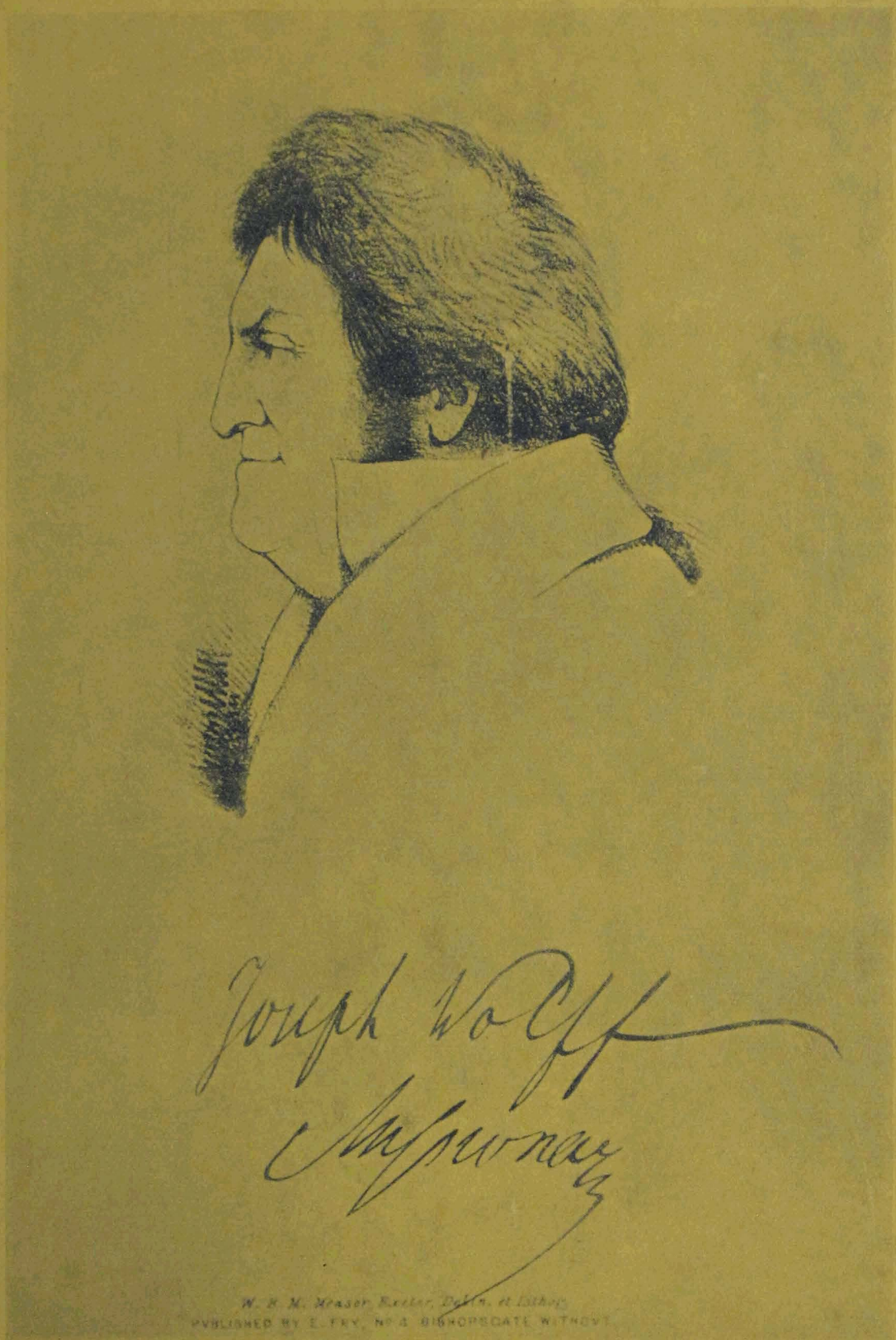
JOSEPH WOLFF

HIS ROMANTIC LIFE AND TRAVELS

By

H. P. PALMER, M.A.

Author of "The Bad Abbot of Evesham and other Mediæval Studies," &c.



WITH FOUR FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS
AND A MAP

HEATH CRANTON Ltd., 6 Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4

PORTRAIT OF WOLFF AT AGE OF ABOUT 45

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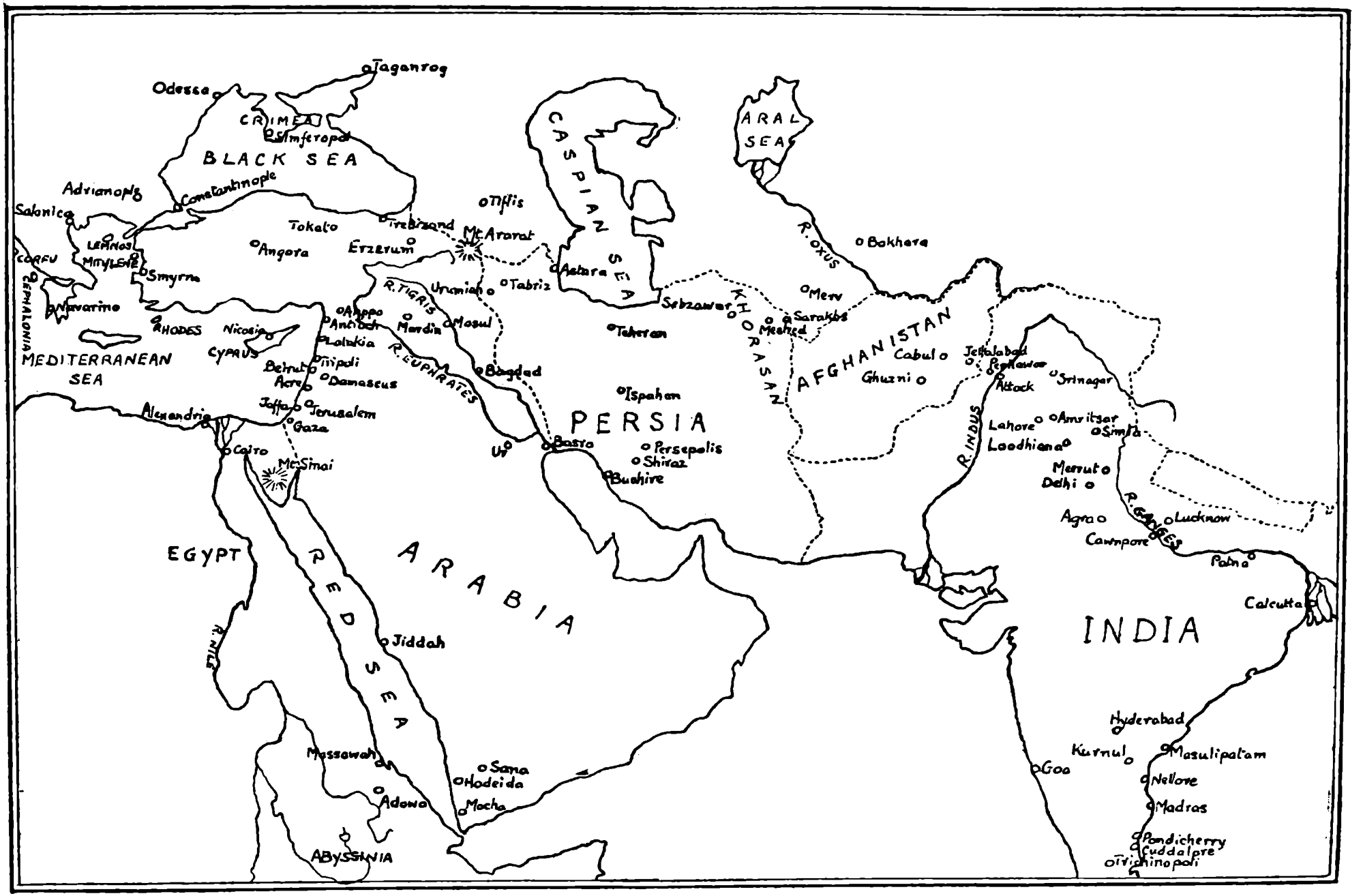
INTRODUCTION

JOSEPH WOLFF was a well-known figure in England in the former half of the nineteenth century. Almost every educated person had heard of him as an adventurous missionary and traveller, whose experiences were unique. Gradually, however, he has been almost forgotten. The reason is that the records of his life, composed by himself, were so obscured by long dissertations and other matter outside the subject, and were so long and so expensive, that they obtained only a very limited circulation. Consequently, though these records contain much of intense interest, Wolff's name and fame are now known to very few. Yet he was a notable man. The son of a Jewish rabbi of Franconia, he was born in 1795. Tormented by doubts about the truth of the Jewish version of Christianity, he left home in his boyhood without a penny in the world. Possessing some little knowledge of Latin, Greek and Hebrew, he subsisted mainly by teaching. He was received into the Roman Catholic Church and found his way to Vienna, where he became a familiar and popular figure in the cultured circles of that city. He afterwards fulfilled his great ambition of going to Rome, where he was most kindly treated by Pius VII, and studied in the College of the Propaganda, with the view of becoming a missionary. He proved a restive and impossible Roman Catholic, and his kind hosts were compelled to part with him.

After long wanderings, he came to England, where



MAP OF WOLFF'S TRAVELS BY D. H. MIDDLETON, B.SC.

for some time he was financed by Henry Drummond, who started him on that career of missionary work in which he spent his more active years. He continued his study of the Eastern languages at Cambridge, leaving the Latin communion and becoming a member of the Church of England.

At last, in 1821, he began, as he says, his missionary work among " the dispersed of my people in Palestine, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, the Crimea, Georgia and the Ottoman empire." He left nowhere any organisation to carry on his mission, confident that his message would not be delivered in vain.

In 1827, he amazed the world by marrying Georgiana, sixth daughter of the Earl of Orford, and this greatly improved his social position.

Wolff describes his next period of missionary work as spent for his brethren " in England, Scotland, Ireland and the Mediterranean." " I then passed," he continues, " to Turkey, Persia, Turkestan, Afghanistan, Cashmere, Hindostan and the Red Sea."

In the course of these travels he reached Cabul, after having been compelled to walk six hundred miles, often in bitter and snowy weather, without any clothing.

At Sangerd, he and his fellow travellers were stripped and tied to the tails of horses, and subsequently put into a miserable dungeon at Torbad Hydarea. On another occasion, he received two hundred lashes on the feet, inflicted by the Kurds. Later, he was horsewhipped by an Arab tribe known as the Wahabites. He was several times in momentary expectation of instant death.

Such painful experiences were, in a measure, compensated for by visits to the Viceroy of India, and an almost royal reception when he travelled in India and Cashmere. He was usually hospitably entertained by the leading men of most of the places which he visited. He was at home everywhere in the East, and could speak fluently in his own language with almost everyone whom he met. He was ordained deacon by the Bishop of New Jersey in 1838, and admitted to the priesthood by the Bishop of Dromone. His honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred by Trinity College, Dublin.

Wolff's last great enterprise was his expedition to Bokhara, to ascertain the fate of Stoddart and Conolly, English officers imprisoned by the Ameer. To create a greater impression, Wolff took with him his doctor's scarlet hood, clerical gown and shovel-hat. He styled himself "the Grand Dervish of England, Scotland, Ireland and of the whole of Europe and America." The expedition proved fruitless, as Stoddart and Conolly had already been executed by the Ameer. On his return to England, he was presented to the living of Ile Brewers, in Somerset, where he lived for fifteen years, building a new church, vicarage and schools. He died in 1862.

Blackwood, of August 1861, thus speaks of his closing days at Ile Brewers. "In this calm refuge reposes the most notable of wandering Jews. We know neither priest nor traveller to compare with this son of the desert, this wandering cross-bearer, this Grand Dervish of Christendom."

An attempt is made in this book to disentangle the

leading events of Wolff's life from the extraneous matter with which they are combined and which robs the narrative of much of its interest. His life indeed was so crowded with unusual incidents that it may be truly described as one long romance.

CHAPTER I

BIRTH, EARLY EDUCATION AND EXPERIENCES

Birth: Childhood: Early education: Flight from home and subsequent adventures: Baptism and Confirmation

JOSEPH WOLFF'S father, David, was born at Weilersbach, near Bamberg in Franconia, and was a man of some distinction. He studied Hebrew and the Chaldean languages in the Jewish College at Prague, and, after spending some time as tutor in good families, returned to Weilersbach, married, and became Rabbi there in 1794.

Joseph, David's elder son, was born in 1795.

Terrified by the French invasion of that year, the family left Weilersbach in haste and went to the Spa of Kissingen, when Joseph was but fifteen days old. The child was so beautiful that he attracted the admiration of the Duchess of Weimar and other visitors, " who took him from his nurse, carried him about and showed him as a prodigy."

Jacob Leeb, David Wolff's second son, was born in 1796.

In the following year, the Wolffs again folded their tents and went to Halle, where David was appointed as Rabbi. His son was sent to a Christian school, except on days when religious instruction was given. This fact illustrates the extraordinary advance in the relationship between Christians and Jews since the Middle Ages, when the latter, isolated and apart in their separate quarters, had no dealings, except in

money matters, with the Christians, and were the objects of bitter gibes and insults.

Joseph was taught the Jewish religion and ceremonies, and listened with eagerness to the conversation of the Jews who met in his father's house. When he heard of Jesus, he asked his father who Jesus was, and was told that he was a young man of the highest character who was sentenced to death for pretending to be the Messiah. In reply to the child's inquiry, his father told him that the Jews were in captivity because they had slain the prophets. Joseph at once began to wonder whether Jesus Himself was not one of these murdered prophets.

There was a barber-surgeon called Spiess living at Uffeld, to whose house Joseph used to go to fetch the milk, and while waiting, often chatted with him, his family and friends. Here he would talk " about the future glory of the Jews at the coming of the Messiah, who would kill the great fish Leviathan which ate ten millions of every kind of fish every day ; and which is as large as the whole world, and would also kill a large ox, which feeds every day on three thousand mountains, and the Jews would eat of that fish, and of that ox, when the Messiah should come."

Spiess and his family were " in fits of laughter " when the child related these wonders and astonishing predictions. The conversation was sometimes much more serious, and one day Spiess told Joseph that the Jews had slain Jesus of Nazareth, who was the Messiah. The child was advised to go home and read the fifty-third chapter of the prophet Isaiah. He would then at once be convinced of the truth that Jesus was the Son of God. " These words entered

like a flash of lightning into Wolff's heart, and he can surely say that he believed, and was struck dumb."

When he reached home, he asked of whom the prophet Isaiah spoke. His father stared at him but gave no reply, and Joseph went into another room and wept. Then he heard his father say to his mother, who was also weeping, " God have mercy upon us, our son will not remain a Jew! He is constantly walking about and thinking, which is not natural."

On the very next day, Wolff ran off to the Lutheran pastor of the parish and expressed his wish to become a Christian and a preacher. The pastor asked his age and, when informed that he was only seven years old, exclaimed, " Wonderful child! I cannot receive you, because you are under the tutelage of your father and mother. Come back to me when you are older." Even at this early period, Wolff began to be ambitious. Sometimes he thought that he would go to Jerusalem and become a great preacher. At other times, he fancied that he should like to be the Pope.

Time passed. Joseph, under the tuition of his father and others, was already a little scholar of some attainments, and was acquiring a knowledge of languages, which was afterwards so useful and maintained him during many adventurous years.

Joseph was eleven years of age when his father sent him and his brother to the house of a wealthy lady at Stuttgart on the Necker.

This lady undertook to see that Joseph was instructed in Latin and in the knowledge of the Talmud, for at this period his father hoped that he would become a rabbi and a physician to the Jews.

Consequently, Joseph was sent to the Protestant Lyceum. At the house of his hostess he met several Jews, who were really modern Sadducees. They said that the Mosaic law was not obligatory, that the moral law was the same for all, and thus even if Moses were a great man, he was none the less a great impostor. Such conversations tended to weaken still further Wolff's tottering Jewish faith, and he sometimes wondered if there were really any necessity for a revelation. Like so many others of his own day and ours he scarcely knew where to turn for comfort and support. His early spiritual struggles may be paralleled in the youthful history of many a noble heart.

It was unfortunate for Joseph's progress and happiness at Stuttgart that he and his brother did not agree. Indeed it could scarcely be expected that they should. His brother had no literary tastes, buying and selling in a small way was all he thought of, and he was already disposing of old books and old clothes to buy pins and needles to sell again. There was no greater contrast between the two brothers drawn by Shakespeare, Hamlet's father and Hamlet's uncle, than existed between Joseph and Jacob Wolff. With such an unsympathetic drag upon his cheerfulness and his energies, it is not surprising that Wolff's health suffered, and that he returned for a short visit to his father's house. Joseph thus describes his feelings at this period of his life : " Not having any very good religious principles, my moral character began to fall. I sometimes lifted my eyes to Heaven, but not with filial confidence or child-like simplicity. My father and mother observed that something was

amiss and shed tears. I was only eleven years of age, and yet an insatiable vanity and ambition had taken possession of my heart."

It was at this time that he was asked by his father what he wished to be. He answered, " A physician and preacher." The old Jews, who were present, stroked their hands over their heads and said, " Woe, woe, woe ! Your son will not remain a Jew. He will be mixed with the Gentiles and go the way of all the Gentiles."

Joseph afterwards went to see his uncle Asshur at Weilersbach. His uncle earnestly advised him to give up studying. He felt sure, he said, that it would lead on to Christianity, and, if it did, he should not leave him one farthing. He received the generous reply, " My cousins are more deserving of your fortune than myself, for they are the staff of your old age."

Joseph then asked for and obtained his uncle's blessing. As he was leaving, old Asshur gave him some parting words. " Now go in peace, say the blessing over everything you eat ; don't eat with uncovered head ; go every day to the synagogue ; never lie down without having said, ' Hear, Israel, the Lord our God is God.' "

When he left Weilersbach, Wolff went to stay with his cousin Moses Cohen at Bamberg. This cousin seems to have been a " modernist " Jew, whose faith had been weakened by the study of the works of Kant, Schiller and Goethe. He introduced Joseph to the Roman Catholic Lyceum. Religious instruction was given on Wednesdays, and although his teacher told him he need not attend on that day, Wolff requested permission to listen to the lectures. This

teaching was much to his taste, as Father Nepff, the priest who gave it, was highly practical and sympathetic.

Thus the Father lectured on the Sermon on the Mount, which seems to contain the marching orders of all Christians, and followed this discourse on another day with a graphic account of St. Paul's conversion. When Wolff heard quoted St. Luke's pregnant description of Saul in the days of his fanatical hatred of the Christian religion and of the tyranny of the Sanhedrin, he then and there decidedly and definitely made up his mind to embrace the Christian faith and to become a missionary. He went back to his cousin's house and said in the presence of many Jews, " My mind is made up ; I will become a Christian and be a Jesuit, and I will preach the Gospel in foreign lands, like Francis Xavier." The cousin, who was, no doubt, quite accustomed to every form of belief without holding very tightly to any, merely laughed. His wife, however, whose religious principles seem to have cloaked a violent temper, " became very angry, threw a poker at Wolff, cursed him and turned him out of the house."

Thus Wolff made an early start into the realities of life, when he was driven forth a forlorn wanderer, to seek his fortune in the world. He had neither silver nor gold, but yet possessed a real purse of Fortunatus, an unbounded store of hope and self-reliance. Beautifully does Wolff relate the touching incident which soon followed, and must have made him feel that there were kind and generous hearts in the world.

" Wolff left Bamberg without saying one word, and without a single farthing in his pocket, and travelled towards Wurtzburg. On his way, in a field, he found a shepherd, who was a Roman Catholic, and he asked him if he might stay in his house for the night. The shepherd replied, ' Yes, my friend,' and brought him to his cottage." He then asked Wolff if he were a Roman Catholic. Wolff replied by giving him an account of his history, and after they had partaken of a frugal meal, the amiable shepherd knelt down with his family to pray the rosary, but previous to their commencing the prayer, the shepherd said, " Let us pray five Ave Marias and one Paternoster for the good of the soul of this poor Jew, that the Lord may guide him to his fold." They prayed five Ave Marias and one Paternoster and, in the morning, before Wolff left, the shepherd said to him, " Friend, you are in distress ; allow me to share with you what I have got. I will give you two florins, which will carry you well to Frankfort." One rarely lights upon a more beautiful idyll or a more touching episode.

Wolff continued his pilgrimage to Frankfort. When he arrived there, he found much to depress and astonish. The Jews rejected their own religion, and far from being convinced believers, the Catholics hardly possessed the shadow of Christianity. Anxious to obtain the best advice, Joseph went to a Protestant professor, and told him that he wished to obtain more instruction and subsequently to be baptised.

" My dear friend," said the Professor, " it is not necessary to become a Christian, because Christ was only a great man, such as our Luther: and you can

even be a moral man without being a Christian, which is all that is necessary."

Wolff did not appreciate these chilling words, which seemed to whittle down Christianity to a straw, and his introduction by the Professor to unbelieving Jews must have been quite as discouraging. The poor boy became very unhappy and, like so many children, suffered much from the evil of introspection.

He says of himself, "My own heart was still divided. I gave the best part to the world, but the worst to our Lord, and sought Christ and his religion with but little earnestness. I loved human conversation too much, and therefore my morality began to sink again. I very often wished that the principles of the deist might be true; but I could never satisfy myself that they were so, and oftentimes tears ran from my eyes."

Though Wolff found little or nothing at Frankfort to encourage his aspirations, he seems to have been successful in earning his living by teaching Hebrew, and for that reason remained in the city, but, at the end of a three months' stay, he became ill, and was in a hospital for a month. When he came out, a great sorrow awaited him, for on going to Weilersbach to see his father, he found that he was dead. He must indeed have felt that he was near the limit of human endurance, and have echoed the words of the Psalmist, "All Thy waves and storms are gone over me."

Yet, with the inborn tenacity of his race, Wolff went bravely forward. He now made his way to Halle, where the Christians persecuted him because

he was a Jew, and where the Jews made his stay unpleasant, because he proposed to become a Christian. There was therefore every inducement to leave and go to another town. From this time forward, when passing from one town to another, Wolff always armed himself with testimonials or with letters of introduction. It was an excellent plan, and was the means of procuring a multitude of friends. Such testimonials Wolff took with him, when, to his great joy, he left Halle and went on to the famous city of Prague.

His intention seems to have been to unite himself to the Christian Church by becoming a member of the Roman communion.

The Catholics of Prague did everything to discourage him when he spoke of joining them. They were guided by a long and bitter experience of Jews, and put no faith in his professions. They told him that " Jews were become Christians by hundreds, without the slightest conviction of the truth of Christianity ; so that, if a boy twelve years of age does not get from his father what he wants, he says to him, ' Father, if you do not grant my request, I will apostatise.' "

Wolff went to see some of the Catholic clergy, who " declared that they had been too often deceived by the Jews to confide in any of them again." The disconsolate boy shook off the dust of Prague from his feet and wandered to Vienna, thence to Presburg, and then back again to Vienna. Evidently he hardly knew what to do, or what course to adopt. When he arrived at Vienna, he was once again without a farthing in the world. Almost at his wits' end, he was

wandering sorrowfully near the barracks, uncertain where he should get his next meal or his next bed, when an Austrian officer, who had followed him unobserved, struck him on the shoulder and asked him why he was so vexed and disquieted. Wolff replied, " I am a young man who wish to be instructed in the Christian faith, and to find friends who will assist me that I may continue my studies. I came therefore to Vienna, but I have found no one to aid me and my money is gone." The officer then inquired whether Wolff was carrying any " testimonials " to character with him, and testimonials from the professors at Halle were at once produced. The officer was impressed and, as he thoughtfully stroked his moustache, delighted Wolff by offering him free quarters in his house on condition that he made himself useful. Wolff's position with the officer was improved, when within three days of his arrival, he was found reading the Æneid of Virgil and showed that he was able to translate it.

Wolff rose at once to the position of a guest, and was invited to remain as long as he wished and until his difficulties had disappeared. Very comfortable and happy as he was with the officer and his wife, he probably felt that he must find a less dependent position. He therefore concluded his pleasant visit after a stay of six weeks, and went towards Munich. Between Vienna and Munich lay a large, rich and celebrated Benedictine monastery. Wolff had heard much of such religious houses, and believed them to be institutions consecrated to learning, science and religion. He therefore addressed the Prior in Latin, and asked whether he might stay in the monastery,

receiving instruction in Latin, and teaching the students Hebrew. His offer was accepted on the understanding that he received his board and ten florins a week. The condition of this monastery no way realised Wolff's expectations of its merits. The brethren were no spare students " with looks commercing with the skies, their rapt souls sitting in their eyes." On the contrary, their one idea seemed to be to get through the day as pleasantly as possible. They took up every form of amusement, and, as Wolff puts it, spent their time in " jollification." Indeed, this monastery had become, like the richer houses in England in medieval times, a really first-class club. One of the diversions of the studious monks at Molk was " to set on their cook who was a very handsome woman to tease Wolff." When, one day, he was at dinner in the refectory, the cook entered, and asked whether he would eat pork. Wolff quietly consented, but when she sang a mocking song in ridicule of Moses, he was furious, slapped the woman's face and hastened to Munich.

In this city Wolff was well treated by the Jews, and he found in the Gymnasium an institution which met many of his requirements. It may surprise the reader to learn that in the first decade of the last century the Gymnasium at Munich, directed by the Government, provided education in every subject mental and physical, from Greek to dancing. Wolff studied Greek, Latin and History. He found on his arrival that he was expected to learn dancing, an accomplishment which, like shaving, he could never master. Hoping to escape the infliction of dancing lessons, he wrote a letter of protest. The professors

at the gymnasium received this letter with derision. His request was not only ignored, but he was ordered to learn both drawing and dancing. " He never could draw a line, however, but got a friend to do his work for him, and all admired his skill, until he betrayed himself by telling them laughingly of the imposition."

The punishment of Wolff's offence was sufficiently severe. He was birched, and then suffered " durance vile " for twenty-four hours on bread and water. While at Munich he was fortunate in meeting a Catholic priest. This liberal ecclesiastic acquainted Wolff with the difference between Catholicism and Protestantism and lent him not only works of Bossuet, Fenelon and Sailer, but also Protestant books. Wolff does not seem to have been outraged by the treatment meted out in the gymnasium, but remained in Munich for six months, adding daily to the considerable store of knowledge which he had already acquired. He tells us that he gave special attention to the great German poets, Schiller, Wieland and Goethe, but rather sententiously apologises for reading these writers. " A Jew, when truly called to the Christian faith, reads not such worldly books! "

On leaving Munich, Wolff made a short stay at Anspach, where the perusal of sceptical Protestant works confirmed him in his resolution of being baptised into the Roman Catholic Church. He then went on to Saxe Weimar and studied at the Lyceum. He declares that at Saxe Weimar he found only two old women who were true Christians. The learned men of the city indeed held but an emasculated form of the faith, but at the same time were exceedingly practical in their advice. Thus one of them said to

Wolff, " If you believe a revelation which passes the human understanding, I would counsel you to embrace the Catholic faith, but when you are a naturalist as I am, I counsel you to embrace our Protestant religion, because Protestantism corresponds to human nature." At Saxe Weimar, Wolff had the good fortune to arouse the interest of Johannes Falk, the satirical poet and the intimate friend both of Goethe and Schiller. With him he read the Latin classics and Natural Philosophy. Falk, however, discountenanced all Wolff's missionary schemes, and flouted his idea of being baptised into the Christian Church. " Wolff," he said, " stay where you are, for, if you remain a Jew, you will become a celebrated Jew, but, as a Christian, you will never be celebrated, for there are plenty of other clever Christians in the world."

It was at Saxe Weimar that there occurred one of the most striking incidents in Wolff's life, which was nothing less than meeting and conversing with Goethe himself.

" One day he was walking out with Falk, when a gentleman with a commanding and wonderful countenance came towards them. Wolff said to Falk, ' I am sure this is Goethe.' Falk said, ' How do you know that ? ' Wolff replied, ' I have read his *Egmont* and I judge from that, for only a man with such a countenance could have written *Egmont.* ' "

Goethe came towards Falk and embraced him in a cordial German manner. Then Falk told Goethe, " Now imagine, this boy knew you from having read your *Egmont.*" Goethe was flattered with this and patted Wolff's head. Falk then told him, " He wants

to become a Christian and a man like Francis Xavier, but I advise him to remain a Jew, in which case he will become a celebrated Jew." Goethe said to Wolff, " Young man, follow the bent of your own mind and do not listen to what Falk says."

Wolff, who seems to have discovered the secret of perpetual motion, left Weimar for Heidelberg, and from Heidelberg he went to the famous monastery of Santa Maria Einsiedlen in Switzerland and there he earned money by teaching Hebrew and Chaldean. When Wolff arrived at Soleure, the next resting-place in his travels, he asked permission of Father Gunter, the Principal, to attend lectures in philosophy at the college. He also told the Father that he wished to be baptised and become a missionary. Gunter seemed pleased, and informed Wolff that he could attend the lectures and also receive religious instruction, but must on no account reveal the fact that he was a Jew. If this were known, there would be grave risk of an uproar in the town. He must attend the church services like other members of the college, and must board in the house of a citizen with another student called Biederman. Henceforth Wolff and Biederman occupied the same bedroom and became close friends. One night, however, as they were lying in their beds with the candle burning between them, Wolff, after feeling his way very carefully and ascertaining that whatever he might tell Biederman there would be no rupture of their friendship, asked the question : " Whom do you think I am ? " Biederman replied that he had always had his doubts about Wolff's Catholicism, owing to his singular behaviour in church. " You sit when others stand, you kneel

when others sit." Wolff thereupon revealed his nationality in the words, " I am a Jew." The words were no sooner out of Wolff's mouth than Biederman was more terrified than if he had seen a lion in the room. He screamed and leaped out of bed. The startled landlord and his wife rushed in, with the question on their lips, " What's the matter, is the devil with you ? " " Worse than that," answered Biederman, " Wolff's a Jew." They were, however, pacified when Wolff informed them that he was on the point of becoming a Christian, and hoped later to be a missionary.

Yet further trouble was on its way. In the dining-room of the house, there was a statuette of the Blessed Virgin and Child. Towards these figures the family turned during grace. One day Wolff, with an infinite want of tact, looked ostentatiously out of the window while this harmless little ceremony was going on. He then proceeded to tell his landlady that Christ was everywhere, and that the figures were only a piece of wood. The landlord went off with the story of Wolff's irreverence to Father Gunter, who in vain asked him to apologise. Instead of doing so, Wolff set out for Prague. There, as he was passing one of the churches, he heard a most eloquent sermon from a Franciscan friar, who, as he says, preached Christ's Gospel and not superstition. Wolff told him who he was, and how much he wished to be baptised. The friar was very sympathetic and introduced him to the Vicar-General of the Archbishop of Prague, and other dignitaries. All seemed anxious to forward Wolff's wishes. It was, therefore, arranged that he should stay for some little time in the Benedictine Abbey

of Emmaus at Prague, with the view of being ultimately baptised. As preparation for the baptism, a brother of the Abbey read with him the Prophets, the Gospels and the more spiritual works of St. Augustine, St. Thomas à Kempis, Stolberg and Sailer.

The day of Wolff's entrance into the Christian church at last arrived, and he was baptised on September 13th, 1812, by no less a person than the Abbot himself, Leopold Zelda, a sufficient proof of the high estimation in which he was held by the convent. He was seventeen years old at the time of his baptism, and received the Christian name of Joseph. Shortly after his baptism, he was confirmed by the Bishop of Leutmeritz. When, after this decisive event in Wolff's life, he left the Abbey, the brethren advised him to go to Vienna and to study philosophy and the oriental languages, and he decided to follow this advice. Wolff must always have thought affectionately of the Abbey at Prague, and we may note, that though he eventually left the Latin Church, yet the goodness, kindness and true religion, which he had so often found within its pale, were deeply appreciated and fondly remembered. On the other hand, the ignorant fulminations of ultra-Protestants against the Church of Rome, usually so exaggerated, and often so untruthful, aroused his contempt.

CHAPTER II

VIENNA : STOLBERG

Religion at Vienna : Parties in the church : Visit to Stolberg

As has been seen, Wolff thought himself competent to decide the form of his changed religion at the age of seventeen years. It might have been anticipated that, in the case of one so critical and observant, the time would come when the stability of his new faith would be tested and perhaps gradually undermined. Vienna was at this time one of the most cultivated and intellectual cities in the world. Just as in Athens of old, every phase of current philosophical and religious opinion was represented. In a residence of two years, Wolff could not fail to discover how many and how diverse were the religious opinions of different members of the Roman Catholic Church, and how mistaken is the view that its real unity is always maintained. A unity doubtless there is, but it is often a unity which is only outward and superficial. An attentive observer resident at Vienna in 1812 would have found that within the Church there were no less than four important parties, sharply antagonistic to one another in many ways. Just as in the days of Socrates there were many influential Athenians who thought that the customary morality should not even be questioned, so the official Catholicism of Vienna, as represented by the Court, the Archbishop and the ecclesiastical dignitaries, was opposed to any change in orthodox belief and practice.

Exponents of this school of thought esteemed it the more excellent way to make the best of things as they were, to go on quietly with time-honoured doctrines or observances, without discussion or debate. At the same time, while initiating no changes, and while accepting the Papal Supremacy, this party resented any encroachments of the Holy See on the privileges of the National Church.

The second party concerned itself with that most difficult of problems, the inspiration of Holy Scripture. This party found many adherents among those who found it impossible to credit a plenary inspiration, or to accept the strained and unnatural interpretations of the prophecies which had prevailed almost unopposed for so many ages, that they were believed by many to be unassailable.

The third ecclesiastical party at Vienna, of which Sailer and Stolberg were the leaders, rejected all doctrines concerning which the Church had issued no definite pronouncement. Such doctrines were those of the immaculate conception of the Virgin and the infallibility of the Pope. These doctrines did not become dogmas of the Church until the pontificate of Pius IX. Before that time, though strongly and almost universally believed, they were only in the category of " pious opinions." Consequently Sailer, Stolberg, and their party were within their rights in rejecting them. That prayer should be offered to God alone and that there was no need of intercessors between Him and men was another tenet of this, the " Broad Church " party.

Stolberg held the view generally taken at the present time about the Crusades. These quixotic

undertakings deluged the East with blood and beggared Christendom, and yet had been supported by the whole power of the Popes and of the Catholic Church. Stolberg, as a Christian and as a humanitarian, held them in horror. The Inquisition also, with its holocaust of tortured victims, was in his eyes an abomination. Moreover, to Stolberg, John Huss was a martyr, and Luther a man for whom he had a great respect. These opinions, held not merely by the leaders of the party, but by the multitude which followed him, were apparently not resented by Pope Pius VII, himself the most liberal-minded of men. That excellent pontiff in his first interview with Wolff conversed with him about Stolberg, and does not seem to have uttered any adverse opinion, nor to have given Wolff any warning against his teaching.

