## THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY AND CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

We have observed certain animated discussions, which have taken place at sittings of the Anthropological Society, in which Christian Missions amongst barbarous races have been very freely commented upon. On a recent occasion the subject was introduced in a paper read by Mr. Winwood Reade, in which, expressing himself very strongly against the results of Missionary labours in equatorial Africa, he asserted that the attempts to evangelize the negroes had proved "a wretched bubble." He was followed by other speakers, amongst others, by Captain Burton and Dr. Colenso. The latter gentleman considered that Mr. Reade had done good service by drawing attention to the efforts made by Missionaries to convert negroes, and the results, though he did not agree with him on some points. What the points of divergence may be he has promised to explain in a paper to be read at some future meeting of the Society, and to which, when it appears, we promise our best attention. Captain Burton, however, far exceeded Mr. Reade. He did not confine himself to equatorial Africa, but, taking an extensive view of Missionary efforts in various parts of the world, pronounced them to have completely failed in effecting any improvement amongst the savage nations whom it had been their object to convert. Especially Abbeokuta, and the Mission work there, occupied a prominent position in the encouraging picture which he thus sketched. It is first described as "a nearly Christian city," and then pronounced to be "a den of abominations." If it were indeed a nearly Christian city, it would not be a den of abominations. It is because it is not so that vices prevail in it, which give to Captain Burton the opportunity of designating it a den of abominations, although we apprehend that it is not in a worse condition than other crowded resorts of human beings who are without the restraining influence of Christianity. Is Captain Burton justified in designating Abbeokuta "a nearly Christian city?" We appeal to his work entitled, "Abbeokuta, &c.," and the statements which are there given. In page 170 of the first volume he thus speaks of the amount of population—

"Mr. T. B. Freeman, in 1842, estimated it to contain 45,000 souls; in 1858, Mr. Bowen gave it 80,000; more modern travellers have raised the number to 100,000; and looking at the extent and the thickness of the population, I should not wonder if, when the soldiers return from the Ibadan war, it was found to contain 150,000 souls, nearly equal to the entire population of redoubted Dahomey."

Captain Burton also gives us the Christian statistics, so as to afford us the opportunity of ascertaining what proportion the professing Christians bear to the aggregate of population. At p. 246 of his first volume he says—"The number of converts registered is about 1500: the communicants may amount to 800."

Our readers will judge for themselves whether Abbeokuta can with truth be described as "nearly a Christian city," or whether the abominations of Abbeokuta can fairly be imputed to her Christianity.

Our readers must not be surprised at the condemnatory language which these gentlemen use respecting Christian Missions. Their principles are such that it is impossible they could do otherwise. According to the views which they entertain, Christian Missions, especially among the negroes of Africa, must be a great mistake indeed. The fact is, these gentlemen belong to a new school, the principles of which are so disparaging to Christianity, that, upon the whole, we are disposed to think that even heathen Abbeokuta has stronger claims to be regarded as Christian than this new philosophy, which, for the improvement of mankind in the nineteenth century, gives forth its lucubrations at the meetings of the Anthropological Society. The gentlemen to whom we have referred, and who were the chief speakers on the occasion, are all authors. Dr. Colenso is such, his writings

having obtained considerable notoriety; so is Mr. Winwood Reade; so is Captain Burton. Their operations, therefore, are not mysteries. They are not, like the secret rites of the heathen, concealed within the gloomy precincts of some grove, where none but the initiated are privileged to enter. The vestibules of the new academy are open to all, and the page of the new inspiration is spread wide for all to read. We therefore violate no confidence, we are guilty of no intrusion, in examining and exposing this new theory, which has been boldly set forth to the dishonour of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in grievous disparagement of that alone saving faith which He rendered efficacious by the shedding of his own blood.

We first turn to the pages of Mr. Winwood Reade, his work being entitled, "Savage Africa." He has been at various points on the western coast of Africa—the Senegal, Sierra Leone, Liberia, Dahomey, Yoruba, the Cameroons, the Gorilla country, the Congo. He appears to be a close observer of the physique of the African races. His descriptions are not reserved enough for us to touch upon them; nor, indeed, have we to do with his tastes, but with his principles, and that merely for the purpose of showing that with such principles he is disqualified from forming an impartial and equitable opinion on the results of Christian Missions, and that the judgments to which he does give expression are of no value. We turn, therefore, to the last chapter, that on the Redemption of Africa.

His first statement is one with which we entirely coincide, and only regret that, finding ourselves at the same starting-point with the writer, we should be so soon constrained to part company with him. He informs us that there is "a religion," "the religion of God;" that "it is the same religion which, under different names and forms, has civilized the Hebrews through Moses, and the western world through Jesus Christ." In this we fully coincide. True religion is not devised by man; it is not the product of his conceptions; it is by revelation of God. That revelation has been progressive in its character. It commenced at the fall, and, gradually expanding, as man was able to receive it, in Christianity attained its consummation. The revelation of God has culminated in Christianity, which claims now to be recognised as the one religion of God.

But ideas of this kind are far too narrow for the gentlemen of the new philosophy. Christianity must not be regarded as the alone exposition of the religion of God. There are other modifications of it. The forms in which it is clothed widely differ; but "the divine element is always preserved unchanged." Christianity is only one of its many forms; Mohammedanism is another. Mohammedanism, as well as Christianity, is the true religion of God; it is "the same religion which, under different names and forms, has civilized the Hebrews through Moses, and the western world through Jesus Christ," and which, under the form of Mohammedanism, is to redeem Africa. "Mohammed, a servant of God, redeemed the eastern world: his followers are redeeming Africa."

Christian Missions are an interference with that which is properly the office of Mohammedans, and therefore have, of necessity, proved to be a failure. Two examples are selected of the futility of Christian Missions in Western Africa. The first is that of the Jesuits in Congo; and this is regarded by Mr. Reade as conclusive, and for the following reasons—"The Catholic religion is, of all Christian creeds, the most likely to succeed among savages. It impresses the senses by music, by perfumes, by stately rites; and with its charms, its relics, and its images, it affords that which is indispensable to the lower classes of intellect—some external objects which they can venerate, and which may constantly remind them of their Creator.

"But how can the Protestant creed, which is at once so naked and so sublime, be understood by uneducated Africans? How convey to them abstract truths, when their language cannot express to them abstract ideas?"

It is evident that the writer does not know in what consists the true force of Chris-

tianity. The Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; and when that Gospel is faithfully taught, God's power works through it to the conversion even of races so savage as the Bakele, the Mpongwe, and the Fans. This is the important point which such objectors as those we are now dealing with entirely overlook, and overlook because they do not understand it. When Romish Missionaries, such as those who attempted to proselyte the people of Congo, put aside the truth, they lost the power, and the appeals which music, &c., made to the senses failed to reach the heart.

The American Missions in equatorial Africa are selected as the second proof of the futility of Christian Missions in that country. Mr. Reade does full justice to the character and abilities of these good men, but he adds—"in spite of their lives, pure and laborious as those of the ancient fathers, in spite of their unceasing efforts, they have made no palpable progress in converting the Africans." These Missions, however, are of recent origin: all new Missions are at first slow in the progress which they make. There are preliminary difficulties to be overcome: the language has to be acquired, and reduced to the service of Christianity. Time must be given that the ear and understanding of the native may adjust themselves to the new sounds and ideas which are presented to them; but we believe as much has been done as could reasonably be expected within a brief period, and under circumstances such as we have described. Certainly it is premature to pronounce these Missions a failure. Ten years more must elapse before a judgment can be formed respecting them, and by that time they will have expanded into successful Missions.

But it is evident that in so deciding, Mr. Reade is arguing from his principles, not from a patient investigation of actual results. There is, in his opinion, a great stumbling-block introduced by Christianity, which prevents the success of Christian Missions, but which Mohammedanism, by its superior action, at once evades—"Polygamy is the great stumbling-block." Marriage he regards as a purely secular question, the details of which ought to be arranged as may be found expedient. Polygamy he considers to be "as great a benefit to Africa, as in Europe it would be an evil." It is "an institution which has a most salutary effect in redeeming Africa."

Now we differ in toto from Mr. Winwood Reade. We are persuaded that polygamy, whether prevailing in Africa or in Europe, is most disastrous in its effects, nor would Christianity merit to be called a remedial dispensation, if it did not provide for the elimination of this as well as of other evils which degrade and depress man. In the pages of Mr. Reade are to be found ample evidences of the miserable consequences which flow from this so-called "civil institution." They will be found detailed in his chapter on the "Land of the Amazons," but they are not such as to permit their transfer to the pages of this periodical.

Our readers now understand Mr. Reade's principles, and they will not be surprised at the conclusion to which he comes, and the advice he tenders to us. African Mohammedans, in his opinion, are "practical Christians." And yet in the pages of "Savage Africa" we find descriptions given of African Mohammedans, as to their national customs and habits, which are intensely revolting. We mention, as an example, the details introduced respecting the Foulah, Fuli, or Pulo nation. Are the bizarre statements, which are there obtruded on the public eye, to be regarded as specimens of practical Christianity?

Nevertheless, such being, according to Mr. Reade's standard, the ameliorating influence which Mohammedanism exercises upon the African, we are exhorted to "abandon our absurd projects of converting Mussulmans." Let us rather "aid the Mohammedans in their great work—the Redemption of Africa." "The interior of Africa is in the hands of the Mussulman. We have only to gain them as our allies, to obtain the *entrée* to its mysteries and treasures."

The paper read by Mr. W. Reade at the meeting of the Anthropological Society, is simply a *resumé* of the principles enunciated in his book. But entertaining the views he does on the subjects of Mohammedanism and polygamy, we cannot be surprised if Christian Missions and their results are worthless in his eyes.

We now turn very briefly to Captain Burton's book on "Abbeokuta and the Cameroon Mountains." In the first volume he stands forward as an earnest advocate for polygamy, as preferable to the "one-wife system;" nor, like Mr. W. Reade, would he limit this admission to Africa, but, as it appears, would render it of universal application. In his opinion, Christianity does not inculcate "the monogamic sentiment." It is only the Christian bishop that is forbidden a plurality of wives, and then "the apostolic limitation of the bishop's household was soon applied to the whole ministry," and eventually the laity were involved in the meshes of the restriction, so that in the "West penalties were attached to the practice."

Now our Missionaries in Abbeokuta have acted upon the principle laid down by the apostle—"Let every man have his own wife, and let every woman have her own husband." The language of the original is emphatic—*ἕκαστος τὴν ἑαυτοῦ γυναῖκα ἐχέτω, καὶ ἑκάστη τὸν ἴδιον ἄνδρα ἐχέτω.* (1 Cor. vii. 2).

The words "*τὴν εαυτοῦ*" and "*τὸν ἴδιον*," express the unity of the marriage relation, both expressions excluding all community, in which polygamy consists.

Of course the fidelity of Missionaries in this respect condemns the whole Missionary procedure in the eyes of the gallant captain. "Polygamy," as he observes, "is the foundation-stone of Yoruban society," and with this the Missionaries have unnecessarily interfered.—"I would assure these and other Missionaries that had less objection been made to polygamy on their part, the heathen would have found far fewer obstacles to conversion. Those who hold it their duty to save souls should seriously consider whether they are justified in placing such stumbling-blocks upon the path of improvement."

And if, in order to facilitate its progress and gain converts more rapidly, Christianity was to accommodate itself in this respect to the sensuality of man, and, like Mohammedanism, bribe him to a nominal profession by catering to his passions, how could it ever become the regenerator of society?

Captain Burton's theories, unlike those of Mr. Winwoode Reade, are not limited to savage Africa. They are more ambitious in their character, and are urged upon the consideration of Europe as deserving of attention. Are the Christians of England prepared to adopt them? Shall they abandon the monogamistic character of their institutions, and permit the Christian law of one wife to be relaxed into the Mohammedan indulgence of four? Are the noble-minded ladies of England prepared to be degraded to a level with the females of Mohammedan countries, no longer to be the help-meets, the equals, the companions of their husbands, aiding them by counsel and by prayer, but their inferiors, lowered in their own self-esteem, united in a relationship adjusted on the most inequitable principles, which requires of them the surrender of all, while they are to be contented to receive in return, not all, but only a part; a relationship, the unity of which being destroyed by the inequality of the arrangement, can never be otherwise than a source of disunion and discomfort? And what is to become of our English homes, and the children growing up under the fostering care of father and mother, united each to the other in holy wedlock? Shall Jacob's tent, with its Leah and its Rachel, the children of the one wife arrayed against the children of the other, and all the attendant exasperations and contentions, usurp the place of the Christian home? Shall English gentlemen be contented to exchange the holy elevation and cheerfulness of a Christian household, where there is mutual confidence, hearts open as the daylight to each other, for the reserve and distrust and evil passions which are harboured within the precincts of a Mussulman harem? No! Such theories may find a home in Mussulman and

Mormon lands, but the moral tone of England is too healthfully bracing to permit their naturalization. Especially we call on the ladies of England, who owe so much to Christianity, to spurn the books which give utterance to propositions so lax and subversive of all healthful influences, and refuse them admission within the precincts of those English homes, which they would despoil of their chief ornament.

But that gentlemen so philo-Mohammedan and polygamistic in their tendencies should disparage Missions, which, as purely Christian Missions, are antagonistic to Mohammedanism as a spurious faith, and subversive of polygamy as a degrading custom, is not surprising. Does it shake our confidence in Christian Missions to find that in the meetings of the Anthropological Society they are assailed. What should we think of our Missions if they met with the approval of these gentlemen? Could we regard them any longer as deserving of the name of Christian Missions?

A pamphlet, purporting to be the address which Bishop Colenso undertook to deliver on Christian Missions and their Results, has been received, and we hope to review it in our next Number.

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## THE AFFGHAN MISSIONARIES IN KAFIRISTAN.

