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Established June, 1832.

NEW SERIES, VOL. VII. No. 78.—OLD SERIES, VOL. XV. No. 169.

THE
CALCUTTA
CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

JUNE, 1846.

•• The entire profits arising from the Sale of this Publication will be devoted to the
CALCUTTA CHRISTIAN TRACT AND BOOK SOCIETY.

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CALCUTTA :

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ASSORTED TRACTS.

The Committee of the CALCUTTA CHRISTIAN TRACT AND BOOK SOCIETY, being anxious to assist such Christians as may be desirous of doing spiritual good to their native servants and others around them, have had an assortment of tracts in the various languages suitable for distribution in this part of India, put up in packets each containing 100 tracts. There may be had on application to Mr. G. C. Hay, at the Society's Depository, No. 56½ Cossitollah. Price R. 1 per packet.

Calcutta, May 29, 1846.

By order of the Committee,

THOMAS SMITH, *Secretary.*

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I. That the CALCUTTA CHRISTIAN OBSERVER be established on those evangelical principles, in which the leading Reformers of the 16th century were agreed.

II. That no piece, advocating the peculiarities of a particular denomination, shall in any case be inserted in the work.

III. That the Editors, who are of different religious denominations, shall be at liberty, without offence to the contributors, to modify or reject all communications which may appear contrary to the above Rules.

The United Monthly Missionary Prayer Meeting will (D. V.) be held on Monday, the 1st of June, at Union Chapel, Service to commence at ½ past 7 P. M.

The Committee of the Bible Society (D. V.) meet for the transaction of business on the third Tuesday in every month, at 9 o'clock in the morning.

The Committee of the Bible Association meet on the last Friday in every month at the Bible Society's House, at 9 o'clock in the morning.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

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THE
CALCUTTA
CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

NEW SERIES, VOL. VII. No. 78.—OLD SERIES, VOL. XV. No. 169.

JUNE, 1846.

I.—*Wisdom justified of her children.*

Mankind never witnessed so strange a spectacle as the undertaking of the few and poor disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ, to convert the whole world, including philosophers and monarchs, barbarians, Scythians, bond and free, to the faith of that lowly man of sorrows, who only lately had died publicly, amidst ridicule and scorn, the death of a malefactor. Never was there such an apparent disproportion between the means used and the object contemplated. The whole scheme seemed to be “foolishness;” its agents “beside themselves;” its preachings “babblings,” and its best aspect pitiable fanaticism. But “Wisdom was justified of her children.” Those despised disciples are now high in glory; their writings are read with wonder and delight in every nation under heaven; Grecian philosophy, and the Roman dominion have alike passed away; and under the influence of the doctrines of Christianity, peace, love, truth and devotion, have since flourished, infinitely more than in any former ages. The secret of this illustrious and unparalleled triumph, is the property of the believer. He knows that a divine promise was given to the early disciples which they believed, and that amidst all their apparent weakness, in the faith of that promise they were strong. He knows that they used the means which eternal wisdom had appointed, and by which, inadequate and contemptible as they appeared, it was designed by Him who hath all power in heaven and in earth, to illustrate the declaration: “Not by might, not by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord God.”

In the life and walk of each individual believer, it may be taken as an axiom, that the only wise and the only safe course of conduct, is that which exactly corresponds in its motive and spirit with the motive and spirit of the first disciples when they went forth to preach the gospel to every creature, and in the hidden strength of spiritual assistance were mighty to the pulling down of strongholds. He is not the most successful warrior of the cross, who relies on human aids of genius, learning, natural amiability, education, or mental discipline, but he who exercises and exhibits simple

faith in God's commands, and acts perseveringly with implicit obedience to them. This is the man who with silent energy casts down imaginations and conquers even himself, bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. His path is like the dawning light shining more and more unto the perfect day.

On the other hand, the great cause of slow progress in the Christian pilgrimage, and of defeats in the spiritual battle, is not the want of the supposed natural advantages of any favored persons, but the want of wisdom, faith, and patience, in the choice and use of means. Growth in grace depends on the integrity of our obedience in belief and practice,—on believing with simplicity that which God has commanded us to believe, and performing with sincerity that which he has taught us to do. But this the world cannot comprehend. It regards the recorded experience of believers as proof of excitement and delusion; it treats the records of spiritual victories as cunningly devised fables; it looks on fundamental and divine truths as inexplicable mysteries. Such incontrovertible historical facts as the general progress of Christianity, it explains as the results of accidental circumstances; and to most other proofs of the real and powerful efficacy of divine grace, it is wilfully and obstinately blind. In the strength of that grace martyrs may openly triumph at the stake; through its influence converted savages may exchange the warwhoop of their ancestors for hymns of praise; there may be manifestations of its force in the forgiveness of injuries, in a life of cheerfulness under trials, and in happy death-beds; but in vain does the world see these evidences of a strength superior to its own; in vain are such proofs accumulated in successive ages; the testimony of God himself is still discredited, the footsteps of his providence are disregarded, and the grace which can alone bring salvation is neglected and despised. Such is the world's boasted wisdom, which is "foolishness with God." But the believer, who has Christ within him the hope of glory; who knows a peace which passeth understanding; and who has learned to walk by faith and not by sight, gradually becomes assured, by experience, that weak as the appointed means of his spiritual growth may seem, they are all-prevailing, and are his only sources of strength, and must be his constant grounds of confidence.

It may not be unprofitable either to the writer or the readers of these pages, to consider briefly some modes in which the wisdom of believing obedience and dependence, may be illustrated. We speak of a "hidden wisdom;" of obedience to an unseen Saviour; of dependence on means which oftentimes appear more than inadequate, even as unfit, to accomplish their purpose. But we speak on the authority of "the Truth," and under the sanction of enlightened reason and unvarying experience. Few subjects open so wide a field of inquiry, and awaken so many recollections. In the multitude of our thoughts within us, may His comforts delight our souls!

And first—how great is the profit to be drawn from afflictions! Here is room indeed for the exercise of godliness in its highest sense,—that of similarity in heart and temper to HIM who was God manifest in the flesh. Does the believer who desires to profit by his trials, waste his

time in murmuring and discontent? Does he fret under his continued sorrows, and call aloud for hasty deliverance? No, but he thinks that it is of the Lord's mercies, that he, a sinner, is not *consumed*; and he asks himself why,—on what possible account,—a *living* man, one who owes to God his preservation and his spiritual being, should *complain*? He thinks of nations left in darkness; of generations passed away with unforgiven sin to judgment; of myriads upon myriads now alive who know not or care not for the way of salvation; and then he reflects on himself as the object of special and eternal love, saved at the cost of the well beloved Son, clothed in a spotless righteousness, endowed with a title to an unfading and most glorious inheritance, and all this notwithstanding sins and sinfulness which left him altogether without excuse; and then forgetting physical pain, terror, and reproach, his mind is occupied with one idea: "who hath made *me* to differ?" "Oh the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God, how unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out!"

Why was *I* made to hear his voice
And enter while there's room,
While thousands make a wretched choice
And rather starve than come?

Very often are these his thoughts, but most commonly do they crowd upon his mind, and excite his warmest affections of gratitude, wonder, awe, and love, when he is profiting by God's afflictions, *hearing* the rod and him who hath appointed it, in the quiet silent hours of his cares and sufferings. It is thus his impression of the truth, and of the reality, and the importance of divine things is deepened on his heart, and while the world thinks of him with pity, and observes almost with scorn the sorrows which he feels during the years when the gay and prosperous are glad in their revelries, he is happy, and not only happy, he is growing by the process of chastening discipline; he is pruned only that he may bring forth more fruit; and he is increasing in love for his Redeemer, and in meetness, as well as in desires, for his eternal home.

And so, secondly, with the study of God's Word.—It builds up; it feeds; it enlightens; it guides. It seems a feeble instrument to use;—the same words are read year after year; the self same chapters. The world concludes that the mind must be cramped by this unceasing routine, and that fancy alone can attach such value to one, old, unaltered book. But the believer who knows and uses his privilege, daily reads and meditates on that word and therein doth he delight; and by it he daily grows. His judgment, his will; his memory, his imagination; his hopes, his joys; his habits, his pursuits, are all regulated by it. He sees wondrous things in it, and he discovers within it a mine, of which a glimpse only appears to be here granted to him, but which he sees and knows to be vast enough and various enough to be explored throughout all eternity. From this Word he derives light and knowledge; its simplicity, its wisdom, its entire consistency; its warnings, threatenings, encouragements, and promises, all come home to him, and as he becomes familiar with them, they dwell in him richly

in all spiritual understanding. If his life be prolonged and he continue diligently in the study of this blessed Word, and "show the same diligence unto the full assurance of hope unto the end," his own conversation tells what are "the men of his counsel;" and his walk shows what is his lamp and light. But how, in what precise manner, his spiritual health is nourished, he cannot tell; he knows that it is not by sudden occasional references to the sacred oracles; yet in the course of time he is conscious that an effect has been produced,—an effect which becomes more visible to others and less certain to his own conviction, but more real in fact, as he continues growing in humility. Verily if it be a part of godliness to study the Word of God, that word of which our Lord said that "man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," there is abundant profit in this exercise. What profit herein have not the poor and unlearned found,—they who "knew but this—their Bible true;" they who have kept the sacred volume as their daily companion during long courses of trying years, and have hid its words deep in their hearts, that they might not sin against Him! "Great peace have they that love thy law!"

Thirdly, as to obedience in well doing.—"To him that soweth righteousness, is a sure reward." Pure and undefiled religion deals with simple and lowly duties,—active mercy and the straight keeping of the heart. It is "to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world." It may sometimes seem a foolish thing to spend hardly earned substance in conformity to God's command, yet is it true in experience, that "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth." It may seem that time is actually lost which is spent in ineffectual efforts to warn and teach the ungodly and obdurate; but no; for even if the immediate object be unattained, the believer's labour shall be rewardeth still, "and whoso watereth others shall be watered also himself." The world may think too, amidst all its exciting contentions, its struggles for power, its party contests, (the madness of many for the gain of a few!), it may think the Christian a narrow-minded man, and that he is busy about insignificant matters, while he shrinks from the walks of ambition and disclaims the desire for power. But her again wisdom is justified of her children. While the objects of the world's admiration are leading armies to saddening, but so-called "glorious," victories; while Napoleons or Marlboroughs, or Wellingtons are earning the popularity which may be "gained without a merit and lost without a crime," and while distinguished statesmen "wield at will the fierce democracy," the despised labour of the Christian is laying the foundation of works infinitely more permanent, and more important, than all the achievements of the greatest orators and heroes of history. How instructive is the thought, that while the world was busy with its wars and its debates, at the commencement of this century, and the multitude was worshipping the chief actors in the troubled scene, Christians were toiling to free the slave, to educate the poor, to establish missions, to carry on Bible Societies, to promote Tract Societies, to improve prison discipline, to regulate criminal codes by the standard of God's law; that some were translating the Scripture, some founding

christian churches in barbarous lands, some instructing the pastors of the succeeding generation, some writing for the instruction of the ignorant, and the edification and guidance of believers; and that while the world's famous efforts in that period are now regarded chiefly as "a tale that is told," the results of the active Christian zeal which was then contemporaneously displayed, are now in course of increasing development, are extending to every quarter of the globe, and are reaching forward into Eternity! Who are now to be regarded as the most truly wise? Whose labour now promises most effectually to influence the destinies of mankind? Whose time, in fact, was most spent in accordance with enlightened reason, and whose time was most wasted? Surely here again, wisdom was justified of her children. And so it will be now, and throughout all the ages of the world. Men may sow to the wind, and may reap nothing but the whirlwind; but the Christian knows that "labour in the Lord" shall never be "in vain." A star, a ribbon, a pension, a life interest in unsatisfying estates or honors, may reward the victor of a hundred fights; the eloquent statesman may rise when he will, "the applause of listening senates to command;" the man of trade may labour successfully for goods which perish in the using; the student may toil for years, in heaping up knowledge which he cannot fully impart to others; and on all this may be written "vanity and vexation of spirit." But the Christian's faithful work remains; he is twice blessed in its performance; and at length he "rests from his labours, and his works do follow him."

Fourthly, as to Prayer.—One kind of prayer recommends itself to mere human reason. Regarded as a task, as a work of toil, the worth of which consists in its drudgery, prayer, in this sense, is highly honoured. It is a bodily service for the performance of which, with constancy and labour, God becomes, it is thought, indebted to man. And therefore, as the Musalmán will periodically go through the routine of his customary devotions; and the Papist mutter forms of prayer with every bead; as the Hindu will, in other ways mortify or employ himself in some slavish service, so the unconverted Protestant will work too, in the repetition of certain words, daily or more frequently. Prayer of this kind is understood by the world because its simple theory is that of merit and reward, service and payment. The work of praying so long, and so often, is done as a duty, and then a certain claim to favor is considered to be established. But when we speak of prayer as the work of the believer and as performed by him in faithful obedience, and as a means of his spiritual growth, we speak of an exercise of the heart, in intimate communion with God, as "the Father of our spirits." And this is a means of spiritual nourishment, not because God sends blessings as rewards for the time thus spent and the efforts made in it, but because there is, by his appointment, a virtue in the exercise itself,—an assimilating influence which conforms the praying soul to the object of its worship. Indwelling sin struggles against this communion with God, and bids the reluctant heart exclaim "what a weariness it is!" but against the formal service of a dull routine, it struggles not. It is one of the believer's chief burden in the flesh, that he, knowing as he does that all his springs are in God, and that his happiness and usefulness, and his spiritual growth,

greatly depend on his diligence on prayer, is so constantly hindered by sin within him, in making fit and suitable approaches to the mercy seat. To him it is not a matter of vague theory but of delightful experience, that his graces thrive while he cultivates them by spiritual prayer ; and while the world wonders at his private, frequent, fervent pouring forth of his heart to God with groanings which cannot be uttered, and asks " what mean ye by this service ?"—he feels and knows experimentally, that this strange and apparently unnecessary excitement of his gracious emotions, is binding him closer to God, and is drawing down to his soul more of those spiritual gifts which the Redeemer has purchased for his people. Unlikely as it may seem, the believer finds that to pray without ceasing, to be ever in the spirit of prayer and often in its exercise, is necessary for the support of his spiritual life, and that it was the voice of Him who is indeed wisdom itself, that directed him to the use of so effectual and so potent a weapon.

Lastly, and above all, as to the contemplation of Jesus Christ. " Consider Him," is the apostolic injunction, and all real Christian experience responds with the declaration : " We all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory." We look unto Him, and are " lightened ;" we think of Him,—his gracious words, his merciful deeds, his infinite condescension, his meekness under revilings, his patience in suffering, his prayer for those who crucified him ; the life he lived of unspotted holiness, the death he died for the sins of those who hated him ; we trace him in his humility without a place to lay his head, we follow him into secret where

Cold deserts and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of his prayer,

and as we think of him, we gradually catch something of his own loveliness,—the rays of this Sun of righteousness shine into our own hearts. The world knows not, and cannot comprehend the value and use of this " looking unto Jesus." It sees no beauty in him that it should desire him, and as, when he walked the earth it could not believe, that he who had never learned letters was one wiser than Solomon and spake as never man spake, and that he, who was " the song of the objects" and the friend of publicans and sinners, was heir of all things, yea the very King of kings and Lord of lords, with veiled splendour, yet still exercising divine powers, and shining forth, to the eye of faith, with unclouded glory, so now, it cannot understand how the contemplation of Christ in his character, work, and offices, can nourish, refine, or sanctify the soul. But the children of light, see in this Jesus one fairer than ten thousand and altogether lovely ; they sit under his shadow with great delight and his banner over them is love ; they contemplate him, and their souls feast on the rich array of excellencies they behold ; they inhale an odour of sweet benignity which is " like ointment poured forth," and insensibly they grow to his likeness ; virtue comes forth and transforms them in temper and conduct ; and thus, in the end, it is known and seen, that it is a wise thing to obey the divine command and to " consider" this adorable redeemer. Ap-

parently poor, as he was, he had unsearchable riches, and these in all the treasures of grace and knowledge, he imparts to those who meditate on him, and look to him with the eye of confidence and love.

But here our illustrations of this subject must end. Let the believer obey the Lord's command more diligently than ever before, and he will find more and more encouragement to go forward in obedience. As he trusts less in his own devisings and more in God's appointed ways, so he will find, by experience, and with increasing force of conviction, that it is not a vain thing to serve Him, yea to follow Him *fully*. If he persevere in the scriptural and simple ways of obedience he will grow; if he deviate from them, he will soon find, (however promising his other plans may seem,) that a deceived heart hath turned him aside and that he has fallen backward in the heavenly race. With emphatic earnestness God pleads with us to be stedfast to Him, and to serve Him only and Him always, "Oh that my people had hearkened to me, and Israel had walked in *my* ways! I should soon have subdued their enemies, and turned my hand against their adversaries. The haters of the Lord should have submitted themselves unto Him, but their time should have endured forever. He should have fed them also with the finest of the wheat, and with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee." (Psalm lxxxi. 13—16.) But alas! a few trials of stedfastness and patience, too generally serve to divert even sincere believers from God's ways, which He, in infinite wisdom, has prescribed, and the true and effectual security of which, his Providence has made evident; from these they turn away to others which seem, to carnal sense, to promise a more rapid progress and an easier path. Further delusions follow, and then shame and sorrow, till chastened and humbled, the backsliding children return to their early ways of simple, entire, and thankful obedience. They feel that it was better with them when they walked therein, than it has been since; that they then made more real advances; that they then had peace, and not bitterness of soul, and knew a joy unspeakable and full of glory. They look to those whom they left in the good old ways, and seeing in them the proof that progress has been made, and that though slowly and silently they have profited really, in the diligent uninterrupted use of appointed means, a conviction forces itself on the mind of the returning and penitent believers that, after all, specious as the suggestions of indwelling sin may be, difficult as it may appear to continue patiently, and without ceasing, through life, in one strait and narrow way, it is *well* to do so; that God who marked out that way is the pledge of its security, and that they alone are prudent, who illustrate the wisdom of his appointment, by travelling onward in it, from first to last, to the better country to which it leads. "For the Lord will give grace and glory, no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly"—"He will be their guide even *over* death."

II.—*The Hill Tribes—the Kácháris.*

To the Editors of the Calcutta Christian Observer.

GENTLEMEN,

Lieutenant Rowlatt has favored me with the enclosed vocabularies, with reference to the remark made by Mr. Kellner in his note accompanying the short vocabulary of the Kacharee dialect of the North bank, * that it would be desirable to obtain for comparison a vocabulary of the Kacharee dialect of the South bank. Lieutenant Rowlatt has enabled me to supply this desideratum, and he has kindly annexed to it vocabularies of the Mikir, Nága and Lalung languages. These tribes live in the immediate vicinity of each other, or intermixed, and have been thus living for many years, but their dialects appear to be perfectly distinct, and to have no affinity to any common origin, that can be discovered in the slight acquaintance with them to be obtained from a brief vocabulary without any knowledge of the construction of these languages.

Lieutenant Rowlatt observes that he understands the Nága language of the hills near Nowgong was perfectly different from that spoken more to the east, and the correctness of this remark will be apparent from the comparative vocabulary I have annexed, the words of which have been taken from Mr. Owen's sketch of the Nágas near Jaipur, and I believe they were collected by the Rev. M. Bronson, and are to be depended on.

That the dialects of the people we call Nágas are different in the different districts of the hills, I have been long aware, from information of the late Capt. Gordon of Munipore, who mentioned to me that he knew of fifteen distinct dialects amongst the Nága tribes in submission to the raja of that little state.

I am, gentlemen,

Your's faithfully,

Gowhatti, 11th March, 1846.

F. JENKINS.

<i>English.</i>	<i>Western Nága.</i>	<i>Eastern Nága.</i>
fire	mi	van
water	dúi	jó
air	ingkái	pong
the earth	gedei	há
stone	tangsú	lon
god	serrá	kathak rang
father	apeo	vá
mother	ápúi	my yóng
elder brother	áchi	''
brother	akin	iphó

* Published in your Journal for January last.

