Catherine Long; my regards to all my friends.

“Your most loving husband,

“JOSEPH WOLFF.”

The King returned from Samarcand, and Wolff called on him; but the King scarcely looked at him. The day following a Moollah came and asked Wolff, in his Majesty's name, whether he would turn Mussulman? Wolff replied, "Tell the King NEVER, NEVER, NEVER." The Moollah asked Wolff, "Have you not a more polite answer for the King?" Wolff replied, "I beg you to tell his Majesty that you asked Wolff whether he had not a more polite answer for his Majesty, and he (Wolff) replied, 'No—No—No.'" A few hours after this the *executioner* came—the same man who had put to death both Stoddart and Conolly; and he said, "Joseph Wolff, to thee it shall happen as it did to Stoddart and Conolly;" and then he made a significant motion at Wolff's heart with his hand. Wolff prepared for death. He carried opium about with him, so that in case his throat was cut he might not feel the pain. However, at last he cast away the opium, and prayed, and wrote in his Bible these words:—

"MY DEAREST GEORGIANA,—

"I have loved you unto death.

"Your affectionate husband,

"J. WOLFF.

"BOMBARA, 1844."

That very same day his friend the Persian Ambassador sent word to the King that he had received a letter from his Majesty Muhammad Shah. The King sent word that Abbas-Kooli-

Khan should send the letter by the Minister for Foreign Affairs; but Abbas-Kooli-Khan replied that he had received orders from his Court to deliver the letter in person,—his Majesty at last consented to his coming to the Palace. Abbas-Kooli-Khan then delivered the letter to the Ameer, who, after having perused the letter, said, “Well, I make a present to you of Joseph Wolff; he may go with you.” Wolff was then ordered to go again to the Nayeb Abd-ul-Samut-Khan, who also would announce to him the King’s will. When he came to him the rascal told Wolff shortly, “You must give me three thousand ducats for having taken the trouble of speaking on your account to the King; and three thousand ducats you have to give me for my trouble.” He gave Wolff writing materials, and he wrote in English the following words:—

“In the garden of the infamous Abd-ul-Samut-Khan, surrounded by his banditti, and compelled by him, I write that he forced from me a note of hand for six thousand tillahs.

“JOSEPH WOLFF, Prisoner.”

An Affghan, Seyd, now entered Wolff’s house and said, “Ay, you Kafir, have you succeeded in cheating the Ameer; so that he has let you go? If he had only given you into my hands, I would soon have made away with you by my javelin.” Abbas-Kooli-Khan said to him, “Go, and leave the Frankee alone; he is a dervish.” “A dervish!” he sneeringly replied; “I know these Frankee

dervishes—I know these English dervishes. They go into a country, spy out mountains and valleys, seas and rivers; find out a convenient adit; and then go home, inform a gentleman there—a chief, who has the name of Company, who sends soldiers, and then takes a country. Tell him what I say.” After this he left the house.

Some Calmucks likewise purposely called on Wolff. They are also called the Eliad. They said, “We come to see the renowned Frankee dervish.” They are of a yellowish colour; they sat down, looked at Wolff, and made remarks on every movement of his body, which amused Abbas-Kooli-Khan so much that he laughed incessantly. After they had examined him from head to foot, the Ambassador advised Wolff to allow them to pursue still closer investigations, which he declined.

Wolff then had a visit from a Moollah from Bokhara, who asked him whether Timoor was much spoken of in England? Wolff replied in the affirmative. He then asked Wolff whether they knew of his daughter Agabeyk, and of his sister Turkan-Khatoon, and his only son, Jehaan-Geer? The death of these people, he said, made Timoor weep, who had a heart of iron, and never wept before. They are buried at Shaher-Sabz. Thus far the Moollah.

Timoor (iron) was the prophetic name of the son of Thusaghays, whose ancestors descended from the tribe of Berlas, the Grand Vizier of Tshagatay, Ghengis-Khan’s son. Timoor was born on the

very day when, by the death of Aboo Sayd Behadur Khan, the dynasty of Ghengis-Khan ended, in the year 1335. The Persian historians say of him, that he was not only a world-conqueror, but also a world-holder. Though Alexander the Great was more humane, he is evidently inferior to Timoor as a conqueror; for Timoor's conquests did not only comprise more countries than Alexander's, but he preserved a greater extent of country under subjection. Timoor, moreover, fought not, like Alexander, with effeminate nations, but with brave and warlike people; and besides, he was not given to vice; and also, not having been the son of a king, was the creator of his own power.

At the siege of the capital of Sistan he was wounded in one of his legs, which made him lame, whence he was called Timoor-Lank. He was of great stature, of an extraordinary large head, open forehead, and of a beautiful red and white complexion, and with long hair—white from his birth—like Zah, the renowned hero of Persian history. In his ears he wore two diamonds of great value. He was of a serious and gloomy expression of countenance, an enemy to every joke or jest, but especially to falsehood, which he hated to such a degree that he preferred a disagreeable truth to an agreeable lie; in this respect far different from the character of Alexander, who put to death Clitus, his friend and companion in arms, as well as the philosopher Calisthenes, for uttering disagreeable truths to him. Timoor never relin-

quished his purpose, or countermanded his order ; never regretted the past, nor rejoiced in the anticipation of the future ; he neither loved poets nor buffoons, but physicians, astronomers, and lawyers, whom he frequently desired to carry on discussions in his presence ; but most particularly he loved those dervishes, whose faces of sanctity paved his way to victory by their blessing. He was a great lover of chess, in which he excelled ; and from the famous move of "castling the king," his beloved son received the name *Shah Rook*, which means "king and castle." His most darling books were histories of war, and biographies of warriors and other celebrated men. His learning was confined to the knowledge of reading and writing ; but he had such a retentive memory that whatever he read or heard once, he never forgot. He was only acquainted with three languages—the Turkish, Persian, and Mongolian. The Arabic was foreign to him. He preferred the Tora of Ghengis-Khan to the Koran ; so that the Ulemas found it necessary to issue a Fetwa, by which they declared those to be infidels who preferred human laws to divine. He completed Ghengis-Khan's Tora by his own code, called Tufukat, which comprised the degrees and ranks of his officers. Without the philosophy of Antoninus, or the pedantry of Constantine, his laws exhibit a deep knowledge of military art and political science. Such principles were imitated successfully by his successors, Shah Baber and the great Shah Akbar, in Hindostan. The power of

his civil as well as military government consisted in a deep knowledge of other countries, which he acquired by his interviews with travellers and dervishes, so that he was fully acquainted with all the plans, manœuvres, and political movements of foreign courts and armies. He himself despatched travellers to various parts, who were ordered to lay before him the maps and descriptions of foreign countries.