Amongst the many documents which have passed through our hands, and which, through the pages of this periodical, we have presented to British Christians, during the sixteen years of its existence, we remember none more calculated to arrest attention than the narrative which we now publish. It has been compiled from the Pushtoo diary of the two Affghan Christians, who, at the risk of their lives, penetrated into Kafiristan, and there taught and preached Jesus Christ to its benighted inhabitants. The points of interest are numerous; the series of dangers to which they exposed themselves in passing through the midst of fanatical Mohammedans of various tribes, who, had they only known them to be Christians, would without mercy have put them to death; the constant danger they were in of being discovered and betrayed by some of the many youths who, having been to Peshawur for education, knew them well; the uncertainty they were under as to the reception they would meet with at the hands of the Kafirs, when they recollected the deadly feud which for ages had existed between them and the Mohammedan Affghans, and recollected that, although no longer Mohammedans, they were yet Affghans; the dreadful butchery of several Mohammedans which took place immediately on their entering Kafiristan; and then their being moved to all this by none other than Christian motives;—who, after reading such a document, can fail to acknowledge the genuineness and vigour of native Christianity? Are these men inferior to us in courage, self-denial, and ready endurance of whatever may betide in the fulfilment of a great Christian duty? Nay, may we not learn from them? Do they not stand forth as an example? Have they not been animated by the same spirit which prompted Paul to say—"None of these things move me, neither do I count my life dear to myself, if so be I might run my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

And these Kafirs, so marvellously preserved in their mountain fastnesses amidst the fierce ascendancy of Mohammedanism, around which, like an angry sea, it has fretted against the barriers of their home, and yet never has been able to force an entrance,—have they not been spared for an object? Hating Islamism, from which they have suffered ages of cruel wrong, they are favourably disposed towards Christianity, and earnestly desire instruction. What if it please God that, in these mountain-tops, the standard of Christianity should be raised, until from this, as from a centre, it moves forward to reconquer the lands over which the fanaticism of the Arabian prophet has so long tyrannized?

In the summer of 1859, as a Missionary in Peshawur was returning alone, and somewhat discouraged, from preaching in the bazaar, he was accosted by a young man from Eusufzie, making many inquiries about the Christian religion, and requesting permission to visit him in his house. He was an Affghan police soldier, by name Fazl Huq, of good abilities and education, the son of a well-known and influential Mullah, of the village of Adeena. The New Testament was placed in his hands, and after instruction, and a delay of some months, he was baptized. No sooner had he become a Christian than he insisted on being independent of the Mission, and earning his own livelihood; "for," said he, "if I remain with you, the people will say I became a Christian for temporal advantages." There were difficulties in his remaining as a Christian in the police, and he therefore enlisted into the corps of guides, the finest native regiment in India, which had earned laurels in every frontier campaign, and lately had returned with great distinction from the siege of Delhi. There was already in that regiment one native Christian, a well-known Khuttak soldier, Dildwur Khan, who had been promoted for his bravery at Delhi to the high rank of subadar. By nature a fighting-man, in argument as well as in the field, Dilawur Khan had been fighting all his life; first against the Sikh infidels, and then in the Christians' ranks; and he had wished to fight us Christians, too, in religious matters, and had gone to the Mullahs to furnish himself with weapons with which to demolish Christianity. Instead of arguments, he met with only abuse, for thinking and talking on such subjects at all; but just at this crisis of his religious life he received a copy of the Mizan-ul-Huqq from Colonel Wheler, in the streets of Peshawur. Whichever way he fought, silenced he would not be; so Mullah after Mullah was visited again, to answer the Christian's charges, but they only called him an infidel for his pains. He then visited the Missionary, Dr. Pfander, who, with patience and great kindness, gave him all the information he sought; and after the siege of Delhi he was baptized by the Rev. T. H. Fitzpatrick, in 1858. From that time to the present his spare moments have been generally spent in attacking Mohammedanism before every one he meets, Mullah or layman, with all his powers of dry wit and quiet sarcasm. It could be wished that he had more of Christ's own spirit, which seems to be largely imparted to some other Affghan converts, but his talents lie in arguing and fighting; and although he is not building up Christianity, he is doing a great work in loosening the strong gripe with which Mohammedanism holds fast the people's minds.

It was in a great measure through his protection that Fazl Huq was able to remain in a Mohammedan regiment, and in his own Mohammedan country, in spite of all opposition, for five whole years; for Dilawur Khan, in peaceful argument as well as in war, always keeps his pistols primed, and his sword loose in his belt, for he knows that the Akhun of Swat has more than once sent men to take his life. Fazl Huq here proved himself to be a good soldier, and won the favourable opinion of his superiors. From the first day that he embraced Christianity he made the determination to let no day pass without carefully reading the word of God with prayer; and it was this, with God's blessing, that kept him straight, when away so long from the means of grace, and with very few Christian helps. He boldly confessed his faith, and both Dilawur Khan, and he, and others too, are known through the whole country, and are hated as much as they are known, as renegades from the faith, who have apostatized from their fathers' religion, and embraced the Christians' creed.

His old officers, however, gradually left the regiment, and the enmity on the part of the native officers and soldiers, which dared not show itself in Colonel Lumsden's time, appeared so strong that he could no longer hold his ground; and this spring he took his discharge from the regiment. It was then that the strong desire took possession of his mind to visit Kafiristan, and teach the Kafirs the word of life. There were some Kafirs in his regiment, whom Colonel Lumsden had brought from their own country, and persuaded to take service in his corps. Fazl Huq had had much intercourse with them, for they, like himself, were infidels; and he had taught some of them to read the Pushtoo Gospel, and had spoken often to them of Christ's religion. They had no settled faith of their own, and received all they heard; and urged him to go to their own country to tell their own people what he had taught them. Two of them had returned on leave to their mountain home, and from thence they sent him another message, telling him to come. The desire fixed itself deeply in his mind, and indeed nothing could turn him from his purpose, made after much thought and prayer. He knew the difficulties of the undertaking, for he was a Pathan himself, and during the late frontier campaign he had wandered alone far beyond the heights of Umballah, through Boneir, the home of our bravest foes; for he was a Christian, and could be trusted to bring information from the midst of the enemy's land, at a time when implicit confidence could

not generally be placed in Mohammedans. He knew the dangers he would meet with, for he had been discovered there to be a Christian, and had barely escaped with life. Another Christian convert, Nurullah, also from Eusufzie, who had himself been a Mullah and a Hafiz (who knows the whole Arabic Korán by heart), agreed to accompany him. They were supplied with medicines from the Medical Mission Fund, and also with many little presents for the people.

Kafiristan is a large mountainous country, north of Lughman, above Jelalabad, and stretching onwards to a considerable distance in the very centre of the Hindu Koosh, bounded on all sides by hills so high that it is almost inaccessible. Some of its snow-clad mountains may be seen on clear days from Peshawur. Its inhabitants were formerly supposed to be the descendants of Alexander's Greeks, but they are now thought to be those of the original inhabitants of the plains, who were gradually pushed forwards into the hills. Guarded in their strong castle, with its high mountain walls, they have never yet been conquered, though repeatedly assailed by Mohammedan armies on all sides. They have an inveterate hatred of the Mohammedans, and are always at war with them. In person they are fair, and their beautiful women are found as slaves in most parts of Affghanistan. In their native country they are wild and barbarous in the extreme.

On the 8th September the two Affghans left Peshawur. They were obliged to go as simple travellers, for there is a wide belt of Mohammedanism between Peshawur and Kafiristan, inhabited by some of the most fanatic tribes, where travelling is dangerous at all times, but where it is ordinarily death to be known to be a Christian. They could only travel, therefore, as other Affghans did; but when once arrived in Kafiristan, they hoped to appear in their proper character as Christian teachers. They had arranged in Peshawur with the leader of a caravan to conduct them to Jelalabad, but he had been told that they were Christians, and he declined any connexion with them whatever. They determined, therefore, on another route, and struck out boldly to the north, instead of the west, through Swat and Bajour, on a road not much frequented even by natives, and altogether unknown to Europeans. Only very few of the places visited are mentioned even in the latest Indian maps. They left Peshawur quietly, and arrived the same night at a village called Kangra, where, however, they were again discovered by a pupil of Fazl Huq's father, who abused them as Christians, and threatened to expose them. Fortunately he could do no more, for they were still on British ground. To avoid further difficulties, they left the village, as if to return to Peshawur, but, making a circuit, arrived the following afternoon at Sanderai. The next march was to Baransderai, beyond which the road was dangerous, as all the border land is, and they had to travel by night with three hired men, as guides and guards, to take them to Shahr. They here left the English territory, and entered that of Swat. On the following day they proceeded alone, with their baggage on their shoulders, and had walked but a few miles when two men confronted them, whom Nurullah knew, one of them having been a pupil in our Peshawur Mission School. They turned into the rice-fields to the left, and succeeded in avoiding observation, but they had to wade ankle deep in water to the Swat river, which they forded with difficulty, by the help of a kind countryman, who carried their clothes, and assisted them across. He would take nothing for his trouble, for he did it, he said, for the sake of God. After a long march of more than twelve hours, they reached Bar Badwan, where a hospitable potter took them in, and gave them food.

On the 12th of September they arrived at Kalumanai, after passing through Wuchuna. The road was considered dangerous, but they obtained two armed men for a guard. The following day they left Swat behind them, and entered Bajour, after crossing the Malagi river, which they did in a cradle drawn over the torrent by means of a rope bridge. They halted at Walai, and, being much fatigued, fell asleep under a tree, where they had taken up their quarters; but they were soon awoke by another disciple of Fazl Huq's father, who wanted to know what he, a Christian, was doing there. They tried to pacify him with friendly words, and gave him a present of a small Birmingham looking-glass; but he demanded ashrafees and pearls as the price of not instantly giving information that they were Christians, and having them put to death. He was at last conciliated with nine rupees, and, finding that he was ill with dysentery, they gave him medicine, which relieved him, and he then took them to his uncle's house, and gave them food.

The next march was to Mean Killai (or Mean Shahr) through Shobana. They here found forty armed Hindustanees, with their two leaders, Abdool Majid and Abdool Karim, who had fought against us at Umballah. When they heard that travellers had come in from Peshawur, several of them came to ask whether the Sahibs were preparing for further expeditions; and, after some conversation, they entertained them as their guests. Three

nights had to be spent here, for the inward road was so dangerous that no one would accompany them. At last, seven men, with matchlocks, were procured, to go as far as Badan; but on arriving there no one would take them in, or give them either shelter or food, even for money. They sat down by the way-side; but after a little time they overheard a man telling another that his wife was ill. They asked what her sickness was, and sent her medicine by her husband, praying earnestly that it might be blessed to her recovery. They daily had much need for prayer; and daily they asked in faith for God's guidance and protection, and for the supply of all their wants, which, somehow or other, were all daily accorded. The woman's pain abated, and the grateful husband brought loaves and beds, and hospitably entertained them, and procured four guards on the following morning for the onward march to Ghakhai. Of these four men, they remarked that two were armed with Minié rifles, taken at Umballah, and two with matchlocks. They here left Bajour, and entered Koonur, after crossing over the Hindooraj, an exceedingly high mountain, clothed with forest on its north-west side. The first village in Koonur was Marawurm, where they were only two marches from the Nashi or Katar tribe of Kafirs, a party of whom had attacked the village two nights before, and had killed a man and a woman. They found the people all around, and keeping nightly guard in expectation of their return. They seized on our travellers, telling them either to keep watch with them, or leave their village. They sat down with them, and the following conversation with a Mullah soon afterwards occurred. "Where do you come from?" "From Eusufzie." "From what village?" "Adeena." "Do you know Mullah Pasanai" (Fazl Huq's own father)? "Yes." "Did you ever see his son, Fazl Huq (himself), whom I knew as a child, when I was the Mullah's disciple?" "Yes." "How are they all; are they well?" "Yes, they are all quite well." "Then come in," said the Mullah, "and have something to eat, for you have brought me good news." He made the people let them go, after payment of a few pice, and got them some food from the Hindu Baniya.

The next march to Pushit was a particularly dangerous one, but eight armed men were procured to escort them. On the road they met a man, Wuseek—whose brother Shafik was in the Guides—in a part of the road where they could not avoid him. They knew one another, and embraced, falling on each others' necks in proper Affghan fashion. Without giving him time to collect his thoughts, they put a bold face on the matter, and told him almost all, throwing themselves on his honour, but hinting, moreover, that his own brother was in English territory, so that of course he would be their friend. He kept their secret, took them to his house, entertained them hospitably, and washed their clothes.

Four Sowars, who were going on their road, were their escort to Koonur, a large village, with a good bazaar, and many Hindu shops. They here crossed the Koonur river on inflated skins, and went on through Kudalai and Patan to Nurghul. On the road they passed by the ruins of a large old Kafir town. At Nurghul they again found the people expecting an attack from Kafirs. Nothing could be obtained to eat, but here again their medicines came to their aid when in difficulties. A man was ill with fever: they gave him an emetic, and then quinine, which cured him, and he then brought out both bread and cheese. They here bound five skins together, and, seated on their raft, descended the stream to Tangai, and then went on to Barikabad in Ningrahar, where five students and sepoys from Eusufzie, who knew them well, were seen sitting in a mosque, as they entered the village. They retired without observation, and, meeting a man outside the village with camels and covered kajawas, such as are used by veiled women on their journeys, they bargained with him to take them, concealed as women, to Jelalabad, giving as their reason that they had enemies in the neighbourhood whom they wished to avoid. They have often spoken since of this narrow escape, feeling that they were then in very great danger of life indeed.

The first part of their journey to Jelalabad was thus safely accomplished. They had travelled on unfrequented roads some 150 miles, in order to avoid the direct road through the Khyber pass, which, although only about seventy miles from Peshawur, was felt to be impracticable for them as Christians. They had met with many dangers, but God had delivered them out of them all. They did not, however, think it safe for them to remain long at Jelalabad, and so, after one good dinner of meat and melons and grapes—great luxuries to them after the hardships they had encountered—they entered at once on their further journey, which led them first to Charbagh, through Nazarabad, after passing by many large caves overhanging the river, which are supposed to have been built by the Kafirs of former days.

They were here obliged altogether to disguise themselves, for it was near here that two former guide-soldiers lived, who, they knew, would lose no opportunity of doing

them harm. The one was Majid, once a Havildar, whom the writer had known in 1856, when he employed him to bring down the son of a Kafir chief on a visit to him in Peshawur. Since then he had misconducted himself, and, after a year's imprisonment and expulsion from his corps, he had considered the absence of the regiment on the Umballah campaign to be a good opportunity for plundering some of the regimental hospital stores, and he went off with them, leaving a message behind him that his intention was to become physician to the Ameer of Cabul. Madin was another discharged soldier of the same corps, who, one day meeting in his village four Kafir soldiers of his own regiment, who were returning on leave to their country, robbed them in open day of all they had, and sent them on empty-handed to their homes. Such are many of the Affghans; bold, unscrupulous, reckless of life, whether of others or their own, clever, fertile in resource, by nature rogues who fear neither God nor man, though they pray five times a day, and would, some of them, sooner die than break their appointed fasts. How to avoid these men, and pass through their villages unseen, was a question requiring deliberation. At last they agreed to travel in women's attire, and cover their faces with burkas. Three guides were hired to defend and conduct them, and they hired a private apartment at Mulayan for them, as for women, and cooked their food; but, to their dismay, having brought them to the village, they refused to take them further, and it was no pleasant prospect for them to be found there at all, much less in this disguise. Our Affghan Christian travellers gave themselves to prayer, and, for a consideration, three guides at last agreed to accompany them to the next village, Niyazi, where they assumed their own proper dress. They were now in a country on the banks of the Mungo river, where every man's house is a fort, and every village a castle; and they proceeded onwards by successive marches to Rajai, Kotala, Adar, and thence to Kajgara, the village of another guide-sepoy, Shahbuddeen, who was their friend. They gave him a Peshawur turban, and cured his little daughter, who lay sick with fever, and he accompanied them to Niliar, the last Mohammedan village on their way. Here dwelt Abdullah the Sahibzada, who had visited the writer in 1856 with Majid and the son of the Kafir chief. He is a Sayad, and a great man in that neighbourhood, being the principal channel of communication between the Kafirs and Mohammedans. He frankly told them that if they entered Kafiristan they would both be killed. They said they had friends there, and gave him presents to induce him to accompany them, with seven guards, to Malel. The road was exceeding steep, so that they could only climb the hill by clinging to the rocks with hands and naked feet.