<i>English.</i>	<i>Lower Nága.</i>	<i>Upper Nága.</i>
younger brother	et	ináh
son	chanál	chá
daughter	minu	dé hi ek chá
uncle	apeonu	dídi
ditto, maternal	ápáo	„
uncle's son	akíná	„
wife	ípui lung	tang ngyú
house	kek hái	hum
river	heng, geoki	jón
tree	heng báng	bang
bamboo	hepái	va
ratan	rehát	rí
iron	pechá	ján
wood	chung	pán
sword	lubekgi	uangló
knife	káchgao	mit cha
bed	mejaichi	liang
dog	hetei	hú
elephant	hepua	puak
rhinoceros	kúendá	gonr
fowl	rui	„
deer	kehe	ké hé
peacock	íneng	sói jáng
goat	kemei	kien
road	ípúeki	lam
mountain	hemánua	há hó
jungle	imphei	„
pool	hejái	„
fish	hekú	ngá
snake	heneo	pú
tiger	chegúdi	sá
bird	kelle	vó
sun	tengáe mih	sán
moon	ekkeo	dá
cow	bapoi	mán
hog	„	vak
rice	hebi	vóng
paddy	jeo	chá
cotton	káláng	kopáh
blood	jai	hé
flesh	hemei	ngam
body	mípuma	sak
hair	hetám	kachó
teeth	migeo (singular of)	pá
eye	memicho	mit
nose	mineo	khó
ear	mikuan.	ná
head	mipei	khó

<i>English.</i>	<i>Lower Nága.</i>	<i>Upper Nága.</i>
neck	migúang	bó
mouth	ímiki	tun
tongue	milei	tha lí
belly	migúen	vók
thigh	mine	vérong
leg	miperei	dá
foot	mipi	dá
stars	hegi	mírek
clouds	kámáo	phu am
knee	mikubuh	dá ku
finger	mibágang	dak rá
nail	mimochel	go jál
palm of hand	mibárei	”
loins	midang	”
child	námi	na tá
old man	hechepáo	atóminyán
young man	káhung mi	átien minyán
young female	kahung minao	”
handsome	ilei	”
oil	thuclui	tán thí
salt	chai	súm
pepper	tewasi	mak phúp
to die	cháradá	río
to sleep	judedá	júpo
to sit	kantáo	tongo
stand up	chade	cha po
go thither	wibetáte	káo
come here	orlúwáng	káro
go quickly	taklún	”
lie down	jekeo	”
shut the door	kúm kain	”
go to the field	túng netál	”
build a house	tewaimileo	”
cut some wood	ching chail quil	”
fetch some water	doekechentang	”
feed the child	henámetega	”
kill a fowl	raibeo	”
boil some rice	kecheleklangal	”
light a fire	mirewái	”
milk the cow	kutam guian	”
go to market	hechuiiki methat	”
slave	ipich	poe jár
horse	mabú	mók
law	tatúm	mán
buffalo	helui	lé
door	kam	”
ghee	”	”
milk	betang dui	ngui po

<i>English.</i>	<i>Lower Nága.</i>	<i>Upper Nága.</i>
sugar	„	sí ni
turmeric	„	„
thunder	kekeo	ráng mók
lightning	tinkúe pigu	ki ep dá
cloth (cotton)	pái	khat
do. of insect	gampúi	„
ivory	hepugim	pu ak pá
language	doitakú	„
a gun	hegimiká	nau thó
table	„	khu áng fáng
chair	bam	tóng tíng
wooden seat	inghoi	„
paper	lechi	lulúpát
pen	„	káp
lock	„	„
key	„	kong sat
hemp	mecheigi	„
hempen cloth	shiakhá	„
hone	mibi bí chu	„
to hide	kakáng bailal	„
hum	peke	rong
jail	mepi	„
wool	pegeo	„
a young elephant	hepui puina	„
a guana	„	madhurían
a man	jemanákat	mi uyán
a woman	moloká	dé hi ek
a plough	katam kaphia	„
a cart	thingiáng	roth
a bow	tubaila pekut	do ak háp
an arrow	peching kát	lát chán
fruit	„	a rí
root of tree	hing bang penia	a ring
branch	pekei	á pháb
leaf	peneu	ny áp
a bridge	kaha	sih
build a bridge	kúhátiae baibikut	„
make a road	katimpui katetal	„
a plain country	ápamile.	„
Bootan	„	„
snow	keji	mi en
snow falls	kejikeo keno	„
rain falls	duikeokeno	„
warm water	dui kelmu	„
cold water	dui ká geo	„
drink water	leo	„
good	íle	a san
bad	didá	a chi

<i>English.</i>	<i>Lower Nága.</i>	<i>Upper Nága.</i>
blue	lubie	á ham
til	inchui	”
mustard	káhupúgú	nó ri oh
dal	hegá	”
pawn	methei	”
betel nut	lúkuchi	ka vé
brass	kilung	pi táI
silver	hígn	ngún
a temple	khuteokam	”
a flower	ampech	chóng po
mango	bosi	chu an ri ak
plantain	nungchi	ki e ké
plantain tree	nungchi báng	”
lime tree	záthosi	”
leather	pugoi	”
matrass	kejegu	”
a Bootance	”	”
a BengáI	teng jeibé	”
a Musalmán	”	”
a Punjari	”	”
a Nepalese	”	”
a boot	eo	khu on khó
a jungle fowl	goi	”
a male	peomi	”
a female	pepu	”
spirits	jáo	”
large	kedeo	”
to cry	kahugu	sapo
to beat	orjubeleo	vato
to be angry	pulang pang	(anger) rinkha
to swim	daikeiaile	á juk rio
cotton seed	taleng seo	”
do. plant	taleng báng	”
sugar-cane	inthau	tho mu
a bear	hánkiá	”
a wild dog	hetei	(dog) nú
vulture	kel	láng táng
crow	íghá	vak há
short	daihu	á tóon
tall	getheghu	”
small	keseo	á ring
broad	kediga	khá dóng
a great man	keláegu	”
to laugh	káleo	ngio
one	anku	vánthí
two	genu	vángo
three	gusum	ván ram
four	mádái	belí

<i>English.</i>	<i>Lower Nága.</i>	<i>Upper Nága.</i>
five	mungáo	bangá
six	segu	írák
seven	sená	íngét
eight	tetát	ínat
nine	chokoe	íkhú
ten	kegáo	íchí
night	teng mui	rung pan
day	tingá	rung ngyi
month	heken	dápe
year	páteng kum	rung pá
soft	kálegu	án yen
hard	kesigu	a ché
cheap	kápugu	”
dear	pemi keule	thá chán
heavy	kegigu	á li
light	kánchágu	rung vó
wet	kásimagu	”
dry	kásámgu	”
beard	methangan	”
mustache	nimomai	”
fine cloth	pákgu	”
coarse do.	potagoibepai	”
new do.	kasigu	”
the sky	phan gem	rúng tung bhán
above	phephege	á khó nang
below	pákúng	”
to one side	anan toto neo	”
good rice	hebi kígu	”
sweet	maiábru	á tú
sour	ahoi haga	á sí
bitter	tosiului	á khá
light	thing soá	”
darkness	nong mele	”
bow	kang egu	”
boiled	kálingu	”
hunger	jeidale	rum ríó
grass (dry)	gháe	híng
lame	pátási águ	”
deaf	semle	ná bá
dumb	seomáklo	a bá
pain	tenle	”
pleasure	péjáiile	”
sickness	kándágu	”
small-pox	hepápúgu	”
a well	tokuákui	nád
a blacksmith	hebikákigu	”
a weaver	páidágu	”
a huntsman	kábga	”

<i>English.</i>	<i>Lower Nága.</i>	<i>Upper Nága.</i>
spotted deer	gehe	"
distiller	jao	"
lip	mimuitái	"
eye-brow	nimakung	"
eye-lash	nimegeo	"
to-day	núimái	"
yesterday	jemái	ma ja
outside	kijáso	"
inside	lekisanu	"
quickly	kaneonu	"
slowly	phaphaunuce	"
fever and ague	kasegegu	"
belly ache	agoenteogu	"
day before yesterday	domáitat	"
day before that	domai	"
to-morrow	jumái	ni nap
bull	puhu	"
dog	tei	hú
he-goat	kemuche	ki en
tiger	gádi	sá
nephew	asiná	"
a beam	chám bogái	"
a post	echiá	thóng
roof	kegáyá	shúp
cooking pot	li	"
a plate	liyú	"
a large cooking pot	geni	"
come	áháyáang	karo
go	táb	káo
do	táténlu	reó
cease	phákái	"
walk	báe	khu a mo
run	kalanu	chua no (v)
stop	sá bá nu	ba mo
eat	teo	chá o
drink	leo	jó ko
smoke	khemathisilo	van khú
hear	chilo	tá to
see	nemisang nau dumi	khé o
smell	namda	kino (v)
taste	teómoteoselo	"
touch	deogang selo	mó a ko (v)
defend	gajilú	"
assist	aliá anglobe zule	"
hinder	tátera gangá dele	"
cut	jingui gá	du a ko (v)
sharpen	hakekeroga	"
shake	takob gánágá	mát eye to

<i>English.</i>	<i>Lower Nága.</i>	<i>Upper Nága.</i>
call	kagilo	ruo
send	láng áibe	húp phé o
understand	jilo	íja to
learn	ápaláblo	
read	jíkolo	véo "
write	ráolels	"
work	tateslo	móot móo (v)
play	katonteogu	"
laugh	kánuigu	ngio
kill	heku gile	rik vá to
carry	teigubu	kap ká to
bind	pigeleo	kha ko
unfasten	higeleo	"
speak	rágullo	thó o
buy	luioánglo	rió
sell	bubu	sa ngo
barter	niúgú	"
rub	múnau	hú to
clean	chúphábe	"
damage	siajábengule	"
mind	phutude lutea milo	"
lend	hapupeleu	nam kóo
borrow	hápushe	nam mo
give	ahang kua	kó o
take	bhang lulo	kapo
return	kukhung ku	"
ask	apkaleo ainaje	chye no
reply	pukuneo güileo	"
worship	hegúteoloh	su á mo (v)
bury	gedai sulo	bi no
hot	teudú	a khám
cold	hegeidú	aki
fine	putachomlei	"
coarse	putudito	"
thin	anchále	a chá
thick	nesanganu	"
clean	gúháagu	"
dirty	pitigu	"
soft	kanoigu	án yen
smooth	ile	án yen
rough	núsámle	"
long	ketágu	áló
narrow	lédelei	khú ring
handsome	ájámnable	"
ugly	ájámnescele	pang ci
rich	kelákegu	"
poor	kenágríá	"
weak	nule	á chún a hó

<i>English.</i>	<i>Lower Nága.</i>	<i>Upper Nága.</i>
strong	chíle	á chán
great	kedegu	a dóng
high	tudle	a chu ong
low	túile	a num
loose	kínsá lale	”
tight	kuntuleo	”
old	pethi	a tó
new	kúsigu	án yán
clever	imib	”
stupid	chimlei	”
black	ketigu	an yak
white	káhágu	a pó
red	kegágu	a chak
young	hang mi	á ti en
old	gesiphau	a tó
ripe	kámegu	á chúm
unripe	kúngegu	á ning
fresh	temúku	”
rotten	kutambu	á sán
round	káncugu	á tum
sharp	pamui	a ná
straight	kanjegu	á ting
crooked	kangaigu	a ku ang
now	henhá	dok ko
again	hená	”
then	dáido	”
when	ná	”
hither	wembu	”
thither	áníambá	”
there	upáo	”
here	áegau	a nang
where	iblaitugúlau	mokó á
enough	nerángdá	”
truly	yásáng	”
do not	ráng tade	”
no	úumje	má
yes	eo	i dá ngú
before	míchumbeo	”
above	pagam	á khó nang
beneath	púkáo	”
after	pasaiheu	”
hear	hengeleu	ther kó
behind	ábiábeo	”
eleven		ichi vánthé
twelve		ichi ványi
thirteen		ichi runram
fourteen		ichi vánbeli
fifteen		ichi van banga

<i>English.</i>	<i>Lower Nága.</i>	<i>Upper Nága.</i>
sixteen		ichi vanerok
seventeen		ichi vaningit
eighteen		ici váinsat
nineteen		rchi vanikhu
twenty		iuak ni
twenty one		"
thirty		ruak ram
forty		ruak beli
fifty		ruak banga
sixty		ruak írok
seventy		ruak ingil
eighty		ruak esal
ninety		ruak ikhú
one hundred		chá thé
one thousand		cha ichi

III.—*The Jesuits.*

(Continued from page 356.)

X.—DRYNESS—REMARKABLE CURE—OPINIONS.

Ascetics understand by "spiritual consolation" that joy of the soul, that alacrity, gifted with which, it finds no religious duty irksome, but, on the contrary, highly pleasant, and performs all its functions with inexpressible satisfaction. The "gift of tears," that is, the flowing of tears during meditations, is esteemed the highest degree of "consolation." It is said that few—even of the greatest "saints"—have had much "consolation" in their earthly pilgrimage. ST. THERESA passed, I believe, fifteen years of her life in "spiritual dryness," which is the antithesis of "consolation." Her "merit" was consequently greater, since she persevered in all the practices of devotion, despite the denial of consolation, or the heavenly encouragement vouchsafed to piety. A' Kempis exclaims with a pious sneer, "That soul rides pretty easily whose steed is the grace of God!" thereby implying that it is an easy matter to persevere in devotion when its practices are pleasant to the soul. The time of aridity is therefore a time of trial, when the soul is left as it were to herself, to battle with the cunning tempter who then endeavours to terrify her with all manner of doubts and fears—disgusts and bitterness. This is the ascetic view of the subject. What is the true cause? If a man takes much wine, it will produce on his mind, first exhilaration, then delirium. If for several days he works incessantly at his desk, the result will be total exhaustion of idea, and extreme fatigue. Here are effects whose causes are apparent to "the meanest capacity." Enlightened physiology traces mental effects unerringly to physical causes, and, *vice versâ*, physical effects to mental causes. If the "Saints" could have been enlightened in this matter, how soon

would they have shaken off their desolation by giving their over-toiled faculties a short respite, or a change of exercise !

The Jesuit system, by varying and alternating corporeal and mental application, obviates, to a considerable extent, the pernicious effects of this mental lassitude, or, in the language of asceticism, this exile of the heart. Still the constant return of the same duties must sooner or later dispel the charm which deludes the mind by novelty. To youths transplanted from the nursery-bed of a Romish College, the extra confinement and prayer are only a good "set off" against "tasks and lessons." They consequently "submit" to the Novitiate with tolerable ease : they only enlarge that obedience which the Jesuits have, from their early years, drilled into them with prescient solemnity. Of course all are here *completely* tamed—at the college they were only caught—and they came to the Novitiate with the mark of the *lasso* on their necks. To them the duties of the Novitiate soon become mechanical, and they bear the yoke easily. It is very different, however, with those who went to Hodder from worldly pursuits—full grown, mature men, with habits long formed, and inclinations long used to gratification. I often pitied one of my brother novices in this respect. I am *sure* that the Novitiate was a hard trial to that poor fellow. For myself, I was in my twenty-second year ; and, though I had been in the world, still I had contracted no habits which a strong effort of the will could not overcome. I never felt the duties irksome, but I suffered intensely for several days from a dismal depression of spirits. Doubtless it was brought on by mental application and confinement ; but, as a matter of course, I considered it a trial and the work of the enemy. Hideous dreams by night and bitter thoughts by day—remorse for the past, despair of the future—I could not think of Heaven ! Such was my desolation. The superior's watchful eye perceived my sadness ; he questioned me, I told him of my soul's unrest. He ascribed it to a *natural* cause. "Brother," he said, "you need a change of occupation—your mind yearns after its former studies—what would you like to read ? What say you to St. CHRYSOSTOM ?"

I was already half cured. I wiped away my tears, for they were flowing fast, and assented to the proposal. He went into the library, which opened into his room, and brought me a huge *folio*, saying, "Here, brother, read this and be happy !" I thanked him, took the book, went to my cell, opened the *folio* at random, and the first words that caught my eye were as follows :—

"TO STAGEIRIUS, on Providence. It was befitting, my dearest friend, STAGEIRIUS, that I should now both be at your side, and together with you thoroughly share your affliction ; and by exhortation of words, and ministering to you by services, and taking a share in every thing else for your comfort, lighten in part, as much as I were able, your sad *despondency*."

Here, then, was a pious man suffering from the same malady that afflicted me ! I was now the patient, and St. CHRYSOSTOM was my physician ! Oh ! how soon was my sorrow changed into gladness even by the few lines of the introduction. I was, above all, struck with the beautiful expressive word of the original *συνδιαταλαιπωρεῖσθαι*, which requires

to be paraphrased in English by "together with you thoroughly to be afflicted." No modern language but the German can express its meaning by a single compound verb—perhaps, a German may translate it into *durch-mitleiden*—but still some of the original force and descriptiveness is lost unexpressed.

It is needless to state that my cure was as perfect as it was instantaneous. Sadness fled from my heart, and joy was restored to it, as if to its own loved dwelling—eager to return! To borrow a beautiful comparison of the same author, "as a bird when it hath flown from its nest, so is man oppressed as a slave, when he becomes a stranger far from his own home." I found the treatise throughout strikingly apposite to my own case; the symptoms of the malady of his friend were singularly similar to those of my own distemper; and the forceful yet tender, the argumentative yet passionate, appeals of CHRYSOSTOM compounded a *panacea* to which I am happy to append my testimonial. I have now before me an analysis of the tract, with translations of the most striking passages, all written at Hodder at the time in question.

I fancy I hear the reader exclaim, "What a strange coincidence!" and so it appeared to me, nay more, I could not help considering it as another providential interposition, for, as I have said, I opened the book at random, and it opened at the very beginning of that address to STAGEIRIUS concerning his despondency and the adorable providence of God! Whether the superior expected that I would light on that treatise sooner or later, and so derive consolation, I know not now; but I certainly thought he was *inspired* to bless me with the means of cure. And yet the thoughts that occurred to me whilst reading that book were, I may say, additional stones that paved the way to my emancipation from the society. My mind listened, deeply thinking, to these words that follow:—"Let us shake off this dust (the prejudice of the ignorant and their superstitions), for thus the violence of this grief will be rendered tolerable and light, provided we yield not ourselves to be hurried by the distemper over the precipice; but rather let us be solicitous to *look back* and rationally consider what is expedient—*αλλα και διανυστησον σεαυτον*—rouse thyself!"

The reader would doubtless wish to know whether similar influences to those which I have hitherto detailed, were brought to bear upon my fellow-novices. I know not. I could not help telling them, sometimes, the "strange things" and the burning thoughts that occurred to myself; but whether they were more discreet, or less "favoured," I cannot say. They seemed to me—all of them—sincere in their determination to be strict conscientious novices; and, though at all times, some one or other was evidently "in desolation," yet, on the whole, I may safely say that they seemed satisfied with their "vocation." As all allusions to mere "worldly matters" were to be utterly discarded from our conversations, we had to speak of "things divine," or the *society*, its heroic apostles, its martyrs, its present state, its progress. Unless the last-mentioned topics are to be included in "things divine," I say that "things divine" were frequently substituted by "the society and its concerns." There was a difference in the conversation of the second-year novices; these I could not help remarking, spoke very pointedly on the vow of *Obe-*

dience. From them I heard the tropes and metaphors which IGNATIUS has bequeathed for a sign to his faithful followers. "I must be," said they, "like soft wax in the hands of my superior, to *take what form he pleases*." Again, "I must look upon myself as a corpse, which has *no voluntary motion*, or as the staff in an old man's hand, which he uses *according to his own convenience*."

This is not "tyranny! oppression! a gross insult to common sense!" not the least in the world; it is only the perfection of holy obedience, nothing more. How can there be tyranny, oppression, where men are willing and eager to do all that is commanded? The enemies of the Jesuits never stumbled on a more stupid argument than this; it is the very essence of ignorant prejudice, and only serves to interest us by the comparison of EUGENE SUE, whereby he assimilates the Jesuits to the *Thugs*, who also make *corpses*!—a pitiful conundrum, but quite legitimate according to the principles of the *paranomasia* in question. But we will take quite a different view of the subject, expressing our thanks to the party who *suggested* the objection. Here, then, has Holy Father IGNATIUS selected three metaphors to "give an idea" of what sort of obedience he expects to find in his Jesuits. These metaphors are—1st, wax; 2d, a corpse; 3d, an old man's stick. Very expressive, certainly. But he did not stop there; he subjoined the property of wax, namely, "to take what form he pleases;" he intimates the passiveness of a corpse, "which has no voluntary motion;" he declares the unscrupulous adaptation of an old man's stick, "which he uses according to his convenience."

Now, in all fair play, I ask, if a man becomes, in the hands of his superiors, as this wax, this corpse, this old man's stick, in the manner that IGNATIUS superadds by way of explanation—I ask, "in the name of common sense," will that man not do *whatever* his superior commands? He will, you say, but "where no sin lies!" Will your wax object to be made into a RAVAILLAC by Madame TUSSAUD? Will your corpse refuse to be dissolved into rank corruption? Will your old man's stick aid his steps, but refuse to "knock down" according to his convenience?"

Here is no "confusion of tongues," indeed! Here is *argument*—argument suggested by yourself. True, we were told that "holy obedience would never exact what was contrary to the will of God." Alas! what crimes have men not committed under the sanction of conscience!—a false conscience, of which you know how to declaim. The boundless confidence, the *divinity* with which you are invested as "superiors"—a mystification which you constantly keep alive—suppresses every question or thought of a question in your wax, your corpse, your old man's stick, and your Jesuit will be true to his calling in all things, superadding, if you like, "*where no sin lies*," for that is *necessarily* understood, and would not be more satisfactory if you printed the words in *italics* as long as a line of longitude.

Many of these thoughts occurred to me in the Novitiate, but I resisted them, treated them as "temptations." I listened to the conversations of our second-year novices, humbly seeking to be enlightened. Had they been more *fervid* in their sentiments generally, doubtless they

would have pleased me more. They were, however, always courteous, as, indeed, the rules require. They seemed for the most part to be the sons of the English gentry and nobility or titled families, but younger sons. There was, however, no distinction as to rank or wealth. Punctuality, the spirit of the rules—obedience—these were the only distinctions in the Novitiate, and they redounded to individual credit with the heads of the society.