Very influential at Vienna was the popular party with its pet preacher, its belief in outworn legends and traditions, in the continuance of miracles and in its passionate adoration of the Virgin and the Saints. The leader of this, the fourth party, was C. M. Hoffbauer, who had the powerful support of some of the foremost writers of the day, such as the poet Weimer, Friedrich von Schlegil, Madam de Staël and Adam Müller, the philosopher and historian. Hoffbauer had also a strong ecclesiastical following, for behind him were the episcopate of Hungary and many of the Austrian clergy. Pius VII was struck by his self-renouncing zeal and gave him a measure of his support. Hoffbauer was an enthusiast, who commenced his long day of hard work and spiritual exercises at four in the morning. At twelve, he presided over a meeting of the young clergy who lived

with him at his house. All knelt, and Hoffbauer then introduced a meditation on some spiritual subject. He was a noted preacher and emulated, if he did not surpass, the Cromwellian divines in preaching five times daily. His sermons were distinguished by dramatic power, and by a rough anecdotic eloquence much akin to that which made Hugh Latimer so popular. Some of his conversations resembled his sermons. For example, he thus told the following story relating to Martin Luther :

" A preacher in Switzerland exclaimed in a sermon, ' My dear brethren, shall I bring Luther forth from hell ? ' They exclaimed, ' Yes.' ' Well,' he cried, ' Luther,' and a voice from outside was heard asking, ' What do you want ? ' ' Come in,' was the reply, ' and show yourself that you are in hell ! ' Then Luther came in in his old gown, roaring dreadfully, and with a kettle of sulphur upon his head, with which he made such a stench that all the congregation ran out of the church."

It can be imagined that Hoffbauer was as much in request as a confessor as Chaucer's friar. Undoubtedly he was a sincere and earnest man, but he was of violent temper, sometimes striking his young clergy even in the middle of a service. He practised mental reservation, and by no stretch of language could he be called straightforward. His dress was singular. He wore a three-cornered cocked hat, a black gown of rough cloth, shoes without buckles, and coarse woollen stockings. His principal recreation seems to have been found in knitting such stockings. Wolff knew him well, and eventually saw more of him than perhaps he wished, as he lived in his home for seven months.

To Wolff it must have been a congenial task to watch the trend of philosophical and religious thought in Vienna and to converse on such subjects in the brilliant society in which he moved. He himself, soon inclined to the advanced opinions of Sailer and Stolberg. He had brought with him letters from eminent orientalists, had matriculated at the University, and had been declared competent to give private lessons in the Chaldean, Latin, Hebrew and German languages. All this was, of course, to his advantage, but his greatest help was his own personal magnetism. As has been well said, " Everybody delighted in the charming young man. From the innocent vagabondage of his student life, the friendless and moneyless lad came aloft with a spring into the best society. To see and to embrace him were almost the same thing throughout his fascinating career. Without any visible interval he comes from the Hebrew teaching by which he kept life and learning in him, to the intimate friendship of Friedrich Schleill, of Count Stolberg, and of half the great people of Vienna. Everybody furthered and forwarded his aims : most people took him into their confidence, he received support and encouragement while he stayed, and, when he went away, sheaves of introductory letters, which made his path familiar ground. Making allowances for that vanity which our hero confesses, this is less unbelievable than might be supposed at the first glance. The young Jew was no shy genius, sensitive on the subject of his own claims to regard, but a most straightforward, light-hearted, self-confident mortal, aware

of his own agreeabilities, and happily incredulous that anyone could resist them."

During the vacations at Vienna, Wolff sometimes went on holiday into Hungary, a country perhaps better known to the sportsman than to the scholar. There he found a cultivated upper class, endowed with talents and learning, while the small farmers, vine-dressers and miners were sunk in ignorance. Indeed, to some of them the Bible and the name of Christ were quite unknown. Wolff tells us that murders and robberies were quite usual incidents in Hungary, and he attributes them to the general ignorance and irreligion which prevailed. Even when he was enjoying his vacations, Wolff contrived to meet men of distinction. Thus he saw the "great Archbishop of Erlau," probably the "Catholic Archbishop," whom he mentions and naïvely describes as a "pleasant man with some Scriptural knowledge." He also met "the gentlemanly Baron Zzebesy," and various Hungarian scholars, and was convinced that "there are great geniuses among many of those nations which are often considered to be barbarians."

We have seen that Wolff had already given his allegiance to the religious party of which Count Stolberg may fairly be described as the head. He had been fascinated by all that he had heard of his high character, his mysticism, and his liberal and Catholic opinions. He determined, therefore, if possible, to spend some time in his society. Jowett, the Master of Balliol, used to complain that a certain shyness and timidity had often thwarted him in life. It can be said with absolute certainty that Wolff

suffered from no such self-distrust. Nor had he at any time the smallest doubt of his ability to make himself a welcome guest, wherever he might be. We are not therefore surprised to find that he wrote to Stolberg, who lived in his palace of Taterhausen, in Westphalia, and asked whether he might be allowed to visit him. Stolberg may have been struck by the easy assurance of his correspondent ; no doubt he had heard of Wolff's attainments and of his social charm. He sent a gracious reply, and the self-invited guest must have heard with satisfaction that not only Stolberg, but also his wife and children, would receive him " with brotherly kindness." Wolff lost no time in starting on his long journey into Westphalia. He invested his savings in this expedition, and the Archbishop of Vienna made him a present as a help towards his heavy expenses. On his way to Taterhausen, he paid a visit to Sailer, and was by him introduced to the professors of the University of Landshut. They invited him to deliver a lecture on Hebrew before the University. He had a rapturous reception. So great was the financial success of the lecture that all anxiety about meeting the costs of travel was removed. Besides staying with Sailer, Wolff paid several visits to distinguished men, and the successful journey was a charming introduction to his stay with " that beautiful poet and grand nobleman, Count Stolberg."

Wolff at long last reached the end of his journey and arrived at the palace. He was ushered in, and Stolberg was soon in the room with him. Wolff confesses himself as quite overpowered when he first saw Stolberg. He was, of course, prepared for something

unusual. No one could be at once a great nobleman, poet, philosopher, and thinker, and withal the leader of a great religious party, without bearing in his person marks of such distinction. Stolberg was now well past his sixtieth year, and Wolff speaks of him as " that holy man with his grey and bushy locks, his heavenly eye, his voice so soft in common conversation, but like thunder when he spoke on any important subject." Stolberg and Wolff had been for some time alone together when Wolff seized the opportunity of reciting a portion of a sermon by the dramatist Werner, who some years later became a Roman Catholic priest. In the course of the sermon, prayer to the Virgin was recommended when Stolberg thundered out, " Blasphemy, this is not the teaching of the Church."

The reader may be surprised that, within a few minutes of his being welcomed by Stolberg, Wolff should offer a portion of a sermon for his delectation, but both at this period of his life, and as far as we know to its close, he was sure on every possible occasion and with every class of listener, to turn to a theological subject. In this respect he resembled Mr. Dick who could not keep Charles I's head out of " The Memorial." Wolff could not have had time to recite more than a fractional part of the sermon when the door opened and a little lady, not more than five feet high, came in. Wolff was introduced to her as Stolberg's wife, and " found her more severe in manner than her husband." Soon afterwards there entered a procession which must have astonished Wolff. The chaplain of the house led the way; he was followed by the second and third tutors. Then

came Stolberg's children, and had Wolff been acquainted with Macbeth, he might have been inclined to exclaim, " What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ? " for no less than eleven sons and seven daughters entered—" Sons like thunder and daughters like lightning ? " With them was the young Countess von Brebeck, already betrothed to Stolberg's second son. The Countess must indeed have been a vision for an epicure in beauty. She had the blue eyes and red hair so admired by the ancient Greeks. These blue eyes flashed intelligence and the young lady spoke fluently German, Italian and English.

Reciting the story of the visit to his home party in the vicarage of Ile Brewers, the ageing vicar could scarcely find words to express her excellencies. " She was," he declares, " beautiful as the sun, fair as the moon, and modest as an angel." A little more than two months elapsed and this fair young Countess was in agonies of grief for her lover, who was slain at Waterloo. On the same fatal field perished his brother, another of the many victims of a remorseless ambition. Stolberg's wife addressed the betrothed ones before they parted for ever with the words, " Children, you know it breaks my heart to see you part, but, Christian, thou must go. Duty and the fatherland call thee! " So saying, she left the room, bathed in tears.

Several happy months did Wolff spend in this cultured home, where all seemed to be " sweetness and light." He describes the whole family as examples of true humility and piety and goes on to say :

" The Count read with me the New Testament in

the original text : he himself and his wife spoke with me of the power of Christ, and of his resurrection, of his humility and love to his elected people, and he said to me very often, " I feel great concern and love for you and for your brethren, the children of Abraham."

Wolff employed much of his time in translating the Bible and reading selections. The Count was so much pleased with it once or twice that he kissed and tickled Wolff in a droll, good-natured way, as he was used to do when suddenly charmed. Then the Countess said to the Count in an under-voice, so that Wolff might not hear it, " Papa, you will make the young man jealous."

In the afternoons Stolberg and his family went for a ride in his park, or in the adjacent country, and when Wolff saw this happy party careering along full of life and energy, his imagination carried him back to the cavalcades of the Middle Ages. Wolff himself seems to have taken no part in these excursions. Probably the reason was that he was no more a horseman than he was a dancer. He would not have shone among these young people, accustomed to riding from their early childhood.

Stolberg and Wolff had a great attachment for one another. Wolff himself was supremely happy at Taterhausen, and it seemed likely that he would remain for a long period, perhaps for years, as the Count's guest. Unhappily the great disturbing influence of those days penetrated into Westphalia. Napoleon, that gambler in lives, escaped from Elba, and was soon to make his last throw. Stolberg and his family were at breakfast when this news arrived,

news so pregnant with misery for them and for thousands of others. Stolberg instantly rose from the table with the words, " This will be his last attempt."

" Wolff walked out with him that day, when suddenly Stolberg became absorbed in thought and, like a flash of lightning, he burst forth as if inspired with prophetic vision, ' God Almighty casts him down. This has been decreed by the Ancient of days.' "

Stolberg had always been Napoleon's bitter enemy. His unscrupulous egotism shocked him, and in consequence he had constantly and persistently written against him.

Westphalia is no great distance from France, and Stolberg feared that if Napoleon should happen to be in his neighbourhood, he might find an opportunity for revenge on himself and on his family. He therefore determined to leave his home and to retire into Holstein. Consequently Wolff was obliged to quit the palace in April 1815. Wolff himself tells us that when, after leaving Stolberg, he stayed with Protestants, he warmly defended the Roman Catholic Church. In answer to their objections, he maintained that Stolberg had taught him the true Catholicism. He always received the same reply, " Stolberg has found for himself his own Catholicism, go to Rome and you will be convinced."

CHAPTER III

BARONESS VON KRÜDENER : JOURNEY TO ROME

Tübingen : Baroness von Krüdener : Basle : Journey to Rome

STOLBERG, at parting, generously gave Wolff twenty-eight guineas towards the expenses of his journey. Good son as Joseph was and devoted to the memory of his mother, he sent her the greater part of this present. He had decided to continue his studies at the Protestant University of Tübingen, as it had a great reputation, especially for Philosophy and Theology. No objection was raised on his arrival to his admission on the ground of his being a Roman Catholic. The English Universities would at this time have declined to have anything to do with him on that account. Wolff soon discovered, if he did not know before his arrival, that many students enjoyed the privilege of free board in the Protestant Cloister at Tübingen. His means were very limited, and free board would be a great help to a struggling student. He therefore asked whether, on this ground, the benefit of the free table might not be extended to him. The Professors of the University, though they had every wish to help and oblige, yet felt compelled to refuse Wolff's request. They had every reason for so acting, and indeed could not do otherwise, as the privilege was certainly designed for Protestants only. Wolff was neither disconcerted by this decision, nor was he by any means at the end of his resources. He acted with characteristic promptitude, and at once

wrote to the King of Prussia, asking him to intervene in the matter. He mentioned his own intimacy with Stolberg, and also reminded the King that years ago the Count used to dine with him every day at St. Petersburg, " when his Majesty was a general officer in the Russian service under the Emperor Paul."

Wolff's letter to the Prussian potentate proved most effective, as, within six days of its despatch, a royal order arrived to the effect that he must be admitted to the free table. By the same post came a letter from Prince Dalberg, Archbishop of Ratisbon, and formerly Grand Duke of Frankfort, granting him an annual pension of twenty-five pounds. Prince Dalberg seems to have taken a great interest in Wolff, and we find him keeping him on a later occasion. Prince Dalberg in his letter to Wolff said that he had been recommended to him by Professor Klein, of Ratisbon. With nothing to pay for his board, and aided by Prince Dalberg's gift, Wolff was able to live in great comfort at Tübingen, and lodged in the house of the Burgomaster of the town. The widest field was open at the University to one of his peculiar character and temperament, and there was certainly every opportunity for the study of the oriental languages and of theology. But perhaps Wolff appreciated still more the unlimited scope for argument with the Protestant professors and lecturers. They seem to have scarcely recognised the old Roman dogmas in their new and more pleasing dress, and came to the conclusion that Wolff's interpretations were Stolberg's, and not those of the Catholic Church. They added that opinions so liberal and advanced would be tolerated at Rome, only in

the case of Stolberg himself. On the whole, Wolff seems to have been well pleased with the Tübingen professors. Among them were worthy representatives of vital Christianity. There were, of course, extremists who were never weary of speaking against the Church of Rome, and by whom the scarlet lady was held in abhorrence. With such bigots Wolff had no sympathy, and was generally able to answer them effectually.

Wolff seems to have definitely decided at about this time to go to Rome and, if possible, to enter the Missionary College of the Propaganda. He was a member of the Roman Communion. He had heard very conflicting accounts of the state of thought and the actual working of Catholicism in the Eternal City, and was anxious to ascertain the exact truth for himself. Moreover, he had never laid aside his great design of becoming a missionary, and as he thought, every facility for the necessary preparation was to be found at Rome. He left Tübingen, therefore, after a stay of several months, with the express intention of making his way to the city of which he had heard so much.

On his way to Rome, Wolff stayed for a time at Aarau. There he met the Baroness von Krüdener, a famous woman in her time, once the gayest of the gay, and a centre of fashionable life. She was said to have been converted by a vision, and she appeared as the Ambassadress of Christ at the time of Napoleon's banishment to Elba. She was credited with the conversion of no less a man than the Czar Alexander himself. The Baroness became an extreme fanatic, and, like all persons of intense conviction and strong character, she had a large following. Talleyrand

himself, as well as many other men of rank and influence, were present at her discourses.

Most of those who formed her distinguished audience were interested, some perhaps amused, very few converted. Madame von Krüdener proclaimed the advent of the Millennium and regarded herself as a messenger from heaven to an impenitent world. Wherever she went she was followed and listened to by thousands of the less educated people. Yet she did not prove an unmixed blessing. Indeed, in many towns, her advent created so much disturbance that she was banished by order of the civil authorities.

Wolff, by appointment, called on the Baroness at her hotel at eight o'clock in the morning. He was so pleased and interested that he did not leave until ten in the evening. The Baroness still retained some of the lustre of her former beauty, though she was now over fifty years of age. She wore on her bosom, set in gold, a piece of the actual Cross of Christ. Once the darling of fashion, she was now surrounded by one or two ladies, by priests, by Pietists from Switzerland, and by the poor, the maimed, the halt and the blind. The sincere piety that lay behind her fanaticism won respect and, when she was banished from Basle, the terrific thunderstorm that followed immediately on her departure was believed by many to betoken the divine displeasure against the city which had driven her away. Evidently she took a great fancy to Wolff, as she covered five sheets in his album. Pope Pius VII, to whom later Wolff translated these lines, was struck by their eloquence and beauty. As Wolff meant to proceed to Basle, Madame von Krüdener requested him to visit the missionary college

established there, with buildings still in process of erection. She also gave him letters of introduction to several distinguished people, among others to Madame de Staël.

When Wolff reached Basle and visited the seminary, he found its members good Christian people, but possessed by a rooted and fanatical hatred of the Roman communion. He was confronted with such cruelties as the burning of Huss and Jerome of Prague, but was able to counter them by citing parallel conduct against the Protestants, such as the burning of Servetus by Calvin, and the persecution of Kepler by the Lutherans. Of such mutual recriminations between Catholics and Protestants there can, of course, be no end. When Wolff was informed by his Protestant opponents that Rome had never changed, he answered: "Rome is not the Catholic Church," and when told that he would have to believe in the infallibility of the Pope, replied, "This I do not believe." They responded, "You are a Stolbergian and not a Roman Catholic." One of his adversaries fired a parting shot by saying, "With your sentiments you will be banished from Rome." To this cheerful prophecy came the swift ironical response, "This is still to be ascertained." Wolff remained only a short time at Basle, but once more packed his knapsack and went on to Fribourg. On his way there he came across instances of the extraordinary mixture of scepticism and credulity which marked the peasant population. While they laughed at many of the practices of the Roman Church, they yet supposed that their sick cattle could be made whole, if the sign of the Cross were made upon them. They

therefore seized any opportunity of asking passing friars to perform this service, which we may be quite sure was not rendered for nothing.

In Fribourg itself, and even among educated people, he found prejudices almost as ridiculous. On his arrival he made the acquaintance of Father Passerat, who was at the head of the Redemptionists there. The Father happened to notice Wolff's Hebrew Bible, and asked him if he might look at it. What was Wolff's surprise when, after remarking that the Bible was issued from an Amsterdam press, Passerat impounded it and would not return it? His only excuse for such action was that the book had been printed in an heretical city. A week or two later, where Wolff was staying at the house of the Redemptionists at Valais, a new Bible, which had only just been given him, was confiscated, because it had been printed in the Protestant city of Leipsic. Of this Bible Wolff was able to recover possession by finding it in the night. He then bade a silent farewell to the Redemptionists and hastened away. Wolff eventually showed this Bible to Pius VII and told him its adventure. The Pope was amused and said with a smile, "There are hot-headed people to be found everywhere."

After leaving Fribourg, Wolff went on to Vevay on Lake Geneva, the town to which Ludlow, the Parliamentary general and one of the regicides, retired after the Restoration, and where he lived for thirty-three years. Wolff lost no time in calling upon the Protestant pastor, Scherer, who invited him to dinner. Scherer and his wife were so charmed with their guest's conversation that they asked him to stay with

them for a fortnight. They added that they would do all in their power to make his visit pleasant, by showing him the picturesque country by which they were surrounded.

At Vevay, Wolff once again made it clear that he would never be a dancing man ; " to trip it on the light fantastic toe," was not for him.

" Sometimes during this visit, Wolff went with a company of ladies and gentlemen, to an open field near the lake, to enjoy a picnic, on which occasions they danced, and Madame Scherer insisted once upon Wolff's dancing with her. But he, never accustomed to dance, could only hop about with her, and at last gave a kick to her ankles, so that she gave up all attempt at dancing with him ever after."

Wolff must have had a delightful time at Vevay, when " he went rowing about in a boat with the rest on the lake of Geneva, and M. Roselet, the assistant of Scherer, played the harp, and the ladies on the shore accompanied it with the heavenly melody of their voices."

When, at the expiration of his stay with Scherer, Wolff left Vevay for Valais, he took with him a new Hebrew Bible, the gift of M. Roselet. Here, however, as already stated, this Bible was seized by the Redemptionists and its recovery by Wolff caused him to go at once to Milan, where he made a stay of some weeks. There he was warned by Catholic professors of liberal principles not to go to Rome. They declared in language so often and so significantly employed in the Middle Ages, that " at Rome, Christ and His Gospel are sold, but only the Pope is worshipped." " You must not go to Rome," they said, " because they will put you in prison," to which

remark Wolff returned his accustomed reply, " I will satisfy myself about it with my own eyes." True to himself, Wolff says no word about the glories of Milan, its palaces, its convents and, above all, of its cathedral, built of white marble and supported by fifty columns. Nor does he condescend to mention its manufactures of silk, velvets, ribbons, lace, embroideries, to which we owe our word millinery. He was compelled to visit the Ambrosian library, with its innumerable books, manuscripts, picture-galleries, but makes no comment. He was concerned rather with the librarians, whom he wished to meet. He acknowledges that the University professors and the librarians paid him every attention. He excepts, however, " Van der Hagen, a German, a nasty, jealous fellow, disliked by his colleagues." On his way from Milan to Novara, which he reached when tramping to Turin, torrents of rain fell and deluged Wolff and all his belongings which reposed in his knapsack.

Such an episode, which spelt injury to his scanty wardrobe, and to his books and letters, must have strained Wolff's stoicism, especially as it was growing late, and he wished to call at a convent of nuns of the Order of St. Francis of Sales, to which he had an introduction. When he reached the convent, he rang one of the sonorous bells usually found in such institutions. His appeal was answered by one of the sisters, who must have been startled when she saw the dripping figure before her. None the less, she admitted Wolff with the welcome, " *Deo gratias*," while he handed her a letter for Hubert Miéville, one of the sisters. He was then shown into the spacious refectory, where a priest was sitting, holding a rosary

in his hand. He was a man of pleasant appearance, and was a Dominican friar, who discharged the duties of Father Confessor of the convent. Supper was evidently due, and the Father was waiting to say the grace. He entered into conversation with Wolff at once, but before either he or Wolff could say very much, there was a tempest on the stairs, and all the sisters, with Hubert Miéville at their head, rushed into the refectory, shouting at the top of their voices, "A Jew, a converted Jew." The sisters at once invited Wolff to supper, and he gladly accepted the invitation. The Father Confessor said the usual Latin grace, while Wolff crossed himself. So pleased were the sisters with this outward and visible sign of their guest's orthodoxy, that they were more overcome than ever, and cried with one accord: "How this blessed, blessed young man crosses himself! Amiable boy! God bless him!" The Father Confessor then asked Wolff to recite the Pater Noster, Ave Maria, and Salve Regina. He did so, and his recitation was absolutely perfect. The sisters were again enchanted. "Truly a little saint," they said, while the Confessor prophesied, "He will be an Apostle like St. Paul." The Convent treated Wolff remarkably well, for when supper was over, the Dominican "gave him his large shirt to put on," while he himself was sent without delay to spend the night in the house of the Chief Magistrate. We can picture him as resting in a nice, fire-lit bedroom, while his clothes and other belongings were being dried during the night. Thus the wandering Jew had yet one more experience of the kindness and goodness of Christian people, and probably went to

sleep invoking blessing on the Convent and on all its inmates.

He had been invited to breakfast and dinner at the Convent on the following day. After breakfast, he was introduced to the Abbess in her private room. This lady was a French countess, seventy years of age. When Wolff entered her apartment, she was sitting in her chair of state and was reading her breviary. She had just reached the words of the Psalter, " *Si observaveris iniquitates, Domine, Domine, quis sustinebit?* " (If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it?) The Abbess read this versicle with great devotion, and when she had finished, proffered her cheeks to Wolff to kiss. We may believe him when he tells us that he performed this office with great grace. The Abbess then gave him a silver rosary and " some nice little cakes, called Nuns' hearts," and bade the sisters to furnish him with everything he wanted, before his departure. Wolff's pleasant little stay thus came to an end with mutual admiration.

Wolff never had more money than he knew what to do with, and he found that the Italian innkeepers made such raids on his resources that when he reached Turin he had only a penny left.

We have already seen him toiling along the roads under his knapsack in the drenching rain to save the expense of a coach, and staying at monasteries to save the cost of a lodging. Now, however, his need was urgent and pressing, and, as usual, he extricated himself from the difficulty with supreme success. He decided to call on Count Truchsess, the Prussian ambassador, and ask for his advice. Nothing could have

exceeded his kindness. Not only did he invite Wolff to stay with him, but he also promised to introduce him to the influential people who visited his house, and to give him sufficient money for his journey to Rome.

The society that Wolff met at Turin was most attractive to one of his temperament and attainments. His host had been one of the commissioners who accompanied Napoleon to Elba, and must have had many reminiscences of that exile's behaviour under his misfortunes. His hostess was the daughter of Prince Hohenzollern Hechingen. Among those who constantly visited at the hospitable house were the Russian ambassador, Auguste Schlegel, the art critic, and Madame de Staël, the novelist. As at Vienna, so in Turin, Wolff moved in the most cultured society in the city.

It will be remembered that Madame von Krüdener had already given Wolff a letter of introduction to Madame de Staël, and their mutual acquaintance with the prophetess must have been a great bond of union between them. Wolff, as was his custom, made himself the central figure of the brilliant little party at the Prussian ambassador's house. He read aloud the lines which Madame von Krüdener had written in his album, eliciting from Madame de Staël the remark that she greatly admired Madame von Krüdener's enthusiasm. Wolff, who, not without reason, always fancied himself, proceeded to read his poetical renderings of Isaiah and Jeremiah to his distinguished audience. His recitation probably amused his critical friends, for Schlegel told him that he read with too much emphasis. This was the very caution which Shakespeare has given to reciters. " If you mouth

it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines." Wolff was wise enough to profit for the future by Schlegel's hint.

He had the good fortune to meet in the library at Turin, not only the librarian, who was also Professor of Oriental Languages, but also David Baillie, a good scholar in several languages. With Baillie, Wolff formed a close friendship, and was indebted to him for much kindness in his future life. Baillie was bound for Genoa and requested Wolff to accompany him at his expense as far as that city. When they reached Genoa they parted company.

The traveller in these days, whether by land or sea, is exempt from most of the discomfort and delay with which our ancestors had to contend. On the other hand, there is now the tragedy of the roads, bringing with it grief to thousands of families. Travel by sea a hundred years ago was especially troublesome. All depended on the wind, which, then as now, blew where it listed, and no one knew even approximately when he would reach his destination. When Wolff was at Genoa, nothing would have seemed easier or more expeditious than the journey to Rome. He bore a recommendation to the Prussian Consul, who procured him a passage in a ship bound for Civita Vecchia. As that town is only thirty-five miles from Rome, an experienced traveller like Wolff would have had but little trouble with the rest of the journey, if only the wind had behaved with ordinary decency. However, it proved contrary, and the passengers in the felucca were compelled to wait idly in a little town called Porto Fino for upwards of three weeks, with disastrous results to the eight guineas

given to Wolff by the Prussian ambassador and constituting the entire stock of money which he possessed. While thus imprisoned at Porto Fino, he spent most of his time in converse with " a pious, good, excellent Spanish friar of the Dominican order." Their conversation was carried on in Latin, and dealt with Don Quixote and other subjects. When Wolff told the Dominican that he wished he were not losing so much time in so miserable a port, the other replied : " Patience is a Christian virtue, and we cannot be true followers of Christ without the possession of this virtue, because it proves a want of faith." " I was from this time," says Wolff, " always in his company, and liked him as a father : he seemed to lose himself in continual meditation on the suffering Redeemer, and united to his religion a humanity which I scarcely found among other monks."

At last the wind became favourable, and after three days' sail the felucca arrived at Leghorn. But here again difficulties arose. The inconstant wind shifted once more. Wolff's money was almost exhausted, but half a louis d'or was left, and he dared not face the expense that waiting implied. Fearing that he would be destitute, he determined, instead of going farther by sea, to land at Leghorn and walk the whole distance to Rome, making Pisa the first stage in the journey. He soon found that he was attempting an impossible feat. It was the middle of May, the sun blazed in the heavens and the poor traveller, laden with his knapsack, could hardly put one leg before the other. How, then, accomplish the hundred and forty-five miles that lay between himself and Rome ? Never suspecting that he would be driven to

walk, he had provided himself with no letters of credit for towns lying on the road, and consequently had no present means of raising money to meet daily expenses. The poor fellow's courage for once failed him. He did not know what to do. " So," as he simply says, " he knelt down and prayed." Almost at once a coach bound for Rome came up. Wolff stopped the coach and agreed with the driver to take him as far as Pisa for a quarter louis d'or. This would have left him with only another quarter for current expenses.

One of the three occupants of the coach was a naval officer from Piedmont. He was evidently struck by Wolff's appearance and manner, and advised that instead of going to Pisa, he should arrange with the coachman to take him to Rome for six louis d'or. Wolff declared that for him this course was impossible, as all he had in the world was a quarter of a louis d'or. At the same time Wolff requested the officer for a loan and offered the security of his old companion, the knapsack. The officer replied with perhaps just a touch of irritation, " I don't want your knapsack. I will advance the money, for you have honesty written upon your face."

When Wolff reached Rome, he was fortunate enough to meet John and Philip Veith, who were painters there. Madame de Staël's matrimonial escapades were very remarkable, and unless Wolff was misinformed, the two Veiths were her sons by the Jewish banker Veith, who had divorced her in consequence of her relations with Schlegel.

The meeting between Wolff and the Veiths enabled him to repay the loan from the Piedmontese officer at once, " as Johannes Veith advanced the money to

Joseph Wolff on his bills on Germany." As for the officer, he " continued his journey into the desert of Egypt, to die there as a hermit." When, some years later, Wolff visited Egypt, he made many inquiries, but could never trace him.

Among the many good points in Wolff's character was his transparent honesty. He was not one of the class described by the Psalmist as borrowing and paying not again.

It was not until Wolff reached Rome that he found that he had been travelling in the coach " in company with Prince Salignac and his interesting daughter, ten years of age."

Wolff was pleased, when, on reaching the frontier of the Papal States, he saw the cross bearing the papal arms, and at its summit the word " Pax." But when he went farther, and saw a gallows with criminals hanging from it, his sensations were less agreeable. The fire was kindled, and he was nearly speaking unadvisedly with his lips, but contented himself with the ironical remark : " There does not seem to be perfect peace in the Papal States." At Faenza, Wolff met the Professor of Chemistry at Bologna, and found that he was deeply read in philosophy. When Wolff informed the Professor of his intention of entering the College of Propaganda, he received the significant warning, " Look out at Rome, Wolff, with God there is pardon, a priest never pardons." " At Viterbo," says Wolff, " he saw the sepulchre of Santa Rosa, which performs many miracles. The nuns gave him a piece of the Saint's girdle, which he put into his pocket, but lost it half an hour afterwards."

CHAPTER IV

LIFE AT ROME

Rome : Pius VII : Collegio Romano : Cardinal Litta : Doctrinal position and ambitions

WE have already seen, that almost immediately after his arrival at Rome, Wolff met the Veiths, distinguished painters, usually resident in the city. These brothers and another artist friend called Overbeck were of the greatest service to Wolff during the whole of his stay at Rome. They constantly endeavoured to prevent him from following the rash line of conduct to which, by the natural impetuosity of his temper, he was inclined. They frequently called to see him, and in every way took away the sense of loneliness, which, but for them, he would certainly have felt. It was they who introduced him to Pietro Ostini, the celebrated Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Collegio Romano. Ostini had favoured Napoleon during the Pope's exile at Fontainebleau, but when fortune seemed likely to change, had devoted himself with the utmost zeal to the conversion of Protestants, and achieved much success. So questionable, however, had been his previous conduct, that when at length Pius VII returned to Rome he declared: "Ostini must go to Corsica." But when the Pontiff was informed that Ostini had been "A mighty instrument in the hands of God, bringing in many great heretics to the Church," he pardoned the penitent, who, from that time, lost all his independence of

character. Wolff sums him up in his own peculiar way: " He never saw such a cringing fellow as he had become ; whenever he saw a great man whom he knew to be intimate with the Pope, he instantly bowed to the ground, so that his nose almost touched the earth." It was Ostini who introduced Wolff to Cardinal Litta, " the most respectable and learned of all the Cardinals and prefect of the Propaganda." Wolff seems to have been supported by the Prussian, Bavarian, Russian and Dutch ambassadors in his application to Cardinal Litta.

As Wolff hoped to become a missionary, Cardinal Litta promised to influence the Pope on his behalf, a promise which he most amply redeemed. Cardinal Litta was, perhaps, the noblest figure in the Court of Pius VII. To great learning he united the kindest disposition and the most saintly life. Nothing could exceed his patience. Nothing seemed to discompose him, and he spared no trouble in helping the students in their difficulties.

The first month of Wolff's stay at Rome, when his time was his own, proved a delightful experience. With his facility for forming friendships, he was soon on good terms with several bishops and priests, as well as with many artists. He surveyed with astonishment the ruins of ancient Rome, though of what he saw he has left practically no account. This habit of failure to describe his physical surroundings persisted with a few notable exceptions through his life.

It was during this month of ease and recreation that Wolff saw the Pope in the church of St. Maria Maggiore. " Wolff was deeply impressed by the sanctity of his appearance " to which so many others

have borne testimony. Pius VII had been greatly tried during his pontificate. When, in 1802, he succeeded to the Papacy, he found absolute anarchy in the French Church as a result of the Revolution. There had been wholesale confiscations of ecclesiastical property, and the curés were left without regular means of subsistence. Pius VII therefore made the best terms he could, and arranged the famous Concordat with Napoleon, which made bishops and parish priests salaried officers of the State. In 1804, much against his wish, the Pope went to Paris, to crown Napoleon in the Cathedral Church of Notre Dame, but after all became not much more than a distinguished spectator, as the actual crowning was performed by Napoleon himself. The relations between Napoleon and the Holy See became more and more strained, and a decree of 1809 gave the Papal States to France. The invaders were excommunicated by the Pope, who was seized at night by Napoleon's orders and carried off to Grenoble. Later, he was ordered to Fontainebleau, where he had an interview with Napoleon himself. Eventually he was restored to his see, only to find wreckage everywhere. In his contact with the Emperor, Pius VII had fallen into the hands of a man without shame and without scruples, who regarded himself as a deity for whom no holocaust was sufficient. It can be imagined that the Pope bore in his person the marks of the sufferings which he had endured with so infinite a patience. Yet his serenity remained undisturbed, and, on his return, he devoted himself to the restoration which had become so urgent. Napoleon usually insisted that objects of art in conquered countries should be transferred

to the custody of the conquerors, and such had been the treatment meted out to the treasures of Rome. There were great rejoicings therefore when immense cases containing such old favourites as the Laocoon, or the Apollo, or the Transfiguration, passed along the streets. Scholars were glad indeed to find that the manuscripts of the Vatican were once more housed in their old home. The work of restoring buildings was fast proceeding when Wolff was in Rome, and builders were busy in all directions in repairing the damage wrought during the Pope's absence. Thus the College of the Propaganda had been so damaged and dismantled by the French soldiers, who used it as barracks, that a restoration begun in 1814 was going on continuously until 1817.

To this college Wolff hoped eventually to be attached. In due course, on August 9th, 1816, one of the red-letter days in his life, Wolff was introduced into the presence of Pius VII by Monsignor Testa, the papal secretary. Evidently the Pope had been informed of Wolff's distinction as an orientalist, and was no doubt partially acquainted with his remarkable personal history, and with his wish to enter the College of the Propaganda. The Pope welcomed the young Jew with charming kindness and courtesy. " He received me," says Wolff, " not as a king his subject, but as a father receives his son."

Wolff attempted to kiss the Pope's feet, " but he held out his hand which Wolff kissed with great simplicity." After chatting with his visitor about Stolberg, Schlegel and Hoffbauer, Pius asked him to read a selection from the Hebrew Bible. His rendering heightened the Pope's estimation, which had been

gradually rising since Wolff entered the room. " You are my son," he declared, thus showing the extent of his affectionate interest. " The Propaganda is not yet restored from its confusion during my exile, but you shall go to my own seminary and hear the lectures at the Collegio Romano, until order is re-established. I shall give orders for your reception."

As Wolff listened to these kind and gracious words, he was more than ever struck by the Pope's kindly countenance, his gentle voice and the " upward glance of his eyes." The Pope had proved irresistible and Wolff showed his appreciation by " gently and caressingly patting him on the shoulder and saying : ' I love your Holiness. Give me your blessing.' " Then, kneeling down, he received the benediction of that holy man, of whom he will always treasure the most pleasing recollection, in spite of those bigoted Protestants, who declare the Pope to be Antichrist. Wolff was informed, after the interview, that the Pope had sent for the Rector of the Collegio Romano and given him a special recommendation. No precedent was known for such pontifical action. The seminary of the Collegio Romano was designed for young Italians who were afterwards to officiate as priests in the diocese of Rome, and, in these young men, Wolff found a lively and a witty party. Among the students was Count Ferretti, afterwards Pius IX, described by Wolff as a " mild, pious, liberal-minded young man." The Count seems to have had quite a passion for the works of Savonarola and strongly recommended Wolff to read them. When Ferretti became Pope in 1846, Wolff remembered the conversation and bought all Savonarola's works.