Half way to Malel was Munli, the rendezvous of the Kafirs, where they brought their walnuts and fruit, and bartered them to the Mohammedans for salt. Fifty Kafirs were then there on this errand. Abdullah told them not to fear, and the Kafirs came forward to greet them, putting out both their hands with the palms extended in an horizontal direction, and, after enfolding theirs', they waved them backwards and forwards with the cry of welcome—"Modaji, shabase," ("Do not be tired; we are glad to see you.") They were armed with bows and arrows and knives. Our travellers inquired for Ghara, the Kafir sepoy, who had invited them to their country, and heard that he had come to a funeral to a village some little distance off. They wrote a line in Pushtoo to tell him to come at once, for Ghara had been taught by Fazl Huq to read; and they gave a Kafir seven yards of their turban to take it, money being there of no use, and perfectly unknown. They then all went on to Malel, from which place the Sahibzada and Shahbuddeen returned, being afraid to proceed further, and our travellers were left alone with Kafirs. They had now, at least, attained the object of their journey, and saw the people face to face whom they had endured danger and hardship in endeavouring to reach. How would they be received? They knew that death was the fate of every Affghan Mohammedan in Kafiristan, and they were in the dress of Affghans. Their friends had not yet arrived, and they had no present helper but God. One of them was in great alarm, but the other cheered him with words of faith and hope, and they were much comforted in their earnest prayers. Being in want of food, they bartered four more yards of the turban for bread and cheese, when, fortunately, they saw a woman with sore eyes. They gave her medicine, and she recovered, and immediately the whole village brought out their sick to be healed. Six men out of eleven were cured of fever with quinine, and the people became most friendly. They had then time to look about them. The mountain-tops were bare and bleak, but their sides were covered with forest-trees, especially fir; there were also the walnut, mulberry, and amluk-trees. The fields were artificial, built up in small terraces with stones: there being hardly any earth, they make mould with sand and dung. The houses were, many of them, five stories high

with flat roofs and wooden doors, the people ascending from one story to the next on single sloping beams with rough steps cut in them. The fires were lighted in the centre of the rooms, and they all sat round them, leaving the smoke to escape as it could. At meals they sat sometimes on the ground, but often on low stools with tables, on which they placed their food. There were also beds in the houses, but they lie generally altogether on a coarse carpet on the floor, the end of which they throw over them. The women were not concealed, and were quite fair, and extremely pretty, with dark brown hair and eyes. They mixed with the men, and even talked with their visitors. Their dress consisted of tight trousers, black below the knee and white above, with a shirt over the body which reached almost to the knees, but was loosely bound up round the waist. Their hair was wound together, and confined by a little woollen cap on the top of the head. The whole neck was covered with necklaces of berries and beads. Their feet are generally bare, but sometimes they wear boots. Both men and women wear brass or iron bracelets, ornamented with serpent's heads, and also brass and iron necklaces. The women have long heavy earrings of beads, twined round the ear, but supported by a string attached to the cap above. The men wear woollen trousers, tied up with a girdle round the waist, with goat-skin coats wrapped round the body, and long sleeves of the same material pulled on aftewards, the hair being next the skin. The head is generally either bare, or covered with the bark of trees. They shave their heads, leaving a round patch of long hair in the centre. Sometimes they shave also both beard and whiskers, and sometimes only the beard; but when the beard is worn, it is never allowed to grow long.

The women do all the work, and cook, and grind corn, and bring wood and water. They also plough the so-called fields, one woman guiding the plough and another drawing it in front. The men are ashamed to do any work, and only feed the flocks, and fight, and meet together in counsel. Cattle are very scarce, but goats are abundant.

In three days Ghara arrived. He had run the whole way, fearing they would be killed. He expected, he said, that the Missionary was with them, but no English Missionary had ventured (though more than one had often wished) to take that road. He received them with the greatest cordiality, begging them to go on to his village, and undertaking to defend them with his life.

The next morning they all departed on the road to Titani, which was very mountainous, almost entirely over rock, which sometimes was as steep as stairs. Two yards of the turban were still left, which they sold for eight cakes of bread. The night was spent on the top of a house five stories high.

A fearful initiation into their work now lay before them, exhibiting to them Kafir ferocity in its worst features. The next march was to Nikera, on the tops of the mountains. They here found twenty-eight armed Mussulmans, who had been invited by the Kafirs over from Mungoo. It was many years since a number of Kafirs had been slain in their village, and they thought the fact forgiven or forgotten, and believed themselves to be quite safe when they came armed, and in such numbers, to accept the Kafirs' hospitality. Their hosts feasted them bountifully, and, after removing all suspicion from their minds, had persuaded them to leave their arms in the huts assigned to them. It was at this time that our travellers arrived, and had much conversation with these Mungoo men, two of whom were Mullahs, and six students from Koonur, when suddenly their friend Ghara called out to them in Hindustanee to come away. "What for?" they asked. "Because they were going to dance." "Then we, too, will stop and see it." "But there will be a scene (tamasha), and you must come away." All this was in Hindustanee, which none but they understood. They withdrew quietly, and sat down on a rock above. The Kafirs brought a drum and pipes, and began to sing and dance, throwing their hands and feet about, the women looking on. Then suddenly, without one moment's warning, each Kafir knife was unsheathed, and seen poised high above his head, and, with a loud whistle, four or five Kafirs rushed on each Mohammedan, stabbing him in every part. The whole was over in a moment, and all had sunk down dead, covered with many wounds. They then beheaded them, and threw them all down into the rivulet below. Our travellers were speechless with horror, when Ghara again told them not to fear, for not one hair of them should be touched. They pointed to the dead bodies below, and gasped out that they, too, one short quarter of an hour before, had been the Kafirs' guests. He told them the reason of such dreadful vengeance. The blood feud was still unremoved, and the Kafirs had never forgotten their own brethren murdered long before. He told them, however, never to leave him. Three days after, the Kafirs sent to Mungoo to tell them to send men for the property of the slain: for Kafirs never plunder, they only kill the Mussulman. Some people went

from Malel, and brought back their muskets and daggers (which the Kafirs so much valued, but could not take) and also their heads or hands.

From Nikera they passed over Walimund, the highest mountain in the neighbourhood, where last year's snow lay still unmelted in the hollows, to Begura, and thence the next day to Ghara's own village, Shaiderlain. They were here visited by many friends. Kachu, the Guide sepoy, came, with his two pretty wives; and Karuk, Shashi, Badshah, Wuskari, and Balo, all of whom had, at one time or another, taken service in the Guide corps. They brought their wives and children, with food and grapes, showing all hospitality to the strangers, and receiving presents from them in return. Missionary work had begun long before, for Ghara and his friends had always joined them in their morning and evening devotions, and there had been much conversation on religion at different times. But now it was carried on in earnest for the space of some twenty days. All day long, from morning to night, they were talking with the people, and answering questions, and were joined by them in their services; and at night they wrote their journal, giving, in Pushtoo, a full account of all they saw and heard, with names of persons, places, and things. This journal was written with lime-juice; and, on their return, appeared only blank pages of white paper, but, when heated over the fire, the letters gradually darkened, and assumed their proper shape. Ghara and Kachu, and their wives, were the most interested, but all listened, and all applauded, as Ghara translated into their own language the words they spoke. At times the whole village, men, women, and children, were assembled together.

The journal contains an interesting account of many of their customs. Men never marry in their own village, for all the women of the same village are considered as sisters; and they never marry without the free consent of both man and woman. When a man has made his choice, he asks his father to obtain a certain girl for him. The father sends a goat and three rams to the girl's father's house. Nothing is spoken, but the goats are bound inside the house. If the girl's father kills the goat, and keeps the rams, and sends the bearer home without them, the betrothal is completed. If he sends back the goats, the girl has refused. When once betrothed, the man can visit the girl quietly in the hills, but he neither talks with her in public (as he does with other women), nor brings her presents. When the wedding-day arrives, the bridegroom's father sends two men to the father of the bride, with goats, and vessels, and pans, and a spit and a candlestick, or rather a torch stick (for they do not here burn oil, but pine-wood), and, if he can afford it, a gun also. The two men remain there two nights, during which dancing and feasting are going on in both villages, men and women apart; the men, they say, seem to spend their life in dancing and playing. The bride's father then gives her clothes (black ones are considered the prettiest), and the two men conduct the bride, accompanied by several women, who carry grain with them, to the bridegroom's house. When the bride once crosses the threshold, no further ceremonies take place: she is at once his wife. The women remain with her for two days, and then return, after receiving four goats. The newly-married wife may not revisit her father's house for five years. She may then go and see her father and mother for a month or two, and, when she returns, the women again carry grain with her. Afterwards they may visit as they choose.

Adultery is never known in Kafiristan, but many men have more than one wife. The breach of the seventh commandment in any form is not for a moment endured. They believe the vengeance of their gods falls on the whole village for it. If there is a time of drought, or any misfortune befals a village, the unmarried women are suspected, for not even does suspicion ever reach the home of one who is married. An old man or a woman is deputed to discover the culprit. She is made, on pain of death, to disclose her lover. The property of both man and woman is then at once plundered, and the houses of both are burned to the ground; and, pelted and hooted by both boys and girls, they are expelled for ever from the village, and sent away to the Mussulmans. The very road on which they go is esteemed impure, for the people follow them, and sacrifice a goat at the nearest stream they cross. The god is then appeased, and it need hardly be said that this crime, so venial in Christian civilized lands, is here very rare indeed.

No thefts in Kafiristan are ever known. If a man drops a knife on the mountains, many may pass by it, but no one takes it up to appropriate it. No burglary is known. Houses are left quite unprotected. If corn falls in the leading, the owner is found out, and it is returned to him. If they kill a man, they send his weapons back to his home.

They never, however, do kill a man of their own village. If any two men have a quarrel, they meet in the presence of the village, duly take off their upper clothes, and lay down their weapons. They then have it out in

wrestling, embracing each other, both before they begin, and after all is over. If either of them takes up even a stick, the whole village interferes. No one was ever known to kill or even wound a man of his own village.

If two villages fight together, they then use their weapons. Tribes are very often at war with each other, and they kill all who come in their way who do not belong to their own tribe.

It is this killing men (and women too) which alone leads to high honours amongst the Kafirs. They have no king, and there are only two ranks of nobility or distinction amongst them; the one that of the Bahadur, and the other that of the Surunwali or Soninwali. Neither of them are hereditary, and neither are attainable except by killing four men. When a man has killed his four men he must, to become a Bahadur, feed all comers for two days with two hundred goats, six oxen, and many hundred pounds weight of corn, and rice, and cheese, together with an enormous quantity of wine. To become afterwards a Surunwali, he must wait three years, during the whole of which time he has to give eighty feasts, at periods varying from a week to ten days from each other, for the Kafirs are far too intelligent to have them altogether. The proper amount of food to be given at each feast is appointed. The smallest number of goats killed at any time is twenty; but on the sixth feast they kill 150; and on the 9th one living goat is given to every comer, besides bread and cheese, and ghee and wine. On receiving his new dignity, a particular large drum, called mundoo, which is never beaten except on very special occasions, is sounded, and there is much dancing of both men and women. He is no longer required then to kill any more people, unless he does so from choice. In order to show how many people they have killed, each man erects a high pole on the outskirts of his village, with a rude figure of a man on the top of it. For every man he kills he bores a hole in it, and knocks in a peg. If he kills a woman, he bores only a hole, without any peg. A Bahadur or Surunwali always occupies the highest place at feasts, and receives a double portion.

The following is one of their most common songs. A father, in the village of Shino, is supposed to have sold his son to the Mohammedans: when the boy was grown he kills fourteen Mussulman men and effects his escape to his home, and the mother, in proud delight, sings as follows—

Parolé bélé bató warméláwe
Badal lowe bele amá bato lausousáwe
Urá pras sagor aman bato warmiláwe
Awár paras dandako partus tatakotáwe
Pa sheristán gangare sutá.

Well done, my lad, well hast thou fought;
My old blood was drying up for grief for thee,
When thy father sold my high-spirited boy.
And thou hast killed fourteen men, and come home again,
With the bells tinkling on thy feet!

At burials the custom is to bathe the corpse, and dress it in new or newly-washed clothes. The people stand around, weeping and dancing, and beating a small drum, and playing pipes. They then make a coffin on the day of death, and one man lifts up the corpse on his shoulders, and another man the coffin, which is a large one, three spans broad and three spans high, and they carry them both to some cave in the hills, where the corpse is put into the coffin, which is then closed with wooden pegs, and left with great stones on it. If one of the same family dies within three years they open the coffin, and put the body in it. If it is more than three years they make a new coffin. No ceremony is used, and nothing is spoken, only both men and women cry. When persons are dying, women sit near them, but nothing is said. If the deceased was a Bahadur or a Surunwali, the body is kept for three days, and they feed all who come, and weep, and dance, and beat the large drum, mundoo. On the third day they carry him, with his bow and arrows and knife; and for five years they keep the day of his death by beating the drum, mundoo, and giving alms and feasts. The mundoo is also beaten for a Surunwali's descendant for five generations; and if a Surunwali's son becomes himself a Surunwali it is beaten for ten generations; and if his grandson, too, becomes one, it is then done for fifteen generations.

A widow or widower may not marry again for three years, during which time they neither anoint or wash their head, or put antimony on their eyes, or wear good clothes, or eat ghee. The men, too, do not shave their heads.