The love and attachment of the army to Timoor were so great and so unlimited, that they would forego plunder in time of need, if ordered by him; and their subjection to him was so blind and unconditional, that it would only have cost him an order to cause himself to be proclaimed, not only as Emperor, but even as prophet of the Tatars. He endeavoured to soften the inclination to cruelty in his soldiers, composed of so many nations, by the presence of poets and learned men, of musicians and sooffees, who came in swarms to the army, and wandered with him through Asia.

Timoor's youth passed away in learning the art of war, in hunting, and foray. He was twenty-seven years of age when he rendered the first and most important services to the Ameer Hussein, the Prince of the house Tshagatay, who resided at that time at Balkh and Herat, in his war against Timoortogloo Khan, the Lord of Turkistan, who, at the head of Tsheets and Gheets, destroyed the countries on both sides of the Oxus.

The hand of the Princess Turkan-Khane, Hus-

sein's sister, was the reward of Timoor's heroism and valour; but she died four years after her marriage, when Timoor declared himself rebel against Hussein, who was killed by the people of Balkh.

Timoor ascended the throne of Khorassan, and made prisoners of the eight widows of Hussein, two of whom he married himself, and gave the six others to his friends. He destroyed Balkh, and decapitated the inhabitants; women and children were made slaves, as a prelude of the great tragedies of future conquests. Timoor then chose Samarcand as the place of his residence, which he fortified with walls, and embellished with gardens and palaces. The assembly of Tatars (Kuriltay) proclaimed the conqueror as emperor of the vacant throne. The dervish Barakat, the Samuel of the Tatars, who had predicted to him the throne, invested him with the insignia of the empire, and delivered to him the standard and drum, and added to his name Timoor the titles of *Kurikan* (i. e. "great ruler,") *Szhael Keran* ("lord of the age,") and *Jehaan-Geer* ("conqueror of the world.")*

Does this not seem to be an imitation of Isaiah ix. 6? He amply justified the truth of those titles in the thirty-six years of his government. The motto of his seal, now in the hands of the King of Bokhara, was *Hakan-Adalat*. The observations of the Jews, previously stated in this work, about Timoor and Ghengis Khan, are

* See Hammer's "History of the Osman Empire."

highly probable. During the four times nine years of his government, he returned nine times to Samarcand, in order to refresh his troops and to prepare them for new adventures. He united upon his head the crowns of three times nine countries, which belonged to nine dynasties, whose fate was in the hands of the conqueror. These were,—1st, the dynasty of the Tshagatay, upon whose throne he was elevated after Hussein's death; 2nd, the dynasty of the Tsheets and Gheets in Turkistan and Moghulistan; 3rd, the dynasty of Kharasm; 4th, of Khorassan; 5th, of the Tatars in Tataristan and Dasht Kiptshak; 6th, the dynasty of the sons of Mosaffir, in the Persian Irak; 7th, the dynasty of the Eelkhan in Arabian Irak; 8th, of the Seljucks; 9th, of the Osmans, towards the east to the wall of China, towards the north to the heart of Russia, towards the west to the shores of the Mediterranean; towards the south his conquests were extended to the frontiers of Egypt, where he ruled with iron over his age and the world. Several of these empires he subdued in one battle, but most of them after persevering and repeated conflicts for several years; he led his army seven times against the Gheets, and five times against Khiva; he subdued Hindostan in one campaign; and in his last expedition to Asia Minor, Bayazeed's fate was decided, which war lasted seven years.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ESCAPE FROM BOKHARA ; RETURN HOME ; THE BREWERS ; FRIENDS
AND ACQUAINTANCE.

DR. WOLFF cannot help giving a somewhat more exact account of what he suffered from his horrid servant, Abdullah, before he left Bokhara. The fellow one day entered Wolff's room, and said, in a furious way, "Now they are going to kill you, and what shall I do here? I have no money for going back. Give me a letter to the Ambassador of your nation at Teheran, to make me a present of two thousand tillahs; if you do not, I will kill you now."

Wolff lost his temper at this threat, for which he is now sorry; and it was fortunate that it did not lead to dangerous consequences, for certainly it would have been most disastrous if Abdullah had been a Soonnee and not a Sheah; the Sheah being scarcely considered as Muhammadans by the Soonnee, which prevented Abdullah having any one to take his part. Wolff took a stick and gave him such a beating as he never gave to any one in his life; and then he turned him out of the room, and out of his service. But Abbas-Kooli-Khan besought Wolff to take him again, as his dismissal might lead to bad consequences; so he received

him again into his service, which only made the man more impertinent, and the fellow was encouraged in his misconduct towards Wolff by Abd-ul-Samut-Khan.

At last Wolff received permission from the King to depart from Bokhara with Abbas-Kooli-Khan. He waited on his Majesty with the Persian Ambassador, when the King made him a present of a robe of honour, which was made of a Cashmere shawl, and fifty ducats, and a beautiful manuscript in Persian, with the King's autograph written in it.

On Wolff's return from the King's palace to his own lodging, after this presentation, he went to the room of Abbas-Kooli-Khan, which was close to Wolff's room, when some people, who had come from Samarcand, talked to him about the turquoises and gold-mines, which the Ameer of Bokhara had near Samarcand. They also conversed about Tamerlane, as though he had died but yesterday. Wolff heard also from these people, as he had before heard from the Jews of Bokhara, that Ghengis Khan had a Jew from Germany as his secretary. They preferred, in general, Tamerlane to Ghengis Khan; for it is commonly said of Ghengis Khan, that he knew how to conquer a world, that he was a *Jehaan Geer*, i. e. "a world-taker;" but that Tamerlane was not only *Jehaan Geer*, but also *Jehaan Dar*, i. e. "a world-holder." They then asked Wolff to sing some song in the

language of the Europeans, when he sang a German song composed by Kotzebue:—

“Es kann ja nicht alles so bleiben!” etc.

Translation:—

“Things cannot remain always in the same way in this world below.”

Abbas-Kooli-Khan then wrote a letter to Lady Georgiana Wolff, of the following contents:—

“In the name of the Highest! I acquaint the exalted and virtuous lady, my kind and distinguished sister, the respected lady of the high in rank, the distinguished among the learned persons of the Christian faith, the Rev. Joseph Wolff, that on my arrival at Bokhara, my distinguished friend was much grieved, and his affairs were in a confused state. I brought him to my own place of residence, and I waited twice on his Highness the Ameer of Bokhara, on his account; and I obtained permission for him to depart, agreeably to the commands of his Majesty, my Sovereign, on whom the regard of the universe is fixed—may the whole world be his sacrifice!—and agreeably to the orders of his Excellency, and my Lord the Hagee (Prime Minister of Persia)—may his great shadow be increased!—that I should bring him along with me. His Highness, the Ameer of Bokhara, having

had to undertake a two months' journey against Khokan, it was impossible for me to despatch him on his journey until the return of the Ameer. Again a second firman from his Majesty (the Shah) to the Ameer of Bokhara arrived, which I caused to be delivered in a suitable manner; and I did all that was incumbent on me in regard to the friendship subsisting between the two powerful Governments of Persia and England. I obtained leave for him to depart by one means or another. In eight days more I shall bring him along with me in safety and health, rest assured. I have no ends in view or expectations in this. I did it in the service of my own Government, and on account of the friendship subsisting between the two Governments. I am the brother of my distinguished friend Joseph Wolff. I am also your brother, O virtuous lady! and you are my sister. I have written these few words at the request of my brother, and I present my compliments.

