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## Review.

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*Journal of a Lady's Travels Round the World.* By F. D. BRIDGES. With illustrations from sketches by the author. Pp. 410. John Murray, 1883.

We opened this volume at a description of "The Happy Valley"<sup>1</sup> and Little Thibet: we read steadily through it with unabated interest. A more suggestive and pleasing description of Kashmir and Thibet we have never seen: we should rather say, perhaps, that this is decidedly the best. Every portion of it is at once attractive and informing.

In the "Lady's" journal, under the heading *Murree Pass, March 25th*, we read of the two travellers on their way to Kashmir. Their Kitmuggar and John and the Syce were afraid to face the journey (the weather was stormy, and the land of their route had suffered from famine); but Ageeza, a fat youth who could do a little cooking, and Ahmed the Bheesty remained faithful. "We were determined to go on," writes Mrs. Bridges: "we started, with our baggage packed on five mules, to walk by easy stages into Kashmir. The snow was still lying in patches on the tufts of maidenhair fern in the sheltered nooks, and storms of cold rain swept occasionally down the hills; but it was a pleasant walk for ten miles to-day, with a glorious view over the snowy ranges and down the steep valleys. Spring flowers have scarcely appeared as yet, only a few blossoms of Alpine violets, and a hardy yellow jessamine make the banks gay. Yesterday, not far from Murree, a group of crimson rhododendrons, just bursting into bloom, was a gorgeous sight: one stem was five feet in circumference."

Again, in the journal, *Chakoti, April 1st*, we are told what is the first thing to be done on arriving at the tumble-down "rest-house" after the daily march. The travellers "pitch one of the small tents (the beasts of prey indoors being too much for me), and get a room swept out by a low-caste native, representing the early non-Aryan races of the country, or, as is pretty often the case, get a few twigs and do it one's self; while Ageeza, who could not pollute himself by cleansing anything, calls loudly for the *lumbardar*, the head-man of the village, to bring milk, eggs, and firewood. Alas! often the only answer he gets is the echo of his own voice through the mountains; there is little to be had in this desolate and almost deserted country, where it is believed that 150,000 people have perished by famine within the last two years. Sometimes we get a lean fowl, which at last I have made the fat youth understand we like killed the day before eating it: this he considers ridiculous; however, he hands me the frying-pan, and sits in the doorway with his turban awry, and his beloved pipe not far off, proceeding in a leisurely manner to take the feathers off the 'murghi,' which I afterwards grill with some slices of bacon, Ageeza looking on at the cooking of the unholy food. It is curious how local customs work their way even in spite of religious distinctions: he is a Mussulman, to whom the Hindoo superstition of caste ought to be nothing; but the genius of the country proves too strong

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<sup>1</sup> "The Happy Valley," THE CHURCHMAN, 188.

even for its conquerors, and does not allow him to eat a potato peeled by a Christian knife, or wash even a dish-rubber."

On April 4th our travellers reached the famous "Vale of Kashmir." The first impression was that of disappointment. From the top of a short steep pass the valley lay like a map at their feet, completely encircled by snow-capped mountains. But everything looked desolate; the spring was late; the tall poplars and magnificent plane-trees were still leafless. The disappointment, however, was transient. On the 5th they embarked; and the Kashmiri boatmen, after one attempt at imposition, were very civil. It was pleasant—one can easily understand—thoroughly enjoyable, after a march of 170 miles, to lie on rugs under the thatched roof of the boat, gliding by the grassy banks fringed with willows and splendid plane-trees; sometimes by farm-houses, standing in orchards. On the 7th they reached Srinagar, a curious city of wide-eaved houses overhanging the water, a Venice built of wood. Srinagar is picturesque, as every traveller says, especially when seen from the water; temples, bridges, and tumble-down houses built of unpainted wood, which takes lovely tints from age, and great plane-trees and old pear-trees, white with blossom, hanging over the river, here covered with boats full of sedate-looking Hindoos—the favoured race, though the Mussulmans form more than two-thirds of the population. The English Resident is called, in deference to the feelings of the Maharajah, the "officer on special duty at Kashmir." Dining with the Resident, writes Mrs. Bridges, "we met the two excellent missionaries who are doing so much good here—in fact, saving the lives of thousands of the population. They employ 14,000 coolies at a very small sum, just enough to sustain life on, in useful works, such as repairing the tracks—there are no roads in Kashmir; the native Government consider such things ridiculous and unnecessary—in spite of much secret opposition on the part of native officials." Whether the remark of Mrs. Bridges that "conversion is not attempted; to do so would be worse than useless," is correct, as regards this branch of the work of the missionaries, we cannot say. Civilizing influences, she adds, "are brought to bear on the 400 orphan or neglected children in the mission school,<sup>1</sup> rescued by the missionaries from starvation." The influence of the Medical Mission is wide-spread, and much may be hoped from it. In the Kashmir Valley, we may add, the Church Missionary Society has an *evangelistic* missionary.