In religious matters they have no temples nor Mullahs, nor books, nor observances. They believe there is only one God, but who, or what, or where He is, or with what He is pleased, they say they do not know. They have three idols, who they believe to be their intercessors with God. The one is of wood, roughly carved into the shape of a man, with silver eyes. It is called Pulispanu, and is erected in the village of Muz-

ghal. It is resorted to on all public occasions, as when there is no rain, or too much rain, or great sickness in the land. Each Kafir brings a goat, and sacrifices it, sprinkling the blood over it. They then cook it, and either eat it there or take it to their houses. It is thought great disrespect to the idol for any woman to come near to it: they therefore bake bread and partake of the sacrifice at a distance from it. They never salaam to the idol, or prostrate themselves before it, but merely ask it to give them what they want. They have otherwise no fixed worship or posture of worship of any kind, and no great times or holidays.

The other two idols are merely common stones. The one is called Adrakpanu, in the village of Girdalares; and the other Matikapanu, in the Shaiderlam. They are used for family and personal matters, and they ask them for good harvests and for children, &c.

There are no fowls in the country: the people do not eat them, nor fish, nor eggs. They eat partridges, and different kinds of stags, including barasinghas and uriyal. There are plenty of crows, parrots, manas, sparrows, vultures, hawks, and eagles; and leopards, bears, and wolves, but no jackals. There are no horses or ponies, or donkeys, or camels, and very few cattle, or buffaloes, or dogs; but there are cats, mice, rats, lizards, scorpions, and snakes. They have a strange superstition about snakes, which they never kill, as they think some great injury will happen to them for doing so. Goat flesh is the common food of the country, which they cook in great pieces in large vessels. They eat the blood, and, indeed, most of the entrails, and almost every thing but the skin and bone. They drink wine in large quantities, and very nasty it is, if what was brought down to Peshawur may be taken as a specimen. No one was ever seen by our travellers to be intoxicated. Their drinking vessels are of earthenware, curiously worked, and occasionally of silver. They eat with their hands. The water is said to be particularly good, and the people often live to a great age, remaining strong and well almost up to the day of death. Goitures are only occasionally seen. The men are somewhat dark, but the women are said to be as fair as Europeans, and very beautiful, with red cheeks. The men hardly ever wash either themselves or their clothes: both they and their clothes are said to be often first washed on the day of the man's death. Our Affghan travellers saw no fleas; but lice are common, and there are terrible musquitos that inflict great wounds that swell and bleed. The foot of one of the travellers was still bound up on his arrival in Peshawur, from a musquito sting that had been given him a month before.

As in all uncivilized lands, fairy tales are plentiful; and the people speak with implicit confidence of some tanks high up on a certain mountain-top, filled with treasures, but which cannot be reached because the fairies guard them. They tell, too, of a wonderful tree on another hill, watched over by peculiarly large snakes, the wood of which has the property of attracting every one to the person who possesses it. When talking, they shout with all their might. Some of them had an almost superstitious faith in the powers possessed by our travellers. A girl, Marimari, one day brought her little brother, who was crying from a bad attack of toothache, asking them to pray for him. They did so, and stroked his face. The girl thought he was cured, and led him away, and on the child beginning again to cry, she slapped his face for crying, she said, after he had been healed. Whether it was nature or the blow, the child was healed, and his recovery being attributed to their prayers, they all brought their implements, a gun or plough, or bow and arrow, to be blessed. There were, however, some who clung to their own religion, and asked for miracles, such, they said, as Christ Himself had wrought, to prove the truth of Christianity. They were, however, in numbers, only very few: the large majority listened to them with respect and attention, appearing to receive and believe all that was said.

The snows, were, however, beginning to fall, and winter was approaching; and our native Missionaries had to decide between spending the winter there or returning home. For many reasons it appeared right for them to return. Ghara, and many Kafirs, accompanied them for four days' journey on their way from Shaiderlam to Begura, Nakera, Zitani, and thence to Malel, where they sent them safely out of Kafiristan, through the Sahibzada Abdullah. They travelled by the old road to Jelalabad, and thence by water on a raft down the Cabul river, to Peshawur, after two narrow escapes from the Imám of a well-known mosque in Peshawur, whom they with difficulty avoided; and from a student who recognised them, but was persuaded to keep their secret. They arrived in Peshawur on the 10th of November, after an absence of rather more than two months, bringing with them a bow and arrow, a knife, a leathern bottle of their wine, boots, girdles, and different parts of the Kafir dress.

The following are the translations of two Pushtoo letters, sent by the Kafirs to a Missionary and his wife—

"We were very much delighted when Fazl Huq and Nurullah arrived; but we had hoped

that you would yourself have come with them. We were made very happy by the stay they made with us; but when snow began to fall we sent them away for fear that they would be troubled with the cold. But if the winter had not been approaching, we would not willingly have let them go. But they have promised to return next summer to us, and tell us much more about Christ's religion. Be kind to us, therefore, and send them again next summer, and as long as we live there shall be no danger of their death in Kafiristan; and we will attend to all their wants, so that they may be comfortable; and we will do any thing for you, too, that we can. Then send them back again, that we may receive much benefit in learning their religion; and we will all soon accept the Christian religion. We hope you will always pray for us; and if they do not come we shall be much disappointed. Kunchuk, and Ghara, and Baro, and Shashi, and Karuk, and Badshah (who all sent this letter), send you salaams with both hands; and when they come back, send us a small copper vessel to mix our food in."

The letter to the Missionary's wife was thus—

"We are well, and we arrived safely back to our own country, and we often pray for you and the children. It was a great kindness in you to think of us, and to send us men to teach us about religion. It will be another kindness if you will send them back again; and as long as we live there shall be no fear of their death. We will be attentive to all their wants; and we would be very happy to be able to do any thing for you. There is a man here who has been ill for three years with a bullet in his foot: send him some medicine; and, for the sake of God, send us some medicines, for there are no doctors or medicine here. Shagu, Gharas' wife, and Maramari, her sister's daughter, and Kunchuk's two wives, send you salaams." (This letter was from Ghara and Kunchuk alone.)

We have given the above narrative as related in their own journal, written on the spot. No doubt the Kafirs, from whom most of the information comes, have somewhat exaggerated their own virtues, and the travellers were too short a time in the country to see much of the opposite side of the picture, and detect the weak points of their too great self-praise.

We may learn from the narrative, however, first, how important a position Peshawur holds, with reference to Missionary work amongst the surrounding tribes. The young men crowd to it for education, and return as Mullahs to their own villages. Wherever our travellers went, there were students or others who had direct connexion with Peshawur. The Peshawur Mullahs are celebrated, and pupils come to them even from Cabul, Balkh, and Bokhara. Students never go from Peshawur for education to the latter places, but many come from thence, and hundreds come from all the hill tribes around.

So we observe, secondly, the great importance of Medical Missions amongst these mountain clans. The bearer of medicine is respected, and protection is at once given him, together with food and shelter, whilst other travellers are neglected, or often plundered. With medicines in his hand, a man can visit them in comparative safety, for these simple tribes are not so foolish as the learned Akhun of Swat, who, suffering under a painful complaint, declines all remedies; for, says he, God gave him his disease, and God, in his own good time, may take it away. Our travellers had only very ordinary medicines, and they had only two hours' instruction, from the wife of one of the Missionaries, who made them write down what to do.

We learn, thirdly, to sympathize with our native brethren, who have become Christians from amongst Mohammedan Affghans. We see here how Mohammedans hate them. Outside our own territory it is often death to be discovered. Inside it, they are subjected to trials which, in England, people have no conception of. Yet God has given them brave hearts, a strong will, and a fixed determination. They cannot sit still idle, and it is not in their nature to fear danger or opposition, which they are so much accustomed to. Let us help them, then, with our prayers and efforts. It may be that their fearless courage and enterprise will make them good pioneers and heralds of the cross in Central Asia, where no Englishman's foot can tread. Let our Missionary Societies at home look well to the Affghans. It may be that a few good Affghan Christians may do more to disseminate the truth than hundreds of the tamer races who live in India below them.

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## JOURNAL OF A MISSIONARY TOUR UNDERTAKEN BY THE REV. R. H. WEAKLEY AND THE REV. J. F. WOLTERS, APRIL 1864.

In the present state of Turkey, and the uncertainty which exists as to the intentions of its rulers with reference to Protestant Missionaries and the spread of scriptural Chris-

tianity throughout that empire, it is desirable to place before our readers all the information we can command. The following notes of itinerancy into the interior of Asia Minor, the route extending to Philadelphia, Laodicea, and Hierapolis, will be found to embrace many points of interest.

*April* 8—After having been commended to the care and guidance of our heavenly Father, we we ready to start at eight o'clock A.M. Our party is larger than it was last October. We take with us our Mission servant, who is to help in the sale of Scriptures. We go forth with the earnest prayer that our journey may be prospered by Him whose the work is in which we are engaged. Without the blessing of our God we go forth in vain. Oh for an open door, and grace to enter thereby. With such thoughts and desires we rode across the hills to the north of Boujah. A steep descent on the other side brought us into the plain of Bournabat. Crossing this too, we got among hills again, and reached the pass of Kavakli-deri about eleven A.M. On resuming our journey after a short halt, we were soon overtaken by rain, which we had previously noticed to fall on the tops of the surrounding mountains. The Tmolus on our right, and Sipylus on our left, were enveloped in clouds and mist, their bases alone being visible, though every now and then some lofty peaks of the former would appear through a break in the clouds. Once we caught a glimpse of the Boz-dagh (Ice-mountain), the highest part of the Tmolus, its snowy top gleaming in the sunshine—a striking contrast to the dark masses of cloud beneath. I could not help thinking of the promises of God which remain bright and sure, even though we may lose sight of them for a time by reason of the difficulties and the darkness which surround our path.

At two P.M. we made another halt at a lonely coffee-house, where we enjoyed our meal, for we had begun to feel weary and chilly because of the rain. Here we found a poor negro suffering from dropsy. He was lying on a mat before a miserable fire; but much as we pitied him, we could do nothing to relieve his pain. Mr. Weakley then had some conversation with one of the Albanian guards at the coffee-house.

Having still a considerable way before us, we were soon in the saddle again. The rain ceased after a while, and riding became pleasanter. It was not until seven P.M. that we reached Cassaba, having been longer on the road than is usual. We found Montesanto and his family well, and gladly availed ourselves of their kind hospitality, truly thankful, I trust, for the mercies which we had received during the day.

*April* 9—Soon after breakfast we despatched our Mission servant, Belisarius, to see whether he could sell any books; ourselves intending to visit the old Sheikh Buchukzade. Just before setting out, Belisarius returned with joyful countenance. He had already sold a Turkish New Testament, and was now coming to fetch a copy of Genesis and Psalms in Turkish, which had been asked for. We looked upon this as a token for good, and took courage. If only we succeed in selling Scriptures we feel that we shall have accomplished something.

The old Sheikh was very pleased to see us. He was reading extracts from the Mesnevi, I believe a mystic poem written by Hazreti Mevlana of Konieh, and this gave us an opportunity of coming to the point at once. The Sheikh began by reading a passage from his book, setting forth the necessity of being fitted for heaven. We asked, "How is this fitness to be obtained?" "By doing good," was the answer. "Well, but what becomes of a man's past sins?" Mr. Weakley asked. "Oh, they are all blotted out by repentance." "Can this be the case? Will a man's ceasing to increase a debt cancel a debt previously contracted? Surely we need an intercessor; one who will make an atonement for us, and pay off all our debt." The Sheikh objected to this by denying that sin is a debt. "Sin is appointed to man by God's decree: good and evil deeds are like beads strung on a string, and man cannot help committing them." When pressed, he allowed that man is responsible for his actions, and went on to talk about the four books which are from God, and therefore true, viz. the Tewrat (Law), Zebur (Psalms), Ingil (Gospel), and Korán. Mr. Weakley said the Korán could not be the word of God, because it contradicts the Old and New Testaments; denying, *e.g.*, the fact of Christ's death upon the cross. This evidently disconcerted the old man. His answer was, "I do not know: I only speak what we are taught in the Korán." After a short pause the Sheikh re-opened the attack by accusing us of worshipping three gods. Mr. Weakley produced the Miftah-ul-Asrar—a copy of which we had in our pockets—and told the Sheikh that here he would find the whole subject fully discussed. He took the book, and at once commenced reading, but we asked him to keep it, and read it at his leisure. Brother Weakley urged the necessity of examining the credentials of our Scriptures as well as the claims of the Korán. The

answer was, "Others have done this before us. Are all those numerous learned Mussulmans of by-gone days wrong?" "They might be. Were not the heathen philosophers in error?"

The Sheikh then read to us a passage from his book, the meaning of which, as far as I could make out, was the following:—The heavens do not actually exist as we see them, but there is an alternate creation and destruction of the heavenly bodies going on, with such amazing rapidity, that, to our eye, they appear invariably the same; just as a stick when lighted at one end, and moved rapidly in a circle, leaves the impression of a continuous circle of fire.

After having spent about two hours in this way, we rose to go, but the Sheikh would not hear of it, and, pulling Mr. Weakley by the coat to a seat near him, he resumed the discussion by reading a part of the Miftah, making remarks as he went on. He would have no objection to call Christ the Son of God, if by this expression we understood merely a title of honour, as men in general, and especially the pious, may be called the sons of God. After again urging upon him the necessity of searching carefully for the truth, in dependence upon, and praying for, the help of God, we left, accompanied with every good wish, and the request to renew our visit whenever we should return to Cassaba.

On reaching our lodgings we were glad to find that Belasarius had disposed of several copies of Holy Scripture. In the afternoon he succeeded equally well.

While sitting at the book-store which Montesanto keeps, a Greek merchant came in, and, after some remarks about cotton prospects, and the risk there is from several causes in doing business in that article, I took occasion to press upon him the duty of preparing in this life for eternity, so that we may receive an inheritance which fadeth not away. My words seemed to fall upon "thorny ground." Afterwards Montesanto related the following incident, which I put down as illustrative of the Greek church in some of these places. At Parsa, a village not far from Cassaba, and which we visited last autumn, there is a chapel dedicated to St. Nicholas, but no resident priest. The other day was the festival of the Annunciation. No arrangements having been made for a service, the pictures, on the eve of that day, had a battle, and it was discovered on the following morning that the picture of St. Nicholas had suffered some mishap. A priest was sent for in all haste from Cassaba, who pacified the pictures by holding a service in honour of the Virgin Mary.

We have just heard that a band of robbers, Zeïbecks as they are called, has been taken, and several men killed. This will intimidate any evil-disposed persons during the next few weeks.

*April* 10: *Lord's-day*—Held a short service this morning with Montesanto and his family. Mr. Weakley had intended to hold a service in Turkish in the afternoon, but Gallust (our guide, an Armenian) and his assistant did not come. They are kept away by fear, most likely. We had some profitable talk with Montesanto, and were glad of a rest preparatory to resuming our journey on the morrow.