"Bokhara, 6th Nejjeb, 1260 (23 July, 1844)."

At last, the King of Bokhara also determined himself to send an Ambassador with Joseph Wolff to England. So his Majesty said to Joseph Wolff, "I shall send with you Ameer Abool Kaasem, to accompany you to England. Stoddart and Conolly excited the neighbouring countries to war against me, and therefore they were put to death; but you, Joseph Wolff, have proved yourself to be a man of

understanding and knowledge ; and therefore I have treated you with honour."

After this interview, Wolff quitted the royal presence ; but before he left the palace he distributed all the money he had received amongst the servants, reserving only the Cashmere robe and the Persian manuscript for himself—and this robe he has forced as a present upon Denison.

About a week afterwards, he left Bokhara amidst thousands of congratulating inhabitants, who exclaimed continually, "*To-day thou hast been born again ! to-day thou hast been born again ! But be on your guard*" (they continued to say) ; "*for, though thou art born again, yet thou art still in great danger ; for ten assassins are sent after you to put you to death on the road.*"

These remarks of the Osbecks explained fully the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. For Wolff having been doomed to die, and every one of the inhabitants having continually exclaimed, during his detention in Bokhara, "*Wolff is a dead man ;*" when he suddenly received his liberation, he himself felt as if he had been *born again*—really brought from death unto life.

Exactly thus it is in baptism. By nature we are dead in trespasses and sin, but by *baptism* we are placed in a new situation ; we are set apart for the inheritance of life, and are brought out from darkness into light ; yet we are still in danger, for we are exposed to the world and the wicked one ; and,

therefore, we are to be on our guard, even as the Osbecks told Wolff. Thus the children of Israel, in the captivity of Egypt, were morally dead, and slaves of the Egyptians; but after having passed the Red Sea, they were safe from the Egyptians, but still in danger; for they had to fight the Lord's battles, and those who refused to fight the Lord's battles perished in the wilderness. Thus the King of Bokhara has taught Wolff practically the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration!

On the day of Wolff's departure, several friends of his, and of Abbas-Kooli-Khan, came to his tents, and gave both to himself and the Persian Ambassador a list of the assassins who were employed by Abd-ul-Samut-Khan, and who were determined to take Wolff's life. When, therefore, Wolff came over the frontier of Bokhara, into a desert plain, where the deed was to be done at night, he suddenly stopped the horse on which he was riding, and, drawing out the paper from his pocket, called out "Stop!" All in the caravan near him halted at once, and he continued, "I have to unveil to you a *Haraam-Zadeggee*" (which literally means "the act of a bastard," or "rascality"). "Ten assassins have been hired by Abd-ul-Samut-Khan to murder me. And the names are these—" Here he read out the names aloud, among which were those of two of his own servants. The members of the caravan exclaimed, "We will burn alive those who dare to do it, and will burn their fathers too into the bargain." So those assassins were afraid to

perpetrate the act, except one—Abdullah, Wolff's servant, who tried to kill him by continually annoying him, and so he never cooked him anything to eat, and when he was asked to fetch his clothes he would throw them at him. One day, Wolff asked this man to bring him some bread, instead of which he brought him grass. So Wolff took hold of him, and literally knocked him down, and stamped upon him with his feet, and horse-whipped him, and turned him out of his service; and on his arrival at Meshed, the Assaff-Ood-Dowla, or Governor-General of Khorassan, gave orders for his execution; but Wolff begged him off, yet at the same time requested the Governor-General to keep him in irons in prison, until he himself should reach Teheran in safety: all which was done. The journey from Bokhara was rendered particularly dangerous on this occasion from another circumstance. The King of Bokhara, in order to make friendship with the King of Persia, and also for the purpose of retrieving his character, gave permission to about 3000 slaves, who had been detained, (notwithstanding that they had previously paid their ransom-money,) to return to Persia. Many of these men accompanied Wolff's caravan, and, by so doing, they brought him into greater danger, because the Turcomauns from Khivah and Ankhoi hung about to prevent their progress, as they did not want them to return to their own country.

Wolff then proceeded to Shahr-Islam, the birth-

place of Afrasiab, who lived in the time of Abraham. There Wolff heard a great deal of Sir Charles James Napier, whom they compared to Timoor, and Alexander the Great.

And now again Wolff's worst dangers were manifest; for the conspirators, hired by Abd-ul-Samut-Khan, continued to do everything to annoy Joseph Wolff; and Abbas-Kooli-Khan summoned all the company who travelled with them before him, and addressed them in the following words:—"The Englishman that I have under my care proposes to proceed to Khiva, but certain people intend to murder him. Whoever is a good Mussulman will join me in protecting him from the hand of every rascal."

The principal people replied, "We will burn the father of the first rascal that touches him." Wolff pointed out again to them the assassins, who protested against having any such intentions. But as Wolff saw after his arrival in England, in one of the newspapers, that his fears after leaving Bokhara were imaginary, because he was accompanied by a caravan, he will now offer a few answers to this observation.

First, it is frequently more dangerous to travel with a caravan than to travel alone, with a few companions; for there are often many rascals and murderers in a caravan; and Wolff always felt himself far more safe when he travelled without a caravan than with one. And again, most of the travellers who have been put to death in their ad-

venturous enterprises, have been those travellers who have travelled with a caravan; such as Mr. Davis, and others. Besides all which, though the caravan consisted of one thousand persons, the whole body was detained above eight days in Mowr, which afforded opportunities for treachery.

The other observation, made by some coxcomb, was, that Abd-ul-Samut-Khan would have endangered his own life by any such conspiracy, after Wolff had been allowed to depart from Bokhara. To this Wolff replies, that subsequent conspiracies did cost this man his life; for it was on account of his intrigues which he had carried on, not merely against Wolff, but also against the King himself, that the King did at last take an axe, and actually cut him in two with his own hands.

When Wolff reached Mowr amidst great difficulties, he again met with his friend the Khaleefa of Mowr, who observed, "God rewards integrity, and the English are a people of integrity." Whilst Wolff was with the Khaleefa a Turcomaun brought him a whole camel-load of melons, but he declined to accept them; first, because he knew not what to do with them; and secondly, because they generally demanded ten times more than the value as a recompense. Here the Turcomauns spoke with high regard of both Majors Rawlinson and Todd.