Our author pleasingly describes the sights and scenes in this Oriental Venice. The Kashmiri women, she says, "are very good-looking; their dark eyes and hair and bright complexions are set off by the fillet of scarlet cloth worn round the head. Men and women alike muffle themselves in shapeless white garments, and have not the independent bearing of our late friends the Pathans." Six Kashmiris paddled their boat swiftly through crowded canals and curious "floating gardens." These "gardens" are made of the matted roots of water-plants; melon-seeds are sown on a thick coating of mud.

After a few days the travellers left Srinagar, making their way to the Himalayan mountains on the farther side of Kashmir. There were six servants and twenty-eight coolies to carry provisions. On the morning

<sup>1</sup> The orphanage for the famine children, having done its beneficent work, has been closed. Its 400 inmates are now scattered over the Kashmir Valley. "Let us hope," writes Mr. Doxey, "that they will not readily forget the religious instruction given them, and that the knowledge of the Saviour and the texts of Scripture they learned, and the hymns they were taught to sing, may with God's good blessing and in His own good time bring forth fruit."—*Church Missionary Society's Report*, 1882.

of the 18th (*Wurdwan Valley*) they started at five o'clock to cross the pass, 11,600 feet :

The sun had scarcely risen over the white peaks, and the black pine-forests below were still lying deep in shadow, as we followed our coolies, who, like a line of ants, threaded their way over the snow up through great boulders left by the avalanches. In about two hours we had reached the summit of the pass, and found ourselves on a far-stretching snow plateau; we put on snow-spectacles, for, as Suddick (one of their servants) says, "the snow burn him eyes." . . . The grass-shoes we all wear are safe things for snow-walking . . . we trudged along till we found ourselves again among birch-trees and scanty junipers, under which the lovely blue gentian peeped out.

IBEX could not be found; and the bears were still enjoying their winter sleep. Two musk-deer supplied a dinner for the party: the meat was something like roe-deer in flavour.

Bhutkhal Pass (14,500 feet) took three days to get through it. One day was a very hard march; and sometimes they sank up to their waists in drifts of new-fallen snow. "Take plenty care, Mem Sahib!" cried out Suddick, with good reason. A glacier-river rushing out of a great ice-cave was amazingly cold, and the current was sometimes very trying. At length they reached a spot below the steepest part of the pass, where on a spur of the mountain a few bushes were growing, and the snow had been blown away:

It was getting dark, the coolies were far behind, and a snow-storm was coming on, so "H." and I, with two of the servants, took refuge close to a rock, shivering from cold and wet. Luckily, under a few stunted bushes covered with snow, we found some dead branches, with which Kamala made a large fire beneath the shelter of a boulder; we sat round and warmed our feet while the snow fell thickly on our shoulders, till, as the night fell, the long line of coolies—reminding us of the pictures of Arctic travels—made their way across the glistening slopes to us. Our sleeping-tent was soon pitched, and the coolies sent in every direction to pull wood from under the snow for our fires.