Wolff entered the Collegio Romano on September 5th, 1816, and, like other pupils of the College, wore a long violet gown and a triangular hat. Each new student was placed under the charge of an older student, who was to be the guardian angel of the novice and initiate him into the customs of the institution. Wolff found no reason to complain of any want of courtesy, on the part either of professors or students. The moral tone prevailing in the College was good, and beyond even the suspicion of evil. Wolff declares that he cannot " praise too highly " the moral and religious training both of the Collegio Romano and of the Propaganda. Indeed, he contrasts English religious societies with similar Roman societies, greatly to the disadvantage of the former. He assures us that the Cardinals who were patrons of the Propaganda would visit the college, wait upon sick students, send them presents, and even provide them with amusements. The Pope himself did not disdain to take part in these kindly offices.

Moreover, Wolff states that when the missionaries of the Propaganda returned on furlough from their stations, they were consulted by the Cardinals, and proper arrangements made according to the work demanded : " instead of being, as in England, sent to a paltry lodging-house in High Holborn and submitted from time to time to the humiliation of being lectured by some long-nosed, snuff-taking lady of the Evangelical party, whose only care is to bid them beware of Puseyism, over-formalism, or whatever happens to be the religious bugbear of the day."

These remarks were made by Wolff in 1860, and it is to be hoped that there has been a change in English

missionary methods since then. At the same time, while the missionary societies are under the patronage of the English bishops, it seems more than doubtful whether they follow the method favoured by Wolff of direct and personal contact with the missionaries.

From the date when Wolff entered the Seminary until the following November, the main work of the college was held up by the vacation. The students, therefore, after they had performed their religious exercises, had much of their time at their disposal for reading and recreation. Wolff did not spend much of his leisure in the Seminary ; it was his great delight to wander about the city, and especially to look at the shops of the German artists.

The Collegio was officered by a Master, a Vice-Master and a Prefect. All these officials were priests.

The duties of the Prefect demanded not so much a quick intelligence as the ability faithfully to carry through a fixed routine. When the students walked together, he was with them. When in a ceremony they acted as assistants to the Pope, or a cardinal, or a bishop, he accompanied them. The students were called every morning by him ; it was he who closed their doors at night. When they were called, one of them was chosen to recite the rosary prayer, or Litany of the Blessed Virgin, and at each invocation the others gave the response, " *Ora pro nobis.*"

Wolff informs us that this response was given without due reverence, and in a very mechanical style. Little else could have been expected from pupils not yet properly awake. When the students were dressed, they went into the private chapel, where they read a meditation taken from the Jesuit Segneri.

According to Wolff, his book "contained some good things together with Mohammedan notions and abominable superstitions." Mass was celebrated in another chapel after the Meditation. The students were now quite ready for breakfast, and that was succeeded by lectures. During the hours of recreation, which followed the earlier studies of the day, the students visited churches, saying a silent prayer in each of them. They then went to the Porta pia, or the Quirinal, "where they might meet any day cardinals, prelates, princes, noblemen, their own friends and strangers from foreign lands, Germans, Spaniards, English, French—even travellers from Chaldæa, Abyssinia, or Jerusalem." After further study they sat in the evening in the corridor, where they were visited by any friends who might wish to see them. Supper followed, and a short religious service concluded a day which could in no sense be described as unprofitable.

The public lectures in November were preceded by *Exercitia Spiritualia* (spiritual exercises). For two days the students were expected to be temporary Trappists, and to preserve unbroken silence. A stranger, whether regular or secular, was invited to preach at each of the three services in the chapel. It was for him to fan into a flame the spiritual aspirations of the students. After a little time for meditation, each service commenced with the singing of a short hymn, closely resembling the opening verse of the ordination hymn, "*Veni Creator Spiritus*," which for ages has been a help to many. The sermon followed in due course. Wolff does not speak in glowing terms of the eloquence of the missionaries, or special preachers. Most of us know that great

preachers are rare ; the nervous eloquence and fine touch of such a preacher as St. Paul are given to very few. There was, however, one pulpit orator to whom the students listened with earnest attention. He is described by Wolff as " Prince O, the Stolberg of Rome." Of him Wolff writes : " He unites the zeal of Elias with great worldly possessions and adds to an unquestionable zeal and love for the Gospel the character of a man of learning and philosophy."

After the " spiritual exercises " were over the public lectures began. All the members of the college, whether professors or students, attended the opening lecture, which was given by Piatti, Professor of Dogmatics, and was on the subject of predestination. Aware of the difficulties of his theme, Piatti took the unusual course of dictating the main principle of Roman exegesis in a pregnant summary for the use of the students. The professor stated in this summary with great truth and justice that the question of predestination was obscure and difficult. It followed naturally that special illumination was expected and received from the Church. It was in vain to look for guidance in this matter either to Scripture or to the Fathers. The only true light was to be found in the infallible decision of the Roman pontiffs. Had not Pius V declared authoritatively in one of his bulls that whoever should dare to say that the views of St. Augustine on predestination had the same authority as the papal pronouncements should be anathema?

No plainer or more explicit statement of belief in the infallibility of the Pope could have been made, and this was the very doctrine on which the mind of Wolff had always been so sensitive. He was seated

in a prominent position close to the lecturer, and at once asked him the question : " Do you believe in the infallibility of the Pope ? " The lecturer replied : " Yes." " Then," retorted Wolff, " I do not."

The indignation of the college, to all the members of which except the youngest the Pope was a divine authority, was shown in a moment. Professors and students alike condemned the effrontery of a young man who dared to introduce notions so heretical into the bosom of the Church, and flaunt them almost within earshot of the Pope himself. " He was at once surrounded by the whole college. Bonelli was especially indignant and exclaimed : ' Bad and impious people seldom do believe the infallibility of the Pope ; but if you want to stay at Rome, drive away these impious thoughts.' "

Angry as Wolff undoubtedly was at this hostile reception, fortunately he did not pursue the controversy, but ran off to Cardinal Litta and told him about the dispute. He also confessed that he did not believe in the infallibility of the Pope. The cardinal undoubtedly had the Aristotelian virtue of making allowances. In the indignant young Jew before him he saw no heretic, but an eager and impetuous convert, comparatively new to Catholicism, in which he was finding much that surprised and pained him. He must be dealt with kindly and tactfully, and then, no doubt, in due season, he would sober down, as others had done before him : As Wolff himself says : " Litta's conduct was most delightful, he showed the meekness of an angel, merely saying, ' My son, do not dispute, I beseech you, with these hot-headed young men, for if you dispute, I cannot protect you :

and you will be persuaded of the Pope's infallibility when you hear the reasons.' "

Wolff himself confesses that in thus pointedly contradicting his superiors, " he did not show the real Spirit of Christianity." More than that, he displayed a good deal of vanity in attempting, young as he was, to be a reformer. It may be added that as he had received the greatest kindness from the College, and as he was really living on its bounty, he was going quite beyond his tether in flouting the beliefs of the professors and teachers.

It is clear from what we have seen that the necessity of belief in the papal infallibility was held by most members of the Roman Communion fifty years before it became a dogma, and that, even then, it was thought impious to question it. Everything in fact, was working towards the conversion of a pious opinion which most Catholics held, into a dogma which they were compelled to hold.

At last the fateful hour came, not however until 1870. It was then towards the close of his pontificate, that the dogma of the papal infallibility was promulgated by the Œcumenical Council, held under Pius IX. We may take it as certain that the Pope then remembered the historic incident in the lecture-room when he was a student of the Collegio Romano, and wondered what had become of his ebullient fellow-collegian, Joseph Wolff.

The excellent advice of Cardinal Litta made at first a great impression on Wolff's mind, and probably held him tightly in check for some little time. It seems, however, certain that he was naturally so impulsive, that it was impossible to say when an

explosion might take place. He himself confesses that he was argumentative and disputative, and it may be added that he was no respecter of persons. This unfortunate trait in his character was seen, greatly to his disadvantage, in the course of an interview with Cardinal della Somaglia, who replaced the former Rector of the College, shortly after Wolff became a member. There were few men with a greater reputation for sanctity of life, scholastic learning, political experience and polite manners than this eminent dignitary. He had shared the Pope's exile at Fontainbleau, and, when eighty-five years of age, was appointed as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He was also Dean of the College of Cardinals. From every point of view this aged ecclesiastic was entitled to the greatest respect and consideration. Wolff in due course was introduced into his presence and received with great kindness. The cardinal asked him his opinion of the Church of Rome, of which Wolff was able to express genial admiration. He next inquired what line of study he most affected, and was told, " the study of the Bible in the original tongue." To this answer the cardinal replied, " You must not rely upon that, and you must never forget that the Church is the interpreter of Scripture. I will give you an instance." The cardinal went on to say, that after long controversy, the translation of the Hebrew word by " virgin " in the passage in the seventh chapter of Isaiah, " A virgin shall conceive," had been determined by the Pope. He added, " So you see the Hebrew language is an ornament for a priest, but no necessity : for the Pope at last must decide everything." To this observation

Wolff replied by the very pertinent and yet highly impertinent retort, " How can the Pope decide if he does not know Hebrew ? "

The cardinal rose at once to close the interview. " Wolff," he said, " I am afraid for you that you will become an heresiarch." The cardinal meant what he said, for he repeated his remark to Ostini. There can be no doubt that he felt gravely insulted by a young man sixty-five years his junior. Wolff himself admits that he was guilty of " a most unpardonable sneer."

With the lectures of Ostini, the Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Wolff was much pleased. " He was a man of astonishing mind and acuteness, and had a powerful gift of reasoning. His lectures therefore were very interesting, his account of the Crusades most beautiful, and his defence of celibacy ingenious." Wolff remarked that when, in lecturing on the quarrel between Gregory VII and the Emperor Henry IV, Ostini found that the Pope's conduct admitted of excuse, he defended him. When he felt that he was without justification, he read the history without comment and left the students to draw the only possible inference.

Wolff watched the progress of these lectures with the greatest interest, for the period of Luther was coming nearer and nearer, and it would be most exciting to have the Reformer's life and work treated from the official Roman point of view. Wolff wondered how the professor would deal with Luther's *History of the Reformation,* and became almost frantic with impatience to hear his views. He was, however, doomed to disappointment ; for when Ostini had reached the date of Luther's appearance

on the stage, and Wolff was all expectancy, he announced that the course of lectures was concluded and that a fresh start would be made with the first century. Wolff at once asked Ostini in the presence of the whole College, " Why do you not go on ? " He received the curt reply, " It is not the custom at Rome."

Wolff, as has been seen, was pleased with Ostini's lectures, and diligently attended the course. His conduct, however, was not always equally satisfactory. The authorities of the Seminary had drawn up a programme of study and recreation to which it was expected that the students would conform. Yet Wolff seemed to see no harm in breaking or evading the rules of the College. He had a passion for reading the Scriptures, and dwelt especially on passages of a highly rhetorical style. To the Bible he gave most of his attention, and, to gain time for its perusal, absented himself from customary walks and failed to be present when the students were called upon to assist in the churches. He even went so far as to take the Bible into the lecture room and read it, while the lectures were proceeding. Such conduct must have annoyed the lecturers, and the students. It was subversive of discipline, and the wonder is that the Master, the Vice-Master and the professors put up with it.

It so happened that Baillie, with whom Wolff had travelled from Turin to Genoa, was visiting Rome and called to see him at the Collegio Romano, about three months after his entrance into that Seminary. Baillie noticed that Wolff was distressed because he possessed no books on the oriental languages, and the College provided no tuition in these subjects.

The necessary books were purchased at once, and Baillie gave his friend two guineas monthly for the services of a tutor in the required languages. This proceeding tended still further to widen the gulf between Wolff and the professors and the other students. They seem to have been unanimous in deriding him, and in declaring that these studies would be useless to a man who knew nothing, and who wished to know nothing, of the scholastic divinity. How would he be able "to argue against and refute the abominable sophisms of the wretched Protestants who believe neither in popes nor in traditions?" So much did Wolff feel what he regarded as unkindness, that he was often reduced to tears. But although he wept, he made no change in his conduct, "and neglected entirely the study of scholastic divinity." At length Cardinal Litta expressly commanded him to study this subject, and not to be driven from it by his own fancies. He soon found that if he spent but half an hour in reading such a scholastic divine as Bellarmine, he "Arose wearied and would often get up and walk about his room, reciting passages from the Scriptures in the deepest melancholy."

Wolff was concerned about scandals in the Church. It is quite certain that they have always existed, to a greater or a less extent, in all its branches. "It is impossible but that offences will come," are words invested with the highest authority. No one who has read even a little Church history can entertain a doubt of their universal application. The student of the history of the medieval English Church again and again sustains painful shocks, and must be

amazed indeed when he reads of the scandals denounced by Grosseteste and by other bishops. Pluralism, non-residence, neglect of duty, concubinage prevailed among the secular clergy, ignorance, disobedience to rules, waste of resources, laxity of living, were to be found in many of the monasteries. Similar abuses helped no doubt to bring about the fall of the Gallican Church and the pillaging of the resources at the time of the French Revolution.

Pius VII did his best to elevate the moral purity of the revived Church. His successors have followed in his footsteps, and, since his time, the glaring misconduct of former days has ceased. The particular " scandal " which so vexed the mind of Wolff would probably have passed unnoticed in the days of Louis XV. It was the promotion to the Cardinalate of Baron von Haffelin, titular Bishop of Elvira and Bavarian Ambassador at Rome. Both the Pope and Ostini had warned Wolff against having anything to do with Haffelin. They told him that in politics he was a revolutionist, and that in religion he was suspected of an inclination to atheism. His numerous natural children were a sufficient proof of his immorality.

Yet it was only six weeks after these warnings were given, that Haffelin was made a Cardinal, and only one member of the sacred College protested against this appointment. Wolff therefore had reason to be surprised at the conferment by the Pope of such a distinction on a man who was unworthy of it. We do not know enough of this episode to be sure of our ground. Wolff asked Ostini " why Haffelin was appointed a Cardinal." Ostini's answer was,

" Because he made a beautiful concordat with the King of Bavaria." Haffelin was rather a politician than a divine, and, as a practical politician, may have been pre-eminently good, whatever his speculative opinions may have been. The Pope may have found it essential to reward him, in order to maintain good relations with the newly formed kingdom of Bavaria. Knowing the saintliness of the Pope's character, we may be quite sure that the Cardinalate would not have been given to Haffelin if he had not been convinced that no other course was open. Be all this as it may, such an incident prejudiced Wolff against the Church to which he belonged. Had he known of the pluralism, the farming of benefices, the poverty of the inferior clergy, and the appointment of bishops in the Church of England at this very time, he would have been more lenient in his judgment of the Roman Communion.

The disputes and arguments between Wolff and the students still continued. Indeed, the former found it impossible to resist the impulse of the moment, even though he knew that regret followed in the wake of these constant contentions. His friend Overbeck, gently remonstrated, and gave Wolff, as he himself confesses, the best advice. " We should bear," he said, " the prejudices of other men with gentleness and humility, because we are all more or less prejudiced." Yet at the time Wolff did not appreciate the truth of this remark. He replied that Protestant friends in Germany believed him to be a hypocrite in joining the Roman Church: that charge could justly be brought against him, if he closed his eyes to its abuses. In reply, Overbeck

begged his friend to follow the example of Christ, who waited for thirty years before opening his lips in public. Nothing more pertinent could have been said, no higher authority could have been quoted. Sad to say, the advice which gave Wolff an actuating principle to guide and control his life, was forgotten in the heat of passionate impulse.

Occasionally the pleasure of the meals was spoilt by Wolff, who must have been looked upon as irrepressible. One of the students asked him one day at dinner, " Wolff, how could you pat the Pope's shoulders? Are you not aware that the Pope is God? " In an instant Wolff was aflame, he became red with passion, and turning on his interrogator, he shouted, " How dare you say such a thing? The Pope is dust of the earth. If he were God, I could not have touched him." Had Wolff thrown a bomb into the middle of the dining-hall, he could not have caused a greater commotion. The professors and students present at once rose from their seats with countenances expressive of the greatest indignation. " Wolff," they cried, " What are you saying? " He answered, " This fellow called the Pope God, and I say he is dust of the earth. Who is right? " One insisted, " He is God on earth, for he has all power in heaven and earth and purgatory." Another, who was more of a rationalist, exclaimed, " One may call him God in a large sense." Wolff remained unconvinced. " I shall not call the Pope God either in a large sense or in a small sense ; he is dust of the earth."

Such was another of Wolff's explosions, and perhaps some of those present felt that he could not be tolerated for ever as a kind of chartered libertine. It

is, in fact, surprising, and speaks volumes for the Christian patience of the professors, that they bore with him so long. Wolff's best friends entreated him to leave these contentious matters alone. Protestants and Roman Catholics, Niebuhr, Stolberg and Cardinal Litta were all of the same opinion. Wolff seemed to forget, they said, that he had no ex-cathedra position from which to speak. To hear him talk, he might be a bishop. Writing years later in the calm repose of his vicarage, Wolff ingenuously confesses that his greatest enemies in life were vanity and ambition, which both friends and foes fostered. If the professors knew something, Wolff thought he knew much more, and that it was fitting that he should correct them. Some said that he resembled Luther in appearance. Like Luther then, he resolved to adopt a wild and tempestuous career, which should sweep away all obstacles in his path. He even aspired to the Papacy, and, when he reached the goal of his ambition, he meant to be known as Hildebrand I and to abolish the celibacy of the clergy. We can imagine the laughter which greeted this announcement and may picture some of the students as significantly touching their heads. Yet perhaps even this ambitious hope was not without warrant. For at this very time, there was, as we know, a student in the College, inferior in ability to Wolff, who eventually assumed the tiara. But it is not always the best men who obtain the best appointments. Jeremy Taylor has hit the mark when he says that " most scholars are beggarly poor." The subtle and diplomatic self-seeker, rather than the pious ecclesiastic sometimes sweeps the boards.

CHAPTER V

DISMISSAL FROM THE COLLEGE OF THE PROPAGANDA

Pleasures of Tivoli : College of the Propaganda : Triumph at the Academia : Dismissal from the College

THOUGH it is clear that it was impossible to allow the expression of unbounded liberty of thought in the lecture-room, Wolff was surprised to find how tolerant the Church in Rome was to visitors from outside, whatever their convictions might be. Such visitors, if they wished, made their researches in the Vatican Library, without let or hindrance. Moreover, apparently they could think and talk exactly as they pleased. Wolff himself heard unbelievers disputing with believers and attacking the foundations of the faith. No attempt was made to check them, and students of the Collegio Romano and other seminaries might hear their discussions at the cafés or in other places. The priests of the future were evidently reared in no hot-house atmosphere, raising sickly plants which had no root and soon withered away. Priests who had heard and seen for themselves what other men were saying were better able to succour those who were tempted to fall away.

Wolff has given us an account of a curious and unconvincing argument by the Abbate Adorni, which illustrates the almost free and easy style in which religious questions were discussed at Rome. The Abbate had been asked by the painter, Vogel, why the Protestants were more moral than the Roman

Catholics. The fact was not denied, but the reply was to the effect that the devil is sure of the Protestants in the end, and so, " leads them about like dogs on a string." But unless he " attacks the Roman Catholics with all his might, they are certain to slip through his fingers and go to heaven."

This cynical reasoning was mentioned to Wolff by Ostini, who added: "Imagine the mischief done by such arguments as those of the Abbate Adorni with Vogel!"

As we have often seen in the course of the narrative, Wolff is always the centre-piece of his story, always to the fore, wherever he may happen to be. If he had a unique position in the lecture-room and among the students, doing what no one else dared to do, saying what no one else dared to say, he was equally ready to suggest the foundation of a new religious order at Rome to the Pope. That order was to consist of all painters, sculptors and artists of whatever kind, resident in the city. Wolff conveyed the letter containing his proposal through the Prince of Saxe Gotha. The Pope, with his usual kindness and courtesy, sent him an acknowledgment through Monseigneur Testa. " He prayed God to bless his zeal and hoped that some day great things would be done by him. Moreover, he sent messages to the Superiors of both the Collegio Romano and the Propaganda, recommending ' his dear son ' Joseph Wolff to their attention. The account given by Wolff of his seeing the Pope in the Church of St. Peter is a sufficient proof of his own deep personal affection.

" Wolff saw many fine sights while he was in Rome, but nothing that ever impressed him so much as when that holy, good, trembling old man, Pius VII, with a

crown upon his head, entered the Church of St. Peter, and kneeling down at the Sepulchre of the Apostle Peter, offered up a silent prayer, amidst the dead silence of the whole church. Then Wolff burst into tears."

The Collegio owned a fine country house at Tivoli about sixteen miles from Rome. Under its old name of Tibur, it had possessed villas occupied by such men as Julius Cæsar, Augustus Cæsar and Mæcenas. To this pleasant retreat the students of the college were sometimes taken to spend a few weeks in the pure country air, while enjoying a period of pleasure and relaxation. Wolff was pleased to imagine that he read Horace " in the Poet's own villa." Perhaps stimulated by the poet's pleasant wit, Wolff seems to have made himself very agreeable, and his fellow-students were very kind to him, " let him say what he would." Cardinal Litta took care that amusements of every kind were provided. Ventriloquists, conjurors and other professional entertainers were sent from Rome for the express purpose of amusing the collegians, even though the latter were quite capable of amusing themselves. For example, Mamiani, one of the students, and, in later years Prime Minister to Pius IX, would delight the company by improvising plays on topics suggested by the audience, in which he took the differing voices of all the characters. On days when they made excursions, there were delightful picnics. Wolff seems never to have forgotten the choice refreshments of which all partook on these occasions, the exquisite pies and the delicious beverage called aurora. That was a drink perhaps equal to the nectar of celestial fame, and was a mixture of a coffee, chocolate, milk and sugar.

One day during their stay at Tivoli, the collegians visited the church of a Franciscan monastery, when the feast of St. Francis was actually being celebrated. On such occasions the preacher was accustomed to preach a sermon in praise of the saint. This discourse was called his Panegyric. If it confined itself to citing the saint's real virtues and achievements, such a panegyric was of real value. But, if it lent itself to fulsome language and legendary statements, it only provoked ridicule. The preacher, whom the college had the privilege of hearing on the Festival of St. Francis, was a friar of his order who seems to have been at no pains to sift falsehood from truth. Indeed he deluged his listeners with absurdities. He dwelt at length on the sufferings and reputed miracles of St. Francis, reaching the climax in saying that when the Church of St. Peter was on the point of falling, it was upheld by the shoulder of the saint. On his body, continued the preacher, were found the five wounds of Christ, and this miraculous circumstance was taken to typify that St. Francis had borne the sins of the whole world. It seems almost impossible that such a sermon, an echo of the ignorance of the Middle Ages and ignoring centuries of criticism and illumination, could have been delivered little more than a century ago. The Collegio Romano were not in the least imposed upon, and regarded the friar as nothing better than a backwoodsman. Wolff summed him up as " a jackass " and on this point all the collegians present, whether professors or students, were in complete agreement with him. Having discussed the sermon, the party returned to their villa, where the day was crowned with a delightful concert.

Wolff had now been in the Collegio Romano for over a year. The College of the Propaganda, the great missionary college, was now rebuilt, and Wolff can have been no way surprised when, in December 1817, he was ordered by Cardinal Litta to change his domicile. He had been very happy at the Collegio Romano, but, as he meant to be a missionary, felt that he would be in his right place among the students of the Propaganda.

It was a rule, which no doubt is still obeyed, that those who were entering upon a new life in fresh surroundings should go into retreat. This was expressly designed to advance the devotional life. In accordance with this practice, Wolff or other students initiated their new life by going to a monastery on Mount Cittorio directed by brethren of the order of St. Vincent de Paula. Before his departure to this convent, some of the French priests resident at Rome tried to prejudice Wolff against these monks. It was to be feared, they said, that they were very unlettered men, and that their ignorance of scholastic divinity was profound. Nothing could have pleased Wolff better than to hear of the latter passport to his goodwill.

The students lived with these brethren, and found in them sincere and devout men who seemed to base their religious life on the imitation of Christ. In the early morning all went into the dimly lit chapel. Here, on each day, there was a " silent meditation " on a different subject. The quiet solemnity of the place and time aided the devotion. Thomas à Kempis was the text-book for reading, and, during dinner, the life of Philip Neri. In this history the cause of Savonarola was favoured, and his execution by Alexander VI

declared to have been unjust. Wolff found in this convent two Italian bishops who quite simply encouraged him in the love of Christ and the Gospel.

Among the students of the Propaganda, were also two Irishmen. They seemed to be young men of great sense and piety. They maintained that there were good Christians among the Quakers and Methodists in England, and with Dr. Johnson thought that the colour of the coat mattered little. They were men after Wolff's own heart. Wolff, now twenty-two years of age, spent fourteen days in this abode of a true sanctity and left it with the greatest sorrow. Just before Epiphany, he went with his companions into the College of the Propaganda. They were welcomed by the Pope with his usual benignity, and he gave them his benediction. " When we left his room, one of his clergy said to us : ' You are the true soldiers of the Pope,' to which another prelate replied : ' Not soldiers of the Pope, but soldiers of the Church of Christ!' Wolff was much delighted with the answer of that prelate and we entered the Propaganda."

The Feast of the Epiphany itself was a high day and a holiday, and in the evening the students showed that a knowledge of no less than forty-two languages prevailed among them, and that they could give an " academia " in them. This annual display of linguistic fireworks brought together the most distinguished society in Rome. Seated in the room were all the ambassadors, the resident cardinals, bishops and priests, as well as professors and students from other colleges. The spectacle was an imposing one, just after Wolff's own heart, and his recitation he felt sure would win applause. It happened even

as he had supposed. As he recounts his achievement, the autobiographer becomes once more the eager and ebullient Wolff of forty-five years before, of whom it might be safely said that he would always be noticed.

" Wolff spoke in five languages, and chanted so that the hall rang and all the auditors were in raptures and applauded him, and the Italian collegians of the different colleges present kept saying, " Look at him, look at him, what tremendous eyes he makes! " After the whole was over, the servants of the cardinals, together with their masters, clapped his back and said : " By Bacchus, by Bacchus, what a voice! what a voice! what eyes! what eyes! "

This brilliant triumph, which won him so much popularity, gave Wolff yet another opportunity of making a fresh start and ridding himself of the disputatious character which exasperated the professors and gave untold trouble to his kind and generous hosts, so disposed to make every allowance for a man of such abilities and endowed with so many charming qualities. As may readily be imagined, he neglected this opportunity.

Wolff had already assumed the habit of the students of the Propaganda when he entered for a fortnight into the convent of the Vincenziani. He was now arrayed in a long, black robe fastened by a red girdle. The collar was attached by five red buttons. The colour symbolised the danger of losing life which missionaries have to face, and the number of the buttons the five wounds of Christ. A three-cornered cocked hat was worn.

There was no want of variety of race and colour among those who attended the Propaganda lectures.

Among such students were Irishmen, Abyssinians, Armenians, Bulgarians, Chaldæans, negroes, Algerians, Tunisians. The Rector of the College, who was also the Professor of Dogmatics, is described by Wolff as "a dreadful dogmatist." He possessed a large acquaintance with scholastic divinity which, in Wolff's eyes, was no recommendation, except in so far as it gave an opening for discussion.

If the students learnt nothing else from him, they learnt that an authoritative declaration of doctrine by the Church constitutes dogma. Until a doctrine, however strongly supported by Scripture, has this sanction, it is no necessary part of Christian belief. "The Scriptures," said the rector, "without the decision of the Church, have not any authority, because the Church and Pope are the judges of the Holy Scriptures." It follows that he only is a heretic and anathema who presumes to deny the dogmas authenticated by the Church. While this is true, it must be remembered that doctrines usually believed by members of the Church, but which as yet have not attained the position of dogmas, cannot be disbelieved without injury to the soul. The man who disbelieves them is not, indeed, a heretic, but he is a temerarius. Such is a summary of the Roman point of view as expressed by the rector. It will be seen that the rector and Wolff had exactly opposite points of view. One believed in the supremacy of the Church, the other in that of Scripture. The result was that there were endless clashes and disputes between them. As far as we are able to judge, the friction between the contending parties was of constant occurrence. The interminable wrangles must

have vexed the rector, a man in authority and unaccustomed to find his views challenged and contradicted. He probably reflected that other students may have sympathised with Wolff, and if in the lecture-room he could be so aggressive, could he be trusted outside? Was it not probable that he was constantly engaged in trying to pervert others to a Stolbergian point of view? Wolff was himself quite conscious that his position in the college was becoming insecure, but with his invincible optimism, he had as good a time as he could, and left developments to take care of themselves.

The question one day arose whether Jansen, "whose doctrines led to infinite divisions and uneasiness in the Roman Church," was a heretic. The rector therefore declared: "One cannot exactly say that, for he says that he submits everything that he wrote to the decree of the Church. But if the Church had burnt him, she would have done well." Wolff at once entered the field with the indignant remark: "The Church has no right to burn." The rector retorted: "How do you prove that?" Wolff answered that the sixth commandment covered his point, to which the rector rejoined: "The shepherd has a right to kill a wolf which enters the sheepfold." To this bit of reasoning by analogy Wolff rather pointlessly replied: "a man is not a wolf."

The rector went on to say that heretics had been burnt by no less than seventeen popes. Wolff answered: "Seventeen popes have done wrong."

Standing at the door of the lecture-room during this altercation were two of Wolff's English friends. One of them was the famous Henry Drummond, a

banker of great wealth and high position. He seems to have been a kind of free-lance in religion, but supporting with his influence and his purse many worthy causes. His position in the religious world was absolutely independent and unique. Of him an able writer has said: "Wherever faith was stirring among the dead continental churches—wherever Christian enterprises were setting forth—wherever serviceable men were to be had for these labours or devout ones sheltered from persecution or poverty—the sound of his name is like the apparition of the Eastern potentate in a tale of the Arabian Nights. Prompt, unhesitating, rich, the rapid and bold energy of his individual hand revealed itself in many a book, and many a history of lesser men than himself." Henry Drummond became Wolff's greatest friend and supporter, helping him generously with money, and almost as generously with advice. He himself declared in 1827, "that he would remain Wolff's friend to his dying hour, though all England should trample on him." Wolff's estimation of him may be seen in the fact that his son and all his descendants have borne the name Drummond-Wolff.

Such was the eminent and singular man who heard at any rate some part of the dispute between the rector and Wolff. What Drummond thought and felt is clear from his request when he saw Wolff in private after the lecture: "Wolff, come with me to England." "No," was the response, "I shall not stir until I am turned out."

The consequence of the rector's observations, Wolff, with his usual impulsiveness, wrote that same day to Cardinal Litta, and said: "He was persuaded

from the principles which he heard defended in the Propaganda that the Protestants of Germany had not told him falsehoods of the Church of Rome." The cardinal came to him on the following day and talked with him for nearly three hours. He said that he was unable to deny that the rector had uttered " nonsense and absurdities," as had Wolff himself in his letter. He dwelt on the importance of obedience to authority, and told Wolff that he must not dispute with his teachers. Wolff was touched by the kindness shown throughout the interview. On the same day he was visited by his friend David Baillie, who brought with him letters designed to influence those in authority at the Propaganda, from the Duchess Litta, sister of the cardinal. Among the many influential friends who called upon him about this time were Niebuhr and Bunsen. Niebuhr gave him a plain warning, " Wolff, you are in danger. In case you see the blow coming, fly to the Prussian palace."

" In danger " Wolff might be, but he contrived to enjoy himself, and the professors and students were well pleased to amuse themselves with him. They noticed that he had an extraordinary predilection for tarts. In a good-humoured ridicule of his capacity for dealing with them, all piled up their tarts on a plate and sent them to him. So liberal was the allowance that Wolff invited all his friends, both Catholic and Protestant, to dinner on the next day, and made the tarts the principal item of their entertainment. While the party were dining, the professors and students stood outside the door and shouted to one another : " Here, look! Wolff has assembled all the heretics of the place and is giving them a dinner! "

Wolff assures us that his stay at the Propaganda was a delightful experience. His reverence for the Pope, whose sentiments were so liberal, and whose character so philanthropic, was an admirable counterpoise to his distaste for the narrower principles of others.

It is obvious that Wolff's public expression of his opinions in the lecture-hall must have opened the eyes of the professors of the College, nor is it likely that so impulsive a young man had refrained from attempting to influence other students. Thus further proof was obtained of the risk of keeping him. Wolff had, in fact, become a " tainted wether of the flock," whom it would be necessary to cast out from the fold. Still nothing must be done without the clearest and most undoubted evidence against him. Now in cases of emergency or strong suspicion the College authorities made no scruple of opening and reading the student's correspondence. Wolff tells us that some of his own letters were read as well as replies to communications by him. One of the former written to Bunsen said : " I will go to the East and preach the Gospel, but I will always be the enemy of the Anti-Christian tyranny of Rome." The climax seems to have been reached when a letter arrived from Henry Drummond, containing the momentous words, " Wolff, come out of Babylon."

Some of Wolff's correspondence was sent for perusal and consideration to the Holy Office, or Inquisition, which had its headquarters at Rome. These letters sealed Wolff's fate. The door of each of the students' rooms was usually locked by the Prefect after evening prayers. But on the evening of the arrival of Drummond's letter, or soon afterwards, the doors of

all the students except Wolff's were left open. Each student was then summoned to the rector's room and questioned about Wolff's opinions, and no doubt assurance was thus made doubly sure. Wolff, from a little window in the door of his room, watched all these proceedings and heard more about them on the following day.

Monseignor Testa, the Pope's private secretary, was one of the ablest and best men at the Papal Court. He was a scholar, a linguist, a scientist, and remarkable for the kindness and benevolence of his character. It will be remembered that he introduced Wolff into the Pope's presence soon after his arrival at Rome. From Testa Wolff now received " letters warning him in the most affectionate manner." His sentiments, said Testa, had incurred the displeasure of the Propaganda, a tempest was over his head, and he was in imminent danger of being expelled. Testa also wrote to Cardinal Litta and commended Wolff to his protection, and also spoke to him to the same effect. But Litta disappointed him by saying : " I can no longer save him." Highly mysterious incidents followed. The tailor of the Propaganda came into Wolff's room and took his measurements. He was followed by the shoemaker, and he again by the hatter, bound on a similar errand. Nothing was explained, but Wolff was in great apprehension. He could not understand why he was to be " thus translated." His German friends in Rome heard that all was not well with him and tried to reassure him by coming to him and saying : " We will all go in a body to the Pope, if anything is done to you."

On April 15th, 1818, Wolff had his last interview

with Cardinal Litta. The cardinal told him that his correspondence had been examined and his sentiments thus revealed. The Pope, who knew the facts, had given his express command that he should remain a prisoner until he left Rome for Vienna. Litta declared that he experienced infinite regret at losing Wolff. He felt indeed as if his right arm were being cut off. Yet he must go, for, if he remained, he would " spoil all the rest."