*April* 11—Left Cassaba at half-past seven o'clock this morning for Salikly. The morning was beautiful, and the air pure and transparent after the recent rains. The Tmolus, with the lower range of hills which run parallel to it, repeatedly commanded our admiration. These hills, being composed of a gravelly soil, are worn into fantastic shapes by the action of water, aided, perhaps, by earthquakes. Here you see what might be mistaken for the ruins of a castle, with its battlements and turrets. There you see sharp points standing out against the blue sky, with precipices and ravines in abundance. All this was clearly defined, the atmosphere was so transparent. We went on our way rejoicing, and hoping to be able to do something for our heavenly Master in the various places which we propose to visit. At one of the coffee-houses on the road I inquired after a Greek to whom I had given some tracts last October, but found that he was at Cassaba. At another I had a few words with the bahal, or keeper of a small grocer's shop. "Have you ever read the New Testament?" In answer to this question, I was shown a Greco-Turkish book, containing stories about the patriarchs and saints, in rhyme. On being told that this is not the New Testament, he said he had a copy of the latter at home. I pointed him briefly to Christ, for we were obliged to move on. About noon the Acropolis of Sardis came in sight, and, after another hour, we were resting under the shade of some willows not far from the ruins. There was not much time to spare. The hot sun, black clouds rising over the mountains, and gusts of wind raising the dust, portended rain. We were on the road as soon as the horses had rested sufficiently, and reached Salikly just in time to escape a heavy shower.

Belisarius is determined to sell as many Scriptures as possible. The rain had hardly ceased before he was ready with his bag of books. Several men came to our room for Greco-Turkish Scriptures. One Turk took a copy of the New Testament to look at, and, seating himself at the gate of the khan, began reading aloud to an audience of six or

seven Turks. He afterwards exchanged this copy for one of the Gospels printed in Constantinople.

Two Albanians came to have a chat with us. They have only recently come to Salikly, and are very much afraid of the fever and ague, for which this place is notorious. We told them of one or two simple remedies, for which they were extremely thankful. An attempt to interest them in higher matters failed.

*April* 12—We saw a little more of Salikly this morning than we did last October. It is a miserable place, although a great thoroughfare for travellers. The houses, built, as is usual, of sun-burnt bricks, are wretched in the extreme. Pools of water and deep mud everywhere. This may be partly owing to last night's rain. The clouds were still heavy when we started. The peaks of Tmolus had received a fresh layer of snow, and the air was raw and chilly. My teeth chattered with cold, until the rising sun dispersed the mists, and raised the temperature. We still kept along the northern foot of Tmolus, which sends down numerous rapid streams or torrents. These we had to ford. Here and there we espied a village prettily situated among the hills on our right. To the left, the wide and fertile plain of the Hermus stretched for several miles, until bounded by mountains on the north. The greater part of the plain appears to be under cultivation, and here and there we noticed men ploughing in their primitive style. Our first halting-place was Menamik Café, not far from a Turkish village. We found no one who could read. About noon we spent an hour at Deri Café, near Derikin, a considerable Turkish village. Here we had some talk with a Mussulman guard, but found him so ignorant and stupid that we were really puzzled to know how to speak to him about the Gospel.

Arrived at Allah-shehr (Philadelphia) about four P.M. We had caught sight of the minarets about an hour before. The view was one that I shall not soon forget. The white minarets and sun-lit landscape in the foreground contrasted beautifully with the purple mountains behind, on which rested black clouds. A majestic snow-capped peak rose to our right, and to the left, as heretofore, extended the wide plain, bounded on the opposite side by other ranges of mountains.

Our sale of Scriptures succeeds better than we had expected, *i.e.* among the Christians. Turks do not buy quite so readily, though here, too, we have no reason to be discouraged. We had hardly been half an hour in the khan before our room was filled, mostly with Greeks, who were eager to purchase the New Testament. A few Mussulmans also gladly accepted copies of the Sermon on the Mount, and one or two other tracts. Presently an Imâm (priest) came in to see our Turkish books. He looked at several, and then said, "You must not sell these books to Mussulmans." When asked why, he said, "There is something here about Isâ (Jesus) which is not suited to Mohammedans, seeing that the Ingil has been abrogated." On opening a copy of the Gospels, his eye fell on the words "Son of God." "This is for Giaours," he exclaimed: "do not offer such books to Moslems, lest you bring trouble upon yourselves. We do not need the Injîl; the Korán contains all the Old and New Testaments." Brother Weakley tried to reason with him, but it was of no use. It was like casting pearls before swine. At this moment another Turk came in to ask for a book. The Imâm showed him the expression, "Son of God," and frightened him away immediately. We then had a visit from three Greeks, one a doctor, such as they are in these places. He said that the Imâm who had just left was notorious as a bigot, but, although entertaining exalted notions of his own sanctity, has no very great influence over his co-religionists. There exists, on the whole, a friendly feeling between the Christians and Mohammedans in this place. The former number about 350 families, the latter 800. Philadelphia is the seat of a Greek Bishop. The doctor was anxious to hear political news. Having been satisfied, we spoke about the differences between the Protestant churches and the Greek. The doctor thought the difference is very small. I said it was very great, and instanced the doctrine of justification by faith. In the Greek church it is justification by works as well as faith.

*April* 13—Went out this morning to see the ruins. Great portions of the city walls—large masses of brick masonry—are still standing. In some cases these large masses are balanced upon a thin edge, the action of the weather, combined, it may be, with other causes, having worn away the parts near the base. The marvel is that the slightest shock of an earthquake, or some storm, has not brought these blocks down long ago. Philadelphia is placed on three hills, or spurs, which run out from the range of mountains behind. The streets are tolerably clean for a Turkish town. At a little distance from it are three mineral springs. One of them is warm, and is much resorted to on account of its supposed healing properties.

On returning to our room we were visited by a young Egyptian doctor, Emin Effendi. He invited us to his shop, where he not only

dispenses physic, but also deals in various useful articles. Here, while Mr. Weakley conversed with him I had some talk with the Greek doctor and a friend of his who had accompanied us. We discussed the different way in which Greeks and Romanists treat the Holy Scriptures, the ignorance of the way of salvation prevalent among the Greeks, &c. We were disturbed by the entrance of Emin Effendi's father, a fine old man—seventy-eight years of age, as he informed us—whose intellectual features were in marked contrast with those of the Turks in general. After having inquired of his son who we were, he turned to us, and asked whether we did not believe that Jesus lives in heaven after his resurrection. We said, "Yes." "These stupid Greeks," he replied, "believe that the body of Jesus is still in Jerusalem, and that is why they go there on pilgrimage."

In the afternoon two Greeks came in, one of them being in the Bishop's service. They had just been conversing with Belisarius, and wanted to know what I thought of the mediation of saints, and of praying to them. My reply was, 1. "What saith the Scripture? 'There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.' 'Come unto *me*, all ye that labour.' 2. If saints can hear prayers, they must be omnipresent and omniscient; for two or more persons may be addressing the same saint in places far distant from each other: but God only is omnipresent and omniscient." They seemed to be struck with this view of the case, but said, "It may be so: our church, however, believes in saints, and in their intercession." After these men had left us I went to see the Greek schools, three in number. An elementary school for boys, another for girls, and a Hellenic, or higher school, for boys more advanced. I found them all in a poor condition, especially the elementary school for boys. The blame, as is usual, is laid on the Turks, on their bad and oppressive government. The teacher of the Hellenic school is a priest. He was tolerably friendly so long as I confined myself to general matters, but as soon as I touched upon religion he became reserved. However, he accepted a copy of my father's Greek sermons. On my return to the khan, I found the bigoted Imâm of yesterday hovering about, evidently watching lest any of the "faithful" should take our books. Later on, we had another visit from Emin Effendi, who was this time accompanied by a dervish. The latter was rather a hindrance, through his incoherent talk. His appearance was wild, his person filthy. Yet such men are treated with great outward respect, even by the higher class of Turks. Emin Effendi impresses us favourably. He wants books on botany, medicine, &c., but such books are rare in Arabic and Turkish. He tells us that he possesses our Scriptures, and that he sometimes reads them. On a second visit such a man might be influenced still more. We trust that our intercourse on this occasion may have left some impression upon his mind and heart.

Still later we had a visit from a young soldier, who had served in the Montenegrin war. Belisarius had left a copy of the New Testament with him in the afternoon, and towards evening we saw him reading this to several Turks who occupied the same room with himself. At first he said he wanted to buy as many Turkish Scriptures as we could spare, but when he came to our room he purchased one copy of the New Testament, and seven parts, together with a few tracts. These he proposes to take to Kula, his native town, for distribution among his friends. He sat with us a considerable time, narrating incidents which took place during the Montenegrin war. We could not talk much about what is nearest to our hearts, but feel thankful that he possesses, and is likely to read, the word of God. "It is a good thing to read the Injîl" was a remark he made in the course of conversation. We had thought of going to Kula, but were prevented by the state of the roads, our horses not being very good. But now we have been the means of introducing a few copies of the word of God in Kula by another way, and we are very thankful. We cannot help feeling that we are now only preparing the way for future work. It is a cheering sign, that not only many of the Greeks seek to obtain the word of God, but that even the Mussulmans do not, on the whole, offer more violent opposition. We were glad to learn that men like the Imâm are not very numerous.

*April* 14—Left Philadelphia at half-past seven A.M. for Ainégul. Soon after leaving Philadelphia our course took a more southerly direction, still, however, keeping parallel to the Tmolus, the snow-capped peaks of which we could not sufficiently admire. The plain which we have hitherto skirted now becomes narrower, and near Ainégul it appears to be completely shut in by mountains. Ainégul is a large Turkish village: there are but very few Greeks. Its inhabitants we found in a very degraded state: very few are able to read. Whilst walking through the bazaar, we were stared at as if we had been wild beasts. We had some talk with a Zabtieh (guard) who had been in the Crimean war. He praised every thing English, and spoke in disparaging terms of his own countrymen. By way of

directing his thoughts to something better, we told him about Missionaries going to heathen countries to preach the Gospel.

*April* 15—To-day we saw enough of romantic scenery. Leaving Ainégul, we still proceed in an easterly direction; the valley becomes more and more contracted. At length there is a sharp turn to the south, and the valley is narrowed to a ravine. Through this runs a mountain torrent, feeling its way between great boulders and trunks of fallen trees. The hills are scantily wooded, indeed their sides are so steep in many places that it would be impossible for a tree to obtain a hold. The road winds along this ravine, sometimes along the bed of the stream, at others at a considerable height above it, along the sides of the rocks. Then the hills become lower and less steep, and, receding, leave a small space of open country. Here, on a declivity, lies a small village, Derbent. After a short rest, we proceed on our way. Again we wind along the bottom of a ravine, though neither so narrow or deep as the other. The hills are also better wooded. We presently emerge upon a plateau, and, looking back, catch a parting glimpse of Tmolus. Before us the scene is still more beautiful. We are at the head of a valley which widens gradually as it recedes from us. We descend into the valley; forests of pines and other trees surround us; the more distant hills fade into purple; and there, straight before us, though still far away, rises the broad mass of Baba-dagh—Mount Cadmus—covered with snow. How manifold, how glorious are thy works, O God!

Arrived at the lower end of the valley, we espy on our right the large Turkish village Bulladan, nestled high up, amidst rocks, and trees, and shrubs. Again we climb a small ascent, and a new surprise awaits us. We are still at a considerable elevation. Before us lies a great part of the Mæander, apparently well cultivated: several villages may be recognised by the trees growing near them. Towards the right, across the plain, Mount Cadmus is seen. Straight before us another range of mountains, with Hierapolis, the white incrustations of which are distinctly visible. We keep close to the side of the hills which we have just crossed, until we reach the plain below; then, crossing the Mæander by a wooden bridge, over which, for safety's sake, we lead horses, we arrive at Seraï-kioi, a little before sunset. Seraï-kioi is a miserable village, and very dirty; the khan wretched in the extreme. But we are thankful for the few comforts we do enjoy.

*April* 15—Market-day at Seraï-kioi. Long before daylight our slumbers were disturbed by a chorus of braying donkeys and neighing horses in the yard below. A wet morning. Belasarius succeeded in disposing of a few books, but the rain prevented his doing more. We had proposed starting about ten A.M., but waited till noon, in the hope that it would clear up. We were disappointed, however, and at length started in the rain, preferring to move on, rather than remain in this damp, miserable place, where there was very little prospect of doing any good. We had a very short stage to-day, only four hours, but a very trying one. It rained incessantly. Deep, soft mud everywhere: the horses could hardly get on. Halted for a few minutes at a coffee-house, quite new, and uncommonly clean. Several Turks were assembled, but they were very rude, and unwilling to exchange words with us. The prospect on every side was hidden by the clouds, which seemed to rest upon the ground. On drawing near to Denizli the rain abated, and the clouds lifted a little. The effect was grand. We were surrounded on three sides by high mountains. Their bases only were visible, painted with indigo. Their tops seemed lost in the clouds. At length we espied the roofs of the houses of Denizli, and soon after we were glad to be under the shelter of a tolerably good khan.

*April* 18—Visited Hierapolis and Laodicea, the former about three hours', the latter one hour's ride from Denizli. The whole population of Denizli appears to have turned out to destroy locusts, great damage being apprehended from their ravages. Our road to Hierapolis lies in a northerly direction across the plain of the Lycus, a muddy stream, which we cross by a ricketty wooden bridge. The incrustations of Hierapolis have, when viewed from afar, the appearance of chalk cliffs. As we drew nearer, they assumed larger proportions, the more recent formations being of a dazzling whiteness. I cannot attempt a minute description of this remarkable place, especially as, on account of limited time, we did not see all that is to be seen. I can only just put down a few particulars which struck me most. The general appearance of the incrustations, when viewed in the vicinity, is that of a great waterfall suddenly petrified. We ascend along one side of the cliff by a rough path, leading our horses. On gaining the top, we find ourselves upon a triangular plateau of considerable size, a sort of ledge projecting from the side of the mountain. This is the site of Hierapolis, called by the Turks Pambuk-kalessy (Cotton-castle). The surface of the plateau is broken by numerous ridges of incrustations, showing where the water used to flow in channels. We proceed along the top of one of these ridges, and reach the ruins of a large building, supposed to have

been a public bath. Over against this, on the mountain side, are the ruins of an amphitheatre. The seats are almost entire. We noticed several blocks of stone covered with carvings. A little further down are the remains of an ancient church. Half-way between the bath and the theatre are the warm springs, which cause the incrustations before alluded to. It appeared to me probable that a considerable part of the plateau covers a subterranean lake. One's footsteps produce a hollow sound, as if one were walking over a cavern. A basin about twenty-five feet in diameter forms the principal spring. It must have been built over in olden times, as there are fragments of marble pillars, &c., lying about on the rocky bottom. On one side of the basin there is a deep chasm, so deep, that though the water is remarkably transparent, we could not see the bottom. The water itself is moderately warm, of a greenish hue where deep, and very clear. It flows in channels formed for the purpose in various directions, and leaves behind those incrustations which are the most remarkable feature in the place. We have not much time to spare, and are soon in the saddle again. At noon we halted at a Turkish farm, and had some conversation with its owner. He told us in all earnest that many locusts had been destroyed by the Imâms reading verses of the Korán over them. The locusts have committed great ravages for some years past. This year the Government has ordered steps to be taken for their destruction. Every individual is required to bring in a certain quantity. Accordingly, in some places the whole population nearly has turned out. They form themselves into parties; a sheet or carpet is spread out, and into this the locusts, which at this season can only hop short distances, are swept by means of brooms or branches. They are gathered into bags, weighed, and afterwards buried. The Turks are very much opposed to to this wholesale destruction of animal life. It goes against their ideas of fate. At Cassaba we were told that the Mohammedans say, "Oh, it is all very well to collect these locusts; but those who do so do not know that after them comes an old man with a white beard (Mohammed) who sows them broad-cast."