The omelette and hot tea, quickly provided, were delightful; and much tea was called for. We used to laugh at the Russian Tartars, says Mrs. Bridges, "for drinking numberless cups of very hot tea, but now we know from experience how refreshing it is."

In the Sooroo Valley (10,000 feet) a little rest was very agreeable. They were then in Little Thibet, and a change of carriers had to be made. The coolies sat round in a circle to receive the well-earned rupees, which were given them before returning to their native valley. Many of them were shading their eyes (snow-blindness) while blinking happily at the silver portrait of the Empress of India. The coolies for the next portion of the upward journey were skin-clad, flat-capped, high-cheek-boned Mongols; an ugly, cheery company, talking a strange, uncouth jargon.

Climbing by degrees to the "roof of the world," as people on the high table-land of Central Asia call their country, our travellers reached Leh, nearly 12,000 feet up on the world-roof, on the 24th of May. At Itchoo, on the 11th (somewhere about 12,000 feet), an ibex was shot; and on the 23rd they crossed the Indus, not the mighty river they had left down in India, but a wide, deep mountain torrent, which they crossed by a bridge between two high rocks, whose upper waters have never been explored by Europeans. At Leh their camp was pitched under some tall poplar-trees; after shaking off the dust of a thirty miles' ride they dined, and spent a pleasant evening with the Political Commissioner.

In Leh the Journal touches on matters political. Ladakh, where the

writer now is, once formed part of the independent kingdom of Thibet, ruled by native rajahs, owing spiritual allegiance to the Grand Lama at Lhasa. About forty years ago, however, native rule was suppressed; and the Maharajah of Kashmir is now in possession. "One of the few wise things the present ruler ever did" was to make an able Anglo-Indian, a distinguished scientific explorer, Governor ("Wuzeer"). Of the 23,000 inhabitants of this large province, about a fourth, it seems, are Lamas. The people are lightly taxed, and look happy and contented—different, in this respect, from their unfortunate neighbours, the dwellers in the "Happy Valley." Each man grows his patch of barley, ploughing it up yearly with the help of his yaks, and clothes himself comfortably with the homespun wool of his lanky mountain sheep. "Chung," a rough spirit prepared from barley, is drunk by the Bhotas; and some of them drink a good deal too much.

Our author's pictures of life in Leh are cleverly drawn. Here is one, of a polo-game gathering:

In front were half a dozen native musicians sitting on their heels, making music on "tom-toms" and large trumpet-shaped flutes. . . . Below us, in front of their shop, sat on a gaily-coloured carpet a tea merchant and his family from Lhasa. His wife was really a pretty woman, and looked as if she had just walked off a Chinese teapot. A little further on were a party of Yarkandi merchants, in gorgeously-flowered and wadded dressing-gowns of Bokhara silk, and high Russian leather boots; and beyond, a group of Kashmiri shop-keepers, with Persian cast of features and cunning look. A few red-clothed Lamas, turning their prayer cylinders, wandered about amongst the crowd.

An interesting sketch is given of a great Lamasary, at Hemyss, a huge pile of buildings erected A.D. 1644. Around the courtyard of this Lamasary ran a sort of cloister, lined with prayer-wheels; on one side opened the church porch, on the other stood an enormous prayer-cylinder, capable of being turned by water-power. The choir, all Lamas, had drums, flutes, cymbals, trumpets, and bells. There were various shrines and chapels: the vestments were gorgeous, including some "really lovely satin brocades;" and incense was swung in a very fine brass censer. Below some of the images a light was kept perpetually burning. At the visit of our author was held a *function*. In the courtyard a sort of miracle-play was exhibited, a middle-age "mystery," performed by "church mummies;" but together with the gorgeous ritual there were magical incantations. Lamaism may be correctly described, perhaps—to quote our author—as "Buddhism saturated with the wild and dark creeds of ancient demon-worship." Of Lhasa, the city of the Grand Lama, a tea-merchant gave the English travellers a glowing description. A thousand Lamas reign with the Grand Lama at Lhasa in luxurious quiet: tea and chung flow without check. In one Lamasary alone, said the merchant, there are 5,000 monks. Lhasa is almost the only place which is still forbidden ground to the traveller; only one Englishman, it seems, a Mr. Manning, has ever been inside its walls: that visit was paid in 1774. Lhasa is a three-months' caravan journey from Leh.