Whether in a climate different to that of Britain, a climate where the glow of a more ardent sun sends the blood in quicker motion through the veins, the physical temperament could be repressed as easily as in the austerity of a Novitiate in the north of England, is a question which I will certainly not answer in the affirmative. But still I see no reason to doubt the adaptability of means to ends by the *Jesuits*, in order to meet the obstacles of climate, particularly in the matter of the second vow. Of the scrupulous purity of my own mind I have spoken. I could not possibly be expected to express an opinion of others in this matter otherwise than favourable. On the other hand, if any particular *legislation* presupposes *crime*, I say that the disgusting minuteness of several matters in the lecture on that vow staggered my belief in the omnipotences of all rules and regulations against depraved nature. That lecture completely disgusted me—I shuddered as the superior read it. I had nothing to write on the slate when we assembled for that purpose in the dormitory, and to my horror—I must speak the fact—to my horror, I say, the whole lecture was minutely repeated on the following day; and, to make the matter worse, the superior *sternly* questioned the novice who stood before him as to passages which the latter seemed inclined to pass over! There are subjects on which one must speak enigmatically; this is one; and the reader must solve it to his own satisfaction.

All special friendships—all preference for one “brother” more than for another—were strictly proscribed. One day the superior sent for me; he said, “Brother, I wish to warn you. Brother—— seems inclined to court your society; treat him coolly—avoid his conversation—until he learns to conform to the rules.” Strange! I actually felt an affection for the youth that very moment—I felt inclined to *love* him for his apparent love for me! . . . Of course, the “brother” was lectured for his misdemeanour; but I must confess, *I*, at least, had not before been conscious that he had any extra affection for my poor self. I was at the time struggling with doubts, and this incident did not allay them. I complied as well as I could with the injunction, but from that day certainly felt more inclined to my “admirer” than to any other “brother.” It was only two or three months after that I left Hodder, and the affection thus sown *by the superior* brought forth mutual tears as we parted—perhaps for ever—on that memorable leave-taking which was publicly vouchsafed to me on my departure from the Novitiate. Truly, this last struggle was the greatest; and, had not my mind, as it were, taken arms against my heart on that occasion, I know not how much longer I should have continued “a child of *IGNATIUS*.” Such a public farewell was not given to any other novice that left—three left during my year—and I leave it to the superiors to say what

induced them to grant me that signal favour—that favour which well nigh laid me at their mercy once more! *Αλλα και διαναστησον σεαυτον.* Rouse thyself! whispered my mind, and my heart said, “perhaps it was right!”

XI.—VISITS FROM FRIENDS—LETTERS—FESTIVITIES—STRANGERS’
RETREATS.

The novice must learn to forget his father, mother, brother, sister, and friends, except in his “universal prayer” for the salvation of all mankind. This requisition is at least consistent: a Jesuit must necessarily forswear all the claims of kindred. The society is everything to him—all the world nothing; that is, of course, as far as the sympathies are concerned. The novelist has invented a strong case, in which the most sacred feeling of our nature—*mother’s love*—is unscrupulously thwarted, resisted, crushed. Whether such a case has ever occurred, or will ever occur, matters not to the question; such a case, in the circumstances supposed by EUGÈNE SUE, I believe to be quite in accordance with the spirit of Jesuit-policy. The rule of the summary on this subject is, I remember one of the longest; it mentions all whom we had “to leave” in the world, viz., father, mother, brother, sister, and friends, in order to be adopted by the society; and the strong words of the rule were enforced by the stronger words of the lecture thereon. My impression, after that lecture, was that a total oblivion of all human ties was to be the result, and the test of our true vocation to the Society of Jesus, whose well-known words were made to sanction the requirements of **IGNATIUS**.

In the Novitiate, of course, the novice is only in a state of probation; some relaxation as to the strictness of the letter and the spirit must, therefore, be made; besides, it would not “look well” if all intercourse of friends were interdicted. Permission is therefore granted on application, by the superior, to friends and relatives sometimes to visit the novices, except during the great retreat. During that time, some friends from —— College wished, as I was afterwards informed, to see me; but permission was refused. We saw our friends in a parlour below the superior’s room; and as they generally, if not always, came attended by some of the Jesuits from the college, the meeting was a public one; permission was, however, granted me to accompany my fellow-collegian to some distance on his way back to Stonyhurst. As we always “heard the report” when strangers came, I can say that the visits were very few during my year; whether resulting from application not being made, or refused, I cannot state, nor have I a positive opinion on the subject unless I appeal to the spirit of the rule and its exposition in the lecture thereon.

The same lecture dwelt with considerable earnestness on the correspondence by letters, which we were permitted to carry on in the Novitiate. I remember that allusions were made to the topics that might *not* be introduced, namely, what took place in the Novitiate; and an attempt was made, by a strange inconsistency, to assimilate the “secrets”

of the Novitiate to those of a private family, whereas only divine motives were held forth to us in all the practices to which we were expected to "submit." Surely the method of training pursued by any body of men, whether as to intellectual or moral development—open to all men who choose to enter—must be to all intents and purposes a *public* matter. Let the world know what you do, how you do it, and why you do it, and then this very expressive little pronoun will *honestly* as well as grammatically resign its place to a substantial, tangible, or conceivable *noun*. The world will judge and decide whether you are "honest in the sacred cause." Suppose a novice like myself had written his experiences in the Novitiate praising everything, lauding the "fathers" to their hearts' content, &c. &c. This would not *displease* you, though I am convinced it would not *please* you, for you do not like these things to be known; hence our letters were only to contain spiritual exhortations to piety, and expressions of joy at our "vocation."

The letters written to us were opened by the superior before we received them, and those that we wrote were given to him open, to be sealed and sent by him if he thought proper. Shortly after I went to the Novitiate I wrote to a friend in London, requesting him to send me a German and a Spanish dictionary. He sent the books. The superior ordered me to his room, and reprimanded me for writing for the books without permission, adding that "now I was to ask the society for what I wanted, not having a claim on anybody, nor anybody on me." I was on the point of replying, that if he had told me so when he saw the request in the letter I would have erased it; but ere the first word was out of my mouth he said, "Nay, brother, when holy obedience speaks there should be no reply." I begged pardon for my forgetfulness, he gave me the books, and I left him; but the thought *would* rise, "if he knew of my sin beforehand why did he not anticipate the completion of the act?" But perhaps he did not read my letter, or perhaps he wished to render the books a monument of rebuke to me; or perhaps anything else, for I was quite mystified by this queer, very queer incident. We had to ask permission to write letters, and we wrote them during "study," or during that portion of "recreation" which we might employ as we liked, that is, in reading, or writing, or walking in the garden, or playing at chess, &c., in the recreation room, if more than two novices were there at a time. All extra *prayer* was discountenanced; he who did well what was prescribed in that matter did all that was required. I may here state that every precaution was taken lest the novices should suffer in health by the austerity of the Novitiate. A physician from the neighbouring town came at stated times, or was sent for when required. When a novice was indisposed his religious duties were considerably relaxed; he took up his abode in the infirmary, which was a room adjoining the recreation-room, and two novices, *by* turns, were constantly with him, to entertain him with conversation. To show the *tenderness* of the Jesuits on proper occasions, I may state a fact which occurred at Hodder. One of the novices was attacked with a severe inflammation of the eyes. The patient's eyes had to be frequently bathed with the prescribed lotion; he found, or fancied that he found, the touch of one of his "brothers" more gentle than that of all the rest, and requested

that the brother alluded to might be sent always to give him relief. The wish was granted.

With these relaxations may be mentioned the festivities which the novices enjoyed from time to time. On great festivals, such as Christmas, Easter, the feast of Sts. Ignatius, Xavier, Aloysius, and Holy Innocents, we always made merry. On the eve of the last-named festival, the superior would come to the recreation-room, with a number of small slips of paper in his hand, each inscribed with a sentence from A'KEMPIS or other ascetic, except one, on which was written, I think, "Ego sum innocens,"—"I am the innocent." We each drew a slip, and the novice who drew the one in question was to be *Porter* for the next day. I have now the one which I drew: the maxim inscribed is thus translated: "For nothing in the world, and for the pleasure of no man, is evil to be done." . . .

Of course the office of porter thus assumed by *chance* was like many similar chance-appointments in the world, very clumsily discharged. But the fun of the thing did good to the mind, and we were always permitted to laugh when we could not help it—not unfrequently some quaint remark or strange story in the lecture on the rules, or in the reading in the Refectory, set us off in a fit of laughter, the more irresistible from our efforts to suppress that *lene tormentum*, that gentle torment and fascinating tyrant of the human breast. Doubtless, by agitating the diaphragm, laughter promotes digestion; and of "all the ills that flesh is heir to," most assuredly those resulting from a disordered stomach are the most common and disastrous—it has been said, that "we dig our graves with our teeth." So we laughed and laughed again, feeling all the fresher for the pleasant excitement—only we endeavoured to laugh like "religious men," that is, as little as possible in imitation of BALAAM'S monitor.

On these festivals we went to High Mass at the church. We walked two-a-breast, with eyes downcast, in silence, to that part of the church appropriated to the novices exclusively. It is the eastern transept or gospel-side of the altar: the western was occupied by the superiors and the scholastici of the seminary, &c. We were expected to edify all by our pious, demure, and recollected demeanour. There is a private entrance to this part of the church, and we were invisible to the congregation. I need not say that High Mass, the sermon and the organ's celestial tones, and the song of human voices, were at least a desirable gratification, if they were not a necessary relief to us, children of solitude, pilgrims in the desert of the heart.

We returned to Hodder as we came, recognising no one that we met, unless the long robe was visible, and then we raised our hands to our hats in salutation—every novice, according to the rule must touch his hat or cap to his superior, and when the latter entered the recreation-room, we always rose and stood until he was seated.

After dinner we assembled in the recreation-room, as usual, and after a convenient interval the bell rang—we returned to the Refectory, where our eyes beheld the now innocent baits of sensuality—cake, fruit, and wine. We sat down, the superior at the head of the table, and indulged in holy merriment. It was a pleasant, rational symposium

that might be quoted as an example of creation's gifts used but not abused—the blessings of the Creator without the superadded curse of the creature. On those occasions we chatted, we laughed, we laid up spirit and strength for another stage in our pilgrimage.

At the conclusion of the feast, we made ready to attend at “Vespers,” or the evening song of the church, and thus had another treat of music. After vespers we took a walk and returned to Hodder to resume our onward march to perfection.

These were the only breaks in our monotonous life, if the causal sojourn of strangers coming to make a retreat may be excepted. Several came during my year—one was, as I was told, a “convert.” In general they were kept entirely apart from the novices, but this gentleman was permitted to take his meals in the Refectory, and thus was doubtless edified by the pious demeanour of the novices. I think, however, that the public penances were suspended during that week. But I cannot speak with certainty as to this fact. Of course their retreat consisted in meditation, confession, and communion. A strange occurrence connected with these strangers' retreats once “frightened us out of our proprieties.” One morning, during the most solemn part of the mass, the superior's door was thrust open, and we heard some one crying out in the tones of a madman—“Father ——! Father ——! Oh, Father ——!” We were terrified, of course: but the lay-brother went into the superior's room whence the noise proceeded, closing the door after him, and we endeavoured to “recollect ourselves” for the “awful sacrifice” that was thus interrupted. As we were forbidden to speak of such unpleasant, unedifying occurrences, I never heard any explanation of this most unaccountable manifestation. Still I was reminded of it on one occasion, when a novice told me the following anecdote. He said that when inquiries were instituted to discover the “pretended” diabolical influences of the Jesuits, one man, in evidence, was asked what he saw in his “retreat” among the “holy fathers.” His reply was: “I saw a huge beast, a hideous monster!” Highly gratified with the prospect of finding irrefragable evidence as to the supposed malpractices, the inquisitor winked to his assistants, chuckled, and mended his pen to take down the desired evidence with extraordinary care.

“Well, my man, let us hear exactly what beast, what monster you saw.”

The man replied:—

“I saw—*myself!*”

A decidedly pretty story, which shows that EPICTEtus was quite right, when he said that “every pitcher has two handles,”—in other words, that the Jesuits have always had, as they have, friends as well as enemies—only, unfortunately for them, one handle was wrenched off altogether when the pitcher got *full*—a casualty that *may* chance again.

XII.—MORTIFICATIONS—REPRIMANDS—BRIEFS—THE CHAPTER—
MANIFESTATION.

If the reader is accustomed to contemplate, to study the growth and development of plants, he has an inexhaustible source of pleasure and instruction. Last summer I remarked a beautiful sprout of honey-suckle rapidly intertwining the trellis of my verandah: it was then a brilliant purple, soft and succulent; to-day I observed it again—it has become tough, yellowish *wood*, as hard as a brick. What time and growth effect in the plant, time and training produce in the Jesuit. There are all manner of plants in the society, and the skilful gardeners that have this interesting greenhouse in charge know by what soil, manure, and temperature to guarantee the production of the desired bloom and fruit. Chesterfield tells us that the superior of the Roman College, after having exultingly alluded to his philosophers, mathematicians, orators, &c., exclaimed, "*Ed abbiamo per il martyrio se bisogna*—and we have men for martyrdom if they be required!" This is very fine, it is the very moral of my exposition—the Jesuits have men adapted for *every* enterprise. The boast of the Roman provincial, if it does not reduce the whole argument to the capacity of a nutshell, certainly gives us the kernel thereof without the trouble of cracking.

To produce men who shall be fit for every situation, so that they shall come off without "being cut themselves," as the good father observed to me, they must be used to bear without shrinking—as the Spartan youths bore the lash—that severe ordeal of our nature, the rebuke, the reproaches of friends and enemies. Many a public character would deserve well of the present generation, and of posterity, were it not for this pusillanimity, this coward-vanity. Not that I believe the Jesuits become insensible to such pangs—I believe nothing of the sort. They retain, they have "temper," but they learn to curb it, to cover it with smiles—hence they are true "men of the world." LAINEZ certainly belaboured BEZA and his fellow-reformers with splendid abuse; and the provincial and London agent were rather severe with me when I left; but then, "circumstances alter cases:" there was no necessity for "dumb-show" on these occasions. I allude to these facts without the slightest acrimony; seven years have been quite sufficient to make me "forget and forgive," besides I think "'twas all quite natural."

And this particular training—how is it applied?

First, as to the external man. Our habiliments, during manual works, were sublimely ridiculous—I was often reminded, when working in company with another "brother," of certain crustaceous animals in the West Indies which I have seen lugging a shell five times too large, into which they had insinuated their tiny bodies, doubtless without a thought of the previous in-dweller. Coats vastly too large; trousers decidedly too wide or too narrow, too short or too long; waistcoats in the same predicament, all patched, greased, threadbare; and the greenish trousers that I had on when I went to the Novitiate I brought away with an extensive patch of sober quaker-brown, luckily invisible by position—when the "stormy winds did *not* blow."

This appears ridiculous enough: but the thing tried us—it tried me,

this beggar's garb ; but soon I got used to it, and the object was gained. This was the only thing, among the Jesuits, that ever virtually reminded me of the vow of voluntary poverty. So much for the mortification of the outer, or rather the external, man—for there were three gradations : the inner man, or the spirit ; the outer man, or the flesh ; the external man, or the integuments, looks, carriage, &c.

Of the second gradation I shall speak anon—I pass to the first, namely, the mortifications to contund the spirit. These were reprimands, which came, when you least expected, in various forms. You might not be conscious of the alleged misdemeanour, perhaps it had not been committed ; but you received it in humble silence, and battled, as well as you could, with the old Adam within, that will strive to throw the blame on somebody or something else. Perhaps a penance would be superadded—you performed it with rapturous fervour. Take a case in point. “It happened that the pious and learned **JEROME PLATUS**, whilst he was his (Aloysius's) master of novices, thinking his perpetual application to prayer and study prejudicial to his health, ordered him to spend, in conversing with others after dinner, not only the hour allotted for all, but also the half hour longer which is allowed to those who dined at the second table. Father Minister, not knowing this order, punished him for it, and obliged him publicly to confess his fault ; which he underwent without offering any excuse. The Minister, learning afterwards how the matter was, admired very much his silence, but, for his greater merit, enjoined him another penalty for not telling him the order of his master.”

This story was a “staple commodity” of admiration in the Novitiate—I often heard it quoted. To my mind it suggests other conclusions besides that which is intended by the Jesuits. If the reader remembers the form of public confession of faults given in a “Day's Occupation,” something very much like falsehood appears in this “acknowledgment” of **ALOYSIUS**, which had “great merit ;” but holy obedience enjoined him to say he was guilty of a fault, and he obeyed, and had “great merit”—what crimes has a Jesuit to commit in order to have greater merit ? At least this is the view I take of the matter—these men invest themselves with lofty pretensions to piety when they figure before us in the field of life—let them be uncloaked, laid bare, that we may distinguish the interloper from the rightful heir.

Such reprimands might proceed directly from the superior's own observation or inclination, or from reports made to him by the porter and “brother novices.” It happened, during the first month of my probation, that, whilst in conversation with some of the brothers, I spoke rather slightly of the “Visions” of St. **THERESA**. I observed no visible effect that my incredulity produced on the hearers, and the conversation turned on other topics. The very same evening the superior sent for me, and mildly rebuked me for my heresy—giving me a reason for my future orthodoxy by saying, “that very clever and learned men believed in the said visions”—an argument which, I confess, enabled me to “take in,” as I advanced, a vast deal of “doctrine” that I was “tempted” to eschew. He did not inflict a penance ; but I trust that my subsequent enthusiasm in all the major and miour pro-

babilities and plausibilities of Romanism “did away” with my primitive incredulity.

It was a bitter thing this to comply with—I mean this spy system—but it was “for the greater glory of God”—what should not that motive induce us not to do? And yet Englishmen must find it a sticking pill. True, we have informers, but they are as much detested here as they were at Athens, and the language perpetuates that abhorrence by having applied the Greek name—sycophant—to a very shabby individual. For my part, I will only say, as a certain facetious worthy said of his diet on pease, I *once* told a fault committed by a brother, but I felt so essentially ashamed of myself, that the incident is as fresh in my memory as if it had occurred but yesterday.

As there was no regular “confession of faults” during supper, whenever a novice was then seen on his knees, we might be sure that he was doing penance for some reported offence against the rules and regulations.

In the Novitiate, though many things were fearfully true to their name, yet some were characteristic equivocations—such as the discipline, chain, chapter, and the brief, of which last mortification I am now to speak.

Imagine the novices pleasantly engaged at dinner, in satisfying the grateful stomach with savoury food, and the pious soul with holy thoughts. The Martyrology and Fasti have been read. One novice has the cup in his hand, another his fork to his mouth, a third is dividing his meat, a fourth is masticating. Suddenly the reader solemnly entones, “By order of holy obedience!” Now look—the cup is set down—the fork is deposited—the meat relinquished—the teeth forget their function—the mouth is closed in the death of obedience. The hands are joined on the breast—each throbbing heart is asked by vanity, “Is is I? is it I?”

Now listen to the brief.

“By order of holy obedience!

“Brother —— is hereby reprimanded for his general unedifying conduct—want of punctuality—hurried gait—bustling demeanour, totally unbecoming a novice of the Society of Jesus. He must remember what is required of him by the rules of the summary, and entirely discard the habits of a schoolboy. Holy obedience enjoins him to kiss the feet of all the brothers as soon as he has dined.”

The reader sat down, and dinner proceeded as if nothing had taken place, except the crimson blush on the cheek of the brother whose brief has just been read. Briefs did not come often, but they always made an impression. Soon after my admission I received a brief, reprimanding me for “sitting with my legs sprawling at church, a manner totally unbecoming a novice of the Society of Jesus.”

The brief was in English; and the one given may be taken as a faithful imitation of the superior’s style, as well as a correct exposition of the “subject matter.”

The “chapter” was quite a different affair. It superseded the sermon or translation of which I have spoken. On entering the recreation room we saw a cushion in the centre—this announced a “chapter.”

We sat down, the superior entered, and filled the seat at the end of the room. After a pause he named one of the novices. The novice rose, walked to the cushion, and knelt. Another pause ensued. Then the superior said, "Brother —, mention what you have observed amiss in the conduct of Brother —;" that is, the novice kneeling on the cushion aforesaid. The brother obeyed if he had anything to say, if not he remained silent. Another novice might be called on, and so on, according to the superior's discretion. Then followed a solemn lecture to the penitent—mild though severe, for our master of novices was a kind man by nature. I was told that a former master of novices—the Father PLOWDEN before alluded to—was remarkable for the severity of his admonitions. Two or three novices might thus be made to go through the ordeal of reproach—I should state that they were generally, if not always, novices of the second year.

No allusion should ever be made in conversation to the reprimands, briefs, chapters, or penance—they were sacred subjects, like the name of the Eternal to the children of Israel.

The brief and chapter referred to public faults. These the society requires to be known; but it requires more—it requires to know secret propensities, hidden inclinations—it seeks to rival the Divinity in its knowledge of the human heart. Hence the frequent interviews with the superior—hence the annual manifestation of conscience to the provincial. These manifestations, as we were undisguisedly, pointedly, unmistakably given to understand by the lecture on the subject, were to have all the sincerity, nothing-concealing candour of sacramental confession without that consolatory safeguard of the latter, sacramental secrecy. The object and intention of the provincial are *bonâ fide* to make use of the knowledge gained by manifestation. Observe, we were perfectly aware of this—no man is deceived as to what is required of him in becoming a Jesuit—that is, in one word, a total surrendry—no capitulation—no by-clause—no codicil—soul and body like wax to the designer, mind and will like a corpse to corruption, hands and feet like an old man's staff—these are conditions which every man accepts in becoming a Jesuit.

Accustomed as I was to "tell all" to my indulgent superior, I should not have felt the least repugnance to open my heart to the provincial. This was not the provincial who admitted me, but his successor—a man of hard features, rough and cog-wheeled in manner and expression. I did not like the man. Still I "manifested" myself, and his advice and observations were like the sensation of passing one's hand along the teeth of a saw.