Having thus regretfully expressed the decision of the Pope, Litta handed Wolff two sealed letters. One was for the Cardinal Legate in Bologna, the other for the Papal Nuncio in Vienna. Wolff must now go with a gentleman to a house where he must remain till he left Rome. With these instructions Wolff's final interview with his best friend ended. In an adjacent room, Wolff found a new suit of clothes, a new hat and new boots, the articles of apparel for which measurements had been taken, and put them on. The " gentleman " appeared and proved to be a member of the Holy Office. Wolff was conducted by him to the house of the advocate of the Inquisition and remained there under arrest for some hours. He was watched by a little dwarf and not allowed to see his friends. Wolff must have spent the interval in anxiously wondering what was going to happen. Succeeding events were equally surprising. At midnight the post-coach, guarded by gendarmes, arrived at the door, and in it was seated the official of the Holy Office, now disguised as a soldier.

Wolff entered the coach, the coachman whipped up the horses and the travellers soon left the Eternal City behind them. Wolff's companion proved grim

and taciturn and exceedingly watchful. Wolff was becoming very suspicious of the purport of the sealed letters which Cardinal Litta had given him for delivery at Bologna and Vienna. Might they not contain, he imagined, orders for his imprisonment? He was resolved to find out, for if they contained such orders, he should certainly try to escape. He contrived to open them and, instead of anything hostile, found the warmest personal recommendations. Wolff was still unsatisfied. He knew that his companion also had letters. These he thought perhaps contained the true instructions about him, while those which he himself was carrying were only a blind. There was only one thing to do. He must, and would, seize the letters which he saw in the pockets of the slumbering official. But he was dealing with a man who was even sharper than he was. The moment Wolff's hands touched his clothes, his vigilant companion opened his eyes and calmly remarked as he pushed him off, " It is of no use ; I am not asleep; I do not intend to sleep." Wolff confesses that his suspicions were quite unfounded. There is, however, just the possibility that either the Propaganda or the Holy Office meant to give him a good fright.

Wolff fully realised in his calmer moments that the Propaganda were quite justified in getting rid of him. Many of his opinions were in direct contradiction to the teaching of the Holy See and he would have made a singular, if not impossible, Catholic missionary. We have no further particulars of the journey, which must have occupied two or three days. Wolff, after all his tremors, was deposited safely in Bologna and called upon Lante, the Cardinal Legate, with

the letter which Litta had given him and which he had opened. Wolff explained that his fears had made him take this step. The Cardinal Legate wrote to Litta and explained Wolff's conduct. Litta, on hearing from Lante, wrote most kindly. He was, of course, surprised to find that he did not know his old friend better than to believe him capable of treachery towards him. He told him once again that his dismissal from the College was inevitable. How many times had he not been warned? How many times had he not been exhorted to break off his correspondence with false friends who gave him nothing but harmful advice? The cardinal warned his friend against the unguided knowledge of Holy Scripture. He ought to know how dangerous it was to place books admittedly so difficult and so often mistranslated into the hands of incompetent and illiterate people. Had not the effects of such a proceeding been seen in the heresies which it had fostered? Were they not visible in the ecstasies and absurdities of numerous modern sects who found in the Bible the echo of their own errant imagination? A little reflection would show that to place Scripture in the hands of the multitude with no illumination and no guidance could lead only to error. Litta concluded the letter with the expression of the hope that God would protect Wolff from evil companions and perfect in him the gift of being called to the faith. Wolff did not receive this letter until his arrival in Vienna and must have been much touched by the love and interest which Cardinal Litta continued to show towards a student who had caused him so much anxiety.

CHAPTER VI

NOMADIC LIFE—CAMBRIDGE

Monastic life at Val Sainte : Henry Drummond : Lewis Way joins Anglican Church : Cambridge : Charles Simeon

WHEN Wolff left Bologna, Cardinal Lante found him a new companion who, like his former one, was a member of the Holy Office. Wolff found him chatty and communicative. He seemed to have a great regard for the Jesuits, who, he said, understood human nature and made necessary allowances. From Bologna the two went to Venice, and from Venice to Vienna, where the responsibility of the Holy Office ceased and Wolff was once more a free man.

Vienna had formerly been Wolff's home for nearly a year. He had been welcomed into its cultivated society, and no one could have been more kindly or hospitably entertained. How much had taken place since then !

Sitting in his lodgings, Wolff, normally of a most sanguine temper, became the prey of the gloomiest reflections. What had his stay at Rome brought him, that stay to which he had looked forward with such lively faith, such eager anticipation ? He had been dismissed from the College by a Pope whom he loved. He had not been allowed to say farewell to his friends. He had quarrelled with those who had striven to help and befriend him. Not unreasonably did he fear that his career had been nipped in the bud and that he would never be a missionary. How was

he to act now, and how was he to make some attempt to take up again the threads of his life? Could he do better than write to Hoffbauer, the popular preacher and the leader of the ultramontane party, and ask his advice and assistance?

It so happened that Hoffbauer, who had heard of Wolff's banishment, was already on his way to see him and take him back to his house. There all his old friends, among them Schlegel and Madame de Staël, rallied round him. He also made the acquaintance of Hoffbauer's latest converts, for he was still winning them in great numbers. All with one accord urged Wolff to remain true to the papal and traditional Christianity. They said that to go outside it meant spiritual destitution. Wolff soon found residence in Hoffbauer's house painful. The latter began more and more to tyrannise over him, continually taunting him with his conduct at Rome. Wolff therefore decided to leave him and seek a new abode. Such a home he hoped to find at Val Sainte, in Switzerland, with the Redemptionists or Liguorians, of which order Hoffbauer was Vicar-General. Over and over again, Wolff expressed his desire to leave, but Hoffbauer was as obstinate as Pharaoh in keeping him in the house of bondage. Consequently Wolff was compelled to remain for seven months as his unwilling guest.

At last, however, he left, and in accordance with his usual custom, stayed at several monasteries which he passed in the course of his long journey, noting remarkable variations in the pursuits and in the tone of these different convents.

In one he found that the monks were highly

educated with a good knowledge of German literature. They were, however, really Protestants in a Catholic dress, and their theology seems to have been an anticipation of the modernism of the present day.

At the Benedictine monastery of Lambach, on the Austrian frontier, the brethren were authorities on the fine arts. At Salzburg, Wolff found the great oriental scholar, Sandbichler, idly busy with one of those artificial systems of interpreting prophecy which modern methods have completely overthrown. There, too, was the poet Weissenbach. Of him Wolff relates that when he was once visiting Schlegel and Madame de Staël at Vienna, his host and his wife retired to an adjoining room to confess their sins to Hoffbauer. They then desired Weissenbach also to seek the consolations of confession and absolution. At once he began to search all his pockets and then gravely remarked, " I am sorry to find that I came in such a hurry that I left my sins behind me."

At last, in December 1818, Wolff reached the Redemptionists' convent at Val Sainte. He was welcomed by Father Passerat, the rector, and after arranging to teach German and Latin to the resident students, was admitted into the convent. Once more he had the felicity of trying a new dress, for he wore a long black rough garment to which a long chaplet of the Virgin Mary was attached: shoes without buckles, and a large hat. Father Passerat was " one of the most eloquent of French preachers " and had complete self-command. He showed, however, a great disposition to force richer students to become permanent members of the convent. If they expressed a wish to return to their parents, they were

told that it was " a great temptation of the devil." Wolff tells us that " an insatiable covetousness reigned here," such as he never saw before. The rich only were encouraged to remain. Passerat sent off the poor to other religious houses.

Once a year the monks were compelled to show their humility by mowing the grass in the fields. Then " everyone was obliged to whip himself with a scourge," at the same time reciting a pitiful address to the Virgin. Wolff tried to perform this self-discipline, but was unsuccessful, and the rector dispensed with it.

Amiable as were Passerat's manners, he could be rough and even brutal, not, it would seem, in fits of temper, but from the conviction that harshness promoted humility in others. Wolff himself was one of the rector's victims, and on one occasion received three blows on the head. Another member of the community was treated to lashes on the hand with the same notion of fostering humility. Passerat told Wolff himself to kiss the feet of the monks. The order was obeyed, but Wolff exceeded his instructions by biting their toes. All this roughness produced a constant leakage from among the monks, who passed into the ranks of the secular clergy.

As time went on, Wolff became quite a thorn in the rector's side. He broke some of the rules and made fun of the others. Some of the monks thought his conduct outrageous and one of them even declared publicly, " If I were the rector, I should have turned out this fellow long ago ! " At length Wolff had every reason to suppose that his correspondence was watched and that there was a system of espionage

over him. The rector, when remonstrated with, informed him that he was acting on instructions given from elsewhere. Wolff at once surmised that the Holy Office was designed in this enigmatic remark. It was soon evident that this monastery furnished little or nothing which could be useful to a missionary.

On the other hand, Wolff was told by the rector that he was unsuited to monastic life, a remark with which he heartily concurred. The dullness and want of colour in life at Val Sainte chilled him ; its petty rules and regulations seemed to lead nowhere ; his time was being wasted and his health declined.

Such considerations determined Wolff to ask for permission to leave, which was several times refused. He became more melancholy and sought to divert his mind by teaching the students Latin, Greek and German. But do what he might, he could not be anything but unhappy. " In the midst of my teaching, the desire of preaching the Gospel, not only to my brethren, but likewise to the Mahometans, kept possession of my heart, and drops of sweat from anguish fell from my face, so that all my pupils observed it."

When at last Wolff was allowed to leave the Redemptionists he found himself with only four shillings. He obtained his dinner on the first day of the journey at a convent of Carthusian friars which offered few advantages to those of a luxurious, or even of a cheerful temperament. Their food consisted only of herbs and fish. They were allowed to say nothing except, " Remember that you must die," or " you must weep and fast,

for to-morrow you will die." Such dismal and disturbing words coupled with meagre diet did not tempt Wolff to remain longer than he could help. Within two hours of his arrival, he had shouldered his knapsack and was again on his road. After a night at a Capuchin monastery, where he was handsomely entertained, he made a short stay at Vevay and then passed on to Lausanne, where he meant to remain and give lessons in the oriental languages. He arranged to lodge with "a pious Protestant bookseller" until he had earned enough to carry him to Jerusalem.

It was at this juncture that one of those little incidents occurred which change the current of a life. Wolff, who was by no means shy, happened to meet with an Englishwoman in the street. He promptly addressed her. His first question was, "Are you an English lady?" She answered "Yes." His second, "Do you know Henry Drummond?" Miss Greaves, for that was her name, had evidently heard from Drummond the story of Wolff's adventures and mishaps. In an instant the truth flashed across her mind that he was standing before her, and she asked the question: "Are you the Abbé Wolff?" When he said "Yes," she told him that she had been searching for him for some time, as she had been visiting Rome and had heard what had befallen him there.

She was actually carrying at the moment a letter from Henry Drummond to Wolff. Miss Greaves added, "You must go to England; Henry Drummond is waiting for you, and we shall send you at our expense to London." Miss Greaves was most kind

to Wolff and seems to have entertained him at her house as long as he remained at Lausanne.

Through her he made the acquaintance of Thomas Jones, Reader at the Chapel of Whitehall. Jones offered to take Wolff with him to London, an offer which was readily accepted. When they reached Lyons on their way to Paris, Wolff with his constant habit of calling on people whom he did not know, and who did not know him, paid a visit to a Roman Catholic priest. Wolff gave the priest so fixed a stare that he quite intimidated him and bade his servant remain in the room until his visitor had departed. But when Wolff began to give him an outline of the story of his life, the priest became interested and asked him to stay longer. When he had listened for some time, he observed: "I see the end of your career, you will become an heresiarch." Then Wolff recollected that the aged Cardinal della Somaglia, to whom he had been so impertinent at Rome, had used precisely the same words.

When Wolff and Jones arrived at Paris they met Robert Haldane, who had created a kind of schism in the Scotch Church. He and his wife were very friendly with Drummond, and asked Wolff to accompany them to London. It so happened that Jones was delayed at Paris; accordingly Wolff continued his journey with them. When the party reached Dover, it was very evident that Wolff had the most extraordinary notions about the English character, as he assured Haldane that he feared that all his countrymen were thieves.

"What!" cried Haldane, "the women, too?"
"Certainly," answered Wolff, "every one of them."

Haldane laughed and replied, " Never mind, I am with you. I will protect you."

On reaching London Wolff found Henry Drummond himself at his bank in Charing Cross. He was kindly welcomed by him and, a week later, taken into his home.

On his first Sunday in London, he went with Drummond to a Baptist service and complained of a want of reverence. He afterwards attended another Baptist service, but liked it no better. A visit to a Quaker's meeting, where the congregation sat in silence for two hours, was also attempted, and elicited from Wolff only the remark, " This is nothing."

Later, he was introduced by a friend to a famous Methodist preacher who explained the views of that Church. Wolff was better pleased, but by no means satisfied.

At last Drummond went with him to the Episcopal Jewish chapel in Palestine Place, Bethnal Green. The wanderer was at last contented, and Drummond said: " I see you will belong to the Church of England. Nevertheless, you will find a good deal of pride and arrogance in that Church, as well in the Church of Rome."

From that time Wolff regarded himself as a member of the Church of England, and to that communion he adhered during the rest of his life, yet retaining his affection for his old love and never allowing the Roman Church to be wantonly abused. He held for the future the view that members of the living Church were to be found alike in all Christian denominations.

Thus Wolff silently quitted the Church which had

been so good to him, but in some of the principal dogmas of which he no longer believed. His tolerant sympathies were soon shown, for on one Sunday, he received the Holy Communion in the Lutheran Church, in the next, the Church of England.

While Wolff remained in London with his future yet uncertain, he was introduced to Charles Simeon, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, the best known among the Evangelical leaders of those days. It was arranged by him and others among Wolff's friends that he should go to Cambridge with the express purpose of taking up missionary work among his own people at the expense of the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. This society, which had fallen into a bankrupt state, was resuscitated by Lewis Way, once a briefless barrister to whom another Lewis Way, in no way related to him, had bequeathed a fortune of £380,000, on condition that it should be used in the service of religion. Lewis Way, the recipient of the fortune, at once took Orders in the Church of England, but was more generous than discreet in spending the large income so unexpectedly placed at his disposal. He was constantly trying to bring about impossible schemes, such as the restoration of the Jews to their own land by the Czar. Worse still, he was victimised by unscrupulous Jews, who shammed conversion and stole his plate. One of them took Orders and eventually ran off with three hundred pounds belonging to the society of which Way was the munificent patron. So grievously and so often was Way deceived and disappointed that, eventually, he died broken-hearted.

While Wolff was being trained at Cambridge at

the expense of the London Society, he was taught theology privately by Simeon and Arabic, Persian, Chaldean and Syriac by Samuel Lee. This eminent man, though the son of a carpenter and with no educational advantages, had mastered Latin besides many Eastern languages, and became a professor at Cambridge. Working under such tutors, Wolff devoted himself to his studies with extraordinary energy. He rose at two o'clock in the morning and read for fourteen hours daily. He seemed even to grudge the time spent on meals. Not only was he indefatigable in the pursuit of the Eastern languages, but he also wrote essays for Simeon and read most of the works of St. Augustine and Bishop Butler as well as other English theology. There was, however, one matter in which he failed to acquit himself to Simeon's satisfaction, a deficiency which attended him to the end of his days. He himself writes: "Everything Wolff undertook he succeeded in learning, except one thing which Simeon tried, but in vain to teach him, namely how to shave himself. Mr. Simeon actually appointed an hour (12 o'clock) to instruct him, in the first place, how to sharpen a razor; but the moment Wolff tried, although Simeon had told him to keep the blade flat, he did just the contrary, and cut the strop in two. Simeon gave him a slap, laughed, and gave up the shaving lesson."

Wolff distinguished himself in those days, as often afterwards, by his absence of mind. He paid for a book which he bought of Dr. Bopp, the great Sanscrit professor of Germany, with a grocer's advertisement, instead of a pound note, such as were current in those days and have been resumed since the War. Dr.

Bopp, unconscious of the mistake, put the advertisement in his pocket and took it home. In the meantime, Wolff found the bank-note in his own pocket, and, astonished that it should still be there when, as he thought, he had parted with it, exclaimed: "There is witchcraft in this, of which I have heard a good deal among the Jews." The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Dr. Bopp's servant arrived with a letter stating that the enclosed grocer's advertisement had been given him by Wolff, instead of the bank-note. Such incidents were of quite usual occurrence and must have amused Wolff's spiritual teachers, pastors and masters. For example, on the Saturday in each week, Wolff read to Simeon an essay on a subject which he had composed on a theological subject. On one of these visits he came to his tutor dripping with rain, read an excellent essay, and was invited by Simeon to visit him again on the following Monday. Simeon then told Wolff that he had bought him a "beautiful umbrella," but as he knew only too well that he would soon lose it, he had put his own name upon it, so that it might be returned to him, when he would give it back. The umbrella was soon stolen and not restored. Wolff hardly dared to face Simeon with the news of the loss, and consulted a lady friend, who gave this judicious advice: "Write a very good essay, and, if you see that Mr. Simeon is pleased with it, tell him your misfortune."

Wolff followed the advice, sat up all night, and wrote quite a learned essay. Simeon rubbed his hands and encouraged his pupil by saying: "I am rejoiced you have become quite a man in your

thoughts." Wolff then led up cautiously to the subject of his loss, and when Simeon said that he would never be displeased with him, " whatever he might tell him," uttered the fateful words. " Your umbrella is gone," only to receive the calm reply : " This is nothing more than I expected."

If Wolff's stay of nearly two years at Cambridge, of which he has left too scanty an account, had been more prolonged, and if he had taken the ordinary university course, he would almost certainly, like Lee, have risen to a post of distinction at the university. He was, however, as we know, bent on becoming a missionary, and was actually being maintained for that purpose by the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. He himself seems to have been quite happy at Cambridge, where he was brought under good influences and was certainly in no hurry to leave. His residence there was really cut short by the intervention of Henry Drummond, who, if he were generous, seems to have been arbitrary and dictatorial. He wrote a curt note to Wolff expressing wonder that he should allow himself " to be kept so long by the London Society." He was wasting his time. If the society would not send him out as a missionary, he himself would despatch him at his own expense. Wolff replied that the society " had been disappointed by every Jew whom they took up. One became a Mahometan, another a thief, a third a pick-pocket. He was determined to remain to show that there was one sincere Jew in the world. He hoped also to spend a few months with Lewis Way, " in order to get more knowledge of the world." Drummond answered in a

short note in which he said that " knowledge of the world can only be gained in the world." In spite of this hint, Wolff went to Stansted Park where Lewis Way lived, and before very long secretly left for Portsmouth to preach to the Jews there, leaving a note in which he stated the errand on which he was bound.

Knowing the dangers to which he would be exposed by such a mission, the party at the Park were smitten with consternation, and it was determined to bring Wolff back without delay. As he was making the journey on foot, he was quickly overtaken, and probably escaped a severe handling by the Jews.

Simeon came to Stansted Park soon afterwards, and begged Wolff to remain at Cambridge for some time longer. This he ought to do for two reasons. He would be all the better for acquiring a greater " experience of the main life of a Christian " and he was not fit to be a missionary until he knew how to shave himself, or how to make tea, for " he lately put the kettle on Mrs. Dornford's table."

Wolff, however, reflected that if he were to stay at Cambridge until he learnt to shave, he would never start at all. He therefore wrote to Drummond that he was ready to leave at once. Drummond, in his turn, sent a brief note to the committee of the society which it would be complimentary to describe as blunt. It ran as follows : " You are indeed a real Jews' Society. Eye for eye and tooth for tooth is your rule. I will not allow you to keep Wolff any longer. I will send him out myself." Wolff was summoned before this committee, and he and its members

parted with words of mutual affection, while the president of the society gave Wolff letters to friends at Gibraltar and Malta. All things were therefore ready for the next great change which Wolff was to make in his eventful life.

His qualifications for preaching the Gospel were a dauntless and energetic spirit, an assured belief in his message, a unique knowledge of Eastern languages, affable manners and a rare power of extricating himself from difficulties. He was, moreover, as we shall find, blessed with remarkable physical endurance. He could bear extremities of cold and heat, long journeys, strange food and most forms of hardship. He showed unshaken courage when brought face to face with almost certain death. On the other hand, he was timorous at sea and was terrified by a storm. He was no horseman, and when obliged to ride, he procured if possible an ancient screw as less likely to throw him and to prove unmanageable. He was rather garrulous than eloquent. He never thought it necessary like St. Paul to follow up his preaching by the establishment of churches. There was, however, much in what he endured in which he actually did resemble St. Paul. Like the doctor of the Gentiles, "he was beaten with rods; in perils of waters; in perils of robbers; in perils in the city; in perils in the wilderness; in perils in the sea; in weariness and painfulness; in watchings often; in hunger and thirst; in fastings often; in cold and nakedness."

The efforts of Wolff were constant but unmethodical and spasmodic. He was a guest that tarried but for a day. He states his message, he leaves and may

never return. He has sown the good seed which, as he fancies, will germinate and grow without further tending. Much of his time was spent in arguing with Jews, and in these controversies he was sometimes victorious, sometimes worsted. He and the Jews concluded their arguments often after a debate of many hours, but they usually reached a conclusion in which nothing was concluded.

CHAPTER VII

CAIRO AND SINAI

Gibraltar : Alexandria : Cairo : Sinai : St. Catherine's Monastery

WOLFF left England for Gibraltar on his first missionary journey on April 17th, 1821. On this voyage a storm prevailed by which he was much alarmed, " as he was a great coward at sea." On arriving at Gibraltar he was provided with comfortable quarters, and was soon asked to pray at the Wesleyan church, since for the time he was sponsored by ministers of that denomination. His style and manner were acceptable to the congregation, who groaned in token of approval, a most indecent custom which lasted years after Wolff's time, and which had superseded the hum of satisfaction of Bishop's Burnet's days. When Wolff had ended his petition it became the turn of the regular minister to pray. When he ceased, the congregation, instead of showing approval by groaning, maintained an ominous silence. The minister could not restrain his vexation and Wolff was so indignant at the pettiness both of shepherd and flock, that he said to the pastor, " You will never catch me praying in your Meeting-house again." It was a very singular beginning of a missionary career.

The Jewish colony at Gibraltar with which Wolff became acquainted consisted of about sixteen hundred members divided into three synagogues. Of these Jews some were highly cultured, had travelled

widely and spoke several languages. Many of them were deeply interested in the controversy between Christians and Jews. The difficulties in reaching an agreement were innumerable, as by the Jews Messianic prophecies were interpreted as not yet fulfilled, by the Christians as already in part completed. For hours did Wolff and the scholarly Jews contest the position, but although they maintained the most friendly relations, neither side seemed to make any advance towards agreement. Sometimes Wolff found quite a formidable array of Jews present, anxious to watch the progress of the controversy.

Rabbi Gabay was, for example, a cultured Jew and skilled linguist, with whom Wolff had several long interviews. When on the third meeting, he entered the room, he found " Gabay and three Jews with white beards, dressed in the Turkish style, besides four Portuguese Jews and several Jewish ladies. They all rose as Wolff came in, and Gabay shook hands with him and he made his bow to the others, who responded kindly, showing by their countenance a mixture of respect for him with confidence in themselves." The passage from Holy Scripture ultimately chosen for discussion was, " The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid." All agreed that these words signified, " There shall be universal peace." But the interpretations of the Christian and of the Jew were absolutely different. The Christian maintained that the prophecy was in part fulfilled, the Jew that it was no nearer fulfilment than when it was pronounced.

Some of the Jews, though perfectly courteous, adopted a cynical and unworthy view of the religious

faith of their opponents. " Mr. Wolff," said Ben Aruz, " is a very sensible man, of great talent, who gains much money and eats well, and drinks well, and believes in his heart what he likes ; all the Jews in Gibraltar are a parcel of fools who argue with you about the prophets and the law. I was in the world, and know the world very well. I have done myself, just what you, Mr. Wolff, are doing. I went about with bishops arm in arm, I was the *homme gallant* of all the ladies, but in my heart I was a Jew—and so you are, Mr. Wolff, and you are right."

With justice did Wolff repudiate all such motives and asserted the sincerity of the faith which he professed and the purity of the ideals by which he was actuated. Wolff had a memento of days at Rome when five or six priests invited him to accompany them to their house. They even brought him to a dark room and talked in Latin about the Pope. It soon appeared that one of the priests and Wolff were at Rome at the same time, and that the priest was acquainted with Cardinal Litta. The old controversy on the Papal Infallibility followed.

Wolff was very glad to leave this company of ecclesiastics. They showed every symptom of dislike and he thought that they would have sent him to the Inquisition if they had possessed the power.

Wolff appears to have found some of the high Calvinists as trying as these priests, especially a " longface-pulling lady with a whining voice. She was continually bothering Wolff not to argue with the Jews about the truths of the Gospel, but only to preach to them the sovereignty of grace and the doctrines of election and reprobation."

Wolff left Gibraltar for Malta on June 16th, 1821, and on arriving there went into quarantine. The prevalence of fever at Gibraltar made this necessary. He lived here with Cleardo Nardi, the agent of several Bible and missionary societies.

At Malta Wolff was foolish enough to attempt to preach in the synagogue, but was compelled to beat an ignominious retreat. He also arranged to preach in the Independent chapel, and as it was his first essay in public preaching his friends were anxious that he should acquit himself well. It was, therefore, arranged by Dr. Gaisford, the Medical Officer in Malta, that after the sermon was written, which it must be that very Monday, he should come twice a day for a week to a large room to hear it recited and make his criticisms. Any others who wished might attend. Wolff arrived in due course with sermon completed and soon Dr. Gaisford entered, dressed, as was his custom, in military uniform, and proceeded to give his pupil the appropriate directions. "Now, first of all, imagine here is the pulpit; you must mount it in a grave way, put the handkerchief on the pulpit cushion and when you feel a little exhausted you can take it up and wipe your forehead with it. Every word must be pronounced distinctly, clearly and slowly. Now then begin—let us hear."

Wolff then proceeded to recite the sermon, and whenever the emphasis was not good, Gaisford strode towards him and corrected him. After a final inspection on the day before the sermon was to be preached, he was able to say: "Now I am satisfied; I see that we may all attend." The sermon in its final form was listened to by an immense congregation,

and Gaisford declared that Wolff had "acquitted himself *à merveille.*"

Although the war between the Greeks and Turks had already broken out, Wolff desired to leave Malta for Alexandria. Having arrived there, he soon made the acquaintance of Dr. Marpurgo, the Jewish physician of the Pasha, and a linguist speaking fluently six languages, and described as " one of those Jews who believe nothing." He had married an Egyptian Jewess, although his view of these ladies was that they were all " daughters of the devil."

Dr. Marpurgo had a scientific friend called Hemprich staying in Alexandria who was studying natural history. It was not long before these scientists entered upon a three hours' theological argument with Wolff, of which he says: " In conclusion, they evidently left the victory to the missionary whom they afterwards introduced to the rest of the Jews."

They resumed the argument at a suitable opportunity. It was then that Marpurgo and Wolff read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah together and that Marpurgo, in showing his library, declared that Seneca was his daily prayer book.

When Marpurgo died, his mother-in-law told Wolff, slapping her hands together at each statement: " We cried, we howled, we wept, as is customary among us, but when we looked for the money, there was none."

Henry Salt was at this time the Consul-General in Egypt. He is well known as the famous collector of Egyptian antiquities now in the British Museum and in the Soane Museum. Wolff became very friendly

with him, and went out with him to see the monuments of the Jewish Cemetery. He confesses that he took no interest in them: "Never scarcely caring for anything except to see men of different races and character." He was introduced by Salt to an American gentleman whose name was English, and who had become a Mahometan. With him he travelled to Cairo, and on the first day of the voyage they had an argument lasting for fourteen hours without a break. "English smoked negligently as he talked, but Wolff neither ate, talked nor smoked, but was in a continual fire throughout." When the argument was concluded, English, though he had been so cold and impassive, burst into tears and told Wolff that though he had not solved all his difficulties, he had yet spoken to his heart. He declared that he should cease to be a Mahometan.

By Salt's order, Wolff was provided by Santini, his Chancellor, with a room in the British Consulate. Santini seized the opportunity of impressing upon Wolff the necessity of providing himself with presents to give to the Bedouin chiefs. Could he do better than purchase a hundred small bottles of castor oil, as there was no more popular present than one of these bottles? Wolff fell into the trap, bought the oil for ten pounds and became the butt of a good deal of ridicule.

It had long been one of Wolff's ambitions to visit Sinai and other scenes of the Mosaic story. As two travellers, Carne and Clarke, had arrived in Cairo with the same intention, Wolff arranged that he should accompany them. He took with him Arabic and Greek Bibles and Testaments and even some in

Hebrew, although there was little chance that any Jews would ever see them. It was, however, certainly a case of casting the bread upon the waters, for, " when Wolff came back to Sinai fifteen years later, he discovered that a Jew from Bulgaria had been there and read the Bible and Testament in St. Catherine's Monastery, as the Monastery on Sinai is called, and been baptised by the Superior of the Greek monks." He had written a book on the second advent of Christ which Wolff saw and which had converted the monks to his views.

The longed-for day, demanding so much careful thought and preparation, at length arrived. On Monday, October 29th, 1821, Wolff and his party set out for Sinai, a distance of two hundred and sixty miles from Cairo. With Wolff were Carne and Clarke and their servant and his own servant, Franz Six. They took with them several camels.

On October 30th they arrived at Suez, where Wolff preached and distributed Bibles to the Greeks there. On November 3rd they came to the Wells of Moses in Arabia, and Wolff preached to the Bedouin Arabs. By November 6th they were nearing their goal. " It was a clear night, the sky was ornamented with stars, and at a distance the voices of the Arabs were heard, and the fires of the Arabs around their tents were blazing through the desert." Wolff's imagination was at fever heat, and he exclaimed: " Now I shall meet Moses and all his host." Then at last they saw before them St. Catherine's Monastery, rising high on Mount Horeb, a monastery afterwards so famous by the discovery of the *Codex Sinaiticus*, by Tischendorf. Dean Stanley speaks of

" finding in the heart of the Desert of Sinai, the stately Convent of St. Catherine, with its massive walls, its gorgeous church hung with banners, its galleries of chapels, of cells and of guest chambers, its library of precious manuscripts, the sound of its rude cymbals calling to prayer and changed by the echoes into music as it rolls through the desert valley, the double standard of the Lamb and Cross floating high on its topmost towers." Those admitted into this monastery, then as now, could only enter by being hauled up by a rope to a window. Wolff flattered himself that the room allotted to him was on the very spot where Moses had seen the burning bush.

On the following day he presented his hosts, the monks, with Arabic, Greek and Hebrew Bibles. He was delighted to be able to write to Henry Drummond that Bishop Hilarion, who belonged to the monastery, had translated the Bible into modern Greek.

It is, of course, now recognised that not one of the traditional sites of the Mosaic story can be identified with certainty. All are problematical. As long as he lived, however, Wolff persisted in the face of the highest authorities in recording supposed sites as undoubtedly historical. This view added interest and sentiment to all he saw, especially to such a mountain as Sinai, with the wonder, mystery and terrors wrapped round the name, " this Mount that burned with fire, with blackness, darkness and tempest, with the sound of a tempest and the voice of words." Wolff, Carne and Clarke now determined to see this mountain. Much to their regret the monks could not accompany them. A tribe of Arabs, they said,

hovered round the Mount and were hostile to them, because they asked for provisions which they were not able to give them. Moreover, these Arabs complained that, though if only the monks would pray for rain from the book of Moses in their possession, rain which was so much wanted would fall in abundance, they were too lazy to pray.

As the monks were unable to go with Wolff and his friends, they charged the Arabs to show them the usual sites. When they reached the summit of Sinai, Wolff recited suitable portions of Scripture.

On November 10th the party went to see the rock of Meribah where " the people chode with Moses." There Wolff fancied he saw the mark of Moses' staff and the twelve holes from which the water gushed out, according to the twelve tribes of Israel. Just as they were leaving the rock, they were surprised by a tribe of Arabs, who do not seem to have inspired them with any great alarm, as Wolff prevented any violence by telling them that he and his friends were Englishmen.

The Arabs told them to go with them to the monastery. They would enquire whether the monks meant to pray for rain out of the book of Moses or not. If they were such scoundrels as to refuse, the three travellers must remain with them where they were until the Day of Judgment.

The monastery, as we have seen, was practically impregnable and accessible only by a rope. As soon, therefore, as it was reached, one of the Arabs shouted up to the monks: " Dogs! will you pray or not?" The monks cried: " Children, we pray, but it is in the hands of God alone to bring rain or not." The Arabs

were still more enraged and repeated, "You dogs! You dogs!" The Arabs then compelled their prisoners to mount their camels again and to ride to the Valley of Paran. Here they pitched a tent for them made of old, black and unsavoury rags; one of the women had the effrontery to put her hand through the tent and snatch a handkerchief from Wolff's neck. When, fifteen years afterwards, Wolff returned to Sinai he found that children, unborn when he was there before, knew his name, and those of his friends, and that one of the ladies had taken his neckerchief. They knew also that his servant was a drunken impostor who took in his master. Wolff cites this fact as a proof of the permanence and value of Eastern tradition.

Wolff was naturally anxious that his beard should not be filled with Arab courtiers. As he could no more shave than dance, the only resource was to ask a Bedouin to come to the rescue. He must have been quite an adept at the work, as he accomplished the feat without soap or water, and still better without pain. Wolff rewarded him with a piece of bread and cheese, but fifteen years later, when reminded of this scanty recognition, he added a dollar.

The chiefs of the Arabs assembled in the early morning near Wolff's tent. They reminded him of the exceeding wickedness of the Greek monks in refusing to pray for rain, and begged him to write to the Pasha of Egypt to beg him to compel them to pray without delay. Wolff declined to approach the Pasha, but sent a letter to Salt, giving him an account of the whole affair. At the same time, by representing to the Arabs that they would be punished unless

the Englishmen were freed, he procured their release from imprisonment.

" The Arabs then brought Wolff and his friends in haste to Cairo, where Wolff arrived dressed half like an Arab, half like an European, and thus he rode upon a camel through the vast town of Cairo, affording amusement to both Europeans and Arabs."

At Salt's supper-table that night, Wolff could think and talk of nothing but his adventures. So absorbed he was in them that he helped himself to the whole of the plum-pudding, and was quite unconscious of the famine and of the amusement which he was thereby creating.

On the following evening, Salt tried to hold Wolff absorbed in his recent adventures while he handed him a dish on which was a roasted goose. Wolff disappointed him by declaring that he had not yet digested the plum-pudding.

CHAPTER VIII

MOUNT LEBANON : JERUSALEM : ALEPPO

Desert : Gaza : Jaffa : Acre : Sidon : Mount Lebanon : Jerusalem : Aleppo : Lady Hester Stanhope

HAVING accomplished his ambition of going to Sinai and thus seeing, perhaps, the most important site in the Old Testament history, Wolff arranged to visit Jerusalem. He started with twenty camels laden with Bibles and attended by his servant Franz Six, but by no means makes it clear where all these Bibles were stored. The whole caravan journeyed through the Syrian desert, and on the Friday evening, after the start, it halted in order that a single Jew might be enabled to keep the Sabbath holy. It was composed mainly of Mahometans and Eastern Christians, and Wolff conversed with Arab sheiks as well as with Christians. It arrived in due course at Gaza, and on December 28th, 1821, on reaching Jaffa, he was lodged with Antonio Damiani, the Consul, " a venerable old man, with a three-cornered hat and a large coat of taffeta." Hearing that some Samaritans were in Jaffa, the consul, at Wolff's request, brought Israel, the most learned of them, to see him. With him Wolff became very intimate, and so influenced him as to create a complete revolution in his religious opinions. He made indeed no outward change, but became to all intents and purposes a Christian. Israel came from Nablous, said by Wolff to be the ancient Samaria. He showed Wolff some Samaritan manuscripts, and informed him that the

only prophet recognised by his co-religionists was Moses, and that the other writers in the Old Testament, in their eyes, possessed no authority. During the thirty years which followed his intercourse with Wolff, Israel never opened his lips in the synagogue, except in defence of Christianity.