On Wolff's arrival at Sarakhs, the Turcomauns demanded from him robes of honour, but he had none to give, except those which had belonged to Conolly; and these he brought as presents for

chiefs, to whom he gave them. The Turcomaun boys, instigated by the assassins, hooted Wolff, who suddenly conceived the brilliant idea of playing the madman, to prevent a rush of the mob upon him; and so he began to dance, and leap, and whistle, and sing, "Praise to God, the glorious and the mighty: the world, O brother, remains to nobody; let us therefore fix our heart on God."

Residence among these lawless tribes convinced Wolff more than ever that there cannot be worse despotism than the despotism of a mob; and Wolff would always prefer to live under one tyrant than under many!

At last he left Sarakhs, and arrived at Mostroon, where he exclaimed, "Thank God, we are on Persian ground." About ten minutes' walk from Mostroon is a hot well of most powerful mineral waters. If this place were in the hands of an European Power, a most beautiful spa could soon be made of it. On arriving near Meshed, the capital of Khorassan, many inhabitants came out to meet Wolff, and exclaimed, "Praise be to God, that thou hast come back with thy head from that accursed city, Bokhara."

All the conspirators against Wolff's life were here identified and punished; and Colonel Sheil sent for Wolff a servant belonging to the British Embassy, who brought Wolff safely to Teheran, where he was kindly received by Colonel Sheil and the British Embassy; but most especially by Count Medem, the Russian Ambassador, who invited

Wolff and the British Embassy to a great dinner-party ; and he attended divine service on the following Sunday, not only in the British Embassy, but also in the Russian.

It was at Teheran that the King of Bokhara's Ambassador, who was sent with Wolff, was first given to understand by Colonel Sheil (and afterwards at Constantinople by Sir Stratford Canning) that Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, would not receive the ambassador of an assassin. The ambassador, in consequence, returned to Bokhara, where the King cut off his head.

At Teheran the British Envoy introduced Wolff to the King of Persia, who was glad to see him again, and asked him, "What have you done with your beard?" (for Wolff had shaved it off on his return). Wolff replied, "My beard was so full of lice, that I was afraid that they would drag me back to Bokhara."

Wolff then proceeded to Tabreez, where the Prince-governor made him a present of a brilliant emerald ring ; and the Russian Ambassadors made presents to Wolff of three most costly Cashmere shawls ; and he continued his journey through the mountains of Armenia, and arrived again in Erzroom, where he was welcomed most heartily by Colonel Williams, and Mr. Brandt, and Colonel Farrant.

During his stay at Erzroom with Colonel Williams (now Sir William Williams, of Kars), Wolff conversed with him and Colonel Farrant on the

spirit of the prophets of old; when he (Wolff) observed, that there was a great difference between the style of the Jewish prophets, and that of Muhammad, as shown in the Koran. The Koran consists almost entirely of rhapsodies, whilst, in the prophecies of the Old Covenant, one observes a complete system, almost entirely in the style which a great orator in our times would display. Thus, for instance, Isaiah, before he commences his denunciation over Israel, gives a clear insight into the actual condition of the Jewish nation, and shows the rivalry which subsisted between the two kingdoms; and the state of the Kings of Israel as separated from Judah. He gives a complete picture of the degenerate condition of the Jews in general, but he also observes symptoms of life in them, on account of which he does not give up the hope of a reformation of the nation; and so he encourages them to withstand any alliance whatsoever with, or any submission whatsoever to, any foreign State. He exhorts them to look to that Higher Power from above, who shall at last more and more develop Himself in that SON OF MAN, who is at the same time the SON OF GOD; and he looks at the same time forward to that period, when the most mighty nations upon earth shall find LIGHT in Jerusalem; and he promises that they shall find PEACE in that very city, which is called the Vision of Peace, and which is Jerusalem. And therefore he refuses to hear of

any compromise whatsoever, or of any light whatsoever, except *that light* which is 'kindled by the *Light of very light*. In short, Wolff must be allowed the expression that Isaiah is a very anti-type of a good staunch Tory, inspired by fire divine; whilst Jeremiah, seeing that the times have changed, seeing the degeneracy of the State, and seeing that the energy nursed and cherished by fire divine has been shaken, led by the Spirit from on high, sees only safety in compromise, even by making an alliance with, yea, even by surrendering to, Babylon. And thus we discover in Jeremiah the very prototype of Sir Robert Peel.

Dr. Wolff must here insert an anecdote. During the time that he was at Erzroom, he related the following true history to the Pasha of Erzroom, to Mrs. Redhouse, and Sir William Williams of Kars :—

“Baron von Eckartshausen, versed in the science of magic, resided at Munich. One night he remained up till twelve o'clock, meditating on the power of magic, when suddenly he heard a funeral song. He looked out of the window and saw Roman Catholic priests going before a coffin, with burning wax-candles in their hands, and reciting prayers. Chief mourners went before the coffin. Eckartshausen opened the window and asked 'Whom do they carry here?' and a voice replied, 'ECKARTSHAUSEN.' He then said, 'Then I must prepare.' He awoke his wife, told her what had

happened, and, one hour after, he was dead." Wolff heard this story from Eckartshausen's own family.

Wolff pursued his route by Trebizond, and arrived safely again at Constantinople, where he was most kindly welcomed by Sir Stratford and Lady Canning. Some Polish Jews called on him there, and sang the following lamentation :—

FIRST CHORUS.

Woe unto us ! woe unto us !
We are in captivity for 1800 years.

SECOND CHORUS.

Courage, courage ! our mighty God liveth.
Hurrah !

FIRST CHORUS.

It is true we are consoled by reading the prophets,
But we are disappointed from one day to another.

SECOND CHORUS.

Courage ! courage ! our blessed God liveth !
Hurrah !

FIRST CHORUS.

We are going about ashamed and confounded, with our
heads covered.

SECOND CHORUS.

Courage ! courage ! our great God liveth !
Hurrah !

FIRST CHORUS.

Our prophets console us, but we are going about without
timbrel and dance.

SECOND CHORUS.

Courage ! courage ! Our glorious God liveth.
Hurrah ! Hurrah !

Wolff, on his arrival at Southampton, met his dear wife; and the joy both felt, cannot be expressed.

He also met, on his landing at Southampton, a good and holy man, whose name was Crabbe, and who spent his life in silence, but yet in activity and benevolence. He looked with interest and compassion upon that race of people whom Wolff had met, not only in England and Germany, but also in Persia, and in the valley of Cashmere, and in the wilds of Turkistan, and whom Wolff believes to be the dispersed children of Elam. Wolff alludes to the gipsies. This Crabbe had devoted all his time to the amelioration of that people; and he said to Wolff "Dear brother, do not despise the good-will of a brother, though he is a dissenter. You are now come home from your perilous journey: can I contribute something towards your comfort? If you want money I will give it to you." He continued to say, "I am only a poor apostle to gipsies, whilst you have been an apostle to the world at large!" Wolff thanked him, and shedding tears he said, "My dear Crabbe, I am not now in need of money, but should I ever be so, you would certainly be preferred by me to men of wealth; and as to your being the apostle to poor gipsies, I only can tell you that though I see you for the first time, I perceive that I have to pray to God that He will give me a portion in that kingdom where you shall be."