A whole day was set apart for this annual manifestation. The provincial occupied the infirmary for the day, and sent for each novice in his turn. A report is subsequently sent to the general at Rome, touching the character, &c., of all the novices. Anticipating the analysis of the constitutions, I may state that monthly reports are forwarded to the general by all provincials, and quarterly communications to the same potentate by the heads of the houses of the *professi*.

IV.—*Journal of a Ride into the Interior of Cape Colony.*

(In a letter from a Christian Friend.)

(Concluded from p. 369.)

May 2d.—It was originally our intention to have proceeded on our journey towards the Kuysna to see the beautiful scenery of that river, without waiting at George, but finding that all the resident gentry were either in attendance on the Judge, or had come to town to see their friends, we had no alternative but to remain where we were, at least for the present. After breakfast we took a walk into the neighbouring forest to see a waterfall at some little distance from George, but our guide having lost his way, we returned without seeing it. At 12 we rode to Pacaltsdorp, a station of the London Missionary Society, about an hour's ride from George in the direction of the sea. The houses of the native residents at the station are very poor in appearance, but the missionaries find it very hard to induce them to build better. The population of the village is about 700, of whom 120 are in full communion with the Church. We visited the Infant school, which is under the superintendance of one of the daughters of Mr. Anderson, the senior Missionary. The children appeared to have been extremely well taught, and their answers to a long examination on the scriptures were remarkably ready and correct. Mr. Anderson is a venerable old man, but withal, I believe, an energetic and valuable Missionary.

The following extract from Backhouse's Journal, respecting the first establishment of this station, is interesting :

“Pacaltsdorp became a missionary station in consequence of the effectual preaching of a Hottentot woman from Bethelsdorp, which is one of the oldest station of the London Missionary Society in South Africa. This woman was not known at Bethelsdorp as a remarkable person among the converts to Christianity, but on taking a journey to visit some of her friends, she narrated with so much simplicity and feeling, what the Lord had done for her, as to gain considerable attention among the farmers, and to awaken a thirst after a knowledge of the way of salvation in a slave, as well as in the Hottentots of Hoogekraal. The slave afterwards went to the wagon of James Read and a fellow-missionary when they were travelling, and from them he received further religious instruction : he died soon after, and on his death-bed gave such evidence of Christian faith and hope, as to draw from his mistress the declarations that if ever any one went to heaven, she believed her poor slave went there. On arriving at George, the Landrost begged that James Read

and his companion would visit Hoogekraal, where the Hottentots were clamorous for a Missionary. On going thither, they found that the preaching of the woman referred to had excited among the people an ardent thirst for the knowledge of Jesus Christ. They consequently wrote upon the subject to John Campbell, one of the directors of the London Missionary Society, who happened at that time to be in Cape Town; the Missionary Pacalt was also there, at liberty for such a service, and he was sent to the place, which was afterwards called Pacaltsdorp, signifying Pacalt's village. Here this devoted man laboured successfully, both among the coloured population, and the neighbouring boors, among whom his name is precious to the present day."

On our return to George we made up our minds to forego for the present our visit to the Kuysna. We were pressed for time, and the weather began to wear a threatening aspect; and it struck us that should the rivers, (of which there are seven or eight, between George and the Kuysna) rise after our reaching the latter place, the detention caused thereby would necessarily prevent our seeing the Congo Caverns. Our host, moreover, coolly told us, that of our servants, we had better take the one *that could swim*. Truly a nice prospect for ourselves. In the evening we dined with Mr. Moodie, the late Civil Commissioner of the district. Being anxious to ride back to Cape Town as light as possible, I purchased to-day a pony for £9 to carry my saddle bags and valise.

May 3d.—After breakfast we got on our horses to ride to the Kaiman's River, which is about 6 miles from George. The view from the road, with the sea on one side, and the mountains and forest on the other, was in parts very beautiful; but the scenery at the river itself might alone have repaid us for the ride of 300 miles and upwards from Cape Town. The river runs between hills of 700 or 800 feet high, which rise directly from the water's edge, and are beautifully and gracefully wooded to their summits. At the ford we got into a small boat, and rowed in the direction of the sea. After proceeding about 50 yards, we left the river, a little before its junction with the sea, through a small channel to the right. The channel, which is thirteen fathoms deep, narrowed as we proceeded, and at the narrowest part a very pretty fall comes into view. We rowed on till we got almost underneath the fall, when suddenly the channel widens into a deep basin with no ground at 30 fathoms, into which the fall disgorges itself. The wall of the basin immediately opposite the fall is a rocky hill of 300 feet, rising perpendicularly from the water. The fall is altogether about 50 feet in height;—when the volume is not large, the water after,

falling about half that height, is met by a projection in the rock which causes a double fall. When, however, the body of water above is increased by heavy rains there is but one fall from the summit into the basin beneath. It is certainly a most beautiful spot. After taking our look at the cascade, we left the basin and rowed down the river towards the sea; but the swell was heavy and too much for us to encounter in our small craft, and so we returned and proceeded a little way up the river. The scenery was of the same beautiful and striking character; high and rocky hills on either side, with forests to their summits, the lair of the hyena and the leopard. We returned home at 5 o'clock, highly delighted with our day's excursion, and with hearts, I trust, deeply impressed with the power and glory of Him "who made heaven and earth, the sea and all that therein is," who "established the mountains," "shut up the sea with doors," "commanded the morning," "and caused the day-spring to know his place."

May 4th. Sabbath.—We went to the service, conducted after the Episcopal form, by the Rev. Mr. Scott, the chaplain recently appointed to George. He preached from the pulpit of the Presbyterian Dutch Reformed Church on the ascension of Christ from Luke xxiv. 50, 51. In the evening our little travelling congregation met together, and we meditated upon Matt. xiv. 22—33. The day was very rainy and misty, with every appearance of heavy weather. As we had planned to leave George (D. V.) on the following morning, we laid the matter before the Lord in our devotions, praying for his guidance, and the manifestation of his providence, as it might seem good to Him. God has invited us to cast *all* our care upon him, why then should we withhold any from Him?

May 5th.—A lovely morning, all the clearer because of the previous rain. Shortly before we started I was visited by Mr. Dawson, the former Secretary of the Sabbath School Institution in Aberdeen. I had a long conversation with this aged servant of God on Free Church matters. He inquired very kindly about Dr. Duff and Mr. Macdonald, whose father he appears to have known well. I heard from Mr. Dawson that there are some Scotch families in the neighbourhood of George standing much in need of a godly ministry among them. Would that a Free Church were established in Cape Town. It might soon extend itself into the interior of the colony, to meet the wants of Presbyterians who speak English. In some places, such as Swellendam, the ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church hold Services in English; but this of course cannot be where the Minister himself understands only Dutch. In regard to fare and accommodation at George, we ourselves were prettily well treated

by Mr. Varkevisser, but our servants were very indifferently cared for, and the charges for *them* were very high.

We left George Town about 10 o'clock, and in company with Mr. Moodie, the late Civil Commissioner, proceeded to the new pass over the Cradockberg or mountain. This pass is now being made by the Government, and is a stupendous work. Its length is about 15,000 feet cut out of the solid rock. About one third of it is finished; the remainder is at present but a bridle path, with, for the most part, a perpendicular precipice above you on the one hand, and another below you on the other; the road in many places rough and stony. Had any thing occurred to frighten any one of our horses, the consequences might have been serious; but the animals seemed to be perfectly aware that caution was necessary. After being accustomed to our level Indian roads, nothing would have induced me to ride over such a place when I first left Cape Town, but by the time I had got to George, my fears of rough roads had pretty well subsided.

The Pass is being constructed by free and convict labour united. There is a convict station at either entrance of the Pass, excellently arranged, and carefully superintended by Mr. Moodie, in which the instruction of the prisoners is well attended to. The mountain scenery through the Pass is very grand.

We parted from Mr. Moodie at the end of the Pass; and, with our guide, whom we had hired at George, we rode in a northerly direction, towards the Twarte Bergen, or Black mountains, in which are the Congo Caverns. We reached Mr. Ranbenheimer's farm at 6 o'clock, and there put up for the night.

May 6th.—Left the farm at 7 o'clock. The first part of our road was through a wild rocky country, and it was well we had a guide, for there was plenty of room and opportunity for losing our way. We saw a herd of eight or ten ostriches at no great distance from us, and a deer crossed our path. Part of our way was over the most infamous road I ever travelled on, far worse than any thing even in the Cradock Pass. In one part, our guide took us a short cut over a very steep hill, the ascent of which towards the summit, without the slightest exaggeration, was almost perpendicular for some distance, and the only path was over loose stones and pieces of rock.—We were of course obliged to dismount, but it was a wonder that the horses got over it so well as they did. As we proceeded, the country took quite a different appearance—from barren rocky ground to a fine soil abounding with arable land and fruit orchards.

At half after twelve we reached the farm of Mr. John O'Connell, an open-hearted hospitable Irishman of six feet four. Mr. O'Connell keeps also a large store of all sorts of things. It

seems hard to a stranger to discover where he gets his customers; but he told us that he disposes of his things without much difficulty. We got some dinner here, and at 4 o'clock, P. M. started for the Caverns, which we were told by Mr. O'Connell were about a 2 hours' ride from his place. This, however, proved to be Mr. O'Connell's two hours' ride, who, we afterwards heard, was the hardest rider in that part of the country. The horse on which my travelling companion's servant was mounted fell lame, shortly after leaving Mr. O'Connell's, and he had to hire another at a farm near the spot where the accident happened. The road for four miles before reaching Congo is through a defile, with high mountains on either side; and a rapid stream runs through it, which has to be crossed some thirty-five times. After crossing it half a dozen times, we were benighted. It became so dark shortly after night-fall that I could scarcely see my horse's ears, and had it not been for the white jacket of my servant who led us, I never could have followed my guide. The road at every descent to, and every ascent from, the stream was over great loose stones and pieces of rock. The only way was to give your horse his head, and sit quietly on his back, leaving it to him to pick his steps, and take care of himself and rider. It is certainly astonishing what these Cape horses, accustomed to this kind of thing, can do. We got to the end of the Pass with scarcely a false step. At the last ford, we procured a native guide to shew us the way to the farm of Mr. Plessis which we reached at 7 o'clock, and put up for the night.

May 7th.—We were up early in the morning, and found that three of our horses, including the hired one, had got out of their shed, and strayed during the night. After an hour's search, they were all brought back. At 7 A. M. we started for the Congo Caverns, which are at no great distance from the house at which we put up. The best account of these caverns which I have seen is from the pen of Lieutenant Sherwill of the Bombay army, who visited them in 1842, and thus describes them:

“We soon found ourselves at the mouth of the cave, not as I had expected to have found it, a low narrow entrance, but a vast arched opening, a suitable entrance to such a place. At the entrance, which is about eighteen feet high and wide, is a vestibule, in which preparations were commenced of lighting torches, and divesting ourselves of all superfluous raiment, as the boers assured us we should find it pretty warm below. The boers endeavoured to persuade us to join them in their *soopje*, or dram of brandy, before commencing operations, which, being refused, they fortified themselves, and we now started, each man with a light in either hand, except the torch-bearers,

who held a bottle of oil besides their torch. The procession, as it moved off, had a curious appearance; we looked like a legion of Efreetts about to celebrate some dreadful orgies. We wound our way for about one hundred paces, through a narrow passage, excavated by nature, in the living rock, of a dark pitchy hue, until arrested by a precipice at our feet: before us stretched an impenetrable darkness; all around us, in spite of our torches and candles, wore the same aspect, the gloom appearing literally impenetrable, thick and tangible. A stout ladder was lowered down, and we descended to the depth of about thirty-three or thirty-four feet, and found ourselves standing in a vast hall of six hundred feet in length, about one hundred in breadth, and from sixty to seventy high. In the centre of this magnificent cave stands a colossal stalactite, of seventy feet in height, white as the purest marble, and sparkling as if strewn with diamonds. From the roof depend inormous masses of lime, gradually growing into stalactical columns, whilst on the damp ground, rising to meet these pendent masses, are huge stalagmites, formed by the continual filtration of lime, through the superincumbent rocks; some have nearly met, and formed columns, others are but commencing to form; in fact, the whole floor of the cave is strewed with stalagmites of various growths, and on the roof, opposite to each, hangs a corresponding mass. The work of filtration of calcareous matter, is proceeding steadily, and in time this vast hall will become a labyrinth of pure alabaster-like columns. This cave is known by the name of Van Tyl's Flak, after the discoverer, a Dutch boer, who discovered these caverns, whilst hunting in these mountains.

“Leaving this hall, we entered a small cavern, about forty feet square, and thirty feet high. This is called the Registry, from a practice of visitors writing their names on the pure snow-white lime walls. Here I discovered several names of our Indian community, and amongst them the name of an old college companion. I was surprized to see the name of a lady, with whom I afterwards became acquainted. How she ever managed to descend the green, damp and slippery ladder, to me is wonderful, but descended she had, and there was her name, to prove the fact. As we proceeded, the soil under foot began to get moister and moister, until it turned into downright mud, which gave us much annoyance, by insinuating itself into our shoes. A few more yards brought us to the most beautiful and most wonderful part of the caverns. Whilst writing our names in the Registry, all the boers except one, who had delayed us purposely, by pointing out various names and superscriptions, had quietly slipped away, but on passing from this spot, through a narrow passage, we soon perceived why they had left us. A sight at once beautiful and asto-

nishing, now burst upon our sight. We stood in a vast cave, one hundred and forty feet square, and about fifty in height, the whole of the most dazzling and sparkling whiteness ; columns and pillars of snow-white, and some transparent crystalized lime, stood on all sides, the roof covered with innumerable small and delicate icicle-looking stalactites, each with a huge drop of pure water, hanging from their extremities, and as each drop parted company with its filter, and fell to the ground, it had the appearance as if a shower of diamonds was falling from the roof. The boers had all taken up positions with their lights, to enable us to see the whole of this fairy-like cavern, at one *coup d'œil*. I stood bewildered and astonished at this wonderful sight. In the centre of the cavern stands a column, as pure and as white as alabaster. It is the height of the hall, fifty feet, and about nine feet in circumference, and worked in the most minute manner. It is of pure crystalized lime, surrounded by horizontal bands, or raised divisions, at every three or four feet. These divisions are filled up with minute filigree work, and vertical lines ; in fact, the column appears, to use a borrowed simile, as if raised by a giant and finished by a jeweller. At either end of the hall are groups of the same substance, resembling bed-curtains and flowery drapery, running into elegant arabesques. All round the sides of the hall the lime has taken the forms of various objects, amongst which fancy may discover a high altar of a catholic church, decked out with all the paraphernalia of grand mass. Stalactites, resembling high and lofty candelabra, cups and goblets, steps and censers ; in another corner, may be seen a collection of elegant drapery, flowers, trees and animals ; one mass in particular, bears the exact resemblance to the head of a gigantic bull.

“Being continually saturated with water, the groups appear semi-transparent, the hanging and falling drops of water also reflect the light of the torches giving to the whole a dazzling and sparkling appearance ; the spar where broken off, dries, and loses its transparency, becoming a dull and opaque body. Leading out of this hall are innumerable passages—where they lead to, or how far they extend, no one knows ; they are almost innumerable. The walls are pierced in every direction with dark-looking openings. On entering any of these openings or passages, it is immediately perceived that *their* sides are perforated in the same way, each opening leading into other caverns, thus making the whole mountain one vast net-work of caves, and grottoes and caverns. We entered several, but finding the air excessively hot and close, we desisted. A small low cave with a sloping roof, named the *Yskegel Kamer* (or icicle-room) deserves especial notice. The cave is small and low, but the roof, which

is closely painted with minute stalactites, is one of the most striking sights I have ever seen *under ground*. The small *icicles* really appear as if cut from solid pearls; their colour is so exquisitely beautiful and soft. A constant distillation of water goes on in this room which is received into deep natural reservoirs in the floor; the water is so pure, it is impossible to distinguish it until immersed up to the chin, which happened to many of our party. I was the first victim, plunging over head and ears, torch and all, into a deep pool.

“ We now asked the boers to conduct us to the long room, mentioned by Mr. Thompson in his work on South Africa. The boers, one and all, declared such a place existed not: nor was it until they saw we were determined to find it unaided that they gave in, saying it was a long way off, through the most intricate and dangerous passages, and a very broken surface, where we were very liable to get a broken head or limbs. This only made us more anxious to reach the Lange Kamer—so off we started, and as the boers justly observed, over most awful bad ground. Loud was the laughter and merriment at the numerous falls and slidings; no one escaped, so the laugh was mutual. We proceeded through narrow passages, arch-ways, up and down hills, over stones, rocks, sand, mud, and various other difficulties, dropping a boer here and there, to shew us the way back again. We at last arrived at a small descent of fourteen or fifteen feet, but steep, and faced with a deep covering of soft loamy mud, down which it was impossible to walk. Throwing down a torch to shew us the bottom, we commenced a descent in rather a novel manner, each man sitting down on his heels, and allowing himself to shoot down with a velocity almost equal to that attained on a Russian ice-hill; down we all went one after the other, waving our torches, each clearing away his portion of mud. Could any of our friends *on earth* have seen us, we should have been fit objects of mirth,—the mud being of a bright orange yellow colour, had imparted its bright hues to the whole of our dorsal habiliments; many of us had lost our shoes and stockings; I had parted with mine long ago in the icicle-room. We now stood in the long chamber, or Thompson’s Hall, he having discovered it in 1822. It is an immense long hall, and according to Thompson, five hundred feet long, but I think it is nearer eight hundred, twenty to forty feet in height, of a dark earthy hue, very uneven, broken floor rising and falling as much as forty feet, and broken up by deep pits; there is nothing pretty or remarkable in this long hall, beyond its immense length. We got to the end, which terminates by a wall of solid sand-stone, beyond which no passage has been formed, though several passages lead out, right and left of this hall. We

were now by calculation, about two thousand feet from the entrance of the caves; how much further we might have gone, I know not, but we had had by this time enough of this subterraneous wandering; the heat was perfectly terrific, added to the offensive smell of the numerous bats, which infest the innermost caves, the smell of the torches, bare feet and wet clothes. We were not sorry to retrace our steps, and great was the mirth excited by our abortive attempt to re-ascend the slope of slippery mud. One boer did, by great exertions, effect the ascent, but in aiding the next person up, he was dragged from his high position, rolling over and over, till they both reached the bottom, covered with yellow mud. After cutting holes for our feet, we accomplished the ascent, which had caused so much mirth.

“After our return to the hall, which, for want of a name I shall take the liberty to call the “chamber of the beautiful stalactite,” we commenced exploring among the smaller chambers. After a variety of plunges into deep pools, falls and bruises, we found ourselves in a curiously excavated room, with a round hole pierced through one of its sides. Through this I thrust my body and torch, and endeavoured to reconnoitre, but without success, darkness spread itself on every side. I could just see the bottom of the cave about fifteen feet below me, but the wall was perfectly perpendicular, and the air was close and unwholesome. I have little doubt this cave extends far away into the heart of the *Zwarte Berg*. A rush of bats took place at this moment; several of our torches were extinguished, and as our oil was failing, many of the bottles having suffered in our manifold falls and slides, we commenced a retreat to day-light. When we reached the light, which was, at first, painful in the extreme to our eyes, the roars of laughter from the boers made the caverns ring with echoes; and no wonder their mirth was excited, for I never saw such an odd collection of yellow monsters as the day-light discovered us to be. The uproarious mirth of these good-natured and happy men was quite enlivening after the heat and fatigue we had gone through; for we had been many hours wandering about and exploring; during the whole time we had been wet through, from the continual dripping from the roof, most of us without shoes and stockings, smoked nearly to death by the torches, and stifled with heat. After paying a small fee and entering our names in a book, we parted company with the boers, and rode on our way to George, much pleased and gratified with our subterranean ramble.

“As a specimen of natural excavation, I much doubt if these caves can be equalled by any in the world, both for beauty, *height* (that usually deficient quality in natural excavations) or in extent, for their extent is yet quite unknown. Compared

with artificial excavations, they are gigantic : the most wonderful artificial excavations being those of Ellora, Adjunta, Karlie, and Elephanta, all in India. Here we have whole mountains excavated by the hands of men, and finished with a minuteness quite astonishing ; I have visited them all, but they did not so much gratify me as the sight of the Congo Caverns.”

I can corroborate this statement in its several particulars, and a more wonderful sight of the kind, than these caverns I never beheld. We penetrated to the extreme point that has yet been reached ; but did not see the several chambers to so much advantage as we might have done, had we taken a greater number of lights. As it was, we saw them for the most part in detail. Well lighted up, with 40 or 50 flambeaus, the whole of each apartment might be seen at once, and the effect must be very striking. Here and there were a few small basins, containing the clearest water, but much less than when the caverns were visited by Lieutenant Shirwell. The footing was in many places very slippery and insecure, especially where the ground was uneven. The communications between the chambers, is, for the most part, by a steep bank, the footing in which might be made comparatively secure by the digging of a few steps. After seeing all that was to be seen, we returned to the house of Mr. Plessis, our civil and obliging host, and from thence started on our return to Mr. O’Connell’s, highly gratified by the day’s work, and considering ourselves amply repaid for our ride of nearly 400 miles to the Congo Caves. My surprize is that many more of our Indian friends do not visit them. On our return, we saw by day-light the nature of the country in the Congo Poort or defile, through which we had ridden in the dark the preceding evening. It is truly astonishing how our horses got so well through it. This was our first day’s ride towards home. We reached Mr. O’Connell’s in the afternoon, and rested there during the night.