But to return from this digression. Leaving the farm, we proceeded to Laodicea. The desolate aspect of the place is almost oppressive. There are extensive ruins, but we could not stay to explore. How signally has the threatening, Rev. iii. 16, been fulfilled!

On our return to the khan, we were pleased to find that Belasarius had sold several books, and had discovered that there are two or three Protestant Armenians in the place. One of them came to see us, and attended our evening prayers. Belisarius also met with a Persian, who, some years ago, was in Smyrna, and there met Dr. Pfander and my father.

*April* 19– The young Protestant Armenian who was with us last night called to introduce his elder brother, also a Protestant, with whom we were much pleased. He was very anxious to know how the work among the Armenians in Constantinople is progressing; and expressed his delight when he was told that several Mohammedans had been baptized. Before parting we joined in prayer.

Soon afterwards the Persian came to see us. His pronunciation of Turkish was so peculiar that it was with difficulty I understood what he said. He professes to have read the New Testament as well as the Mizan-ul-Haqq, and to believe in Christ as the Son of God. When asked why he did not, in that case, make an open confession of his faith, he made some remarks, not very intelligible, but the drift of which appeared to be this—The truth or falsehood of Christianity or Mohammedanism is not the chief thing. There are other more important truths which philosophy reveals: we must leave these outward unimportant matters, and proceed to higher things.

Towards evening I went out to see the suburbs. Denizli proper is a very small place, consisting almost entirely of the bazaar. It is surrounded by a wall, and access is obtained by several gates, which are closed at sunset. The inhabitants live at some distance from the bazaar, their houses lying scattered amidst fields and gardens. This is our furthest point. To-morrow (D.V.) we turn our faces homeward.

*April* 20—Started at about half-past six A.M., in the direction of Nazli. Our rest was much disturbed last night. A small shock of an earthquake startled us about midnight: this was succeeded by several others, one or two of which were also severe, but not like the first. They drove sleep from our eyes, though we felt safe in committing ourselves to the divine care.

Part of our way this morning lay along the route we travelled on Saturday, but how different the prospect! Then every thing was hidden by fog and rain: now all is radiant in the sunshine. At Seraï-kioi we enter upon new ground, our road lying down the valley of the Mæander, which gradually becomes narrower. We pass a hot spring, emitting a sulphurous smell. The water boils up fiercely, and a considerable space of the ground seems to be undermined and impregnated with the hot fluid. At the narrowest part of the valley the Mæander approaches the mountains on the south, and here we cross to the northern

bank by a wooden bridge. Our halting-place for this evening is Ortakji-kioi, a Turkish village perched on the southern side of Mount Messogis. We ride up to it through pleasant fields and fig-orchards. As there is no khan we went to the konak, or house of the chief man in the village. This was a rude mud-cottage, one corner being portioned off to serve as a stable for horses. Food was provided for us soon after our arrival, and again in the evening. At the latter meal we were joined by one of the principal men in the village, and had to manage as best we could without knives or forks. Water was then passed round: we performed our ablutions, and, reclining on cushions placed along the walls, waited for coffee to be served. One of the attendants placed a small quantity of unroasted coffee near our host, and, after a few minutes, proceeded to roast it. This was done in our presence in a small iron pan. It was then pounded in a wooden mortar, according to a certain rythm, produced by striking the pestle against the sides of the mortar. The coffee was then boiled, and served round in small cups. Several visitors dropped in, amongst them the Agha, or headman, and the Imâm. The conversation at first was upon general subjects. They said the English were their friends, and then they inquired about the American war. After their curiosity had been satisfied on this point, Belisarius showed them a copy of the Sermon on the Mount in Turkish, and we were surprised to see how well it was received. First of all the Agha, who has only recently commenced learning to read, tried his skill in spelling out the words of our blessed Saviour; but as this was slow work, he passed it on to the Imâm, or Khojah, the literary oracle of the village, with the request that he would read aloud. We were amused, and yet deeply pained by the blundering efforts of this man. Still, as there were one or two individuals besides who were able to read a little, we left four copies of the Sermon on the Mount, as well as one copy of Dr. Schauffler's new translation of the Gospels and Acts. Three Greeks being present—the only ones in the village—I told them we had Scriptures for sale. They objected that our New Testament differs from their's. I denied this, and asked for proof. They immediately quoted John i. 1, ὁ λόγος ἦν πρὸς τὸν Θεὸν, which, in the Modern Greek translation is rendered, ἦν παρὰ τῷ Θεῷ. Having explained to them that the idiom of the Modern Greek required the change, which, however, does not alter the sense, they said that the Bishop of Heliopolis (Aidin) had threatened to excommunicate all who should receive any of our books. The younger of the three men seemed inclined to purchase a New Testament, but was restrained by his elder companions. A trifling incident showed us the growing independence of the Christians. In the course of conversation one of the Turks used the word "Giaour," when the young Greek mentioned above immediately said, "Don't you know that the Sultan has forbidden the use of that word?"

*April* 21—We were up betimes. After leaving a nicely-bound copy of the four Gospels and Acts for the Agha, we took leave of our hosts, thanks being the only remuneration usual in such cases, and proceeded on our way. Our road still lay down the valley of the Mæander. The plain here widens again, but we keep close to Mount Messogis on the north. On our left the river winds its tortuous way through the sandy soil, whilst beyond are other mountains connected with Cadmus. The nearer we come to Nazli, the more beautiful the country becomes. Rich fields and shady fig-plantations are interspersed with vineyards. The road we travel along is shaded by fine trees, and reminds one of a road through an English park. Every now and then we obtain a glimpse of the Messogis, skirted by a range of hills, similar to those which skirt the Tmolus on its northern side, and broken like those into the most picturesque forms. One's heart is lifted up to God in thankfulness and joy at the sight of these beauties of nature, and yet there is a sad burden which weighs one down continually, and that is the deplorable spiritual state of the inhabitants of so fair a country. When will this moral wilderness be turned into a garden of the Lord?

At half-past two P.M. we reached Nazli, just in time to escape a thunderstorm which had been threatening us for some time previously, and which prevented our going out that afternoon.

*April* 22—Whilst Belisarius went out with books, we took a walk through the town, and then visited Mr. Forbes, a Scotch gentleman engaged in the liquorice trade. We were very kindly received, and taken round to see a few antiquities. Mr. Forbes speaks highly of the common Turk. He is honest, and, though slow, steady and enduring. But place him in any Government position and he is open to corruption. Few are able to read, and attempts made in former years to circulate the New Testament among them have failed.

Belisarius sold but few books. He gave away, however, a good many copies of the Sermon on the Mount. A Greek, to whom Belisarius had offered a copy of the New Testament, said he must first show the book

to the priest. The result was that it was returned.

We had only just returned to our room when a Greek priest, a doctor, and another person, came to the door, and, in an imperious way, asked to see the books which were being sold. On being invited to come in, they did so, and we were soon engaged in talking about the one thing needful. The doctor, like all other Greeks who are a liftle enlightened, maintained that the spiritual condition of Turks as well as Greeks would be improved by a better Government. Allowing that an enlightened Government may do much to improve the condition of a people, I tried to show that more was wanted, even the Holy Spirit, to regenerate, and vivify, and lead to Jesus, the Saviour of the world. After looking over our books, they arose to go away. "Don't you like these books?" I asked. "Yes," was the hesitating and embarrassed reply of the priest. I have little doubt that they came as spies, and perhaps they thought that their appearance would intimidate our Colporteur.

*April* 23—Left at half-past six for Aidin. It was a lovely morning, and we still rode on through gardens of figs and vines. We reached Aidin early in the afternoon, and despatched Belisarius to look for the Protestant Armenian pastor, placed here by the Missionaries of the American Board. On inquiring about the Turks, we were told by the pastor that it would not be safe for us to make any attempts to reach them just at this time. There is a considerable amount of hostile feeling abroad. The cause is this. Some time ago the Christian population of Aidin, stirred up, to some extent, by the few resident Protestants, petioned the Government to remove the market-day from Sunday, on which day it had always hitherto been held, to some other day in the week. The petition was favourably received, and Tuesday was fixed as the new market-day. With this the Mussulmans were highly displeased. "Why should the Giaours have their own way?' Through intrigue they succeeded in having the Sunday also recognised as market-day. At the same time they themselves kept away from the week-day market, and prevailed upon the Mussulmans in the villages around to do the same, in some cases stopping them on the road, and threatening them if they did not return. The consequence was that the Christians were unable to transact any business, and as they expressed their determination not to give in, an unpleasant feeling prevailed. We were surprised to learn that all—Greeks, Armenians, Romanists, as well as Protestants—were taking the matter very much to heart. The Greek Bishop has recently preached on this subject, and exhorted his people to a better observance of the Lord's-day. The Protestants speak well of this Bishop. He is friendly towards them, and often preaches tolerable sermons. In the evening, Baron Boghas, the native pastor, took us to see the Bishop. His appearance is venerable. He was seated at the upper end of a large room, three sides of which were taken up by divans. As soon as we entered, the Bishop arose and received us very courteously. Coffee and pipes having been handed round, I remarked that we were glad to hear that the Bishop valued the ordinance of preaching. "Yes," was the answer, "I do what I can: I preach morality just as it is suited to these people." "Is not doctrine necessary too? How can you have morality without sound doctrine?" "Oh, our people are well instructed: they have no need to be taught doctrine." This exaggeration struck me. "Were there not thousands," I asked, "who trust in outward observances for their salvation?" No, the Bishop could not be moved from his previous statement. We then passed on to speak about the Scriptures. The Bishop is very much opposed to the Modern-Greek translation of the New Testament. It was easy to show the futility of his objections, but it would never have done for the Bishop to acknowledge a defeat, especially as there were some Greeks present. At length he broke out into the triumphant exclamation, "Never, never can the Greek church allow the word of God, which has been delivered to her in her pure and magnificent language, to be translated into the language of shoemakers and grocers." After this we thought it was better to put an end to the discussion, and we parted upon the best of terms, the Bishop shaking us warmly by the hand, and expressing his regret if he should have given us pain by any thing he might have said in warmth.

*April* 24: *Lord's-day*—Spent the morning in our rooms, where we were visited by the Protestants. In the afternoon we attended the service of the native pastor. He preached in Turkish on the words—"I know in whom I have believed." Afterwards I gave a short address in Greek on Matt. v. 13—16, "Ye are the salt of the earth," &c. Amongst others, a Greek, who holds the office of Kiatil (clerk or secretary) in the Konak, was present. With him we left copies of the Mizan, the Miftah, and the Rafi. We had intended to have made a longer stay in Aidin, but, under present circumstances, we can do little or nothing, and have decided to leave (D.V.) to-morrow morning.

*April* 25—We are now in Sokia, a small

but thriving place. It is divided into two parts by a broad watercourse, one side being almost exclusively Christian, the other Mussulman. The latter are, for the most part, refugees, who, during the Greek war of independence, were obliged to flee from the Morea and some of the islands. Most of them understand Greek. There are here two factories for the preparation of liquorice, belonging to English gentlemen. We are thankful that we have arrived so far in safety. At one of the coffee-houses we heard that, only a day or two ago, a band of robbers attacked a party of Yarucks (Turcomans), taking from them all they possessed.

The habitations of these Yarucks are worthy of notice. They frequently consist of nothing more than a cloth of black goat's hair stretched across some poles, the sloping sides being turned towards the wind. Those we saw to-day are formed of wicker-work, the interstices being filled up with mud. They cannot be very warm in winter, but have the advantage of allowing free ventilation in summer.

Here we are staying in the comfortable house of an English gentleman, a pleasant change after the rough life we have lately led.

*April* 26—Mr. Clarke, our hospitable host, related a curious instance of the superstition of the people. On account of the ravages of the locusts, the Greeks of Sokia determined to have the skull of St. Thomas brought over from Patmos, where it is in the safe keeping of one of the monasteries. The presence of the ἅγιον κάρα, as it is called, is considered the most efficient means of driving away or destroying locusts. Accordingly the ἅγιον κάρα was brought, with all due pomp, under the care of several monks. Persons who had fields sown with cotton-seed paid considerable sums of money to have the relic brought on their estates. Others, who had hesitated to sow cotton-seed, did so at once, in the full assurance that the locusts would do no injury. Even Turks put faith in the efficacy of this skull, and hesitate not to have it borne in procession across their fields. Of course all this while the monks reap a rich harvest.

Belisarius has been able to do but little. In the bazaar he was laughed at, though he managed to sell some books. We find the people less accessible the nearer we approach Smyrna. Contact with Europeans, or with those who have come under the influence of Europeans, seems to rob them of their simplicity, to make them more anxious for this world's good things, and less careful about spiritual matters.

*April* 27—Scala-nova. We have had a short stage to-day. The road very rough over hills, whence we had a beautiful view of the sea and Samos. We are neither of us very well. Belisarius has had indifferent success with his sales. A couple of Turkish Testaments, however, have been disposed of, besides some Greek books, and this makes us thankful. We do pray that the seed thus scattered may not remain without results; nor will it, we are sure. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

*April* 28—Through divine mercy we have reached Boujah in safety, having availed ourselves of the railway from Ephesus. We have been protected from robbers and other dangers; but what we are most thankful for is, that we have been permitted to sell a considerable number of copies of God's holy word, and also, here and there, to speak a word for our heavenly Master. May God give his blessing!

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## THE SIOUX, OR DAKOTAHS.