Wolff never met but one other dissenter, in

whom such true genuine Christianity shone forth in all its beauty as in Crabbe—without cant, whining, or affectation. His other old friend was Elias from Wales.

Wolff had brought with him from Bokhara the *Rishta*, which is a worm that comes in the flesh, and which was taken out in London by the skilful hands of Sir Benjamin Brodie; and, fifteen years after, four surgeons had to operate upon him again, when they had to cut out from his shoulder a large tumour which he got in Bokhara through a fall from a horse. And on that occasion, when Wolff had to be kept quiet and in bed for several days—a most difficult matter to accomplish—his dear friend and neighbour, Templeman, the Rector of Puckington, was most kind and assiduous in his attendance and attentions.

In recalling the acquaintances which Wolff has made during his life, he must not forget that he was introduced to the great wizard of the north, Sir Walter Scott, by his friend, Mr. Macan. Sir Walter received Wolff with great cordiality, and Wolff could not look long enough at the piercing eye of that great man, every one of whose writings Wolff has since read aloud; in which, with such power, men's characters are depicted, and with such *prophetic sagacity*, that he is firmly convinced that they could not have been delineated without that inspiration which comes from above.

Wolff must also mention again the name of a man whose friendship is dearer to him than any he

has hitherto met with ; and he would therefore think it sinful to omit him ; for though that man has had many opponents, yet all will agree with Wolff in this point, and none will dare to gainsay him, but, on the contrary, will rejoice that he has so boldly asserted it—that he is the most HONEST man Wolff has ever met with, and this is GEORGE ANTHONY DENISON !

The printer of this work dares not to omit this by mistake (?), for Wolff has experienced the honesty of that man—certainly not by his flattering Wolff, but by the very reproofs which he has dealt him, and the very peremptory letters which he has frequently written to him. However, enough of thee, Denison ! and thou art worthy of the wife whom thou art united with.

Wolff also rejoices in being well acquainted with Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. Wolff's late conversation with that man has convinced him more than anything else he has met with, that the assertion of many of the enlightened Quakers is true ; that it is remarkable that many persons of high talent may be opposed to each other on several points, whilst all the time they have one and the same view, and both are being directed towards the one and great object of glorifying God and the Lord Jesus Christ. Certainly, Stanley is a man who combines great humility with learning and genius ; and Wolff's late visit at Oxford has particularly increased in him love for such excellent men as Dr. Macbride and many others he

met there. Wolff is also proud of having enjoyed now for many years the friendship of Dr. Hook, Dean of Chichester, the mighty champion of the Church of England, for the interest of which he, however, knows how to fight with prudence and discretion ; and his acts of charity and his activity can, as already observed, be safely compared with those of Hoffbauer ; only (as has been said) he knows not how to sew, as one not less active than he, George Anthony Denison, does.

Two other persons must not be omitted, towards whom Wolff feels the highest regard and love (though they often quarrel with him) ; and these are his amiable and excellent friend, Alfred Gatty, and his wife, Margaret, the authoress of the "Parables from Nature," and of "Aunt Judy's Tales." He only wishes them never to dispute with Wolff about the spelling of foreign names, in which he is the highest authority. However, Wolff has to thank Alfred Gatty for one great thing, which is more important than the spelling of names ; and that is, for his Christian and mild spirit in dealing with Wolff's impetuosity.

And since Wolff has commenced writing his Life, he has happily made the acquaintance and friendship of the greatest living poet in England, ALFRED TENNYSON, through the kind introduction of his friend, Margaret Gatty, wife of the Rev. Alfred Gatty. Wolff has always avoided those who are distinguished merely by their birth ; and he has abhorred the society of those whose life has

not corresponded with their high descent; but he confesses frankly that he has ever sought the friendship of those, who adorn their aristocratic birth with high talents and virtues; for Wolff believes the aristocracy on earth to be a type of that in heaven. But chiefly has he sought the friendship of poets, learned men, statesmen, and philanthropists, because by their society he has felt himself inspired to high and holy purposes; and he ever had the felicity of gaining the friendship of such in Germany, Italy, and throughout the East. And so, since writing the first volume of his Life, he received an invitation from one who more resembles, not only in outward appearance, but in talent, seriousness, imaginative power, and high design, than any man living, Dante Alighieri. Wolff spent nine happy days in the house of this noble bard, Alfred Tennyson, and heard him read his songs, which streamed to the highest flights of thought; and his masterly poem, "Riflemen, form," has inspired Wolff with an ardent desire to establish a corps of apostolic volunteers, provided not with weapons forged by Armstrong, but by the *strong arm* of the Lord God of Israel; and this compels him now to call on every Englishman who has a zeal for God, to rally round him (as Francis Xavier and his companions rallied round Ignatius Loyola) in order to assist first the English clergy themselves in the performance of their duty; and then to send forth missionaries to the utmost boundaries of Asia, Africa, and America, and to

establish seminaries for the education of their own novices.

Another acquaintance of high importance which Wolff has made, is the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, distinguished as a religious man of enlarged principles, of high philosophic talents, and eloquence, devoted to the cause of truth. That great man has already been of the greatest use to Wolff and George Williams, in laying the foundation of hostels in Cambridge for the education of Armenian, Greek, Syrian, Russian, Coptic, and Abyssinian youth. Nor must he forget to mention Beresford Hope, the zealous promoter of all that is good; the restorer of St. Augustine's College, at Canterbury, and the builder of magnificent churches. Another result of the publication of his autobiography is this, that the descendants of his early benefactors who had promoted his career, introduced themselves to Wolff; and this made such an impression on him, as if the spirits of long-departed friends had visited and welcomed him again.

And it would be the highest degree of ingratitude if he concealed from the eyes of the public the names of General Sir John Michel, the hero in Kafraria, Hindostan, and now in China: who is Wolff's patron, and who most kindly gave him the living of Ile Brewers; and of his excellent wife, Lady Michel; for the former most kindly presented the site upon which he has built his new

church, and Lady Michel has kindly promised him a Bible and a Prayer-book for it.

And ought Wolff to be so forgetful as to omit his old friends, the present Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Oxford, who most liberally contributed towards his church?