May 8th.—The horse ridden by my friend’s servant was so very lame that it was impossible for him to proceed. His place was supplied by one purchased from Mr. O’Connell. We left about noon, and in 6 hours one of which our horses were unsaddled, reached the house of Mr. Raubenhaimer, senior, at the entrance of the Attoquas Kloof. It was dark when we arrived. The country for the last hour and a half of our ride had a very inhospitable appearance, not a man, woman or child did we meet during that time. At the last, when close to the house where we were to put up for the night, we were cheered by the sound of a farmer’s voice, calling to his oxen as he drove his waggon along the road which we were following. From him we learnt the position of Mr. R.’s house, which otherwise we might have

had some difficulty in finding after night-fall, not one of us ever having been in this part of the country before. The evening was bitterly cold, and by the time we reached our halting-place my fingers were quite benumbed, so that I could scarcely feel the reins. We were very hospitably entertained by Mr. Raubenheimer, and soon made ourselves comfortable for the night. For the benefit of my friends who may travel through the colony, I would remind them, that, in order to a generally hospitable entertainment by the Dutch boers, it is requisite that you should put yourself at once on a friendly footing with them; there must be no distance kept up between your host and yourself; the only plan is to make yourself at home, and as soon as you enter the house, shake hands with every member of the family. Reserve is put to the score of pride, and the less there is of this, the greater comfort for the traveller. We got on very well in conversing with this family, as Mr. R. kept a school-master to teach his children English, and he acted as our interpreter. We occasionally found such a person on the farmer's establishment; he gets a very trifling salary in addition to his board and lodging, and for this gives instruction to the children in Dutch and English; in regard to the latter, however, I must say that the instructors themselves need not a little teaching. The in-door work of the house in a Dutch family in the country is done chiefly by the young females of the family; they lay the cloth, attend at table, and seem to undertake the laborious portion of the domestic economy. In the present instance, after all the family were seated at the evening meal, with the exception of two young females, one of the latter, standing behind the middle chair on one side of the table, invoked the Divine blessing.

May 9th.—Left Mr. Raubenheimer's at day-light, and passed through the Attaquas Kloof in six hours, one of which we halted. The road over the Pass was very bad in some parts, but the scenery was very grand—mountains and hills, as if thrown together in the wildest confusion, and yet on close examination, there was to be observed a regularity and order in the successive ranges, which tell the presence of the Great Designer's hand, and proclaim His praise. From one high point of the Kloof we had a beautiful view of George town, and the Missionary station of Pacaltsdorp, with the ocean beyond. The climate of the Kloof was at this time as fine as any I have met with in the Colony; the weather was delightfully clear, the air fresh and invigorating, and every breath seemed charged with health. We got a very good meal for ourselves and servants, and forage for our horses at the house of Mr. Cobus Meyer's at the southern extremity of the Pass. Here my companion bought a

pony to carry his saddle-bags; both of us have now done this, and I would recommend every one who intends to travel any distance on the same horse, to provide himself with an extra pony for the baggage. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past five P. M. we reached the house of Mr. Jan Meyers, at Melk Boom, our old resting place of the 30th of last month.

May 10th.—We got an early breakfast, and left Melk Boom at 7 A. M. and reached the house of Mr. Thenries Meyers in two hours and a half where we baited our horses. Left again at 10 A. M., and after a very easy ride, reached Tiger Fontein a little after two P. M. I had hoped to get back my horse which I had left here on my outward journey, in exchange for a very inferior animal; but Mr. Oosthays, the proprietor, was absent from home, and I was therefore disappointed.

May 11th.—Sabbath. We rested at Tiger Fontein, and had Divine Service with our servants.

May 12th.—A wet and dirty looking morning. We left Tiger Fontein at a little before 8 A. M. and had a few showers the first part of our ride. We reached Mr. Villiers' at Riversdale, after an easy ride of four hours, having rested once half way. W. A. got his horse shod here, which detained us a little. We left Riversdale at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3, and at 6 reached Mr. Humann's, (our resting place of the 28th of last month) who gave us a hint that he would have been better pleased had we arrived a little earlier in the day. Travellers should attend to this, and endeavour to arrive at their halting places before dark, as then the family with which they put up, has more time to make arrangements for their comfortable entertainment.

I was compelled to put the baggage on my own saddle-horse from Riversdale, his back having been very much galled, and to ride the spare pony.

May 13th.—Left Mr. Humann's a little before sunrise, and in two hours reached the house of Mr. Jan Lotz, whose conversation was that of a truly Christian man. Here we got some breakfast and forage for our horses. Thence in two hours, to Mr. Rector's, where we unsaddled. We reached Swellendam at about 5 P. M., and put up at Mr. Scrutten's lodging-house, where we got excellent accommodation and fare. I found the horse which I had left at this place still very lame. The horse I got at Tiger Fontein was a little the worse in one of his forelegs; the pony I bought at George fell with my servant in the course of this day's ride, and cut his knees; my own riding horse's back was much injured; and in this way I entered Swellendam, without a single horse in good travelling condition. These Cape roads are sad things for horses.

May 14th.—We remained this day at Swellendam, in order

to give the horses a little rest. I resolved to send the two I had brought with me from Cape Town, in charge of one of my servants, by the way of Caledon, with instructions to lead them home gently by short stages, while the other servant and myself rode the animals I had bought at Tiger Fontein and George, by the way of Worcester. Every thing we got at Mr. Scrutten's was very good, and the prices moderate. I would recommend every traveller to avoid Mr. Crouse, and to patronize Mr. Scrutten, who is a very civil and deserving man.

May 15th.—We left Swellendam this morning, under the guidance of our very kind friend Dr. Robertson. He shewed us the way out of the village, and when he had put us fairly on the road, we took our leave of him. Our obligations to him are great indeed; not only for his own kindness to us, while we remained at Swellendam, but also for the friendly reception which his introduction secured for us through the whole of that district and no small portion of George. No man has such influence in the district of Swellendam as Dr. Robertson, and it is purely the influence of a Christian minister. He is an active, zealous servant of Christ, who thinks nothing of riding 50 or 100 miles, to minister to the people, wherever a congregation can be got together, and his care for his people finds its return in the love and affection which they bear to him. The note of introduction he gave to us on leaving Swellendam, on our way to George, was taken from us at the house of Mr. Plessis, at the Congo Caves, by some who had formerly been under Dr. Robertson's ministry in the Swellendam district. The difference between Swellendam and the neighbouring districts in a religious point of view, as far as we had opportunities of judging, is very striking; and we could not help remarking that almost all the God-fearing men among the farmers whom we met with, are to be found within the circle of Dr. Robertson's ministerial charge.

We reached the house of the widow Van Eeden at twenty minutes to one, got a cup of tea and some forage for our horses and proceeded on our way. We passed the neat and extensive farm of Mr. Van Zyl, senr., and thence on to Mr. Edward le Roex's, to whom we had a note from Dr. Robertson. I arrived at six P. M., my companion about two hours before me. The ride from Swellendam is about 4 hours; but I took the whole day, walking my horses almost the whole distance, not to distress them. Mr. Le Roex is a man of God, with a countenance beaming with happiness within, and with kindness to others. He has a large family of 8 or 9 children, and nowhere did I see things carried on in a more quiet and orderly manner. There was a degree of comfort and cleanliness, too, far surpassing that which we had witnessed in many other places. His manner of

saying grace at meals, reading the Word of God, and praying in the family, were very impressive. He read the 12th of Romans, which I could follow, but very much felt my want of a knowledge of Dutch.

May 16th.—The first thing we heard this morning, was the sound of prayer and praise. The family had assembled shortly after break of day, and commenced their devotions by singing a hymn, upon which followed the reading of the Word and prayer. We were let into the secret of the peace, order and happiness which reign in this family; God is there, and therefore a blessing is there. When will the world admit, and act upon this truth? We sent on our horses to the house of Mr. Gildenhuis, which is about an hour and a quarter's distance on the direct road, while we rode two of Mr. Le Roex's horses, under the guidance of his son, through Koffman's kloof, the road by which is 3 hours to the same spot. There is some grand and peculiar scenery in the kloof, which is a pass through high mountains, rising perpendicularly from the road, but not, in my opinion, equal to what we had seen in other places. After getting breakfast at Mr. Gildenhuis's, we proceeded on our journey, *hugging* the mountains as we had been told to do. We, however, got *into* them, and had a walk of about 3 hours over rough ground to get into the right road again. We reached the house of Mr. Johannes Van Zyl, junior, at 5 p. m. The direct road from Mr. Le Roex's to Mr. Van Zyl's is not more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours ride; but I walked nearly the whole way from Mr. Gildenhuis's, to save my horses. Mr. Pollock, a schoolmaster, entertained by Government, for the instruction of the children in the neighbourhood, resides at Mr. Van Zyl's; he was of great assistance to us, as our interpreter. In Mr. Van Zyl's house we again met with Christian society. The evening devotions of the family were conducted by Mr. Pollock before, instead of after, the evening meal; the reason for which as stated by Mr. P. was, that the dependents were not so likely to fall asleep at that as at a later hour; there is some force in this, in regard to those who are engaged in labourious work during the greater part of the day.

May 17th.—As at Mr. Le Roex's, so here, we heard at dawn of day the sound of voices singing the praises of God. We got another kind of proof in both these places, that we had to do with Christian men. The forage for our horses, which had been charged to us at 6*d.* a bundle everywhere else, was here reduced to one third that sum. Mr. Van Zyl, moreover, would take no remuneration for our board and night's lodging. The weather was very threatening, storms of wind and rain following each other in quick succession. We resolved, nevertheless, to

push on, being anxious to get to Worcester ere the Sabbath. We muffled ourselves up, and got on very well. There were occasional showers, but we were well clad, and did not suffer; and our horses, from having been spared as much as possible the two or three preceding days, went very well. We crossed Goree's Height, the boundaries between the districts of Swellendam and Worcester, and reached the farm of Mr. W. Cillier in an hour and a quarter, where we got a cup of tea. In three hours from thence, we reached the house of Mr. Christian Muller, leaving to the right, at a little distance from the main road, the house of Mr. Du Plessis, a good-looking farm, with a number of poplar trees about it. At Mr. Muller's, we were very kindly received, and ourselves, servants and horses well cared for. Worcester was now distant about an hour and a half's ride; but between us and it, lay the river Heks (or the witch), so called from its bothering people by its turns and twists. On reaching its banks, we found it greatly swollen by the late rains, and running at the rate of 10 knots an hour. I was upon a small pony, but we got safely through, and were afterwards told that we ought not to have ventured, for a single false step might have been attended with danger. At 5 P. M. we reached Worcester, which is very prettily situated in a basin formed by high mountains, the summits of which, when we reached it, were tipped with snow; and alighted at the Hotel kept by Mr. Watson.

May 18th.—Sabbath. We attended Divine Service at 1 o'clock at the place of worship belonging to the Dutch Reformed Church. The service was performed by the Rev. B. Maitland, Private Secretary to Sir Peregrine Maitland, Governor of the Colony, who was then on his way to the frontier to quell the outbreak between the Boers and the Griqua tribe. Mr. Maitland, though a minister of the church of England, conducted the service after the Presbyterian form, and used the Scottish version of the Psalms and Paraphrases in giving out the hymns. This was probably done out of a very proper consideration for the great majority of the congregation, who were accustomed to the Presbyterian form of worship. He gave us an excellent sermon on the Parable of the Great Supper, from Luke xiv. 16—24. The weather to-day was very fine, and the air cold and bracing. Worcester appears to me to be a very healthy place, and, if easily accessible, I should think it a more eligible spot in this respect for invalids from India, than even the neighbourhood of Cape Town.

May 19th.—Before leaving Worcester I must not omit to mention that Mr. Watson's Hotel is one of the best in the Colony; every thing is very clean, and charges are moderate. The Breede (or broad) river being swollen by the late rains, so as

to render the ford near the town of Worcester impassable, we took the road to Tulbagh, and crossed at a ford some miles higher up the stream. We were favored with a note from Mr. Truter, the civil commissioner at Worcester, to the Field Cornet on the bank of the river, with a request that he would furnish us with a guide to take us across; but we did not require one, and got over without any difficulty. The Government are at a vast expense in making a new pass over the Cradock mountains, while roads and bridges, especially the latter, are much needed in the vicinity of the capital. There may be reasons for this; but to a stranger, unacquainted with them, the measure seems to be one of very doubtful propriety. After crossing the river, we got off our horses, and walked for eight or ten miles, so that we did not reach Tulbagh till 7 o'clock. We were very kindly received and entertained by the Rev. Mr. Shand, minister of Tulbagh, to whom we were introduced through the medium of a note from his father-in-law, Mr. Truter.

May 20th.—We left Tulbagh early this morning, under the guidance of Mr. Shand, who fairly started us on our way, with a kind invitation to us to pay him another visit. We passed a defile through the mountains for the distance of about $1\frac{1}{4}$ hour's walk. We then entered an extensive valley, after a four hours' ride through which we came upon the beautiful village of Wellington, in the *Wagen maker's* valley. From thence, after crossing the Great Berg river, we reached the pretty village of Paarl, where we put up for the night at an excellent lodging-house, belonging to Mr. Gird, the Apothecary. Here we had everything very good. During our ride to-day, we saw Table mountain at some distance to our right, and were not backward in welcoming the sight of a landmark so near our home. The pony I was riding to-day gave me rather a heavy fall shortly before reaching the river, to which I was pressing him on, in order to cross by daylight; but with no bad consequences. My horses were rather jaded, and I was not sorry for their sakes, that our ride was drawing to a close.

May 21st.—The Paarl is a large village, on the eastern side of the Flats, which extend to the side of the mountains near Cape Town, and run from north to south between Table Bay and False Bay. It is prettily situated at the foot of a mountain. The villages in the colony, with their neat white dwellings, diversified scenery of mountain and plain, and the rich verdure and foliage on the banks of the streams on which they are generally built, present, for the most part, a pretty appearance. We left the Paarl a little before 7 A. M. and after one or two halts, arrived at home about 4 P. M. The last two hours of our ride was through a heavy storm of wind and rain, and we reached Mr.

Saunders's boarding-house at Rondebosch completely drenched, having ridden close upon 800 miles, since we left Wynberg. We came back with a good stock of health, with, I trust, a grateful recollection of the kindness and hospitality we had experienced at the hands of the Dutch farmers, and with thankful hearts to the God of all our mercies, who had been with us in our going out and coming in.

In order to make these notes more useful, I subjoin a table of the travelling expenses incurred by me on the trip. You will bear in mind that from Wynberg to Swellendam, on my way out, I had two servants and three horses, and from thence to George, one servant and two horses; from George to Swellendam on my return, one servant and three horses, and from Swellendam to Rondebosch, one servant and two horses.

		£.	s.	d.	
For self, 2 servants, and 3 horses.	{	April 18th.—At Tubbs' Hotel,	7	9	
		19th.—Cole's Pass,	13	8	
		—Toll at ditto,	0	9	
		—At House Hook,	6	0	
		21st.—Share of Bill at Caledon,	1	19	9
		22d.—Ditto at Genadendal,	11	7	
		23d.—Ditto at Mrs. Knoblanch's,	6	0	
		—Ditto at Mr. Twentyman's,	8	0	
		28th.—Share of bill at Swellendam,	3	18	9
			<hr/>		
			8	12	3
For self, 1 servant, and 2 horses.	{	28th.—For Forage at Mr. Rector's,	0	9	
		29th.—Pd. at Mr. Humann's,	6	0	
		—Ditto Mr. Villier's for forage,	1	0	
		30th.—At Tiger Fontine,	6	0	
		—Ditto at Blond's for forage,	0	6	
		May 1st.—Pd. at Melk Boom,	10	0	
		—Ditto Great Brak River,	2	6	
		2d.—At George for forage,	11	0	
		—Shoeing 2 horses,	15	0	
		3d.—Pd. for forage,	5	0	
		5th.—Share of bill at George,	2	7	9
			<hr/>		
			5	5	6
For self, 1 servant, and 3 horses.	{	May 6th.—At Mr. Raubenheimer's,	8	3	
		—To Guide to Mr. O'Connell's,	15	0	
		7th.—Pd. at Mr. Plessis—Congo Caverns, ..	1	10	0
		9th.—Pd. at Mr. Raubenheimer, Senr.,	6	9	
		—Ditto at Mr. C. Mayer's,	2	6	
		10th.—Ditto at Melk Boom,	6	3	
		—Ditto at Thennis Mayers,	3	0	
		12th.—Ditto at Tiger Fontein,	1	0	
		—Half way to Riversdale for forage,	1	6	
		—At Riversdale ditto,	1	6	
		13th.—At Mr. Humann's,	6	0	
—At Mr. Lotz's for forage,	1	6			
—At Mr. Rector's ditto,	1	6			
			<hr/>		
			4	4	0

		£.	s.	d.
Board, lodging and keep of servant and horse left at Swellendam,		3	5	0
For self, 1 servant, and 2 horses.	May 15th.—At Mr. Scrutten's,	1	8	0
	Mrs. Van Eeden's,		1	0
	16th.—At Mr. Le Roex's,	10	0	
	Mr. Gildenhuy's,		1	6
	17th.—Mr. Van Zyl's,		1	6
	Mr. Cillier's,		0	9
	Mr. Muller's,		1	0
	19th.—Watson's Hotel, Worcester,	1	5	0
	20th.—Pd. for forage at Tulbagh,		3	0
	Ditto near Wellington,		1	9
21st.—At Paarl,		11	6	
Half way to Cape Town, for forage, &c.,		2	0	
		<hr/>		
		4	7	0
Total,.....		£25	13	9

Your's sincerely,
J. H.

V.—Notice to Missionaries.

To the Editors of the Calcutta Christian Observer.

DEAR SIRS,

I beg to be allowed, through the medium of the Observer, to inform Missionaries that I am instructed by the Committee of the Calcutta Christian Tract and Book Society to make grants, to Native Christian preachers, of "The Connexion of Scripture History" in Bengálí. I shall therefore be happy to receive applications from Missionaries for copies of this work, to be presented to the native preachers labouring in connexion with them.

I am, Dear Sirs,

Your's, &c.,

THOMAS SMITH,

Sec. C. C. T. and B. Soc.

REVIEW.

Lands, Classical and Sacred. By Lord Nugent, London, 1845.

This work we have taken up, not because of any very rare or extraordinary peculiarities, either in its style or its subject-matter. To new discoveries, whether in the realms of Antiquarianism or of Natural History, it makes little pretension;—though there are some objects of interest which it may be allowed to represent in fresher and more satisfactory colours than any of its predecessors. It does not aim at any thing like original or profound reflection;—but, to the remarks that are interspersed may be felt to belong the propriety of what is apposite and the graceful charm of what is natural. In its style we are not struck by any thing remarkable, either in the force of its expressions or the excellency of its imagery;—while we cannot fail to be pleased by its easy unembarrassed flow, its usually neat and classic elegance. The distinguishing characteristics of the work appear to us to consist in its fairness and candour, its calmness and sobriety, its studied accuracy of observation and unpretending good sense;—while, throughout, it is pervaded by a marked reverence for Jehovah's holy oracles, equally removed from the lawless liberties of Rationalism and the fond credulities of Popish and Puseyistic superstition.

We have, however, been led to take up the work, partly as being the most recent which we have seen on the ever-interesting subjects of which it treats—partly, as being the recorded testimony of one of the “mighty and the noble” of the earth to events and scenes which the mindless and the heartless sceptic would stamp with all the vanity of his own insignificance—and partly, because in some of its topographical conclusions it widely differs from the judgment of others whose names carry along with them the greatest weight and authority.

For nearly six months, from the beginning of December, 1843, to near the end of May, 1844, the noble author occupied himself, “in the fulfilment of a wish he had long formed, that of visiting Athens, Egypt, the Holy Land and Syria;” and the volumes before us are simply the record of these various travelings.

Starting from Malta, by way of Corfu, our author reached Patras, rendered famous in the history of the Grecian war of independence, as the place where the venerable Bishop Germanos headed the first revolt against the Turks. There he visited “the School of Mutual instruction (σχολειον αλληλοδιδασκαλειον), established and conducted by the Greeks themselves, but which has

also derived great advantage from the attention bestowed upon it by the daughters of Mr. Crowe," the British Consul. From Patras he proceeded up the gulf of Corinth, passing the castles of the Morea and other renowned scenery; and, on the same night, having seen "a glorious sun-set cast all its varied colours on the pine forests, rocks and snows of the Parnassus range," he reached Loutrachi at the north-eastern extremity of the Bay.

It does not fall within the proper scope of this work to follow the author through all his wanderings in classic lands; otherwise the temptation to do so would be all but irresistible, in the company of so amiable, intelligent, and temperately enthusiastic a guide. A few words, therefore, on this part of the general subject, must suffice.

Having resolved to walk across the isthmus, a distance of between five and six miles, hence called the Hexamilion, our traveller thus describes the scene presented to his view:—

During the first half of the walk, the Acro Corinthus and site of the ancient city stand full in view; that city, the "friend of Sparta, and rival of Athens," the last stronghold of the Achaian league, once famous above all other cities in Greece for the extent of its commerce, the beauty of its coinage, and the skill of its artisans;—Corinth, the queen of seventy prosperous colonies, and, amidst all the allurements of its own wealth and luxury, and in the days when Grecian liberty was lost, the home and refuge of the ancient philosophy, and the first among the Grecian schools to receive and spread forth among the Gentiles the doctrines of the Christian revelation.