About twenty-five years after Wolff's visit to Jaffa, Israel's nephew, Jelebee, when on a visit to England, called at Ile Brewers Vicarage to see Wolff, then vicar of that Somerset parish. He received a hearty welcome from Wolff and his wife, and remained in the vicarage for some time. Unfortunately, when he was walking with his host they were met by a herd of pigs, which are an abomination to the Samaritans. Jelebee at once uttered a curse in Arabic, which was translated to the uneducated parishioners, and made him very unpopular. It unfortunately happened that one of the pigs was drowned on the following day. This incident intensified the feeling against Jelebee, as it was imagined that he had "overlooked them." The consequence was that when Jelebee left, Wolff could scarcely raise ten shillings for him among the members of his flock. Happily the "gentry and clergy" rose to the occasion and subscribed twenty pounds.

Though Jaffa is only thirty-five miles distant from Jerusalem, Wolff decided not to go there until he knew the Syrian dialect, and he soon took steps to acquire it. After staying at Acre and Sidon, he obtained permission to remain for some time in the monastery of Ayin Warka on Mount Lebanon. The monks of that convent were Maronites subject to the jurisdiction of Rome, but having their own

patriarchs. They were most kind to Wolff, and here he remained for three months " employing his time in reading, writing and speaking Arabic with the monks from morning until night." While making this happy stay in the Maronite monastery, Wolff visited the Apostolic Vicar in Lebanon. He was rejoiced to find that he would once again have an opportunity of arguing with a Roman Catholic priest in the person of Père Renard, who lived with the Apostolic Vicar. This duel was conducted in the presence of several ecclesiastics, and Wolff, as usual, was convinced that the victory lay with him.

Wolff must have regretted to leave the convent on Mount Lebanon, with its hospitable monks, and missed " the sound of the bell and of the ' Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison,' resounding from all the Christian Churches." After he quitted the monastery, Wolff returned to Acre. There he preached to the Jews, and when near Jaffa he was attacked by the Bedouins and robbed of his clothes, but was given a new outfit at the Consulate. On the next day he rode on a mule to Ramlah, the ancient Arimathea, and, after spending the night in the Armenian monastery there, he pushed forward through the camp of Aboo Goosh, the freebooter who plundered in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem. Aboo Goosh was not insensible to the charms of money, and by conciliating him by a small present, Wolff was enabled to enter the Holy City.

On entering Jerusalem, Wolff was met by Carne, with whom he had ascended Mount Sinai, and by an Irishman called Gerhin, and taken to their quarters in the Franciscan Friary of Terra Santa. He was well

received, and always regretted wounding the feelings of the friars by leaving on the next day for the Armenian convent. Here he was hospitably entertained by the patriarch Gabriel who sent a " live sheep " to his room, and good Jerusalem wine, made by the monks. He had a little dinner party which was joined by two friars of the Franciscan convent. His room soon became the rendezvous of Jews, Armenians, Roman Catholics and Turks, to all of whom he preached in their own language. The Armenian monastery itself is said to have been the burial-place of St. James, brother of the Lord and Bishop of Jerusalem, the first Head of the Christian Church and President of the Council of Jerusalem. The body of St. James is reputed to have found its resting-place in this monastery, while his head was buried at Compostella in Spain, the seat of innumerable pilgrimages in the Middle Ages. Writing at this time to his brother, Carne gives proof of the estimation in which Wolff was held and of the work which he was doing. " His manners are agreeable, but like all others engaged in this cause, perhaps rather enthusiastic. He is, I believe, from all that can be judged in so short an acquaintance, a sincerely pious man. Considering the delicate ground he treads upon, he has met with more success than could have been anticipated. A number of the Jews, among whom are a few of the chief, have accepted Testaments of him, and there is a general impulse excited among them. He once had fifty at a time in his chamber."

On going to the Greek monastery at Jerusalem, Wolff discovered that one of the monks possessed

Arabic, Greek and Hebrew Bibles and Testaments received from English and American missionaries, and that he was in the habit of distributing them among the inhabitants of Jerusalem. In company with others, Wolff visited, sometimes more than once, many sacred scenes, such as the Mount of Olives, Bethlehem, with its Church of the Nativity, said to be built over the birthplace of Christ, " the fields of the shepherds," and the Holy Sepulchre, the real site of which is quite uncertain. He saw also at Bethlehem the " rude chamber," where St. Jerome composed that famous translation of the Scriptures known as the Vulgate, still in use and likely to be always in use by the Roman Catholic communion.

Afterwards, continuing his missionary journey, Wolff passed through Tripoli, Latakia and Baghdad. From Baghdad he went on to Antioch, where he was well received by John Barker, Consul-General of Aleppo. Wolff seems to have been greatly interested in Barker's mother-in-law, who was living at Aleppo, and whose name was Abbot. She was of pure Greek blood, and much attached to the Eastern Church. Wolff tells us that on one occasion " when the Greek bishop left Aleppo, he felt safe in leaving all the secular affairs of the Church under her care." A Roman Catholic missionary once called on her, hoping and expecting to convert her to Roman Catholicism and submission to the Pope. She met his arguments by quoting from the Bible and the Fathers, but as he remained insistent, she cried " Fiddle-de-dee the Pope." Words were followed by swift action. Laying aside the water-pipe, which she was smoking, and sitting near the fireplace, she exclaimed, taking hold

of the poker : " If you don't walk out, I will give you such an argument with this poker as you will find a little hard, and you will find it an impressive one, I warn you." She was a fat, active, determined, well-read lady, and the Roman Catholic ran away as fast as he could, wishing to spare himself martyrdom for some better occasion.

With Barker, the son-in-law of this lady, Wolff spent some time at his beautiful home near Antioch, in May 1822, and went thence to stay at Aleppo, as the guest of the Dutch Consul-General. Aleppo was at that time a city containing about 235,000 people. Wolff describes it as a beautiful town, the climate delicious, the houses like palaces, the people living together in harmony and visiting one another, Europeans, Arabs, Christians and Turks. In the evening, if one walked about on the terraces of the town, ladies and gentlemen would be seen smoking narghili, studded with diamonds and pearls ; and a dervish from Bagdad would be singing :

" If this beautiful lady of Sheeraz
Would give me her heart,
I would give for one mole of her cheek
All the treasures of Samarcand and Bokhara."

Wolff records with evident gratification an invitation to dine with Monsieur Lesseps, the French Consul-General of Aleppo, a friend of Napoleon I, probably a relation of the author of the scheme which led to the construction of the Suez Canal.

A few days afterwards Wolff left Aleppo with a caravan of six people on his way to Latakia. When the party reached Juseea, about ten miles from

Aleppo, they spread their carpets for the night. They were joined by some of the Anzairees who inhabited Juseea, but a stone's throw from the spot. These Anzairees begged Wolff and his party to come into the town and sleep in their houses. Wolff, however, knowing that such villages are frequently infested by vermin, declined, with the excuse that he preferred to sleep in the open air. The Anzairees therefore remained for a time chatting with Wolff. About twenty yards from them was a group of Bedouin Arabs, who were sitting round their fires. Presently Wolff took out his Bible and began to read. Then suddenly the ground was felt to move to the accompaniment of a howling and a thundering like that of cannon. All were terror-stricken, wondering what had happened and what was menacing them. Instinctively all rose and were distracted to see the houses of Juseea fall in an instant before their eyes. The Anzairees rushed to the village and came back with a cry of desolation and despair, " Our houses are gone, our wives, our children, our cattle are all gone." The first great shock had lasted for two minutes; afterwards lesser shocks occurred about every half-hour.

How changed was the silence of the desert for the scene of panic and terror! How different the recent quiet and repose from this terrible onslaught of Nature on human life and happiness!

Everywhere were seen Arabs fleeing on their horses over the plain and crying as they passed Wolff, " This is of the Lord." The toll of the earthquake was terrible. Aleppo, Antioch, Latakia, two other towns, and all the neighbouring villages had

been destroyed, and sixty thousand people had perished.

Wolff went on to Latakia, two or three days' journey from Juseea. He found dead bodies still lying about the streets and when he said to the inhabitants and to the Greek and Italian Christians, " Come, let us kneel down and pray," another shock came in the very midst of the prayer, and all rose, exclaiming : " Merciful God! The day of judgment has come! " Just at this time a cavalcade arrived from Aleppo, composed of Jews, Arabs, Turks, soldiers, women and children, and amongst them was a dervish whose voice was heard from a distance, singing :

" And thus, thus, O Aleppo, and thus, thus, Aleppo,
All thy beauty is gone."

The spirit of Asiatic fatalism enables men to endure, but it also acts as a weakening and paralysing power. Thus, when Wolff returned after two years' absence to Aleppo, he found the houses not rebuilt and the survivors were still crying : " Oh God! Oh God! Thou hast broken our bones and joy and gladness have gone away."

Wolff went from Latakia to the island of Cyprus. There he heard that the Greek Christians of Nicosia, the capital, were being massacred by the Turks on a false charge of rebellion. Wolff hurried to Nicosia and found that the Archbishop and a hundred and twenty-seven Greek Christians had already been put to death. The Archbishop had behaved with great intrepidity. He was offered his life on condition that he became a Mahometan. He refused, making the sign of the Cross, and saying to his flock, " Children, I set

you an example." He continued to make the holy sign all the while, saying, " Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison," until his head was stricken from his body. Wolff saved the lives of six Christians by his entreaties. He performed also the great service of sending to England the children of bishops who had been slain ; they remained for three years under the protection of Henry Drummond and others. Thirty years afterwards several of these exiles had reached posts of distinction. From Cyprus Wolff " went on an excursion " to Damiat, where he lodged in the house of the British Vice-consul, whom he describes as a " little, clever consequential man," adding with some truth and justice that " all men of little size are consequential and stand up for their rights in an extraordinary manner." While Wolff was with him, he was called upon to appear before the Governor of Damiat, as representing the King of England. He arrayed himself for the occasion in a red coat with epaulettes impossibly immense, and wore a cocked hat, with feathers two feet high, and enormous boots. He spoke so loud that he could be heard a long way off. Wolff asked him why he spoke so loud. His reply was, " Great men speak with a loud voice, little men with a small voice."

Wolff afterwards went to Malta and joined two American missionaries. They divided their work between them, taking Upper Egypt as the district to be traversed. One of the Americans preached in Greek, the other in French, and Wolff in Arabic, Hebrew, Italian, Persian and German. Wolff was more especially engaged in preaching to " the Coptic people," and certainly did a great deal more than his

share of the work, as the Americans had quite a passion for collecting mummies and other antiquities. They afterwards went to Jerusalem, where they spent three months in missionary work. The Americans then set out for Lebanon, but Wolff, who had already spent a good deal of time there, remained in Jerusalem. His activites were soon cut short by an attack of fever when he was tenderly nursed by Colonel Cradock, afterwards Lord Howden, who had just come from Cairo to Jerusalem. When Wolff was convalescent, the two journeyed to Tyre and from thence to Sidon.

When they arrived at Sidon, Wolff forwarded a letter by an Arab servant to a Miss Williams who lived with Lady Hester Stanhope on Mount Lebanon. There was no response, but a letter was received by Wolff himself, and aware though he was of the lady's eccentricities, he must have been astounded at its contents. Lady Hester said that she was amazed that an apostate should have dared to bring himself to the notice of her family. A learned Jew he could not be, or "he would never have abandoned a religion rich in itself though defective, nor would he have embraced the shadow of one in the Christian faith." The writer concluded her tirade by insinuating that Wolff was a "speculating wanderer, paid to raise his venal voice." Wolff replied in a short note written with dignity and moderation, and forwarded it to Lady Hester by the same Arab to whom he had entrusted his former missive. Lady Hester, on receiving it, asked the messenger to wait until she had brought him a reward. When she came out of the house she was armed with a whip. She at once proceeded to beat and kick the unfortunate Arab, and

sent him away. On returning to Wolff the Arab informed him " that the daughter of the King of England had beaten him." His master tried to compensate him by giving him a dollar. The reader may be the more surprised at this extraordinary incident when he remembers that Lady Hester was the daughter of Earl Stanhope, the granddaughter of the Earl of Chatham, and the niece of William Pitt. She had been William Pitt's housekeeper, and does not seem to have developed in those earlier days the arbitrary temper and absurd prejudices which she showed in her intercourse with Wolff and others.

On his road to Damascus, in the monastery of Aintoura, Wolff met Lewis Way. He gives no particulars of the interview, but remarks that Way " with a noble soul was disappointed and cheated by impostors, and left Syria soon afterwards, without having seen Jerusalem, having been frightened out of Syria by that jealous and misanthropic woman, Lady Hester Stanhope."

On arriving at Damascus, Wolff obtained a donkey-driver to drive him to the monastery of the Capuchin Friars. The donkey-driver seems to have understood his business, for he coolly sat on the donkey and let Wolff run after him all the way. The Capuchin community consisted of Italian friars who received Wolff with great kindness, and when he was seized with Damascus fever, nursed him with the utmost care.

While staying with these friars he was invited to meet the friars of the Spanish monastery. One of these friars began an argument with Wolff, who almost at once asked him whether he could prove

" the propriety of an Inquisition." The friar replied : " My argument is very short. You think it is not proper to have an Inquisition ? " Wolff's answer was, " Certainly, I think so." The friar replied : " Then do not go to Spain." " But," said Wolff, " this does not appear to be an argument." Again the friar responded, " Then do not go to Spain." To everything in fact that Wolff might say, the friar made the same answer. Wolff paid a visit to the school of these Spanish friars. He was astounded to find that not only there were several hundred pupils, but that they possessed Arabic Testaments and Arabic Psalters, presented by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Wolff did not remain long in Damascus, but went on to Aleppo, where he lived again with the Dutch Consul. Two years had now passed since the earthquake, and everything in Aleppo was still very desolate. The inhabitants were still living in huts outside the town. All the Mahometans in token of mourning had allowed their beards to grow and their hair to remain untrimmed. By these outward and visible signs of grief they expressed sorrow for their sins, which they believed to have been the cause of the earthquake. " And also," says Wolff, " the Roman Catholic Jews of the East by fasting and prayer showed their grief and tried to avert the wrath of God by continued humiliation." The Europeans did not go beyond secondary causes, even when they were Roman Catholics, but laughed when Wolff spoke to them about repentance. Wolff remained for two months in Aleppo, occupying his time in disputing with the Jews and preaching to the European Christians.

CHAPTER IX

UR OF THE CHALDEES : KURDS : MARRIAGE

Ur of the Chaldees : Attacked by Kurds : Jacobite Christians : Shiraz : Illness near Caucasus : Marriage

WOLFF at last left Aleppo with about sixty native Christians and Arabs. He does not appear to have selected his suite with much discretion. His personal attendant is described as a " thief, a traitor and a cheat." Digeon, a Frenchman, who was one of his party, was " the greatest scoundrel he had ever encountered."

Wolff crossed the Euphrates at Biri and slept in a cave by the river-side. He then went on to Ur of the Chaldees, the birthplace of Abraham, a town now inhabited by Turks, Kurds, Jacobite Christians, Armenians and Arabs. While he was here, a tatar or Turkish messenger came from Constantinople, bearing an order from the Sultan to the inhabitants to pay tribute, which had not been exacted for fifteen years. This order was read by the Governor in a public assembly, with the result that the Sultan was cursed and the tatar hanged in the market-place, with his master's order in his hand. At Ur, Wolff became friendly with the Jacobite Christians, and visited their churches. Wolff maintains that the Jacobites were so called as being descended from Jews converted by James, Bishop of Jerusalem. Their name is really due to Jacob, a monk, who, in the sixth century, did much to restore the existing

Monophysite Church. So great an impetus did Jacob give to the progress of this Church that in the Middle Ages the Jacobite hierarchy numbered a hundred and fifty archbishops and bishops under a patriarch. In every direction Wolff found traditions of Abraham. He visited the grave of Abraham's father in the village of Haran, and the cave in which Abraham himself is said to have been born.

After passing through Telfeidan, Wolff went towards Mardeen, a military station and the chief centre of the Jacobite Church. The weather had become so stormy that it was impossible to find the road. A Kurd came towards them, and Wolff requested him to show them the way. The Kurd replied by asking for a *real*, a Spanish coin worth about a penny. The Kurd took the *real*, but paid not the slightest attention to Wolff's request. Wolff shouted as he rode away : " Give me back my *real*." The Kurd's reply was : " If thou livest till thou seest that *real* again, thou shalt never die."

Unable to procure any guidance and finding the roads impossible, Wolff and his party dismounted from their mules and walked forward. Suddenly they were surrounded by a troop of Kurds and marched to a village called Guzelli. They then sat down, and while " Wolff conversed on religion with one of the devil-worshippers," Digeon, his treacherous attendant, whispered to the chief of the Kurds. The effect was instantaneous. The chief at once came to Wolff and said : " Do you wish to upset our religion ? " Wolff's reply was, " I came here to show you the truth." At a signal from the chief, Wolff was at once tied down and two hundred lashes

applied to the soles of his feet, in itself a most cruel torture and incapacitating the victim from walking for some weeks. Readers of *Le Roi des Montagnes* will remember that this torture was inflicted by the Greek brigands of seventy or eighty years ago.

Having thus cruelly treated Wolff, the Kurds stripped him of everything he had, tied him on the back of a mule, and brought him to Mardeen. Then, in fear of the guns of the fortress, they prudently retired. Night had now fallen, and Wolff lay in pain and misery at the gate of Mardeen, but, as we know, nothing could daunt that indomitable spirit. The gate was not opened until the morning, but during the night Wolff was protected from further injury by the Kurds. He now dismissed Digeon, and lived with the Bishop of the Jacobite Christians, as fortunately he had not been robbed of the letter of introduction from the Patriarch who lived at Damascus. The bishop read this letter and said that they were, at the moment, in doubt when Lent should begin. So violent was the dispute that one of those who sat on the ground cried : " The first who dares to fast before such a time as is appointed by us here shall be struck dead by me." Wolff was asked his opinion about this seemingly unimportant question and also about fasting. To the latter enquiry Wolff replied that he had no objection to fasting, but quoted a passage from Isaiah in which that prophet denounced contention about such matters. The quotation was most effective, as the disputants at once ceased to argue.

Wolff found the Jacobites " a wild people but good natured." He visited the ex-patriarch who was said

to be a hundred and thirty years old. " He was a small thin man, rather crumpled up in figure, with a penetrating eye, a sweet and handsome face, his beard silvery white, and hair the same, hanging down in curls. Wolff asked the blessing of that old man who wept, and scarcely would allow Wolff to leave him, holding him by the hand."

Sixteen years after these events Wolff was for a short time curate of High Hoyland in Yorkshire. He was then visited by Mar Athanasius, one of the Jacobite bishops. He preached in the parish church, and Wolff translated his sermon into English as he proceeded. As may be readily imagined, the bishop had a large congregation.

The bishops from the neighbouring mountain of Tor came down to Mardeen to see Wolff. " They were good people," but, like some of our own medieval prelates, were sometimes compelled to lead their followers into battle, for the Kurds were always a menace and a danger in this district. When Wolff's feet were sufficiently healed, he climbed the mountains to see these bishops. He left Bibles with them, and told them just a little of the history of the Church of England.

Elias Shaadi, banker to the Government of Mardeen, a Jacobite, who had changed his creed and become a Roman Catholic, called on Wolff, who significantly adds that " he afterwards had his head taken off by order of the Sultan because he was rich."

The caravan in which Wolff left Mardeen was particularly large, as it so happened that just at that time the governor of the city was recalled to Baghdad and took with him a large force of soldiers. Many

Armenian and Syrian Christians and Mahometan dervishes were only too glad to avail themselves of this protection, as the journey before them was said to be particularly dangerous. The caravan made its first halt at Nisibin, an ancient city and fortress, and then passed on and faced the Mount of Jebel Sinjar which, in Wolff's time, was called " the Terror of all the Caravans." This ill-omened name is due to the murders of English and French travellers as they attempted the journey past it. The murderers, at the thought of whom men shuddered, were supposed to be the Yezidi or devil-worshippers, who lived in the mountain. Wolff himself regarded the mountain with quite a superstitious terror. " Fearful, indeed," he says, " is that spot ! Dark and dim lights wander about it, they are the ghosts of the slain. At certain times one hears howlings, they are the howlings of the damned, shrieks and snarlings of wicked spirits." He adds that " once every year in the night time, they perform a dance all around the ruins of Babylon, in honour of the devil."*

Large as was the caravan, its members were haunted by a nervous dread until they were far away from Jebel Sinjar and its neighbourhood. In spite of the intense heat they pressed on at full speed, exacting fifteen hours a day from their horses and mules. The sufferings of these unfortunate animals are terrible to think of. Twenty mules died from thirst. Wolff himself was a sufferer ; he tells us that the " thirst which he underwent is indescribable."

* Wolff's account of the Yezidi is not easily reconcilable with that of Rosita Forbes in *Conflict*, in which they are represented as fanatics, quite harmless to others. Wolff's version of them is left as it stands.

The party must have rejoiced when they reached the oasis called Jalakha, where they encamped. Wolff could not resist the opportunity of preaching to so large and representative a congregation of five thousand people, and his discourse seems to have met with a better reception than could have been expected. He preached both in Hebrew and Arabic. The caravan at length arrived at Mosul, which is believed to occupy the site of the southern suburb of Nineveh. Mosul was once the busy centre of the muslin industry, and the name of the material is derived from the town. Wolff called at the palace of Archbishop Elias, who presided over the Jacobite Church here, and presented him with an Arabic Bible. The archbishop did not mean, however, to take him on trust, but questioned him about his faith. Wolff, in reply, translated the Apostle's Creed, the Nicene Creed and the Athanasian Creed into Arabic. The archbishop at once welcomed Wolff as " a brother in Christ " and stated his belief that " the human nature of Christ is absorbed into the divine as sand into glass." A better description could hardly have been given of the Monophysite doctrine.

In the absence of a statement from Wolff to that effect, we may be sure that he did not receive free quarters at the palace. Probably he was far too way-worn and travel-stained to be a welcome guest.

After visiting Arbela and one or two other places, he at length reached Baghdad, where unexpected kindness and hospitality awaited him. " Thus," he says, " exhausted and depressed by his many fatigues, poor, despoiled of all that he had, with wounds still in his feet, did Wolff arrive in Baghdad

after his wanderings, and he was received in the splendid house of Agha Sarkees, an Armenian gentleman who acted as British agent, with the greatest hospitality."

This was not the full extent of his good fortune. Several British officers had recently arrived in Baghdad. As they had heard that Wolff was on his way thither, they had delayed their departure for several weeks in the hope of seeing him. When at last he arrived, they helped him in every possible way and anticipated all his wants. They provided him with linen and clothing and one of them, who was surgeon to the East India Company, was successful in curing his feet, which had been cruelly lacerated by the Kurds. They accepted his bills on England, so that there was no danger of his running short of money. They did all in their power to please and divert him, and listened with the greatest interest to his descriptions of his adventures in Mesopotamia. Having thus acted in all ways like good Samaritans, they departed.

"Wolff remained at Baghdad a whole month, preaching to the Jews and circulating hundreds of Bibles." He then embarked on the Tigris, and as he passed Shat El Arab, he was robbed of a coat by a crafty Arab who was swimming from the other side and put his hands into the boat. Wolff arrived in due course at Basra in Persia, where he was kindly received by Colonel Taylor, a notable linguist. He visited the Jews, and the Syrian chief priests, who belonged to the Roman Catholic church, allowed him to preach to the Roman Catholic community, both in Arabic and Persian. It is astonishing to relate

that Wolff, who was not a Roman Catholic clergyman, nor indeed the ordained minister of any denomination, assumed the episcopal mitre and wore the stole and the cingulum on these two occasions. It was, perhaps, partly for this reason that he received a most attentive hearing. He established a school at Basra with the aid of his host and of the Armenian Christians. After staying at Basra for several months Wolff went on to Bushire, where his host was Colonel Staines. With the aid of the English colony and of the Armenians he established a school, as he had done at Basra. The opening of this school was a great ceremony, and made Wolff the observed of all observers. " The Armenian ladies," he tells us, " came out of their harems and took the arms of the British officers there and went to church for the first time in their lives. Many of the young ladies said, ' I am ashamed.' However, they went, and Wolff made a speech in the church in Persian after the service, in which he enlarged on the importance of Christian education."

Wolff now went on to Shiraz, staying on his way for a short time at Kasseroon, where his lodgings were in the upper story of a house. As he was conversing with some Persians one evening on the subject of religion, there was a terrific storm and an earthquake shook the building. Though Wolff was wearing neither coat, nor shoes, nor stockings, he was so alarmed that he fled downstairs with the utmost celerity, amidst the laughter of the Persians. The earthquake shock did no damage, but Wolff slept out of doors, the target of a pitiless rain.

On the day following this misadventure, Wolff

spent several days in travelling over rough steep roads towards Shiraz, a town sacred to Persian poets, where he found many Mahometans with whom to argue.

According to his invariable custom, he visited the Jews. He had already been informed that the most ill-clad, the dirtiest and the most miserable people in Shiraz were Jews. Their dwellings were described as those which no quadruped but a goat would enter. The Jews rambled about in dirty turbans, ragged and patched coats, picking up broken glass, looking through discarded apparel, or asking for old shoes or sandals. Though it was mid-winter and the weather bitterly cold, many of the men, and women with children at the breast, either almost destitute of clothing or in rags, were lying in the street.

Wolff soon saw that no amount of preaching would avail these unfortunate people, for whom the first essential was an improvement in their surroundings and physical condition, and soon ceased to make the attempt.

Wolff called to see the Prince of Shiraz at his palace and formed the worst opinion of the morality of " this cursed court," a court so abandoned to vice and sunk in iniquity, that nothing could convert it. While the poor Jews of Shiraz lay starving in the streets, the higher circles were squandering on their own degradation the means with which they could have helped these hapless people. Wolff has little good to say of the Persians. " The Persians," he declares, " though by far more intellectual than the Turks, are also much more cruel, greater liars, and more atrociously immoral in every respect."

After leaving Shiraz, Wolff " preached amidst the ruins of Persepolis to thousands of Persians." A twenty days' journey to Ispahan followed, when he took up his residence in the Armenian town of New Julfa in the suburbs of the city. He stayed here for a month in the Armenian monastery, spending his time in discussions with the Jews and Armenians. Then he went on to Teheran, and would have been astounded could he have imaged the changes there within a century of the date of his visit. He would have found it almost unbelievable, for example, that there would be an American College for eight hundred and fifty students, furnishing an education of unusual compass and excellence, and with a library consisting almost entirely of scientific, philosophical and religious works. He would have remarked with the utmost curiosity the past civilisation intermingled with the present, and gradually yielding before its advance. The contrast between the ancient and the modern civilisation as they subsist together is indeed almost comical. " Nowhere," says Rosita Forbes, " is the conflict between old and new more clearly registered than on the three-quarter-ton lorries or two-and-a-half-ton trucks which cross anything from three hundred to seven hundred miles of desert laden with European goods. On the top of these, packed like locusts, crowd veiled women with hennaed finger-tips, and peasants with Pahlavi hats balanced on top of their turbans."

At Teheran, Wolff conversed with the Mahometan moolahs and ministers of the King, and Sir Henry Willock, the British Envoy with whom he resided, did something to increase the vanity from which he

suffered. He told him that these moolahs and royal ministers said of him, " This man rivets the attention to everything he says, for he speaks with such force as none of the most eloquent of our nation could do : and, in spite, too, of his foreign pronunciation and his foreign manners, he rivets us, because sincerity speaks out of him." It was Wolff's custom wherever there was time and opportunity, to engage a teacher of languages. In accordance with this practice, he took as his teacher during his stay in Teheran, " one of the first scholars in Persia, whose name was Mirza Ibrahim. Wolff took him with him as far as Constantinople and thence sent him to London." He became a teacher of Persian and Arabic at Haileybury College, learnt Latin and Greek and translated Herodotus into Persian. After leaving Teheran, Wolff went on to Tabriz.

Wolff's hostess there was a Chaldean Christian lady, married to Dr. Cormick, an English physician, by whom he was introduced to the great Abbas Mirza, Prince Regent of Persia. This prince's father, in his later days, became quite inefficient as a ruler. Sometimes he would be counting his jewels. When tired of this pursuit, he would be found in his harem. But the amusement most harassing to his subjects was that of visiting towns in his empire for the purpose of extracting money from the oppressed people. Fortunately for others, at length he realised his own worthlessness as a sovereign and wisely resigned his power to his eldest son, Abbas Mirza, who proved an excellent ruler. We are told that in his interview with Abbas Mirza, Wolff " conversed on religion " and that the Regent " argued from reason." In

other words, he believed that natural religion, with its great general principles, if accepted as a guide, was the best means of saving nations and individuals from themselves. Abbas Mirza formed a very favourable impression of Wolff, and showed himself a practical man when he desired him to establish a school at Tabriz and to endeavour to procure teachers from England. On returning from his interview with the Regent to the house of Dr. Cormick, Wolff must have been delighted to find there Bishop Shawris, whom he knew well when he was at the Roman College of the Propaganda. Shawris was originally a Nestorian, and had been consecrated as bishop when he was a member of that community. He had afterwards joined the Roman Church, and quite irregularly had continued to exercise episcopal functions. As is usual in cases of this nature, someone was found to take offence. The Propaganda was appealed to, and Shawris was summoned to Rome to answer for his conduct. Had he known something of the dilatory methods of the Holy See, and thought a little more about the obtrusion which he had committed, the chances are that he would never have gone to Rome. Doubtless he was buoyed up with the hope that he would be re-ordained as bishop with the Roman rite, and that the long and expensive journey to Rome, and the censure of the Propaganda, would be a sufficient punishment for his fault. When he was with Wolff at the College and Wolff " was laughing and very cheerful," Shawris said, " Now you are laughing, but should you ever fall into the hands of these Cardinals you will weep blood." Shawris' case was indeed hard. He arrived at the Propaganda in

1802, and until 1817 no attempt was made at investigation. He was then permitted to leave Rome, but not allowed to act as bishop. It is to be hoped that the Propaganda maintained him while he was so long a prisoner.

After renewing their old friendship, Wolff and Shawris travelled together in Ooroomia, in the hope of finding a competent scholar to undertake the translation of the Bible into the Kurdish language. Unfortunately they were unsuccessful, and Wolff, after returning to Tabriz, departed for Tiflis. On his way he passed Mount Ararat of which he says: "to no human being is granted the privilege of ascending the height and beholding it." He does not explain that the snow which covers it is so deep that its top is inaccessible.

When Wolff reached the Russian cantonment near Tiflis, "the officers immediately received him into their small houses, vacated their beds and offered him a bed to sleep in. On his arrival at Tiflis he preached to the Jewish Germans and Polish Jews. While he was still going forward, and had reached a village at the foot of Mount Caucasus, his strength utterly failed, and he lay down in the street to await his end. As usual, in his times of dire extremity, he was rescued by a British officer. Travelling under an armed escort to protect him from an attack of the Circassians, the officer helped him into his carriage and conveyed him to the Monastery of the Jesuits at Mostock. It was unfortunate that one of the fathers was consumed by a zeal for proselytism. He gave Wolff no peace, but was incessantly trying to convert him, even when his illness was at its height. Wolff at last could bear this

mental torture no longer. He slipped out of the monastery, and was once more in the street. Here he was again found and rescued by his benefactor, the British officer, and taken to the house of a German physician. Ten days' care and attention worked wonders. Wolff was soon on the road again and arrived at Taganrog, a town near the sea of Azof. A message from the Emperor Alexander I reached him shortly after his arrival to say that he would receive him in person in the following week. This reception, however, never took place, in consequence of the unexpected death of the emperor. We can imagine what a pleasure it would have been to Wolff to be received by one of the most beloved of the emperors, and how great must have been his sorrow and disappointment when the hand of death so ruthlessly intervened. At Taganrog, Wolff preached to thousands of Germans. He then visited the Crimea, stayed in two or three towns there, and from one of them called Simferopol proceeded to Odessa. He tells us nothing about his stay there except that he preached to the Jews, and met a young German whom he determined to take with him to Constantinople. He remained at Odessa until February 1826, when he decided to sail to Constantinople in an English merchant vessel. Accordingly he applied to Little, captain of a ship also called *Little*, for a passage. The captain, who was a man of some humour, told Wolff that his ship was too little, adding that he objected to taking parsons on board, because they bring bad weather. Wolff then applied to the captain of another merchant vessel called the *Thetis*. The application was successful, and Wolff

sailed off in company with a Persian and a German, whom he had promised to take or send to England. In spite of a dense fog, the *Thetis* arrived safely at Constantinople, whereas the captain of the *Little* and its entire crew found a watery grave in the Black Sea.

Ignoring the fact that the Mahometans were " in the wildest state of frenzy and hatred against the Christians because the revolution of the Greeks was at its height, Wolff made an excursion to Adrianople," where he preached not only to the Jews, but also to the Mahometans. His boldness almost proved his ruin. Nothing could have exceeded the rage and fury of the populace. He left the town not a moment too soon, for only half an hour after his departure, " the janissaries marched out to cut him to pieces." When he returned from Adrianople to Constantinople he dined with Sir Stratford Canning, the statesman and diplomatist. Sir Stratford warned him to give a wide berth to the Mahometans, and Wolff was prudent enough to listen to him. He spent most of his time with the Armenians and studied Turkish. He then went to Smyrna and took ship for Dublin. He amused himself during the voyage by reading Rowland Hill's *Village Dialogues*. He preached to the sailors and obtained an offering from them for the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. He reached Dublin harbour in May 1826.

" We arrived," he says, " in Dublin harbour at midnight, after a voyage of two months. We were not allowed to land for three days and, as we were quite starved out, I sent on shore for a splendid dinner for myself as well as for the Captain and his

wife, ordering salmon, turkey, turtle soup, pudding, apple pie, jelly and a handsome dessert, so that the hotel-keeper, when reading the list said, 'This reverend gentleman knows also about the good things of this world.'" When Wolff was safely landed in Dublin, he soon found himself the guest of eminent people, as we are told that, after speaking at the Rotunda, "he spent some days with Lord Roden and the Archbishop of Tuam." The shaving difficulty was still prominent and Wolff "was shaved in the Archbishop's palace by an old woman who made him pay half a crown for the job."

It is unfortunate that while in Dublin he took the opportunity of attacking the Roman Catholic Church. These attacks were not left unanswered, and there was a strong controversy with no small measure of abuse. Wolff was called by his opponents "Baron von Munchausen," "Katerfelto," "Wolff, the old clothes-man of Monmouth Street," and similar endearing names. It is hard to explain why Wolff made these onsets, for he owed much to the Roman Catholics, and usually spoke of them kindly and with respect. It is possible that he could not resist the opportunity of advertising himself in the easy controversial way and thus becoming a sort of Protestant hero and an idol of the Protestant party. He had the good taste to modify his diatribes by invariably speaking of the Pope and Cardinal Litta with affection, and acknowledging the benefits which he had received at the Propaganda.

His mind was, however, set on controversy, and he even wrote to one of the Roman Catholic bishops and proposed that he should stay with him in his house

for some days " for the purpose of arguing with him." The bishop had not the slightest desire to spend his time in Socratic dialogues with Wolff, and declined the proposal in a chilling letter. He was aware, he said, of the reasons which had induced the Cardinal Prefect to remove Wolff from the Propaganda. He would be pleased to receive him, though not as a guest, should he, " when weary of his present pursuit, wish to return to the sobriety of true religion." Nothing, as Wolff acknowledges, could have been more calculated to invite a rebuff than the preposterous proposal made to the bishop.