The territory of Minnesota extends from the Mississippi and St. Croix Rivers and from Lake Superior on the east, to the Missouri and White Earth Rivers on the west, a distance of more than 400 miles; and from the Iowa line on the south to the British frontier on the north, also about 400 miles apart. It is a portion of the world of which we ought to know something, lying as it does in such close proximity to our own Red-River district, the sources of the Red River, which flows northward into Lake Winnepeg, being found amidst the elevated prairies and lakes of the Minnesota territory.

Such, indeed, is the elevated position of the territory, that it is the great water-shed of this part of the American continent, from whence the rivers, which have their sources within its limits, flow north and south. The Rivière à Jaques, which flows south into the Missouri, and the Minnesota, which flows eastward into the Mississippi, have their fountain-heads not far from those of the Shayenne, a tributary of the Red River of the

north; nay, the Mississippi itself has its birth-place amidst those numerous lakes in its north-eastern portion from whence the Red River of the north has also its parentage.

Various elevated ridges, though not of a mountain character, traverse the territory. The plateau called the Couteau des Prairies is one of these singular terraces, extending 200 miles, with a breadth of from 20 to 40 miles, its average elevation being 1500 feet, while in some places it rises nearly 2000 feet above the sea level.

The general aspect of the country is that of a fine rolling prairie, interspersed with numerous lakes of fresh water, whose banks are clothed with a rich growth of woodland. The land is about equally divided between oak openings and prairies, the whole being well watered by numerous rivers, navigable for steamers.

Here of old extended the hunting-grounds of the Ojibways, or Chippeways, and of the Dakotah, or Sioux, the one to the east, and the other west of the Mississippi; and here, long before America was searched out by the inquisitive eyes of the white man, many a deed was enacted of sanguinary character; and when the white man came he did not bring peace with him.

Christianity gave the white man civilization, and thus he became possessed of energy. As a navigator he crossed the seas, and discovered new lands, and, as the population increased at home, he went forth from Europe to colonize. He should have brought with him the Christianity to which he had been so much indebted. But in this, his great duty, he was defective. He brought with him his vices, and the means of gratifying them. He taught these to the heathen tribes; but as to his religion, he had either corrupted it, so that, except in name and form, it differed nothing from heathenism, or he disregarded it, neither practising it himself or teaching it to others. Thus, among the Indians of America, the arrival of the white man exasperated all pre-existing evils, and the Indian was not only armed against his fellow, but against himself.

When the Sioux and Chippeways lived in amity, a Sioux chief married a Chippeway wife, and lived in the Chippeway territory. But the hatchet was dug up, and war broke out. He was a chief, and had to join his tribe. He left his wife behind him, for it would not have been safe to take her among the Sioux; but he took his children with him, for it would not have been safe to leave them among the Chippeways. The wife, after his departure, married a Chippeway warrior, and there were sons by this second marriage, who grew up as Chippeway braves, while the former children grew up as Sioux warriors. One of the Chippeway half-brothers, on one occasion, went to make his fall hunts on the middle ground towards the Sioux territory, taking with him nearly all his near relatives. Early one morning, as the young men were preparing for the chase, they were startled by the report of several shots directed towards the lodge, and, before they could arm, another volley inflicted wounds. The Chippeway chief immediately sallied out with his young men, and, pronouncing his name aloud in the Sioux language, demanded if his brothers were among the assailants. The firing immediately ceased; a pause ensued, and a tall figure in a war dress, with a profusion of feathers on his head, stepped forward: it was the Sioux half-brother. The pipe of peace was smoked, and the hunting party, which, far out-numbered as it was, would have been massacred, returned home uninjured. Yet one of the children, a son of the Chipewyan chief, who had been present on that occasion, grew up a great Chippeway warrior, and led his tribe to many a fierce affray with the Sioux. One battle-scene was the falls of St. Croix, embracing the summit land between Lake Superior and the Upper Mississipi. The streams flowing each way interlock, and the natives ascend them in light canoes, which they carry over the portages, and so descend on the opposite side. The Chippeway chief, with his warriors, reached the waters of the St. Croix, which he descended, until, on the lower side of the portage of the great falls of St. Croix, a large body of Sioux and Foxes was discovered. On the narrow neck of rock they met and

fought, and many fell; until at length, overpowered by numbers, the Sioux and their allies fled. Such were these tribes—"their feet swift to shed blood."

The first attempts at Missions in these regions were from the direction of Canada and the French Canadians, and were connected with the Church of Rome. Marquette, accompanied by Alloez, had visited the south shore of Lake Superior in 1668, and made a map of the region, which was published in the *Lettres Edifiantes*. Having established the Mission of St. Ignace at Michilimackinac about 1669 or 1670, he entered the Upper Mississippi about three years afterwards from the Winconsin.

Upwards, however, of a century and a half after these dates, no morning had risen on these regions, and they continued to be wrapped in the same gloom of ignorance and barbarism which had brooded over them for ages. In 1834 the Sioux were without a written language. Then the American Missionaries entered in, and a genuine work commenced, at first painfully laborious. Days and years of plodding were spent by them in "picking up a word here and there, in writing and re-writing, correcting and re-correcting, learning the meaning of a word to-day and forgetting it to-morrow." But progress was made. "A strictly phonetic mode of writing the language was adopted, in which each character represented had a single sound." The language was found to be in many respects defective. For many and important ideas it had no corresponding words; for instance—roving in their habits, without any fixed abode around which their affections could entwine themselves—they had no word answering exactly to our English "home." Still it claimed to be regarded as a noble language, "fully adequate to all the felt wants of the nation, and capable of being enlarged, cultivated, and enriched by the introduction of foreign stores of thought. Nothing can be found more full than the Dakotah verb. The affixes and reduplications, and pronouns and prepositions, all come in to make of it a stately pile of thought. A single paradigim presents more than a thousand variations."

Gradually the Book of Genesis, and a part of the Psalms, the Gospel by Luke, and the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles of Paul, and the Revelation of John, were prepared for the press.

In prosecuting their labours at stations, which, in order that they might better approach the wild tribes of the Dakotahs, were placed beyond the settled districts, the Missionaries have had to pass through times, not only of alarm, but of actual danger. Such a crisis occurred in 1857, when a band of these people massacred forty white persons at Spirit Lake, carrying away with them into captivity two white women, who were afterwards recovered by the efforts of the Christian Dakotahs. Yet at a time when a conflict between a small guard of United-States' soldiers and a large body of hostile Indians was imminent, the Missionaries remained at their post, occupying a house, which, with many windows and without shutters, was wholly indefensible, but committing themselves to Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps.

These threatening appearances were, however, happily averted, and the Mission progressed slowly, yet satisfactorily, until the year 1862. At that time the heathen Dakotahs became dissatisfied. The annuities guaranteed to them, in lieu of lands which they had ceded, remained unpaid. They had suffered injuries, in some cases of an atrocious character, at the hands of traders, and could find no redress, there being no proper and effective police to protect the innocent and punish the guilty. Many of them hated Christianity and its attendant civilization, and desired to arrest its progress, that the old customs might have undisputed ascendancy. They knew how the civil war absorbed the resources of the Federal Government, and believed that the time had come to strike a blow. There is no doubt that they had suffered great wrongs, and, after the Indian fashion, they resolved to profit by this opportunity to avenge themselves.

In the summer of that year there were Missionaries in occupation of two points—

Yellow Medicine and Hazlewood—and at each of these places little flocks of converted natives had been gathered. The storm burst suddenly. On August 18th an attack was made on the Lower Agency, distant thirty-three miles: the soldiers sent up from Fort Ridgely on the Minnesota were assaulted promptly and fearlessly, and one half of their number having fallen, the survivors were obliged to shut themselves up within the fort. The Indians, for the time, were undisputed masters of the frontier settlements, and massacred the whites as they had opportunity. It was a moment of extreme danger to the Missionaries, but the Christian Indians came forward to help them, and, when they found that they were not strong enough to defend the Mission homes, counselled them to fly, and helped them so to do, first to an island on the Minnesota, and then direct into the heart of the prairies, where they remained, until reinforcements coming up the river afforded the prospect of security.

About 600 or 700 whites fell in this massacre, amidst the horrors of which, although they were themselves but a little band, the Christian Sioux succeeded, during the first week, in saving the lives of 100 whites.

The conflict between the soldiers and Indians was now resumed, and at Wood Lake the Dakotahs, being defeated, became discouraged, their chief, Little Crow, with a part of his followers, flying westward toward the Missouri River, while others in considerable numbers surrendered to the American General Sibley.

A military commission was appointed to try the prisoners, and the result was, that of 393 individuals thus dealt with, 302 were sentenced to be hung, and amongst them were three Christian Dakotahs. The belief was entertained that the civilized, and even some of the Christian Indians, had participated in the massacre, but this was not the case. Some of the heathen had put on the clothes of the first whites they had slain, in order that they might approach others without being suspected, and these men had been mistaken for civilized Indians. Again, when Little Crow ascended the Minnesota from the Lower Agency to Yellow Medicine, many of the Agency Indians had been compelled to accompany him from fear. At the battle of Wood Lake some of these unhostile Indians escaped from the warriors, bringing with them several white captives whom they had delivered; yet of these very many were tried and condemned.

To these condemned Indians, the Missionary, after some difficulty, was permitted access, and laboured diligently to prepare them for the end which awaited them, an effort in which he was much aided by the Christians who were among them. These men got together for worship, the others crowding around them as close as they could, that they might hear. Encouraged by this, the Christians began to preach to the heathen, one of them in particular, an elder of the native church, who had saved his Missionary's life, speaking in a manner highly appropriate and edifying. Eventually, of the number who had been condemned, thirty-eight suffered the extreme penalty of the law. The majority, who had been so unexpectedly spared, seemed greatly moved, listening eagerly to the instruction they received, and declaring their earnest desire to become Christians; so that 274 of them were baptized on the same Sunday, February 9, 1863. Others were subsequently added, until they numbered upwards of 300.

But besides those Indians who had been selected for trial, there was a large body of Indians who had not been tried, some 1600 in number, consisting chiefly of women and children. These, accompanied by one of the Missionaries, had been removed to Fort Snelling, on the Mississippi, opposite St. Paul, where they were confined on a low, flat spot, with pools of stagnant water, in extent about three acres, enclosed by a board fence, twelve or fourteen feet high, and having but one gate, where a guard was placed. Of this prison-house the Missionary wrote—"It is a very sad place now: the wailing never ceases: from five to ten die daily." But here also, amidst the pressure of deep tribulation, the Gospel message was welcomed. God spoke of mercy, although man did

not. The garret of a large warehouse was used as a place of worship, and here, seated on the floor, and packed away under the sides of the roof, assembled to hear from 300 to 500 persons. The word was in power, and many, convinced of the truth of Christianity, and of their own need of the salvation which it promises, eagerly embraced it and were baptized, to the number of 140.

In May 1863 the United-States' Government came to a decision respecting these remnants of the once great Dakotah nation whom they held in bonds. Like other remnants of decayed tribes, they were to go far west. Thirteen hundred Dakotahs and 1800 Winnebagoes were to be taken up the Missouri River, 100 miles beyond Fort Randall. "Last Monday," writes one of the Missionaries recording the event, "an order came to Fort Snelling for 750 to embark on the steamer 'Davenport' for Fort Randall. On Tuesday evening, 530, with whom I remained, were ordered on board this steamer. The last person was counted on just at dusk, after which we shoved off. As darkness shut in the skies, these Indians looked out upon their native hills, as they said, for the last time. We were, however, hardly under way, when, from all the different parts of the boat where they were collected, we heard hymns of praise ascending to Jehovah; not loud, but soft and sweet, like the murmur of many waters. Then one of them engaged in prayer, after which another hymn was sung. So they continued, till all were composed, and, drawing their blankets over them, each fell asleep. The next morning, before 'sun-up,' they were again paying their devotions to God. So they have continued, every evening and morning since; and these services were commenced by themselves, without any suggestion from any one else. The people along the route wonder to see them so peaceable and quiet."

This has been throughout the policy of the United States, to remove the tribes from the precincts of the Old States far to the west. There is a table published by Schoolcraft on this subject. He gives the names of twenty-seven different tribes thus expatriated. The estimated quantity of land acquired from these tribes during the period between March 1829 and September 1838 amounts to 109,879,937 acres; the probable value of which to the United States is estimated at 137,349,946 dollars; while the probable expense of carrying into effect the various treaties is set down at 70,059,505, of which twenty millions and a half of dollars were in money, the remainder being the estimated value of thirty millions of acres of land granted to the emigrating tribes—that is, wilderness, unoccupied land, which did not belong to any one; in which the white man had no more right of proprietorship than the Indian, and for which no charge can with justice be made, in order to balance accounts with the emigrating tribes; so that, in fact, the United-States' Government, by the removal of these various tribes of Indians, obtained nearly one hundred and ten millions of acres, worth nearly one hundred and thirty-eight millions of dollars, for twenty millions and a half of dollars.

The territory to which the Sioux have been exiled possesses but few attractions, and offers a poor substitute for the prairies, and woods, and lakes of Minnesota.

"Hardly yet the middle of summer," writes, under date of July 8, one of the Missionaries who had accompanied them, "and all these great plains are without a speck of green! Only in the lowest valleys, by the side of the river, is there any living grass; and that is fast being dried up by the burning rays of the sun, which, in this climate, know not a drop of cooling rain for weeks! It is even too dry to allow the dew to wet the face of the ground The little corn that we planted in the lowest spots, after we arrived, if it sprouted at all, only came up to wither and die. Sore as this prospect is, the Indians had better bear it now, as the feeling against them is such, that, if one dares to protest in the humblest manner, he is regarded as insolent, hostile, and dangerous."

Nothing, indeed, can be conceived more calamitous than the condition to which these people have been reduced. The corn which they planted in 1863 did not come up until

August, and the potatoes never came up. Early in January it became quite clear, that, if all remained at Fort Thompson till spring, many must starve. They were advised, therefore, as many as could do so, to scatter off, wheresoever there was any prospect of their picking up a living.

About 200 went down the river, to the neighbourhood of Fort Randall, where, partly from the white settlers in that vicinity, partly from the soldiers, but chiefly from the Yankton Indians who are settled near there, they succeeded in either begging or working for enough to keep them alive. There were only about half a dozen men among these. I have had a talk with one of those who has just returned, and who is a member of the church. He says the church members always met for worship on the Sabbath, and what pleased them most was, that many of the Yanktons were interested in the services, and would fill the house full whenever they had a meeting. They had great reverence for the worship of God, always kneeling in prayer, and trying to behave just as the Christians did. One blind man, in particular, often sent for him to go and have a meeting at his house; and many children would come to hear his little girl spell, and get her to teach them their letters. But they had no books. They said they wished some one would come and settle among them, and teach them. There are something over 2000 of these Indians—a branch of the Sioux nation. They plant to some extent, but live principally by the buffalo chase. They have a large number of horses, with which they make two or three hunts in a year, bringing in great packs of robes and dried meats.