The latter half of the walk across the isthmus leads down a sandy path, among young pine-trees, juniper, and cistus, to one of those prospects seen nowhere but in Greece: a range of deep blue waters, studded with islands, and bounded on either side by swelling mountains and bold pinnacles, every one of them a time-honoured monument, as it were inscribed with some great name sacred to us from our earliest days;—the gorge through which Leonidas passed on towards Thermopylæ, the hills of Phyle and of Thebes, and those which look down upon Megara, Eleusis, Salamis, and Ægina, as they rise successively over the bay of Cenchrea, and the Saronick gulf on the way to Athens.

The Peiræus, or celebrated port of Athens, with the surrounding localities, is next described. The spirit of the author kindles as he goes along. With the tone which pervades the following remarks we cannot but heartily sympathise:—

It is a fine bright harbour; to be entered, as of old, only through the narrow opening between the pillars of the Lions. The ancient pedestals are still there. The statues with which they had been adorned by Cimon were carried away by Morosini and his Venetians, who, in a spirit well befitting a Vandal origin, memorized his own shameful plunder by changing the glorious name of Peiræus into the bastard compound of Porto Leone. But classical as well as moral justice has at last been done between these two famous sea-born republics of ancient and of modern Europe: Athens, who first framed and established within her walls that scheme of popular jurisprudence which has since been applied as the safeguard of personal rights and public justice in all free states; Venice, who invested with the symbols of democracy the most cruel, odious, and debauching tyranny of which

any history bears record, and who finally, having surrendered all on purchase, even to the symbols themselves which she had so long dishonoured, lies chained to the footstool of one of the last remaining arbitrary governments of the world. The lions of the Peiræus are at Venice still. But the Peiræus is now again a Grecian port, and Athens the capital of a free country, made so by the act of her children; while Venice, a city of deserted palaces, is but the sepulchre of a proud, vicious ancestry, whose descendants are subjects of Austria.

From the port of Athens we must next follow our traveller to its renowned Acropolis. There he stands—as what person of taste and feeling would not—in rapt admiration and delight. In order that we may participate in his emotions, let us strive, in imagination, to realize what he so vividly pours forth. After telling us that all Athens,—not that of the Romans, the Venetians or the Bavarians, but the Athens of Pericles—grows and improves vastly upon his admiration the oftener he sees and the better he knows it, our author thus proceeds:—

With all that is loveliest in beauty, there is, if such a word may be applied to the forms and colours of architecture and of country, a kind of expression, which, on better acquaintance, gives a charm and dignity beyond what from the first you acknowledge in its faultless symmetry of feature. Each building stands in the best possible relation to all the rest; and the lines along which Art has arranged that you should approach it are those from which it is to be seen to greatest advantage. As you draw nearer, its proportions become more grand, and the fine mellow complexion of the antique marble, blended rather than contrasted with the rich hues which mantle over the country around, are effects such as no painter can give, and few would dare attempt to copy faithfully. Standing on the eastern brow of the Acropolis, I saw the sun rise over Hymettus, full against the portico of the Parthenon, and lighting up its whole face, in its minutest details, even to the round stains left by the votive shields which hung above the architrave during the second Peloponnesian war. Far behind me, streams of purple and crimson crept along the sides of Parnes and Deceleia, till the white houses and garden walls began to sparkle below where once were the villas and stoæ of Academus. This was a scene which one who has looked upon it can never describe, and never forget. The same sun has, it is true, at its daily rising, beheld Athens, for nearly three thousand years, an example or a monument of great renown, and has awakened the tints of the same climate around her: but, as you stand on that rock in the morning twilight, till the first gush of the returning dawn pours through the gorges of Attica and at every moment grows into a broader and warmer gleam, calling forth again from darkness each bright landmark of her heroic history, it is surely not too fanciful or too excited an imagination which can at such an hour exult in it, as in a living type of joyful things,—the sunshine of peace and justice and education restored, after so long a night, to the plains, the courts, and the schools of that noble land, together with the best of human blessings, Liberty.

Athens, with its stirring associations and ruins of unrivalled beauty and magnificence, is an exhaustless theme. But these we must pass by;—the temple of Theseus, “every part of which has been so much studied and so often represented by artists”—the Parthenon, so well said by Dr. Wordsworth to be “the finest

building in the finest situation in the world"—the temple of the unwinged victory (*Νίκη Ἀπτερος*),—the votive shrine dedicated to victory, after the defeat of the Persian hosts at Marathon, Salamis, and Plataea, and the final retreat of the army of Mar-donius out of Greece, and lately disencumbered from the screen of wall and rubbish which for ages had concealed it—the numberless detached and mutilated fragments of basements, columns and sculptures, which even amid ruin and decay, bespeak a gracefulness of form and action and perfection of drapery beyond the most exquisite and untarnished products of artistic genius in other lands—the sites of the Academy and Colonus, with the thick wood of olives still growing on them, which “looks like a silver sea rippling in the autumnal breeze,”—these, together with Marathon and Salamis and Delphi, with ten thousand other scenes and objects of undying fame, we must for the present pass by in reluctant silence.

In justice, however, to him who dared to contest the palm of victory with the prince of ancient orators, we may quote a few words well calculated to redeem his memory from one of the stigmas unworthily cast upon it. The peroration of Æschines in that great contest has often appeared to those who have not stood upon the spot where it was delivered, and looked round upon the scene which must have been present to his view, to be “inflated declamation—words only of lofty sound.” But, when it is remembered, that the Bema,—“from which Pericles and Lysias spoke the immortal panegyrics, and Alcibiades won the hearts of the people, and Demosthenes rallied for a while their fainting spirits in the struggle with Philip for Athenian liberty” —is the very same spot on the Acropolis where Æschines “contended gloriously, though vanquished, for the crown of eloquence against its great master,” the supposed high-sounding declamation may prove to be nothing more than a warranted appeal—a significant literality. On this subject our author thus writes:—

When Æschines adjured the men of Athens, first by the land of their forefathers and by the sun which was beaming over it, and next by the attributes of Manly Virtue, and Wisdom, and Education, in the judgment they should pass between himself and his matchless rival, he was justified by all that they were then beholding together from that place. Sunium, Ægina, the distant Peloponnesus, the Acropolis, the mountain range which bounds the Plain of Athens, from Corydallus, all round to where Hymettus and Laurium overlook the sea, all this was present under the brightness of that gorgeous climate. The most famous monuments of ancient valour were in view. The island and straits of Salamis were on the one hand; on the other the spot consecrated to the memory of Harmodius and Aristogeiton,—so revered that no other votive stone was suffered to be placed near their statues: and the two roads which wound across the plain before them into the mountains were those along which their forefathers had marched to Marathon and Plataea, and had been

seen returning victorious to their native city which they had saved. Hard by them were the spaces from the earliest times assigned to public counsel and the tribunals, and, behind these, the sober venerable shades of the Academy. I cannot then believe this to have been mere unmeaning rhapsody, but a well considered enumeration of all the objects round, the most fitting to excite and to persuade.

In remembrance also of the labours of a nobler and mightier spirit far than Pericles, or Lysias, or Alcibiades, or Æschines, or Demosthenes, we may quote the following passage :—

But proceed a little farther, and mount the rocky steps up which Saint Paul was borne by the people to the crest of the Areopagus, and you are there upon a station whence was heard an eloquence more simple far, but far more grand, and alike applying itself to the objects foremost in the sight and reverence of those who heard him. The rhetorick of the apostle was the higher and the bolder. He applied himself to these things, not to flatter but reprove. He appealed not to nature, but straight to Him by whom nature itself was made. He appealed from the stately monuments of Pagan pride and worship to the reasonableness of a spiritual faith and the pure and humble doctrines of the Christian philosophy. The great temple of the tutelary goddess was towering above him where he stood. Below, on his right hand and on his left, the two Agoras were glittering with their fanes and altars, and thronged with a people, who, already too wise and too refined for the coarse and mere material idolatry of their Roman masters, had taken refuge in the adoration of the "Unknown God." Then and there it was that he thus spoke: "Men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious.—For, as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription 'To the Unknown God.' Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him therefore declare I unto you. God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

From Classic Greece our traveller proceeds to the land of the Pharoahs, with its sacred associations and memorials of ancient grandeur. Alexandria and Cairo with their antiquities obtain a full share of his attention. But these have been so often described that the subject has become thoroughly hackneyed and threadbare. The same is true of the Pyramids, and the colossal Sphinx and the catacombs. As to the pyramids, Lord Nugent admits that they were certainly tombs or sepulchral monuments. At the same time, he seems to cling, though hesitatingly, to the idea that they might have been something more—and particularly, might have answered certain astronomical purposes. Here we think his Lordship, and all who advocate the astronomical or any other hypothesis except the sepulchral one, quite mistaken. Our grounds for this deliberate judgment will be found explained in the number of this *Observer* for October, 1840. After speaking slightlyly, as it deserves, of what a friend of his, for the sake of simplicity of diction, styled the "autonymolithographick practice," or that of carving or painting one's own name on these or other ancient monuments, his Lordship re-

cords a fact of which we were not previously aware. We shall give it in his own words :—

The mouth of the first and outer passage of the Great Pyramid is in its northern face, at a little less than a ninth part of the way up the outer ascent. Above the square entrance are two huge blocks of stone, resting against each other in an angle of some sixty degrees, and forming a kind of pediment ; for the purpose, as is supposed, of a support to the weight of masonry above. In one corner of this pediment, Professor Lepsius has, if I may be allowed to say so of so learned and able a man, with a somewhat questionable taste, carved out a tablet, and adorned it with a long and doubtless very correct hieroglyphic inscription, in honour of his sovereign King William of Prussia, and of Victoria, Queen of England ; strikingly inappropriate in that place—an anachronism both in character and composition—illegible to the great mass of mankind—and, to the few learned who can read it, a counterfeit, proclaiming itself to be such ;—a line added to the Iliad in commemoration of Waterloo.

In writing of the government of Muhammad Ali, our author,—while admitting that it is a “system strangely compounded of antagonist principles, good and evil,”—seems to take a more honourable view of it than, on the whole, we would feel warranted to take, from all that we saw and heard when sojourning in “Egypt land.” But, at present, we must proclaim a truce to this controversy. On one subject only may we quote our author’s testimony, as it is that of one who is well disposed to be friendly to the Pasha. In a private interview with which his Highness honoured him, when the introductory phrases of mere ceremony were past, our author appears to have been invited to a free criticism of the institutions and government of Egypt. A frank compliance seemed to be taken in good part, and it was then that he shewed himself to be no ordinary man. Our author’s statement on the manner of conducting such free discussion is as follows :—

Not that, when hard pressed upon what he knows to be wrong in the system, he will not dissemble a little, and endeavour to make you doubt the truth of the view you have taken or the information you have received. But, when he finds you strong in your facts, and that they do not admit of a colourable denial or justification, “in sese redit senex.” He taps you on the knee, and with a good-humoured smile makes the best defence he can on the rights of the question.

I saw a notable instance of this on the question of slavery. He said that the slave-market was now abolished in Cairo. But, when assured, with the frankness he had invited, that, though it was true that the old slave-market in the midst of the city was no more, his Highness might satisfy himself, by sending to another place within half a mile of his own palace, that a new one was established there upon an equally large scale, where Nubians and Abyssinians, and some Georgians too, were exposed to public sale, he smiled, the knee was tapped, and he said he disliked the system of slavery as much as any man, but that old institutions, however bad, could not all be reformed at once. “You found some difficulty in abolishing slavery in your American islands, and were a long time before you achieved it.” Then he proceeded to show that the condition of the slaves in Egypt was much less

severe and degrading than ours had been, or than that of the slave States of the American Union is. When it was suggested to him that, so long as slavery should exist in any shape, it would be impossible to put down slave importation and the slave-hunts, with all the abominations that belonged to them, he said that the slave-hunts had been abolished universally throughout Egypt.

On being informed that, although his Highness believed it was so, he might be assured, on the testimony of several European gentlemen of honour lately returned from Upper Egypt, that the slave-hunts ("gazouas") were now in full activity there, and carried on by his own soldiers on furlough, and that, indeed, there were persons who did his Highness the wrong of inferring from thence that these furloughs, with their licence to hunt down Nubians and Abyssinians, were given to his soldiers in part of pay, the smile came again, and the tap on the knee, and the old story that "old institutions, however bad, could not all at once," &c. &c. &c. The slave-hunts are in truth carried on for the most part by the Pasha's soldiers on furlough. The slaves are brought in by them to their officers, who divide them in due proportion among the captors in lieu of pay. The captors then take their slaves to the merchants who trade in them, and who bring them to the markets at Alexandria and Cairo; and the "Rafkir," a tax of 200 piastres, is paid to the government on the sale of each slave. Among the resident slave-merchants who carry on this traffic, it is a disgraceful fact that there are many Europeans, principally French. I believe, from the best information I have been able to obtain, and I hope it is the truth, that among these miscreants there are none British. Representations have been made to the French government respecting the French subjects engaged in the trade. The French government has interfered, and, I trust it may be found, with success.

There is another subject of great and popular interest which calls for special attention. Of late years all have heard of a class of magicians in Egypt who, like those of old, "profess to have the power of presenting the apparitions of persons absent or dead, whom they have never seen or before heard of, and of whose looks or habits, therefore, they can have no previous knowledge. The apparition is shown not to him who desires the magician to summon it, but to some young boy whom the party desiring it to be summoned shall choose, and then this boy, after certain incantations performed by the magician, describes accurately the absent or the dead, the former in the occupation in which at that moment they may be engaged." Such is the profession of these dealers in the magical art. But they might to this hour have remained in the obscurity to which for ages they had been consigned, had not a man of talent and learning, of honour and veracity, been led to form a mistaken and exaggerated estimate of their pretensions. Mr. William Lane, the accomplished author of the work on modern Egypt, recounted certain remarkable exhibitions of the magician's power, of which he himself was eye witness, but of which he acknowledged that he could offer no satisfactory solution. The subject was then taken up by the *Quarterly Review*, and immediately obtained a celebrity over the whole civilized world. The general impression

left on the mind was, that there was something mysterious—something wonderful—something even supernatural or miraculous in the Magician's achievements. Many of the most incredulous were staggered; some held the balance of their judgment in suspense, with alternate tendencies towards belief and distrust; while all had their curiosity more or less excited. Participating in the general spirit of interest which had been awakened, the author of these observations happened to visit the capital of Egypt about six years ago, and instituted inquiries into the alleged facts of the case, with all the diligence of which he was capable. The result of these inquiries, conducted on the spot, was a clear and settled conviction that all the supposed exhibitions of supernatural agency were *coarse, gross, and barefaced impositions*. The grounds of this deliberate and unhesitating conclusion will be found set forth at some length in the *September* number of the *Observer* for 1840.

It now affords us no small pleasure, after the lapse of six years, to find the accuracy of the determination then arrived at, now corroborated by so candid and judicious an investigator as Lord Nugent; yea, and what is still more to the purpose in point of authoritative testimony, by no less competent a judge than *Mr. Lane himself!*

The case is one of such importance that we may well be excused for furnishing our author's statements at some length. He tells us plainly, that, on visiting Egypt, his curiosity was greatly excited on the subject—and that he virtually “held his belief in balance” regarding it. Eager to witness the alleged miraculous exhibition and judge for himself, he embraced the earliest opportunity of being present. On that occasion, after all the usual preparatory ceremonies had been gone through, four persons residing in England were successively called for; and *the description of each was an entire and ludicrous failure*. Our author's account is as follows:—

Among others, an English gentleman was called for who is distinguished by wearing the longest, probably, and most bushy beard to be found in these our days within the British Islands. This gentleman was described by the boy quite wrong as to figure and usual dress, and as having a chin very like that of the youngest person in company, Lord Mountcharles, who was much amused at a resemblance he so little expected. Being informed that, so far, he had not been fortunate, the magician told us that perhaps it might be more satisfactory to us if we called for somebody whose person might be easily recognised by the having lost a limb. We said that the gentleman already mentioned might be easily distinguished from most others,—more easily than by the mere loss of a limb. But, in conformity with his last suggestion, we desired that Sir Henry Hardinge should be made to appear.

After the boy had described Sir Henry Hardinge as being tall, and with moustaches, we asked him whether he could clearly see his eyes and his feet; from which question it was evident the magician inferred that the person we

had called for had lost either an eye or a leg. The boy accordingly said that he was sitting with his side turned towards him, so that he could see only one side of his face, and that his papouches (slippers) were hidden by a large gown or trouser, he could not tell which. What coloured gloves had he? White.—Had he his gloves on? Yes; he saw them plainly, *for his hands were crossed on his breast.*

At the end the magician, informed that he had totally misdescribed all the persons called for, excused himself by charging the boy with lying,—an imputation I have no doubt true, but which was not the real cause of the ill success; and by also accusing the interpreter of having mistranslated his Arabic, which he spoke so rapidly that none of our party but the interpreter had that language sufficiently at command to follow him in it.

This, however, was not all—though, in itself, tolerably decisive of the merits or rather demerits of the question of a reality or imposition. The magician who had operated and so signally failed was not the highest in repute in Cairo. The next trial which our author witnessed was still more conclusive, and led to what appeared to be the real solution of the whole mystery. His statement is as follows:—

Major Grote, who had not been present on the former occasion, and who likewise wished, after all he had heard and read of these pretended powers, to satisfy himself as to their truth or falsehood, was with me, a few days after, at the house of Mr. Lane. In general conversation, the story arose of the failure which had taken place on the other evening. With some difficulty we persuaded Mr. Lane (who at first was reluctant, his authority and that of his book having been so much used, and beyond what was just, in support of the general belief in these efforts of magic), to see, along with us, Abdel Kader, the magician whose performances had formerly so much excited his astonishment and that of several other Europeans whose unimpeachable testimony and acknowledged soundness of judgment had had great influence in making this a subject of serious inquiry with others. We were the more anxious that Mr. Lane should be with us on this occasion, because we should have in him not only a witness who, from the impression previously left on his mind, would not suffer us to draw inferences unjustly disfavoured to the magician, but who also, from his perfect and familiar knowledge of the Arabic language would be an interpreter in whose honour, and in whose skill also, we might have entire trust. The trial promised much. The magician evidently acknowledged in Mr. Lane a person in whose estimation he was eager not to lower the impression he had formerly produced. The failures, the repeated and uniform failures, were not only as signal, but, if possible, more gross than those of the other magician on the previous occasion. It is enough to say, that not one person whom Abdel Kader described bore the smallest resemblance to the one named by us; and all those called for were of remarkable appearance. All the preparations, all the ceremony, and all the attempts at description, bore evidence of such coarse and stupid fraud, as would render any detail of the proceeding, or any argument tending to connect it with any marvellous power, ingenious art, or interesting inquiry, a mere childish waste of time.

How, then, does it happen that respectable and sensible minds have been staggered by the exhibitions of this shallow impostor? I think that the solution which Mr. Lane himself suggested as probable is quite complete. When the exhibition was over, Mr. Lane had some conversation with the magician, which he afterwards repeated to us. In reply to an observation of Mr. Lane's to him upon his entire failure, the magician admitted that he had

been told he had "often failed since the death of Osman Effendi;"—the same Osman Effendi whom Mr. Lane mentions in his book as having been of the party on every occasion on which he had been witness to the magician's art, and whose testimony the 'Quarterly Review' cites in support of the marvel, which (searching much too deep for what lies very near indeed to the surface) it endeavours to solve by suggesting the probability of divers complicated optical combinations. And, he it again observed, no optical combinations can throw one ray of light upon the main difficulty,—the means of producing the resemblance required of the absent person.

I now give Mr. Lane's solution of the whole mystery, in his own words, my note of which I submitted to him and obtained his ready permission to make public in any way I might think fit.

This Osman Effendi, Mr. Lane told me, was a Scotchman formerly serving in a British regiment, who was taken prisoner by the Ægyptian army during our unfortunate expedition to Alexandria in 1807; that he was sold as a slave, and persuaded to abjure Christianity and profess the Musulman faith; that, applying his talents to his necessities, he made himself useful by dint of some little medical knowledge he had picked up on duty in the regimental hospital; that he obtained his liberty, at the instance of Sheik Ibrahim (M. Burkhardt,) through the means of Mr. Salt; that, in process of time, he became second interpreter at the British consulate; that Osman was very probably acquainted, by portraits or otherwise, with the general appearance of most Englishmen of celebrity, and certainly could describe the peculiar dresses of English professions, such as army, navy, or church, and the ordinary habits of persons of different professions in England: that, on all occasions when Mr. Lane was witness of the magician's success, Osman had been present at the previous consultations as to who should be called to appear, and so had probably obtained a description of the figure when it was to be the apparition of some private friend of persons present; that on these occasions he very probably had some pre-arranged code of words by which he would communicate secretly with the magician. To this must be added that his avowed theory of morals on all occasions was that "we did our whole duty if we did what we thought best for our fellow-creatures and most agreeable to them." Osman was present when Mr. Lane was so much astonished at hearing the boy describe very accurately the person of M. Burkhardt, with whom the magician was unacquainted, but who had been Osman's patron; and Osman also knew well the other gentleman whom Mr. Lane states in his book that the boy described as appearing ill and lying on a sofa; and Mr. Lane added that he had *probably* been asked by Osman about that gentleman's health, whom Mr. Lane knew to be then suffering under an attack of rheumatism. He concluded therefore by avowing that there was no doubt on his mind, connecting all these circumstances with the declaration the magician had just made, that Osman had been the confederate.