Wolff has also the very great honour of being well acquainted with *the great philanthropist*, the Earl of Shaftesbury, a gentleman, scholar, and eminent Christian. Wolff perfectly agrees with that nobleman in his views on the interpretation of unfulfilled prophecies, except his views respecting *the Pope*; for Wolff maintains that the Pope is not the Man of Sin, or Antichrist, because there is not one single mark of Antichrist given in the Bible, by which Antichrist may be recognized as corresponding with the character of one single Pope. *E.g.* :—

1. The Pope *never* opposed everything that is called God!

2. The Pope was never worshipped by all, except by those “whose names are written in the Book of Life!” Neither Diderot, nor Abbé Raynal, nor Voltaire ever worshipped the Pope!

3. You, dear, amiable, but sickly Pius VII. and IX., there would be no danger of Antichrist if you were the persons.*

* Wolff often said to his German friends at Rome, when he saw the sickly Pius VII., “If he is, as the Protestants say, Antichrist, Antichrist is, indeed, a *harmless* creature.”

4. The Popes *assert* that they were the vicars of the Son of God, and it would be absurdity to say that they deny "the Son," whose existence they, by this assertion, admit.

Wolff also dissents from his lordship in his views on the authority of the Church; but Wolff will see that excellent man in heaven! Besides this, Wolff feels, in many respects, under great obligations for the great kindness—important kindness and services—which the noble earl rendered to one Wolff *most tenderly loves*.

The Earl of Shaftesbury will be welcomed in heaven by many of the factory boys and pupils of the Ragged Schools, as their benefactor when here in the earthly tabernacle.

Wolff would be so happy if he could convince the Earl of Shaftesbury that the Apostolic succession is a scriptural doctrine, founded upon the whole analogy of Scripture.

Dr. McCaul, the rector of St. Magnus, is also a gentleman whose talents, as a Jewish controversialist, Wolff has admired these last forty years. But he can neither admire his persecuting spirit against the Roman Catholics, nor the line of conduct he has pursued in expelling Maurice from the King's College. He will never die a martyr for his friends, except that friend is his son-in-law. However, we all have our faults!

As people are so very much addicted to writing only on the bad qualities of the Eastern Christians,

Wolff is determined to set forth in a prominent manner their good qualities also.

First of all they have shown, even in the late war with Greece, and also afterwards, that there are Christians in every age ready to die for the name of Jesus, and that the history of the martyrs in Ephesus is not a mere legendary tale. This was shown in the report of the sufferings and death of the Archbishop of Cyprus, with his 121 spiritual children in Christ, in 1822; when, amidst singing of Kyrie Eleison, they bowed their heads and received the last stroke. In the year 1818, Greek Catholics were martyred in Aleppo, when a most beautiful light shone down upon them from heaven; as was testified to Wolff by both Muham-madans and French Christians. But Wolff must also cite a specimen of the intolerance of Eastern Christians towards the Jews, derived from his own personal experience.

He has already mentioned in his first volume that, when at Tripolis, in Syria, he fell in love with the beautiful widow, Mrs. Katziflis—and what man is there who did never fall in love? Even Luther said—

“ Wine, women, and song,
I will love all my life long.”

But Wolff did not mention the reason why his courtship was broken off, which he will now do. Wolff asked this lady what she thought of the

conversion of the Jews? when she replied, that if the Jews ever became Christians, she would become a Turk; and curse the Jews for having forced her to forsake her beautiful and holy religion!

Wolff.—"But I have been a Jew!"

Mrs. Katzißis.—"We all here say that you are so different from all the Jews in features, look, and actions; that we are persuaded you must have been the illegitimate son of some Christian nobleman." Wolff left her at that very moment when she spoke!

Now Wolff has to correct an error which some of his reviewers have fallen into, though they have spoken very kindly about him; for they have been led into error by an indistinct statement of Wolff himself. They relate that Wolff was sent forth by the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, in the first instance; but this was not exactly the case, for, first of all, the society wished to send Wolff forth with Solomon (who afterwards disappeared altogether, and never has been seen since) to Poland, instead of sending him to Jerusalem. Wolff protested against this, and said that "a missionary was not to be treated like a soldier," when Henry Drummond exclaimed, "Hear, hear," and so did Bayford. Basil Wood thought that it did not show humility in Wolff, to know better than a committee, when Wolff said that "the committee consisted of linendrapers and booksellers." The late Lord Calthorpe got up and said, in reply, "Mr. Wolff has no judgment."

Henry Drummond, pointing his head towards Lord Calthorpe, said, "Erasmus says that those have most judgment who have read many books, and travelled most; and I wish to know whether the noble lord has read as many books, and seen as many countries, as Wolff has?" Bayford said, "Hear, hear!" Charles Sleech Hawtrey also agreed with Drummond, and Drummond at once said, "To cut the matter short, I will send Wolff to Jerusalem myself, and will pay the expenses." Then he turned to Wolff and said, "Now, you foolish fellow, you may go to Jerusalem, and cry out just as you said you would do, in the midst of the street; and if you commit follies, it is not my fault. I shall lay down neither rules nor orders how you are to act."

Wolff then went out entirely under Drummond, who published Wolff's journals at his own expense, when the society requested Henry Drummond to give the journals over to them, that they might publish them in their "Expositor;" and they richly contributed to Dr. Wolff's mission, without considering him as their missionary.

When Wolff returned to England, in the year 1826, he travelled about for the benefit of the London Society all over England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales; on which account they resolved to pay back to Drummond the whole of the expense of the five years' mission, and to take Wolff under their auspices. They had at that time their committee in a place called Wardrobe Place, near

to Doctors' Commons; their lay secretary was an excellent man, but a linendraper, and before he paid the money to Drummond, he calculated every farthing, and he wrote to Drummond that he must have the vouchers for every farthing that had been spent; secondly, that every parcel of the journal must be delivered over to them; thirdly, as £50 had been voted to Wolff as a compensation for his efforts at home in behalf of the society, the expenses of the school which he had established in Bussorah might be defrayed out of it; but as the expenses for Wolff's running about in England had to be deducted from this, Wolff himself got only £3, and so was disappointed. However, Wolff cared nothing about the £50, as he had got money from other friends, especially from Sir Thomas Baring, to pay for the school. Nevertheless, Drummond made a tremendous noise. He wrote to them,—“You are truly Wardrobe Place people; you are like old-clothesmen; you are a true *Jews'* society. I have no vouchers to give you; you must pay the money, and you shall not have the journals, and Wolff shall not be treated like an old-clothesman. I will publish the journals myself. You have already manuscripts of high value which Wolff has sent you, and you ought to be satisfied with that.”

Simeon came up from Cambridge; Lord Bexley also came to the committee, and Sir Thomas Baring and Sir Robert Inglis. Everything was finally settled according to Drummond's wish, and Wolff

went forth as a regular missionary of the Jews' Society in the year 1827, and he remained with them till the year 1831, when he went to Bokhara. The rest the reader knows.