Soon after these Indians started below, a young man who had been out trapping brought in word that there were large herds of buffalo on the plains, about 100 miles north of this. It was a doubtful undertaking, in the middle of winter, to venture out on those prairies, where one has to travel for two or three days without wood, to hunt buffalo; and these Indians were in poor plight for such an undertaking, being without horses to carry their baggage and chase the herds, and themselves very thinly clad. But they must do something. Government could give them nothing but some soup from day to day, which did not satisfy their appetites. All the men who were here determined to go, and most of them took their families.

There were probably fifty men and six or seven times as many women and children. I determined to go out and spend some time with them, and I am glad I did so, though it was a hard trip. I helped to show the Indians that they could travel over these wide prairies and keep the Sabbath; that they could kill buffalo without making charms; that they could live by the chase and worship God. By being altogether in their company from day to day, whether travelling or hunting, by eating with them and lodging in their tents for so long a time, I acquired a familiarity with their habits and language which may be of much service to me hereafter. I gratified my curiosity by seeing vast herds of buffalo, enough to supply New-York meat-market for the winter. I secured a knowledge of the country, which I was very desirous to obtain, especially of the head of the Minnesota Coteau, which I believe to be the best location for Indians in Minnesota or Dakotah.

Such, then, is the condition to which this remnant of the Dakotahs has been reduced. "In justice to this stricken and afflicted people, it should be said that they have shown not only a willingness, but also a strong desire to work; but there has been almost nothin which they could do. Especially has this proved to be the case with the women; and three-fourths of the families have no adult males with them. All the efforts made by the Indians, even with the aid furnished by the Government, have not sufficed for their comfortable support. Starvation has hung over them during the entire year, so that it has become exceedingly wearisome to see that dark cloud so near us, with no prospect of a brighter day."*

The removal policy of the United States appears to have succeeded with the principal Apalachian tribes, the Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws, and Chickasaws. They had made some proficiency in arts and agriculture, and, when they left their ancient homes east of the Mississippi, it was to exchange them for ample and fertile areas west of that stream, where, up to the period of the great disruption, and the commencement of the civil war,

* American Board Report for 1864.

they had greatly increased in wealth and population. But as regards the tribes who, farther north, have been subjected to the same experiment, the removal policy has proved to be a melancholy failure.

"In their new homes they have been disappointed in the permanent and abundant supplies of game furnished by the forests and prairies of the west. When they removed far towards the setting sun, and abandoned the wigwams and graves of their fathers, we told them they would get beyond the reach of the vices and oppressions of bad white men, and that the Great Spirit they reverenced would supply them with the deer, bear, elk, and buffalo. Their tastes and habits made them yield a willing ear to the stories which we told them of this promised land. Their hearts saddened, doubtless, when they turned and gazed for the last time on their native heath; yet they were cheered with the hope of a bright future, to be realized in the stillness of that wild to which they were treading their way.

"The policy, when adopted towards the Indians, seemed wise and humane. Its authors never anticipated the rapid progress of the extension of our settlements and population westward. It was supposed that the Mississippi, for many long years, would mark the western confines of the Union, and present a barrier to western expansion not to be overcome. Soon, however, the illusion was dissipated, for the sturdy pioneer leaped the rolling flood of the father of waters, and began to fell and conquer the forests on the western slopes of its great valleys. In a few brief years a tier of states was formed over the waters, and then it was confidently believed that the broad plains and prairies, mountains and valleys, westward as far as the Pacific, would only be trod by the wild beasts of the forests and his natural enemy, the red hunter. A few more years, however, demonstrated the impotency of the most sanguine imagination to fix limits to our march westward. The acquisition and settlement of California and Oregon has created the necessity of converting much of the Indian wilderness into a great highway and thoroughfare. Not less than 75,000 of our citizens annually traverse the Indian country on their journeyings to and from the Pacific coast. The red man is no longer permitted to roam the wilderness free from the baleful presence of the hated pale-face: he sees the buffalo driven further and further from his lands, his lodges, and his wigwams. He finds that the annual slaughter of this noble animal for his own subsistence, for that of the white caravans that dot and enliven the plains, and for the robes to supply the wants of civilized and savage life, amounts to upwards 400,000."†

This famine is at the heels of the expatriated Indian. "The rapid destruction of the buffalo is exhausting the only larder from whence they draw their support; the broad prairie yields them nothing but game, which is now only taken by labour, toil, and privation, and, when found, the quantity is so meagre as rather to tantalize than appease the dreadful gnawings of hunger.

"Some of the tribes on the frontier of Missouri, when they leave their lodges in the spring and fall, to enter upon the precarious hunt for food, traverse several hundred miles of foodless desert before reaching the harvest-field—the herds of buffalo."

What remains for the Indian? He must till the ground or die? But what shall change his nature, and bend the obstinacy with which he clings to the old and pernicious habits of his fathers? Christianity is the potent spell. It has wrought, farther north, such wondrous changes. In the dreary wildernesses of North-west America the Indian, when brought under its divine influence, ceases to be a nomade, builds for himself a home, and cultivates the earth.

But let them have, not the *mauvaises terres* of Nebraska, but land which, when tilled, will respond to the labour bestowed on it.

† "Schoolcraft on the Condition and Progress of the Indian tribes."

We stated at the beginning of this article, that, after the battle of Wood Lake, the chief, Little Crow, with a portion of his followers, fled, as it was supposed, towards the Missouri River.

It would appear, however, that on the American side of the frontier there was no rest for him. He entered, therefore, the British territory, and, towards the end of the year 1863, was found at the Red-River Settlement.

Now the Sioux have been for generations the hereditary implacable foes of the Chippeways, the Indian nation from whence our converts at the Red River have been principally gathered, and they have ever been regarded as the most dreaded invaders of the prairies north of the boundary. Moreover, on the present occasion it might be supposed, that, infuriated by severe losses, Little Crow would spare neither Indian nor white man. The extensive settlement at the Red River was, in fact, at his mercy, if he were disposed to repeat the massacre of Minnesota. The population is considerable—some 6000—but the homes of the people are scattered along the banks of the river for a distance of twenty miles. Before, then, the men capable of bearing arms could have been concentrated the blow might have been struck. That the apprehensions of evil were considerable will appear from the following notices which we find in the journals of Archdeacon Hunter.

*Nov.* 23, 1863—Heard to-day of the arrival of eighteen Sioux Indians at the upper part of the settlement. They run great risk in approaching the settlement, as some 400 American troops are now stationed at Pembina, who will not spare them if they cross their path. Poor, unhappy creatures, they are reduced to a miserable state, and, within the American lines, every man's hand is against them.

*Visit to the Sioux.*

*Dec.* 15—Visited the Sioux encampment near Sturgeon Creek, consisting of about seventy tents, containing 500 souls, men, women, and children. They reached the settlement in a very destitute condition, both naked and starving, after losing some thirty of their party by the way from fatigue and starvation. This is Little Crow's band, the principal perpetrators of the massacre, and now vengeance seems to have overtaken them, and they are suffering fearfully, we must add deservedly, for the wrongs and crimes and untold agonies then inflicted. They are crowding to the houses of the settlers in search of food, and some of them have travelled down the settlement as far as our residence. They enter our houses armed, and some of the men are very forbidding in their aspect. Many of them can speak English, but are not forward to do so, but rather conceal it. How much they need the Gospel, with its humanizing, civilizing, and, above all, its christianizing effects, to subdue the cruelty of their nature, and lead them to Him who is meek and lowly of heart, that they might find rest unto their souls.

*Departure of the Sioux.*

*Dec.* 25—Heard from Judge Black the pleasing intelligence that the authorities had at last succeeded in persuading the Sioux to leave the settlement. The judge writes—"I could not call on my way down from the Upper Fort this morning; but although it is possible you may have heard already the news of our deliverance from the presence of the Sioux, I yet cannot help giving you a line, with a reliable intelligence of the good riddance we have got of these dangerous Indians. Yesterday they were all off but one family, and that small remnant it was hoped would move off to-day. In wishing you and all around you a happy Christmas, I feel that this event is fitted to make the season much happier than it otherwise could have been. A dark and threatening cloud has been removed from us—darker than any that I ever remember hovering over the season; and surely we may well regard the peaceable departure of people who have filled the settlement with consternation and anxiety as the crowning mercy of the year."

The Sioux had received no injury from the British settlers, and they did them no wrong. So far as the settlement was capable of doing so, their wants were supplied, and they left in peace. The Indian is as he is dealt with. Kindness subdues him; injustice exasperates him. No tongue can describe, no imagination conceive, the

wrongs which the Red Indians of America have suffered at the hands of the white men who coveted their lands; and, lo! the lands where the life of the native owner was so pitiessly taken, and his blood so freely shed, is now saturated with the blood of the white men themselves. They have rooted out the aboriginal possessors, and the land is their own, and now they fiercely contend with one another, and human life is shed with a lavish prodigality previously unknown in the history of our race.

Verily there is a God that judgeth the earth!

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# Recent Intelligence.

## MADAGASCAR.

The Bishop of Mauritius, in reference to the Madagascar Missionaries and their work, in a letter dated April 24, 1865, says—

I think it better to write to you at once my impressions about our brethren at Vohimare. To my own mind the accounts we have just received are of a most favourable character. The internal evidence of the worth and weight of character of these true men, of their simplicity, and real and earnest longing desire for the spiritual good of the people, and of the affectionate and faithful manner in which they are discharging their duty, gaining access and using it rightly, and giving themselves to prayer in the ministry of the word,—all these are most instructive and encouraging. Then the stamp of genuine Missionary work; the charm of the varied interesting scenes and incidents occurring day after day; the history and character of their Governor; and the process through which his scribe has been led to baptism;—all this made me read every line of their journals with a zest sustained to the last. That my friend Raniandreaniprizenana, whose long name has caused his letter to be shown so often that it is now in shreds, should, in that journey to Vohimare as Governor three years ago, have been led to prepare, by his instructions and exhortations, a youth who was just ready for our Missionaries' further instruction, having received as a parting admonition from his former Governor and teacher, Luke xii. 4, 5, and that this youth should be their first baptized convert, is indeed matter of thankful interest. The accounts of leading men of the Sakalava tribe, the visit of the second Governor of Ambohitsera, the opportunity of sending Bible portions by the Arab merchants, and the fact of their having each a separate preaching-place, with ten miles interval between them, every Sunday, makes me feel quite at ease on the subject of the population. A better centre they could scarcely have.

As soon as Mr. Ansorgé returns to Mauritius I hope the itinerating will go on with spirit. Kushlli has made one journey which had a great variety of interesting incidents in it. He has done his work admirably. His tact in seizing the attention of unwilling persons is very great. In one of the Indian villages they came to in their journey the people were very unwilling to receive them; but he began to tell them of the last days of four men who were executed some time ago, and they soon gathered round him, when he had a good opportunity, and used it well. What a prospect would open out to us if the gifts of the ministry were poured out on the natives of lands where we have converts! Have we sufficiently expected those gifts, or honoured the Holy Spirit by whom they are dispensed? I very much doubt it.

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## NEW ZEALAND.

The following brief extracts, from the Bishop of Waiapu's letters, will show that, amidst the storms which have visited New Zealand, and wrought so much devastation on its infant Christianity, the root still remains in the ground, retaining its vitality,

and, after a time, when the clouds are dispersed and calmer weather supervenes, will send forth new branches—

*Dec.* 20, 1864—This is the dark side of the subject, but the night is far spent, and the day is at hand. We know that the end will soon come when all false religions shall give way to the Gospel, and we have only to wait awhile, and Christ will take to Himself his great power, and will reign. In this diocese we have been encompassed with difficulties, but our work goes on. The enemy comes in like a flood, but the Spirit of God lifts up a standard against him. I may refer you to our third synod, which was held on the 2nd of March, for signs of vitality. True, we had no natives present from the disturbed parts of the country, but there was much to be thankful for. There was an evidence that there are numbers who regard religion as a reality, and that the desire increases for clergymen to reside among them. At Waiapu we have three excellent men, the Revs. Rota Waitoa, Raniera Kawhia, and Mohi Turei. They are living in a disturbed district, but they hold their ground, and their influence acts powerfully, and many of those who had been among the disaffected have come over to the quiet party. At Tokomaru we have the Rev. Matiaha Pahewa, a good and useful man. At Wairoa the Rev. Tamehana Huata has now the sole charge of an important district, and is faithful to his trust. A sixth, the Rev. Hare Tawhaa, we find of great service at Tauranga. He, together with Mohi Turei, were admitted to deacons' orders on the 25th of September. On Sunday last, the 18th of December, another of our teachers, Wetene Moeke, was ordained deacon. He will reside at Table Cape, taking a part of Mr. Hamlin's district. We have one other native deacon, the Rev. Ihara Te Ahu, living at Maketu.

The collections for the Endowment Fund are still going on. During this year of trouble and excitement the sum of 491*l.* has been given for this object from seven different districts, which is a sufficient indication of a right feeling among the natives. While, therefore, the enemy is doing his utmost to hinder the Gospel, and to draw away the people after lying vanities, God is manifesting his power in the behalf of his people, and He gives us the assurance that he is directing all things towards the accomplishment of his purposes, the final result of which will be the establishment of his kingdom.

*Feb.* 7, 1865—I returned a few days ago from Waiapu, where I had been to hold the meeting of the diocesan synod. In these times of trouble it was a great encouragement to be able to have such a meeting, in a district, too, which has been much disturbed by hostile feeling against the Government. We assembled at Te Kawakawa, which is the centre village of the parish of the Rev. Rota Waitoa, and arrangements had been made for the hospitable entertainment of the whole synod upon Rota's premises, an additional raupo house having been erected for the occasion. There were, however, seven clergymen, including my son and Mr. Clarke, and thirteen synodsmen, but all were from the eastern coast. Neither Archdeacon Brown, nor Mr. Volkner, nor Mr. Spencer, were able to leave their homes. Indeed, that part of the country is still so much disturbed that travellers are not allowed to pass along the coast.

The business of our synod was not important in itself. There was no onward progress to be recorded, but still these meetings are a means of strengthening the faith, and encouraging the hope, of those who desire to hold stedfast in a right course, and are particularly beneficial to our native clergymen.

I have previously spoken of a deputation having been sent to Turanga from Opotiki, to invite the natives to rise up and join a hostile expedition against Maketu. We found at Waiapu other messengers, who had gone for the like purpose; but, by a remarkable providence, the principal person of this embassy was struck down by fever, and died; and the Waiapu natives, though there is still a strong party supporting the cause of the Maori king, were not inclined to respond to the invitation, but only sent a party of sixteen to conduct the surviving messenger back.