Thus I have given, in Mr. Lane's words, not only with his consent, but at his ready offer, what he has no doubt is the explanation of the whole of a subject which he now feels to require no deeper inquiry, and which has been adopted by many as a marvel upon an exaggerated view of the testimony that he offered in his book before he had been convinced, as he now is, of the imposture. I gladly state this on the authority of an enlightened and honourable man, to disabuse minds that have wandered into serious speculation on a matter which I cannot but feel to be quite undeserving of it.

After such an exposure and confession, it is to be presumed that henceforward we shall hear no more of the Egyptian Magician and his "lying wonders."

Various other interesting passages on Egyptian subjects we had marked for quotation ; but our space forbids their insertion. We, therefore must hasten on with our author to the Holy Land—wholly omitting his itinerary of the Desert, his speculations respecting “the River of Egypt,” the cities of the Philistines, and other controverted geographical subjects of comparatively minor interest. Entering the hill country of Judea, our author’s route lay through the land of “the giants, sons of Anak,” Numb. xiii. 33. The first Jewish city which he saw was Hebron, called by the Arabs, in memory of Abraham, *Khalil Rachman*, the “Friend of the Merciful,” as it is said in the general epistle of James, “and he was called the Friend of God.” On his approach to “Kirjatharba, which is Hebron” (Josh. xiv. 15 ; xv. 13), “the city of Arba, the father of Anak,”—the city which “among all those of Judah preserves the most of its ancient character unchanged”—our traveller thus writes :—

The sun, as we drew near to Hebron, was sinking behind us in great glory over the hills of the Philistines. To the east were those which fence in the plain called by the name of “Mamre the Amorite, brother of Eshkol and brother of Anak.” (Genesis xiv. 13.) There Abraham and his children dwelt, after his kinsman Lot had taken for his portion the cities of the plain of Jordon. (Genesis xiii. 7, ad fin.) Among these valleys it was that he spake with the Lord, and received the promise that in his seed should all the world be blessed. Here David tended his father’s sheep, and hence, chosen and anointed to reign over Judah, he bore her lion-standard against the enemies of the Lord, ere long to raise it, even within the gates of Jerusalem, over the fallen throne of Saul and of his sons. The level light now kindled in succession that variety of glowing hues which nowhere shows so deeply bright as against a distance of grey-stone hills. But a straight and lurid line of dark purple cloud hung heavily across their tops. And, as we wound along the road which skirted their sides, that fresh steamy smell arose from the terraced vine-grounds below which gives warning of rain before any instant but that of vegetable life has note of its approach.

As we pitched our tent for the night upon a green knoll partly covered by a Turkish burying-ground, opposite to the southern face of the city, the evening sky became more and more overcast. But it was not till near midnight that the storm began.

The weather had been calm and fine till now, without interruption, throughout our whole journey. And now we could not have wished against the storm which roared among the rocks of Hebron. It was grand beyond description. The dazzling sheets of lightning that gleamed in quick succession made the whole prospect round as bright as in the day, showing forth the stern and venerable features of those famous solitudes, and of that ancient city which lay before us, apparently so little changed from when it was the abode of David and his host, “those mighty men of war.” And the thunder, coming loud and near upon every flash, rolled through the land where of old the voice of the Almighty was so often heard articulate.

Leaving the neighbourhood of Hebron with its stirring associations, our traveller minutely inspects the three stupendous works—lined with cement throughout, and the two higher ones terraced at the sides with steps at intervals leading down into

them—commonly called the “pools of Solomon.” The first glimpse of Bethlehem, which may be caught at the distance of five or six miles, amid rocks and brakes and hills covered with brushwood, is pronounced to be very striking. This ancient city of David, Bethlehem Ephratah, or “the fruitful,” still called by the Arabs, “Beit Lahm,” the “House of Bread,” stands conspicuously on a hill, and “retains an outward appearance of beauty and stateliness; and, within, though the streets are narrow and steep, they are of more regularity than those of most of the towns of Palestine, and of remarkable cleanliness.” From Bethlehem to Jerusalem is hardly more than six miles. Passing the “well of Bethlehem,” whence David longed for water, and the tomb of Rachel who was “buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem,” and the village of Rama, where was “a voice heard, lamentation and weeping and great mourning,” the city of Jerusalem (“El Khuds,” or “the Sacred”) is full in view. In front a plain stretches away along the mountains to the left. This is the plain of Rephaim, or the Giants, where David twice encountered and vanquished the Philistines. 2 Samuel, v. 18. The appearance of the most renowned of earthly cities as first seen from the south, is thus described:—

The first view of the Holy City from this direction many persons say has disappointed their expectations. No man can measure the expectations of others, or account for their first impressions. Jerusalem, it is true, does not rise to any commanding height above the plain. It is not seen from hence, as from the Damascus side, backed by the sky, nor by the Mount of Olives, as when you approach it from Jaffa. It presents a long line of embattled wall crossing the hill of Zion, and extending down to where the ravines of Hinnom and the Kedron meet; and the broken ground of the former is hidden by the intervening plain. Nor do you see the valley of Jehoshaphat in all its depth and length. For the south-eastern angle of the wall of the Temple area juts out before all but the southern entrance of it. Yet the cupolas of the Holy Sepulchre, and those of the two mosques of Omar and of Aksa, occupying the whole of Mount Moriah, on which the Temple stood, rise proudly above the wall. The old square tower of David crowns the western angle of Zion, looking down the slope of the city towards the valley of the Kedron; and the Mount of Olives towers high above it to the east. It is the city so often pictured to our imagination under all the different aspects of its wondrous history. And the first glimpse of it, with all its associations, even apart from all consideration of its position, which of itself is majestic, fulfils, as it appears to me, all that the most fervent expectations can desire.

Having now come to that portion of the volumes before us, which, to the Christian mind, are fraught with the most thrilling interest, it is well to state our author's method of procedure in attempting to solve disputed questions of fact and locality—the general system pursued by him in collecting evidence and testing its credibility. And here it is that we have most reason to

admire and commend the discriminating clearness of his judgment, the patient minuteness of his enquiries, the calmness and impartiality of his decisions. His constant and studied endeavour is to avoid all untenable extremes. He will not rashly reject the unbroken testimony of immemorial tradition, in reference to the sites or localities of great events over which a scoffing scepticism or haughty and presumptuous rationalism would throw the mantle of interminable suspicion and doubt; neither will he, on the other hand, on any account, consent to swallow wholesale the thousand minute and legendary particularities with which a dotard and credulous superstition hath extravagantly overlaid them. As the principles on which he conducted his investigations are those which confer on his labours the aspect, as well as the reality and value, of independent research, and as some of the results to which the application of these principles has legitimately led him, are those which are most likely to stir up the spirit of criticism, speculation, and controversy,—it is well to allow the noble author briefly to expound his own principles, and then to allow us as briefly to announce some of the results. The subject is one that is deeply interesting, not to travellers and antiquarians only, but to the whole Christian world; we, therefore, bespeak for our author a candid and attentive hearing. After very properly stating the desirability and necessity of being guided by some definite and intelligible principles, he thus proceeds:—

To prepare myself for this part of my journey, I had naturally given a good deal of attention to the study of Dr. Robinson's work, 'Biblical Researches in Palestine,' as being the latest work of authority on the subject, and also the one which enters into its details the most, and brings the largest mass of general learning to bear upon them.

I cannot approve of two out of the three cardinal principles which, with the professed objects of his journey, Dr. Robinson says he laid down for himself. "The first principle," says he, (vol. i. p. 377.) "was to avoid as far as possible all contact with the convents, and the authority of the monks,*—to examine everywhere for ourselves, with the Scriptures in our hands, and to apply for information *solely* to the native Arab population." Of the soundness of the second rule there can be no doubt. The first and last are somewhat violent generalities, if rigidly adhered to; and, as must be the fate of propositions irreconcilable with any just or reasonable scheme

* Dr. Robinson throughout his book speaks of the fathers of all the convents as "monks." The truth is, that from the monastery of Mount Sinai, till you reach that of Mount Carmel, you will not find one monk in all Palestine. They are all Franciscan friars. This error might not be worth observing upon, but that it is universal through the work. It is a common inaccuracy, in speaking carelessly of traditions and legends of the Romish church, to dispose of them all as "monkish legends," and "inventions of the monks," and to accuse "travellers in general," as Dr. Robinson does, (p. 377,) of "following only beaten paths, where monkish tradition had already marked out the localities they sought." Surely this is unworthy of a writer who professes so severe an accuracy in all details, and is not very sparing in his strictures upon any instance in which he believes himself to have discovered an incorrectness, in the most unimportant respects, in any who has preceded him.

for arriving at truth, are abandoned in Dr. Robinson's next page: but without any qualification of the principle so severely propounded in the preceding one. For he says (p. 378) that "though it happened that, during the whole time of his sojourn in the Holy City, he never entered the Latin convent, or spoke with a monk, his neglect was not intentional; for he several times made appointments to visit the convent; and his companion was there repeatedly."

To oppose or shun any testimony on particular subjects of inquiry, merely because we differ in general opinions from the witness who offers it, or because we believe him to be warped in his judgment by motives we do not hold in common with him, is not the most promising course for bringing truth to light among conflicting statements and nicely balanced probabilities. Some allegations there undoubtedly are which one daily meets with in the Holy Land referring to supposed events, and to the places where they are said to have happened, that, I agree with Dr. Robinson, are not only so monstrously improbable, but so little in harmony with what has been given us to know in the revelation by which the Almighty has directed our belief and worship, that we must without hesitation pass them by as unworthy inventions, and some of them as in the highest degree offensive. But there is much important testimony, *a priori*, derivable from tradition at all hands. Tradition must be admitted to be the foundation of all ancient history. Tradition (tried, wherever it is capable of it, by cross-examination, but tradition still) is the foundation of some of the most important rights acknowledged by English and all other law. Extensive tenures of property, privileges of all sorts, are contested and confirmed upon mere tradition of "long repute." And surely it is not the part of wisdom to peremptorily exclude from consideration any evidence not flagrantly inconsistent with itself or with what we find established in the general or particular course of revelation. And even the information to be derived from the native Arab population, to which Dr. Robinson solely applies himself, he rejects, as will be seen in some remarkable cases, for no stated reason, when it is contradictory to the conclusions he has come to on other grounds.

Dr. Robinson professes to examine for himself, with the Scripture in his hands. But he is not, in every case, as may be shown in one or two important instances, verbally accurate in his citations from the Scriptures: and in some he neglects to verify his conclusions by personal examination of the places concerning which he raises the controversy. I impute to Dr. Robinson in this nothing further than that he sets out, as it appears to me, with a strong preconceived theory, which, as if independence of judgment forbade all agreement with others, he pursues in a spirit liable to lead men, unaware, into distorting authority and refusing inquiry. Indeed, the dread of being duped by others may sometimes produce a tendency to dispute the opinions of all who have gone before, and thus, unconsciously, to deceive ourselves.

The general appearance of this defect, in a work of great learning and labour, has not only exposed Dr. Robinson to much just criticism, but has also brought upon him some observations which, I am bound to say, I think undeserved and unprovoked, and of a sort never to be hazarded except when religious subjects have been dealt with in a manner the very reverse of what pervades and characterizes a work written like Dr. Robinson's in a tone of the deepest reverence for Holy Writ, and for all matters of divine revelation.

The zeal, in many cases misdirected, of Christians living in Jerusalem, or visiting it, even from as far back as the end of the third century, has doubtless filled that city not only with most doubtful legends, but also with topographical fictions, forged to fit themselves to those legends as well as to events recorded in Holy Writ.

In such cases the authority of tradition, good only where the graft derives its life and character from the stock of Gospel truth, has transgressed its proper limits, and must be cast aside. But, where it is in accordance with any Scriptural probability, or even where no improbability, no unreasonableness, is manifest, or motive for distorting truth discoverable in it, I must contend that it lays just claim to be taken as strong a priori testimony, and to be treated not only with respect, but favour. Nay more: we are bound to consider how many historical facts there are belonging to the history of mankind,—of our own country,—the topographical associations belonging to which can be traced to no other authority than that of long undisputed tradition, and which yet it would be preposterous now to dispute.

I have observed a careless spirit of generalization in some of the writers on the Holy Land, and of a sort against which all travellers should specially guard themselves. I mean this. When speaking of those childish traditional fictions, (many of them manifestly inconsistent with each other,) which are to be found in the mouths and writings of certain churchmen and other enthusiasts, there is a careless habit of describing them as the “frauds of the monks,” of “the priests,” of “the Romanists,” &c. Nothing can lead to conclusions more injurious or more untrue. And, if this spirit of generalization be admitted, no society, no class could escape them. It always gives me occasion to think how unjust it would be to make any of the professions, callings, or classes in our own country answerable for every foolish or wicked thing which might proceed from any one member of them. I would protest against any man judging after this fashion of the calm and modest bravery of her soldiers, the learning of her courts, the integrity of her merchants, the wisdom of her statesmen, or the piety, intelligence, and fitness of her ecclesiastical ministry.

Again;—not only are there bad men, and weak men, and heated men, to be met with everywhere, but, let it be remembered, the traveller, with his note-book in his hand, may often fall into the error of imputing gross absurdity or deception to others, which, on examination, will be found much more truly chargeable to the account of his own hasty mode of coming at conclusions, and his ignorance of idioms and customs, into which he has neglected to make due inquiry. In this way, error, injustice, and theological hate, are often transmitted unquestioned, and in unbroken succession.

In accordance with the spirit of these remarks, our author minutely inspected all the most celebrated localities which he visited—searchingly scrutinized all the details—viewed them in their immediate connections and remote relationships to all surrounding objects, whether natural or artificial—brought the minutest scriptural statements, hints, allusions, or undesigned coincidences to bear on the elucidation of their still surviving memorials—listened with judicial solemnity to the voice of tradition, whether transmitted through the medium of professional legendary retailers, or whispered in the hearsay of the illiterate populace—and carefully collected the fragmentary intimations of profane history, wherever these could shed even the feeblest gleams of light.

Pursuing this careful, discriminating and candid course, Lord Nugent fully satisfied himself that the site,—now occupied by the Franciscan Convent of the Nativity, at the easternmost extremity of Bethlehem, on the edge of a deep rock overhanging

a plain of several miles in extent,—is, in a general way, the very ground on which stood the stable with the manger in which the Saviour of the world was born. But he refuses to believe in the identity of the *precise spot* now pointed out as that on which the virgin lay, when she “brought forth her first-born son,” or of the *precise spot* said to have been occupied by the manger, or of the *precise spot* where the wise men from the east opened their gifts and worshipped. In like manner, our author,—believing as he does, for the many reasons adduced by him, and which our space will not allow us to quote, in the general identity of the place of the Nativity,—is quite as much inclined to believe in the identity of the Field of the Shepherds, where it was that they heard the “glad tidings of great joy,” proclaiming, “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.” But he rejects, as destitute of all evidence, the alleged identity of the small enclosure of some thirty yards across, called the “grotto of the shepherds,” and shown as *the very place* where they were “abiding in the field,” when roused by the chorus of angelic voices.

In like manner, contrary to the conclusion of Dr. Robinson and others, Lord Nugent has arrived at the decided conviction that “*the places shown as the site of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre are really the places of the Crucifixion and of the tomb of Christ.*” To the investigation of this subject he applied himself with no small attention, and prosecuted it with little intermission during the whole of his three weeks’ stay at Jerusalem. And we may well admit that if the conclusion at which in consequence he arrived, and which appeared to his own mind irresistible, be erroneous, it is agreeably to his own modest expression, “from a fault of judgment in applying evidence, not from want of diligence in searching for it.” His reasons he unfolds at considerable length, and to our mind they carry no small degree of reasonable probability. They are too lengthy to admit of being quoted, and too compact and dependent on each other for mutual strength and support, to admit of being abridged. In establishing his conclusion he is obliged to combat many of Dr. Robinson’s statements and reasonings; and our impression is that he does so successfully. In some of the passages quoted from ancient writers, he clearly proves that Dr. Robinson gives forced and even erroneous interpretations—yea, that he more than once cites the authority of Scripture itself inaccurately, in support of his positions. Aware of the hazard of combating the statements of so learned an author, he thus expresses himself:—

I offer no apology for the freedom with which I have ventured to differ, on these points, from a learned and a laborious writer, whose volumes are, in some respects, a valuable and useful guide through those parts of the

East in which it was my fortune to find myself upon his track. As far as relates to the appearances of the country, and distances measured by time, in accordance with the usual rate of travelling there, Dr. Robinson's accuracy and diligence are entitled to much praise. But, as respecting his strictures on Jerusalem, as far as I have been able to form a judgment on observation, made with, I believe, entire impartiality, and certainly not without care, there are few of his statements which I can commend for their fidelity, and much of his reasoning which I cannot but think very loosely constructed on the facts which he avers.

But my belief is that if Dr. Robinson had made himself as well acquainted with the topography of Jerusalem as he has with that of most other parts of Palestine, he could not have arrived at the opinion which he so confidently expresses in his book. I must also observe, from his own statement, that, singularly, he refused even to visit some of the places which it is most important to examine step by step, with the view to the subject,—that he has assumed some facts very hastily, and without assigning any reason for doing so,—and that, in his haste, he has on one or two points miscited authorities, so as to confirm himself in a theory which these authorities do not support, but the reverse.

This is the portion of our author's work, which, in the field of Antiquarian research, may lay claim to something like original discovery, and may serve to account for the exceeding strength of his own convictions. But while he contends for the general identity of the places of the crucifixion and the sepulchre, he is careful to repudiate all topographical fictions and doubtful legends—such as the “station of the house in the Via Dolorosa, whence St. Veronica, or Berenice is said to have come forth to wipe the bleeding brows of Christ ;” or “the spot shown as that on which He fell beneath the weight of his cross ;” or “the place outside the pretorium where the cock crew when Peter denied his Lord ;” or the large flat stone, surrounded by iron rails, on which it is said that “the body of Jesus was laid to be anointed for the burying ;” or the rock where it is alleged are “the holes in which the crosses were fixed ;” or the small square block of black marble on which it is declared that the angel sate, who announced to the woman coming to the tomb, that “He is not here, but He is risen ;” or the broken shaft of the pillar, now shown as that to which Jesus was bound during the torture of the scourge ! From these and a hundred other pretended relics that so unhappily interrupt in their course the feelings which, in such a place, it is grievous to disturb by an appeal to coarse superstition, our author gladly turns away, as from so many “frivolous and unworthy inventions”—lamenting that “the sacred simplicity with which the inspired narrative recounts the sufferings of the Son of God should have been thus outraged by human fabrications.” Indeed, says he, with equal candour and justice, “proportionally with the reasonable inclination felt to give credence, a priori, to such traditions as are in harmony with Holy Writ, is the jealousy with which those may

be received for which there is no Scriptural warranty whatever ; and which, therefore may not unreasonably be suspected to have been framed with the desire of multiplying the places of veneration claimed by the rival zeal or rival interests of the two great factions into which what were called the Eastern and the Western Churches were so early divided. There is much to be felt in excuse, nay, more than excuse, for the imaginative warmth of minds dwelling in habitual excitement among such scenes. Still it is very lamentable to trace, as one does, wherever the Greek and Roman churches hold a conflicting jurisdiction over the minds of men, the unworthy bickerings and rancorous ill-will that are between them ; dishonouring, as in the Holy Land, the very ground on which the Saviour trod with their shameless slanders and uncharitable assaults upon each other."

Again ;—"Enthusiasm is to be respected, even where it is not shared, as generally giving earnest of sincerity. Tradition is to be respected, as generally bearing good witness on doubtful matters of topography and history. But there may be enthusiasm of a sort that profanes the object of its reverence, and tradition which would disturb our whole system of trust in the most important truth." Of this description several specimens have already been presented, and many more equally reprehensible might easily be adduced. Respecting these our author further remarks that he understood but one wish—a strong one—to shun, if possible, such sights altogether ;—"particularly on ground to which recollections and feelings of so different a sort justly belong, but defaced by what he could not but believe to be profane fictions—offensive he should think to all, in proportion to their affection to what they feel as truth,—and borrowed (often) from a hideous mythology to be engrafted on the stock of Christian Revelation." Lamentable, then, may we well conclude with him—most lamentable, that appeals, like these, "to the grossest materialism, without any warranty in scripture, should have found their way among the places where were manifested the presence and doctrines of Him who taught that 'God is a Spirit, and to be worshipped in spirit and in truth.'"

Next to Calvary, of all places in or about Jerusalem, the Garden of Gethsemane, is the one that is invested with the deepest interest ; the one, too, to which belong "the most affecting and the most solemn associations, undisfigured by misdirected zeal, and undisturbed, in its silence and solitude, as when the Saviour accepted there the cup of agony for the redemption of the whole human race, and went forth to be betrayed and led away, bound, to judgment, at the hands of the people he so much loved." Respecting this hallowed scene our author's remarks are brief enough to admit of being quoted :—

Dr. Robinson does not question that "here, or at least not far off," (p. 347,) the Saviour endured his passion. Yet, says he, (p. 346,) as if such an admission required a qualification, "there is nothing *peculiar* in this plat to mark it as Gethsemane; for adjacent to it are other similar enclosures, and many olive-trees equally old;" an inconclusive reason, even if the latter fact were assumed on good ground. But, in truth, as all who visit this spot and the parts adjacent cannot fail to observe, there is a very remarkable difference in the apparent, the manifest, age of the eight old olive-trees in the garden of Gethsemane and any others along the whole course of the valley of the Kedron or the site of the Mount of Olives.