The last time Wolff was in Bokhara, he delighted the Osbecks by relating to them the histories of Hamlet and Macbeth, and by telling them the following history of a little girl of Germany, who had lost her father and mother when a child. She wandered about in Germany with a harp, and played from house to house and from city to city, and she charmed with her music all the hearers. When a grand duke of Dessau had educated and married her, she became a widow, and she retired to her country palace, and still amused herself with playing on the harp. However, one day, when she was playing and singing, an old beggar came to the door of the palace, and when he heard the sound of the harp and the voice of the princess, he exclaimed, "O God! my harp, and the voice of my daughter!" and fainted. He was her father, who had disappeared, and was thought to be dead.

Wolff would cite an instance of the power of the preaching of the Gospel on some men. When Wolff traversed the desert from Egypt to Jerusalem, in company with the missionaries, Fisk and King, he saw a Greek from Nazareth beating his mother with a stick, for refusing to make the coffee, he himself being too much tired from riding on a camel. He did this in the presence of Musulmans, Jews, and Christians, of which the caravan

was composed. Wolff said to Fisk and King, "I shall go and give him a most tremendous thrashing." Fisk said, "For God's sake do no such thing, but go and speak to him." Wolff went and said to him, "Where is your native place?" He replied, "Nazareth." "Where do you reside?" He replied, "At Nazareth." "Did our Lord strike His father and mother when He was at Nazareth?" The man burst into tears, and kissed his mother's hand and begged her pardon.

As Wolff has now concluded his life, he has to judge his own conduct as a parish priest during the fifteen years of his residence in He Brewers, as the vicar of the place.

He Brewers contains 300 souls, among whom there are two worthy tenant-farmers, of very moderate property, and, therefore, they can pay their labourers only in a very moderate manner; and so the remainder of his parishioners, consisting of poor labourers, live only, as a general rule, on eight or nine shillings per week. On his arrival amongst them, Wolff found neither parsonage-house nor school-house; and as his dear wife's income was much circumscribed, Wolff was determined to build both parsonage-house and school-house chiefly by his own exertions, which he did in the following manner. The Queen Anne's Bounty advanced him a loan of £600, which he had to pay off within thirty years, and therefore he pays annually the interest of the loan and also a portion of the money lent; but, as the building of the two together, in-

cluding the parsonage-garden, did cost him about £1800, he defrayed the remaining expenses by the profits derived from the publication of his travels, and by delivering lectures all over England, Wales, Scotland, and the Orkney Islands. And he also provides thirty-five families, every winter, with coals and bread, and pays the greater portion of the salary of the schoolmistress for the children.

But one thing still remained to be done, and this was the building of a new church, for the old one was already 700 years old, and entirely decayed, and was situated in such a position that, whenever the waters were out, the churchyard was completely flooded, and the service interrupted. Wolff therefore undertook the building of a new church, in a more central situation; and he laid under contribution all his friends, and even strangers throughout Great Britain and Ireland. Members of the Church of England, Roman Catholics, Methodists, Baptists, Quakers, Jews, Plymouth Brethren, Evangelicals, High, and Low, and Broad Churchmen, noblemen and commoners, dukes and shoemakers, and tailors; he not only wrote letters to hundreds of these, but also attacked every one in the railway-carriages, and asked money for his church of every one he met; and the moment he got a remittance for the first volume of his autobiography, he gave immediately one half of it to his friend, George Anthony Denison, who most kindly acted as his treasurer.

Now the last event Wolff will mention in his

Life is, that he has undertaken, with the kind assistance and most powerful co-operation of his old friend, the Rev. George Williams, Senior Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, to fulfil the promise made by him many years ago to the Armenian and Greek Patriarchs, of helping them to establish hostels in Cambridge and Oxford. And Williams has just made a journey to St. Petersburg on this business, and the plan hastens forward to its realization, for Williams has received the highest encouragement from the holy senate of the Russian Church, both at St. Petersburg and Moscow, and also from the Armenians in Tiflis. Wolff has done.

FAREWELL WORDS OF WOLFF TO THE
PUBLIC.

Wolff has hitherto tried to conciliate the feelings and sentiments of the different Churches; yea, even to harmonize many tenets of the Roman Catholic Church with those of the Church of England; and he has even attempted to show how one may carry out the sentiments of Archbishop Magee, which he expressed to Wolff in the year 1826, of making the Wesleyans auxiliaries to the Church of England, and thus to embody their zeal and piety in union with episcopal order. But he must here decidedly and distinctly give his testimony, in such a way as cannot be mistaken, against that whole body of those gentlemen who have trodden in the footsteps of the philosopher Jacobi, Baron

von Bunsen, and Doctor August Neander, of Germany ; who have done all in their power to undervalue the belief in the plenary inspiration of Holy Writ, and the great doctrine of the Atonement, as this is not only stated clearly and distinctly, and typified by Holy Writ in the Old Testament, and interpreted and commented upon in the New Testament, but is also illustrated by the power of holy tradition and customs of all nations. For Wolff takes it for granted that every doctrine which is new, and every explanation of Scripture which produces a new doctrine, of which the Church in every age knew nothing, is a false doctrine ; and is a doctrine which has been conceived by German professors, who find fault with everything in the Bible which does not savour of the sentiments of a German professor, and cannot be brought down to the very low level of human reason. Reason is their idol—the image which they have set up—which they to-day worship, and which is to-morrow pulled down by one of their own followers, who worships the same image in a new form. There is a great philosophy and a depth of the human heart betrayed, and a knowledge of history, in the words of Ezekiel, when he says, “Overturn, overturn, overturn ;” and in perusing his whole prophetic vision, one may easily be convinced that he does not merely speak of the political overturnings, but also the overturnings of intellectual phantoms !

Though Wolff was sometimes very much struck

and pleased with the amiable disposition of the so-called Broad Church party, their tolerant spirit and humility, he, at the same time, could not but be shocked by a firm conviction, that if their system be not checked by the power of the Holy Spirit, and by the theological genius of good sound orthodox divines, we shall see, in England even, teachers at the Universities who will be the followers of the writer of the *Wolffenbüttelsche Fragments*, and of Stephani, who compared our blessed Lord (may I dare to say it?) with Catiline, the Roman conspirator, and with the followers of Strauss. Wolff trembles for the approach of that time, and come it will. Oh, that philosophers may never forget what the great Johannes von Müller said, in his *History of Switzerland*, "Mark well, friends, true enlightenment does not consist in the adoption of new sentiments, which have newly come from foreign countries; but in believing those things which have been sacred to our ancestors, more firmly than ever before; and in being able to assign new reasons, and more clearly than ever before, for believing those things."

APPENDIX.

DR. WOLFF has put into the hands of his editor the four following letters of Sir Charles J. Napier; which are far too characteristic of the General, and illustrative of the Doctor's easy footing with his illustrious friend, to be omitted. The first letter shows that Sir C. Napier had at first refused an application for a donation to Dr. Wolff's new school at Ile Brewers, but afterwards relented most good-naturedly. The second letter is Sir Charles again, to the life. In the third will be seen the manner in which Dr. Wolff is not unapt to involve his friends, helter-skelter, in some little project of his own: and how skilfully, yet with the utmost candour, the general manœuvred out of his approaches; and in the fourth letter, there are allusions to Lord Byron and others, which cannot fail to interest the reader.