After Wolff had spent some weeks in Dublin, his activities there were cut short by an invitation from Henry Drummond and Edward Irving, the founder of " the Catholic and Apostolic Church," to come to London. He accepted this invitation, and it was arranged that he should be entertained by Irving. He arrived at his house at nine in the evening and found that he was dining with Lady Olivia Sparrow. He went at once to that lady's house, where he was introduced to Lady Georgiana Walpole, daughter of the Earl of Orford, who not long afterwards became his wife. When the party broke up, Wolff returned with Irving to his home, and just before going to bed remarked: " I cannot shave myself. Can you get me a barber for to-morrow morning? " Irving promised that a barber should wait on him at seven o'clock. When that hour arrived, there was a knock at Wolff's door, " and the mighty Irving himself appeared in the capacity of barber, with a suitable apron tied round him, and a shaving apparatus in his hand. And thus Irving shaved Wolff with his own

hands and, moreover, continued to do so not only as long as Wolff remained in the house with him, but even at times afterwards, when Wolff went to him for the purpose."

Incidents of such a character are noted by servants, and soon travel abroad and become public property. When Wolff and Irving were walking in a side street near Oxford Street, they saw an interested crowd intently scanning something in a bookseller's shop. They went to the shop window and found the reason in a caricature portraying Irving in the act of shaving a wolf. Irving simply said, " Never mind, Wolff, I shall shave you again." They went away amidst the amused laughter of the lookers-on.

Wolff was soon invited to Albury Park, Drummond's seat in Surrey, to attend a conference on unfulfilled prophecies. Not long afterwards he was married by Simeon to " his darling angel in human shape." He unselfishly renounced all claim to Lady Georgiana's property, in case she predeceased him, and after his marriage " to that heavenly being," was naturalised as an Englishman. The marriage proved very happy, and Lady Georgiana was beloved wherever she went. Writing in 1861, after remarking " that the name of Joseph Wolff had become a household word to many people in every quarter of the country which crowned his young adventurous life with such unusual fortunes," a writer already referred to adds that " Wolff terminated his romantic and extraordinary youth by marrying the daughter of an English earl—a climax as romantic and unusual as the preliminary life."

CHAPTER X

VISIT TO MOTHER : JOURNEY TO BOKHARA

Visit to Mother: Ægina: Colonel Charles James Napier: Poisoned at Jerusalem: Mount Athos: J. H. Frere: Tied to horse's tail and robbed of clothes at Sangerd

In April 1827, Wolff, now the accredited agent of the Society for the Promotion of Christianity among the Jews, accompanied by his wife, started for Amsterdam. When in that city he devoted himself to preaching to the Jews, and also lectured in the Athenæum at Amsterdam for the Universities of Leyden and Utrecht. With his undying love of discussion, he endeavoured to arrange a controversy with Meyer, "a clever Jewish lawyer," and received from him a snub almost as severe as that from the Irish bishop. The answer was as follows: "Mr. Meyer presents his respects to Mr. Joseph Wolff, and being neither a Christian nor prepared to converse about the Gospel, must decline any visit on that account."

When they left Amsterdam, Wolff and his wife, accompanied by Reichardt, the missionary of the London Society, went to Zeist, a Moravian settlement. They attended the divine service of the Moravians. After such a service, a hymn is sung and a cup of tea as well as a bun called zwieback are offered to each member of the congregation. Reichardt had placed his portion of these delectables near Wolff, who was sitting close to him. Apparently he did not know his man, and must have been astonished

when Wolff seized his zwieback and tea and consumed them both. Wolff himself acknowledges that this raid was effected " to the great chagrin of poor Reichardt." The incident is a reminder of the appropriation by Wolff of the plum-pudding at Cairo.

Wolff had not seen his mother for eighteen years, though he corresponded with her, and from time to time sent her pecuniary assistance. He now set out to meet both her and his sister at Düsselthal. The moment they saw him they burst into tears and his mother said: " To-day have I borne thee again! "

The first interview must have been almost too trying for many words. The strongest emotions cannot be thus expressed. Wolff preached to the Lutheran congregation, and his mother and sister were present at the services. " Nothing," said the former, " should prevent her hearing her son preach, though she was a Jewess." Her feelings were too much for her, and she wept during the whole of the sermon. After the service Wolff's mother told him that she had no rest. If he were right, he would be happy and she miserable. If he were wrong, how dreadful for her to see his shadow fleeing from hers, lost in darkness. All present were weeping, and she continued : " Do you think that Abraham was wrong ? and that Isaac, Jacob and Moses were wrong ? And all the prophets were wrong, and our rabbis are wrong ? " The poor woman was quite overpowered ; her joy in seeing her son, who was in many ways so distinguished and who had achieved so much, was spoiled and marred by religious terrors and alarms. Wolff tried to convert

both his mother and sister, but was successful only with the latter.

After these affecting incidents, Wolff returned to London, and on July 20th, 1827, sailed with her who " is now his glorified angel," for Gibraltar. After a fortnight's stay there, during which time he issued a manifesto to the Jews, Wolff and his wife left for Malta, where his first child was born. When he left Malta, he embarked alone in the frigate *Isis* for Smyrna. In the course of the voyage, when he was sitting at dinner in the captain's cabin with two of the officers, one of them sniffed and exclaimed: " There is fire on board." Wolff at once with his usual impetuosity leaped on deck and shouted: " Sailors, down all of you, into the cabin; fire is on board." The sailors who, of course, receive orders from no one but the officers, stood still and asked, " What does he say? " Wolff shouted again, " Down, down into the cabin, fire is on board." One of the sailors so far forgot himself as to obey the order and " narrowly escaped a flogging."

The fire was nothing more than a burning curtain which was set alight by the carelessness of the chaplain, and put out as soon as it originated. The officers made great fun of Wolff after this occurrence, and Sir Thomas Staines, who was in command of the frigate, told him that passengers were not allowed to raise an alarm. When Smyrna was reached in December 1827, it was full of English battleships and French and Russian vessels which had been in action in the battle of Navarino, in which the Turkish fleet was destroyed. Wolff was cautioned by a friend against his customary indiscretion. " Now, Wolff," he

said, " do not make a noise in this country or you will be cut in pieces by the Turks." Athens at the moment was in the occupation of the Turks and was besieged by the Greeks, and foreigners were visiting Ægina instead. There Wolff proceeded after a short stay at Smyrna. He distributed copies of the New Testament and tracts among the Greeks and wrote to the Greek Government asking for equal rights for the Jews.

After receiving the greatest kindness and hospitality at Ægina, Wolff went on to Navarino, " where he saw the wrecks of the ships which had been destroyed in the great battle, and the Turks, being still enraged, fired at the ship in which he was." As his vessel sailed towards Cephalonia, it was dashed to pieces on rocks. All were saved in a boat, but Wolff was once more destitute when he reached the harbour. " Soon after their arrival the greatest man, whom not only England, but all nations have for centuries had, a man whose fame resounds from England to Bokhara and to the walls of China, made his appearance on the shore, with convulsive eyes and shoulders, with fire-flashing glances and a pleasant countenance." The man of whom this picture is drawn, and concerning whom such extravagant words are used, was Colonel Charles James Napier, a distinguished soldier. Colonel Napier pleased Wolff by saying, " I know your sister-in-law, Lady Catherine Long. She is one of the prettiest women I ever saw." He went on to state that he knew of Wolff as a man who was going about preaching that the world was coming to an end in 1845. Wolff seems to have forgotten the maxim : " Never prophesy unless you know,"

when he fixed, not as Colonel Napier said, 1845, but 1847 as the day of doom. Napier told him that he should visit him again, and bring with him Jews and Greeks to whom he could preach, "You may tell them," he said, "that there is no difference between Jew and Greek, for they are all rogues alike."

Wolff had to submit to a quarantine of twenty-six days before he was allowed to land, and the conversation between him and Napier took place through the iron grating of the lazaretto. When his quarantine was nearly expired Wolff was received by Napier in his house. After his visit, in which he was greatly impressed by his host's high qualities, he tells us that he never in his life saw a more affectionate father and tender husband.

Wolff went in a steamer to Corfu, where he preached to thousands in the streets, and lectured to "the lively, interesting Greek students" in the college. After rejoining his wife at Alexandria he went to Beirut and from Beirut to Cyprus, where he was received by the Greeks "in a sort of triumph." They had not forgotten the man who had saved six Greeks from death and sent the children of martyred bishops to England. Wolff added to these benefits by sending yet another Greek boy to England for education. Wolff had several misfortunes during this visit to Cyprus. Lady Georgiana was dangerously ill, his child died, and he himself contracted Cyprus fever.

It was not until after he had left Cyprus, and was at Cairo, that Wolff received a letter from the Council of the Bishops of Cyprus couched in the most laudatory terms, and begging him to establish a Gymnasium of Greek literature in the island. The

bishops assured Wolff that they had appreciated " his knowledge, his fame, his virtues and his exertions in the work of the refinement and civilisation of mankind." Nothing could exceed " the respect which they felt towards his venerable person." They were aware that he had " established schools in different cities." They had " a great regard for his voluntary assistant, that most honourable friend of the Muses, his most noble and respectable wife." Should Wolff be able to carry through the scheme, " the whole of Europe would boast of its great man and lift up their hands to Heaven for his health and happiness."

From Cyprus Wolff and his wife went to Cairo, and from Cairo they journeyed to Jerusalem. When the day of departure came, they took an affecting farewell of all the missionaries, the camels arrived, and they were soon travelling through the desert. Lady Georgiana eventually substituted a dromedary for a camel as her means of travel. When at last they reached Ramlah, they went to visit an old acquaintance of Wolff, Aboo Goosh, the robber, and secured his benevolence by the present of a few gold pieces.

Then, for the third time, Wolff entered Jerusalem, where he lived in the Greek monastery.

Disappointment, however, was before him. Whereas on the occasions of his former visits, he was quite a popular hero with the Jews, they now passed him with no sign of recognition, or gave him the frostiest of greetings, or looked at him " with a fierce eye," that betokened anything but affection. An attempt was even made to poison him in a

coffee-house. He was served with coffee and then immediately his whole frame was convulsed. He was successfully treated by a Roman Catholic physician, but a year had passed before his recovery was complete. Wolff explains the dislike of many of the Jews by the opposition raised against him by the Jews in London. They, like others, may have been inclined to distrust a man who professed to be able to determine the date of the end of the world, who believed in modern miracles and had declared that he had cast out a devil in the desert.

During his stay Wolff rendered a great service to a Dr. Stormont, who was staying in the Latin monastery. Stormont usually dined daily with Wolff, and was warned by him not to enter the Temple of Omar, if he valued his life. He disregarded the advice with a contemptuous "fiddle-de-dee," and, on two occasions, visited the Temple, returned in safety and dined with Wolff. On the next day he once more went to the Temple, and did not come back. The worst news soon arrived. Stormont had been seized, his clothes torn from him, and he himself thrust naked into a cowshed, and no one knew what would become of him. He was given nothing to eat, and spent his time in crying lamentably: "Wolff, Wolff, Wolff." By contriving to bring Stormont's case before the Cadi, Wolff procured his release.

The servants of the Cadi received six pounds from Wolff for their services in bringing Stormont's case before their master, and thus being instrumental in procuring his release. So mean and ungrateful was Stormont that he refused to repay Wolff a fraction of this money.

Wolff remained in Jerusalem for seven months. When he was about to leave, he timed his departure with commendable prudence very early in the morning in fear that the Turkish officers might ask for presents.

On reaching Jaffa, he stayed with his old friend Damiani, who lived on the site of the house occupied by Simon the Tanner. The well supplying water was in use where St. Peter " tarried many days " in Simon's house.

On July 7th, 1829, Wolff and his wife set sail for Alexandria. The wind was contrary and twenty-four days were occupied in the passage. It would have been well if Wolff had contented himself with arranging services for the foreign residents and with preaching to the Jews. He was, however, imprudent enough to issue a printed manifesto to the Mahometan " grandees " in which they were exhorted " to repent and return to Christ." In the same manifesto he predicted the downfall of the Mahometan power. He went further, and was rash enough to send one of these " calls," written in Arabic, by the agency of a donkey-driver to the Governor of Alexandria. The unfortunate man was flogged for carrying such a message, and returned to Wolff so inflamed with passion that he was within an ace of knocking him down. He was propitiated, but only to a certain extent, by a gift of two dollars, a sum which seems quite inadequate to compensate for the outrage on his person. The donkey-driver showed very clearly that this was his opinion, for, whenever by any chance he met Wolff in the street, he shouted " Never send me again with such rubbish to the Governor," and

when Wolff retorted: "Ah, but you got two dollars for it," he rejoined, "you ought to have given me ten." The authorities were no way satisfied with the flogging of an innocent man. They regarded Wolff himself as a man full of words, who might be the means of creating a riot. He must have been rather astonished when the British Consul informed him that he was not a welcome visitor and must leave the town. Wolff protested and demanded a written order from the Viceroy. The Viceroy refused to give the order, but sent word to say that if Wolff did not leave he must face the consequences. Wolff did not feel inclined to risk the experiment, and was thus ignominiously expelled from Alexandria. As Lady Georgiana was expecting her confinement, he was unable to take her with him and that long-suffering lady was compelled to remain behind.

Wolff appears to have had little discrimination in his choice of attendants. When he started for Salonica, he took with him a Greek servant and a Maronite called Youssuf. This individual's conduct was such as to compel Wolff to declare "that the worst people among the Eastern nations are those who know English and have been converted to Protestantism."

When the party reached Rhodes, Youssuf brought his master into trouble, for he was so imprudent as to leave the case of Bibles open. Passers-by could see them, take them out and find out what they were. The Turks were so enraged that a foreigner should dare to bring "infidel" books to their island that they ordered Wolff to leave at once. Thus he suffered another expulsion, and sailed for Mitylene, and

afterwards for Lemnos, in a Greek boat. He stayed for two days with the Archbishop, " gave him Bibles," and then sailed in the same boat to Mount Athos with his two companions. Mount Athos, otherwise known as the Holy Mountain, had been for centuries the home of myriads of monks. It is well known that in some of their monasteries valuable manuscripts of ancient authors have been discovered. Wolff tells us little about Mount Athos or its inhabitants. He did not remain there long, but sailed towards Mount Kartalia. He and his party were not destined to reach it, as early in the morning, a pirate boat was seen approaching. The chief boatman of Wolff's boat exclaimed " Kleftes," which means " robbers." Wolff suggested that the safest plan was to remain in the boat. His companions replied : " If we all remain here they will put us to death, in order not to be discovered, for they are Skupoliot pirates, and will kill every one of us." The moment Wolff realised the danger, he leapt out of the boat attended by Youssuf, who contrived to put all the money they possessed in his pocket. Wolff had on neither shoes nor stockings, yet, in company with Youssuf, he tore over the neighbouring mountain of Kartalia, which was clothed with low bushes and thorns. For thirty hours they wandered on its highest tops, while the pirates fired at them several times, and even came up into the mountain to look for them. Wolff, as had so often happened before, and was often to happen again, was in a pitiful state. His shirt was torn to pieces by the thorns. His feet, which had already suffered so much, were lacerated and bleeding and full of thorns and prickles. The heat was intense and he was consumed

by a thirst which there was nothing to quench. At length, presuming that the pirates had departed, the unfortunate travellers with some sense of security descended the mountain. Presently they found a spring, and probably enjoyed the sweetest draught of their lives. A further piece of good fortune awaited them. They met some shepherds who gave them some milk and bread. Wolff declares that he never before ate and drank so heartily. The shepherds, like Wolff's friend who gave him lodging when he left home without a farthing in his pocket, were simple men full of Christian kindness and benevolence. They took all possible pains to rescue Wolff from his difficulties, and accompanied him and Youssuf to a little town called Shika. Then they took them to the Governor and so departed. The Governor provided them with mounts and conducted them through a blazing forest, fired on both sides by robbers. All were obliged to ride at full speed and " Wolff describes himself as almost stupefied on this occasion." At last the party reached a little village where their protectors left Wolff and Youssuf. These weary adventurers slept in the village and on the next day reached the famous town of Salonica, to which in other days St. Paul had addressed two epistles. The exhausted pilgrim was befriended by the British Consul, by Lieutenant Slade and others, who advanced Wolff money and substituted good clothes for the rags which he was wearing. He was obliged to remain within doors, for his feet were covered with thorns all of which were not extracted until three months had passed. Owing to this disability, Wolff was unable to do much missionary work at Salonica,

beyond circulating the Bible and the New Testament among the Jews. He left that town in company with Lieutenant Slade, Youssuf and his Greek servant, of whom we have heard nothing since Wolff sailed from Lemnos. It is to be hoped that he escaped the pirates in a way less painful than his master. When the three reached Smyrna, Wolff " convicted Youssuf of downright roguery, and at once dismissed him as a hypocrite and impostor." He then sailed for Malta, where he was joined by his wife and infant son, who was born at Alexandria. They stayed in the house of J. H. Frere, " who had been ambassador at Madrid during the Peninsular War," and who is also well known as a brilliant translator of the plays of Aristophanes.

From Malta he wrote to the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, and stated that he had determined to go to Bokhara. In reply he was curtly told that he must first come to London and receive instructions. Wolff, who is always quite candid, states the reasons for this step. The Committee were dissatisfied with his constant attacks on other missionaries, and did not approve of other eccentricities. Wolff replied that he would return at his own risk by way of Bokhara, Afghanistan and Calcutta. Frere advanced him five hundred pounds and was eventually repaid. In spite of his previous expulsion, Wolff was allowed to land at Alexandria. There he left his wife and child. His first step was to engage a negro servant, " who was always drunk, and when drunk flew into a violent rage." The tribe to which he belonged were cannibals and Wolff seems to have trembled for his personal safety. He then

went as quickly as he could to Constantinople, passing many interesting places on his way, but lingering nowhere. On reaching the city he dismissed his negro servant and provided himself with the necessary permissions to travel. Wolff left Constantinople about a fortnight after his arrival, and was accompanied by a tatar. They were mounted, but, as usual, Wolff asked for "an old decrepit horse, the only sort he dared to mount." They arrived safely at Angora, where the Armenian archbishop made him a present of an Angora shawl, and requested him to send it to his wife. The archbishop also asked Wolff to write to the Ambassador at Constantinople, stating that they were tyrannised over by the Governor. The Ambassador had particularly desired Wolff to give an account of those governors who ill-treated Christians, and more than once Wolff performed this service. After a fortnight's stay at Angora, Wolff engaged a new tatar and rode through a mountainous and beautiful country, till he arrived at Tokat. From thence he went on to Trebizond, and there to Khoy, where he stayed with a Persian who had been educated in England. He was surprised one day by the arrival of a sort of sedan-chair, with red curtains. It had been sent by Colonel Campbell, the British Ambassador at Astaara, for the express purpose of conveying Wolff to the British encampment, where a tent was already pitched for his use. He naturally embraced the opportunity of going to Astaara, where he preached in the tents of the British Ambassador, and from some of those present the sermon received eulogies which it did not deserve. An abstract of the discourse is given by Wolff. It is

so weird and extravagant that it would command no attention in the present day, except as a curiosity in fanciful interpretation.

When Wolff left Astaara, he rode with a servant of Captain Campbell through the district where the plague was raging, taking the precaution of sleeping outside the villages in the open air. He arrived safely at Teheran, and was entertained at the British Embassy. Everyone whom he questioned about the journey to Bokhara declared that it would involve the greatest risks of imprisonment or death. It was almost impossible that he could escape one or the other of these unpleasant alternatives. " They will kill you in Khorasan, because they cannot bear Christians ; and if you should slip safely through Khorasan, and arrive in Sarakhs, where there are six thousand tents of Turkomans, they will keep you a slave ; and if you were to slip through Sarakhs safely, and arrive in Merv, you will still be in the same danger ; and if you should slip safely through Merv, and arrive in Bokhara, you will either be kept there and never be allowed to leave ; or killed, as they killed Morecroft and Guthrie and Trebeck, six years ago, after Shah Hydar had received them with the greatest kindness, and after they had given him immense presents." Besides this, they said to Wolff : " You have physical impediments, because you are short-sighted, and do not see when robbers are coming." To these and similar warnings Wolff replied : " God is mighty above all things, He will take care of me." At length an Afghan, who on several occasions had contrived to make the journey safely, met Wolff and promised a fortunate expedition. But

when later the two met to discuss arrangements, Wolff noticed a white patch on the Afghan's skin just below his ear. He asked him what it was and the reply was " leprosy." Wolff at once hastened into the garden, declined to see him again, and suspended all arrangements for the journey.

Disappointed in the Afghan, Wolff lost no time in going to the market-place at Teheran in quest of some experienced traveller to accompany him to Bokhara. There he was fortunate enough to find a Hadji or pilgrim who knew the country well and who was starting on the very next day for Herat, about half the distance between Teheran and Bokhara. Wolff, with characteristic promptitude, got everything ready. He hired four camels on which he loaded a quantity of Bibles sent to him from Bombay and engaged " two Persian servants, both of them tremendous rogues." The caravan consisted of Wolff and his attendants, the Hadji, his harem and servants and about fifty Persians. The first few days all went well. On the fourth day, when they were entering the province of Khorasan, the whole caravan uttered great and exceeding bitter cries, while the Hadji declared weeping, " Now we are lost, we are slaves for life." All were terror-stricken, for about nine hundred Turkomans or Alamaan were riding towards them. It was the practice of the Turkomans to attack caravans, kill some of the travellers, and thus inspire terror into the others. Those who escaped this butchery were stripped naked, tied to horses' tails with a long rope, dragged to the nearest market-place for slaves, and sold into a miserable and irredeemable servitude.

The caravan was destined on this occasion to a great surprise. Contrary to their usual practice, the Turkomans made no attack, but stopped short at about two yards' distance and enquired from whence the caravan had come. When they heard that it came from Persia they seemed alarmed, shook their heads, and said to one another, " There is danger, the plague now exists in Persia." Wolff was sensible enough to walk up to them, and they were all so afraid lest he should communicate the epidemic that they rode away as fast as possible.

After passing through one or two other towns, the caravan came to Boostan, a beautiful place then under the rule of the Ameer Ismael Mirza. The town was in a state of panic, for the road called the King's Highway, leading from Boostan to Meshed and Bokhara, was crowded with Turkomans. Wolff was warned that if he went in that direction he would certainly be captured. The Hadji prudently suggested that they should take a house in Boostan, and not stir till times were more quiet.

But Wolff was resolute. With or without the Hadji he must go on. He had with him a letter for Ismael Mirza, son of the ruler of Khorasan, from the King of Persia. That prince treated this missive with every mark of respect, " first pressing it against his forehead, then kissing it, then putting it to his heart." When he had read it, he said to Wolff, " Ask of me whatever you wish and I will do it." Wolff then preferred the modest request that he might be sent safely to Bokhara. Ismael Mirza replied that the prayer had only to be made to be granted. He would have him safely conveyed to Bokhara on the sole

condition that he would give him a written promise of an annual pension of three thousand pounds, for the due payment of which the King of England should be responsible. Wolff replied that he could certainly give such a promise, but he doubted whether the King would honour the bill. " Then," cried the Ameer, " you may go to the devil."

Though apparently the Hadji did not accompany him, Wolff eventually found two men who were going as far as Burchund. One of them was eighty years of age, anxious to see his great-grandchildren. A caravan was formed of between thirty and forty persons. Wolff, after accomplishing this part of the journey, walked the forty miles which lay between Burchund and Herat, attended only by his servants, and by the camel-driver with the camel carrying the Bibles, and reached his destination at nightfall. But no sooner had he completed his journey, than he was compelled to turn back. Two horsemen overtook him, bearing an order from the Ameer of Khorasan for his immediate return. It appears that he suspected Wolff of being a spy of his enemy, Abbas Mirza, and wished to subject him to an examination.

Wolff walked slowly back to Burchund, and on his re-arrival was dragged with little ceremony by the soldiers of the Ameer into a large dark room, where he was questioned by a Dervish and by the Ameer himself. His examiners soon found that he was a missionary and the Ameer desired him to read some extracts from the Bible which he was carrying. He and his chiefs were greatly impressed and a general cry arose : " O God, why do we not repent ? Why do we not repent." At the request of the Ameer,

Wolff then distributed about forty Persian and Arabic Bibles and had every reason to be satisfied with the interview. The excellent Ameer had an evil fate. In 1844, he was captured by the son of Abbas Mirza, his kingdom taken from him, and his eyes put out.

After a fortnight's stay at Burchund, Wolff took leave of the Ameer, who gave him an escort to Toorshesh. On their way they passed a burning village, the flames of which were rising to the sky. It had been fired by the Turkomans, who had enslaved many of the inhabitants. They knew that the army of Abbas Mirza had come into the country to put an end to slavery, and were seizing their last chance of making slaves. He added the alarming intelligence that Mahomet Ishak Khan, the Ameer of Torbad Hydarea, a most cruel and blood-thirsty man, was sending his men in all directions to procure slaves for the Turkomans.

The Ameer of Toorshesh was kind enough to give Wolff a horse and he set out with one servant for Nishapoor. They were joined by fifteen muleteers with mules bearing dates and other fruits, presents for Abbas Mirza. When they reached a village called Sangerd, the ominous sound of intense firing was heard. It was accompanied by yellings and screams. Wolff, who was riding in front, at once turned round and, instead of seeking his own safety, went back to the other travellers. His eyes were greeted by a terrible sight. His servant and the muleteers had already been stripped of their clothing and tied to horses' tails by the bandits who were scouring the country. Wolff was at once compelled to dismount,

treated as the others, and robbed of his money. Hassan Khan Coord, the chief of the gang, a horrid-looking fellow with a blue diseased tongue, came up to him and asked him : " Who art thou ? " and Wolff replied, breathing hard and scarcely able to speak, " I am a follower of Jesus," and the chief, horror-struck, replied : " A follower of Jesus." The chief, on hearing the holy name, gave orders that Wolff should be untied and accompany the bandits, riding on one of their horses, and even gave him a few rags, " to make him more comfortable." They soon left the ice-covered road and encamped in a forest. They then made an immense fire, helped themselves to Wolff's tea and sugar, and broke open the case of dates and pomegranates. When they had thus refreshed themselves, they proceeded to value the slaves whom they had taken. They declared that they did not like the appearance of Wolff. One of them valued him at the equivalent of two pounds ten shillings, another said : " I would not give half that price for him." When they came to examine Wolff's papers, and saw among them letters from Abbas Mirza and other notable people, they fancied that they might get into trouble if they enslaved him. " The best which we can do," they said, " is to kill him and say, when he is asked for, that the Turkomans have taken him."

Wolff understood every word of their conversation, and by no means liked the prospect. However, he quickly evolved a plan which served him well. By offering the brigands all he had and by suggesting means of raising money by sending messengers to the Jews in Torbad Hydarea and undertaking to remain

with his captors until it was paid, he procured a respite from death. The chief and his son indeed still wished to kill him, but were outnumbered by their companions, whom Wolff had made his friends by promising to recommend them to Abbas Mirza, whose soldiers they wished to become. Yet his two enemies contrived to take their revenge. " They observed that he was not a good horseman, and as the road was extremely hilly, they put him upon a very wild horse, without either saddle or bridle, and with only a halter to hold on by ; and the Chief's son rode behind Wolff and whipped the horse, and did all in his power to make it restive." But Wolff was fixed in his determination not to be thrown and held on tightly. Yet he would not have been able to keep his seat much longer, had not one of his friends come up and given " the rascally boy a tremendous flogging." The brigands at length broke up their camp and the whole party went on to Torbad Hydarea. There they were met by the Jews, who embraced Wolff and told him that Hassan Khan Coord must let him go free without paying any money. Wolff advised them to send a special messenger at once to Abbas Mirza at Nishapoor. The brigands allowed Wolff to remain with the Jews for the night. On the morrow, he must be their prisoner again.

It was now the month of November. The snow lay deep in the streets and it was intensely cold. Wolff had neither shirt, nor shoes, nor stockings, and his teeth chattered with the cold. He was obliged to drink a cup of *rakee*, a strong spirit resembling whisky. In the meantime, the crowd, anxious to see him, grew so great that all went into the synagogue and, during

the whole night, " Wolff preached to them the mystery of the Gospel." When the sun rose, he was claimed by the chief and thrown into a dungeon, where he found his servant, his companions, and about fifty others, tied naked in chains together. Wolff was fastened with the rest, and the chief said with diabolical irony : " Now you are comfortable." When Wolff and the others had thus sat tied together in this horrid fashion for about two hours, the thunder of cannon was heard, and a voice exclaimed : " Ishak Khan has arrived." He had received a special letter from Abbas Mirza in Wolff's behalf. A Persian officer told the brigands that the chains must at once be removed from all the prisoners " for," he added, " slavery is at an end in Torbad Hydarea." Delighted at the release of the prisoners, and supposing that it was due to Wolff, the people cried when he came into the streets : " Oh! thou hast been an angel sent from the Lord! Thou hast been an angel sent from the Lord! "

" Wolff was now brought with his fifty companions to the palace of the great Khan, where he saw hundreds of miserable wretches with their eyes cut out, and their ears and noses cut off." He was then ushered into the presence of Ishak Khan, the ruler of Torbad Hydarea, who had killed his father, his mother, his brother, his sister and his son-in-law with his own hand. So great was his physical strength that, when in a fury, he would seize a prisoner and rend his skull in two. This wretch had sold 60,000 Persians to the enemies of his religion and country. He was eating his dinner when Wolff came before him and thus addressed him : " Abbas Mirza has

written to me that you go about to show to the nations the way of truth. For my part, I have no religion. I have, however, one good quality, and that is that I am a man of justice. Tell the truth, and you shall see my justice. How much money have these rascals taken from you?" Wolff replied: "They have taken eighty tomauns." "Now," said Ishak Khan, "you shall see my justice." He at once ordered Hassan Khan Coord and all his followers to be mercilessly flogged, extracted the money, counted it, and without giving Wolff a farthing, put it in his pocket with the remark: "Now you may go in peace."

After all these painful and exciting adventures, Wolff obtained a little rest by remaining with the Jews at Torbad Hydarea for some days.

Clothed as he was in rags, he set out nevertheless with a large caravan for Meshed, the capital of Khorasan. Even on that short journey, the caravan was attacked by bandits, who were repulsed mainly by the bravery of one man.

When Wolff entered Meshed, he was quartered in the house of the principal Jews in the place. On his arrival, he sent letters to Abbas Mirza, who was encamped at Nishapoor, and also to Captain Shee, who commanded his army. He soon received clothes, which consisted of an officer's uniform, and five shirts, obtained from the five sergeants who were in Abbas Mirza's army. Money sent from England was probably quite as welcome as the clothes. It will be remembered that Abbas Mirza was at this time the Regent and the ruler of Persia. He came to Meshed soon after Wolff's arrival and treated him with the

greatest kindness during his stay, which lasted until February 1832. Evidently Wolff created the best impression, for, when he left, he was escorted to the gates of the city by the Grand Vizier, and by Captain Shee, as well as by the five sergeants to whom he owed the shirts. He ran little or no risk from the Turkomans during the journey, as Abbas Mirza had exacted two hostages as a pledge for his safety. When he departed from Sarakhs, his next resting-place, the caravan included Bokhara merchants who were taking two Persian boys to Bokhara to sell as slaves. These hapless children often sang the same mournful song which tells us only too plainly of the grief which so many of the less fortunate among us have to endure :

> " The Al-Ammaan have taken us,
> Poor, poor Guzl-Baash :
> And carry us, and carry us,
> In iron and chains, in iron and chains,
> To Organtsh and Bokhara."

" Thus," says Wolff, " they proceeded through the desert, continually hearing the plaintive strain. The desert was covered with snow and Wolff's servants made the tea and cooked the victuals with melted snow, and before they lay down to rest, they had to sweep the ground clear from the snow, and while they were lying down, the poor Guzl-Baash began to sing their plaintive melody." Thus they reached Merv, where Wolff ransomed several Persian slaves and sent them back to their own country at his own expense. In the course of his further journey through the snow-covered country, he was obliged to cross

the frozen Oxus. In one place, where the ice was broken, " he went in a boat, which made him feel nervous, so that he screamed out." His eyes were then bandaged, and he found the crossing more endurable. It was a beautiful starlight night when he rode with the caravan towards Bokhara. The poor slaves sang once more their piteous song. The Jews in the caravan broke into their evening prayer of adoration. The cries of the watchmen, ending with a prayer which no Christian would be ashamed to utter, struck on the ear. A love song made sweet music in the distance. All breathed a tender melancholy when Wolff arrived at the gate of Bokhara.

CHAPTER XI

CABUL : TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS : THE VICEROY

Life at Bokhara : Again robbed of clothes : Walks six hundred miles without any : Distinguished reception at Cabul : Triumphal progress : Simla : The Viceroy : Attacked by cholera near Nellore : Massowa : Jiddah

WHEN Wolff had reached the great city of Bokhara, Awaz, his Turkoman guide, said to him : " We must stay in a house outside." The proprietor of this house was an Osbeck, or descendant of the original inhabitants of Bokhara. It was his duty to entertain travellers until they had obtained permission to enter the city. Wolff's host prepared a supper consisting of horse-flesh and tea with milk, salt and grease in it, but Awaz procured an alteration in this unattractive menu. Veal took the place of horse-flesh, and tea, served in the usual English style, that of the nauseating compound proposed. When the dayspring appeared, Awaz told Wolff to remain quietly where he was. He himself would ride on and see the Goosh-Bekee, or royal secretary, known as the " ear of the King," who lived in the royal palace and received and issued the commands of his master. Awaz had an interview with the Goosh-Bekee and told him about Wolff and the object of his visit to Bokhara. The Goosh-Bekee, having received the King's approval, sent a horse and a mounted servant to conduct Wolff through the town to the palace.

When he had arrived there, dressed like a Turkoman, he was ushered into the room of the Goosh-Bekee, who perused his credentials, which, as we

know, were invariably good. In answer to enquiries, Wolff told him that he desired to preach the Gospel to members of his nation, and also hoped to find traces of the ten tribes of Israel. After communicating with his master, the Goosh-Bekee, surrounded by the other ministers, questioned Wolff, who was seated in the centre of the room. The interview procured for Wolff all that he desired, and he left the Palace with every reason for satisfaction. He took a lodging with a Jew called Reuben. Unfortunately, that day was the Feast of Purim and Reuben celebrated it by becoming so intoxicated that his guest left the house and stayed in the caravanserai of the Afghans. Wolff informs us that Bokhara was a city fifteen miles in circumference and protected by eleven gates, with a population of 180,000, a colony of 15,000 Jews and 360 mosques. There were at the time of his visit no less than a hundred Mahometan colleges engaged in the study of the Koran, rhetoric, poetry and logic.

Wolff remained in Bokhara for three months and, during that time, had two more interviews with the Goosh-Bekee, and was given a passport for Cabul. He spent his time at Bokhara in conversing with the Jews, with the Afghans and other Mahometans. The most influential people in the country called upon him. His missionary efforts were quite successful. He baptised twenty Jews, " who confessed their faith in Christ as the Messiah." When he left Bokhara, he was accompanied by three servants, by a Jew from Balkh and a party of Afghans. When eight miles from Balkh, and on their way to Mozaur, they were met by an Osbeck. Wolff conversed with him in Arabic, and his practical knowledge of the language

evidently created a good impression, as he invited the whole party to his house. The invitation was accepted and, as a token of friendship, Wolff and the Osbeck placed the palms of their hands together and stroked their beards. Wolff then acquainted the Osbeck with the fact that he was an Englishman, and asked for his protection. His host " clasped his hands above his head in despair," and replied, " As long as you are in my house, none can touch you : but the moment you leave it, the governor, who is my cousin, will send after you and put you to death." The Osbeck heightened this unpleasant intelligence by stating that the governor would be calling at his house that very evening.