On June 14 the Political Commissioner and "H." set out for Yarkand, a hazardous expedition. Mrs. Bridges remained at Leh, occupying the Commissioner's bungalow. No Englishman had been at Yarkand since the Indian Government resolved to open trade with the Ameer of Yarkand and Kashgar. Sir Douglas Forsyth's expedition seemed of good promise; an English officer was appointed to look after British interests, and the Central Asian Trading Company was established. The Queen and Ameer exchanged civilities, and a vast amount of expense was gone to. It was found, however, that trade did not circulate with the expected ease over the forty-two days' march—crossing passes 18,000 feet high—

between Leh and Yarkand. Sir D. Forsyth found the Kashgar Valley a flourishing Mussulman kingdom; but about two years before "H.'s" visit to Yarkand, the Chinese marched in and took possession of their old province. The Chinese *Aruban* (Governor), it seems, is a Roman Catholic from Peking, one of the few Chinese Christians in power; he was civil enough to the English officer and "H." And here our notice of this charming volume must conclude. We have touched upon only one portion of the *Lady's Journal*; but every other portion which we have given ourselves the pleasure of perusing is equally enjoyable. Within the last few years that large and increasing section of the "general-reader" class which delights in books of travel has welcomed several works; and with the well-written and instructive works of Miss Bird, Lady Brassey, and Miss Gordon-Cumming will rank (in no wise inferior, as we think, to the very best) the *Journal* now before us. It may be added that this book, as to type, paper, binding, and illustrations, is delightful.

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## Short Notices.

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*Romanism. A Doctrinal and Historical Examination of the Creed of Pope Pius IV.* By the Rev. R. C. JENKINS, M.A., Hon. Canon of Canterbury and Rector of Lyminge, Hythe. Pp. 346. The Religious Tract Society.

WE heartily recommend this ably-written and interesting book. Canon Jenkins has, in every part of his "examination," exhibited good judgment, and with the tone and temper of the whole no candid critic is likely to find fault. It is a really good book, full and clear: here and there it might be made a little more crisp. A few lines may be quoted from the preface:

Nearly two centuries have passed away since Dr. Valentin Alberti (a maternal ancestor of the writer of these lines), at the command of the Elector of Saxony, wrote his defence of the Confession of Augsburg against the Bishop of Neustadt, and his "Examination of the Tridentine Profession of Faith," in reply to the famous "Exposition" of Bossuet (A.D. 1688-1692). The latter of these writings was a brief but incisive criticism of the Additional Articles of the Creed of Pius IV., which form the basis of the present treatise.<sup>1</sup>

The modern treatment of such a subject must, however, on account of the almost Protean changes which the Church of Rome has undergone, even in our own days, be essentially different from that which was adopted by our forefathers. Our arms, both of offence and defence, must be adapted to the great changes which have taken place in those of our opponents. And as the new theory of development, though not outwardly accepted by the Papacy, is indirectly countenanced in the Bull *Ineffabilis* and the Vatican Definition, and presents itself to too many minds with an almost fascinating influence, it is necessary to prove historically that modern Romanism is neither the "faith once delivered" nor the natural outcome of that faith, but rather a development of those germs of spiritual disease which led the great Apostle to declare, "The mystery of iniquity doth now already work."

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<sup>1</sup> *Augustana et Anti-Augustana Confessio* (Lips. 1688), *Examen. Prof. Fidei Tridentinae* (Lips. 1692). In the former year Dr. Michael Altham wrote his treatise "On the Additional Articles of Pope Pius's Creed," while Bishop Stillingfleet "disproved by tradition" the decisions of the Council of Trent.