(1.)

“Oaklands, February 7, 1852.

“WHAT chance has a poor devil of a soldier in the hands of a prophet? *None!* He must beat the ‘chamade’ and surrender at discretion, which I do accordingly. And I send you with pleasure a post-office order for a *pound* instead of ten shillings.

“I do not think the ‘tree of knowledge’ seems to bear much fruit in our Government, as far as our present ministers are concerned! Eh? If you plant ‘*the tree of life,*’ there should be no fruit given to ——— or the *Whig*

Government. For the love of England, don't *perpetuate* that man as a minister! I hope he is no friend of yours, or Lady Georgiana's? if he is, sell me a *pennyworth* of *absolution*: it is the fashion now-a-days to be a *little* of a Romanist, and I have a *Pusey* parson near who *confesses* the poor!!!

"I hope you are a *Puseyite*. I know you have a hankering after the Pope, only you pretend not.

"I want you to tell me if we are to be invaded, or not? I think Napoleon will take Egypt some fine day. I think he deserves great credit for smashing those accursed *Red republicans*. I do hate those rascals beyond all expression. Well, God bless you, my dear Wolff, and believe me always,

"Yours sincerely,

"C. NAPIER.

"I am glad you have the good sense to give up '*converting the heathen*' in wild countries! and stay at home with your wife, and your *own poor flock* at Ile Brewers."

(2.)

March 14, 1852.

"MY DEAR PROPHET,

"I am delighted at being wrong! But you *are* cracked nevertheless, for you told me I was 'in Lady Georgiana's bad books,' for abusing ——! well, it's all right. He may go to *my Brother* * if he likes! . . . I hope he will not get into power again, but I fear he will. I am of opinion that missionaries should travel without baggage, and soldiers *too*. Only a *bit* of *soap* is good, I think, in *tropical climates*, or else one might be taken for a '*Pied du Capucin*.'"

(*The rest torn.*)

* Sir Charles Napier was called *the Devil's brother* by the people of Khorassan.

(8.)

"Oaklands, August 1, 1852.

"MY DEAR PROPHET,

"What! I am '*no Theologian.*' The devil I am not! In 1827 you told me that the world would come to an end in 1845; well, I told you it would not! you are a great theologian, you expounded the Bible—I expounded it better, for this is 52 and the world *all right, ergo*, I am a greater theologian than Joseph Wolff, the false prophet! There! you are floored by a syllogism which proves me your master in *theology* and *logic*! I am quite of your opinion that there is all over Christendom more disputes about religion than there is religion! you are not one of that canting race; but follow the rules laid down by our great Master, Jesus Christ;—*faith—hope—charity!*—for this reason I never ascribe to you anything but *honourable* and *religious* motives, and certainly I do not ascribe to you either '*officiousness*' or '*intrusiveness*'—as you seem to fear, and therefore I feel much *obliged* by your letter, and am sorry that neither McMurdo nor myself can help you. My sister is seventy-six, and never leaves London, nor mixes with such matters; and McMurdo and I are eight miles from Portsmouth, where we know hardly anybody, and never go there, except to get something, and come back, so you must lecture on your own responsibility, and trust to the sale of your tickets for covering your expenses. I think, my dear Prophet, that I need tell you that either myself or any of my family being concerned in your lectures would deprive them of their proper effect; it would injure *them* and *you* and *me*, because *my* enemies would say, and so would *yours*, 'Oh, ho! there is that fellow, Sir Charles Napier, hiring that fellow, Wolff, to fight his battles! This is the way that one defends his conduct under the cloak of religion, and the other makes money by it.' This is just what the lying scoundrels would say against us

both, and print all sorts of things,—and this would be especially said, were you to lecture in *Portsmouth*, as I live near it!

“My advice to you is, therefore, to give your lectures in some other town; London would be the best, as every one lectures there, and your lectures could in no way be yoked with my name, more than the subject would naturally introduce it. As to the lectures themselves, they will, assuredly, be most interesting to the public; but whether they would repay your expenses or not, I cannot say; of that you, who have so often lectured, must be the best judge.

“As to myself, I laugh at my enemies. I have done no wrong, I have been guided by our Saviour’s rules, as far as my weak and fallible human nature admitted; that is to say, I did, as an officer, what I believed to be just in the eyes of God; and I laugh at and scorn my enemies, as lying, dishonourable scoundrels; and I hope you do the same by yours; and that, as you are a man gifted with the spirit and power to preach, you will do so, and tell the public what is truth. Believe me to be, my dear Wolff,

“Yours most faithfully,

“C. NAPIER.”

(4.)

“August 20.

“MY DEAR PROPHET,

“(I mean *False Prophet*, who tried to kill the world before its hour), your name is great, and rings through the world. McMurdo *is* a valiant man, he slew *seven* men in single combat: three at Meeanee, three at Hydrabad, where one of them wounded him, and one in the Bogtee Hills. The Kennedy, who published his *Conversations with Lord Byron*, was both a doctor and a *fool*: he afterwards died in the West Indies. He was an amiable weak creature: weak in *mind*, and weak in *body*; so much so, that it

was supposed that his very handsome wife sustained no loss at his death. She has since married a Captain Kennedy of the navy, and was a very charming woman. Why she ever married the poor man no one could tell. I believe she published the 'Conversations,' &c. I have not seen them, but they must be foolish, because I was there, and know that Lord Byron was getting out of Dr. Kennedy all sorts of cant and nonsense, on purpose to convert Don Juan in the next canto into a Methodist. So he collected all the expressions he could, and told me one day, 'I will make Don Juan a Methodist, next canto.' I warned poor Kennedy that the poet was laughing at him; but the doctor's inordinate vanity would not believe a word of it; and he was quite sure he had converted Lord Byron, though the latter made him the laughing-stock of Argostoli! In short, Kennedy's consummate vanity was past endurance.

"I am glad that your lectures are well attended—they are very interesting. Lady Napier desires her kind regards.

"Yours ever,

"C. NAPIER.

"What made you think it was *my* Kennedy that tried to convert Lord Byron? He tries to convert no one, but converts every one to an unbounded admiration of his own great character."

I HEREBY state, that wherever the words "Wolff is inclined to believe" occur in these volumes, I dictated "*Wolff believes*;" and that where I am made to say, towards the end of the second volume, that "there is no certain proof in Scripture that miracles should cease," it ought to stand, as I dictated, "*there is decided evidence in Holy Scripture that miracles should continue in the Church.*"

These and other expressions were modified, without my consent, by a well-meaning friend, for the purpose of averting adverse criticism.

JOSEPH WOLFF.