Rejecting the suggestion that he should deceive the governor by telling him that he was once the Osbeck's host in Mecca, Wolff awaited events with tranquillity.

The governor called as usual, and at once went straight up to Wolff and proceeded to question him, but Wolff, by pronouncing English names in a broad Eastern way, and with a loud voice, and giving Arabic equivalents for some of them and also for titles, completely overreached the governor. He afterwards so mystified him by quotations from the Old Testament, of which not a word was understood, that he departed quite satisfied with the reassuring remark : " Verily, thou art full of truth and lies are not in thee."

After some days' further journey, Wolff fell into the hands of fierce sectaries called Kharijee, which means " seceders from all the rest." They took the gravest exception to the title of Hadji, by which Wolff's servants addressed him. Thereupon he made the reasonable proposal that the title should be

dropped. The proposal was made in vain. " But," said they, " the mischief is done and, therefore, you must either say : ' There is God and nothing but God and Mahomet the prophet of God' ; or we will sew you up in a dead donkey, burn you alive and make sausages of you." Wolff answered the threat by the swift reply, " There is God and nothing but God and Jesus the son of God." They at once gave a sign, and all the Moolahs assembled in a large cave. His three servants, the Afghans, implored Wolff to make a confession of the Mahometan faith which, said they, he could repudiate as soon as he was safe. But Wolff declined to adopt this course. An eminently straightforward man and with a religious belief which nothing could shake, he was quite incapable of making such a false declaration. He thought that he could escape from his enemies but, as they were extreme fanatics, was by no means sure of the issue. His first step was to write a short note to Lord William Bentinck, the Governor-General of India, requesting him to give an account of his fate to his wife, the Lady Georgiana. He then provided for the delivery of this missive in case of his death. Happily he procured better terms. He faced the Kharijee who were seated in the cave with the Koran before them, " deciding that he must be put to death." Wolff succeeded in rescuing himself from this fate by skilfully working upon their fears of retribution. They gave way, but told him that he must purchase his life with all that he had. Wolff answered : " This will I do, for I am a dervish, and do not mind either money, clothing, or anything." And thus Wolff had to surrender everything. Oh! if his friends in England could have seen him then,

they would have stared at him. Naked, like Adam and Eve, without even an apron of leaves to dress himself with, he continued his journey: and he soon witnessed a sight which he never thought to have seen among Mahometans. All his Afghan companions knelt down and one of them, holding the palm of his hand upwards, offered up the following extempore prayer,

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

Unclad as he was, Wolff went on to Boot-Bamian, saw the governor and told him his story. The governor gave him a letter to the Governor of Ghuzni, in central Afghanistan, in which he insisted on describing Wolff as an ambassador. The purport of this letter was to request the governor to send Wolff safely to Cabul. Wolff in due course went to the Governor of Ghuzni. He appears to have been much astonished when he saw "the naked ambassador," and looked him up and down with contempt. When he had read the letter he could contain himself no longer, but was almost beside himself with indignation. "What!" he exclaimed, "a ragamuffin like you, without clothing. Do you want me to believe that you are an ambassador?"

Wolff in vain attempted an explanation. The governor ordered his servants to eject him and vouchsafed no further remark.

Apparently not disconcerted by this reception, Wolff proceeded on his journey. He had some difficulty in obtaining hospitality from the Afghans. He managed, however, to prevail with them by reminding them of Abraham, who would never have set his face against one so distressed. By this means he so softened their hearts that " they permitted him to sleep among them, and brought him milk." On the next morning he started early and, in the teeth of the snow which blew against his face, descended the mountain. It must have been a terrible experience even for so hardened a traveller. Yet with the snow pitilessly falling on his exposed person, he hurried along, but tumbled frequently into the snow-drifts from which the Afghans pulled him out. At last he reached the foot of the mountain. There he found a very different and, indeed, more gracious climate. " The whole country was covered with mulberry-trees, of which Wolff ate in abundance, and he drank from the beautiful spring of water." He and his party soon reached a village, but a few miles distant from Cabul, where they spent the night. On the morrow, he despatched one of his servants with a letter for Doost Mahomet Khan, the ruler of Afghanistan. There was no delay in the answer. Two hours later, three horses arrived from Cabul. One carried Wolff's messenger, the second, a servant of the brother of the Afghan ruler, and the third was for Wolff himself. The servant also bore a letter from Lieutenant Burnes, who had arrived at Cabul on the

previous evening, and was charged with a Government mission to Bokhara. The letter informed Wolff that the writer had been charged by Lord William Bentinck, the Governor-General of India, " to look out for him." He added that Wolff would receive a hearty welcome from Nwab Jabr Khan, the brother of the King. The servant also brought Afghan clothing, consisting of gowns adorned with gold fringes, silken shirts, trousers of red cloth, a white turban and an embroidered cap. Thus Wolff was no longer " a naked ambassador," but was able to array himself in splendour. He was in a measure recompensed for travelling for six hundred miles, often in bitter weather, without clothes.

On arriving at Cabul, Wolff was quartered in the house occupied by the King's brother, and was treated as a guest worthy of the highest distinction. He had interview with the King, and at his request argued for two hours with a Moolah. Wolff, as may be imagined, supposed that he had gained the victory, but Burnes, who was present, was of a different opinion. Wolff remained in Cabul for thirty days, when, passing through Jellalabad, he arrived at Peshawar. While he was still at Cabul, Burnes had warned him " against a horrible scoundrel at Peshawar," and had added : " Should Abdul Samut Khan call upon you, take him by the shoulders and kick him out of the room." Wolff carried out this advice, little supposing, that fourteen years later, he should fall into the hands of this wretch, who lived to be the murderer of Stoddart and Conolly at Bokhara. When he left Peshawar Wolff went through the Khyber Pass. He speaks of the country

in the neighbourhood of the pass with an eloquence and an enthusiasm which he rarely shows in his few and slight descriptions of scenery. " The aspect of the country with the heights of the mountains all covered with shrubs and roses, the richness of the pastures, the branching of the fine rivers in various directions, and the exquisite climate, all combine to suggest that here must have been the site of Paradise."

" At length Wolff arrived near Attock, where he crossed a suspension-bridge on the back of an elephant. According to his custom, whenever he crosses water, Wolff screamed out, which he did on this occasion in crossing the Indus ; and thus he reached Attock, the ancient Taxila." Here commissioned officers of Runjeet Singh, Maharajah of the Punjaub, met him, and demanded his name. When they heard it, they gave the word to the commandant of the fortress and twenty-one guns were fired in honour of his arrival. His fame was growing fast, for two hundred and fifty rupees were handed to him as well as twenty pots of sweetmeats and linen for twenty shirts. " All these," says Wolff, with justifiable pride and pleasure, were the daily allowance " to Joseph Wolff, the great Padre of England." Moreover, letters arrived from people of the highest distinction which must have gratified his harmless vanity, even more than the allowance and the salute. Two of these were from the Governor-General and his wife, another from Runjeet Singh's general, and the fourth from Runjeet Singh himself. The two remaining letters acquainted Wolff with the fact that two first cousins of Lady Georgiana, people of rank and distinction, were in the vicinity. The

letter from Runjeet Singh was couched in complimentary terms. The Maharajah "rejoiced that Wolff had escaped the perils of his journey, and hoped soon to see him at his Court in the Palace of Amritsir." He had given orders, he said, to the governors of the towns through which Wolff would pass "to receive him with the distinction due to so great a man." In accordance with this wish, Wolff was welcomed everywhere with almost royal honours. He was surrounded by the inhabitants of the towns passed on his way "dressed in white garments, with their hands folded before them as if in prayer or waiting for an order from a superior." When he came to Lahore, Runjeet Singh's capital, he committed one of those amazing indiscretions which were not unusual with him. He had the temerity to issue proclamations, which were posted in the streets, "calling on the nations to return to Christ." The issue of the proclamation did not pass unchallenged. Wolff received a letter from Runjeet Singh in which he expressed strong disapprobation of this action. When, after his triumphal journey, he reached Amritsir, Wolff lodged in the house of General Allard. On his arrival, he dined with his host and, before they had finished the meal, two of the Maharajah's officers arrived and greeted Wolff in his name. They brought a present of two thousand rupees, and a message that he was expected at the palace on the following day. Wolff was most anxious to have his beard removed before the interview, but Allard begged him to retain it. Runjeet Singh, he declared, was fond of people with fine beards. "But," insisted Wolff, "my beard is not fine, for I have not combed it for months."

Allard continued to press his point and Wolff's matted reddish beard, a foot long, was left untouched.

On his way to the palace to visit the Maharajah, Wolff, attended by royal officers, rode through Amritsir on an elephant. The drums were beaten as he entered the palace, and he was ushered into the garden of the famous ruler, who was seated in a high chair surrounded by his principal advisers and pundits. Wolff was greatly surprised to find him a little man about five feet high, blind in one eye and wearing a heavy beard. Soon after Wolff's arrival, Runjeet Singh ordered dancing girls to come into the garden and give his guest a specimen of their skill. Wolff said at once, that as he was an English fakir, he did not approve of seeing the girls dancing. The Maharajah then asked him why, if he travelled for the sake of religion, he did not preach to the English in Hindustan, who had no religion. At the royal request, the conversation was mainly on theological topics.

Wolff did not leave the palace without receiving valuable tokens of recognition. Shawls, jewels, sweetmeats, linen and money were lavished on him in profusion. He gratefully acknowledges that " all vied with each other in showing kindness to the destitute wanderer."

After the brilliant episode at Amritsir, Wolff crossed the Sutlej and reached Loodhiana, where he preached to the people and lectured on visions, relating a vision which he firmly believed had been given him from above. Wolff went from Loodhiana to Subathoo, where he stayed with his wife's relatives, Sir Jeremiah and Lady Bryant. On the arrival

of " the learned padre," a beautiful lady came out of her house to greet him, and said, " Here you are, after your many trials and troubles, in the house of your cousins, praise be to God." Wolff now found himself in a pleasant house situated in a beautiful district and with a host and hostess who charmed him.

" The noble countenance and warrior-like appearance " of Sir Jeremiah Bryant made Wolff feel that he had known him thousands of years ago ; while the fairy-like beauty of his wife and the love they bore to each other made him say : " You make me believe in fairies." Wolff then told a story of a Mahometan at Jerusalem, who had been married to a fairy. Lady Bryant naturally enquired whether he believed this tale. He answered : " I do not believe it, but still I see a fairy." " Where ? " Wolff said, " In yourself." Lady Bryant answered : " I have heard that you are a great friend of the ladies, and I do not wonder that Georgiana has married you."

After lecturing and preaching at Subathoo, Wolff set out for Simla, where he was to be the guest of Lord William Bentinck, the Governor-General of India. He was met by a palanquin and bearers and welcomed by Lord William Bentinck, his wife and his whole staff. He had a most pleasant time in the Governor-General's house, and many were the dinner parties which he enlivened. The Governor-General was a man of the highest capacity. " He had reformed the Indian financial system, opened the Civil Service to natives, promoted the spread of education and stimulated trade." Wolff found in him a kind and sympathetic friend. Lady William Bentinck was especially indulgent to him. Wolff himself says :

" She was a most holy lady, and he often sat for whole days conversing in her sitting-room, and she was like a mother to him. Indeed, he went so frequently into her dressing-room that she said, with great good humour : ' I must get a trap to catch you, for we shall both lose our characters if you come here so often ' ; and frequently after dinner, both she and the other ladies would tease Wolff to death with their bantering jokes." The following somewhat ironical paragraph from one of the Meerut newspapers must have interested Wolff and all who met him in the Governor-General's house.

> " Joseph Wolff, the perverted Jew, is now in the Government House at Simla, where he delights and instructs the whole party."

After the completion of his visit to the Governor-General, Wolff set out for Kurnal. He had long been wishing to visit Cashmere, but was kept waiting for some time for the necessary permission from Runjeet Singh. This permission arrived while he was staying in the house of the chaplain at Kurnal, and was really due to the influence of Lady William Bentinck. Runjeet Singh's orders were that Wolff should stay for a month in Cashmere. He was to receive handsome presents from Rajahs on his journey. In accordance with this command, money and pots of sweetmeats were lavished upon him. He was allowed the privilege of retaining these presents, as he was not in the service of the East India Company. He nowhere explains what he did with the numerous pots of sweetmeats, but he devoted the money to the payment of his heavy debts for borrowings from

English friends. On his arrival at the town of Cashmere, once the capital of the province, but now superseded by Srinagar, Wolff and his party were lodged in the best house in the place. He waited on Sheer Singh, the Prince Governor of the province, in his palace. His splendid apartment caught Wolff's fancy. " Glass chandeliers," he tells us, " were hanging from the ceiling, and the floor was covered with carpets of Cashmere shawls." The governor sat surrounded by his " grandees." Wolff found a seat close to him and, in token of friendship, the governor " placed his hand on Wolff's knee and gave him a glass of French liqueur to drink." He then presented him with fifty pounds and took off his own shawl and gave it to his guest. On the evening of this eventful day, when Wolff had returned to his lodging, he was startled by the entrance of a troupe of dancing girls in silken dress. At their head was a servant of the Prince's, carrying a burning torch before them. Wolff, always prudent in such matters, was anxious to send them away, but they declared that they had been sent by the Prince Governor, and that it was quite unusual to treat them so unceremoniously. Wolff could not resist their appeal, delivered as it was in " their sweet Persian tones." The girls then danced and sang and Wolff seems to have been quite charmed with their performance, and he describes them as " rather modest-looking than otherwise."

Wolff became quite friendly with the Prince Governor, whom he depicts as " a drunkard, but a man of great talent and a good soldier." He conversed with him on the subject of visions and also on that of witches, " who," said the governor,

" frequently suck out the blood of people." Wolff confessed a belief in them and the governor asked him whether he should send in a wizard who would show him the extent of his powers. Wolff declined the offer, declaring that " he was convinced that this power must be of the devil, whom he wished to keep at arm's length, and would have nothing to say to him."

Wolff seems to have attracted great attention, both in Cashmere and in the province of the same name. On one occasion he was surrounded by " thousands of poor and rich, and to them he preached the tidings of salvation." His visit to Cashmere was indeed a delightful experience. Nor was its conclusion less satisfactory to one of his temper. He had begged the governor not to prevent poor shawl-weavers from leaving the country in their search for a living, and he had promised " to wink at it." The result of this intervention was that the earliest stage of Wolff's journey back to Loodhiana was a sort of triumph. Hundreds of shawl-bearers accompanied his party, and some of them came close to his palanquin. The police tried to drive them off with their sticks. They must have been much astonished when Wolff darted from the palanquin and addressed them in angry tones, at the same time threatening them with his stick. " Do you dare," he cried in tones of thunder, " to disturb the companions of the great Englishman ? " The police shrank before the wrath of the exasperated padre, ran away in confusion, and Wolff got his friends safely over the frontier.

When Wolff arrived at Loodhiana, he sold to his English friends the numerous shawls which had been given him. After a comparatively short stay at

Meerut, he passed on to Delhi, where he was introduced to the Great Mogul. That shadowy potentate complimented Wolff by giving him the title of "The Prince of the Christian Moolahs," but took exception to Wolff's clothes, which were both odd and shabby. He added that Padre Wolff ought to have a better cap, "for he looks more like a captain in the navy than a padre." He ordered that his Moolahs should have a theological discussion with Wolff, which took place in due course. Whatever Wolff himself may have thought of his performance, the native papers declare that he had received a smashing defeat.

Between Delhi and Agra, he alighted from his palanquin, and had an interview with Captain Havelock, afterwards so famous in English history. He and his wife gave Wolff a most hospitable reception in their bungalow, and their chat continued for several hours. They seem to have been much interested in theological questions, and must have listened with interest, not unmixed with surprise, to Wolff's doctrine of the personal reign of Christ. As has been previously mentioned, Wolff was ready with the date of this and other stupendous events, but seems to have had not the slightest reason for fixing the year 1847. Years afterwards, he said that if he were asked why he made choice of that year, he replied: "Because I was a great ass." He never spoke a truer word.

Not until two o'clock in the morning did Wolff take his leave and, when he was going, his hostess said: "Mr. Wolff, you were very wrong in making yourself so agreeable, for then you run off and we have cause to regret your departure." Wolff's last

words were those of the motto of his " Travels and Adventures," and their author was Francis Xavier : " I will presently mount my wooden horse to take me over the sea. What do I see ? The ship takes in her anchor. No time is to be lost, for Christ is to be preached. Farewell! "

When he was on his way from Agra to Cawnpore his palanquin broke down, and he was received in the bungalow of Arthur Conolly. It was in the hope of rescuing him and Stoddart from prison or death that, years later, he made his famous second journey to Bokhara. At Cawnpore he had public arguments with many Mahometans, and also preached in the presence of his wife's relations, Sir John and Lady Bryant, and General and Mrs. Churchill. Accompanied by the Bryants he proceeded to Lucknow, where he soon received an invitation from the Nabob of Oude to lecture at his Court. The Nabob informed him that he would invite all the Mahometan Moolahs and all the British residents to hear it. Wolff was not a man to decline such an invitation. He went to the palace in a palanquin, and was accompanied by his English friends. When they entered the hall of the palace, they were welcomed by the Nabob, who was wearing a crown. The Moolahs who were present, gorgeously dressed, rose from their seats as the Nabob took his place on the throne. When all were seated, Wolff began the story of his travels. But this subject of the lecture was not to the taste of the Moolahs, who were anxious to hear not Wolff, but themselves. " Moolah Wolff," they said, " we don't want to hear stories, we want to knock you down in argument." This proposal was welcomed by

Wolff, who always felt that he would have an easy victory over his opponents. The controversialists disputed for two hours, and the audience encouraged them by frantic applause. Wolff tells us that " Lady Bryant's heart leaped like an antelope, and that she called Wolff her dear cousin." His prowess so pleased the Nabob that he presented him with the handsome sum of a thousand pounds, which was devoted to the further discharge of his debts. The attentions which Wolff everywhere received seem to have added to his unbounded vanity. This fact he acknowledges with his accustomed candour. " The ladies of Cawnpore were exceedingly kind to Wolff, so much so that when he was about to leave, many wept and cut off pieces of his hair. This made him so vain, and increased so much his self-approbation, especially because he was everywhere so great a favourite in India, that he has never lost the feeling."

After staying at several other towns, Wolff reached Patna, where he disputed for six hours in the presence of two thousand Mahometans whose leaders strove to defeat him in argument. He states that they were unscrupulous, " as they frequently cited texts as from the Gospel, which were not really there." At Calcutta, he was received by the bishop, Daniel Wilson, and stayed in his palace. The bishop warned him that he must not expect him to enter into " his particular views and dates as to unfulfilled prophecies." He was no doubt anxious to avoid long and impotent discussions resembling " the foolish questions and genealogies and contentions and strivings about the Law," alluded to in the Epistle to Titus.

On his arrival at Calcutta, Wolff wrote to Lord and

Lady William Bentinck, who were then in their official residence. Knowing Wolff's character, and how unlikely he was to succeed in obtaining an extended invitation from the bishop, whose time was fully occupied, Lady William Bentinck plainly told him that " he had better not bother him," and gave him a very pleasant alternative. " Come to us," she said immediately. " I shall not be at home this afternoon, you will dine with Lord William and the staff, and try not to be too excited, as you will have to lecture in the Town Hall on 20th of March before twelve hundred persons, so keep yourself as calm as possible. You shall have your coffee, cake and hookah before the lecture, as you used to have at Simla, and the same servants that you had there shall wait on you, and will shave you and take care of you."

The bishop must have been relieved when, on receiving this kindly note, Wolff left his palace with some alacrity and went to Government House. Here, as he gratefully acknowledges, he was received " with parental kindness."

The first of his two lectures was delivered in the presence of the bishop, Lord and Lady William Bentinck, and the Commander-in-Chief. It was well received by the religious Press, " but a paper called *The Englishman* cut Wolff up in a most tremendous and very clever manner." The second lecture also proved a success.

Wolff made use of his youthful experience at the Propaganda to hold a retreat during six successive days. About a thousand people were present, and on each of these days Wolff preached for twelve hours. Few could emulate, still fewer would wish to emulate, such a performance. It furnishes yet another proof of the enormous

reserve of physical strength which Wolff possessed, and as often tried beyond endurance. He would have been a welcome addition to the Puritan Army preachers.

After bidding all his kind friends farewell, Wolff sailed for Masulipatam on April 27th, 1833. As may readily be conjectured from what we know of his recent exertions, Wolff's health had declined. He was accompanied on board by his wife's cousin, Mrs. Craigie, who recommended him to the care of Major Sutherland, one of his fellow passengers. This lady was a convinced believer in homœopathy, and handed to Wolff's guardian a large provision of the medicines which he was to administer every day. Mrs. Craigie called homœopathy " the gospel of medicine," but Wolff informed her that he was sceptical about its virtues. At the same time he gallantly assured her that " the medicine would do him good, as it came from the magic touch of her beautiful hands."

Major Sutherland proved an excellent friend to Wolff in the course of his voyage, and the overwrought missionary landed safely at Masulipatam. He describes the place as " the hottest in India." Cholera was raging in the town, and exacted a heavy toll of officers and men, while many more died of apoplectic seizures. None the less, and in spite of the weakness of his health, Wolff lectured and preached in the church. He was in reality extremely ill, and when he was in the house was in an almost comatose condition. " He could not keep awake, but lay under the table like a drunkard." He travelled by dak to Hyderabad and on arrival was so overcome by the heat that he performed one of his gastronomic feats by drinking no less than twenty bottles of ginger-beer.

When Wolff left Hyderabad, it was with the intention of going by easy stages to Madras. He travelled in a palanquin and, owing to the heat, the journey was performed chiefly at night. He was soon doomed to a terrible misadventure. The first night of travel was a painful experience, as the palanquin was " hot like an oven." The second night was most disastrous. The rain poured down in torrents for some hours, and the palanquin-bearers left the palanquin with Wolff inside it, and ran away into shelter. The consequence was that Wolff was sitting for some hours up to his neck in water. The bearers returned in the morning, when the storm had ceased. The water had run out of the palanquin, and he was able to resume his journey. He had only just entered a house in which he proposed to pass the night, and which was about forty miles from Nellore, when he was seized with cholera. Fearing the worst, he wrote a note to a friend, instructing him, in the event of his death, to convey the news of his fate to his wife. He was nursed during that long night by the half-Indian wife of a sergeant who took compassion upon him. This kindly woman gave him a bottle of brandy and two hundred drops of laudanum, and declined all recompense for her services. When a Scotch doctor from Nellore arrived in the morning, he at once gave him further remedies. Wolff's condition did not improve during the day, and in the evening he had a third relapse. The doctor then thought it his duty to inform him that, in his opinion, he would not survive the night. There was, he said, one last chance, and that was an Indian remedy by which the natives frequently cured cholera, but it was a harsh and

dreadful expedient, as it consisted in placing a hot iron upon the stomach. Wolff did not hesitate, and he was branded three times. The cholera departed, and Wolff entered into a long sleep almost resembling a trance. While he was sunk in this stupor, the bungalow was burnt down. Wolff himself was rescued, placed in a palanquin and carried into the street. Yet he remained all the time in this deep repose of Nature, and never heard of the fire until twelve years afterwards, when he met in London the physician who attended him, and who told him the circumstance.

Wolff was compelled to stay for some little time at Nellore in the hope of recovering from the effects of the cholera, and, after several trying illnesses on his further journey, he arrived at Madras.

Wolff, as we have often seen, was never so happy as when he was preaching or arguing. He remained quiet at Madras for fourteen days, and then could not resist the opportunity of preaching " in the dissenting chapel." The weak state of his health and the importunities of his friends prevented him from much further exertion at Madras. He contrived, however, to involve himself in a controversy with a Mr. Harper, a chaplain of the East India Company. The chaplain condemned him for preaching on such a subject as that of the personal reign of Christ, and also for ministering in dissenting chapels. Wolff proved more than a match for the chaplain. He informed him that missionaries ranked as Apostles and, as that was the case, he was not inclined to receive a reprimand from an inferior. " This," says Wolff, " made Mr. Harper so angry that he danced about like a dancing-master. However, Wolff called

upon him and made it up with him, and Mr. Harper's wife took Wolff's part. So the dispute was ended."

After leaving Madras, he visited Pondicherry, Cuddalore, Trichinopoly, and many other towns of southern India, and reached Goa on October 31st, 1833. Nothing could exceed his pleasure when he found himself in a Christian district. The cross was planted on the highway, the church bells were ringing in every village, and, instead of idolatrous temples, he beheld Christian churches. He was informed by the priests that these churches owed their origin to Francis Xavier, who was his missionary hero.

Still travelling onwards, and visiting towns, Wolff arrived at Massona, on the Abyssinian coast, early in January 1834. There he met many Abyssinian Christians from Gondar, and to them he gave Abyssinian Psalters and Testaments. On February 9th " he arrived in Jiddah, where our grandmother, Eve, was buried, who left Adam in Ceylon, and then came to Jiddah, where she is still remembered by the Jews with affection, but little cause they have for it."

Such is the astounding legend which apparently is fully accepted by Wolff, and is but one of the many fables which found a home in that comprehensive but somewhat credulous mind.

While Wolff was at Jiddah, the East India Company's steamer came in, carrying passengers with some of whom he was well acquainted. They were surprised when, from the deck of the steamer, they saw him sitting at the gate leading to Mecca and chanting portions of the Psalter and of the prophet Isaiah in Arabic. As he chanted, " he moved his head like a dervish." This extraordinary conduct

provoked the ridicule of the officers who were on board the steamer. Some of them were aware that, though a man of the highest courage when in real danger, Wolff trembled at the very suspicion of a storm or gale at sea. Remembering this peculiarity, one of the officers said to him as he passed, "Now, you fellow, who shake in your shoes at the least breath of wind when you are in a steamer, can sit there among savages, who are ready to tear you in pieces. I should not like you to be killed, but what a sound flogging you deserve!"

A few weeks later Wolff was in Alexandria, where all the consuls called upon him, and on April 4th, 1834, he reached Malta "and met his dear wife, whom he shall see in Heaven again."

Wolff at last set out for England, where he was destined for some time longer, at any rate, to have no continuing city. After spending some weeks with friends he travelled in Great Britain and Ireland on behalf of the London Society in company with its secretary. Never was there a more ill-matched pair. Wolff was always determined to speak about the Millennium and the restoration of the Jews, while the secretary maintained that he should devote his attention to the doctrine of justification by faith. The ladies at Carlisle who supported the Society sent a request to Wolff through the secretary that he should speak on the latter subject only. Wolff proved adamant. "If I come," he said, "I shall want to convert them to my views, not that they should convert me to theirs."

The friction between him and the secretary became at last so intense that nothing remained except that

Wolff should give up the undertaking, doubtless to the great joy of his colleague.

Wolff's reception in England was indeed far from pleasing to a man with his passionate love of popularity. By many he was now regarded as eccentric and impossible. His comparative silence about this period of his career is significant. He mentions, however, that the clergy of Gloucester declined to see him and gave as their reason that " this fellow has run wild." Wolff adds to this statement the characteristic observation, " Wolff hopes to see them in Heaven, though they did not wish to see him upon earth." It is evident that for some time Wolff had pursued little method in his travels, roaming from place to place as the caprice took him, and certainly unable to do much missionary work. His record of events had become fragmentary and disjointed, filled with extraneous matter, sometimes of little value and less interest. By many of his friends he was now regarded as a man with experiences quite without parallel, who had accomplished a great deal of useful missionary and philanthropic work, but with a mind which had, for the time, become uncertain and unbalanced. He had acquired eccentricities of behaviour and personal habits which made him very different from the Wolff who had charmed the cultured society of Vienna. The brilliancy of his earlier experiences in India, while it flattered his vanity, had increased the want of balance from which he suffered. There followed the attack of cholera which no doubt largely accentuated the mischief. Probably not for some little time did Wolff recover his equilibrium.

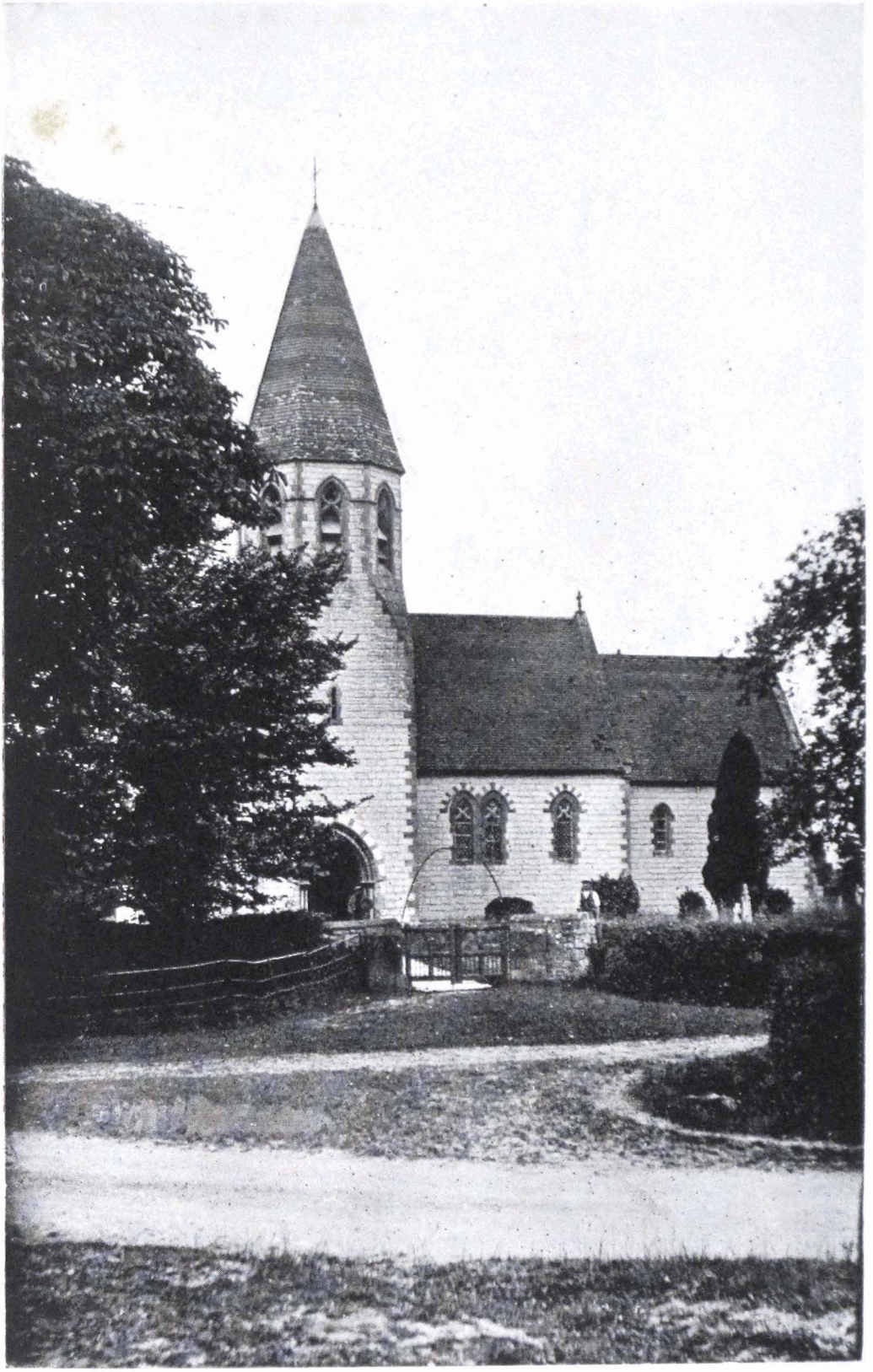
CHAPTER XII

ABYSSINIA : ORDINATION : MISSION TO BOKHARA

Travels in Abyssinia : Rechabites : Horse-whipped by Wahabites : St. Helena : New York : Ordained deacon and priest : Mission on behalf of Stoddart and Conolly : Reception at Constantinople : Trebizond : Great welcome in Khorasan and at Bokhara : The Ameer : Wolff threatened with death : Leaves Bokhara

PERHAPS dissatisfied with the coldness of his reception in England, Wolff returned to Malta, and fifteen years after his first visit went again to Mount Sinai, and stayed with the monks. He must have been pleased to find in the monastery a book written by a Jew from Smyrna, in which he stated his reasons for passing from Judaism to Christianity. It was in the main the New Testament left by Wolff fifteen years before which had induced him to take this step. Wolff tells that he accepts the legend that Saint Catherine, after whom the monastery is called, was carried by angels after her martyrdom at Alexandria to Mount Sinai, " where to this day miracles are performed at her tomb."

Wolff seems to have discovered the secret of perpetual motion, for we soon find him again in Abyssinia, where he had some original experiences. " They arrived," he tells us, " at a little village inhabited by the tribe Shiho, who are shepherds, and Wolff and his companions remained with them for two nights and slept with them under the trees, where they heard the lions roaring around. They were entering the



Photo' by Bailey, Ilminster

ILE BREWERS CHURCH ERECTED BY WOLFF

sheepfolds, and the noise of the shepherds in their attempts to expel them was awful."

The most striking of his adventures on this tour arose from his being mistaken for the Aboona or Primate of Abyssinia. The Primate was always a Copt and was appointed by the Coptic Patriarch of Cairo. For six years no primate had been nominated, but at last an appointment was made. The new Primate, in his progress to the capital, always travelled in diguise ; otherwise he would have been delayed on his journey, owing to the noisy enthusiasm of the people. Wolff, as usual, was one day conversing with an Abyssinian chief and Abyssinian priests about religion, when suddenly the shout was raised : " He is our Aboona in disguise." " At once they fell down at Wolff's feet, kissed them, and implored his blessing. All his protestations were in vain, and, as it is a great crime for the Aboona to smoke, Wolff brought forth his pipe and began to smoke, but they declared this to be a mere stratagem to deceive them. Hundreds of cows were brought to him as a present, and Wolff had to spit at them until his mouth was dry." This spitting by the Aboona on presents of the very people who were honouring him is a custom which would have been more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

Wolff was always ready, if there were a real need, to sacrifice his own wishes to the interests of others. He had intended to proceed to Gondar, and thence into Central Africa, but when he reached Adowa he found a friend and fellow-missionary called Gobat, whose wife and child were with him, seriously ill and unable to travel. He did not hesitate to change his

own plans and remained with Gobat for three months, and then at last he was able to take him safely to Jiddah. It was at about this time that he sent an Abyssinian with his two sons to Bombay, as he wished them to have the benefit of an English training. It may indeed be said with truth that though in his public lectures and sermons he dealt continually with contentious matter, he was in practice a living exponent of the golden rules of the Christian faith.

While at Adowa Wolff visited the holy city of Axum and saw its splendid church. A service was proceeding when he entered. It was accompanied by all the musical instruments mentioned in the Psalter, and no less than fifty priests and two hundred monks were " reciting around the church." Wolff must have been reminded of his former days at the Propaganda when he so often witnessed the splendid ceremonial of the Latin communion in the churches of Rome.