M. de Chateaubriand, indeed, says, ('Itinéraire,' vol. ii. p. 37,) "en voici la preuve;" that, on the occupation of Jerusalem by the Turks, they laid upon all olive-trees which should be planted *after that time* a duty amounting to one-half of the produce; but on those *already there* a tax of only one medin each; and that these eight trees only pay the eight medins, and no further tribute.

He does not give his authority for this, which, if established, would be a curious fact. And I am bound to say, that, after much and various inquiries I have made on the subject, I have not been able to trace the story to any foundation. The Franciscan friars themselves, to whom the garden belongs, treat this story as apocryphal, and know nothing of any payment of medins. Granting it to be founded on good authority, it would by no means show that these trees are the same that stood there in the time of our Saviour. Nor do I think it at all probable that they are; particularly considering that Josephus tells us all the trees round Jerusalem were cut down by the Romans during the siege; though, from the almost indestructible vitality of the olive root, after the trunks have been cut down, or even destroyed by fire, these *may* very possibly be shoots from the plants which were in existence eighteen hundred years ago.

At all events, the reason assigned by Dr. Robinson for his doubt of the identity of the *place* is hasty and unfounded;—an identity which is, indeed, beyond all doubt. Its position "over the brook Kedron," and close by the ancient path which leads to the Mount of Olives,—the narrowness of the space "where there was a garden" between the brook and the ascent of the mount,—its nearness to the city, whence, "while he yet spake," Judas came "with a great multitude from the chief priests to take him,"—every feature, every part of the evidence, internal and external, of the place declares that here, among the gnarled stems of the eight venerable olive-trees which overshadow it, you are within at most a few paces of where he was "sorrowful even unto death."

One who has been in Gethsemane must afterwards, I think, re-enter the modern city of Jerusalem and wander among its much changed sites, of holy memory, with feelings much less deep and awful than those which arise within that small enclosure; apart as it is from all disturbance, and undefaced by any of those gorgeous superstructures which elsewhere interfere with, instead of assisting, the impressions that belong to these scenes.

Strong vaulted cells, where martyred seers of old
Far in the rocky walls of Zion sleep;
Green terraces, and arched fountains cold,
Where lies the cypress shade so still and deep.
Th' unearthly thoughts have passed from earth away
As fast as evening sunbeams from the sea.
Thy footsteps all, in Zion's deep decay,
Were blotted from the holy ground. Yet dear
Is every stone of hers. For thou wert surely here.

There is a spot within this sacred dale
That felt thee kneeling, touched thy prostrate brow
One angel knows it!"

Gladly, if space permitted, would we follow our author in his various excursions in and around Jerusalem—to the pool of Siloam—the Mount of Olives with the adjacent valleys—Bethany and the tomb of Lazarus—Jericho and the Jordan; gladly too, after his final departure from Jerusalem, would we accompany him in his varied wanderings through the northern parts of Palestine, the country of Ephraim, Manasseh, Issachar, and Galilee, which is of the tribe of Zabulon, on the coasts of Phenicia and Syria—places, the very names of which are calculated to awaken the most stirring associations—Gibeon, Ajalon, and Bethel—Samaria and the well of Jacob—the plain of Esdraelon and Nazareth—Mount Tabor and the sea of Tiberias—Cana of Galilee and the ancient river Kishon—Sarepta and Mount Carmel—Tyre and Sidon, and Lebanon,—but here we must pause. On leaving Jerusalem, on the morning of the 13th of March, our author records the following very appropriate remarks:—

We left it—as probably all do who for the first time have sojourned among those places which from earliest childhood have filled their imagination and called forth their deepest reverence—with the utmost reluctance and regret; with what would be almost affliction, but for a lingering hope and fancy that the farewell look now turned back upon those walls and towers, those hallowed vales and mounts, will not be the last which the chances of life may permit them to cast upon scenes the most impressive, surely, that memory can recall or that this world contains. And yet we were anxious to hasten our departure. For the pilgrims were now beginning to flock in from all countries—Greeks, Roman Catholics, Copts, Armenians, Maronites—for the Holy Week and Easter ceremonies. These ceremonies we were to the full as eager to avoid as they were to take their share in them. Anxious indeed we were that all the tranquil recollections of these places we so much cherished should not be disturbed by the witness of such things done there as we had heard described by persons who had joined in them with the warmest and most pious zeal;—Christ's passion made a stage play, on the anniversary of the night when in this very city he was betrayed; and the Redeemer himself personated in his sufferings by a wretched mimic;—a solemn fraud enacted at the return of the morning, and on the very place of his resurrection from the dead; fire secretly kindled by priests, and given out to the multitude as if received by miracle; and a police of Mohammedan guards fain to keep the peace by force among an infuriated throng of rival Christians coming to blows, for the first fruits of this scandalous imposture, over the very tomb from which their Saviour rose. One wishes not to be moved to a feeling of impatience by what many others deem to be acceptable and right, and therefore these are scenes we could not but wish to avoid.

Again, on finally leaving Palestine, about a month later, he thus expresses himself:—

I have known what it was in my early youth, when I might reasonably suppose that the larger portion of my life was yet before me, and often since, to leave a sojourn in foreign lands that had highly interested me, both in reference to their ancient history and modern condition, with a feeling which could seek refuge only in the hope and belief that I might perhaps revisit them in after years. And often have those wishes been fulfilled. But I can

truly say my impression is, that of such persons as can find an interest in the objects of travel, there are few who, at any age, in taking leave of Ægypt, Palestine, or Syria,—but specially Palestine,—could willingly be reconciled to the belief that they were bidding it a last adieu. As with the remembrance of friendships that in this world can never be renewed, so, in a far less but not a small degree, when leaving scenes that have engaged so much attention and afforded so much delight, it is natural to look back on them with a misgiving, amounting almost to self-reproach, that we have not availed ourselves, as afterwards we could wish we had, of many of the occasions which for a time were offered us. I know of no moment when this last-mentioned feeling, in reference to places the hope of revisiting which must be vague at least, if not improbable, is so strong as on taking leave of the shores of this part of the East.

Thus have we glanced, through the aid of our intelligent traveller, at the three most celebrated lands on the surface of the globe. The sources of their celebrity, however, are widely different—their *characteristic* points of vital interest having, in the estimation of the world at large, little or nothing in common. To the Christian indeed there is a bond that unites them all—the bond of sacred associations. But, as regards the several realms, these associations differ vastly, not merely in degree but in kind. With respect to Palestine they constitute its distinctive individuality—its inner life and outward character. With respect to Greece and Egypt they attach rather as exotics which have been temporarily grafted on the stock of their historic being, and then partially severed or wholly flung aside. With Greece we must ever associate the presence of the Apostle Paul among the leaders of her Philosophic Schools,—his sublime address to “the men of Athens” on Mars hill—and his varied labours in the Corinthian and other churches. With Egypt, again, we must ever associate the remembrance of Joseph and Moses and the afflicted Israelites, together with all the signs and wonders and judgments of the Most High. But the objects of all such associations do not intrinsically and organically belong to Greece and Egypt. They do not come forth to view as developments of their natural life. They rather present themselves as growths altogether extraneous to their indigenous soils—as products altogether alien to the presiding genius of their respective peoples. They seem like the shadows of clouds of mixed gloom and glory which cross the heavens, marking the nether regions with their own evanescent outlines, rather than the prints and vestiges of what had sprung forth spontaneously and acquired a fixed habitation and subsistence in the interior framework of the national mind and history.

Greece was the birth place and the home of the most learned, most ingenious, and most refined people of antiquity. There, Philosophers profoundly speculated on the mysteries of Nature and the attributes of Nature’s God. There, Historians, with

a majesty and simplicity unrivalled, described the actions of man as they really were, divested of the ideal splendours of poetry. There, the Muse kindled into fire and rose into sublimity—brightened into sprightliness, and softened into tenderness, in such a way that the highest attainments of succeeding ages has been successfully to imitate. There, the fine arts rose to a perfection, and displayed a combination of elegance and grandeur, that has made the truest genius of every age, bow at the shrine of Grecian taste and greatness. Thither, then, must all the lovers of intellectual culture, all the votaries of song, all the admirers and adorers of ideal beauty, continually resort. There will they have their tastes regaled—their longings aspirations amply satisfied. As they survey the rugged cliffs of Delphi and the summits of Parnassus; as from the heights of the Acropolis they gaze at the still surviving fragments and monuments of departed glory; as they stand upon the spot whence Demosthenes “fulminated over Greece,” or traverse the peaceful groves of Academe, they may experience a transport of emotions for which language can find no adequate utterance. But, alas, amid all the rush and flow of excited fancies and feelings, there may not be one that can claim a higher pedigree than that of earth-born sensibilities which spring from the fountain-head of a factitious idealism or a refined materialism—not one that may even venture to soar beyond the limited horizon of time and sense—not one which may amount to an intelligent recognition of *Him*, who stretched over Greece such a canopy of glory, who invested it with such balmy skies, and fields so redolent of beauty, and who blessed its people with such rare felicities of natural endowment as have ever since rendered them the wonder and admiration of the world.

Egypt has its distinctive peculiarities. It is the land of hieroglyphics and mythological emblems—the land of colossal statues, sphinxes, and obelisks—the land of Cyclopean temples, pyramids and catacombs—the land of mummies, sarcophaguses and dead men’s shrouds:—In a word, it is the land—the chosen birth-place and home—of the strange, the mysterious, and the stupendous. Thither, then, must all the lovers of mystery and of magnitude continually resort. But, from all their painful researches and toilsome excavations, carried on amid the vitiated air and dungeon gloom of labyrinths and of tombs, what has been gained? What, but the embodied realizations of great but rude and untutored conceptions? What, but fresh memorials of detestable superstition and execrable tyranny? What, but gigantic monuments of human pride, ambition, vanity and folly?—with nothing, nothing that is fitted to purify the heart, illumine the understanding, or elevate the soul in its aspirations heavenward!

Judea has its distinctive peculiarities—and these are *wholly* of a sacred character. Whereas, in Greece and Egypt, sacred associations, as already remarked, are but as the passing shadows of clouds wholly unbound to them, in Judea, such associations constitute the very frame work and texture of all its distinguishing glories. It is not to the mouldering columns of a Parthenon, or the rock-like stability of a Pyramid, that Judea is indebted for its power to interest and enchain the captivated spirit. Whatever of architectural beauty or magnificence, even in the cause of sacredness, may have once adorned it, has long since vanished without leaving a single wreck or fragment behind. Even its vine and olive clad hills, its flowery vales, and fertile fields, have, before the ravages of war, earthquake and despotic tyranny, been turned into a desolation and a wilderness. It is the blight and lightning of the curse on Judah's land, because of the impenitence and guilt of Judah's inhabitants. But amid all this frightful desolation and barrenness, the grand rough outlines of the natural scenery—the mountains, the valleys, the plains, the lakes and the rivers—still survive as the consecrated scenes of events on which the sanctified spirit loves to dwell with ever increasing interest and delight. To single out a few from amid the crowd that come rushing into the imagination and the memory!—There, is the plain of Mamre, whence arose the overshadowing tree beneath which Abraham pitched his tent, and entertained angels unwares, and pled with Jehovah in behalf of the doomed cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, and had the promise renewed of a seed like the stars of heaven for multitude.—There, is the rising eminence of Bethlehem—the chosen site for the manifestation of the mystery hid from ages and generations, the incarnation of the Eternal Word. Around it are the brakes and mountain solitudes where once grazed the flocks of Jesse, tended by the youthful shepherd, whose venturous daring in slaying the lion and the bear gave early presage of the faith and heroism which smote the giant Philistine, and crowned with conquest the future monarch of Israel. Under it are the fields in which the shepherds listened to the anthem of the angelic choir, announcing the birth of the long-expected Saviour, and proclaiming “peace on earth and good-will to the children of men.” Above it is the point in the visible heavens, where stood the herald star which pointed to the first dawning rays of the Great Sun of Righteousness.—There, is the peaceful vale of Nazareth, encompassed by the gently sloping hills on which the eyes of the child Jesus must have often gazed and his footsteps often trod, while yet only “increasing in wisdom and stature,” and “growing in favour with God and man.”—There, is the Lake of Tiberias, whose

winding shores had witnessed so many signs and wonders, and miracles of healing, and whose stormy waves felt the tread of their Sovereign Lord, and swiftly yielded to the omnipotent fiat, "peace, be still."—There, is Jerusalem—the "perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth"—bestrewn throughout and environed all around with the scenes of events of such transcendent glory, that, in their view, the most stirring themes of Grecian eloquence and song admit not of comparison, but of contrast. There, the father of the faithful, in obedience to the Divine command, offered his only son Isaac on the sacrificial altar; there, was reared the temple of Solomon, outstripping in magnificence the most gorgeous edifices of ancient or modern times, and replenished with a furniture of such marvellous device as to typify and shadow forth all the verities of the Redemptive economy; there, blazed forth the Shekinah, the visible symbol of Jehovah's glorious presence; above all, there, was erected the "wondrous cross," at once the darkest and most luminous point in the moral universe of God.—But we must pause. Such scenes, rightly contemplated in the light of Holy Writ, must ever prove the radiating sources of influences that cannot fail to expand and purify and ennoble the soul. And we could scarcely propose a better test of the general character of a man's mind and religion, than would be furnished by a vivid portraiture of the different emotions experienced, when standing on the Acropolis of Athens, the great pyramid of Cheops, and the rugged hill of Calvary.

A. D.

Missionary and Religious Intelligence.

1.—MISSIONARY AND ECCLESIASTICAL MOVEMENTS.

The following items of Missionary intelligence from the *Madras Christian Instructor* and *Bombay Witness*, will be read with mingled feelings of gladness and sorrow. We rejoice in the accession of more labourers, but it is with trembling. The pen which notes the arrival of old friends and new labourers, how often is it employed at the same moment to record the prostration and death of faithful labourers? How do these frequent records press upon all the need there is for raising up an indigenous ministry.

"DEATH OF THE REV. J. C. JEREMIAH.

We regret to have to record the sudden decease of this missionary, of Cholera, at Arcot, on the 13th April. He was connected with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel."

"The Rev. Joseph Vansomerem Taylor, B. A., whose ordination, as a missionary of the London Missionary Society, we noticed in November, has arrived at Madras. The Rev. Messrs. Howland and Fletcher, with their wives, and Miss Capell, for the American Mission in Ceylon; and the Rev. Messrs. Herrick, Webb and Rendall, with their wives, for the American Mission in Madura, arrived at Madras on the 30th April—and except Mr.

and Mrs. Fletcher, who are about to leave, have proceeded to their stations. We rejoice in such an addition to the missionary ranks.

We are glad to welcome back a fellow-labourer in the Missionary field. Mr. Munger, of the American Mission, after an absence of some years returned to Bombay from America in the *Chicora*. Deeply we regret to find he has been tried during the voyage, having been called on to part with her who had long been his companion and beloved partner. While therefore we desire to rejoice in his return, we also wish to sympathise with him in his severe bereavement."

MADRAS.—The Rev. E. Porter, of the L. M. S. Cuddupah, has gone to England for a time on account of ill health and family circumstances; and the Rev. J. H. Elouis, of the Church Mission, Madras, to the Cape of Good Hope. The Rev. G. Pettitt and the Rev. J. Thomas, of the same Society, at Tinnevely, have been on a visit to Madras, and proceeded to Ceylon. Mr. Weiss, formerly for many years the Society's printer at Malta, has arrived by the *Hindoostan* Steamer, to take charge of the Press to be established in Tinnevely.

2.—MAJOR LAWRENCE'S HILL STATION FOR THE CHILDREN OF EUROPEAN SOLDIERS.

Some time back we announced a proposal made by Major Lawrence, then the Resident at Katmandoo, now the Governor General's Agent at Lahore,—for the establishment of an institution in the hills for the education of the children of European soldiers. This plan was proposed and supported in every way by this excellent man in the most catholic and generous spirit. He commenced it with a donation of Co.'s Rs. 1,000 and an annual subscription of 1,000. We are happy to learn from the *Delhi Gazette*, that at a meeting of the heads of the army held at Lahore, it was resolved to sanction and carry out the proposal of the Agent. Donations to the amount of Co.'s Rs. 10,000, and annual subscriptions amounting to 5000 were promised. A committee of trustworthy men, to continue in office three years, was appointed. The Institution is to be free from sectarian influence. With a view to compass this object, the rules and regulations of La Martiniere are, as far as practicable, to be adopted. The rates of education are extremely low, amounting almost to a nominal charge. The locality is not yet fixed upon, but it is expected it will be either at Kussolee or Mussooree. Most heartily do we wish success to this truly Christian effort, and we trust and believe it will succeed. We have heard many enquiries as to whom subscriptions could be forwarded in Calcutta. It would be well to appoint a sub-committee or some one responsible person to whom those interested in the object might address their enquiries, donations and subscriptions.—C. C. A.

3.—BAPTISM AT THE OLD CHURCH.

A young Hindu was baptised at the Old Church Sabbath evening, May 3, by the Rev. H. Fisher. The name of the young disciple is Nandalál Mitter. He is engaged in the office of the Superintendent of Marine. The Rev. Messrs. Sandys and Long were, in accordance with the custom of the Episcopal Church, sponsors.—*Ibid.*

The British and Foreign Bible Society have recently published the gospel of Luke and the Acts of the Apostles in the Chinese language. The volume is neatly bound and interleaved. Those conversant with the Chinese have pronounced the volume admirably adapted for circulation amongst the Celestials. A few copies of the work have been forwarded to the Calcutta Bible Society.—*Ibid.*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

LONDON MISSION.

The Committee of the **BENGAL AUXILIARY TO THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY**, offer their sincere thanks to their Christian friends for the prompt manner in which they have responded to the appeal made on behalf of the Mission. They would solicit the aid of those friends who have not as yet forwarded their intended donations. The Parent Society, by the last advices, was indebted to the Treasurer upwards of £17,000. The Bengal Auxiliary, at the commencement of the year, was in debt to the Treasurer upwards of Co.'s Rs. 600.

BENGAL AUXILIARY TO THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

A. Colvin, Esq.	160	0	0
J. W. Alexander, Esq., through J. Norman, Esq.	50	0	0
Capt. Boileau,.....	20	0	0

ANTI-INFIDEL TRACT FUND.

A. Bedford, Esq.	10	0	0
C. Grant, Esq.	8	0	0

Friends who wish to aid this fund can address their donations to the Rev. J. Thomas, Baptist Mission Press. The amount required for defraying the expenses of this effort to do good, is about Co.'s Rs. 1000.

In addition to the sums previously received in aid of the suffering Vaudois pastors, the Rev. A. F. Lacroix, begs to acknowledge the following :—

A Friend of Meerut,	100	0	0
Capt. J. T. Gordon, of Tejpore, Assam,	32	0	0
Dr. Davis of ditto,	20	0	0
Capt. Toquett, of ditto,	12	0	0

SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

A Friend at Meerut,	100	0	0
G. F. Browne, Esq. Bhagulpore, through Messrs. Gisborne & Co.,.....	50	0	0
J. W. Alexander, Esq. through J. Norman, Esq.	50	0	0

FUND FOR THE ERECTION OF A CENTRAL INSTITUTION IN CONNECTION WITH THE LONDON MISSION AT BHAWANIPUR.

A Friend at Merrut,	100	0	0
J. Davies, Esq.	50	0	0
Mrs. Davies,.....	20	0	0

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR THE CALCUTTA CHRISTIAN SCHOOL BOOK SOCIETY.

Hon. F. Millett, Esq.	50	0	0	C. H.	5	0	0
Rev. J. Charles, D. D.	20	0	0	E. Edmond, Esq.,.....	5	0	0
M. Wylie, Esq.,	10	0	0	P. Sutherland, Esq.,.....	5	0	0
D. McCallum, Esq.,.....	10	0	0	J. Bartlett, Esq.,	5	0	0
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J. MACDONALD,
Secretary.

Calcutta, May 28th, 1846.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The undermentioned special contributions in aid of the Funds of the Society are most thankfully acknowledged as an earnest of what it is confidently hoped the friends of Missions will do to relieve the Society from its present embarrassments.

Contributions already acknowledged, Rs. 3154 4 0		<i>Through Rev. J. Johannes.</i>	
L. L. L.	500 0 0	Hugh Lushington, Esq.	50 0 0
Major H. M. Lawrence, thro'		Dr. J. Duncan,	50 0 0
J. C. Marshman, Esq.	100 0 0	Dr. J. Ogilvie, Esq.	50 0 0
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J. Pogose, Esq. through ditto.	10 0 0	A few Native Christians,	1 0 0
C. Congreve, Esq. thro' Rev.		Mr. J. M. Penharo,	1 0 0
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<i>Through Rev. J. Williamson.</i>		Mr. D. Pereira,	1 0 0
E. Cardew, Esq.	50 0 0	Mr. A. D'Silva,	1 0 0
T. C. Lock, Esq.	10 0 0	Mrs. A. S.	1 0 0
G. B. Hampton, Esq.	6 0 0	Miss S. H. S.	1 0 0
C. Tottenham, Esq.	5 0 0	M. R. De Barros,	0 8 0
C. F. Harcourt, Esq. annual subscription to the Mission, through Rev.		Sree Manth Ram,	0 8 0
W. H. Denham,		Mr. Christian Pereira,	0 8 0
			18 0 0
			J. THOMAS.

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		J. W. Alexander, Esq., per J. Norman, Esq.,	30 0 0

J. WENGER,
Acting Secretary.

Calcutta, May 29th, 1846.