He describes the church at Axum as designed in imitation of the Temple at Jerusalem, and as having both an inner and an outer court. He was gravely told by the Treasurer of the Priesthood that the builders of columns of Axum were Shem, Ham and Japhet. Did his informant resemble those Egyptian priests who tried the credulity of Herodotus to the uttermost, and about one of whom he says that he seemed to be making fun of him ?

Wolff stayed for the night in the house of the Treasurer and had a most hospitable reception.

Before Wolff left Adowa he distributed a large quantity of grain and meat among six hundred people consisting of monks, widows, orphans, blind, lame, maimed, " and fed them in the streets. Shouts of

thanks and offerings of prayer were heard from all sides as they feasted." Such was Wolff's farewell to Adowa, and shortly afterwards his party and that of Gobat started for Jiddah. The journey was not unattended with difficulty, for it was necessary to carry Gobat "on a kind of bedstead" over a mountain. They crossed the Red Sea in a boat and reached Jiddah, where Wolff and Gobat parted.

Wolff had made up his mind to pay a visit to the Rechabites, who lived near Sana in the south of Arabia. The Rechabites were an ancient temperance sect of the Jews. They are mentioned more than once in the Old Testament, and we are told that they were total abstainers and lived a nomadic life. The Rechabites were extremely pleased to see Wolff, and he must have been gratified to find that they still possessed a Bible which he had given to one of the members of the fraternity twelve years before in Mesopotamia. Wolff was hospitably treated by the Rechabites during the six days of his visit, and in recognition of their kindness sent them eighty Hebrew Bibles and Testaments.

On arriving at Sana Wolff was struck by the loveliness of the country and the excellence of the houses. "Sana is situated in a valley and is surrounded by mountains: the city is filled with beautiful gardens, with trees of pomegranates, grapes and cherries. The houses are built of stone and are four stories high, with terraces to walk upon the top of them in the cool of the evening."

Wolff preached in the town and baptised several Jews as well as their families. When he enquired of the Jews how many wives they usually married, he

was told : " Only two, and even then there is usually a devil among them." Much as he liked Sana, Wolff was compelled to leave as the climate was bad, and he himself was suffering from an increasing fever.

On his way to Sana Wolff had given Bibles to members of a tribe called the Wahabites. He was confronted with them on his journey from Sana to Mocha. He soon found that they were in a hostile temper which boded nothing good. They were at once ready with their charge against him. " The books you gave us," they declared, " do not contain the name of Mahomet, the prophet of God! " Wolff's answer served to increase their irritation. " This circumstance," he said, " ought to bring you to some decision." Their reply was curt and decisive. Wolff was sharply told that they had come to a decision, and any gloomy anticipations he may have had were abundantly realised. They seized him, " horse-whipped him tremendously, and then went about their business."

We can imagine how terrible such treatment must have been to one in Wolff's infirm state of health. Nor was his subsequent experience on the same journey more agreeable. He had suffered in person and now he was to suffer in purse, for, when he was near Mocha, he was beset by Bedouins, who demanded seventy dollars. They scoffed at Wolff's warning that he was an English subject, and left him without a penny.

Wolff had not been long at Mocha before he was anxious for a change. His restless and mercurial temper rarely allowed him to remain still anywhere. He decided once more to visit Abyssinia and even started on the journey. When, however, he had

reached Hodeida, which lies between Mocha and Sana, he found himself so ill with typhus fever that he was obliged to remain for six weeks in the house of a friend. As soon as he was convalescent, he went in a little boat to Jiddah. Sanguine though he was, he yielded at length to the force of circumstances. He felt that to undertake journeys through so mountainous a country as Abyssinia in his enfeebled state would be to court disaster. Consequently he remained at Jiddah and lived on board the sloop-of-war *Euphrates*, where he was treated as a distinguished guest and received every kindness and attention until the warship *Hugh Lindsay*, bound for Bombay, arrived. Wolff embarked and found himself again in most pleasant company with English friends. When he arrived at Bombay three or four doctors with whom he became acquainted were unanimous in insisting that it would be most imprudent in his state of health to undertake a journey either in India or in Africa. He was strongly advised by these physicians and others to go to America, where probably the climate would work wonders. Wolff listened to this sensible advice, and set out for the United States in a Swedish vessel.

When his ship put in at St. Helena Wolff had yet another of those happy experiences in which he found solace for the many sufferings which he endured. As soon as he heard of his arrival, the governor instructed the " townmayor " to announce the fact to the whole island. The response was instant. All strove to see him, and there must have been but few of the inhabitants who did not catch much more than a glimpse of the renowned traveller.

Wolff was as anxious to be seen as the people were to see him. During his brief stay at St. Helena he lectured, expounded the Scriptures and concluded a pleasant day by dining with the governor. On the next day he sailed for New York, where he arrived in August 1837. He was well received by Episcopalians, Baptists and Methodists, and within a short time of reaching the city was lecturing on the personal reign of Christ and the restoration of the Jews, the two topics which had become quite obsessions with him, though they were new doctrines to others.

Wolff, wandering cross-bearer as he was, was nevertheless in a very real sense a missionary, and left traces of his presence wherever he went. At the same time, though a member of the Church of England, he had received no credentials from her. He was an unordained missionary, and while the laxity of discipline in those days often made it possible for him to officiate in Anglican churches, he was as often found in nonconformist pulpits. Yet he always clung to a belief in the doctrine of the Apostolic succession, and the universal acceptance of that doctrine in the eastern churches seemed to him a convincing proof of its truth. His position, however, was unsatisfactory. Welcome anywhere, he really belonged nowhere. Surely, he reflected, it would be better to regularise his standing by receiving holy orders in the Church of England, and this step Wolff determined to take. He was introduced in the first instance to the Bishop of New Jersey, and at a conference of clergy was pronounced qualified for the diaconate. Later, he was charged by a single dissentient

clergyman with certain eccentricities of doctrine, with some of which the reader is familiar. His reply satisfied the clergy, who wrote to the bishop in his defence. The bishop consented to ordain him on condition that he submitted to an examination. Wolff readily accepted this test, for which he was very differently qualified from the ineffective candidates at many ordination examinations. His first curacy was that of Salem. The parishioners, however, did not long enjoy the benefit of his ministrations, as his first curacy is one of the shortest on record, lasting indeed only a month.

Wolff left New York on January 2nd, 1838. He returned safely to England and met his wife, who may be described as a patient Griselda, at Richmond. While he was here he was invited by Charles Kingsley's father, then rector of Chelsea, to deliver a lecture on the Millennium, and mentions with some pride that Earl Cadogan, Lady Georgiana's cousin, and the Marchioness of Anglesea and her daughters were present. He was soon again in motion, and went to Dublin, where he had a good reception. He made the acquaintance of Archbishop Whately, who described him as " a missionary Shakespeare." Subsequently he preached before the university, and shortly afterwards received the degree of LL.D. and was ordained priest on the archbishop's recommendation. He shares the distinction of possessing the honorary degree of LL.D. of Trinity College, Dublin, with no less a man than Dr. Johnson, who, it may be conjectured, would have made short work of some of his theological topics.

Wolff was a man full of surprises, in some respects

" a man so various that he seemed to be not one, but all mankind's epitome." After having spent years in travel, with the whole world as his parish, he amazed his friends by accepting the small living of Linthwaite, in Yorkshire. Drummond's comment was characteristic. " You are as fit," he said, " for a parish priest as I am for a dancing master." Drummond's pessimism was belied by the event.

In consequence of the coldness of the climate, Wolff soon exchanged his new charge for the curacy of High Hoyland, also in Yorkshire, and there he remained for five years. Irritated at his appointment, and wishing to retain the curacy, his predecessor took as the text of his farewell sermon: " After me, ravening wolves will come to devour the flock."

Wolff's tenancy of this curacy was a success. With his diocesan, the Bishop of Ripon, he was on the best of terms and he found a good friend in W. F. Hook, the famous Vicar of Leeds and later Dean of Chichester, for whom he frequently preached in the parish church. His vicar described him as " an enlightened and learned parish priest and an affectionate friend." His parishioners were proud to have so distinguished a man amongst them, and greatly appreciated his benevolent qualities.

Lady Georgiana may have hoped that the wandering Jew had at last found refuge and that the perils which had given her so much anxiety were over. She was mistaken, and was soon to be undeceived. Wolff was destined to risk his life in the most gallant and quixotic of all his enterprises, the search for Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly. These English officers

had certainly shown an absence of tact in dealing with the Ameer of Bokhara. Stoddart had refused to comply with the trivial etiquette of the Court, and Conolly was described by the Ameer as "very proud." Though the punishment of death with attendant circumstances of cruelty was outrageous, yet it is to be feared that their own imprudence brought these evils upon them. They came into conflict with a savage tyrant who had murdered his chief adviser, the Goosh-Bekee, and committed many other atrocities, even visiting with death all those who would not yield their wives to his wishes. It was in vain to try conclusions with such a tyrant as this, and most imprudent to incense him.

It has been seen in the course of the narrative how often Wolff had been rescued from serious dangers by English officers. He had thus cultivated, as he thought, a debt which he could never repay. When, therefore, he heard that Stoddart and Conolly had been imprisoned, and were either murdered or in imminent peril of death, he determined to go in person to Bokhara and himself ascertain their fate. If they were still alive, he hoped to save them. If they were dead, he would ascertain all the circumstances of the crime. He communicated his decision to Lady Georgiana with the words: "Now I am going to Bokhara to pay back a debt of gratitude to British officers." Wolff suited the action to the word, resigned his living, and made his preparations. He saw Lord Aberdeen, the Foreign Secretary, and told him that he meant to go to Bokhara to discover the fate of Stoddart and Conolly. To create a greater impression, he should wear his clerical gown, his

doctor's hood and his shovel-hat, and carry in his hand a Bible in English and Hebrew. He should style himself " the Grand Dervish of England, Scotland, Ireland and the whole of America." When he reached Bokhara he should make it his business in due course to demand the bodies, alive or dead, of the two officers. Lord Aberdeen must have been struck with astonishment at the bearing and methods of his singular visitor. At length, through Lord Addington, he told Wolff that the Government were satisfied that Stoddart and Conolly had been executed. It was impossible, therefore, that it could be responsible for sending Wolff on so dangerous a mission. Nevertheless, they would take care that he was furnished with the letters and recommendations from the Sultan and other sovereigns which he required. It must, however, be clearly understood that he went on his own responsibility, and at his own risk. Wolff accepted these terms and took leave of his friends at Southampton.

Lady Georgiana bade her knight-errant farewell on the deck of the *Iberia*, in which he sailed. On his way to Constantinople he was introduced to the King and Queen of Greece. The former he describes as " a meagre-looking gentleman," and of the Queen he says that : " when he approached her for the purpose of kissing her lovely hands, she hastened to take off one of her gloves and Wolff kissed her hand."

Wolff was well received by Sir Stratford Canning, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, and was invited by him to preach at the English chapel. Wolff mentions with some pride that all " the ambassadors were present to hear the discourse." When

the sermon was over, the Russian Ambassador informed Wolff that the Emperor Nicholas, who had already been informed of his journey to Bokhara, had issued orders to the Ambassador of Persia, and to all the governors of Siberia, and to all the Russian admirals in the Caspian, to receive him with the highest distinction, and afford him every assistance in their power. The whole diplomatic corps invited Wolff to dinner, English, as well as French, Italians and Germans ; and all vied with each other in making his stay in Constantinople agreeable.

Lady Canning was most kind to him. " She advised him how he should manage with his luggage, and made him take off his coat in order to show him how he should keep his letters, when they arrived, and also how to keep his money. She brought him flannels that he might not catch cold."

One evening the Sultan's chamberlain brought the letters asked for by the British Government, and the chamberlain stated that the Sultan had remained up the whole night engaged in writing these letters with his own hand. They recommended him to the rulers of Bokhara, Khiva, and Kokan.

When Wolff, furnished with all these letters of introduction, left Constantinople, he sailed in an Austrian vessel to Trebizond, where he lectured in Italian and received forty-four pounds towards the expenses of his mission. On December 1st, 1843, he started with his attendant on his journey to Erzerum, and sometimes had to wade up to his neck in snow. When he reached Erzerum " he spent some happy days with his English, Russian and Austrian friends there." Mindful of the rigours of the climate, his

English acquaintances saw that he was provided with snow-proof clothes. Over a kind of shooting-jacket he wore a large, loose coat, lined with wolf fur. His trousers are described as "immensely large." His feet were encased in thick worsted stockings on which were fur-lined boots. Over these were large leather boots, reaching to his hips. His face and his hands were equally well protected. An abba, or large coat, completed the outfit. Thus armed against the bitter blasts of the wintry season, Wolff started on horseback. Several friends accompanied him for the distance of six miles. Then they drank his health in Tenedos wine and rode back to Erzerum. The time of stress soon came. It was most difficult to make headway against the snow and he was compelled to hire two Armenians to drag him and his horse through it. He often slept in stables, which, however, were warm and comfortable and possessed some trifling conveniences for travellers. On two or three occasions he narrowly escaped the Koolagh, from which so many have perished miserably. Just before Wolff's departure from Erzerum several of a party of sixty persons had fallen victims to this terrible wind. "The air blows intensely cold, freezing your fingers as you hold the mule's bridle and your feet in the stirrups. Sharp particles of snow dashed against your face, cut the skin and blind your eyes, and the next moment you fall over a precipice and are lost."

Wolff, as usual, surmounted his difficulties, and after a painful and toilsome journey entered Persia and reached Tabriz. Here, in the state prison, he found Mahomet Ishak Khan, the former ruler of Torbad Hydarea, whose misdeeds have been already

related. He owed his deprivation and imprisonment to Abbas Mirza, whom he had defied. This was the man who had extracted Wolff's money from the robbers and then seized it and put it in his own pocket. Though he was steeped in every crime, he seemed to bear his misfortunes with a fortitude worthy of a better man.

On his way from Tabriz to Teheran Wolff's servant became intoxicated and thrashed his master. Two of Wolff's friends, who had accompanied him from Tabriz, retaliated on the servant by knocking him down. Wolff offered to forgive him if he promised not to repeat the offence of getting drunk. To his surprise the servant made the sign of the Cross and replied to Wolff's overtures with the remark : " I am determined to get drunk whenever the feast of the Holy Virgin is celebrated." Wolff promptly dismissed him.

When Wolff was near Teheran and had reached a place called Kasween he found that Colonel Sheil, the British Ambassador at Teheran, had sent horses and a guard to convey him safely to that town. Colonel Sheil also invited him to the British Embassy.

Wolff arrived at Teheran on February 3rd, 1844, when all doubt of the fate of Stoddart and Conolly was removed, as Colonel Sheil himself declared that it was certain that they were dead. Wolff himself, while at Teheran, had already formed precisely the same conviction. But what was he to do? If he retraced his steps and went home, he would be the butt of everyone's ridicule. It would be said that the whole of his expedition was " a piece of humbug," and " the work of a braggart." Whatever the ethics

of this question may be, Wolff decided to conceal his conviction and proceeded with the work which had been given him to do. He was introduced by Colonel Sheil to the Shah. Wolff wore his "canonicals" on this occasion. The Shah was pleased to see him again, and reminded him of past incidents of his career with which he was acquainted. The Shah told him that he had written several letters on his behalf, and that one of them was to the Ameer of Bokhara himself. Wolff made his bow, after a conversation lasting for an hour, and was well pleased with his reception. Wolff explained to Colonel Sheil before he started that his experiences of Khorasan had been very painful in the past. Was it not there that he had been stripped and tied to a horse's tail, put into a dungeon, and offered for sale at two pounds, ten shillings? He might, perhaps, again be confronted with similar miseries but, he continued, snapping his fingers as he spoke, "I am determined to continue my journey."

He was escorted into Khorasan by an officer of the Shah of Persia and members of the British Embassy.

Wolff's gloomy forebodings of troubles in Khorasan were not realised. On the contrary, he was kindly welcomed. When he arrived at Sebzawar, he was surrounded by crowds of people who cried with one accord: "People of Mahomet, wonder of wonders, signs of the times! Joseph Wolff, the English dervish, has arrived: two hundred years of age." They came into the garden, staring at him, and said: "There can be no doubt that this man is two hundred years of age, only look at him, see how he stares, how he gapes." His statement that he was only forty-five

was received with incredulity. All were unanimous in saying : " He lies, for he is ashamed of his age." Wolff answered them with the remark : " Well, if you think I lie, then give me two thousand years, and then you will be near the mark."

Wolff went on to Meshed, the capital of Khorasan, where the governor-general warned him that Bokhara was quite a citadel of rascals. The only means of protection against rascals, he added, is to hire other rascals for that purpose, and he would therefore give Wolff the liberal supply of nine rascals. Wolff left Meshed with this escort, and two personal attendants. One of them, " an amiable rogue," who could be relied upon to allow no one to cheat Wolff but himself, had accompanied him fourteen years before from Meshed to Bokhara and Cabul.

When Wolff reached Mowr he heard from unquestionable sources that both Stoddart and Conolly had been murdered. He was, therefore, advised to return home at once. His answer was prompt and decisive. " If," he said, " they are dead, I must ascertain the circumstances of their death, and to Bokhara I will go." When he arrived at Karakol, the governor, who had hospitably entertained him during his last visit, received him kindly, but uttered the ominous words, " Thee will he kill."

When Wolff rose the next morning he could find neither his nine rascals nor his two attendants. All had forsaken him and fled. With or without them, Wolff was now obliged to proceed to Bokhara, distant thirty miles from Karakol. Wolff had been warned by the Governor of Karakol that when he saw horsemen coming from Bokhara, he would notice

that some carried baskets. These would contain chains and knives, the instruments of Wolff's destruction. As the exhausted traveller, abandoned by his attendants, and dragging his mule after him, proceeded on his journey, he cannot have been cheered when he often heard the remark of those whom he passed: "Now there shall be another victim of a guest in Bokhara." As he drew nigh the city, he saw several horsemen riding towards him and this circumstance at the first blush seemed to confirm his worst fears. Happily, both baskets and horsemen proved quite harmless. One of the horsemen was the chamberlain of the Ameer, who set his mind at ease by saying that the prince of believers had great kindness for Wolff. When the chamberlain opened the baskets which he was bringing, Wolff's eyes were greeted, not by chains and knives, but by a handsome offering of fruit and other delicacies.

When Wolff reached Bokhara, twenty thousand people were in the streets, shouting "Welcome." Conspicuous in the strange and motley crowd were "the Grandees of the Empire," "riding with large sticks in their hands, on stately horses." Wolff entered the palace, wearing the dress of which he was so proud. He faithfully complied with the usual etiquette of the courts. "Wolff's shoulders were taken hold of, he proceeded to stroke his beard with great energy and in a tremendous voice he said above fifty times, "Asylum of the world! Peace to the King!"

The Ameer was more than satisfied. He burst into a loud fit of laughter and exclaimed: "Enough, enough, come upstairs and I will look at you." Wolff

went and sat opposite the Ameer, who closely scrutinised him. He was a man of unprepossessing appearance. " He had little eyes, his face was in continual convulsive movement ; no smile was ever seen on his face." When at last he had gazed on Wolff to his heart's content he addressed him in words that contain much point and truth. " Thou eccentric man! Thou star without a tail! neither like a Jew, nor like a Hindoo, nor like a Russian, nor like an Osbeck. Thou art Joseph Wolff." The Ameer concluded his observations by the plain statement that he had punished Stoddart and Conolly with death.

Wolff remained in constant communication with the Ameer through his ministers, who were constantly asking him questions. The Ameer was made acquainted with both questions and answers. The former as a rule seem to have had no object except to gratify an idle curiosity. On one occasion, however, allusion was made to the clerical black gown and the scarlet hood, which at this time Wolff always wore and vested in which, in such surroundings, he must have presented a comical sight. Wolff was asked by the king's chamberlain : " Why are you dressed in black and red colours? Have these colours any meaning? " Wolff replied : " With me they have. The black colour indicates that Wolff mourns over the death of his countrymen, and the red colour indicates that Wolff is ready to die for his faith." From this moment Wolff was no longer a free man. He could not stir from the house, and was continually watched by the chamberlains of the Ameer. Wolff attributed this and other troubles to the sinister influence of Abd-ul-Samut Khan, whom he had turned out of his

room at Peshawar, and who had become the leader of the Bokhara army. To him, too, Wolff assigns responsibility for the murders of Stoddart and Conolly, which took place in 1842. This designing and revengeful villain practised every art to prevent the return of Wolff to England and, if possible, to bring about his death. The Ambassador of the Shah now brought a demand for Wolff's freedom from his master. It was disregarded and the delay continued. At last Wolff became so exasperated that he went to Abd-ul-Samut Khan and said plainly: "Thou art the murderer of Stoddart and Conolly and other Europeans. Thou art a bloodhound." His enemy replied: "Yes, I am, and I will pay you for having insulted me at Peshawar." "It is utterly impossible," says Wolff, "that he could give a description of the countenance of this bloodhound when he said these words. His whole face became convulsed, distorted and pale with anger and rage, grinning, laughing, raging, just like an apparition from Hell." Wolff, in answer to his threat, said: "Thou murderer," and he replied, "Yes, I am."

Wolff was in constant dread of assassination, and, to prevent such a catastrophe, the Persian Ambassador directed one of his servants to sleep in his room. In the meantime the Ameer, who had been absent in Samarcand, returned, and soon after his arrival a Moolah came to Wolff and asked him in the Ameer's name whether he would become a Mahometan. Wolff's reply was decisive: "Tell the Ameer," he said, "Never, never, never!" Only a few hours passed, when the executioner came, the same man who had put to death both Stoddart and Conolly,

and said : " Joseph Wolff, unto thee it shall happen, as it did to them," and then he made a significant motion at Wolff's heart with his hand. Wolff prepared for death. He carried opium about him, so that, in case his throat was cut, he might not feel the pain. He cast away the opium and prayed and wrote in his Bible these words : " My dearest Georgiana, I have loved you unto death. Bokhara 1844."

Happily, no such evil fate overtook Wolff, for on that same day the Ameer received a second letter from the Shah, demanding his release. The Ameer feared to offend him, and, when he had read the letter, said to the Persian Ambassador, " Well, I make you a present of Joseph Wolff, he may go with you." Wolff was then compelled to visit Abd-ul-Samut Khan, who demanded a large sum of money for the influence which, as he said, he had exerted in Wolff's favour.

The Ameer's formal permission to Wolff to leave Bokhara at length arrived. In company with the Persian Ambassador, he waited on the Ameer, who gave him " a robe of honour, which was made of a Cashmere shawl, fifty ducats and a beautiful manuscript in Persian, with the king's autograph."

Later, the Ameer told him " that he had proved himself a man of understanding and knowledge," " and, therefore," he said, " I have treated you with honour." A week later, Wolff left Bokhara amidst the cheers and congratulations of thousands of the inhabitants.

CHAPTER XIII

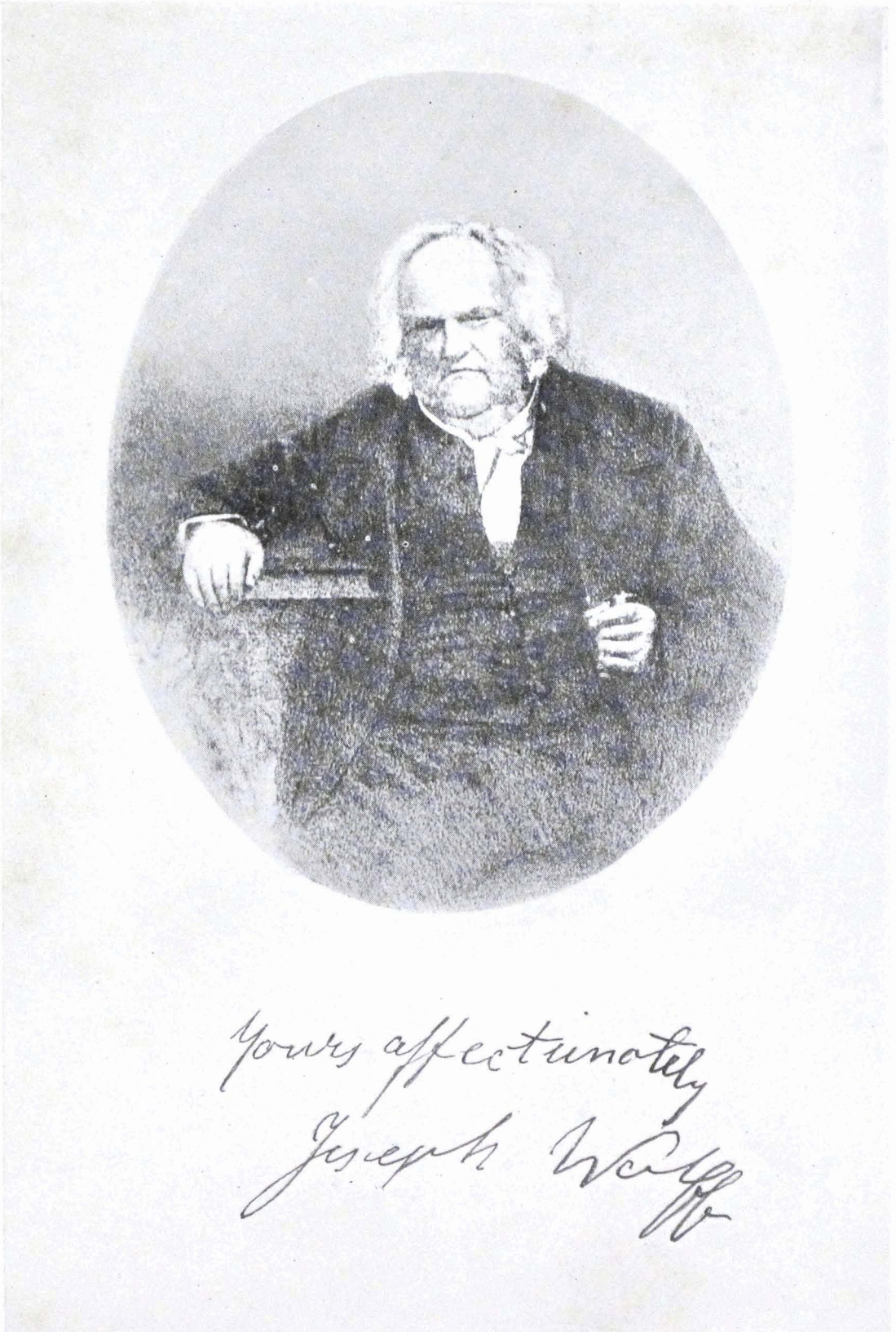
LIFE AS PARISH PRIEST

Conspiracy against life: Return to England: Vicar of Ile Brewers: Friends, acquaintances and characters: Preaching described

WOLFF was warned before he left Bokhara of a conspiracy against his life organised by Abd-ul-Samut Khan. It was to be carried out after he left the place. Wolff was to be despatched by ten assassins, and a list of their names was given him on the day of his departure. The murder was to be accomplished at night. Wolff, however, determined to forestall their design, stopped the caravan at the place appointed for his destruction, and made a speech in which he gave particulars of this plot. This step prevented the crime and, at a later stage of the journey, the Persian ambassador, who was travelling with the caravan, gave a short address, in which he claimed the support of all good Mussulmen against Wolff's enemies. Wolff now proceeded on his way in security. When he arrived at Meshed, the conspirators were punished.

On his entry into that town many of the inhabitants met him and cried: "Praise be to God that thou hast come back with thy head from that accursed city Bokhara."

At Teheran, the ambassador of the Ameer of Bokhara, who had accompanied him, and also intended to proceed with him to England, was officially



PORTRAIT OF WOLFF AT AGE OF 65

informed that he need go no farther. He was told that he represented the Ameer, who was an assassin. Queen Victoria was not in the habit of receiving the ambassadors of such men and would decline to see the Ameer's nominee. The ambassador was, therefore, compelled to return to Bokhara, where he was put to death. Abd-ul-Samut Khan was eventually cut in twain with an axe by the Ameer.

The remainder of Wolff's journey to England passed without incident. " On his arrival at Southampton he met his dear wife and the joy which both felt cannot be expressed."

Wolff was never long separated from her again.

From the date of his reaching England, after his perilous journey to Bokhara, to the end of his life, he undertook no more of those adventurous expeditions which have made his name so famous. He was appointed to the living of Ile Brewers, near Taunton, in 1847, and he and Lady Georgiana devoted their time to the welfare of the three hundred inhabitants of this obscure little parish.

The oldest of the present inhabitants, now (1935) over ninety years of age, remembers Wolff and, not long ago, spoke of him in the highest terms to the present writer. He stated, moreover, that he was much beloved in the parish, was a good preacher, and delivered his sermons in a loud tone of voice. Lady Georgiana's memory is still held dear in the parish. She died in 1860. A year later Wolff married Louisa Decima King, who belonged to a good family in Herefordshire. He died in 1862, and is buried at Ile Brewers. During Wolff's incumbency he rebuilt the church, a decayed building possessing little of

interest, on a new site. The money for these purposes was obtained by Wolff's personal exertions in preaching and lecturing in Great Britain and soliciting the support of his friends for these good objects.

Wolff tells us that the majority of his parishioners, who were agricultural labourers, lived on eight or nine shillings a week. In order to aid them as far as he could, he provided every family each winter with coals and bread. He also paid the greater part of the salary of the schoolmistress.

Thus, contrary to all expectation, Wolff, after living a life full of storm and stress, obtained the repose which he had so hardly earned and, however restless he may at times have felt, did not seek to change his position. During the whole of his life, from the day when he left his family and friends, he had the supreme gift of drawing others to himself and, as we know, had been intimate with many of the most eminent men both in the western and in the eastern world. In his charming youth he had attracted the affectionate interest of one of the saintliest of Popes. Now, in his retirement in England, the intrepid traveller formed friendships with such men as Gladstone and Dean Stanley, while he spent nine happy days as the guest of Tennyson and heard that bard recite some of his own poems. He numbered George Anthony Denison, the militant archdeacon, among his personal friends.

We, who have been watching his extraordinary career, have marked the self-reliance which always distinguished him, the love of truth which made him relinquish all his hopes at the College of the Propaganda, and the firm faith which never forsook him in his darkest hours. Few have suffered as Wolff

suffered, whether from illness, exposure or from the savage treatment of fierce fanatics. No one who has read of them can forget his harsh experiences. On the other hand, we have often seen him a veritable centre of honour as when, for example, in India he made a progress that was almost royal in its magnificence.

Wolff was more a pioneer than an ordinary missionary. He diffused the light of truth, sometimes by lecturing and preaching, sometimes by conversation or by the establishment of schools. He distributed an enormous number of Bibles and Testaments. He was especially solicitous about the spiritual state of the Jews, and must have spent weeks in arguing with them, often with little apparent result. At the same time his narrative makes it clear that he converted and baptised many of his own nationality. He never lost sight of his mission, and no doubt much that he said and did is now bearing fruit to perfection. As a teacher he was most catholic and found truth in every denomination. He held certain theories such as the belief in the Millennium, which have long since been abandoned as without proof and without probability. These peculiarities count for nothing when weighed in the balance with his practical Christian faith.

His accomplishments as a linguist were of the highest order, and in the East he could converse in his own language or dialect with almost everyone whom he met. He had a vast compass of general knowledge, the fruit alike of reading and experience, and possessed a versatile mind, which turned readily from one subject to another.

Wolff's only son became a distinguished diplomatist and one of the leaders of the Fourth Party. All

the members of the Wolff family bearing that name are now called Drummond-Wolff. The prefix Drummond is Wolff's own tribute to one of his earliest and best friends to whom he owed a debt of gratitude.

A brief account of Wolff as a preacher, drawn from the narrative of an eye-witness and written in the earlier days of his incumbency of Ile Brewers, may furnish a good idea of his quite original style of preaching. The writer, who made a tour of many churches in the west on Sundays about ninety years ago, wrote under the pseudonym of " Church Goer." It was not necessary to travel so far as Ile Brewers and catch Wolff in the act of preaching to his congregation of rustics, for as he was much in request as a preacher, " Church Goer," who was a Bristolian, would be sure sooner or later to find him in one of the churches of his own city. One Sunday Wolff was advertised to preach on behalf of St. Philip's School. To St. Philip's, therefore, " Church Goer " went, full of eager anticipation, which was more than realised. It was not unusual in those days for the preacher to take his seat already vested in the black gown in which he was to preach, and Wolff was seated in the place of honour, a red-cushioned seat, between the two churchwardens. He appears to have waited with some impatience for the offices to end and the sermon to begin. " Church Goer " watched him closely, and has left us his impressions. " He thrust his face into his prayer book, then threw himself back, then looked at his watch and rubbed his forehead and fidgeted himself about, much to the amazement of the parish authorities who sat close by. He seemed impatient to go up into the pulpit and pour

Photo' by Bailey, Ilminster

ILE BREWERS VICARAGE ERECTED BY WOLFF

Facing p. 218

forth his heterogeneous mass of miscellaneous learning, anecdote, personal adventure and rich orientalisms which curiously enough he called a sermon, though it had neither order, method, sequence, argument nor arrangement. Yet who in that church, or in any other, ever heard a discourse which they listened to with such riveted interest, or from which, odd as the word may seem in connection with a sacred subject, they derived such amusement?"

Wolff's manner was as extraordinary as his matter. Now he tossed up his hands, now fired by religious zeal "he shouted as if bellowing to a camel-driver in the desert," now holding his Bible in one hand, and striking it with the other, he cried in tones of thunder: "This is the Book of Truth." A calm followed the storm. Wolff has his elbows on the pulpit cushion, and his chin in his hands. He is talking in a quiet colloquial way about his travels, speaking of places in Persia, or Afghanistan, or Mesopotamia, or Abyssinia, as if they were "but an eighteenpenny fly-fare from St. Philip's Church." He introduced the congregation to the most unfamiliar personages, such as Indian princes, Greek patriarchs and Nestorian Christians. "He took tea on the tops of their houses with the people of Aleppo, he smoked with the merchants of Damascus, and seemed as much at home at Tadmor in the desert as at Ile Brewers in Somerset. And you knew it was not mere travellers' tales that you were listening to, you knew that strange, singular-looking little grey-headed man had been through all that he told you, that he was as great an enthusiast as Peter the Hermit, and a greater traveller. Thrown among the wildest tribes, mixing

with the most singular people, he seems as it were a missionary knight-errant in search of adventure. I am told that at Ile Brewers he will work himself to such a pitch that he will burst out into a Hebrew song in the midst of his sermon, and give vent to his zeal in other ecstasies equally singular. The fifty-first Psalm, from which the text was taken, was not enough to restrain the discursive fancy of this Bedouin Arab of the pulpit. He quoted Dante and Schlegel, and had something to say about Correggio, St. Augustine, Martin Luther and the Arabian Nights' tales. Never returned palmer of old more full of tales of adventure, of escape, of accident and incident ; he was the prince of story-tellers. You travelled with him through desert and jungle and you never felt the hours pass the while. He is a pulpit hadji. Never was I more entertained by any man in the pulpit before."

When the service was over, " Church Goer " went into the vestry to see Wolff, " as you would a living curiosity." He found the room half full of parish and other authorities. Wolff was walking to and fro, attending to no one and, ever and anon, striking the wall with his stick. Perchance he was dreaming of Pius VII, or of the Shah of Persia, or of the Viceroy of India, or of one of the moving incidents which have made his career so notable. In the church and in the vestry of St. Philip's, Bristol, he was still Wolff, an eccentric and powerful figure, and unlike anyone who has ever appeared on the clerical horizon before or since his day. He stands alone and apart, but it is impossible to read the story of his life without admiring his talents, his heroism and his kind and affectionate disposition.

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